

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) #Chapter 1666 - Read Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) Chapter 1666

Within just ten seconds, Joe was panting hard, gasping for breath. In a fight

where every second could mean life or death, even the smallest slip in momentum could spell total defeat or instant death.

However, Andrew stood relaxed, calm as ever. He said coldly, "Mr. Driscoll, are you still feeling confident after all that?"

Joe's face twisted in disbelief. "You mean... You can still keep going?"

Andrew's eyes darkened, turning still and fathomless like the depths of the sea. Within that silence, something stirred-something monstrous and wild.

"Lauren said you were a good man," Andrew said, his voice low but chilling. "And honestly, I don't like killing people if I don't have to. That's the only reason I've entertained this match for so long."

As he spoke, a cold smile slowly spread across his face. It was a smile so eerie that it sent an uncontrollable shiver down Joe's spine.

"But you were right about one thing. The gap between us is still massive. You, the so-called prodigy of the Driscoll family, really are impressive. Around most people, you'd have every right to be proud."

He continued, "But not in front of me. You're not enough. You probably don't know this, but I've put down plenty of prodigies just like you. Talented, arrogant, favored by the Gods... Yet, all of them died by my hand."

His words came slowly, without urgency. However, each syllable was a dagger to Joe's soul.

In that moment of realization, a rare, raw fear gripped Joe's chest.

From Andrew's body burst a surge of primal and immense energy, flooding the air with a chill that stabbed into Joe's instincts.

He flinched.

He flinched, releasing his grip before realizing what he had done.

The moment he let go, Andrew clamped down on his neck like he was holding a rag doll. Then, with a single step, he surged forward like a thunderstorm unleashed, driving Joe toward the edge of the ring.

With a terrifying burst of speed, he slammed Joe down, pinning him to the steel beam just shy of crushing his skull.

However, Andrew stopped at the final moment.

Just a fraction more, and Joe's skull would've cracked open like a melon.

Andrew let go, and the once-mighty heir of the Driscoll family collapsed to his knees. His face went pale as a sheet, his entire body trembling with disbelief.

Five bloody finger marks were burned into his neck, glaring red against his skin like a brand of humiliation.

"You're only operating at Martial King level," Joe whispered, his voice hoarse and shaking. "But how... How the hell did you unleash something so far beyond that?"

He added, "That bloody aura... I've never heard of anything like it. I've never even imagined something like that!"

He looked up, face stubborn and blood-streaked, asking through clenched teeth.

Despite the searing pain inside him, Andrew did not flinch. "You've still seen so little, Mr. Driscoll. You're strong and talented. Your future on the martial path is bright, but you need to remember that there will always be someone

stronger-always."

He continued, "I'm not trying to lecture you. I'm warning you. Because this time, I spared you. But next time, I might not."

Joe gritted his teeth and glared at Andrew. In the end, he lowered his head with a

hollow laugh, his body trembling uncontrollably.

"I never thought I'd lose, and I definitely never thought I'd lose to you. From the start, I didn't take you seriously at all-not even once. But this hit me like a damn freight train. Andrew, you're not just some regular guy, are you?"

Andrew did not answer. He simply turned, ready to walk away from the ring.

However, chaos erupted at that moment.

From the upper bleachers, Walter burst forth like a vulture swooping in for the kill.

His shrill voice tore through the silence, filled with rage and cruelty.

"You arrogant bastard! Mr. Driscoll showed you mercy, and this is how you repay him?! You used his kindness as an opening to strike him down Since he refuses to kill you, I'll do it myself. I'll be the one to send you to hell!"

A dark, venomous aura exploded from Walter's body. He was not just a loyal servant-he was a martial king and one who had mastered the deadly art of external aura.

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Joe clutched his chest and roared, "Walter, stand down!"

However, Walter completely ignored him, his eyes blazing with malicious intent that seemed almost tangible. His outstretched claws viciously grabbed toward Andrew's skull.

Andrew instantly turned around. The incoming aura stung his skin like icy needles but also sparked a wave of killing intent deep in his chest. He locked eyes with the charging Walter and was about to meet the blow head-on.

Suddenly, a small figure shot out in front of him.

A flying kick slammed into Walter's ribs, intercepting the attack mid-air.

Andrew blinked in surprise. "Shiloh?"

Shiloh's long hair, tied behind her head, floated as if caught in an unseen breeze. She said indifferently, "You're hurt. Rest for a bit. I'll deal with this shameless castrato."

In that moment, Shiloh's entire demeanor shifted, appearing cold, sharp, and ruthless. Her petite body launched into the air, soaring about five meters before closing the distance again.

Then, came a flurry of attacks, and blows rained down like a sudden storm, each one fast, fierce, and precise.

She snapped, "You ignorant old freak, how dare you lay a hand on Andrew. Die!"

Walter hissed like a cornered viper, his twisted old face contorted with rage. His fingers curled into claws, summoning a web of shadowy afterimages that blocked every strike Shiloh threw.

This was Andrew's first time seeing Shiloh unleash her true martial prowess. Every move she made flowed like water: soft and fluid, yet unbelievably fast and devastating.

Moreover, her technique was not just powerful, it carried something different that Andrew could not quite name.

There was a Torasesy rhythm to it. Peaceful, yet unstoppable.

It was the embodiment of water, gentle in appearance, but capable of wearing down mountains.

Walter, by contrast, was wild and ferocious. Despite his normally soft voice and sluggish demeanor, his martial style was all brute-force savagery.

Walter slammed into a weapons rack, shredding a full row of long swords and knives like they were made of paper and tin.

Yet Shiloh's face remained

completely serene, still as a calm lake. She chopped down toward Walter's shoulder, changing

direction midway to lightly slap the

side of his face with the back of her

hand.

A hidden burst of energy surged through the blow, turning Walter's sickly pale complexion bright red. His head snapped sideways, and his entire body tumbled toward the ground.

Shiloh flicked her foot, and a performance sword suddenly bounced up, waiting there as if she had foreseen it, for Walter's head to crash into it!

'Damn in! Her martial arts skills are unbelievable!' Walter thought, pure fear gripping his heart for the first time.

The head of the Driscoll family's Shadow Division was frightened by Shiloh's techniques.

Everyone watching was stunned into

silence. They might not have

understood the intricacies of the fight, but even a layman could tell that Walter was starting to panic. Meanwhile, only Andrew and Joe were able to follow the true depth of the exchange.

Andrew's mind sparked with a single thought. 'Shiloh's foundation in martial arts is terrifyingly deep. I don't think I could beat her if I don't unlock my second seal, or maybe even the third.'

The realization sent a chill down even his spine.

No one knew what Joe was thinking. However, his eyes were lit with awe; more than that, they were filled with obsession.

He watched Shiloh's small frame as she danced through Walter's hurricane of attacks. Every move was graceful, evasive, and unbothered, like a butterfly drifting between blades of wind.

Shiloh pressed her palms softly against Walter's chest. They looked gentle, but the impact blew open twin holes in the back of his coat, splitting it apart like a firecracker had gone off inside it.

"You filthy brat! I'll kill you!" Walter roared, blood gushing from his mouth as he raised both fists.

With a snarl, he slammed down toward Shiloh's skull like rolling thunder.

However, Shiloh stepped back,

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calmly responding with one hand while her other traced a mysterious arc. With two intersecting movements, Walter found himself with nowhere to apply his strength, swaying like a drunk man and nearly losing his footing.

With two clean slaps, Shiloh sent Walter flying across the ring. She dashed forward two steps and launched into the air, delivering a powerful spinning kick.

Walter went soaring like nothing, crashing back onto the upper bleachers. The same place he had leaped from like some righteous hawk. The thuds and crashing sounds echoing from above left no doubt. The Driscoll family's Shadow Division leader had been wrecked badly.

Shiloh casually strolled back to Andrew, dusting her hands off like she had just finished a chore. She asked, "You good?"

Andrew gave a wry smile. "I'm fine. What about you?"

Shiloh's face was calm and cool. "What could happen to me? If you're fine, let's go. I'm starving."

Andrew's mouth twitched. "Shiloh, were you using your full strength just now?"

She tilted her head, looking genuinely confused. "I honestly don't know. It just feels like no matter who I'm up against, I'm never afraid. It feels like I can always handle it. But sometimes it depends on my mood. If I'm in a bad one, I can't really perform."

Her answer did not surprise Andrew. Her memory loss had caused gaps in her martial path, making her powers unpredictable. However, in certain situations, when she was in the right mood or when something triggered her, her true strength could erupt.

In other words, Shiloh might very well be a walking nuclear warhead.

Andrew had already suspected as much back in Jayrodale, but the only issue was that this nuke was not always stable.

Joe finally snapped back to reality and locked his gaze on Shiloh. "What you entered just now was the highest state of Torasesy's martial arts, right? Flowing like water, aligning with nature wasn't it?"

Shiloh did not even look at him. She muttered, "I have no idea what you're talking about."

Joe's face turned red. "I've never seen anyone reach such a level in martial arts. Ma'am, may I ask your name?"

Shiloh's face twitched in annoyance, and she slapped him across the face hard.

"Ma'am? Are you calling me old? Do you hear yourself? Who talks like that? Andrew, let's go already. This Driscoll guy? What a joke. I don't like the way he talks at all."

She huffed, stomping in frustration.

Joe stood there, holding his face in shock. The proud heir of the Driscoll family was spoiled, praised, and

revered since childhood, and

Yet he had

just been slapped across the face.

It did not hurt that much, but it stung his pride like acid. He glared at Shiloh in

frustration, but oddly, he could not bring himself to retaliate.

Instead, he just stood there, sulking. He could not understand why they could not

just talk nicely. Hitting his handsome face was going a bit too far.

However, Liliana and Gary had no intention of letting it go.

"Who do you think you are?!" Liliana snapped.

"You've got some nerve, laying hands on Mr. Driscoll!" Gary added.

"You brat! Do you even know what you're doing? You're playing with fire!"

Shiloh rolled her eyes, completely unbothered. She jumped off the ring and strutted out of the club like she owned the place.

Andrew called for Lauren and quickly followed her. He could not help but realize something depressing: Shiloh had just stolen his thunder.

Lauren whispered, "Honey, Shiloh's insane. Even Walter isn't her match. Goodness, Andrew... do you think she's like, some hidden master? One of those that could walk on Water type?"

Andrew shrugged. "Honestly? It wouldn't surprise me. But hey, don't forget. I beat Joe."

Lauren grinned. "Sure, you did. But that was before Shiloh stepped in. Now that she's shown her moves... well, you were a little overshadowed."

"Wait—what? You really think so?"

Inside the club, Walter was covered in blood with his clothes torn to shreds as he crawled out from a pile of debris. He hissed through clenched teeth, "That bitch, I swear I won't rest until you're dead!"

His killing intent still radiated dangerously. However, anyone with eyes could see it was pure bluff, a last-ditch act of pride from a man hanging by a thread.

Meanwhile, Joe sat in the center of a circle formed by Liliana, Gary, and the others. He was meditating, trying to restore his energy.

When he opened his eyes and saw Walter limping forward, his face turned to ice. He asked coldly, "Who told you to interfere?"

Walter gritted his teeth. "That little punk had no honor and dared to injure you, Mr. Driscoll. Of course, I had to tear him apart!"

Joe was silent for a moment before replying bitterly, "Andrew didn't break any rules. I lost to him because I wasn't strong enough."

When these words came out, Liliana and the others looked completely bewildered. Joe was a prodigy, and he was not supposed to lose.

That was the truth they believed in, but that truth had shattered.

Walter snarled viciously, "Mr. Driscoll, why must you boost others' morale while diminishing your own prestige! I saw the situation clearly. If you hadn't held back, that little bastard would have been seriously injured long ago. However, he didn't appreciate your mercy and instead turned the tables on you. That boy deserves to die!"

Joe snapped, "Enough! I know what happened better than anyone else. I lost to Andrew, fair and square. It was my own arrogance. I looked down on him from the start and never saw who he really was."

The star everyone worshiped, the once-proud heir of the Driscoll family, had completely lost his former glow.

Walter, still fuming, growled, "Then I'll return to the family estate and report everything to Mr. Driscoll Senior. Andrew and that meddling girl... both of them must die!"

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Walter froze, words caught in his throat. He did not dare argue further.

In truth, he was starting to feel a bit shaken—who the hell was that girl next to

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Liliana chased after him. "Joe, where are you going?"

Joe did not look back. "Liliana, stop following me. I'm not coming back to this club anymore. You and Gary can do whatever you want."

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Back at Serenity Villa, Shiloh was eating. Meanwhile, Andrew and Lauren each pulled up a chair and watched her.

Shiloh stuffed bourbon-glazed pork belly into her mouth and looked up. Puzzled, she asked, "Why aren't you eating? Stop watching—just eat up!"

Lauren shook her head. "Go ahead. We're not hungry."

Andrew, though, was deep in thought.

After Shiloh fought, she would get hungry. This was easy to understand since martial artists generally consumed a lot of energy.

However, regular food was not enough for high-level fighters. They needed spiritual supplements like elixirs, rare herbs, and things with raw power.

Yet, here was Shiloh. After beating Walter senselessly, she was recovering with two bowls of plain pasta, a bowl of bourbon-glazed pork belly, and a side of broth.

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Where on Earth would you find that again? It was absolutely a once-in-a-lifetime discovery!

After considering it, Andrew said, "Shiloh, your martial arts are very special and should be related to Torasesy sects. Have you ever been to Mount Lorneau or Mistveil Peak to ask around? You might be able to find out about your background."

Shiloh did not even look up as she shook her head. "I've never been to those places and don't want to go either."

[Rising from the Ashes \(Andrew and Lauren\) #Chapter 1668 -
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1668](#)

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Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) #Chapter 1669 - Read Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) Chapter 1669

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[Rising from the Ashes \(Andrew and Lauren\) #Chapter 1670 - Read Rising from the Ashes \(Andrew and Lauren\) Chapter 1670](#)

Andrew asked curiously, "Why? Don't you want to know about your past?"

Shiloh replied, "Of course, I want to know, but the places you mentioned are too far away. Secondly, just hearing about them makes me uncomfortable and disgusted!"

Andrew chuckled, "There's nothing uncomfortable about it. When we have time, I'll personally take you there to see if we can help you recover some memories!"

Shiloh put down her spoon casually, "We'll see about that. I'm full now, so I'm heading out!"

Lauren blinked. "Out? Where are you going?"

Shiloh replied, "Work. I found a restaurant online. They're hiring servers, so I'm going in."

Lauren stood up quickly and blocked her. "No way. I won't let you go work as a server. If you really need a job, come work at Rhodes Corporation. I'll make sure you're taken care of."

However, Shiloh shook her head firmly. "I want to stand on my own. I don't need your help."

Lauren tried to stop her again, but Andrew gently pulled her hand away and smiled wryly. "Let her go. Shiloh has too many mysteries and secrets about her. She seems particularly obsessed with being self-reliant and earning money on her own. I think this must be related to her past, so letting her go might help her remember!"

Lauren looked at him with concern. "Honey, she's just a girl. Going out to wait tables by herself feels kind of sad."

Andrew chuckled. "Sad? You mean the girl who just wrecked the Shadow Division's commander like he was a training dummy?"

Lauren laughed. "Okay, fair point. Shiloh really is a total beast. That's it. Starting tomorrow, I'm training with you. I want to become just as strong as she is!"

Andrew gave her forehead a gentle flick. "Martial arts start with health, not instant greatness. And trust me on this, Shiloh's level of power isn't something just anyone can reach."

Lauren stuck out her tongue with a playful pout. "Well, I'm not just anyone! Anyway, the Driscoll family drama is finally over, and that's enough for today. I've got a ton of work waiting for me at the office."

Andrew smiled and nodded. "Alright, go ahead."

Once she left, Andrew pulled out his phone and called Tiana. "Mrs. Rhodes. Everything's been handled."

Tiana sounded thrilled. "So you really beat Joe?"

Andrew confirmed, "Yeah, I didn't let you down."

Tiana giggled. "Andy, I'm getting more and more impressed with you! My cultivation has hit a wall again lately. Think you can swing by and help me break through?"

Andrew frowned. "Helping you is fine. But don't tell me you're planning on using that dual-cultivation technique of yours again?"

Tiana snorted. "Of course. I may be a martial king now, but that method still works wonders. So yes, I need you to assist me."

Andrew immediately refused, "Mrs. Rhodes, goodbye and good luck."

Among the girls around him, Lauren had the weakest martial foundation. It was basically nonexistent. Francesca was slightly better, with some basics under her belt. Aspen, at least, had been putting in cal effort and had already reached senior grandmaster level

If Andrew were to guide all three onto the martial path, he would have to start preparing now. Honestly, there was only one real solution-money.

The path of martial arts was not all that different from being a superhero.

The poor relied on mutation.

The rich? They relied on technology.

Andrew did not have high-tech gadgets, but he did have elixirs.

Those were just as powerful.

His plan was to refine a batch of top-grade elixirs to cleanse and rebuild their bodies from the inside out. He estimated that just that step alone would cost at least a million dollars.

Even then, money was not enough as he would still need the right channels to source high-quality ingredients.

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While Andrew was getting busy, Liliana was far from idle elsewhere.

"Here's a million. I want that bitch Lauren taken. Because of her, Joe is now a wreck. I want her to suffer-to wish she was dead!"

Her voice was dripping with venom, each word soaked in pure malice.