

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) #Chapter 1681 - Read Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) Chapter 1681

Gary wiped his eyes and muttered, "Is Mr. Peck Senior's eyesight okay?"

The moment the Peck family elites heard the remark, their faces darkened. Gary might have been too dumb to read the room, but they were not blind. They could tell that Andrew played Calvin like a complete fool.

At this point, the gap in strength between them was starting to look huge.

Miles quickly shouted, "Mr. Lloyd, our family concedes. Please, don't humiliate my father any further!"

However, Andrew easily dodged Calvin's punch and scoffed. "So you fight when you want, and stop when it suits you? Your dad's getting senile, but you're still sharp, aren't you? So what now? Do you think I'm a pushover too?"

Miles' expression twisted as he heard the real fury in Andrew's voice. But before he could stop anything, Andrew's patience had already snapped.

With a sharp flip, Andrew flipped right over Calvin's head. Then, twisting mid-air, he grabbed Calvin's collar and slammed him over his shoulder.

Calvin's body crashed heavily to the ground, and he was about to cough up a mouthful of blood.

Andrew sneered as he clamped a hand over Calvin's mouth, refusing to let him spit it out. At the same time, his fingers jabbed several of Calvin's pressure points with pinpoint precision.

The pain shot through Calvin's entire body like fire through his nerves. He wanted to scream, but Andrew kept his hand firmly over his mouth.

Calvin's face contorted in agony, blood streaming out from his eyes, ears, and nose like burst pipes. Then, Andrew kicked him, sending him flying.

Calvin rolled several times across the floor before finally crashing to a stop, massive welts already forming on his head.

Miles staggered toward him, horror in his eyes. "Dad! Are you okay?"

However, the moment he touched Calvin's arm, the latter could not hold back any longer. With a sickening sound, the blood he had been choking on burst from his mouth, splashing all over Miles's face.

The Peck family warriors exploded in rage.

"Andrew! How dare you lay your hands on Mr. Peck Senior? You're digging your own grave!"

"You little punk, you're dead!"

"Kill him! Take him down now!"

Andrew stood with one hand behind his back, his hair rippling despite the still air A

radiate wave of violent energy

radiated from him like a storm, swirling and pulsing.

As he faced the dozens of furious Peck family elites and the family's entire private guard readying to charge, Andrew's face remained stone cold. In fact, there was even a flicker of disdain in his eyes.

"I'll kill anyone who comes to me. Try me!" His thunderous roar echoed throughout the entire venue.

The several family elites rushing forward suddenly felt like their chests had been struck by sledgehammers.

Terrified, they froze on the spot. They simply stared at Andrew; none of them dared take even a single step forward.

Up on the balcony, a barely conscious Liliana was completely stunned, her mind going blank.

Gary and the other spoiled heirs nearby stared with their jaws

dropped, several looking like telnet

were about to drop to their knees.

No one knew who gulped first, but the sound was deafening.

"We can't win, we absolutely can't beat him!"

"This guy has at least peak martial king-level combat power!"

"If we force a fight, at least half of the Peck family's forces here today will die!"

Even Tiana was intimidated by Andrew's overwhelming presence at this moment and could not utter a single word.

Calvin coughed violently a few times before finally stopping the blood from pouring out. He shouted, "Call it off! Everyone, back off! Get me home! Call the

top docs from the Advanced Medical Institute! Now!"

His voice trembled with fear and frustration, and it was obvious that Andrew had

scared the fight right out of him.

The Peck family quickly cleared the scene, retreating in a complete mess. Only

Miles remained, staring at Andrew with a complicated expression.

He asked, "Mr. Lloyd, you've made your point loud and clear. May I at least take

Liliana with me?"

Andrew's face was ice cold. "Take her. But next time, keep this dumb woman in

check. If she dares mess with me again, I won't be this polite."

Miles bowed slightly, his tone respectful. "Mr. Lloyd, you have my word. There won't be a next time."

Liliana, still in Miles's arms, looked as pale as a ghost. She never imagined that

her family, one of the Five Apex Families, would be completely crushed by

Andrew.

Because of her, Caroline was crippled, and Calvin had practically coughed out his

lungs.

"Times have changed."

She could not help but remember Andrew's earlier warning to Calvin. Miles also

recalled those three words.

The era of dominance no longer belonged to the Five Apex Families. Instead, it

belonged to Andrew now.

Caroline's spine was shattered, leaving her completely paralyzed. In the end, members of the Peck family dragged her away, but before she left, her vengeful

glare was locked on Tiana the whole time.

Tiana scoffed without a shred of pity. "You old hag, what can you do about it?"

Caroline croaked hoarsely, "Tiana, don't get too cocky! You know she won't let you

off the hook!"

Tiana's face darkened, and she stormed over to slap Caroline across the face several more times.

Right in front of the entire Peck family, she hit Caroline again and again. It was

downright savage.

Andrew and the others just stood there, stunned by the scene.

Miles clenched his jaw and barked, "Let's go!"

As the tension faded, Gary and a few of the other privileged brats shuffled over to

Andrew with trembling legs.

"Mr. Lloyd, we'll get out of your way too, alright?"

Andrew shot them a look. "What, you think I'm throwing a farewell dinner for you?"

Gary's stomach dropped, his spine snapped straight, and he bolted like his life depended on it.

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Back at Serenity Villa, Andrew checked in on Lauren. Thankfully, she was okay. With Francesca, their trusty in-house doctor, watching over her, she'd be back on her feet soon.

That afternoon, Shiloh rushed home in a panic, having taken emergency leave.

"Lauren got attacked? Who did it?" she demanded, her voice full of anger.

Aspen quickly tried to calm her. "Relax. She's safe now."

Shiloh shook her head. "You're there, so I figured she'd be fine. But I'm asking "who did it?"

Aspen hesitated, eventually letting out a sigh. "You don't want to know. Someone

from the Peck family."

Shiloh turned around immediately. "Got it. I'm going to pay the Peck family a visit."

Aspen grabbed her by the arm. "Wait, Shiloh, it's over now. What are you going to do?"

Shiloh scowled. "What else? I'm going to get justice for Lauren! The Peck family thinks they can bully anyone. Well, I'll bully them right back."

Aspen started sweating. "Don't do anything reckless! They're one of the Five Apex

Families. These people are powerful!"

Shiloh scoffed. "I don't care if they're the Five Apex Families or the Five Roaches

-I'll torch the whole place if I have to!"

After a long argument, Shiloh finally backed down, though reluctantly.

Upstairs, Andrew stood side by side with Tiana, watching the scene below.

Tiana raised an eyebrow. "Who's that girl? She's got a firecracker vibe."

Andrew chuckled. "That's Shiloh

Greene, I met her back in Jayrodale.

She even endorsed my two miracle medicines, remember? You've seen her before."

Tiana squinted in thought. "Now that you mention it... I think I do recall. But she

honestly seems a bit off in the head."

Andrew replied gently, "She has memory loss. So most of the time, she acts like a

sweet, naive kid."

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Tiana did not say much more. Instead, she quietly warned, "Andy, you'd better be careful when it comes to the Peck family."

Andrew waved it off. "There's nothing to be careful about. Right now, I don't even need to take the Peck family seriously."

Tiana shook her head. "I'm not talking about the Peck family itself. I'm talking about Calvin's wife."

Andrew raised an eyebrow. "Mr. Peck Senior's wife? Liliana's mom? Why would I need to watch out for her?"

Tiana gritted her teeth. "That Caroline I smacked around earlier? She has a senior, who was my old arch-rival back in the day. That woman is ruthless, colder than I ever was. She's a venomous snake with no soul and no conscience.

"And what's worse? She's a stronger fighter than I am and way more dangerous than Calvin, who's all bark and no bite."

Andrew blinked. "Wait... Mrs. Rhodes, are you talking about the matriarch of the Peck family? Calvin's wife?"

Tiana's expression turned stormy. "Exactly. That bitch, Victoria Sanchez. This time, you humiliated the entire Peck family. Calvin got beaten down, and Victoria? She's the petty, vengeful type. She won't let this slide. She'll come knocking, believe me."

Andrew shrugged. "I don't like hitting women, especially not elders. But if she pushes me, then I won't have a choice."

Tiana let out a cold laugh. "If Victoria really shows up, you can't lay a finger on her. You probably don't know this yet, but she used to be one of Reginald's 'special friends'. Two-thirds of the grudge she holds against me is because of him."

Andrew groaned. "Mrs. Rhodes, just be straight with me. How many 'special friends' did my dad have in Blumedale?"

Tiana's cheeks turned red, and she muttered, "Just me, okay? The rest were all desperate women throwing themselves at him. Reginald got bored and tossed them aside like trash. Anyway, I just wanted to give you a heads-up. I'm leaving now. Keep a close eye on Laufen for me."

Walking down the stairs, Tiana's face turned frosty, every step elegant and sharp as she headed for the door. Only in front of Andrew did this fearsome mother-in-law drop the cold and holy facade. With her icy demeanor, she kept people at arm's length most of the time.

Shiloh sat sprawled on the couch with her legs spread apart, watching Tiana head toward the door.

Tiana frowned and turned back, approaching her. "Young lady, if you're going to live here with Andrew and others, you should learn proper etiquette and posture. For a young lady, your complete lack of proper standing and sitting posture is really unsightly."

Shiloh pointed at her own face. "Excuse me? What did you call me? Young lady? And who are you anyway? What gives you the right to lecture me?"

Tiana's eyebrows shot up in fury. "I'm teaching you how to behave. And yes, I'm calling you a young girl. Do you have a problem with that?"

Shiloh jumped up instantly. "Hell yes, I have a problem with that, old hag! Let me tell you, I'm old enough to be your great-great-grandmother's great-great- grandmother! What's with that stare? If you're unhappy about it, let's take this outside!"

Ten seconds later, Tiana was planted headfirst in the flower bushes outside Serenity Villa by the flower bed, looking thoroughly disheveled.

Shiloh dusted off her hands and headed back inside. "If it weren't for Lauren's sake, I would've given you a real beating! How dare you call me a 'young girl'!"

Upstairs, Andrew and the others quickly retreated to their respective rooms. What they had just witnessed was absolutely amazing, but they knew better than to discuss it. Given Tiana's temperament, she might burst in to silence them permanently.

Only the reckless, fearless, and utterly unbothered Shiloh had the guts to take Tiana down a notch.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) #Chapter 1684 - Read Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) Chapter 1684

Lauren was steadily recovering.

Over the next few days, Andrew started getting up early to train in martial arts, bringing along Aspen and the overly enthusiastic Francesca. Joining them were Natasha and Dylan, martial artists from rough backgrounds who had survived on raw instinct and brute strength.

Their paths had been messy and unrefined, leading them toward a dead end. Nonetheless, Andrew guided them back onto the right track, introducing them to proper martial discipline and real combat form.

Though neither of them said it out loud, both Natasha and Dylan already held a deep, unspoken gratitude toward him.

Andrew said, "Remember this—there are no shortcuts in martial arts. It doesn't matter if you're a natural or a slow learner. If you want to climb high in this field, you have to put in the hard work."

The morning breeze already carried a slight chill as autumn approached. On the lawn outside Serenity Villa, Andrew stood with his hands behind his back, addressing the four trainees.

Francesca stuck out her tongue with a giggle. "Honey, do you have to be so serious? You're making it hard to keep a straight face!"

Andrew frowned. "Francesca, step forward."

She blushed, pouting. "Seriously? You're not just playing around?"

Andrew looked at her sternly. "I told you all last night that we start training today. And if we're training, we follow the rules. Your attitude just now was way too casual. So let's start with 20 push-ups."

Francesca rolled up her sleeves, revealing fair, smooth arms, and smirked. "20? That's it? Don't underestimate me."

She stuck out her perky bottom and got down on the ground to start.

Andrew called out, "Dylan, turn around!"

Dylan did not understand but obediently turned his back anyway.

Meanwhile, Francesca began doing push-ups with proper form, her full bosom touching the ground and bouncing back up with each repetition.

Andrew squatted nearby, clearly enjoying the view. Aspen covered her face, silently judging her increasingly shameless master.

Natasha, being an experienced woman, barely batted an eye. In fact, she looked like she was itching for Andrew to call her next.

"Alright, done! Not even panting!" Francesca clapped her hands and stood back up, looking incredibly pleased with herself.

Andrew nodded. "Not bad. Stronger than most guys, honestly. These days, it's rare to find anyone who can crank out 20 proper push-ups."

Aspen chimed in, "So, can we start real training now?"

Andrew waved a hand. "No rush. First, I want to ask you all a question. What do you think Holtrien's martial art style is really about?"

Francesca tilted her head, thinking for a moment before answering, "Isn't that obvious? It's a technique for staying fit and healthy! Every morning, the parks are full of old folks doing Aether Balance routines."

Andrew shook his head. "What you see in those parks is mostly just health- focused exercise. That kind of Aether Balance? It's barely above stretching."

Aspen added, "I heard martial arts came from ancient military systems. It's a combat skill that's been passed down and refined."

Andrew nodded. "Exactly. You've got part of the truth, but there's more to it."

Natasha spoke up, arms crossed. "Honestly? Most modern martial arts are just showy fluff. Real combat techniques can be summed up in three words: deadly fighting skills."

Andrew grinned, clearly pleased. "That's the answer I was looking for. Yes, what I'm teaching you isn't for fancy choreography or point-scoring in tournaments. It's a skill meant to protect, and if necessary, to kill."

He continued, "But understand that just because you're learning deadly techniques doesn't mean you go around hurting people. It's about protecting yourself, and more importantly, protecting the people you love."

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Dylan disagreed, saying, "I think the greatest benefit of mastering martial arts to perfection is being able to do whatever you want, however you want. Otherwise, why would so many martial artists today pursue the ultimate in martial arts?"

He added, "Isn't it all for the sake of having multiple wives and mistresses, being famous everywhere, eating whatever they want, playing however they want, and killing whoever they want?"

Andrew raised an eyebrow and asked, "If you became as strong as a martial king, what would you want to do most?"

Dylan put his hands on his hips and said arrogantly, "The first thing, of course, would be to fight through Holtrien's southern martial arts world and challenge those powerhouses on the Underworld Index. I haven't thought of anything else yet.

"But I can say for sure that once I'm strong enough, several women will definitely fall into my hands. The first one would be that overhyped Ms. Luna Phelan! Damn, I heard that chick's ego has gone through the roof.

"Not only did she become a general in the military, but her martial arts are even stronger than Mr. Joe Driscoll's. Conquering a strong woman like that would be so satisfying!"

After saying this, he grinned widely with drool almost dripping down, chuckling to himself like an idiot.

Andrew gave him a summary. "Your ideas are naive, and reality is cruel. Even if you were stronger than a martial king, if you still had those kinds of thoughts, believe me, Dylan, you'll be the first to die."

Dylan shrank back, inexplicably feeling a chill down his spine. He chuckled awkwardly. "Mr. Lloyd, I was just talking casually. Please don't take it seriously!" Andrew scolded him, "Listen up! Even if one day you become a martial powerhouse, someone everyone respects, you can never be arrogant or think you're untouchable. Because in this world, there's always someone stronger. "And there's a certain kind of person out there, the kind who specializes in crushing so-called geniuses, humbling once-in-a-century prodigies. They're known as the nightmare of show-offs, the bane of the arrogant, and the embodiment of justice."

Aspen's eyes sparkled. "Who are they?"

Andrew jabbed his thumb at his nose. "He's just right in front of you."

The four looked at each other, speechless.

Andrew cleared his throat. "Alright, back on topic at hand. Today, I'm going to start teaching you real martial arts-no fluff, no poses, just deadly techniques.

Natasha, you're up first. Let's spar."

Through sparring, Andrew could figure out each of their natural styles and tailor their training.

Soon, cries of pain and desperate pleas echoed across the lawn outside Serenity Villa. Not far away someone had strolled onto the.

opposite grass field and pausine

beside the man-made lake, watching Andrew train his students.

At first, the young man looked unimpressed, almost mocking. However, as time passed, he began to show serious interest. Eventually, he was listening intently and focusing on how Andrew taught

er

martial arts techniques.

While Andrew was giving instructions, he glanced across the artificial lake. He immediately ordered, "Let's go. We're changing location. There's someone over there trying to steal our techniques, and I'm not letting him watch!"

Aspen's face twitched, and she could not help but say, "Is this necessary? That's the Driscoll family's peerless prodigy. Would he really be interested in the martial arts you're teaching?"

Andrew snorted. "If he wasn't interested, why would he be eavesdropping for so long? Everyone, listen to my command! Line up! Left turn! March! One-two-one, one-two-one..."

With that, he led his four students away in a jog, disappearing along the lakeside trail.