

## Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) #Chapter 1711 - Read Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) Chapter 1711

"Back off!" Logan shouted angrily as he lunged to the side and kicked out hard, stepping in front of Andrew.

Just like that, a fight broke out between the two of them.

Ryder sneered. "Logan, this is a military base, not the outside world. You might be the heir of the Keller family, but here, no one gives a damn about your name."

Logan's face twisted with fury as he cursed out loud. "You damn idiot. All you've got is that military badge, and you think that makes you someone? You bastard! You said it yourself, this is the base, not the outside."

He hissed, "If we were out there, I'd have already wiped you out. And not just you, I'd have buried the entire Ulrich family with you."

Ryder's face changed. At the end of the day, being the heir of the Ulrichs was not enough to intimidate Logan.

Xavier barked, "Ryder, go ahead and take him down. Don't worry about the consequences. If anything happens, I've got your back!"

Leslie looked at Andrew with a cold smirk. "What's wrong, Andrew? You're so scared that you let Logan fight your battles now?"

Andrew's eyes turned icy, and he scoffed. "You know what, Lieutenant Terrell? You're clearly just another loudmouth with no brain. If it weren't for Ms. Phelan's sake, I swear I would've beaten the crap out of you today."

Even a worm would turn-Leslie's constant needling had finally pushed Andrew over the edge. Woman or not, some people just needed a good wake-up call, and he felt Leslie was one of them.

Leslie was shaking with rage. "Colonel Haywood, Captain Ulrich, are you both just going to stand there? Did you not hear what he said? He just threatened to beat me up!"

Ryder gritted his teeth. "Logan, maybe the Ulrich family doesn't have the guts to take on the Kellers... But behind me, I have Colonel Haywood and General Phelan. So no, I'm not afraid of you today!"

He charged forward again, throwing a punch straight at Logan. His strikes were brutal and precise, each one aimed directly at vital points.

Andrew said calmly, "Logan, watch yourself. That's military-grade combat technique. It's a close-range fighting style kept strictly within the unit, designed for kill-or-be-killed situations. The key is relentless offense and building power with every strike."

Logan gave a sinister grin. "Don't worry. I may not have served, but the men of the Keller family aren't weaklings."

He raised his arm to block the blow, then shot out a low kick straight toward Ryder's groin.

Ryder countered with a sharp downward chop, aiming for Logan's kneecap with ruthless precision. His angle and timing were vicious. Clearly, Luna had trained some real killers under her.

However, Logan was not falling behind at all. As his leg swung midair, he shifted and brought his knee up instead.

There was a cracking sound from Ryder's fingers. It seemed that he had taken a hidden hit. Nonetheless, the military technique he used was known for growing stronger under pressure. With a shout, he leapt forward and unleashed a flurry of punches toward Logan's upper body.

Andrew stood still, calm as ever. "That's not standard combat anymore. He's using the long-arm boxing style common in northern martial arts. The best way to counter it is to yield in the face of strength, retreat to advance."

Logan understood instantly and stepped back three paces. He channeled energy into his arms, focusing on defense without striking back.

As Ryder kept attacking, he started to feel more and more agitated. His surging internal energy was building up fast, but had nowhere to go.

Seeing this, Xavier's face changed, and he shouted, "Steady your breath, center your core! Change tactics and use your legs!"

Ryder instantly switched up. He

pulled back his arms to guard his head and launched a series of fierce

kicks. His feet, in pointed military

boots kicked up fierce winds as they

swept toward Logan's shoulders, waist, and lower body.

Logan tried to match him kick for kick but quickly lost his balance, nearly falling over. He roared and prepared to fight back with brute force.

Andrew said flatly, "If you don't want to lose, stay calm! He's using Twelve Shadows Leg Art, and it's powerful and heavy. It's an aggressive style but sloppy

in form. He won't be able to keep it up much longer."

He added, "What you need to watch out for are his raised hands. If you let your guard down, they'll strike out like a venomous snake."

He chuckled faintly. "Gotta hand it to Luna. When it comes to dirty tricks, she sure has trained these grunts well."

With Andrew's guidance, Logan's confidence locked into place. He did not care how strong Ryder's kicks were and swung his arms, lifted his legs, and kept blocking every strike that came his way. His body burned with pain, but the wild grin on his face only grew wider.

"Andy's here, and if a mutt from the Ulrich family can defeat me, I'll take on your family name!" Logan's rage was building wave after wave.

As the future head of the Keller family and a member of the Five Apex Families' leading line, his pride had never been small.

Only in front of Andrew and George would he act goofy and shameless. He had no choice because one was his father, who had him completely under control, and the other was a sworn brother who outclassed him in every way.

Even though Logan was older, he had always genuinely respected Andrew from the heart. However, he never took people like Ryder seriously.

Compared to the Keller family, the Ulrich family was a joke. Outwardly, he might have seemed easygoing, even rough around the edges, but deep down, George had trained him from a young age and guided him every step of the way.

If his temper and abilities were not up to par, that would be truly shocking. When it came to arrogance and dominance, Logan was every bit as ruthless as any of the other elite heirs, like Elon.

It was only because of the Keller family's strict household rules and Andrew's constant presence keeping him in check that he rarely had a chance to show off.

Finally, Ryder's leg techniques began to weaken as his strength ran out, and his fierce attacks noticeably faltered.

Andrew said coldly, "Now you should know what to do without me teaching you, right?"

Logan grinned savagely. "Of course I do!"

The principle of striking when your enemy is down was something every martial artist understood.

In a swift counterattack, Logan pressed forward aggressively, internal energy surging through his body as he launched a devastating blow toward Ryder's head.

Ryder raised his hands to defend himself, managing to hold his ground reasonably well.

However, with Logan seizing the initiative and attacking so ferociously, he could only retreat while trying to defend. His punches were holding up fine, but his footwork could not keep pace.

After just two exchanges, Ryder's steps became chaotic, and he lost his composure completely.

Logan roared in fury, "You piece of shit, take this!"

His palm sliced straight at Ryder's neck, and his face turned bright red from the pain.

Xavier and Leslie both shouted in alarm, "Stop!"

Yet, it was useless. Logan was not

backing off, and he was out for

blood. He grabbed a fistful of

Ryder's hair and pressed his fingers together like a blade, aiming straight for Ryder's eyeballs.

With blood at the corners of his mouth, Ryder screamed, desperate, "Colonel Haywood, help me!"

Xavier roared, "Logan! You've gone too far. Back off!"

He sprang into action, lashing out with a kick aimed at Logan's wrist.

Andrew immediately moved in response, wearing a cold smile. "Colonel Haywood, I'm your opponent. You're being pretty unsportsmanlike, jumping in so eagerly like that."

With just a small tug, he diverted Xavier's whipping leg off-course. Now that no one was in Logan's way, his fingers were just inches from stabbing into Ryder's eye socket.

Ryder trembled all over, his face drained of color. "Mr. Keller, you—"

Before he could finish speaking, Logan delivered two sharp slaps across his face. "You worthless piece of trash! Give you an inch and you take a mile! Keep pushing me and I'll bury you-now get lost!"

With a harsh kick to Ryder's chest, he sent the man flying backward.

Ryder spat blood everywhere, his spirit completely broken.

Logan dusted off his hands with a vicious expression. "Go practice for another ten years, and remember you're nothing but a mutt from the Ulrich family! In the eyes of the Keller family, you're absolutely nothing!"

Ryder's body was beaten, his spirit crushed. Worst of all, he was humiliated. Letting out a strangled cry, he fainted on the spot, his body twitching even as he lay unconscious.

Leslie, Xavier, and the others stared at each other in stunned silence.

## Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) #Chapter 1712 - Read Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) Chapter 1712

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## Chapter 1713

After a moment of stunned silence, Leslie was the first to react, quickly ordering people to carry Ryder away.

"Get him to the infirmary and check him over. We must make sure he's fine. Otherwise, we'll be disgracing the General's reputation, so move it!"

A lieutenant—an actual commissioned officer—reduced to this!

Without even thinking, Leslie knew that when Luna returned and found out about this incident, she would be furious and tear them all apart with her scolding.

After all, the one thing Luna absolutely could not tolerate was her subordinates embarrassing her. They could lose their lives, but they absolutely could not lose or bring shame to her name.

She may have been a woman, but she ruled like a warlord.

Xavier clenched both fists and stared at Andrew. "If you hadn't interfered, Logan would be down on the ground right now. In other words, we wouldn't have lost."

Andrew chuckled. "If you hadn't jumped in, then I wouldn't have stopped you. But since you made the first move, I had to. So really, the ones who embarrassed themselves first were your own people."

He added, "Ms. Phelan might be brilliant, a natural talent, but the ones under her command? It looks like they're not the brightest bulbs."

They knew Andrew was deliberately provoking them, but that did not stop Leslie and the others from feeling humiliated.

They trained every day, wore the uniform with pride, and served under Luna herself. Yet, some outsider just came in and wrecked them?

Even thinking about it made their cheeks burn.

Leslie gritted her teeth. "Andrew, don't think I didn't notice! If you hadn't fed Logan tips from the side, he wouldn't have won!"

Andrew scoffed. "All I did was talk. If that's all it took for Logan to win, then... Lieutenant Terrell, are you saying I'm just that good? That I beat your guy with nothing but words?"

Leslie was speechless. "You arrogant piece of "

Of course, she would never admit Andrew had skills. However, the way he phrased it left her no room to argue.



Xavier's voice dropped. "Leslie, let me handle this."

He turned to Andrew and began loosening up his shoulders and joints. Crackling sounds echoed from within as he stretched.

"Andrew, you've clearly got a silver tongue. I'll give you this-you know the difference between our military's close-quarters combat and what's taught outside. You could also identify the northern long-arm boxing techniques that the General taught us."

He continued, "But these things only show that you have some knowledge! Having knowledge doesn't mean you have real ability. Now it's time for me to teach you some manners!"

With those words, Xavier lifted his leg high and launched a fierce downward strike toward Andrew.

Logan snorted coldly, about to intervene.

However, Andrew waved his hand, his eyes cold as ice. "Back off!"

He braced his shoulder and met Xavier's strike head-on. At the same time, he swept his leg in a wide arc, targeting Xavier's lower body.

Xavier sneered. "That's it? Andrew, today I'm going to settle all the old and new scores between you and the Haywoods!"

He twisted mid-air, flipping rapidly as his energy surged through his entire body. A barrage of dense, rapid punches came raining down, covering Andrew's whole upper half.

Andrew stood firmly in place, meeting the enemy with only his hands. In an instant, the two men had exchanged over a hundred fierce blows.

Xavier's attacks were bold and aggressive. In contrast, Andrew seemed somewhat stretched thin lacking any aggressive edge. Even some observers without good judgment thought he had fallen into a disadvantage from the start.

Someone scoffed, "Challenging Colonel Haywood? This guy's out of his damn mind. He's just digging his own grave."

Another chimed in, "Even General Phelan says Colonel Haywood is destined to

be a future general. If you fight him, you either bleed or break. This guy's done for."

#### Chapter 1714

"From the moment they step into our base looking for trouble, their fate is sealed... and it's gonna be ugly!"

Around them, the soldiers started whispering and pointing, their confidence in Xavier practically overflowing.

Leslie gave a small nod, a smile tugging at her lips. After all, Xavier was the most promising talent under Luna's command. She also knew that he wanted to pursue Luna romantically.

Sure, the gap between them was wide, but Xavier's talent and skill in martial arts were undeniable. Otherwise, he would not have the qualifications to be one of Luna's suitors.

Luna always had a way of turning Blumedale's top talents into her own soldiers.

Andrew originally had a chance to become Luna's right-hand man. Unfortunately, the arrogant bastard did not know what was good for him and repeatedly refused Luna's offer.

So, if he ended up getting wrecked today, Leslie believed it was entirely on him. He had it coming.

"Xavier, they're looking down on us here, so it's up to you to restore the General's honor!" Leslie fanned the flames.

She wanted Xavier to beat Andrew into the dirt and grind his arrogance down until he was nothing but a joke. That way, they could thoroughly crush Andrew's arrogance and edge.

Hearing Leslie's words, the blood in Xavier's body began to boil. Yes, he needed to show his real skills and make Andrew wish he were dead!

This would not only avenge the Haywoods' blood feud but also give him a chance to show off in front of Luna.

When Luna returned and learned that he had beaten the hell out of Andrew at the base, knowing her personality, she might be so pleased that she would flash him that stunning smile.

Xavier planted both hands on the ground and flipped upside down in one smooth motion. His legs struck downward, wave after wave pounding toward Andrew's upper body.

Long-arm boxing, traditional boxing, leg techniques, and military combat boxing- these highly practical and lethal martial arts flowed together in a dazzling display that was quite spectacular to watch.

They were sharp, powerful, and incredibly flashy.

Even Leslie nodded approvingly; Xavier at this moment truly had a certain graceful flair. In the entire base, aside from Luna, even she herself would not be Xavier's match.

Rachel's palms were sweating. "Mr. Keller, is Mr. Logan really gonna hold out?"

Logan looked tense but gave a cold grin. "Relax. Andy's just getting started? You've only seen the tip of the iceberg. Forget Xavier. Even if Luna herself showed up, Andy wouldn't back down."

Rachel looked stunned. "That's a bit much, isn't it? Ms. Phelan's a Major General."

Logan scoffed. "So what if she is? I'll admit, I'm nothing in front of her. But Andy? He's a damn monster. He's the best of the best. Whether others believe it or not, I couldn't care less. I believe it with everything I've got."

Andrew clapped his left hand against Xavier's incoming sidekick, deflecting the blow. At the same time, he reached with his right hand, trying to grab Xavier's ankle.

"Nice try!" Xavier sneered, spinning on the ground like a top, moving faster and faster.

As soon as Andrew's hand got close, it was repelled by the spinning motion! "Give you an inch and you take a mile!"

Andrew was getting impatient. He bent his fingers into a strange formation and thrust viciously toward the spinning Xavier.

"Shifting Stars—that's the core of Holtrien martial arts. Too bad the version you're using is a watered-down imitation."

Andrew finally lost his patience. He bent his fingers into a strange pattern and thrust viciously toward the spinning Xavier.

If any knowledgeable expert had been present, they would have been horrified. This was the opening stance of the Dragon-Slaying Palm technique, an ultimate skill of the Lloyds royal family from Chetvine.

It meant that Andrew was getting serious.