

RISING FROM THE ASHES (ANDREW AND LAUREN)

Chapter 1715

Xavier's spin came to an abrupt stop. For a second, he could not believe what had just happened.

The technique he was using, Shifting Stars, had been praised by Luna herself as an unbreakable stance. So, how had Andrew managed to counter it?

There was no time to dwell on it. Xavier flipped upright and immediately swung his arm toward Andrew's face. This was an extremely clever defensive move, attacking the enemy's weak point to force the opponent to withdraw their attack.

Nonetheless, Andrew's assault was far beyond Xavier's comprehension. The Dragon-Slaying Palm struck his shoulder, and the sound of torn flesh immediately echoed through the air.

Xavier's swing also happened to reach Andrew's face at that exact moment. If Andrew did not dodge or defend, he would definitely end up with a bloodied head.

However, something shocking happened. Everyone, especially Leslie, froze in shock.

Xavier's swing stopped just inches from Andrew's nose and pulled back.

Some soldiers who could not understand what was happening blurted out, "What's going on?"

Leslie's gaze shifted downward, and her eyes immediately widened.

Xavier had not withdrawn his attack. Instead, his body was being controlled by Andrew, forced to twist against his will. Leslie had only seen such bold and meticulous tactics from Luna herself before.

However, Luna's martial arts were truly monstrous, genius-level. Even Joe, the top prodigy of the Driscoll family, was slightly inferior to her.

It was perfectly normal for her to execute such precise maneuvers.

So, who the hell was Andrew to pull off something like that?

A pained groan escaped from Xavier's mouth, and half of his body had gone numb.

Andrew's attack had traveled from his shoulder all the way down to his wrist. The path of his attack left behind a trail of shattered ligaments and burst blood vessels.

"Let go!" Xavier roared, suppressing his screams of agony. With his other arm, he swung down in a heavy chop.

Andrew sneered, grabbing his arm and spinning around. Xavier's counterattack missed entirely, slicing through empty air.

He roared again and launched another strike, but Andrew used the momentum to spin him in place.

Again, Xavier missed. Rage instantly overwhelmed him.

"Mr. Haywood, not feeling too good, are you?" Andrew let out a cold laugh and swung his foot straight at Xavier's knee.

Xavier moved to block with his leg

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but Andrew's grip tightened just he raised it. Pain instantly shot through Xavier's arm like fire tipping through his nerves.

The searing ache threw off his timing, just half a beat, but that was all Andrew needed. His kick landed hard striking Xavier's kneecap with brutal precision.

Sharp pain mixed with numbing shock spread through the joint instantly. That leg could no longer hold weight, and Xavier dropped to one knee.

Sweat poured down his forehead like rain, his eyes burned red. It was obvious that he was on the brink.

Andrew stepped in close, lowering himself beside Xavier's bent knee "Mr. Haywood, you and Seth both made the same mistake. You overestimated yourselves and underestimated me."

He added, "The truth is, it's not just you. I've beaten Joe Driscoll's ass, too."

Andrew's cruel laughter rang in Xavier's ears like the voice of a demon.

"No... That's impossible! You're full of crap!" Xavier finally snapped. He roared and twisted violently, ignoring the agony ripping through his broken arm.

Andrew was still gripping it tightly, and the force of the spin made a sickening crack, like bones shattering inside.

A guttural scream burst from Xavier's mouth as pain ripped through him. Even so,

he pushed through, hurling himself toward Andrew's chest.

In one desperate move, he reached into his boot and pulled out a military dagger, aiming it straight for Andrew's heart.

Leslie gasped and covered her mouth. She could clearly see what Xavier was planning, and she was stunned to her core.

Xavier had been pushed so far that he willingly sacrificed his own arm.

Logan roared, "Andy, look out! This bastard is trying a sneak attack!"

Behind them, 50 soldiers all reacted in unison, their faces changing at once.

To them, Xavier had always been the big brother figure, an officer with real weight, second only to Luna, the general.

Yet, right now, that powerful figure looked no different from a crazed animal backed into a corner.

Andrew let go and sprang back three steps.

Xavier's dagger slashed through nothing but air, missing its target. However, he

did not stop and lunged forward again.