

RISING FROM THE ASHES (ANDREW AND LAUREN)

Chapter 1751

"Mr. Driscoll, make yourself at home!"

"Don't listen to him, Joe. We're neighbors-feel free to stop by anytime!"

"Come hang out more often, Mr. Driscoll!"

Joe smiled and gave a polite nod before walking toward the front gates of Serenity Villa.

Andrew called out, "Hey, hey, you just show up uninvited like that? If you're dropping by, you could at least bring something with you!"

The three women quickly grabbed him and covered his mouth.

"Honey, you're such a typical clueless man!"

"Can't you tell he's here to see Shiloh?"

"Quit yelling. Let's keep training and just let him go."

Several muffled thuds echoed from the villa, and Joe came stumbling out of the main gate, completely disheveled. His face was bruised in patches of blue and purple as he staggered like a drunk.

"Ms. Greene, why did you start throwing punches out of nowhere?"

"So what if I did? You totally deserved it, you stubborn fool!"

"You..."

"What? What're you going to do about it, huh? Run back to your rich little Driscoll family and cry? Get lost! You're in my way. I've got a side hustle to get to!"

Back on the lawn, Andrew and the others were completely stunned.

"Holy crap, Shiloh just beat the hell out of Joe, and his face is crooked!"

"Mr. Driscoll really met his match!"

"Guys, look at him! He's not even mad, just grinning like an idiot. Look, he's chasing after her again! Oh my goodness, is this one of those relentless lover tropes? Like 'I'll follow you to the ends of the earth'?"

And just like that, their morning training ended with everyone watching the drama unfold.

Lately, Joe had been showing up at Serenity Villa almost shamelessly, making it clear he was there for Shiloh. Without exception, he never received a warm welcome.

Shiloh would curse him out and beat him up every single time she saw him. While Joe's martial arts skills were certainly formidable, he only ever took beatings when facing Shiloh.

What left Andrew and the others speechless was that Joe never got angry or violent after being beaten. Instead, he would just grin like a fool.

The once cold and arrogant heir of the Driscoll family had completely changed. Andrew could only shake his head at the hopeless fool.

After breakfast, Andrew headed to his office at the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce as usual. soon as he walked in, Ryder immediately said, "Mr. Lloyd, today is my grandfather's burial day! It's also the day my father and Mr. Byrne agreed to make their move against you!"

Andrew remained completely calm and composed.

Soon after, Mason's call came in. His voice was choked with emotion as he said, "Mr. Lloyd, my father's being laid to rest today. I've thought it over and I'd

like to ask you to attend the funeral. It would bring some peace to my father's spirit."

Andrew agreed without hesitation. "Alright, I'll come by. Don't be too overcome by grief. Your father lived a full life."

Mason replied hoarsely, "You're right, Mr. Lloyd. We'll be waiting for you at the cemetery."

After hanging up, Andrew turned to Ryder. "Let's go. Time to send your grandpa off."

Ryder hesitated. "Mr. Lloyd... are you going alone?"

Andrew glanced at him. "What, you want me to show up with a marching band? Should I really roll in with drums and horns to 'celebrate' your grandfather's burial?"

Ryder opened his mouth, then shut it again in disbelief. "But Mr. Byrne is planning to ambush you at the cemetery! You're walking into a trap with no backup. This could get you killed!"

Andrew gave a chilling smile. "Relax. My backup's already on the way."

As he set out, a series of silent orders had already been sent. Ronald, Aaron, and several of the major families were all notified.

This included Tiana, the Wright family, and several key families within the Chamber of Commerce, including Duncan's Irving family and the Keller family.

Marcelo thought he was setting up the perfect ambush, but Andrew was about to show him the truth: He was nothing but a dog about to be put down.

At the Ulrich family cemetery, black-suited bodyguards stood on all four sides while all bystanders were cleared away. To make the hit easier, Mason had even sent away the other Ulrich family members.

The only ones remaining were a few skilled fighters from the Ulrich family, who were kept on standby for emergencies.

A man and a woman wearing dark sunglasses approached Mason.

"Where's Mr. Byrne? Why are there only two of you?" Mason asked with concern.

The woman sneered coldly. "Don't ask questions you shouldn't ask. The funeral will proceed as normal in a moment, and you and your people don't need to worry about anything."

These two were Marcelo's most trusted lieutenants. The man was called Highmist, and the woman was called Springflow.

Mason's expression darkened. "If Mr. Byrne isn't going to make a move personally, then this assassination should be called off! Andrew isn't someone to mess with, and you two alone aren't nearly enough to handle him!"

Highmist replied casually, "Mr. Ulrich, calm down a bit. Look at yourself you're already shaking!"

Springflow was outright disdainful. "And you call yourself a family head? Is this really your level of composure?"

She laughed mockingly. "No wonder Andrew has been crushing the Ulrich family... You're absolutely pathetic!"

Mason said nothing, but a cold gleam flashed in his eyes. He thought, 'These two dogs think they're above everyone? Fine. Let them laugh now. When I rise to power, they'll pay for this arrogance!'

Springflow was eager for action. "Highmist, should we two make the first move later and see if we can easily take down that Andrew?"

Highmist gave her a sharp look. "Springflow, don't get greedy. Mr. Byrne gave strict orders, and we should follow his lead."

Springflow rolled her eyes. "Yeah, yeah, I got it. I'm just saying. Honestly, I don't see what the big deal is with Andrew anyway. Ezra couldn't have died at his hands. No way.

"And even if he did, so what? If you and I team up, there's no way he can withstand us."

Highmist reminded her, "Our martial techniques are designed for synchronized combat. Together, we can match a peak-level martial king. But don't forget that our combined form doesn't last long.

"This has to be fast and clean. The best strategy is to pin him down, let the Dragon King finish the job, then get out."

Springflow huffed. "Yeah, yeah, I know. You're such a buzzkill. I just wanted to break him a little before the kill. Anyone who goes up against Mr. Byrne deserves a terrible death."

At that moment, the low rumble of a car engine rolled in.

"Enough talk. Get ready!" Highmist snapped.

Everyone turned to see Andrew step out of a black SUV.

Rachel and Ryder were the only ones accompanying him.

Mason lit up. "Just as expected, he came alone. The rest is up to you two!"

Springflow looked annoyed. "Tell that useless son of yours to get out of the way. I don't want to hit a civilian by accident."

Mason chuckled awkwardly. "Of course, of course."

He walked up to Andrew with fake tears in his eyes.

Andrew patted his shoulder. "My condolences. Let me take one last look at Mr. Ulrich Senior."

He walked over to the burial pit. Inside, a coffin lay quietly at the bottom.

"Hmm?

isn't here for the burial?

if it were a casual

though his eyes were sharp:

Mason's eyelids twitched. With a forced smile, he said, "They came earlier and had just left a bit ago."

Andrew nodded. "Is that so? Well then, if no one else is here to interfere, when exactly are you making your move?"

Mason froze. "Make a move? What are you talking about, Mr. Lloyd? You're really funny!"

Andrew stared him down, his smile laced with mockery. "Funny? No, I'm not the one joking here. You are. You think I don't know you've teamed up with Mr. Byrne to kill me? And you're standing here acting clueless?"

Mason's eyes widened. "You knew?"

now

Before he could even process what was happening, Highmist and Springflow, who had been posing as

security nearby, suddenly spl

into action.

With a burst of power, they lunged from both sides, shouting as their hands cut through the air.

The force of their strike was so intense, it felt like razor-sharp wind slashing through skin.

Andrew did not flinch. He simply leaned back, letting their combined attack pass him by.

Then, he snapped forward and slammed a punch directly at Springflow's left flank. She snarled, "You little bastard! You're dead!"

Chapter 1753

With a loud bang, Springflow took Andrew's punch head-on. The next second, she was struck as if by lightning, screaming in agony as she spat blood and tumbled headfirst into the grave pit.

"Springflow!" Highmist shouted in shock. He charged forward, going all in to block Andrew and unleash everything he had.

Andrew let out a cold laugh and shaped his hand into a claw, slicing straight through the man's attacking fist.

With a brutal rip, half of Highmist's arm went limp and dropped uselessly to his side. Then, he collapsed to his knees, staring up in disbelief.

"H-How are you this powerful?" Highmist stammered, his voice shaking with terror.

Andrew's eyes narrowed. He was just about to finish him off when the ground behind him suddenly exploded.

From the soil, a figure in dark green robes shot up, aiming a deadly palm strike straight at the back of Andrew's head.

Marcelo had launched his ambush, his aura overwhelming. He had hidden underground all along, waiting for the perfect moment to land a fatal blow.

"Andrew! I'll personally send you to hell!" he roared.

Andrew spun around instantly, unfazed and unimpressed. He did not even bother dodging.

Meanwhile, from the wasteland nearby, over a dozen shadows shot out like lightning. Without exception, they all flew straight toward Marcelo.

In a blink, Marcelo felt a crushing pressure come down on him, and he could barely breathe. He was forced to halt his strike on Andrew and twisted midair, narrowly avoiding a deadly opening in his stance.

He landed on the ground, and when he looked around, he was surrounded. His face shifted from confusion to dread, until it turned completely pale.

"Ronald... Aaron... Tiana... Duncan... the Wright family... the White family... the Keller family. So you all teamed up to carve up my legacy like a feast? Impressive. You people really went all in."

His jaw clenched so tightly it seemed his teeth might shatter.

Ronald was the first to laugh. "Marcelo, long time no see! Still dramatic as ever!"

Aaron sneered. "Yeah, a grand Dragon King like you will definitely have a very flashy death."

Marcelo suddenly roared and turned to Andrew. "So you knew everything from the beginning, didn't you, Andrew?"

Andrew met his eyes. "You tried to kill me. What makes you think I wouldn't turn around and kill you first?"

Marcelo raised a trembling finger, his voice shaking with grief and rage. "All my life, I was hailed a hero, and now, I'm falling at the hands of a scheming little rat like you. Andrew! If you've got a shred of courage, come out here and face me one-on-one! Otherwise, even if I die today, I'll never respect you!"

Andrew's voice rang out, loud and clear. "Fine, then I'll grant your wish. Everyone, stand down. Let me see what this so-called Dragon King is really made of!"

Tiana's face changed instantly. "No, Andy, don't fall for it!"

Duncan called out, "Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Byrne is a powerhouse. You don't need to prove anything to him!"

Ronald gave a half-smirk. "Andy, if you go showing off and get killed, don't expect us to avenge you!"

Marcelo stood tall, one hand behind his back, his voice booming. "I know I'm outnumbered today, and my fate's already sealed. But if you're really a man, Andrew, you'll face me head-on, just once. I promise won't kill you. I just want to test your skills before I die. That way, I can die without regrets.

"Of course, you can refuse... but then you'll just be a coward hiding behind your

army. Let's see if you can live with that kind of shame."

Andrew shook his head. "Of course I can't live with that... So, Mr. Byrne-"

He stepped forward dramatically, then suddenly stopped and stepped right back again.

Marcelo's hopeful expression froze solid. "You..."

Andrew turned smoothly, waving his hand. "Everyone, go ahead. Beat the hell out

of him. Heh, I want to watch this mighty Dragon King turn into nothing."

Over a dozen powerful auras exploded outward, slamming toward Marcelo like a tidal wave.

Standing at the center of the storm, all Marcelo could do was roar in fury, "Andrew! You despicable brat!"

He never imagined that, even in his final moments, Andrew would pull one last stunt on him.

Chapter 1754

Marcelo did not just sit back and wait for death. With his palms spinning through

the air, he took Tiana and Aaron's strikes head-on. His body trembled violently, but in the chaos, he sent several weaker family heads flying with the shockwave

alone.

With disheveled hair, he roared as he clashed directly with Ronald in fierce combat.

The two martial kings exchanged blows, and the shockwaves exploded outward, making everyone around them feel terrified.

Ronald's face went pale as he grunted, forcibly swallowing back the blood that had surged to his throat. Marcelo, on the other hand, spat blood wildly on the spot and was sent flying backward.

From the nearby grave pit, Springflow dragged herself out and shrieked, "Mr. Byrne!"

Still midair, Marcelo roared back, "Don't worry about me. Run now! Get out and avenge me later!"

Tiana's figure flashed across the battlefield.

She broke away from the center, then with one precise kick, slammed her foot into Highmist's chest. Blood gushed from his mouth in a violent spray, and he let out a twisted smile before collapsing lifelessly on the spot.

Tiana's face remained completely cold. "Anyone who's a threat to my dear son-in-law must die. Mr. Byrne, if you want to blame someone, blame yourself for picking the wrong opponent."

She flipped her palm and struck straight toward Springflow's head, the blow merciless and fierce.

As Andrew's mother-in-law, she had no intention of showing mercy, not when it came to eliminating threats.

Marcelo's voice was filled with grief and rage. "Andrew! Even in death, I'll never forgive you!"

He screamed as he charged forward, desperate to take Andrew down with him. Yet, it was useless.

Aaron struck with deadly precision, while Ronald poured all his might into finishing him.

For both Dragon Kings, removing Marcelo only brought benefits.

Though they did not strike, the other family leaders made sure Marcelo had no path to escape, ready to witness his fall.

Aaron's fist slammed into Marcelo's spine from behind.

The full power of a martial king burst through the blow, instantly snapping Marcelo's back.

Ronald grinned viciously. "Marcelo, you've lived like a hero. It's about time you die like one."

With that, he stepped forward and slammed his palm onto Marcelo's head.

"No!" Marcelo screamed, but his body was already too damaged to fight back.

His skull shattered like glass, and his eyes went blank, then dimmed until there was nothing left.

The once-feared Dragon King was no more.

"Mrs. Rhodes, wait! Don't kill her just yet!" Andrew called out.

Tiana paused, sparing Springflow's life.

Springflow's face was soaked in tears as she crawled over to Marcelo's corpse, howling in agony. Then she turned and looked at Highmist's already cold body and felt like her world had collapsed.

"Why? Why did it end like this? Everything was going so well... how did it come to this?!"

Clutching her face, Springflow dropped to her knees and cried uncontrollably.

Andrew walked over slowly and said calmly, "Those who kill will eventually be killed. The era of the Three Dragon Kings ruling Blumedale's underground is over."

Springflow raised her head, eyes filled with hatred. "Andrew! One day, I swear I'll find the chance to kill you with my own hands for Mr. Byrne."

Andrew chuckled. "Then I guess we'll talk if you live long enough to see 'one day'. I'm sparing you, but only if you can prove your value."

Springflow roared, "Don't even think about it! I'd never betray Mr. Byrne! I won't give up a single piece of information!"

Andrew smirked. "You're not actually under the impression that you're important, are you? Just because you're keeping your mouth shut doesn't mean others won't spill the beans. From what I hear, Mr Byrne has plenty of fair-weather_ subordinates."

Springflow's face went pale as she laughed bitterly. "Andrew, you really are despicable and shameless!"

Aaron volunteered, "Mr. Lloyd, Springflow was Mr. Byrne's right-hand woman."

Chapter 1755

Aaron said, "I've taken a liking to her, so don't kill her. Give her to me as payment for helping you out this time!"

Andrew rolled his eyes. "What do you mean by 'helping me'? With Marcelo eliminated, didn't you, as the White Dragon King, gain plenty of benefits too?"

Aaron was momentarily stunned, then sheepishly said, "Alright, you've got a point there. So tell me, what would it take for you to give me this woman?"

Andrew stroked his chin, showing a contemplative expression. "I can give her to you, but first, you need to explain what you plan to do with her."

Aaron chuckled lecherously. "My martial arts technique mainly focuses on energy absorption. The more solid a woman's martial foundation, the more beneficial she is to my cultivation. Now you understand, right?"

Andrew replied, "Oh, alright. I get it! Take her away, just don't cause me any trouble!"

Aaron roughly grabbed Springflow by the hair and dragged her away. "Don't worry, I guarantee you won't have any future concerns!"

Logan, acting like a naive fool, could not help but ask, "Mr. Nicholls, I have a question! You practitioners of dark arts, aren't you afraid that during your energy absorption, the woman might turn against you and cut off your manhood?"

Aaron looked somewhat proud as he laughed. "Since I dare to practice dark arts, I naturally came prepared! Let me put it this way-my manhood has been trained to be immune to fire and water, and even blades and steel can't harm it. Even if that wench tried a sneak attack with a machete, I could still handle it!"

Logan stared at him in awe. "You're built different! Say, could you walk me through your technique sometime?"

Aaron scoffed. "My secret techniques? You wish. Not a chance."

Ronald rolled his eyes. "If you two are done chatting nonsense, I'm out. Marcelo's dead. According to the rules, his assets and territory are up for grabs, so we'll be claiming them."

Andrew waved his hand, indifferent. "Divide it however you like I don't care. But if you come across any premium, rare medicinal herbs, I want those saved for me."

Ronald nodded. "Of course. You're the miracle doctor, and those things are only useful in your hands anyway."

Andrew added, "Also, Mrs. Rhodes went all in this time. The Rhodes family's portion-make sure it goes to her."

Ronald and Aaron exchanged reluctant glances. They did not think much of the Rhodes family, believing it was barely a third-rate household in their eyes.

Nonetheless, since Andrew said so, and since that gorgeous cougar Tiana was his mother-in-law, they had no choice but to comply.

Andrew's opinion carried too much weight to ignore. Besides, this guy clearly had a knack for winning over older women. First Tiana, then Victoria. The man was drowning in sugar mommies.

Jealousy barely even covered it.

Soon enough, the various family heads and the two Dragon Kings left the scene.

Andrew turned back toward Mason, who had been watching in terrified silence From the moment the fighting began until now, Mason had been on the verge of wetting himself.

But to his credit, he did not run.

If he did, that would be admitting he colluded with Marcelo to ambush Andrew. If

that got out, it would mean a death sentence.

"Mr. Mason," Andrew said with a

In

smile, walking toward him with his hands behind his back. "Today's Mr. Cillian's funeral. I came out of kindness to pay my respects then just happened to be ambushed. You tell me. Was that just a coincidence? Or was it all part of someone's plan?"