

RISING FROM THE ASHES (ANDREW AND LAUREN)

Chapter 1756

"Mr. Lloyd, I swear—I don't know anything!" Mason threw up his hands, playing

dumb.

Andrew sneered. "You don't know? I was attacked at your father's funeral... on Ulrich family grounds. And you're telling me you had no idea? Don't you think that's a little far-fetched?"

Mason raised one hand, his face full of conviction. "If you don't believe me, Mr.

Lloyd, I swear. If I, Mason Ulrich, have lied to you in the slightest, may the heavens strike me down and may I die a horrible death!"

A clap of thunder exploded overhead. The sky had already been overcast, heavy

with dark clouds. And right on cue, a light rain began to fall.

Mason's face froze. His jaw dropped, and he barely held back a loud curse.

Andrew smiled faintly. "Even the heavens don't buy your story. Looks like you're

out of excuses."

Still refusing to budge, Mason insisted, "Believe it or not, Mr. Lloyd, I had no knowledge of any attack. If you're still doubtful, I'll swear on my dead father's soul!

If I lied, may I follow in his footsteps, may I die alone in a nursing home, unloved

and forgotten!"

Andrew sighed and patted him lightly on the shoulder. "You're a ruthless one, Mason. Be careful, though. Sometimes words come true."

Deep down, Mason sneered.

So, what if Andrew had taken Marcelo down? He did not have a single shred of

evidence on him.

That oath? He could swear hundreds of them, empty as air.

Andrew turned to the rest. "Alright, let's head out."

Putting on a fake smile, Mason politely offered, "Mr. Lloyd, why don't you stop by

our home for a bit? You've had a rough day."

Andrew smiled. "That sounds good. Alright, I'm sorry for the trouble! But you better watch your back, Mason."

Mason frowned. "Watch out for what?"

He had no fear. He had just sworn on the dead and would do it again without blinking.

Andrew simply smirked. "Just watch out for Cillian not to come back to haunt you

and knock you off your throne."

Mason nearly laughed.

Seriously? This guy still believed in ghosts?

Cillian was dead, and he had personally arranged for that to happen.

What could a dead man possibly do to him?

Face full of contempt, Mason turned to lead the group back to the Ulrich residence.

Logan and Tiana followed beside Andrew, and Rachel and Duncan came up behind.

"Hey, Andy... Did Ryder get it done?" Logan asked in a low voice, grinning.

Andrew replied calmly, "Everything's been set up perfectly. If he still can't pull it off, he might as well bash his own head into a wall."

Tiana smiled. "Mason's about to walk into his own house and realize he's already been stripped of power.

I wonder what that face of his will look like."

Logan chuckled darkly. "Easy! He'll look like someone who just got struck by lightning!"

The group boarded their vehicles and headed back to the Ulrich residence.

The moment they stepped through the gates, Mason knew something was wrong.

At the entrance, two full rows of black-suited bodyguards stood at attention, as if

guarding against an intruder.

Their formation was strict and defensive, like they were waiting for an enemy.

What the hell was this? He had not given any orders for this kind of setup.

"Ryder? Ryder, where the hell are you?"

Mason stormed forward, frowning and shouting through the estate. Yet, no one

responded.

Then, one by one, members of the

Ulrich family began to appear.

However, the way they looked at him

made his skin crawl.

Their expressions were cold, unfamiliar. It was as if they were staring at a stranger.

"Ryder! Where the hell did you go off to? Get out here, right now!"

Mason's unease turned into panic. He could feel something unraveling, and it was

starting to scare the hell out of him.

Chapter 1757

Mason froze in shock. At the far end of the Ulrich family's main hall, someone was already sitting in his exclusive family head's chair.

Ryder, his beloved eldest son, was now sitting there with his legs crossed, chin propped up, watching his arrival.

Mason's voice cracked with rage. "You bastard, what are you doing? Get your ass up right now. Do you really think you're qualified to sit there?"

This outburst showed just how furious he had become. He rushed over to Ryder, ready to jab his finger right at his son's nose.

Ryder stood up and slapped Mason twice across the face without warning, the sound echoing in the hall. The blows were so fierce that Mason fell to the floor, completely stunned.

"You hit me? You son of a bitch, you actually hit me! Someone get in here! I want this mutt crippled!"

Mason scrambled to his feet, eyes bloodshot as he roared in fury. Yet, despite his screaming, no one from the Ulrich family moved to help him.

Dozens of Ulrich family members had gathered in the hall. The core members, including Mason's younger brothers and uncles, had all quietly stepped over to stand behind Ryder.

"Mr. Ryder, congratulations on being the new head of the family!"

They all bowed in unison, pledging their loyalty to Ryder. Mason was stunned, completely blanking out.

"I'm your family head! I'm the one in charge here! What the hell did this bastard ever do to deserve that title?"

One of the Ulrichs said coldly, "Sorry, but starting today, Ryder is the new head of the Ulrich family. Mason, your title has been officially revoked. We'll be launching a full investigation into you. You can't dodge your responsibility for Cillian's death." Mason roared, "Bullshit! You dare turn on me? Do you all have a death wish?" Ryder sneered, "Dad, are you really still that blind to the

situation? Don't blame me for being ruthless. I'm just doing what you taught me being cold-blooded and decisive. In fact, we owe a big thanks to Mr. Lloyd for helping us bring justice back to the Ulrich family."

He stood up and jogged over to the entrance, respectfully welcoming Andrew and his group into the hall.

Mason was dumbfounded, staring in disbelief. "Andrew, it's you again! You planned all this, didn't you?!"

He spun around like a madman and screamed at Andrew.

However, Andrew simply shrugged with a smile. "Mason, don't blame this on me.

This is the Ulrich family's internal matter. I wouldn't dare interfere."

The entire family turned to Mason, their voices booming in unison.

"Mason, you dog! Did you kill Cillian?"

"Was it you?"

"Answer us honestly!"

Mason was drenched in sweat as he howled, "It wasn't me, I swear! You've all been fooled! It was Andrew! It was him!"

Yet, Andrew did not even bother to respond.

Ryder raised his voice. "Ulrich family, listen up! The truth has finally come to light My dad had killed my grandfather. I've already obtained the evidence from the nursing home."

He immediately played a video.

In the footage, Cillian was being abused while Mason stood nearby, coldly watching without lifting a finger.

A few of the older, highly respected elders of the Ulrich family erupted in rage. They grabbed chairs and iel

tables, shouting, "Mason, you worthless piece of garbage! You're dead!"

"You murdered your own father, you bastard! You deserve to die!"

The entire Ulrich family was consumed by fury, swarming Mason and beating the

living hell out of him with fists and kicks.

A few mischievous kids pushed

through the crowd and yanked down their pants. Then, they unleashed a stream of yellow, pungent urine directly onto Mason's head, making him cough violently from the stench.

Chapter 1758

In the end, Mason lay in a pool of blood with his head cracked open and bleeding. His threats and frantic curses gradually turned into shallow, ragged breaths. His eyes filled with despair and fury as he glared at Andrew, looking like he wanted to devour him alive.

Ryder said coldly, "Someone take this man to the nursing home! Treat him exactly the way he treated Grandpa!"

Mason's whole body trembled as he struggled desperately. Yet, it was useless. He was directly dragged away with all four limbs lifted off the ground.

"Andrew, may you die a horrible death! The High Oracle will definitely avenge me!" Mason's final wail echoed through the hall.

He never imagined that at such a young age, he would be sent to a nursing home. He had just sworn an oath earlier, never expecting it to come true so quickly.

Mason wanted to cry, but the tears would not come out.

Andrew frowned. He still had not figured out the cult organization behind Mason.

Ryder said, "Mr. Lloyd, I've already asked around in every way I could. My father really doesn't know who that leader is. It's clear he was manipulated, too. Aside from the Voice of the Oracle, the High Oracle never gave him any real information."

That matched Andrew's expectations, so he simply nodded without saying more.

Then, came a voice, light and teasing. "Well, congratulations, Mr. Ulrich. You're now the head of the Ulrich family!"

It was Logan, stepping out with a smirk on his face.

Ryder's eyelid twitched, and he chuckled awkwardly. "Mr. Keller, please don't tease me. Don't worry. I won't forget how I got here."

Logan scoffed. "You better not forget. Because if Mr. Lloyd can help you take the throne, he can just as easily help someone else in the Ulrich family take it from you."

Seeing Ryder's face turn grim, Andrew chuckled and said, "Ignore him. Just focus on being the head of the Ulrich family. And while you're at it, keep an eye on that organization your father was mixed up in."

Ryder nodded quickly. "Of course, Mr. Lloyd. I'll keep a close eye and report to you when something comes up."

Just like that, the Ulrich family's internal deadlock was broken.

And within Gabo Creek's Chamber of Commerce, the trust crisis

The few elders who had solved

surrounding Andrew was resolved argued

fiercely with him before now came forward, red-faced and apologetic, admitting they were wrong.

Andrew did not hold it against them. After all, those stubborn old fools were not even worth the trouble.

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In a dark, shadowy hall somewhere far away, a powerful man knelt on the cold floor, his body shackled in chains. His long, messy hair hung over his face, hiding his features.

Heavy chains, thick as a baby's arm, were wrapped around his neck, wrists, and legs.

Deep within the darkness ahead of him, a cold voice echoed through the chamber.

"Go to Holtrien, Gabo Creek, the city

of Blumedale. Bring back the one this cult desires, and find out who killed our people, then eliminate them. Complete this mission, and you will regain your freedom."

The man trembled, and the chains rattled as he moved. "High Oracle, are you serious?"

A chilling laugh answered from the shadows. "Of course, I'm serious. But if you fail

the mission, you already know what will happen."

The towering man's body shivered, and the fear in his eyes was obvious.

He knew exactly what would happen if he failed-death was the only outcome.

Even with over a thousand pounds of iron shackling him down and his shoulder blades locked to prevent escape, he could kill a martial king in just three moves. Yet, before the figure hidden in the shadows ahead, he was nothing. He was lower than dirt.

"Long live the Sacred Order," he whispered, bowing low in reverence.

Chapter 1759

A phone suddenly slid across the floor and stopped right in front of him. Its screen lit up, displaying a photo of someone's face.

If Aspen, Andrew's loyal little servant, had been there, she definitely would have snapped, "How dare you! Who gave you the guts to sneak a photo of my master's devastatingly handsome face?"

Sure enough, the photo on the screen was of Andrew.

The man picked up the phone and asked in a low, gravelly voice, "Dead or alive?"

From the darkness, the High Oracle's faint laughter echoed. "If we can recruit him and make him ours, that would be the best outcome. But if not... crush his manhood and ask if he believes in our Sacred Order now."

The man asked again, "And if I crush it and he still doesn't believe it?"

The High Oracle's voice turned even colder. "Then snap his neck, or violate him brutally, whichever feels crueler. Be as vicious as you can. Use your judgment."

The man tightened his grip on the phone, grinned with a twisted smile, and turned to leave the hall. He pushed open the heavy doors, revealing a vast open sea outside.

Without hesitation, he dove straight into the ocean.

Another frigid morning swept over Serenity Villa. Out on the back lawn, training resumed as usual, but with a slight twist today.

Andrew stood with one hand behind his back and waved the other at Francesca. "Come at me."

The busty woman blushed deeply. "Huh? Come at you? You mean like... in bed? Or are we being serious here?"

Andrew's face twitched. "Seriously? Is your brain still foggy?"

Francesca flushed with embarrassment. She quickly shook off her thoughts and charged in with a sharp cry, throwing the first punch.

Andrew blocked it effortlessly with one hand, his defense lightning quick.

She suddenly jumped, aiming a knee strike straight at his chin.

Andrew leaned back and struck her thigh with a knife-hand chop.

She pulled back, tucked her leg, and dropped hard toward his chest with another blow.

"Nice!" Andrew could not help but cheer, shifting his body sideways just in time to dodge the attack.

Her strike missed again, but she did not stop. Her elbow swung around, heading straight for his head.

The two exchanged dozens of moves, countering each other with skill. After over a hundred exchanges, Francesca was panting, clearly running out of energy.

Andrew showed no signs of slowing down. Seizing a small opening, he flicked his fingers forward just two inches and struck her wrist.

Francesca yelped like she had been stung, her hand trembling and turning red instantly. "What kind of strike was that? That short distance had so much force!"

She stared in awe.

Andrew retracted his hand with a grin. "That's Inch-Force. Usually, only true masters can pull it off. But with your instincts, Fran, you could learn it now." Francesca nodded, eyes lighting up as she stepped aside to practice. Andrew did not stop. He waved Lauren over and said, "Lauren, you're up."

Lauren specialized in internal martial arts. Her foundation was strong, and her inner energy flowed smoothly. Yet, when it came to actual fistwork, let's just say it was far from refined.

After throwing several clumsy, wild punches, she did not even come close to grazing Andrew's shirt.

Seeing no results, Lauren started getting discouraged. "Andrew, am I just dumb or what?"

Andrew shook his head. "No, your progress is actually the biggest of all three, better than Fran's or even Aspen's."

Lauren looked doubtful, but before

she could say anything, Andrew's hand shot toward her neck. On instinct, she grunted and raised her hand to block. At the same time, she dropped her stance and struck forward toward Andrew's waist.

Just as Andrew's hand was about to touch

knock neck, her counterattack

knocked it aside. Her punch landed squarely against his chest, forcing him to take a step back.

Everyone watching-Aspen, Francesca, Dylan, and Natasha-was stunned.

Lauren herself looked completely shocked. "Andrew, did you go easy on me?"

Chapter 1760

Andrew exhaled with a light chuckle. "Not at all. Lauren, your strength is insane- too strong, actually. If I'm not channeling internal energy, just using my body

alone, I can't even keep my balance when facing off against you."

Lauren looked skeptical and called out, "Dylan, let's spar for a bit!"

Dylan grinned. "You got it, Ms. Rhodes!"

He intentionally held back, dodging her clumsy punches. However, when one of her wild swings actually aimed straight for his face, Dylan had no choice but to defend. He raised his arms and crossed them over his face to shield himself.

Yet, when the punch landed, it felt less like a soft arm and more like a sledgehammer.

A cracking sound echoed in the lawn, and Dylan's face went pale as cold sweat poured down.

To his horror, he realized his forearm had cracked under the impact. His arms rebounded off his face, smashing into his nose.

Blood burst out instantly.

Lauren gasped and pulled back with a scream. "Oh my goodness, I'm so sorry, Dylan! I didn't mean to! Fran, hurry! Wrap him up. I didn't realize I hit that hard!" Francesca had already rushed over and was checking Dylan's injury.

Andrew said calmly, "It's nothing major. Getting beat up is part of learning martial arts."

Natasha narrowed her eyes. "You can go easy on someone, but not so much that you end up getting injured yourself!"

Dylan groaned, nearly in tears. "I wasn't holding back! Ms. Rhodes' punches are insane. I literally couldn't block them!"

Aspen blinked in surprise. "Andrew, is Lauren's internal power really that scary now?"

Andrew nodded with a grin. "Scariest than any of you realize."

Looking at Lauren's guilt-ridden expression, Andrew suddenly did not know what to say.

This was someone who had not practiced martial arts a day in her life. And now, in such a short time, she had unlocked monstrous strength.

And the craziest part? She was still just a delicate-looking woman.

The more he thought about it, the more convinced Andrew became that Tiana was definitely hiding something about Lauren from him.

Now it was time for the last one-Aspen.

As Andrew gave the signal to begin, Aspen had already pulled a dagger from seemingly nowhere.

Assassin training was always real, without rehearsals or warning.

With a sharp whistle through the air, the blade was already slashing toward Andrew's chest.

Andrew shifted his body just enough to dodge the deadly strike, countering with a chop aimed at Aspen's wrist. However, that slash had been a feint.

Aspen pulled the dagger back in time, flipped it in her grip, and stabbed again. This time, she aimed lower, with brutal precision.

Andrew smirked at how fast she was improving. There was no doubt that she was born to be a killer. It was a shame so much of her earlier life had been wasted in that rotten Bridgefields' Stevens family.

If she had gotten proper training sooner, she might have already made the international assassin rankings by now.

"Watch out!"

Among his five top disciples, three were women. And of those three, Aspen was

by far the most cautious when facing Andrew.

In fact, she was the most careful

overall, constantly worried she might hurt her master. Even though she knew deep down, that even if she trained for another century, she would probably still never beat him.

Still, her subconscious was plagued with hesitation.

All of it traced back to her condition, one that made her feel only comfort and pleasure when Andrew dominated or punished her. And the moment she pushed back, even a little, she would be flooded with guilt and self-blame.

Andrew's fingers flashed like lightning, tapping three precise spots on her arm—her wrist, elbow, and upper arm.

Aspen instantly felt a surge of pain shoot up her arm. Her hand went numb, and the dagger clattered to the ground.

However, it was not over.

Her long legs flew up in a kick that seemed aimed at Andrew.