

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 1781

It was about 4 a.m., but none of the women in Serenity Villa had gone to bed yet.

Even Chantelle had rushed over. Her expression was icy as she said, "Governor McCormick won't just sit back and ignore this."

The moment she heard Andrew had been attacked, she became deeply worried. She had originally planned to come and spend the night with him.

Just then, the door opened. Andrew had returned, and all the women immediately rushed to surround him.

"How did it go?"

"Did you find the culprit?"

"Honey, are you okay?"

Andrew smiled. "Don't worry. I'm fine."

"We found the culprit, and he was acting under orders from the Driscoll family."

Lauren was furious. "It really was the Driscoll family! I'm going straight to Joe tomorrow to ask what the hell he thinks he's doing!"

Andrew shook his head. "It wasn't Joe, it was Scarlett, the Driscoll family's eldest daughter!"

Chantelle gasped. "It was actually Scarlett? This is going to be trouble!"

Aspen snorted. "Ms. Garcia, is Scarlett really that impressive?"

Chantelle explained, "While Joe is the Driscoll family's prodigy, Scarlett is the one handpicked to be the next head of the family. She's extremely intelligent and cunning. The Shadow Division may report to Walter, but the Driscoll family's guards answer directly to Scarlett."

She continued, "She's not only the only person in the family who can keep Joe in check, but she's also highly favored by the elders. They're grooming her for a marriage alliance with another powerful family."

Francesca nodded. "Sounds like Scarlett is a real power player."

Chantelle turned to Andrew. "What are you planning to do? My suggestion is to let Governor McCormick step in. It'll be easier to handle that way. If you go head-to-head with Scarlett on your own, the Governor won't be able to interfere."

Andrew smiled. "No need to bother the Governor. I'll handle this myself. She's just a woman. No way she's shaking my world."

Chantelle emphasized, "Scarlett isn't just a woman! She controls the Driscoll family's guards. Rumor has it that multiple martial kings are under her command. But the real threat is that she has the entire family backing her!"

Andrew shrugged. "So what? If they piss me off enough, I'll just destroy them."

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The next morning, Andrew acted like nothing had happened and resumed training with his five top students.

Joe arrived once again, strolling across the frozen lake and back into Serenity Villa.

"I'm here to see my mentor!" he said with a bright smile to Andrew. He looked like he was in a great mood.

Andrew ignored him completely. He had already confirmed that while Scarlett had made the move, Joe knew nothing about it.

After training, Andrew drove out to the Keller residence. Then, he drove away half an hour later.

In George's study, Logan walked in and asked with a smile, "Dad, what was Andy doing here?"

George leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes to rest, and said calmly, "You don't need to know about this!"

"Why not?"

"Because you can't handle it!"

Logan fell silent.

After leaving the Keller residence, Andrew headed straight to the Peck residence.

Liliana glared at him fiercely. "What are you doing here again?"

Andrew smiled. "Looking for Victoria!"

Liliana was stunned. "Victoria? Wait, you're not talking about my mom are you? Andrew, do you have any shame? Who gave you the right to call her by her first name?"

She was about to explode with rage. She had just been beaten up by Andrew recently, and now he was acting like he was close to her mother.

Liliana had never seen anyone with such thick skin.

Just then, Otis the butler came over with a smile to greet him. "Mr. Lloyd, you've

arrived. Mrs. Peck is expecting you."

Andrew grinned at Liliana. "See you around."

Liliana

she

admit that Victoria

stood there in a daze. Even treated Andrew more warm/vel

treated her own daughter.

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Andrew met the graceful Victoria in the loft behind the Peck residence. Her skin was fair and her figure delicate, and the cold expression on her face melted into a smile the moment she saw him.

"Andrew, you're here. Come, sit. I'll make you a cup of tea."

As she moved, a soft, pleasant fragrance trailed behind her.

Andrew cleared his throat and quickly said, "No need for tea, Victoria. I'm here to discuss something important with you."

Victoria smiled and waved him off. "No rush. Let me brew the tea first. A man should learn to enjoy tea, and more importantly, learn how to stay calm and composed. Even when the world is falling apart, sometimes you have to act like you're unbothered."

Andrew nodded seriously. "Victoria, your advice is appreciated."

Victoria glanced back at him with a playful glint in her eye. "You really are such a likable young man. You come from a noble family, you've got top-tier skills, and yet you're so respectful and humble. If I were at least ten years younger, I might've tried to stir up a little something with you."

She chuckled and added, "Don't mind me. I'm a bit free-spirited, just like that bitch Tiana, in that sense."

Andrew focused his gaze on the floor, trying to stay composed.

Victoria's occasional teasing was not exactly overwhelming, but it was not minor either. Both she and Tiana were seductive women in their prime. In today's world, a lot of men, especially the older ones, are obsessed with that particular kind of allure.

Even teenagers fresh out of high school could get completely swept up by someone like Victoria.

Women like her were walking weapons.

Finally, the tea was ready, and the gentle aroma filled the room.

When Andrew reached for his cup, Victoria's purple-painted nails deliberately brushed across the back of his hand.

His hand flinched, and he nearly spilled the tea. He thought, 'Damn it. She's even slicker than Tiana!'

Tiana flirted openly, boldly, and aggressively.

But Victoria? Her approach was subtle and smooth, never saying too much. Yet, she was bold enough to make physical contact at unexpected moments.

How was anyone supposed to resist that?

"Here, have your tea first," she chuckled and said calmly, sitting in front of the vanity like nothing had happened.

Andrew took a sip obediently before finally getting to the point. "Victoria, I plan to send a message to the Driscoll family. What do you think?"

Victoria raised an eyebrow. "You've clashed with them?"

Andrew nodded. "Yeah, we've been at odds for a while. Scarlett just pulled

something way out of line. So now, I need to respond accordingly."

Victoria gave a light laugh and spoke softly. "Well, I'm not one for half-measures. Scarlett's capable, I won't deny that. But if you draw her out I'll handle the rest. Quietly. Permanently."

Andrew blinked. "Handle her? You mean, like 'dead-dead'?"

Victoria chuckled with a sultry gleam in her eye. "Yes. Dead-dead. Andrew, remember when I told you I'd help you become the king of Gabo Creek? If that's your goal, taking down the Three Titans is inevitable.

"What better place to start than with the Driscolls? If you're going to do it, then go big. You have me, and help you wipe out everyone in this province standing in your way."

Andrew stared at her, speechless. He had always thought he was bold. Yet, compared to her, he was practically reserved.

She was not just fearless, she was more ruthless than most men he knew.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) #Chapter 1783 - Read Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) Chapter 1783

Andrew did not linger long at the Peck estate before heading to his next stop- Aaron's turf.

He tossed the briefcase across the room and got straight to business. "Here's 100 million. Where's the information?"

Aaron was lounging on the couch, getting a leg massage from a curvy woman. He raised a hand to stop his men from checking the case, saying, "No need. If it's coming from Mr. Lloyd, I trust it's legit."

Then, he pulled the pen hanging from his chest pocket and scribbled down a note on a clean sheet of paper. Once he was done, he set the pen down and glanced at Andrew with a meaningful look.

"Mr. Lloyd, I never said a word. Whatever you plan to do has nothing to do with me."

Andrew took the slip, gave it a quick read, then shredded it into pieces. He smiled faintly. "Don't worry. I was never here, and we don't even know each other."

Aaron let out a hearty laugh. "That's what I like about you, Mr. Lloyd. Doing business with you feels refreshing."

The note contained details on Scarlett's whereabouts and expected schedule. Andrew's people could not investigate something that discreet, but the underworld's Dragon King could.

When Andrew wanted to strike at the Driscoll family, Ronald did not dare take the job. Yet, Aaron jumped at the payday without hesitation.

Money had a way of emboldening the bold.

Later that day, Andrew returned to Serenity Villa and made a call to Logan. "Get me a high-powered sniper rifle. Yeah, the Barrett M82A1."

Logan's tone shifted instantly. "Andy, what the hell are you planning? That kind of gear isn't easy to get, you know."

Andrew responded flatly, "Then figure it out. The Keller family isn't supposed to be incompetent in a place like Blumedale."

Logan chuckled. "Alright, alright. Since you put it like that, I guess I'll have to show off a little. I've actually got one in my private stash. I bought it off some rebel group in the Middle Veruin. It's been maintained perfectly. One bullet, one body- guaranteed."

Andrew grunted in reply and hung up, his face unreadable.

Scarlett had made her move in broad daylight, so it was clearly meant to kill. If she wanted to play like that, then Andrew had no choice but to return the favor.

Victoria had suggested drawing

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Scarlett out and killing her quietly, cutting off the Driscoll family's strongest wing before they even knew what hit them. After all, if Andrew planned to dominate Gabo Creek, going up against the Three Titans was inevitable.

So, why not strike first? It was a tempting plan, tactical and aggressive.

However, Andrew had turned it

down. He did not actually care about becoming the so-called King of

Gabo Creek. The only reason he was retaliating now was because

Scarlett had crossed a line that could not be ignored.

Suddenly, he asked, "Shiloh's been pretty close to Joe lately, hasn't she?"

At that moment, Lauren, Francesca, and Aspen were all out handling work. He was home with Natasha and Dylan.

Natasha replied, "Shiloh's still doing her usual part-time shifts. But Joe's been sticking to her like glue. He's with her practically every day now. They're basically attached at the hip."

Andrew did not say another word and slipped into the alchemy room to continue his pill refining.

Zachary was about to take the student trial soon, and as a former subordinate, Andrew couldn't just sit back and do nothing.

Andrew had heard about the Southern Martial Union's leader, Jerome, but did not know him personally. He only knew that Jerome ranked eighth on the Titan List, a legit martial saint.

Andrew was genuinely happy that Zachary managed to land a spot under him.

That evening, the three women returned home from work.

Aspen hesitated for a moment, then approached Andrew alone. "Honey, I think maybe we should just let the whole Driscoll thing go."

Andrew raised an eyebrow. "Let it go? What do you mean by that?"

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) #Chapter 1784 - Read Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) Chapter 1784

Andrew asked, "Did you forget that we almost got blown up?"

Aspen looked angry, but still shook her head. "The Driscoll family is incredibly powerful. I think we're not strong enough to go up against them right now! Of course, I won't forget what happened before. But I think we should lay low for a while!"

Andrew smiled and reached out to caress half of her face. "What? Are you scared?"

With a proud little huff, she replied proudly, "Me, alone? Of course, I'd be scared of going up against the Driscoll family. But with you, why would I ever be afraid?"

Andrew pulled his hand back and chuckled. "Don't worry. None of you needs to worry about this. New Year's is coming up. I'll be heading to the Southern Martial Union headquarters. When the time comes, see if the three of you want to tag along and take a little vacation."

Aspen's eyes lit up. "The headquarters? That's right next door in Goldridge! That city's incredible. Of course, we'll go! I'll go tell Lauren and Fran right now!"

After she left, Andrew stood alone, looking out at the winter scenery outside. The leaves had all fallen, and the lawn was withered and yellow.

The frost had killed nearly everything.

His eyes grew colder, matching the harshness of the season outside.

That night, Logan's people delivered the gear Andrew had requested. He hefted the massive black rifle in his hands, weighing at least 70 pounds.

Andrew was more than satisfied. He wondered if Scarlett would be able to handle a shot from this beast.

In the Driscoll residence, the lights were still blazing. Even though Blumedale's city center had long gone to sleep, this place never rested, pulsing with excitement until dawn.

The status of the Three Titans was undeniable.

Scarlett returned to her suite after a long night of social engagements. She had feigned drunkenness for a clean exit, but her expression was now icy cold.

Behind her, one of her subordinates asked respectfully, "Ms. Driscoll, would you like to rest here or head back to the office?"

The small beauty mark near her lip twitched slightly as she replied flatly, "I'll stay home tonight. There are people holding things down at the company, and there are no issues for now. By the way, have we sent any more people to take out Andrew?"

The subordinate nodded.

The subordinate nodded. "Our team is on standby at all times. But after the last attempt, Andrew has become incredibly cautious. He rarely leaves Serenity Villa. Even when he does, he moves fast and disappears before our people can get close."

Scarlett sneered. "Useless trash."

Still, she was not angry. "Keep watching him. Stay ready. I want him to understand that defying the Driscoll family only leads to one end-death."

"Understood, Ms. Driscoll. Any other orders? If not, I'll take my leave."

Scarlett paused. "Wait. What's Joe been up to lately?"

The subordinate hesitated, clearly reluctant to speak.

Scarlett gave him a sideways glance. "Spit it out. Don't make me ask twice."

The man broke into a cold sweat, panicked. "Ms. Driscoll, I'd never dare let you lower yourself to ask me anything. I'd rather jump off a building! Please, don't say that!"

He continued, "Mr. Driscoll has been seeing a woman lately. He's been leaving

the house every day to spend time with her. Our investigation shows her name is Shiloh Greene, and she's associated with Andrew."

Scarlett's brows tightened.

"Seriously? doe is getting more and more outrageous! He's given up on that bitch Lauren! Once I finish dealing with what's on my plate, I'll definitely have to talk to him Getting lost in women and neglecting martial arts training is not the path he's supposed to be on."

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) #Chapter 1785 - Read Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) Chapter 1785

The next morning, Andrew took his time getting up. Then, he casually announced, "No training today. It's a day off for everyone."

Aspen and the other two women were stunned.

"No training? Just like that?"

"Ugh, a sudden break feels weird."

"Honey, don't do this! Please come torture us, push us, humiliate us. We're begging you!"

Andrew could not help but laugh. These three girls would whine and complain during training sessions. Yet, when he gave them a day off, they complained about feeling uneasy and were practically asking for punishment.

Fortunately, before long, all three women left for work in their respective cars.

Andrew put down his water glass, and the relaxed expression on his face vanished instantly.

The Porsche 911 pulled out of the garage. The moment it left The Sovereign Residences' main gate, it roared to life and sped away.

Behind them, the Driscoll family's surveillance team cursed and called it quits. There was no way their Mazda could keep up with a 911. Plus, it was rush hour.

Half an hour later, Andrew's car pulled into a hotel's underground garage. Unseen, he carried a large black bag and left through the hotel's back door, getting into another car.

The driver was dressed fashionably and stunningly beautiful, grinning as she said, "Sir, where to?"

Andrew chuckled. "Victoria, you look like a movie star today!"

The person picking him up was indeed none other than Victoria.

"This car hasn't been seen in public for ages, and I'm known for being a hermit. So, don't worry. No one's going to suspect I'm chauffeuring you to assassinate Scarlett."

Her tone was calm, like she was commenting on the weather.

Andrew nodded. "It's fine. Just drop me off."

Victoria glanced sideways. "Are you sure you don't want me involved? My offer still stands bring Scarlett out into the open, and I'll take care of her. Clean and quiet."

Andrew shook his head. "This is just a warning shot. If we kill her outright, that's basically declaring war. I don't want to drag you into this so early."

Victoria sighed. "You're way too sentimental, just like Reggie was. If a woman's willing to fight for

you should just take it. Whatever

happens afterward, it's not your burden. But honestly, Andrew that kind of compassion is exactly why I like you. If you were the fake, manipulative type, I'd have tossed you out by now."

Soon, they reached the destination. It was a towering office building.

Andrew wore a hat to cover his face, and no one knew what he carried in the pack on his back. He took the elevator straight to the rooftop.

Once there, he assembled the net

Barrett M82A1, settled into position, and peered through the

view

high-powered scope. Across from his vantage point stood the Driscoll Corporation.

He did not have to wait long.

As a sleek black Rolls-Royce pulled up at the entrance, dozens of

company executives lined up on both sides of the red carpet to greet the guest. The door opened, and out stepped Scarlett, draped in a black mink coat, exuding luxury and dominance.

Through the scope, Andrew got a clear view of her face.

Thick lips, sharp eyes, and a black mole at the corner of her mouth-she looked mean and sinister. Andrew silently critiqued that while Joe from the Driscoll family was handsome and charming, Scarlett was an ugly witch.

He did not rush to shoot, instead sweeping the scope around Scarlett's surroundings. Suddenly, he spotted two familiar faces.

One was Hank, the Special Ops agent he had encountered at Blumedale Hospital before.

The other was dressed in luxury brands, looking like a beautiful princess who had stepped out of a castle.

It was Hannah!

Frowning, Andrew muttered, "Why is Hannah here? From her behavior, she seems pretty close to Hank. The Keller family and the Driscoll family have never gotten along. Yet, she's here? This doesn't look right!"

In the plaza across the street, Scarlett saw Hank and smiled. "Agent Armstrong, meeting you in person exceeds my expectations. Welcome to Blumedale!"

Hank wore a well-tailored suit with Hannah on his arm, looking quite dapper. He chuckled and replied, "Ms. Driscoll, you're equally surprising to me. You prove that women can match any man. I'm truly impressed!"

Scarlett's eyes drifted to the young woman beside him. "Ms. Keller, the two of you are..."

Hannah smiled proudly. "I'm dating Hank, of course. We're a couple!"