

RISING FROM THE ASHES (ANDREW AND LAUREN)

Chapter 1856

Andrew narrowed his eyes and said, "I suggest you don't do something you'll regret for the rest of your life. He may not be your biological father, but he's definitely a thousand times better than your real dad.

"He's the one who raised you and brought you up to be the man you are today! Every skill you have and have achieved is all because of him. Only a beast would try to kill the man who gave him everything."

Eric trembled as pain twisted across his face. Though he held his weapon tightly, he didn't strike.

Instead, he dropped to his knees, clutched his head, and began to cry in anguish.

Jerome shook his head and said, "Dr. Lloyd, you should go. Let him do it if he must. I deserve it."

Andrew snapped, "That's total bullshit! Look at this ungrateful brat. He turned on his own family, and he's the one acting like the victim?"

All the rage and frustration Andrew had been suppressing finally exploded in that moment. He remembered how his own father had once got on his knees to beg the three great families for his life, not hesitating to hurt himself just to lower himself.

That same man, who once vowed to conquer the world, ended up trading his pride for his son's future. The fire in his heart turned into love for his family, and he bowed his head to be treated like a nobody just to protect them.

And now, though Jerome's situation was slightly different from Reginald's, they were both fathers who had given everything for their sons.

Andrew growled, "I'm telling you, Eric, your dad doesn't owe you a damn thing! You can kill him if you want, but I swear, if you touch him, I'll blow your damn head off!"

His blood boiled as the battle instinct buried in his bones came alive. He had once been the Dragon Prince of the Lloyds, with royal blood flowing through his veins.

How could such blood lack courage and ruthlessness?

Jerome was stunned. "Dr. Lloyd, you..."

Andrew replied firmly, "Don't worry, Mr. Thornton. I won't let your ingrate of a son lay a finger on you today."

Eric glared at Andrew through his long hair, his voice icy. "Move. You know it would only take me seconds to kill you."

Andrew gritted his teeth and smirked. "Then how about we fight? If I crush you under my feet, you'll apologize to your father and slap yourself 100 times!"

Eric's brow furrowed. He was about to agree. Deep down, he was just as proud and brutal. As Jerome's adopted son, his martial prowess had always dominated his peers. He and Joe from the Driscoll family in Gabo Creek were often seen as the top two of their generation.

Seeing Andrew's arrogant attitude, he naturally could not tolerate it.

However, Scarlett would not have it and shouted, "Mr. Humphrey, don't listen to this man's nonsense! Andrew is a cunning bastard, and you'll never see the trap until it's too late. The best solution is to let me kill him. That way, we eliminate the threat once and for all."

Andrew sneered. "What's wrong, Eric? Are you scared?"

His provocation landed perfectly, and Eric snapped. "No one interferes! This is a one-on-one fight! I'll show him what happens when you play the hero! This is between me and my father. Outsiders like him have no right to meddle!"

Andrew spread his arms and shouted, "Everyone, step back! Today, I'll do what Mr. Thornton couldn't: clean house."

Henry and the others exchanged uneasy glances, but in the end, they stepped aside.

Jerome, still bleeding, grabbed Andrew's shoulder in a panic. "Dr. Lloyd, no! Don't hurt Eric. I know he's blinded by hatred... but deep down, he's not a bad person."

Andrew sighed. "I knew it. You don't have the heart to see me duel your son. Fine then, there's only one option left."

Jerome instinctively opened his mouth to ask what that was, but before he could finish, Andrew grabbed him by the collar and hoisted him into the air. Then net

with a

heavy shove, Andrew threw him straight toward the collapsed side hall.

"Stop!"

"Get him!"

Two roars erupted at once.

One came from Henry.

The other, from Scarlett. Like a rabid beast, she lunged at Andrew with raw hatred

in her eyes. Her hands clawed the air, razor-sharp nails tearing through the wind as she slashed at his face.

"You little bastard! You're dead!"

Andrew let out a low grunt. The energy in his core surged into his arms like a flood bursting through a dam. Then, without hesitation, he hurled himself straight into Scarlett's strike.

The tiles beneath him cracked instantly, and his legs sank deep into the ground.

Even so, Andrew did not retreat. He let out a roar, veins bulging across his face. His inner strength exploded again, this time with even greater force. He took Scarlett's attack head-on without backing down a single step.

Scarlett felt like her vicious claw strike had slammed into a raging ocean, like an

unstoppable force pushing back with terrifying power.

hit her with full force.

That rebound hit

She gagged and spat blood violently, her face filled with shock. She could not believe that Andrew had thrown

her back. The last time, he had struck first, and it caught her off guard.

So, Scarlett always believed that she would have easily crushed him if she had

been ready. But now, even prepared, she lost!

And it was not a simple loss. She was overpowered!

The change came so fast that most onlookers were too slow to react.

Henry moved first, followed closely by Grace and another figure. All three raced toward the collapsing back hall, desperate to reach Jerome.

However, beyond the ruins was Goldridge's famous Moonveil River. This stretch of river was fast, deep, and deadly.

As Jerome fell through the air, he twisted and pushed with all his might, landing straight in the roaring current.

Henry skimmed across the water, scanning for any sign of him. Then, he shot toward the opposite bank. However, Jerome had vanished, swallowed by the river.

The Moonveil's waves slowly settled, leaving nothing but deep, dark water. No trace of him remained.

"What on earth..." Grace, gaunt and pale, stood frozen on the river's surface.

Scarlett finally tore her stunned gaze away from the river and glared at Andrew. Her expression twisted with rage. "You've ruined everything today. If you don't die for this, then justice means nothing!"

Chapter 1857

"Kill him!"

"That's right! Letting Jerome go is like releasing a wild beast back into the mountains!"

"If we don't rip this little bastard to pieces today, I swear, this fury in my chest will never be satisfied!"

The hunched Grace was the first to lunge at Andrew, her rage overflowing.

Andrew took a step back and gripped the massive crimson pill in his hand. It was an Elixir of Immortality, a tenth-grade Divine Pill. Swallowing it would

instantly push his strength to the limit, but the consequences were unpredictable.

Still, surrounded on all sides, Andrew did not have the luxury to overthink.

"Wait!"

Henry rushed in and said in a low, commanding voice, "Forget about Andrew for now. Madam Valencia, Edwin, we need to follow the Moonveil River and hunt Jerome down! His wounds are life-threatening. Even if he managed to hide in the water, he can't stay under forever. If we don't kill him for good, he'll always be a threat waiting to resurface!"

Grace clenched her jaw and let out two more furious growls. Then, her short frame darted across the riverbank, chasing after Jerome without hesitation.

Edwin gave Andrew one last long, cold stare, said nothing, and followed right after with his cane.

Henry's eyes gleamed with cold intensity as he stared Andrew down, then finally scoffed. "I should just end you right here, but killing you changes nothing because Jerome already got away. If you've got half a brain, you'll come to me yourself and beg for a way out. Otherwise, don't think you'll ever make it out of Goldridge alive."

With that, he gave Eric a sharp glance before turning to chase after Grace and Edwin.

Andrew silently let out a sigh of relief. If he had to take on three martial saints by himself, his only hope would be to unleash all three seals within his body. Even then, it might not be enough. His last shot at survival would have been that Elixir of Immortality.

Luckily, their top priority was still Jerome. As much as they hated Andrew, they knew killing him now would be meaningless.

Hunting Jerome down came first.

However, Scarlett was not ready to let go. She snarled, "Mr. Humphrey, let's work together and kill Andrew!"

She had learned her lesson and knew she could not beat Andrew alone. Hence, teaming up with Eric might be her only chance.

Eric's pale, sharp face remained expressionless as he approached Andrew.

He said coldly, "You heard Mr. Fischer. Life or death, it's your choice."

Andrew sneered. "Who wouldn't choose life if given the chance? But are you sure the two of you can actually stop me?"

Eric remained calm. "Try and fight your way out if you think you can. Every exit in Goldridge is locked down by our people. Oh, and those three women of yours? They're still running around town. You really think someone like Mr. Fischer would let that slide?

"The moment you arrived in Goldridge, he knew. If you try to escape... then your women's blood will stain the streets."

Andrew clenched his jaw and growled, I'm not running. But Eric, you turned on the man who raised you, so may karma strike you down. And if I get the chance, I'll teach you what it really means to be a son."

Eric laughed darkly. "Perfect! I've been wanting to see just how 'skilled' you really are! Take him!"

Two martial kings stepped forward. One of them was none other than the traitor, Alex. He smirked coldly at Andrew before grabbing his wrist in a tight grip. The other one took out a golden braided rope and bound Andrew's hands tightly.

Suddenly, Scarlett lunged like a wildcat, shrieking, "You filthy little rat! I'm going to kill you today!"

Her fingers curled, nails like daggers, slashing toward Andrew's head. One hit, and there would be nothing left but a shattered skull and bloody mess.

Chapter 1858

Scarlett struck at the most vicious moment, right when Andrew's hands were bound. Her hatred for him had not faded one bit, and no warning from Henry could override her blood-deep need to kill him.

To her, this bastard had become a real threat that had to be eliminated.

However, just as her claws came down, Eric shouted and moved like lightning, stepping in front of Andrew. Then, a strange ripple of patterns appeared in his eyes, hypnotic and dangerous.

Scarlett's hand froze mid-air, suspended just inches from Andrew's skull. For a brief second, her gaze turned vacant, though she snapped back quickly. Nonetheless, it was too late.

Eric had already drawn a dagger and pressed it to her neck. He hissed, "Scarlett, you'd better get it straight. Andrew belongs to someone else now. You're not the one calling the shots this time, and frankly, you don't qualify."

He added, "Mr. Fischer is the one running this operation. If you try anything again, I won't hesitate to take you out first."

Scarlett's face turned pale as she clenched her teeth. "Fine, I won't kill him! Now get rid of that Phantom Mirage trick of yours!"

Only then did the ripples in Eric's eyes fade.

He signaled Alex and the other martial king, and they dragged Andrew out of the main hall.

They shoved him into a black SUV and drove off.

Scarlett stormed out of the hall, her face still burning with frustration.

"That Eric... his Phantom Mirage is terrifying."

"Henry really pulled a power move getting him on his side."

Scarlett was actually stronger than Eric in raw combat power.

However, with that Phantom Mirage ability, he could easily manipulate his opponent's mind mid-fight. That was exactly how he got her just now, and the worst part was, there was no known counter for it.

"Ms. Driscoll, with Andrew being taken away, he's as good as dead. If you ask me, we really don't need to waste more energy on him," one of her subordinates said carefully.

Scarlett scoffed. "Idiot. What do you know? Can't you see? Mr. Fischer is keeping him alive because he wants to use him. Damn it... We didn't kill Jerome, which is already a massive problem, and now we probably won't get the Union seat for the Driscoll family either. In the end, all the powerful players are getting

scooped up by Mr. Fischer."

Scarlett hated to admit it, but she had to: they had lost badly.

It was a total waste.

Andrew sat in the backseat of the moving SUV, tightly pinned between Alex and another martial king. Eric sat silently up front in the passenger seat, his face still pale.

Andrew glanced over and asked, "So, where exactly are you taking me?"

Eric replied flatly, "Even if you ask, I won't tell you. If I were you, I'd shut up and behave."

Andrew smirked, completely ignoring the advice. "Eric, you don't seem to hate Mr. Thornton as much as you claim. In that last moment, you could've killed him-but you didn't. You hesitated, didn't you?"

Eric suddenly turned, his face fierce. "Shut your mouth! Andrew, you think you understand me? You treated Dad once, and we've barely even spoken. How dare you assume anything about me!"

Andrew shrugged. "Relax, I was just asking. Your reaction's kind of over the top, though. One last question: now that Mr. Thornton's escaped, do you want him alive or dead?"

Eric snorted and said nothing. He clearly did not want to engage anymore.

Andrew did not mind and kept his tone casual. "You sure do listen to Henry a lot. What'd he offer you that was worth turning your back on Mr. Thornton?"

Eric replied coldly, "I didn't betray. anyone. I've been waiting for this day a long time. I want him dead. That's

it. And Mr. Fischer just happens to be the one who can make it happen. Why wouldn't I take the chance?"

Andrew chuckled. "You hate him because of Hunter?"