

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

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The moment Scarlett tapped on the voice message, she scrambled to shut it off in a panic.

Joseph's voice started with a lewd, over-the-top request, oozing with cringe and sleaze.

Scarlett felt her whole face burn, especially with Eric, Henry, and Andrew in the same vehicle. She wanted to disappear.

Henry chuckled. "Come on, don't be shy. Play the whole thing. I want to hear what the punk said. If he's starting off begging for it, that means the mission went well. Otherwise, he'd know you'd never reward him."

Scarlett's face tightened. "Mr. Fischer, I've sacrificed a lot for the Yeagers' downfall. I expect you to honor your promise to me once this is over."

Henry waved her off. "You've already gotten plenty out of this. And let's be real... Cougar or not, you're not exactly losing anything with a younger guy."

Scarlett's expression twisted in frustration. "Easy for you to say! You don't know what I've been through with that pathetic little brat. He's 21, and completely useless! I used to think he was at least an earthworm, but now I know that he's just a damn sewing needle... Barely felt a thing!"

Even Andrew felt a little sympathy for her.

Out of all the men in the world, she ended up with the rarest disappointment: Joseph, the microdick.

Poor woman. It was a tragedy.

After playing through all the voice messages, Henry's expression turned cold. "We're almost at the Yeager estate. Get ready!"

Scarlett raised a hand. "Hold up. Even if Joseph did succeed, we should test the waters first. Just in case."

Andrew sneered. "This woman is really cunning!"

The estate's main gate was tightly shut. However, there was not even a single guard at the entrance, which was very unusual for a major Goldridge family.

Henry got out of the car and said to Eric, "Eric, I'll trouble you to check things out!"

Eric's face was expressionless as he leaped up and flipped over into the compound. Two minutes later, he flipped back out.

He reported, "I used my technique to hypnotize one of the security team members. He knows nothing except that Matthew and the others were startled awake in the middle of the night.

"Right now, they're in the main residence, frantically running around in circles. All the Yeagers' security forces have been awakened and pulled back to the final defensive perimeter for full protection!"

As soon as Eric finished speaking, Henry's spirits soared. "Yeagers, today I, Henry Fischer, bring you death!"

With a laugh, Henry stepped forward and kicked the gates off their hinges.

From deep within the Yeagers' main residence came Matthew's terrified voice. "Mr. Fischer, what do you want? Aren't you afraid the Yeager family elders will take your life?"

Henry strode boldly into the estate with an arrogant expression. "Matthew, your elders are probably coughing up blood by now, on their way to the grave. The Yeagers don't know their place and won't submit to the Union's summons. Today, you face your punishment."

He turned to his men and barked, "Kill them all!"

With that command, all the people he had brought charged forward.

Henry, Eric, and Scarlett remained in place, waiting to strike if any of the Yeagers' experts dared to resist.

Scarlett suddenly made a surprised sound and asked, "Huh? Where's Andrew?" Henry glanced around and was also startled. "Right, where's Andrew?"

Eric frowned, seeming unsure what was happening.

"He charged into the depths of the main residence with the others!" Henry shouted angrily. "This is absurd! Without my orders, why is he charging anywhere? Regardless, the two elders have already been hit with Frostblossom. We don't need him for this."

Scarlett sneered coldly. "A puppet is just a puppet. His brain doesn't work properly; he's just a blockhead! Mr. Fischer, why worry about him?"

Henry shook his head. "You don't understand. Under Phantom Mirage, no one acts on their own. Without commands from Eric or me, he should've stayed put. But now's not the time to worry about him. We'll deal with it later."

Eric stayed silent, deep in thought. He had hypnotized at least 20 people before, and this was the first time something like this had ever happened.

Something about Andrew felt off, but he just could not figure out what.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Deep inside the Yeagers' main residence, waves of screams echoed through the halls.

"The great family of Goldridge lost their two Martial Saint elders; now they're nothing but a paper tiger!" Scarlett let out a mocking laugh, brimming with disdain. Henry smirked. "You deserve full credit for bringing down the Yeagers."

Scarlett did not respond, but pride gleamed in her eyes. Her martial arts might not rival Henry's, but that was not everything when it came to real power.

Sure, Joseph had gotten a free ride, but it had all been worth it.

Suddenly, loud bangs echoed in the air, and a bunch of figures were sent flying out from inside the compound.

Scarlett was still smiling. She was about to make some commentary when Henry suddenly cried out, "What's going on?"

Scarlett quickly looked over and was immediately stunned.

How could it be that all the people getting beaten out were their own men?

"Scarlett, Henry... Today marks the end for both of you!" Matthew led his guards forward.

At the very front stood Adam, radiating deadly intent. The entire Yeager family emerged with bloodthirsty fury.

Henry's expression changed the moment he saw them. He knew instantly that they had been played. Without hesitation, he grabbed Eric and yelled, "We're leaving!"

Just as he launched into the air, Adam flew in with a grin and intercepted him mid- sky. With no choice, Henry shoved Eric away and swung his arm forward, clashing head-on with Adam.

It was like two missiles colliding in midair. Both men were knocked backward, smashing through multiple buildings.

"You old bastard! You're still standing?" Henry gasped, face pale and chest heaving with rage and disbelief.

Adam's face remained cold. "Henry, you damn traitor. You've sold your soul to the McCormick family, acting like their obedient lapdog. And you, Scarlett... You filthy woman. You were once the heiress of the Driscoll family in Gabo Creek, a noblewoman with pride.

"Now look at you! Pathetic, shameless, seducing a younger man like some desperate hag. Joseph's drained to the bone thanks to you... He's neither man nor ghost now! Scarlett, today you die!"

As Adam roared, he launched at Scarlett like a storm.

Scarlett flushed with fury and shame. 'What the hell does he mean I seduced Joseph? That little punk was the one crawling into my bed, not the other way around!'

She had always crafted her image as an elite socialite, a dignified, high-class lady of noble blood. However, after Adam's blunt humiliation, she felt utterly embarrassed.

Still, she gritted her teeth, stepped back, and caught Adam's strike. However, it was too much, and blood gushed from her throat.

"Mr. Fischer, help me!" Scarlett screamed, her voice shrill with desperation.

Though she was nearing the rank of Martial Saint, she was not there yet. And against Adam, she stood no chance of surviving on her own.

Henry roared, "Eric, with me!"

Eric's face was stone cold, but he moved in sync with Henry, ready to strike.

Suddenly, from the depths of the Yeagers' rear courtyard, a monstrous wave of power surged into the sky. A silhouette launched forward in a blink, heading straight for Henry.

It was an elderly man, white-haired, hunched, but fast as lightning.

Henry's eyes twitched with dread. "The Yeagers' Grand Elder... Mr. Isaiah... So you really did survive your seclusion!"

Isaiah replied calmly, "None of you are leaving this place alive."

Without another word, he launched his attack, giving Henry no chance to catch his breath.

Henry was pinned instantly.

Meanwhile, Adam blazed through the battlefield like a hurricane, slaughtering dozens in a blink. Finally, with a vicious backhand, he slapped Scarlett across the face. She spun midair, flipping three full times before slamming into the stone wall of the courtyard.

Her body crumpled, barely alive. Even then, Scarlett did not dare lie still. She knew better: if she stopped moving now, she was done for.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Scarlett knew that a single moment of hesitation could have meant death.

"Eric, you bastard, help me!" Scarlett screamed in agony, her voice choked with blood.

Eric gritted his teeth and activated Phantom Mirage, teaming up with her just enough to barely hold off Adam.

Henry, still pinned down, roared in frustration. "Andrew! Where the hell is Andrew?"

Yet, no one answered him. It was as if Andrew had vanished into thin air the moment they arrived at the Yeager estate.

Scarlett spat, venom in her tone. "That little traitor must've already been executed by Mr. Isaiah!"

Just then, Andrew's figure burst from the rear of the estate.

Henry lit up with joy. "Knew it! You're not the type to go down that easily. Andrew, follow my command! Kill Adam, then help me flank Isaiah!"

However, Andrew laughed as he soared through the air. "In your dreams, Henry!"

Henry's eyes narrowed, confusion creeping in. 'Wait... Isn't Andrew supposed to be hypnotized?'

He realized that Andrew's smile did not look like that of a puppet at all, but rather like someone cunning who had been watching everything unfold, waiting to strike.

Eric shouted, "Andrew, follow my command and..."

Before he could finish speaking, Andrew had already rushed behind him and punched him in the back of the head.

Eric's eyes went wide with disbelief. He used the last of his strength to turn his head. "W-What are you doing?"

Andrew grinned. "What am I doing? Just giving Mr. Thornton's ungrateful son the lesson he deserves."

Eric collapsed to the ground, and Andrew grabbed him and headed for the exit. Henry's eyes blazed with fury as he finally realized what was happening. "Andrew, leave him here! You bastard, so you were fine all along... You've been acting this whole time, haven't you?"

Andrew laughed heartily. "Bye-bye, Mr. Fischer! Hope you're still alive the next time we meet."

Just then, Isaiah struck Henry hard, sending blood flying from his mouth.

Henry roared. "Andrew! You can leave, but leave him here! Eric is mine! You hear me? You don't get to take him!"

The rage and killing intent swelling in Henry's chest nearly consumed him. He thought, 'Damn it! This punk has been running the whole show!'

He hated to admit it, but it was clear that he had been outplayed.

Andrew's face darkened. "Henry, worry about yourself first."

Henry tried several times to break through Isaiah and retrieve Eric, but it was useless. Isaiah had him completely locked down. The moment Henry got distracted, he was forced into full defense, barely keeping himself afloat.

Meanwhile, Scarlett let out another pitiful scream. Her face was drenched in blood, and her body was barely holding together.

"Andrew, don't go. Take me with you! Take me back to Gabo Creek. I'll forgive everything. I'll be yours!"

Andrew nearly gagged. "Scarlett, have you ever looked in a mirror? You think you're good enough to be mine? Go back and enjoy your little bean sprout boy- toys."

Scarlett was incensed. So, Andrew had been pretending all along?

That meant he knew every humiliating thing she did!

She shrieked. "Andrew! I swear, if I live through this, I will hunt you down for what you did today!"

Her voice pierced the air like a banshee's wail.

Adam was casually beating her like it was a warm-up stretch.

Outside, Andrew sealed Eric's acupoints, tossed him in the car, and sped off

toward the main gates of Goldridge. Not long after he left, a massive surge of energy descended upon the Yeager estate,

Andrew's heart tightened. He thought, 'Damn it! There's still a monster hiding on the Yeagers' side.'

He had to go immediately.

Goldridge was proving to be more dangerous than he had ever imagined.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Andrew instantly recognized the overwhelming presence that had suddenly descended. If his guess was correct, it had to be Edwin, the head butler of the McCormick family.

Edwin was a martial saint nearly as formidable as Henry.

The outcome of the battle was now uncertain, but none of that mattered to Andrew anymore. Speeding forward, he quickly reached Goldridge's main gate.

Freedom was just one step away.

However, the gates were heavily guarded, with law enforcers and martial experts inspecting every vehicle. Traffic was already piled up in a massive jam.

Andrew drove halfway. Then, he abandoned the car and continued on foot. He brazenly carried Eric over his shoulder for all to see.

The city gate guards and martial artists immediately became alert when they spotted Andrew.

"Stop right there!"

However, Andrew's face remained expressionless as he showed no intention of stopping. He was going to force his way through the checkpoint.

More than a dozen rifles poked out from the walls, their barrels aimed directly at him.

A voice full of rage thundered down from above. "One more step, punk, and you'll be shot full of holes!"

Andrew looked up and could not help but grin.

It was Riker, the big oaf from the Hidden Dragons, who had been the unlucky guy Andrew had fooled before.

"Mr. Lamar, what are you doing?" Andrew asked, pretending not to know.

Riker's finger trembled with rage as he pointed down at Andrew from above, roaring, "How dare you make a fool of me?! I bet you didn't expect I'd be waiting for you here! This time, you're not getting away. You're dead!"

Andrew's voice was calm but icy. "Tell your men and the Goldridge law enforcers to back off. Otherwise, I won't be so polite."

Riker bared his teeth in a grin. "Oh yeah? Show me! I know you're tough, Andrew, but not even you can handle this many guns pointed at your head. Go ahead, make a move. I'll make sure your skull pops like a watermelon."

Andrew's eyes flashed with a sharp glint. He did not have time to waste and was about to strike.

Just then, a deafening roar filled the air. From the road outside the city, a massive SUV came barreling in at full speed, completely out of control, charging straight for the Goldridge gate.

Riker shouted, "Open fire! Shoot to kill!"

Bullets rained down, sparks flying everywhere. However, the effect was minimal because the heavy SUV was charging toward the city gate with a completely reckless attitude.

Finally, with a thunderous crash, it blasted a huge hole in the gate. The five soldiers in front did not even have time to scream before being consumed by the explosion and flames.

Andrew's eyelid twitched.

Who the hell was this reckless?

In the brief, deadly silence, an ice-cold voice rang out from the city wall. "Andrew, take your man and go first. Leave the rest to me!"

Andrew was stunned! He looked up to see the graceful Victoria standing on the city wall, though no one had noticed when she had arrived. Even Andrew could not figure out how she had gotten there.

"Victoria, you..." Andrew was overjoyed and had just started to speak when Victoria suddenly moved, instantly creating multiple afterimages before grabbing Riker and lifting him up.

"Spare me, please! Don't kill me. I don't know anything, I haven't done anything! I didn't mess with you or cause trouble in Blumedale... Please spare my life!"

The burly brute was dangled helplessly in Victoria's slender hand like a chicken, his face twisted in fear as he begged for his life.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

On the city wall, there were still more than a dozen Hidden Dragons experts.

However, none of them dared to move, and Victoria did not even spare these ants a glance.

"Riker, you cowardly scum, how dare you touch Andrew!" Victoria's expression was calm, showing neither joy nor sorrow. "Time to die!"

With a surge of force from her hand, Riker's neck snapped as if crushed by a ton of steel. Then, she hurled him from the wall with brutal force.

A car below was flattened into a pancake on impact.

Riker landed on his back and coughed up a thick gush of blood mixed with bits of his organs, spraying into the air. Just like that, two-thirds of his life was gone, and he was barely clinging on.

Victoria turned toward Andrew and suddenly smiled. "Sorry, I'm late. I hope you're not mad. I ran into a little trouble when entering Goldridge territory, so that's what held me up. Andrew, go ahead first."

But Andrew quickly said, "Victoria, I'm safe now. Let's leave together."

She shook her head. "You've survived multiple near-death situations here in Goldridge. I need to have a chat with Henry and find out exactly what the hell he's playing at. Go. Madam Valencia is catching up, and I can't cover you if I'm tied down again."

Andrew's expression darkened. He knew Grace because she had once joined in the ambush against Jerome. She was dangerous.

"Then, take care of yourself, Victoria. Promise me you won't get hurt. Get back to Blumedale as soon as you can," he said solemnly.

Victoria's face flushed for a moment, as if she had remembered something. "Go on. I may not be a martial saint, but I can still kill one. Your concern may be unnecessary, but... it still makes me happy."

Grace appeared on the far side of the wall, her face dark with fury. "Victoria, you little tramp. Come on then! Let's see who comes out on top this time."

Judging by her disheveled look, she had clearly suffered during their last encounter.

Andrew jumped into one of the Hidden Dragons' SUVs, slammed the gas, and sped out of Goldridge without looking back.

Victoria stood atop the wall, watching him disappear into the horizon, before she finally turned away.

"Madam Valencia, I've no desire to kill you. So do yourself a favor and stop throwing your life away. The one I'm here for is Henry, not some old hag like you."

Her voice turned icy, razor-sharp.

Grace looked visibly wary and hissed, "Victoria, why couldn't you just stay in Gabo Creek where you belonged? You stay out of Goldridge, and we'll stay out of your mess. Was that too much to ask?"

Victoria let out a mocking laugh. "I go wherever I damn well please. Besides, you're getting old. Your strength is slipping fast. You might want to stop pushing your luck."

Grace clenched her fists and snapped, "You might be a rare Pale Specter Constitution, invincible in combat, but every time you use your power, that deadly malevolent energy builds up in your body. You've killed enough over the years. If you keep it up, it's going to consume you from the inside out."

Victoria chuckled coldly. "Everyone dies someday. I may be a woman, but I've never feared anyone in my life. And if you're still too dumb to understand, then I'll finish you first, and go after Henry next."

Grace backed away step by step. Then, he suddenly turned and fled. "Fine. I'm out. I want nothing more to do with the McCormick family's business. But Victoria, if you think killing Mr. Fischer is going to be easy, you're dreaming. You were doomed the moment you stepped into this game. We'll see how this ends!"

Victoria leapt down from the wall and stormed into Goldridge. "Do I care whether I have a good ending or not? My life has always been mine to define. Not some nobodies like you."

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

After leaving Goldridge, Andrew hit the road without pause, heading straight to find Chantelle.

Along the way, he sent quick check-in messages to Lauren, Francesca, and Aspen to let them know he was safe. Victoria had shown up at Goldridge at the perfect moment. Had she arrived a little later, he might have had to go head-to-head with Hidden Dragons and that old hag Grace.

Now, he just hoped Victoria would be alright over there. Then again, that worry felt unnecessary.

In the entire Holtrien's Southern Martial Union, across all the provinces, Victoria's reputation was legendary. In short, she was an extraordinary woman. Her martial arts prowess was as fierce as her beauty was stunning.

Since she dared enter Goldridge alone to settle accounts with Henry, this meant she did not consider any of the martial arts experts there worthy of her concern.

Meanwhile, Chantelle and Hank had been ordered to investigate the parasite poison in Gabo Creek. Scarlett orchestrated the parasite poison incident behind the scenes, but Andrew did not have time to notify Chantelle about it.

He was now heading south and checking the time; he estimated it would take another half day to reach Gabo Creek territory. Once he entered Gabo Creek territory, reaching the small county town where Chantelle was located would take several more hours.

So, Andrew slowed down and pulled into a rest stop. He planned to rest, eat, and refuel his car.

Just then, Eric woke up and glared furiously at him.

Andrew kept his head down, eating, not wanting to deal with him.

"Give me an explanation!" Eric sat across from Andrew and said coldly.

Andrew took a bite of his boiled egg and looked up. "Explain what? Eat something, then we'll get back on the road."

Eric glanced at the microwave meals in front of him, clearly disgusted, and snapped, "You sealed my acupoints? Unlock them now!"

Andrew put down his spoon, his eyes turning cold. "That's enough, Eric! You know what? I've put up with you for way too long! From the moment you betrayed Mr. Thornton, honestly, I wanted to kill you right then. But I knew that killing you would break Mr. Thornton's heart, because you're the only family and child he has left in this world!"

Eric's eyes turned red as he suddenly roared, "Andrew, shut the hell up! Let me go, and don't mention Jerome in front of me ever again!"

Andrew reached across the table and struck Eric twice across his pale face.

Covering his slapped face, Eric looked incredulous. "You hit me? You actually dare to hit me? Andrew, how dare you? You..."

His furious words kept coming as he tried to continue his tirade, but Andrew delivered several more slaps.

"You piece of shit, where do you get off having such hatred for Mr. Thornton? Huh? I'm asking you! What gives you the right to resent your father? He raised you! He fed you, clothed you, and even taught you the very martial arts technique you brag so much about.

"And you had the audacity to team up with outsiders and try to kill him? All because of your pathetic crush on Hunter, a man who's been dead for years? Tell me, if Hunter could see you from the afterlife, would he be proud of what you've done?"

Andrew's voice rose with each word until he was practically yelling. Their argument drew stares from all over the rest stop.

Still fuming, Andrew lowered his head again and went back to eating.

Eric sat frozen, still clutching his burning cheek, glaring daggers at Andrew. However, he said nothing more.

The two men sat in tense silence. Two minutes later, Andrew ate the last bite of his food and stood up.

He said, "You've got three minutes to finish eating. You can try running, but I'm warning you now: if I catch you, I'll break your damn legs."

Eric took the disposable spoon, his anger bubbling just beneath the surface.

As Andrew stepped outside, two plainclothes officers blocked his path.

Jonathan Lopez, the older man on the left, frowned. "Sir, may I see your ID, please?"

Andrew pulled it out without hesitation. The man checked it and handed it back with a nod.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1897 Jonathan asked, "Who is that person inside to you?" Andrew replied, "My good-for-nothing younger brother. He ran off to Goldridge to be a DJ, barely dragging himself through life. I drove hundreds of miles from Blumedale to drag him back home to inherit our million-dollar family fortune." Jonathan looked sympathetic. "So you're his older brother then! Well, sometimes when men go down the wrong path, they need some tough love. But I have to advise you to go easy on him..."

We live in a civilized society now!" Andrew chuckled. "Of course, officer. Truth is, he used to be pretty outstanding, too. This is actually the first time I've ever laid a hand on him... Honestly, it didn't sit right with me." Jonathan clapped his shoulder with a sympathetic smile. "I get it, I really

do. You seem like a good big brother, and he looks like a decent kid. You two probably come from a great family. When you get back, talk to him. No more hitting." Andrew nodded.

"Yes, sir!" The female rookie officer on the right covered her mouth and laughed. She thought Andrew was just hilarious. After Andrew walked away, she could not help asking, "Sir, that ---- guy just said he was taking his brother back to inherit a million dollar fortune. That sounds like total bullshit!" Jonathan smirked. "Of course it is. Out here, any tall tale starts at a million bucks. It's harmless, though.

Trust me, you'll hear so much of it; this guy actually seems tame." Half an hour later, Andrew sat in the driver's seat, leisurely listening to music. The back door opened, and Eric got in with a blank face. Andrew turned around and asked, "Did you eat? I'm really worried about your skinny frame. You might collapse!" Eric snapped, "Just drive." Andrew raised a brow. "You're giving me orders now?" Eric did not answer, just stared. Andrew broke into a grin.

"Alright, alright, just messing with you. I'll drive. You're the big boss now. I'm here to serve." They hit the road, racing to make it to Chantelle's town before nightfall. Andrew directly called Chantelle and said, "Hey, where are you? ---- I'm coming to find you now. Don't tell Hank that I'm here yet!" Chantelle replied softly, "At Maple Hotel. See you!" Andrew hung up and tured the wheel, heading for the Maple Hotel with Eric in tow.

The southern provinces of Holtrien were well-developed, and even a small town under Gabo Creek glowed with neon, glass towers, and a maze of clean streets. After 20-plus minutes of weaving through traffic, they arrived. Once he parked, Andrew called over, "Out you go. You can finally get a break." Eric stayed in the car and asked, "Andrew, have you heard anything about Dad?" Andrew raised a brow. "Why bring up Mr. Thornton all of a sudden? I'll be honest with you. I haven't.

But I'm sure he's safe, wherever he is. For now, stick with me. Stay low. When he's ready, he'll come find us." Eric finally stepped out of the car, lips pressed into a thin line, his mood unreadable. Andrew added flatly, "Until we find Mr. Thornton, I'm not undoing your acupoints. So keep it together, and we'll both stay alive." Eric sneered. "Don't get cocky. Tell me: how the hell did you -- -- break out of my Phantom Mirage?" Andrew grinned.

"You really wanna know?" Eric stayed silent, but his eyes gave him away. He wanted to know desperately. He could not understand how Phantom Mirage had failed. After all, he had been working Andrew over every day and night. Yet in the end, it had backfired spectacularly, and now his life was in Andrew's hands. Eric felt baffled and insulted. Andrew chuckled. "You're dying to know, huh? Well, too bad, I'm not telling." With that, he pushed through the hotel doors first.

Eric followed behind, jaw clenched. "Andrew, you're here!" In the hotel lobby, Chantelle came running over, her face full of Oy: Almost immediately, Hank charged up behind her, barking, "Andrew, what the hell are you doing here?"

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Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1898 Andrew ignored Hank's snarl completely and smiled at Chantelle instead. "Chantelle, it's only been a few days. How are you doing? Chantelle nodded, her face glowing. "I'm

good. Nothing to worry about. What about you? How are things on your end in Goldridge?" Andrew replied warmly, "I'm fine too. But I missed you so much, I couldn't help it... I just rushed over." Chantelle's cheeks turned red, and she pretended to scold him. Andrew, we're on the job.

No joking around." Hank, who had been standing there feeling ignored, finally snapped. His voice was low and cold. "Andrew, I asked you a question. What the hell are you doing here? We're here for an official investigation; you're not on the team. Who gave you the right to interfere?" Andrew looked at him with a half-smile. "Hank, what are you so worked up about? You seem really unhappy about my arrival. What's the matter?

Did you do something you shouldn't have, and you're afraid I'm here to settle the score?" Hank's eyelid twitched wildly, but he scoffed dismissively. "Who ---- do you think you are, Andrew? You think you're qualified to settle scores with me? I'm from Special Ops, and someone like you isn't worth my attention!" Andrew nodded. "I won't waste time arguing with you right now because the case comes first.

When the case is over, you're coming back to Blumedale with me, and you'll confess your crimes to the Keller family on your knees!" Hank sneered coldly. "You think just because you say it, I'm going to do it? Andrew, maybe you're starting to think too highly of yourself." Andrew kept smiling. "We'll see, Hank. Once this case wraps up, the truth's gonna come out. And everything you've done... You're going to pay for it, one by one." Hank's face darkened.

He clenched his jaw and hissed, "You son of a..." Chantelle frowned. "Enough, both of you! We've got a case to solve. Let's stay focused." Hank turned away with a glare. "I'm resuming the investigation. Ms. Garcia, are you coming?" Chantelle answered calmly, "I'll take another angle. Let's split up." Hank's face turned even colder. Andrew's arrival had ruined everything. ---- Initially, he had planned to slowly win Chantelle over, get her drunk, and make his move.

Somehow, this ice-cold beauty had stayed on high alert the entire trip, never once letting down her guard. He could not find a single opening. As much as he wanted to force things, he did not dare. Not with his Special Ops status on the line. Nonetheless, what mattered most was the parasite poison case. It was not just some rogue martial artists stirring up trouble. It was all part of a scheme orchestrated by Scarlett. The purpose was to attract Derek's attention.

Once it was discovered that the Driscoll family was behind it, the impact would be enormous, so Hank had been commissioned by Scarlett to cover it up. Chantelle's presence was just supposed to give Hank a wonderful bonus experience. He had planned to have his way with this aloof beauty just like he had with Hannah from the Keller family, then disappear back to Chetvine. Everything had been so perfect and foolproof. Derek had influence in Gabo Creek, but it did not reach Special Ops in Chetvine.

Once Hank returned to Chetvine, he would immediately take on another assignment and continue laying ---- low. Unfortunately for him, that troublemaker Andrew had arrived. Hank's eyes turned cold, determined to find a way to kill this Andrew. If Andrew was here to target him, then there was no way he could leave this man alive. He had to get rid of Andrew, and soon.

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Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1899 As night fell, Hank moved through the streets and alleys of the small county town. It was deep winter now and extremely cold, but he was only wearing a long trench coat and did not seem affected at all. High-level martial artists were no longer afraid of the cold. A small-time thug from the street corner approached with a flattering smile. "Mr. Armstrong, you're here!" Hank growled, "Get away from me and keep your distance. I can't stand your stench! Where's Cole Nielsen?"

Has he arrived yet?" The punk quickly stepped back but still smiled nervously. "He's waiting for you at the usual spot, sir. Go right ahead." Hank started walking but paused. "Find me a woman. Someone easy on the eyes. I need to blow off some steam." The punk nodded eagerly. "Right away, sir. I'll get you the best we've got!" Back at Maple Hotel, Chantelle gave a brief report to Andrew. "---- That's the situation... The case is clear now. This chapter is updated by find•novel.net

As long as we find the parasite poison caster, we can close it." Then, she glanced briefly at Eric, who sat beside Andrew. Andrew nodded and smiled. "I understand the general situation... Don't worry, I'll help you solve this case! Also, let me introduce Eric Humphrey, the adopted son of Southern Martial Union leader, Mr. Jerome Thornton!" Chantelle was shocked. "Eric Humphrey? Mr. Thornton's adopted son? Andrew, how did you two end up together?" Andrew shrugged.

"It's a long story, but in short, Eric has nowhere to go now." Eric could not stand it anymore. "Andrew, you're the one without a place to go! Would I be in this situation if you hadn't dragged me away?" Andrew sneered coldly. "Don't push me, or I'll tell everyone whether you're a top or bottom!" Eric's pale face suddenly turned bright red with fury and shame. He was still very sensitive about people knowing he was into men, especially since he was the receiving end of the relationship.

Chantelle could not understand what was happening between these two, but she did not care either. She said, "Andrew, I feel a ---- lot better with you on board. Oh, and by the way, Ms. Emily Keller is also here in Verhampton Valley." Andrew frowned. "That self-important fool? What's she doing here? Isn't this mess big enough already?" Chantelle shook her head. "Obviously, she came to seek justice for Hannah. And she brought Theo from the Fischer family along. He's one of their top young elites.

Looks like he's trying to win the lady by stepping up for her." Andrew said indifferently, "Well, then I wish him luck. Hope he lands the prize. Let's just get some sleep tonight. We'll pick up the case again tomorrow." Chantelle's face turned red, and she gave him a look. "Sleep, sure .. But where and how?" As she said it, she glanced over at Eric. Andrew waved her concern away. "Don't worry about him. He's not into...

Well, that stuff between men and women doesn't interest him." Seeing her still flustered, Andrew added, "Put simply, don't even think of him as a real man, if you get what I'm saying." Chantelle's jaw dropped slightly, both stunned and skeptical. Eric snapped, completely enraged. "Andrew, I swear I'm going to ---- fuck you up!" Andrew sat there calmly, not flinching an inch. "Fuck me up? Please. Are you even capable of that? Does that thing of yours even work?"

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1900 In the warm room, the air conditioning was running at full blast. After some gentle passion, everything fell quiet and calm again. Chantelle lay curled against Andrew's chest,

her cheeks flushed as she rested her head on him. Her skin, showing above the covers, was fair and smooth, which seemed delicate to the touch. Andrew lay on his back with one arm around Chantelle's slender waist, feeling content and at peace. "Andrew!" "Yeah?" "Nothing..."

"I just wanted to say your name." Andrew gave the cold beauty's perky bottom a playful squeeze. She winced a little and pouted. "Hey! That hurt!" Andrew looked down at her and smiled. "Was it good?" Chantelle turned away. "Go ask Lauren, Francesca, and Aspen... I don't have a say in this!" Andrew was genuinely exasperated. "Are you getting jealous again?" ---- Chantelle replied, "I wouldn't call it jealousy, but why are you asking me if it was good? Don't you know?" Andrew nodded. "Oh?"

"So that means you were very satisfied." "Shut up." By now, there was no line between the two of them, emotionally or physically. They had crossed it without hesitation. Chantelle said in a softer tone, "Do you remember the first time we met? Back then, I couldn't stand you." Andrew chuckled. "And now, look at you... sleeping with the same guy you once rolled your eyes at." She let out a light laugh. "Yeah, weirdly enough, I feel happy when I'm around you. You're annoying sometimes, but..."

"I still like you. Doing this kind of thing with you... It's embarrassing to admit, but I actually enjoy it. Does that make me a slut?" Andrew nodded. "Yeah... You're pretty slutty. Maybe even more than my other ladies." Chantelle gasped and quickly ducked under the covers. "You're serious? Am I that shameless?" He pulled her back gently and smiled. "I was just teasing you. Chantelle, you're actually a very charming woman... not slutty at ---- all, and I really like you!"

"It's just that in the future, you should smile more and wear more stockings and tight jeans! Don't always wear those work outfits of yours. "Although they're beautiful and alluring too, they lack a bit of feminine sophistication and sexiness!" Chantelle snorted. "Andrew, I'm discovering that you're quite the pervert." Andrew raised an eyebrow without denying it. "Just tell me if you like it or not!" Chantelle said reluctantly, "Fine, I admit... Original content can be found at [find\(n\)ovel.net](http://find(n)ovel.net)

"I like it!" Without warning, Andrew picked her up again. Chantelle instinctively covered her chest and squealed, "What are you doing? Didn't we just finish?" He gave her a quick kiss and whispered, "Come on, get on top!" Chantelle's face turned completely red as she bit her lip, but obediently climbed on top. Later, after their second round of passion, Chantelle was completely spent.

Her forehead was damp with sweat, her breathing slow and quiet Andrew let her rest, gently pulling the covers over her. Then, he ---- got out of bed and got dressed. Perhaps it was because he had just escaped from Goldridge, but his heart still felt restless and troubled. Only now, after the passionate moments with Chantelle, did he finally feel calm again. However, once he calmed down, he suddenly felt a wave of unease wash over him.