

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1901 Andrew realized that he had forgotten about someone: Rowan! She had risked her own life trying to rescue him earlier. Although she had not succeeded, the gesture alone spoke volumes. While Andrew did not feel any romantic stirrings for her just yet, he still felt somewhat indebted to her, especially since he had successfully escaped from Goldridge. If she had not heard the news and tried again to pull some reckless stunt, that would spell real trouble. This text is hosted at Find[N]ovel.net

Soon, Andrew calmed down. The great battle at the Yeager estate would definitely shake all of Goldridge. And later, when Victoria stormed in solo, it definitely stirred the pot even more. Plus, Riker, the unfortunate leader of Hidden Dragons, ended up barely clinging to life. All those events stacked together had to be big enough for Rowan to catch wind of what happened. So, if word had gotten out that he had already made it out alive, she would have known to stand down.

That reckless brat would surely know how to avoid danger. ---- Still, the Onyx Serpents were in a rough spot. With Jerome no longer serving as leader, the Southern Martial Union headquarters was now controlled by the McCormick family elite. Of the three major gangs in Gabo Creek, two had already switched sides to the new power, and only the Onyx Serpents remained unwilling to submit. If this continued, they would definitely face retribution.

Andrew wondered how Rowan would decide to handle things. Fortunately, he knew there was still an elder behind Rowan. 'This person was considered the Onyx Serpents' guardian expert, and with this elder around, even if the Onyx Serpents could not counterattack, they should be able to escape safely. Andrew checked his energy core, feeling the burning heat pulsing deep within. A slow grin crept across his face.

His Inferno Strike was growing more powerful by the day, another weapon to help him stay alive. He stepped out of his room and walked next door. Without knocking, he pushed the door open and went straight in. The window was open, letting the night air creep in, with only the distant glow of city lights flickering outside. ---- It was already deep into the night. Andrew's brows furrowed as he spotted Eric on the couch, visibly shivering. "Why aren't you sleeping?"

What's wrong?" Eric's whole body was emanating cold air, his lips were trembling, and they had turned a bluish-purple color. "Phantom Mirage always acts up like this in the late-night hour. It's nothing, and I'm used to it!" Andrew cursed under his breath as he saw Eric's breath literally fogging the air. "If this keeps up, your body's going to break down. No one can handle this kind of internal chill forever. Sit still. Turn around.

I'll help you." Without waiting for a reply, Andrew forcefully turned Eric around and reached out to transfer heat into his body. Eric flinched. "What are you doing? Don't touch me!" Andrew mimicked his tone with a smirk. "What are you doing? Don't touch me. Ugh, Eric, you sound so dramatic when you talk like that. Just sit still. I'm going to make you feel better." He coughed meaningfully. "And not like that kind of 'better'... ---- not whatever freaky stuff you and Mr. Fischer were into.

Just clearing that up. What I'm giving you is real warmth. You'll know what it means to feel heat." He activated his Inferno Strike and drew the fire-like energy out from his core. It surged through his palm and into Eric's body like a rushing tide. Almost instantly, Eric's trembling eased. His

clenched muscles began to relax, and for once, he did not look like he was freezing to death. His face softened, the pain finally lifting for a moment.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1902 Andrew pulled his hand back and smiled. "How do you feel?" Eric stood up slowly, his tone icy. "Inferno Strike, right? You've been training with Dad's technique. No wonder you were completely immune to my Phantom Mirage." Andrew shrugged, not even trying to hide it. "You're right. It's Inferno Strike. But just so we're clear, Mr. Thornton gave it to me. I didn't sneak around and steal it." Eric stared at him for a long time, his expression unreadable.

" You've already mastered the first stage, Flame Surge, to perfection in such a short time? Andrew, you really are just like Henry said: an absolute freak." Andrew grinned. "Come on, it's not that hard. I've got hands, haven't I?" Eric shook his head. "Inferno Strike is pure, blazing energy; it's aggressive and brutal. Even Dad never dared train in it. He respected it but always kept his distance. And yet here you are, charging headfirst and actually mastering it. I'll admit it.

I'm no match for you." It was not easy for Eric to say that, but he finally accepted the fact that he had been dragged out of Goldridge, beaten and ---- outclassed. Andrew raised an eyebrow. "Oh? Mr. Thornton avoided Inferno Strike? So he never practiced it at all?" Eric let out a dry laugh. "Of course not. Dad studied everything under the sun, martial arts techniques from every province across Holtrien. But that was exactly the problem.

To master Inferno Strike, your heart has to be pure, your will unwavering, and your path singular. "You have to be someone who never looks back and fights with righteous intent. He had too many techniques tangled together. It made him incompatible. But you... There's nothing pure about you. You're scheming, underhanded, and disgusting. Yet somehow, you still managed to pull it off. It's just unreal." Andrew gave a sharp laugh. "Watch your mouth, you diva.

If you're going to talk, make sure it's worth saying. I'm a stand- up guy, through and through. Can't you see that?" Eric shook his head without hesitation. "Sorry, but no. All I saw, or rather, heard, was someone next door going at it like a machine gun, making poor Ms. Garcia scream like she was possessed. Andrew, is sleeping with women really that satisfying?" ---- Andrew looked genuinely puzzled. "Are you seriously asking me that? How hard did you hit your head? Chapters first released on find[N]ovel.net

You honestly don't think being with a beautiful woman, mutual passion, deep connection, is worthwhile?" Eric gave him a flat look. "Disgusting. I really don't get it." Then, he pointed toward the curtain in the corner. "There's someone hiding behind the drapes. While you were... busy doing your thing, he crept in. I knocked him out cold. Oh, and he was carrying insect parasite eggs. Probably has something to do with the case you're investigating." Andrew's eyes lit up, and he hurried over.

Sure enough, lying on the floor was a skinny man, passed out. "Eric, you finally did something useful. Maybe those slaps I gave you earlier finally knocked some sense into you," Andrew teased. Eric's lips twitched as he held back a scowl, thinking, 'What a bastard!"

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1903 Andrew picked up the ice water from the table and poured it over the man. The unconscious skinny guy, Dirk Benedict, immediately jolted awake, "Please! Come on, man, don't kill me!" Andrew smirked, "Who do you think you are for me to spare you?" Dirk's face darkened. "Don't push it, man. I'm with Mr. Nielsen. And Mr. Nielsen works for Big Z from Verhampton Valley, the real shot-caller around here." Andrew's tone stayed flat.

"Your little town actually has a shot -caller?" Dirk puffed up with pride. "What, scared now? Here's the truth: Big Z runs this place. He's got both the cops and the gangs in his pocket. And word is, he's got connections at the state level too! So be smart, let me go, and we'll pretend this never happened." Andrew slapped him twice without changing expression. "Sorry, I didn't quite catch that. My hearing's a little off. Say it again." ---- Dirk clutched his stinging face and snapped.

"I said, back off or else..." Another two slaps hit even harder, and this time, blood dripped from his nose. Andrew grinned without flinching. "Still didn't hear you. Say it louder. Come on now, I'm old... My ears are shot." Dirk's head was buzzing. All the arrogance drained from his face, replaced with full-blown terror. He finally realized the man in front of him did not care one bit about threats. Keep mouthing off, and he was going to end up with his brains on the floor.

He immediately gave in and stuttered, "S-Sir... What do you want from me?" Andrew tilted his head and teased, "What, you're not going to name-drop your bosses anymore? Mr. Nielsen, Big Z... Where'd all that bravado go?" Dirk shrank back. "N-No, I wouldn't dare!" Andrew's voice turned cold. "Who sent you?" The man tensed, clearly about to lie. However, another harsh ---- slap came down hard, this one with more force than any before.

He coughed up blood, his head buzzing like it was about to explode. "Okay! Okay! It was Mr. Nielsen! He sent me, I swear! Please, no more! I'm begging you! I've had a messed-up head since I was a kid, and if you hit me again, I might end up totally brain-dead. And then what happens to my poor 80- year-old mother? She's all I've got!" Andrew's beating had reduced him to tears. That last slap would probably haunt him for the rest of his life. Andrew sneered.

"If you have an 80-year-old mother at home, why don't you do something honest instead of learning to be a thief and working for others?" Dirk wailed, "I don't want to either, but as a grown man, I could never work a regular job! You want me to do manual labor, but I can't handle being out in the sun and rain. In the end, if I want easy money that comes fast, I can only make it on the streets!

If I hadn't run into you, I'd have two houses and two cars by now, living pretty comfortably." Andrew was actually speechless. Was making it on the streets really this lucrative these days? ---- Nonetheless, small county towns in Holtrien were just as deep as big cities in their own way. Many people got rich by being willing to fight and kill, but these things could not be discussed openly. Besides, most people just turned a blind eye, feeling helpless to stop it. "Two final questions! This content belongs to findnovel.net

First, who is this Mr. Nielsen you mentioned? What does he do in Verhampton Valley? Second, why do you have parasite eggs on you?" Andrew's expression turned ice-cold. Dirk was startled and quickly confessed obediently. "Mr. Nielsen's name is Cole Nielsen. He's our boss and the number

two figure in Verhampton Valley, and he's a martial artist! As for what you're calling parasite eggs, I have no idea what that is."

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1904, Seeing how obedient Dirk looked, Andrew pulled out a small vial from his pocket. "This bottle is yours, right?" Dirk gave a sheepish laugh. "Yeah, it's mine. Mr. Nielsen told me to dump whatever's inside into your food or drinks. As for what's actually init... I've got no clue." Andrew stopped paying attention to him and turned to Eric. Eric said calmly, "The vial contains parasite eggs. So, that means Cole is the one behind it." Andrew nodded. "Pretty much."

Still, I didn't expect to find a martial artist dealing in parasites in a little town like Verhampton Valley." Dirk looked up hopefully. "Sir, I've told you everything I know. Can I go now?" Andrew shook his head. "Nope. You're going to die here." Dirk's vision went black, and he immediately dropped to his knees, nearly soiling himself. He could already tell that Andrew was definitely not an ordinary person.

"Of course, if you want me to spare your life, that's not ---- impossible either." Andrew gave him a glimmer of hope at just the right moment. Dirk felt like he had received a royal pardon and quickly said, " Sir, just tell me what you want! If you let me go, you'll be my savior! I swear, my mother and I will light candles and pray for you every single day!" Andrew waved him off. "Save it. I'm not dead yet, so I don't need your prayer service.

When the sun comes up, you're taking me to see Cole. Also, I want to ask you about someone. Have you heard the name Hank Armstrong?" Dirk wasn't quite sure. "Hank Armstrong? Never heard of him! But recently, an important big shot came to our Verhampton Valley! I heard he's from some special government agency, and both Mr. Nielsen and Big Z personally received him!" Andrew's heart stirred. "Does this so-called big shot have a name? What do they call him?" Dirk shook his head.

"How would a small fry like me be qualified to know such an important person's name! I only know that Mr. Nielsen addresses him as Mr. Armstrong!" Andrew sneered coldly. "Mr. Armstrong... That's got to be that. ---- bastard Hank! Alright, everything's going pretty much as I expected! Dawn is still a while away, so you can sleep here!" Dirk looked like he wanted to protest, but one glance at Andrew's face shut him up. He turned around, planning to make do in the corner. NEW novel chapters are published on find@novel.net

Just then, something slammed into the back of his head. He just felt his head go numb, and then his whole body collapsed to the floor. Right before he passed out, Dirk's last thought was, 'Cheap shot! What happened to honor?! Looking at Dirk, Eric frowned. "Why did you do that? This guy's no longer of any use... Wouldn't it be better to just let him go? Or just kill him outright and be done with it!" Andrew said flatly, "We can't let him leave yet, or we'll alert them to our presence!

As for killing people, remember this: don't treat life like it's worthless! What goes around comes around. Now we can basically confirm that Hank is colluding with the local forces in Verhampton Valley." He added, "And Cole is the key figure behind the parasite poisoning. Once we get him, the whole web starts to unravel." Eric scoffed. "How much trouble can a martial artist froma ---- small county cause? It's obvious he has bigger forces backing him up. Like that Hank you mentioned...

Didn't you say he's from the Special Ops? Special Ops isn't a place ordinary people can mess with, and you should know that." Andrew's tone didn't shift. "Exactly. Which is why I'm going to mess with him. That bastard might be with Special Ops, but all he does is screw people over. I don't care who he works for. He's going down." Eric stared at him for a moment, then turned toward the bed and shut his eyes.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1905 The next morning, Chantelle got out of bed with sore legs at the crack of dawn. As they sat down for breakfast, she grumbled, "You jerk! You went way too rough on me last night! You even kept going until it was almost morning!" Andrew shrugged. "Relax, you'll get used to it." Chantelle immediately spat out her soup, eyes blazing with fire. Get used to it? Was this guy seriously planning to wear her out every single night? 'That was not happening! "T'm done.

You two enjoy the rest of your meal," she snapped, slamming her spoon down and walking off. Eric sipped a bit of soup. He did not even touch the dishes and quietly set his spoon aside. Andrew frowned at him. "Look at your skinny little frame. You're so weak I could break you with one punch. Come on, eat up like I told you." Eric responded flatly, "Andrew, enough already. I'm just --- temporarily your prisoner, not your slave! Chapters first released on Find1Novel.net

If you've got the guts, unlock my pressure points and let's have a proper fight!" Andrew scoffed. "Forget it. Beating up a weakling like you doesn't interest me!" Eric laughed angrily but said nothing. Chantelle said calmly, "Eric isn't a weakling! He's someone who could match Joe." Andrew wiped his mouth, finishing breakfast. "So what? Whether it's Joe or Eric, you can ask them what my slaps and punches taste like!" Eric's face immediately turned ugly.

Nonetheless, he knew Andrew was telling the truth. After all, Inferno Strike was the natural enemy of his Phantom Mirage, and Andrew's martial arts were already higher than his to begin with. Under this double blow, Eric knew Andrew had completely crushed him. 'This was also why he had been enduring it without trying to escape. Just then, the hotel elevator doors opened with a soft chime. Two people stepped out and walked over. ---- One of them, a wavy-haired woman, looked surprised.

" Andrew, Ms. Garcia! I didn't expect to see you two here!" It was Emily from the Keller family. Next to her was a young man Andrew did not recognize, but one glance at his snug posture practically screamed: 'I'm rich, I'm elite, and I want you to know it.' Undoubtedly, he had to be Theo from the Fischer family, probably one of Henry's nephews. "Good morning, Ms. Keller," Chantelle greeted politely. Andrew did not bother looking at them and just stared out the window.

Emily smiled brightly and sat down at the next table. "Mind if we join you?" Chantelle gave a polite smile. "Not at all. Though we're pretty much finished." Dressed in a leather jacket with arms folded, Theo raised an eyebrow. "You must be Andrew Lloyd, huh? First time meeting, but you don't exactly look happy to see us." Still staring out at the sunrise, Andrew replied coolly, "Mr. Fischer, do you always talk this much just eating breakfast?" ---- Theo clinked his spoon down and scoffed.

"Andrew, don't push your luck. I know your reputation, and sure, you're pretty impressive. But don't forget who I am. I'm from the Fischer family, one of the Three Titans of Blumendale." He said it like the last name itself was a badge of royalty. Andrew chuckled. "So what? You think being

from the Fischer family makes you special? Just so you know, I recently beat the crap out of someone from your family in Goldridge. And as of now, I'm not even sure if he's dead or alive." Theo sneered.

"You think I'd buy that? Fine. I don't have time to argue with you. But I'm warning you: stay out of Ms. Hannah's business. I'm handling it. And whatever happens, I call the shots."

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1906 Andrew looked at Emily and said gravely, "Hank isn't someone easy to deal with. As a young woman, don't put your safety in the hands of an idiot. Emily, this is the last time I'm going to advise you. Leave Verhampton Valley immediately and return to the Keller family in Blumendale!" Emily looked displeased. "Andrew, mind your own business! I swore I'd get justice for Hannah, and I will definitely do it! I've already tracked down Hank's whereabouts.

In a moment, I'm going to bring him to justice! If I don't kill him, I don't deserve to be part of the Keller family!" Andrew shook his head. "Sometimes, even good advice can't save someone who's already walking toward a cliff. Hank might come off as a fool, but even fools come in categories. Someone who came out of Special Ops? If you really think he's just another dumb thug, then you're dead wrong." Theo's bowl crashed to the floor as he glared furiously. " Andrew, that's enough!

What gives you the right to lecture Emily like that? You say she can't handle it, then what about me, huh? You think I'm just here for decoration? "Hank's with Special Ops? So what? I come from one of the most powerful martial arts families in the country! When ---- Hank sees me, he'll either run for his life or get crushed where he stands!" Seeing Theo so fired up, Emily could not help but smile proudly. "You see that, Andrew? The link to the origin of this information rests in FindNovel.net

I'm not like Hannah; I know how to choose the right man. Theo's outstanding, and he doesn't need your approval. So, do me a favor and stay out of my business. Honestly, you act like we're close. Isn't that a little pathetic?" Her words hit Andrew square in the face like a slap. Chantelle's expression darkened. "Ms. Keller, maybe you should watch your tone. Can't you tell Andrew is just trying to help? And don't forget, how is he not connected to the Keller family?

Haven't you all owed him more than a few favors?" Emily's cheeks turned red as she fired back, "Yeah, sure, the Keller family owes him. But what about what he owes us? He owes Logan and my father. Or did you forget?" Chantelle scoffed. "Who's the one indebted here? That's for the world to judge. All I know is that Andrew saved Mr. Keller Senior's life. And don't forget, it was your family who went begging for his help, not the other way around. "Andrew is loyal and grateful.

That's the only reason he's ever ---- tolerated your attitude. But you... You really don't know how lucky you are." With that, she grabbed Andrew's arm and dragged him out of the hotel. Andrew could only give her a helpless smile. This woman was fierce when it came to defending him. Though honestly, it was not that big of a deal. He could have handled it himself just fine. "Emily is such an idiot," Chantelle muttered through gritted teeth as they stepped outside. Andrew chuckled. "It's fine.

Come on, we've got real business to handle. Now that we've got a guide, let's go straight to Cole. Eric followed behind, dragging Dirk along, looking amused. Andrew shot him a side glance. "What

are you staring at?" Eric smirked. "What? You got a problem?" Andrew clicked his tongue. "Jealous, aren't you? Eric, this is what it's like to be loved. Unlike you, wasting a perfectly good face trying to be..." ---- Before he could finish, Eric snapped, "Shut your damn mouth already!"

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1907 Back at the hotel, Theo spat angrily as he glared at the door. " Ugh! What's so great about that bastard?! If it weren't for Ms. Garcia, I would've taught that punk a lesson myself!" Emily said flatly, "Enough. Finish eating. After this, we're going to arrest Hank." Theo puffed up with confidence. "Don't worry, Emily. I'll personally take him down and drag him back to Blumendale so Mr. Keller Senior can deal with him.

This is the perfect chance for me to make things official between us!" Emily seemed distracted. "Let's just focus on catching Hank first. Handle that jerk, and then we'll talk. Theo, you know I don't like it when you rush things." Theo gave her a charming grin. "I get it, Emily. A queen like you isn't easy to win over. But it's fine, I have plenty of patience and ability to win your heart!" Emily forced a smile. "Theo, you and your guys, plus mine... Are you sure it's enough to take down Hank?

If not, I'd like to reach out for outside help." Theo immediately shut that down with a confident smirk. "No need, Emily. Don't trouble yourself. To be real with you, I alone ---- can handle Hank. That guy might be a martial king, but so am I For you, I'd fight till 'm broken and bleeding, just to take that dog out." Emily smiled faintly. "Thank you, Theo. That means a lot." Theo chuckled, eyes gleaming. "You know what I want in return. Not much. Just once.

Deal?" Emily hesitated, uncomfortable with the idea, but forced herself to nod. "Fine. After this is over... I'll think about it." "Mr. Armstrong, where are you?" Chantelle called while dialing his number from the road. Still in bed after a steamy night, Hank had not gotten up yet." Ms. Garcia, I'm tracking a group right now. What's up? If it's nothing urgent, I'll hang up.

They're slippery, but they won't escape me." In truth, Hank was lying in bed with a naked woman, casually talking nonsense. Chantelle replied, "No, it's just... I found a lead. Thought you'd want in on the action." Hank sounded heroic. "No need. You go ahead and investigate. Things are dangerous on my end. Once I'm done, I'll find you." ---- Chantelle ended the call with a scowl. Andrew was driving, following the directions from Dirk, the scrawny informant.

Chantelle sneered, "Hank said he's tracking suspects. That sleazebag is getting more disgusting by the day." Andrew raised an eyebrow. "Okay, he's lying, sure... But why are you so pissed?" Chantelle clenched her teeth. "That shameless scumbag is literally sleeping with someone! I heard moaning in the background! And yet he talked like nothing was happening, all calm and righteous. Disgusting!" Andrew said nothing. Eric, in the front passenger seat, stayed silent too.

From the back, Dirk gave a nervous little chuckle. "Sir, we're here. That's the place!" Dirk quickly pointed as the car slowed in front of a suburban villa Andrew and the others did not move yet. They stayed seated inside the car. Chantelle asked, "You're sure this is Cole's place?" ---- Dirk nodded. "Positive. Mr. Nielsen's house is right here! This area is Verhampton Valley's wealthy district, where houses cost millions." Andrew said, "Good. Let's move.

We're taking him in." Suddenly, Dirk shouted, "Wait, sir!" Andrew turned to him. Dirk scratched his head. "Almost forgot to warn you that Mr. Nielsen's creepy as hell. He's always got bugs crawling out of his sleeves or socks. Some are venomous, some mess with your head. Even local thugs don't like messing with him. Even Big Z keeps his distance." Chantelle snorted. "People who play with parasites usually spend all day with snakes, rats, and bugs. I'm not worried. Let's go.

I'll bring him in myself." They got out of the car and approached the front door of the villa. The door was locked, but Andrew grabbed the handle and gave it a solid twist. A surge of internal force quietly shattered the lock from within. With a gentle push, the door creaked open. ---- Inside, the first floor was dim and quiet. Chantelle moved in first, gun drawn and steady. She did not notice a few strands of spiderweb catching on her clothes. The source of this content is Find★Novel.net

As she brushed them off in annoyance, she did not think much of it. However, Andrew frowned and suddenly muttered, "Something's not right." Right then, a sound echoed from the second floor.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1908 "We've been discovered! Let's go upstairs and grab him!" Andrew shouted quickly as he shot up like a whirlwind, rushing up the stairs to the second floor. Several black shadows flew through the air, coming toward him with whooshing sounds. Andrew snorted coldly and flicked his right hand, sending several golden needles shooting out. Three small black spiders fell to the ground, still twitching even though they were dead.

In the second-floor room, Cole was wearing a bathrobe, obviously having just woken up without time to get dressed. Staring at Andrew, he said grimly, "Who are you? Why are you trespassing on my home?" Chantelle caught up from behind, gritting her teeth. "Cole, you're the one who poisoned the people of Verhampton Valley with parasites, aren't you?" Cole gave a sinister laugh. "You must be that chief of staff who came with Mr. Armstrong to investigate the case, right? You really are a knockout.

Perfect! Since you've both tracked me down here, you can die! I've been short on beautiful women to ---- play with lately. After I have my fun with you, I'll feed you to my precious little bugs for a feast!" Andrew sneered coldly. "Feeding humans to insects? You're utterly depraved." He kicked out, sending the couch in front of him crashing toward Cole with a loud clatter. Cole roared and jumped to dodge, and while in mid-air, he shot several more bugs at Andrew.

Andrew remained unfazed and charged forward. His right hand swept like a blade, cutting all the parasites in half as they fell to the ground, completely dead. Seeing this, Cole said urgently, "You've been poisoned by my bugs! If you don't get the antidote immediately, you'll die from the poison within an hour and melt into pus!" Andrew had already reached him and delivered a whip kick to Cole's face.

The latter crashed through the living room wall with a thud and rolled into the adjacent room Cole got up, incredulous. "W-W-Who are you? Why are you unaffected?" Andrew said calmly, "You're just a low-level parasite handler. You're messing around with beginner tricks and think you can impress me? I've already killed plenty of real masters from the ---- southern regions, not bottom-feeders like you." Seeing Andrew closing in again, Cole snapped, "You son of a bitch!

I'll kill you!" He swung his arms wildly, and suddenly, bugs began crawling out of his sleeves and pants legs. Andrew let out a low snort. Then, with one powerful burst of Inferno Strike, the scorching energy blasted across the floor. The poisonous insects froze in place, curling up in terror, not daring to move. Andrew did not slow down. He stomped straight over them, crushing them into pulp with each step. Cole was terrified. "You're immune to all poisons? Are you..."

one of us?" Andrew slapped him unconscious with one blow, then said flatly, "Sorry, but I'm way above you guys!" He was not just immune to hundreds of poisons; he was immune to all poisons! Andrew took down Cole without breaking a sweat. Seeing this, Chantelle was dumbfounded. "Andrew, has your strength skyrocketed again?" ---- Andrew shook his head. "I've always been this strong. You just haven't experienced it before!"

Cuff him up and you can go back to Blumendale to report!" Chantelle pouted and went forward to handcuff Cole. "Stop being so smug! I'll deal with you in bed later!" Andrew silently mourned for himself. Chantelle was starting to become like Aspen and Francesca. When they could not beat him in reality, they fantasized about defeating him in bed.

While Andrew was succeeding effortlessly on his end, Emily and Theo had also tracked down where Hank was sleeping. It was a private villa in a secluded but excellent location on the outskirts. This had been specially arranged for Hank by Cole and Zeke Ziegler of Verhampton Valley. Emily looked at the villa's tightly closed gates, cautiously signaling her subordinates to surround the back and prevent Hank from escaping. Suddenly, a loud bang sounded.

Theo was incredibly reckless, directly kicking down the door and walking into the villa. "Hank, you bastard, you beast, you inhuman piece of trash! Get out here! Today, I, Theo Fischer, will ---- get justice for the Keller family!" His voice was very loud, echoing throughout the entire villa and beyond. Emily panicked and quickly had her people follow Theo to prevent Hank from suddenly attacking. She had not expected Theo to be bold, but bold to this extent. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON findnovel.net

They had agreed to strike by surprise without giving Hank a chance to react. However, Theo actually declared war before the fight began. Emily could not help but feel worried. Theo was still too reckless, and she could only hope that he would be able to take down Hank in a direct confrontation

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1909 "Oh? And here I thought it might be someone important. Turns out it's just a mutt from the Fischer family of Blumendale." Hank finally showed himself. Behind him, a few scantly clad women scurried out, covering their bodies as they fled. Emily gritted her teeth. "You're disgusting. Even at the brink of death, you're still living it up. Today, you're going to pay for what you did to Hannah." Hank sneered. "And you must be Emily, the eldest daughter of the Keller family.

Not bad... definitely a knockout. And honestly, you've got way more charm than that little tramp Hannah. "I'll give you one chance. Get the hell out of here. Otherwise, what I did to her will look like a warm-up. I'll destroy you in ways you can't imagine." Emily's face turned red with rage. "Theo! What are you waiting for? Shut that filthy mouth of his!" Theo scoffed. "You dare talk to my woman like that? You're dead, you bastard!" With a sharp kick, he aimed straight for Hank's face.

Hank's coat flared as he leaned back, narrowly dodging it. ---- However, his eyes flashed dangerously, and he immediately fired a counter-kick toward Theo's chest. Emily watched anxiously from the side, her palms slick with sweat. The fight erupted inside the villa. She wanted to send in backup, but Theo waved them off. "Relax, Emily. I got this mutt all on my own." He was full of confidence. Before long, their struggle moved from inside the villa to the outdoor lawn. Hank was furious.

"Originally, I was going to go easy on you since you're from the Fischer family, but since you don't know your place, you can go screw yourself!" The aura around his body suddenly surged dramatically. Theo was startled and instinctively raised both arms to block. However, he was still a step too late as Hank found an opening and slapped him across the face. Theo's mouth bled, and he felt utterly humiliated.

After all, getting slapped by another man in front of his woman was the ultimate disgrace. Roaring with anger, he launched a fierce counterattack, and the ---- Fischers' Bonebreaker Rush came at Hank like a storm, each move targeting Hank's vital points. Hank retreated three steps across the lawn, each step creating a deep crater.

Though Theo was arrogant and conceited, the Fischer family had strict discipline and had forced him to practice martial arts since childhood, giving him a solid foundation. While his martial arts were nowhere near Henry's level, Theo had still made something of himself, reaching martial king level in his early 30s. It was actually quite remarkable! Violent internal energy surged through his limbs as Theo went all out. He pushed out with a palm strike, and Hank could not defend in time.

After receiving that strike, Hank's face reddened as he was about to spit blood. Theo sneered coldly. "You bastard, now you know how powerful I am!" He closed in, swept his leg low, and smashed it against Hank's knee. With a crack, Hank screamed in pain and dropped to one knee. Theo pressed his advantage and kicked Hank hard in the chin. Hank cried out as his body flipped and crashed to the ground. ---- However, as he hit the ground, his body immediately bounced back up, his eyes now blood red.

"Theo, Emily... You damn mutts, you forced me to do this!" Looking ferocious, Hank pulled out a syringe and jabbed it hard into his chest. A low, thunderous rumble echoed from inside his body, muscles swelling and veins bulging unnaturally. His aura exploded, skyrocketing straight to the peak of the martial king realm. Theo's face twisted in horror. "Everyone, attack together! Now!" His men surged forward. Yet, it was useless. Hank's fists tore through the air like cyclones. With one sweeping spin, he sent a storm of force crashing through the group. Chapters first released on find*.novel.net

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1910 Immediately, more than a dozen subordinates were sent flying with blood spurting from their mouths. Some were dead, some injured. Theo's scalp went numb as he wanted to flee. However, with Emily right there beside him, if he ran away, his woman would surely fall into Hank's hands. He gritted his teeth and desperately charged forward. Hank gave a sinister laugh, his speed exploding as he grabbed Theo by the throat and slammed him hard against a nearby tree trunk.

The massive tree shook at its roots. That single impact nearly crushed Theo's organs, and he felt like his heart and lungs were about to burst out of his throat. Hank held Theo's throat tight with one hand and used the other to land two vicious slaps across his face. Blood and teeth flew from Theo's mouth in a grotesque spray. Emily stood frozen in shock. "Theo, are you okay?" Theo silently cursed at Emily for being a dumb bitch.

He was practically dying, and she was still asking if he was okay. ---- "Hank, if you lay one more finger on me, the Fischer family of Blumendale won't let you off!" Desperate, Theo threw out the family name like a shield, trying to bluff his way out. Hank still had blood in his mouth and looked extremely vicious as he sneered. "You little mutt, you came barging into my place and think I give a damn about your family?

Besides, I already warned you not to look for trouble, but you just wouldn't listen!" Theo's eyes suddenly filled with terror. "W-Wait... No!" His scream pierced the air, sending chills down the spine. Hank pulled out a military knife from under his coat and, with a reverse grip, pinned one of Theo's arms to the tree trunk. Theo's entire face was twisted in agony.

Then, Hank delivered several vicious punches to Theo's stomach, beating him until his energy core nearly shattered and he was barely alive. Finally, Hank spat a thick glob of phlegm directly into Theo's mouth. The man was a psychopath, sneering as he clamped Theo's jaw shut and forced him to swallow it. Only when Theo gagged and choked it down did Hank finally let ---- go. By now, Theo was barely alive. Newest update provided by find{n}ovel.net

Blood poured from his forehead and the corners of his mouth, and his limp body hung from the tree. He wailed, "Mr. Armstrong, please stop hitting me... I get it... I really know I was wrong! If you keep beating me, I won't make it. I'll apologize properly, just don't kill me!" Emily's mind had gone completely blank.

She never expected Theo to grovel and beg for mercy, and she never imagined that she, with more than a dozen subordinates plus Theo and his people, would be no match for Hank. Andrew had warned her. He had said Hank might be a piece of trash, but even trash from Special Ops was not someone a regular person could handle. She was learning that lesson now! Patting Theo's bloody face, Hank chuckled. "You piece of garbage, now you want to beg? Who do you think you are anyway?

I've been around the world, seen every kind of situation, and met every type of person! And you think you can stand up for the Keller family? You worthless piece of shit. Are you even qualified?" He delivered several more vicious slaps to Theo's face until all ---- the pent-up anger in his chest was released. "Mr. Armstrong, waaah, I'm just a nobody! I've leaned my lesson! Please stop hitting me... I swear, I'll do whatever you say!

Just stop, please!" Theo sobbed uncontrollably, no longer caring how pathetic he looked as he begged for mercy. If he did not desperately plead, a ruthless person like Hank might actually kill him. Hank gave a sinister smile and suddenly tuned around, his burning gaze fixed on Emily.