

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1911 Hank's eyes locked onto Emily, his gaze sharp, but the question was aimed at Theo. "Theo, I'm asking you. Did you do all this just to please that cheap slut from the Keller family?" Barely breathing, Theo rasped, "That slut... I haven't... even touched her!" He coughed before adding, "Mr. Armstrong, i-if you want to have her... be my guest. I promise she's still... tight." Hank let out a booming laugh and strode toward Emily.

Emily gritted her teeth, her voice dripping with hatred. "Theo, I can't believe you're that kind of man. Didn't you say you'd do anything for me? You worthless piece of trash! I'll never forgive you!" Theo roared, "Emily, screw you! You really think you're some princess I'd die for? I only did all this because I wanted to sleep with you, to take you hard and enjoy that warm body of yours. But now I don't need it, because you almost got me killed. That filthy hole of yours can be ruined by Mr. Discover more novels at

Armstrong for all I care!" Beaten within an inch of his life by Hank, Theo's rage found only one target: Emily. ---- Emily trembled with fury, grinding her teeth so hard she nearly cracked them. She opened her mouth to curse Theo, but Hank's hand moved faster. With a sharp crack, his slap sent her flying with a scream. Her face burned as she looked at him in terror, realizing she might not make it out alive. Clutching her handgun tighter, she aimed it at Hank and backed away.

"Hank, you bastard, get out of my way, do you hear me? Or I'll shoot you dead!" Hank smirked. "Shoot me? Emily, your hands are shaking so badly that you can barely hold that gun. And you really think a gun is enough to deal with me? How naive." The moment he spat out the last two words, Hank lunged forward with lightning speed. Emily's hands shook, but she managed to pull the trigger. The shot rang out, yet Hank only tilted his body, letting the bullet whiz past. In an instant, he was on her.

He yanked her hair hard, slapped the gun from her hands, and sneered, "Now you're mine." "I've already tasted Hannah. Once I'm done with you, Emily, I'll have claimed two of the Keller family's precious daughters. Only Freya will be left. And don't worry, one day I'll have her too... I'll ---- make her scream until she begs for mercy!" Laughing wildly, Hank yanked hard, tearing Emily's clothes apart in one brutal motion.

Pale skin spilled into the cold air as his hand shot forward, grabbing her breast with vicious force. Emily gasped in pain, her face twisting in agony. "No! You animal! Let me go!" Tears streamed from her eyes as the horror sank in. Hank was ruthless enough to make Theo beg for his life. What chance did she have as a defenseless woman? She thought back to Andrew's warning that morning, telling her to keep out of trouble and return to Blumedale immediately.

Regret hit her like a knife; she wanted to strangle herself for ignoring him. "andrew... save me... save me, please!" Emily sobbed, screaming until her voice tore. The thought of what this monster was about to do to her sent icy dread flooding through her veins.

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---- Chapter 1912 "Go ahead, scream all you want. Scream until your voice breaks... It won't make a damn difference." Hank looked like he was savoring the moment, lust blazing in his eyes. "Emily, you walked right into this yourself. Tonight, unless I make sure you know what it feels like to be taken hard and rough, I might as well not call myself a man," he said, breathing heavily. He yanked her hair and dragged her back toward the villa.

Anyone with a brain could tell exactly what he planned to do. Theo chuckled from the side. "Mr. Armstrong, once you're done, would you mind if I took a turn?" Hank raised a brow. "Theo, you're bleeding out. Are you sure you've got anything left in the tank?" Theo's face twisted in hate. "That bitch is the reason I'm like this. Even if it kills me, I want to have her once." Emily's heart dropped, filled with dread. She wished she could smash her head into the wall and end it all.

So this was Theo's true face. He was such a filthy and disgusting man. She had been blind, totally blind about him. ---- "Hank, I'd rather die than let you touch me!" Emily shouted, struggling with everything she had. However, two vicious slaps later, she went limp, her face pale and lifeless. She did not dare resist anymore. Hank gripped her chin, his smile dark and menacing. "You worthless, dirty bitch. You had the nerve to come at me?

The moment you and that bastard Theo chased me all the way to Verhampton Valley, your fate was sealed!" Emily cried out, her voice hoarse. "Even if you violate me, my dad and Logan will never let you go!" Hank sneered. "You think I don't know how far we are from Blumedale? Once I finish with you, I'll head straight back to Chetvine for my debriefing. Then I'll take on the next mission, vanishing from your life. The Keller family is nothing but an elite family in Gabo Creek.

What can they possibly do to me?" He was beyond smug. Emily lost all hope, her body trembling uncontrollably. She closed her eyes, knowing this would be the most humiliating, devastating moment of her life. "Let her go, Hank. Step outside, get on your knees, and put your hands behind your head!" ---- Suddenly, a voice rang out from outside. It was not loud, and it did not sound furious. Yet, there was a chill in it that made Hank's eyelid twitch.

Hank looked outside and instantly exploded in rage. He hissed, "Andrew! Of course it's you again, you damn pest!" Grabbing Emily roughly, he dragged her toward the entrance. Emily had already shut her eyes, waiting to die, When she heard that voice, her heart leapt. Andrew was really here. She sobbed, "Andrew, please save me! I was wrong! I swear I'll never ignore your advice again. Please save me, okay?

I promise I'll behave, I'll stay grounded, I won't be arrogant or self-righteous, or make you hate me ever again!" She poured it all out, tears falling fast and hard. Andrew's cold gaze swept over her for a brief second, then landed on Hank. "I'll give you three seconds. Let her go, get over here, and get on your knees to wait for arrest." If he had not arrived in time, there was no doubt Emily would have been raped and killed. The rightful source is FindNovel.net

At best, she would've lived through it, with her dignity and sanity shattered. ---- Even so, Andrew did not pity her. To him, Emily had brought this, on herself. She had to pay the price for her own growth, If a person was too stubborn or too slow to think straight, they had to suffer the consequences, either from society or from monsters like Hank. That was just how life worked, and no one was exempt.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1913 Even someone like Emily, a daughter from a prestigious family, was not spared from this nightmare. Hank remained completely unfazed and sneered. "You want me to let her go just because you said so? Andrew, take a good look at yourself. Who the hell do you think you are?" His face darkened with rage as he growled, "If you don't want to die, then get the hell out of here while you still can! I'll tell you straight: I wanted to kill you the first time we met back in Blumedale. Content originally comes from find—novel.net

"You're just a damn nobody who thinks a bit of talent gives you the right to go up against me, an elite agent trained by Special Ops? Andrew, you must be out of your damn mind." Chantelle snapped, her voice sharp, "Oh, so you remember you're Special Ops now, Hank? Then act like it. Let her go right now, or I won't hold back. What you're doing already counts as. attempted rape and aggravated assault. "You're looking at serious prison time. And by the way, Cole Nielsen's in our custody.

He's spilled plenty, and your name came up. Hank, I didn't expect you to be this bold. Misconduct on top of abuse of power? Governor McCormick's going to want answers, and fast." ---- Hank's expression twisted in an instant. "What? That bastard Cole actually got caught?" His eyes darted side to side, panic creeping in fast. Then, he locked his glare on Andrew, his face growing more twisted by the second. "I knew it. It's you again, you damn rat. It was you, wasn't it?

You're the reason Cole got caught!" Andrew's expression did not change. "This is your last warning. Let her go." Hank roared, "Fuck off! I'm not just killing this bitch today; none of you are leaving here alive!" Cole being caught meant everything was about to blow wide open. It meant even the shield of Special Ops could not protect Hank anymore. Cole's crimes were heinous, and poisoning people was a capital offense.

Meanwhile, Hank had been covering for him while playing both sides with criminal gangs. Without a doubt, he would face trial. He might even end up sharing a cell with that disgraced celebrity, doing hard labor and running into each other every day. Hank had spent years living without consequences, collecting ---- favors, and staying untouchable. Now, if he wanted to escape this mess, there was only one way: kill everyone and erase the evidence Chantelle gasped. "He's going rogue!

Andrew, watch out!" Before she even finished her warning, Andrew was already moving. He shot forward like lightning, his fingers curled into claws, slicing through the air toward Hank's arm that was still gripping Emily. Hank flinched. Everything blurred for a second, and suddenly, Andrew was right in front of him. Panicked, Hank shoved Emily forward as a human shield. Then, he lashed out with a strike aimed straight at Andrew's eyes. However, Andrew caught Emily midair, barely glancing at her.

He instantly spun into a powerful back kick, smashing straight into Hank's attack The blow landed hard. Hank let out a muffled grunt as pain exploded up his arm like it had been shattered. He was stunned. How the hell was Andrew this strong? ---- Of course, Andrew could not care less about what Hank was thinking. He shoved Emily toward Chantelle and charged in again without pause. In a blink, Andrew unleashed a brutal combo, his fists and feet striking with precision.

Hank staggered backward, retreating until his back slammed against the villa's wall, cornered and out of the room. With a desperate roar, he reached beneath his coat and yanked out a syringe. He was about to dope himself again.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1914 Andrew looked at him like he was already a dead man and scoffed. "That enhanced adrenaline shot might boost a Special Ops agent's power by over 80% in a crisis, But the side effects? Extreme fatigue and a blinding headache. "Even if I gave you a head start, after that injection, you'd still end up crawling back to me on your knees." Hank shrieked, voice rasping with rage, "Andrew, don't get cocky, you son of a bitch! You'd better pray I don't survive this.

I swear, I'll kill you!" As soon as the injection hit, Hank's energy surged, his aura climbing back to peak-level combat strength. His face twisted with fury as he kicked off the ground, launching himself like a missile. Andrew's eyes narrowed. With one swift motion, he whipped out his right arm like a steel cable. It was like a semi truck going full speed had slammed into a brick wall and stopped instantly. Yes, it all happened in a split second.

Chantelle, Theo, and the others went blank, their eyes wide with shock. ---- Andrew's arm had punched straight through half of Hank's shoulder, stopping him cold in his tracks Hank could not believe it. The unimaginable pain made him tremble. When he tried to cover his shoulder, he discovered that his other arm had been completely severed. It was cut clean off, just like a butcher carving off a ham during Thanksgiving prep.

After a few seconds of deadly silence, agonized screams finally erupted from Hank's mouth. "My hand..." Andrew towered over him, voice icy. "So... you still think you're untouchable?" Hank howled back, "Andrew! I'm with Special Ops! You have no idea how deep my division runs! I swear, you'll be crushed to dust for what you did today!" Andrew did not bother with a response. He sneered, then slammed a punch directly into Hank's forehead.

Hank's vision went black, and the world vanished into a dark blur. Then, he collapsed, face-first into the ground. Chantelle exhaled sharply. "Andrew... did you kill him?" Andrew's voice was calm. "Relax. I gave Mr. Keller Senior my ---- word to bring this bastard in alive. So no, I didn't kill him. Not yet. Theo had already been stabilized by the medics, and his bleeding had stopped. He looked at Andrew, throat tight as he swallowed hard. "Andrew...

just what level are you, really?" Andrew glanced at him and gave a faint smile. "You think you're qualified to know?" Theo's face twitched. He dropped his head, sulking in silence, not daring to say another word Emily stood there, eyes filled with complicated emotions. She hesitated before finally saying, "Andrew... thank you for saving me. And..." Andrew raised his hand to stop her. "That's enough. Just head back to Blumedale. Emily, remember this...

There are things in this world you're just not ready to handle yet. I was in a good mood today, so I stepped in and saved you. But next time? You might not get that lucky." Tears welled up in Emily's eyes. "I-I've learned my lesson. I mean it. Anyway... thank you, Andrew!" Chantelle looked at her, noticing the torn clothes and bruises all over her body. She sighed quietly. Emily, the precious daughter of the Keller family, would probably ---- be haunted by this memory for the rest of her life.

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---- Chapter 1915 The parasite poison killer, Cole, had finally been captured. That meant Chantelle's mission was officially complete. With Hank also taken down, Andrew had fulfilled his promise to George. Hence, it was time to head back to Blumedale. Eric glanced at Andrew. "You seem like you're getting stronger every single day..." His voice sounded uncertain. Andrew smiled, "Aren't you getting stronger every day, too? Then again, judging by your expression, you're not."

Well, Eric, that's pretty pathetic. We should always improve ourselves. Otherwise, you're just a waste of space." He patted Eric's shoulder, ignoring how sour the guy's expression turned. Then, he added meaningfully, "You've got a long way to go." With that, he grabbed Hank by the hair and strode off without another word. Eric stood frozen, face dark as storm clouds. ---- Chantelle passed him and said, "Mr. Humphrey, don't take it to heart. Andrew's just like that sometimes."

He gets under your skin and doesn't apologize for it. You'll get used to it." Eric's mouth twitched. He thought, 'Why the hell should I get used to it? I'm Jerome's adopted son. The most gifted prodigy in all of Goldridge. I've mastered a Heavenly-tier technique, and I dominate everyone in my generation...' If Andrew had heard his thoughts, he would have probably laughed and said, "What are you bragging about?"

Get over here and take your beating like a man." The journey from Verhampton Valley back to Blumedale was a long one. Nonetheless, Andrew was not in a rush, so they did not speed through it and just kept a steady pace. However, trouble was not far behind. "It's Big Z! Big Z came to save me! Andrew, you're all dead meat now! Big Z brought an army, over 100 guys! You're all screwed!" Cole, who had been sulking with his head down in cuffs, suddenly perked up with glee.

He shouted with joy like he had just won the lottery. There was a flicker of hope in his eyes. He truly believed Zeke could kill Andrew and Chantelle and give him a shot at escaping. ---- Even Hank, who had barely pulled himself together, looked a little more alive. Andrew and the team pulled over. The road ahead was completely blocked off by two massive trucks. In front of them stood over 100 gang members from Verhampton Valley.

The man leading them wore a black fur coat and had a cigarette holder between his lips, exhaling smoke as he smirked. That was Zeke Ziegler, aka Big Z, the kingpin of Verhampton Valley. "Now, now... leaving without saying goodbye, and taking my guy with you? That's a little rude, don't you think?" He took another long drag before flashing a chilling smile. Chantelle's voice was ice-cold. "Step aside. Who gave you the authority to block a public road?" Zeke scoffed.

"I am the authority in Verhampton Valley. I know who you are, some big-shot official from Blumedale. But out here? Everyone bows to the local king. You're on my turf now. That means you follow my rules." Chantelle narrowed her eyes. "And what exactly are your rules?" Zeke grinned darkly. "Simple. Hand over Cole and that bastard Mr. Armstrong. Also, that punk beside you? Have him get on his knees, confess his sins, and give up his life."

Then, and only then, ---- we'll call it even." Chantelle laughed coldly. "I didn't think thugs like you still existed. This is your last warning. Take your people and get out of here now. Otherwise, you'll deal with the consequences." Zeke let out a strange chuckle. "You hear that, boys? This chick's threatening me! Can you believe that? What do you think we should do, huh?" The crowd roared. In

an instant, the gangsters unsheathed their weapons. Cleavers, axes, and hunting knives gleamed in the afternoon sun.

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Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1916 Each of Zeke's men wore expressions of disdain and viciousness. One shouted, "Big Z, do it already! Take that punk out first!" "And that stuck-up bitch too. So what if she's from Blumedale? This is Verhampton Valley, and we don't back down from anyone!" Another chimed in, "There are over 100 of us! Hell, even if we all just spit on them, we could drown these little nobodies!" The gang burst into boisterous laughter, completely unhinged and fearless.

Chantelle's face was ice cold, and she opened her mouth to speak. However, Andrew gently tugged her back and stepped forward. "There's no point talking to them. And really, what's there to say to a bunch of low-life thugs like these? In places like this, fists speak louder than words. Watch Hank, and wait for me right here." With that, Andrew walked toward the crowd of over 100 gang members alone. His figure looked thin, small, and vulnerable in comparison, like he didn't stand a chance.

---- With every step he took, his presence grew stronger, heavier. He was like a beast charging downhill. He broke into a full sprint, barreling toward the mob with unstoppable force. One man going up against 100? Even Eric, Hank, and Cole could not help but watch, eyes locked on the scene. After all, fighting one versus 100 was no joke. Zeke gritted his teeth. "Take that cocky bastard out! Kill him!" He backed off to the rear, puffing on his cigarette while watching intently.

Zeke's men roared. They were not just for show and were truly ruthless. They swung their blades and charged straight at Andrew without hesitation. In Verhampton Valley, Zeke was king for a reason. He ruled by fear; his men did not fear death and were always ready to fight dirty. Nonetheless, there was a rule in this world: cowards feared the fearless, the fearless feared the insane. Meanwhile, the insane feared one thing only: gods. To these street thugs, Andrew was not just a monster.

He was a living god. Wherever his fists landed, bodies hit the ground. ---- In the center of the chaos, Andrew launched a 360-degree spinning kick; his leg sliced through the air like a blade. Screams erupted like firecrackers as about seven men went flying, their teeth shattered, rolling on the ground in agony. Andrew's expression was calm and focused.

He threw sharp punch forward, straight into the path of an axe-wielding thug, The man's weapon snapped on impact, the broken blade slicing back into his own arm, and he howled in agony. Hiding behind a truck, Zeke could not stop his eyelid from twitching. "Damn... This kid's got some real skill. Keep going. Don't stop!" Andrew tore through them like a wrecking ball, toppling one thug after another.

Anyone unlucky enough to catch one of his punches did not just fall, and they left with broken bones or shattered joints. It felt like he was casually cleaning up a beginner's zone in a video game, far too easy to be satisfying. He cracked his neck, stretched a little, then decided he had had enough fun. He snatched an axe midair and brought it down gently, just enough to rest the blade right on the neck of a long-faced thug. ---- "Get lost.

Or I swear, you'll all die right here." His voice boomed like thunder, and his eyes gleamed with the fierceness of a wild beast. The remaining thugs completely lost their nerve. They dropped their weapons, stumbled backward, and bolted like terrified animals. The guy under the axe, the one with the long face, trembled where he stood, sobbing. "Please don't kill me, sir. I'm begging you...

I surrender!" Andrew smacked the flat side of the axe across his head, splitting his scalp open with a gush of blood. However, he spared his life. The man dropped to his knees in gratitude, repeating his thanks before scrambling away, scared. Meanwhile, Zeke leaned against the hood of his SUV, still trying to act cool with a cigarette dangling from his lips. Latest content published on ovelFind.net

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1917 Right as the cigarette ash dropped, Zeke tried to spin around and run. However, his movement was stiff and clumsy. It was clear the guy was out of shape and had not worked out in years. Andrew let out a cold chuckle and flicked a golden needle from his fingers. Zeke let out a blood-curdling scream as the needle struck his heel, like his tendon had been sliced clean through. He crumpled to the ground, writhing in pain, unable to get back up.

Andrew walked over and stomped his foot onto Zeke's face. He leaned down with a chilling smile. "Big Z, huh? The great king of Verhampton Valley? Doesn't seem like you're much of anything to me." Zeke roared in humiliation. "Get your damn foot off me, you hear me? I'm backed by the Driscoll family in Blumedale! You know who they are? They're one of the Three Titans of Gabo Creek. They could crush you without lifting a finger!" A cracking sound echoed.

Andrew pressed down harder, grinding Zeke's head halfway ---- into the dirt. "Oh, the Driscoll family's lapdog, huh? In that case, I'll just send you ahead first." Zeke's soul practically flew out of his body at Andrew's words. "No, wait... Sir! Please! I was wrong. Spare me, I beg you!" He never imagined Andrew would not even blink at the name of the Driscoll family. Zeke pleaded, "How about this...

Let me go, and I'll give you half of everything I own in Verhampton Valley, including property, cash, women, all of it!" Andrew ignored him completely and looked to Chantelle. "You called the local law enforcement, right?" Chantelle nodded as she ran over. "They're on the way. I've already alerted them." Andrew gave a cold snort. "You little piece of trash. If you hadn't come looking for trouble, I wouldn't have even bothered with you. But you chose the road to hell over the gates of heaven.

Enjoy the next few decades rotting in prison." Zeke's vision blurred, realizing it was all over. ---- He had ruled Verhampton Valley like a local tyrant, living large for years. He never thought he would get wrecked in a single day by a man like Andrew. Zeke cried out, "It was the Driscoll family! They're the ones who ordered me to stop you! Please, sir, don't let them take me in! I've got enemies in there...

I won't survive a day!" He clung to Andrew's pant leg pathetically, sobbing and pleading. Guys like him had blood on their hands and enemies everywhere. If he landed in prison, he would be torn apart before the week was over. Andrew raised an eyebrow. "So it really was the Driscoll family. No wonder they don't want Hank and Cole to make it back to Blumedale alive." Chantelle's voice

turned sharp. "If you have a clean conscience, you've got nothing to fear." She scoffed. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY FindNovel.net

"The Driscoll family brought this on themselves. Governor McCormick will make sure justice is served." Soon, Verhampton Valley's law enforcement arrived and arrested Zeke along with the dozens of gangsters still writhing on the ground. As for the rest? Andrew could not care less. He let the officers ---- handle them. Once the trucks blocking the road were moved, the group got back on the road. Inside the car, both Hank and Theo sat silent, their faces dark and spirits crushed.

Suddenly, Andrew slapped Hank hard across the face. Hank's head snapped up, eyes blazing, but he did not dare say a word. Andrew smirked. "What now? Getting scared already?" Hank's voice was hoarse as he gritted his teeth. "Andrew, no matter how strong you are, the ones you've offended are Special Ops and the Driscoll family. You really think you alone can take down a behemoth like Special Ops?" Andrew sneered. "Then let me tell you something.

When your Special Ops Director sees me, he bows his damn head and calls me 'sir'. And in private? He would be at my beck and call."

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1918 By the time they returned to Blumedale, it was already evening. Andrew parted ways with Chantelle and headed back to Serenity Villa with Eric. As for that bastard Hank, Andrew needed to hand him over to Derek first for official processing before he could escort him to the Keller family for a formal handover. When they were leaving, Emily hesitated and seemed like she wanted to say something. However, Andrew had no interest in dealing with her and just left.

Emily's chest tightened. At first, she felt the urge to be mad, but in the end, she only sighed and quietly returned home. She knew better now and no longer dared to show any attitude toward Andrew. Theo followed after her and demanded, "Emily, you've been ignoring me this whole trip. What the hell is that supposed to mean?" Emily replied flatly, "Theo, you should head to the hospital and get your injuries looked at.

From now on, you and I have nothing to do with each other." Theo's face darkened. "I went all the way to Verhampton ---- Valley for you! I nearly lost my life out there, and you won't even ask if I'm okay? You're seriously just cutting me off like that?" Emily finally lost her patience and turned to him with visible disgust. "Theo, I've already seen your true colors. What more do you want from me? Look at yourself! Next to Andrew, you're just pathetic!" Theo laughed bitterly. "So that's it, huh?

You damn slut! Your heart's set on Andrew now? But have you looked in the mirror lately? You think a guy like him would even glance at trash like you?" He added, "Emily, you're a joke. I know exactly what you're thinking. You see how powerful he is, and now you want to cling to him, don't you? But are you even worthy? Chantelle's already his woman, and she's the government's golden girl.

Compared to her, you're nothing but a low-grade wannabe!" Enraged, Emily raised her hand to slap him, but Theo was faster. He struck first, slapping her so hard she fell to the ground with a cry. Tears welled up in her eyes and spilled over. In that moment, she realized the brutal truth: being

the Keller family's so-called heiress meant nothing. ---- Men like Theo and Hank had no problem abusing her. Yet, in front of Andrew, they tucked their tails and shut their mouths.

That was the difference. Theo snapped, "Stupid bitch! You're wasting my damn time! Get the hell out of my face! You think I even want someone like you? You and your whole Keller family... Hell, even that Andrew! Just wait and see! When the Fischer family steps in, you'll all be on your knees, begging!" Frustrated that he did not get to sleep with Emily, Theo stormed off, cursing as he called a cab to head to the hospital. Emily wiped her tears and slowly pushed herself off the ground. Latest content published on findnovel.net

If it had been the old her, she would have exploded, either by going head-to-head with Theo or running to her family for help. She might have even demanded that George or Logan put Theo in his place or caused a scene to ruin him socially. Nonetheless, after everything that had happened, she had finally begun to grow. The Keller family was not in a position to challenge the Fischer family right now. So, she swallowed the pain of being hit. She did not want to drag her family into deeper trouble.

---- When she returned to the Keller residence, Freya gasped the moment she saw her. "Emily! What happened to you?" Emily shook her head and forced a smile. "I'm fine. Where's Hannah?" Hannah was pale and out of it. She was still clearly traumatized by what Hank had done. Emily walked over and hugged her, heartbroken at the vacant look in her sister's eyes. She broke down in tears, sobbing uncontrollably. Hannah clung to her and cried too, overwhelmed by the shared pain.

Seeing them like that, Freya also started crying. Logan approached the three of them, his expression heavy. "Emily, does that mean Hank got away?" Emily choked out through her tears, "No. He was caught. Andrew got him. Once the authorities finish their review, he'll bring Hank here to personally apologize to Hannah."

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---- Chapter 1919 Logan clenched his fists and said with conviction, "I knew it. Andrew would never let Dad down. Our family owes him more than we can ever repay." Freya bit her lip, and a faint blush crept up her cheeks. She suddenly remembered the time she offered herself to Andrew as a thank-you, back when she begged him for help. The memories of every little moment since she met him rushed through her mind, flooding her thoughts.

She lowered her head and murmured so softly it was barely audible, "Maybe... being his woman wouldn't be so bad. At least, he's someone I can feel safe with. Someone I could actually rely on. But how do I get him to like me? The more I think about it, the more it seems like the only way to really connect... is by sleeping with him..." Among the Keller sisters, Andrew could have chosen any of them. But now, it was clear that Emily and Hannah did not catch his eye at all.

Only Freya still had a decent rapport with him. If she could end up with Andrew, it would be a win for the Keller family. Honestly, it would be a win for her, too. Even if her sisters felt upset, they would not have much to say. ---- After all, she never fought or schemed for his attention; they had simply failed to seize their own chances. But the more she thought about it, the hotter her face burned. She thought, 'Andrew has not shown any interest in me whatsoever.'

Am I seriously fantasizing about being taken by a man who probably doesn't even think of me that way?' That thought alone made her chest flutter uncontrollably. "Let me introduce the famous disciple of Mr. Jerome Thornton, Mr. Eric Humphrey!" Inside Serenity Villa, Andrew introduced Eric to everyone. Natasha and Dylan lit up immediately, practically starstruck. After all, Eric's name carried serious weight in martial arts circles.

Not only was his adoptive father the leader of the Southern Martial Union, but Eric himself had long been known as a prodigy. Moreover, his rise had become the stuff of legend Lauren, Francesca, and Aspen all watched him curiously before smiling and greeting him. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Humphrey!" ---- It was Eric's first time in Blumedale, Gabo Creek. Technically, Andrew dragged him there. Seeing how friendly everyone was, he opened his mouth to say a few words.

However, Andrew clapped him on the shoulder and laughed. " Nah, don't mind him. This guy's a mute. He can't talk, can't greet people, nothing. I'm starving. Let's get some food!" With that, he walked off with the ladies, laughing and chatting as they went. Eric stood there, dumbfounded and awkward. He clenched his jaw and silently cursed at Andrew, calling him a bastard for not giving him even a shred of dignity. He could at least let him brag a little or show off for a second! The link to the origin of this information rests in find~novel~net

Late that night, a black Mercedes screeched to a halt at the front gate of the Driscoll residence. The door flung open, and a figure stumbled out. Just as she reached the gate, she collapsed to her knees and vomited a thick stream of blood. "Ms. Driscoll!" Walter rushed out in a panic and quickly caught her as she fell. ---- The bloody mess of a figure was none other than Scarlett, barely clinging to life after her escape from Goldridge.

Leaning on Walter for support, she staggered inside and collapsed onto the plush rug in the grand hall. No sooner had she sat down than she coughed up another mouthful of blood. Walter grabbed her wrist and checked her pulse, and his expression instantly turned grave. "Ms. Driscoll, how are you this badly injured? Who did this to you?" Scarlett's eyes burned with hatred as she raised her bloodied face. "It was that bastard, Andrew! I swear on my life... If I don't kill him, I'm not worthy of being a Driscoll!"

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1920 Maurice personally stepped in, along with one of the Driscoll family's martial elders, Bradley Perkins, an expert at the peak of Martial King level. The two worked together, channeling their energy into Scarlett to stabilize her injuries. Only after a long while did Maurice withdraw his hand and exhale sharply, his expression dark and furious. Beside him, Bradley wiped the sweat from his brow and forced a bitter smile. "Sir, if we'd been just a moment later, Ms.

Driscoll could've lost her cultivation base entirely. Our family hasn't faced a disaster this serious in years." Maurice said nothing. His face, already grim, was even more terrifying now. With a sudden roar, he thrust out his palm. A porcelain vase in the corner exploded with a loud crash, shattered into pieces by his strike from across the room, Walter flinched and bowed quickly. "Please, Mr. Driscoll Senior, don't lose your temper. This isn't the time to vent.

Scarlett returned from Goldridge in critical condition... This means our operation at the Southern Martial Union headquarters is all but ruined." He added, "We need to send backup immediately, or all the ---- benefits will fall into the hands of Henry and the McCormick family of Goldridge!"

Maurice snapped coldly, "You think I need you to remind me? I've spent years sending Scarlett to lay the groundwork at the Southern Martial Union headquarters. Check latest chapters at Find★Novel.net

The goal was to weaken Jerome's hold and pave the way for our family's rise in influence across the region." He continued, "From there, we'd grow our position and consolidate our power across the martial world. But now? Scarlett's nearly dead, and everything in Goldridge is a complete mess! Andrew... It's that Andrew again!" He growled, "That bastard keeps ruining the Driscoll family's plans. He must die! He absolutely must die!" Maurice's voice grew louder with every word. By the end, his.

eyes were bloodshot, his rage boiling over. Bradley hesitated, Then, he turned to Scarlett and asked, "What I still can't understand is... What does Andrew even have? How could someone like him push you to the brink of total defeat in Goldridge? Our strategy was flawless. "Within Gabo Creek, we focused on weakening Derek, starting with his assistant, Chantelle. We laid our trap in Verhampton Valley, orchestrated the parasite poison crisis, and drew Hank into the plan.

---- "Our aim was to drag Chantelle into the chaos, keep her trapped there, and if we were lucky, erase her entirely. Meanwhile, you oversaw operations in Goldridge, teaming up with Henry and the McCormick family to launch a full assault on Jerome. "Sure, they would claim the main prize, but there'd be more than enough scraps for us to feast on. With that, the Driscoll family would rise above all others in the Southern Martial Union and extend our reach far and wide.

"Let Henry and the McCormick family take the headquarters. We would dominate Gabo Creek's martial world entirely. It was such a well-structured, airtight plan... but in the end." He sighed, glancing at Maurice and Walter, their faces grim. Bradley dared not speak another word, afraid Maurice's rage might quite literally kill him. "Kill him!" Scarlett, having recovered a bit from the treatment, opened her eyes filled with venom. She hissed, "He must die! Andrew must be the first to go!

Then, we take down the Keller family, too. As for Derek, there's no point in playing nice anymore. It'll have to be a direct confrontation! But Andrew... that bastard... I can't sleep, can't breathe, can't live as long as he's still walking around!" Maurice furrowed his brows. "Scarlett, calm yourself. Your ---- condition has just stabilized. This isn't the time to be losing your temper.

Now tell me, what exactly happened with the Yeagers in Goldridge?" Scarlett's eyes turned bloodshot as humiliation crept in, and her voice trembled. "Dad... everything had been under my control. But that damn bastard Andrew... he ruined everything! Letting Jerome escape was bad enough, but then he interfered again when we went after the Yeagers! "I don't know what kind of tricks he pulled, but somehow he got two of the Yeagers' hidden elders on his side.

They ambushed us, me, Henry, and the rest. And in the end, that bastard got away clean, while we were trapped by the Yeagers!"