

# Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1921 Scarlett growled, "Henry held his ground with the strength of a martial saint, so he managed to protect himself until backup arrived. But I wasn't that lucky. Facing the Yeagers' elders, I couldn't even lift a hand in defense. If Edwin Pennyworth, the McCormick family's head butler, hadn't shown up at the last moment, I would've died right there." As she spoke, her face contorted with hatred. Maurice, Walter, and Bradley all fell into stunned silence.

Scarlett had always been known as domineering and untouchable in Blumendale. She was one of the most feared figures in the Driscoll family, commanding half its power with absolute authority. Yet now, this 40-year-old woman sat with teary eyes. It was a pitiful sight, and hard to believe. "What about Henry?" Maurice finally asked after a long pause. "What happened to him in the end?" Scarlett gritted her teeth. "He was nearly killed by Victoria Sanchez from the Peck family.

The two of them started fighting at the Yeager estate and didn't stop until sundown." Maurice's eyes widened. "What about Edwin? He just stood there ---- and watched?" Scarlett's lips twitched. "Edwin warned her, but that crazy woman ignored him completely. She didn't give a damn about the McCormick family's name. Ultimately, Edwin backed down, and Henry was beaten for nothing.

If Victoria had already broken into the martial saint level, Henry would be a corpse by now." Bradley let out a slow, heavy breath, stunned. "Why would Victoria go after Henry? Doesn't she know the Fischer family isn't to be trifled with?" Scarlett's expression turned ice cold. "It all comes back to Andrew. Victoria and Andrew... whatever their relationship is, I don't know. But that bitch went all the way to Goldridge just to fight for him.

What the hell was she thinking?" Maurice slammed his palm down on the armrest. "Enough We've heard enough! Send Joe to Goldridge. At the very least, we need to salvage the Driscoll family's interests there. And that Victoria... if she's so eager to die, then let's give her what she wants." Bradley hesitated. "Sir, Victoria isn't an easy target. Her power rivals a martial saint's. Realistically, only you could deal with her directly." Maurice sneered. "She's not worth my time.

She may be strong, but the Peck family is a washed-up mess full of holes. We'll go ---- through Calvin. That man has been groveling at his wife's feet for years. And a disobedient dog often bites people in the most unexpected and deadly ways." Scarlett's voice was venomous. "I'll take Andrew's life with my own hands." Walter grinned darkly. "Ms. Driscoll, allow me to join you. We'll crush that little bastard together." Maurice raised his hand, then brought it down sharply.

"Bradley, you're joining them, too! All three of you will attack Andrew together. This time, he must die." Bradley stiffened. "Is it really necessary, sir? My role is to stand guard against the Phelans or the Fischer family, not to kill one man." Maurice clenched his jaw. "I don't care anymore! Right now, nothing else matters but killing Andrew. He should've been dead long ago." Bradley nodded slowly.

"Understood." With Scarlett, Bradley, and Walter joining forces, three of the Driscoll family's top fighters, killing one man should have been more than enough. Scarlett was not done. She narrowed her eyes. "I'm bringing in someone else, too. With him on our side, I won't have to worry. ---- This time, if Andrew doesn't die, I won't stop until I'm dead myself." Walter asked, "Who are you thinking of bringing in, Ms. Driscoll?" Scarlett's voice was chilling.

"Franklin Gurney." Walter inhaled sharply, then exhaled slowly and nodded. "If he joins us, it's a done deal." Bradley stroked his beard and smiled. "If Ms. Driscoll can really bring in the number one martial artist in Gabo Creek, then Andrew's fate is sealed." Read full story at [FindNovel.net](http://FindNovel.net)

## Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1922 The cold morning wind was sharp and biting. Behind Serenity Villa, Andrew was back to his usual routine, leading his five top students through morning drills and martial arts training. Only today, there was one extra face in the lineup: Eric. This pampered brat usually slept in like a hibernating bear, refusing to get up before noon. Unfortunately for him, he was now in Andrew's hands. "Join the workout. It'll be good for your health," Andrew said casually. "No thanks.

You guys knock yourselves out. I don't need this," Eric replied flatly. "Eric, I wasn't asking for your opinion. I'm telling you to do as I say," Andrew said with no room for negotiation. "And I'm telling you, Andrew, I don't need you hovering over my life. Do me a favor: get out and close the door on your way." Two muffled thuds echoed, followed by the sound of the bed crashing. Eric came down a few minutes later, face grim and lip bruised.

He was clearly there not by choice, joining the group in the ---- freezing air. If looks could kill, Andrew would have been dead long ago Moving his wrist, Andrew watched from behind and muttered, "I tried asking nicely, but you really thought I was Mr. Thornton, someone who'd just let you do whatever you want. Kids don't shape up without discipline, and weirdos don't behave without correction!" Lauren's internal energy had grown more ferocious. One casual strike from her now stung like fire.

Francesca's physical techniques were taking form beautifully. However, her chest bounced with distracting rhythm every time she moved, and Andrew silently cursed himself for noticing. It felt like someone else was reaping the visual benefits of his hard work. Aspen twirled her dagger with increasing flair, her assassin's aura becoming more refined by the day. All three of his women were practically ready to graduate.

For ordinary opponents, any one of them could take care of business without breaking a sweat. Across the frozen artificial lake, a young man in white stepped onto the ice and strolled toward them. Surprisingly, he smiled at Andrew, as if the two were old friends. ---- Andrew stepped forward and held out a hand to stop him. Joe smirked. "What now? Still mad about me walking into your turf? Too bad. Master Shiloh asked me to swing by today. The rightful source is [FindNovel.net](http://FindNovel.net)

She needs a ride to her part-time job." Andrew asked, "Where's your car?" Joe nodded toward the driveway. "Right outside your front gate. The red one." Andrew raised a brow. "That red Bugatti? The one worth tens of millions?" Joe's smile widened. "That's the one. Nothing but the best to drive Master Shiloh to work. I know it's a little modest, but I'll keep working hard until I can get her something even better." Andrew watched the guy show off and felt a rising urge to smack him.

He sneered, "You're not giving her a ride... You're hitting on her, aren't you?" Joe's face flushed, but he stayed calm. "That's none of your business, Andrew. Now, if you'll excuse me, Master Shiloh's waiting." Andrew did not move. Instead, he said, "Your car is too flashy and way too expensive. You can drive her if you want, but you're switching to a tricycle. Pedal-powered." ---- Joe's expression twisted. "You want me to pedal a tricycle?

You really think someone from the Driscoll family would ride around like that?" Andrew laughed coldly. "Why not? And let me make one thing clear: Joe, you're not getting anywhere near Shiloh with those intentions. Her mind's regressing. That's a symptom of her ageless syndrome. But just because she has an incurable illness doesn't mean she's yours to manipulate." Joe's voice turned sharp. "Andrew, you'd better watch your mouth."

## Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1923 Joe argued, "How exactly did I lie to Shiloh? While you were gone these past few days, I drove her to and from work every single day. She went with me willingly. If you don't believe me, go ask your people." Andrew's face turned cold as he immediately looked over at Dylan and Natasha. Natasha blinked innocently, shrank back, and whispered, " Darling, he's not lying at all. Shiloh's been riding with him lately. She actually looks pretty happy about it." Andrew fell silent.

Joe snorted and strode off toward the front yard of Serenity Villa, a faintly smug expression tugging at his lips. Shiloh was already waiting for him, waving him over impatiently. "Joe, what took you so long? Hurry up! If I'm late, I'm going to knock your head!" Joe quickly apologized, "Master Shiloh, I got held up by a bad guy. That's why I'm running late." Their voices faded into the distance, but Shiloh's words still carried over. "You're talking about Andrew, aren't you? Ignore him.

You're my apprentice, so you listen to me. Come on! I'm ---- about to make bank today. I'll treat you to a barbecue after!" Andrew took a deep breath, brows furrowed tight. Lauren walked up with a teasing smile. "Honey, what's wrong? Are you... jealous?" Andrew frowned. "Jealous? Of Shiloh and Joe?" Lauren gave him a playful nudge. "Exactly. Shiloh's body may be growing, but her mind is getting younger. These days, she's like a 17-year-old girl, innocent and curious about everything! Updates are released by FInd-Novel.net

Joe is so handsome and gentle, so it's natural that she would depend on him after spending so much time together." Andrew's lips twitched. "You're overthinking it. I'm not jealous. But Shiloh's not just anyone, and there's a big secret behind her identity. With her ageless syndrome flaring up, her mental state keeps shifting by the day. If this goes on, she might regress to the mindset of a seven-year-old.

I'm worried she'll get taken advantage of." Just then, Aspen and Francesca joined the conversation. Francesca shook her head. "I don't think so. Joe's different from the rest of the Driscoll family. He doesn't seem like someone who'd hurt her." Aspen stuck out her tongue and grinned. "Honey, I'm usually on your side, but I have to agree with Fran this time. Guys like Joe ---- are pretty rare." Andrew let out a cold laugh. "You all trust him? Well, I can't.

Sure, maybe there are decent folks in the Driscoll family, but Joe? He's Scarlett's brother. Maurice's youngest son. That's a whole family of bad seeds, and I'm not about to believe Joe's the exception." With that, Andrew turned to Eric, who had been lurking nearby. " Hey, buddy, instead of training, you're eavesdropping now?" Eric looked slightly awkward, let out a dry chuckle, and replied coolly, "Andrew, I'm not your buddy, so don't call me that. And one more thing. That woman in your house?

If I were you, I'd stop getting involved." He added, "If you're smart, you'll kick her out of Serenity Villa right now and never cross paths with her again. In fact, wherever she shows up, you should stay as far away as possible!" Andrew stared, stunned. "Why?" Eric's serious tone stunned not only him but also Lauren, Aspen, and Francesca. "Mr. Humphrey, do you know something about Shiloh?" "Tell us! Why are you so against her?" "Mr. Humphrey, who is Shiloh, really? You know her past, don't ---- you?"

## Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1924 Eric remained silent for a moment. He looked at the three ladies, but finally fixed his gaze on Andrew's face. "You call her Shiloh, right? Dad once mentioned that there was an extraordinary woman in the northern and southern martial arts communities of Holtrien. And funny enough, her name was also Shiloh. "But that's just her first name, and her surname is the extremely rare Greene. You probably don't know much about Holtrien's old martial clans, but the Greene family?"

It wasn't just rare. It was feared." Aspen turned into a curious little detective, "Sounds like it has deep roots and is really powerful. Mr. Humphrey, you're the foster son of Mr. Thornton, so you're very familiar with martial arts affairs. "What's the big deal with the Greene family? Are they like Estonia's Maelstrom Bloodline? Total monsters, right?" Francesca facepalmed. "Aspen, can you not jump topics like that? The Maelstrom Bloodline is from a movie.

What, you think we're in a superhero multiverse?" Aspen giggled, clearly pleased with her dramatic flair. ---- Eric ignored the banter and focused on Andrew, his tone sharp. " The Greene family was once the sworn enemy of the entire martial world. Over a century ago, all nine of the orthodox martial sects came together to wipe them out. Only one person survived, the Saintess of the Greene clan. And if I'm not mistaken, the Shiloh in your house is most likely that very person. Andrew scoffed.

"And what proof do you have that Shiloh is her?" Eric replied firmly, "Because she carries both ageless syndrome and amnesia, two rare conditions that have always appeared in the family's saintesses. These aren't coincidences. It's a curse that's been passed down through every generation of their bloodline, a punishment from the heavens for the Greene family's sins.

Every major martial sect with a history knows this." He continued, "Because of the chaos the Greenes caused, entire clans nearly fell. At one point, the Saintess even brought the legendary Swordhaven Keep to the brink of destruction 30 years ago. "She nearly ended them, until their master, Alfredo Topsfield, broke seclusion and killed her, saving his entire clan." Eric's voice turned ice cold. The three ladies went quiet, unsure how to respond. ---- Andrew asked, "Alfredo Topsfield..."

wasn't he ranked third on the Titan List?" Eric nodded. "That's him. He's basically the gold standard when it comes to swordsmanship. They say that after he killed Estonia's Sword Saint with one strike, he was recognized as the greatest swordsman alive.

Even Dad, who ranks eighth, is nowhere near his level." Jerome, being ranked eighth and still the leader of the Southern Martial Union, made that fact all the more terrifying Alfredo, ranked third, was not just elite; he was in a league of his own. Suddenly, Lauren spoke up. "Mr. Humphrey,

maybe everything you said is true. But I still don't want to believe Shiloh is dangerous." Aspen chimed in, eyes flashing. "Exactly!

I don't believe for a second that Shiloh could be that destructive villain you described. You've seen her! She's harmless, sweet even! Working part-time, up early, back late... how could she possibly be a threat?" Eric shook his head. "What makes someone dangerous isn't how they act now, but what lies buried deep in their soul. Right now, she might seem innocent... She's growing younger, getting cuter ---- by the day. But what happens when one day she picks up a knife and puts it through you?

"Wouldn't that be too late to regret?" Lauren and Aspen opened their mouths but had nothing to say. Francesca, however, crossed her arms and snorted. "Mr. Humphrey, even if what you say about the Greene family is true, and they were the enemy of the martial world, Shiloh is still Shiloh. There's no way she's that same Shiloh you're talking about." Eric let out a cold chuckle. "Lying to yourselves won't change the truth. Whether she is the same Shiloh or not, the facts are right in front of you.

I've got no reason to lie." Andrew narrowed his eyes. "Eric, who told you all this about the Greene family? If I'm guessing right, it must've been Mr. Thornton, wasn't it?" Eric nodded. "You're right. It was him." Andrew smirked. "Then he must know a lot more about Shiloh than we do. Looks like I need to step up my search for him." Eric tensed. "Andrew, what are you planning?" Andrew shrugged casually. "Nothing crazy. I just want answers. I want to know what kind of past Shiloh really has." 2 Get full chapters from [Find1Novel.net](http://Find1Novel.net)

## Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1925 Andrew said, "I just want to know if she is really some unforgivable villain, or is there something we don't know yet?" Eric scoffed immediately. "Please. Spare me the drama. You've been defending that woman from the start. Ever since Joe showed up, I could see it plain as day. Andrew, you've been around. You've slept with your fair share of women, Chantelle included. But you'd better ask yourself: do you really want to mess with a witch?

I'm just worried that you'll end up regretting it, because some things just aren't worth the thrill." That bastard really knew how to strike where it hurt. His words were sharp and painfully accurate. For once, Andrew was caught off guard, but he let out a cold laugh. He clenched his fists, and the sound of his knuckles cracking echoed through the yard Eric tensed up. "What are you doing? I'm just telling the truth.

If you hit me again, once I get my martial skills back, I swear I'll fight you to the death!" Before Andrew could take another step, Lauren, Francesca, and Aspen all turned to him with wide, disbelieving eyes. "Honey, even Ms. Garcia wasn't spared?" ---- "You mean you actually slept with that Ms. Garcia, the ice queen? "So... does that mean we have a fourth member now?" Andrew's face turned pitch black. It happened. The moment he feared finally came. "Alright, fine. But what if I told you...

she slept with me?" For a moment, Andrew actually thought that was a clever comeback. Lauren gave him a cold smile. 'Nice try.' Francesca rolled her eyes. "Sure." Aspen added sweetly, "If you're lying, honey, don't blame me when I break your fingers in your sleep." Andrew was dumbfounded. Right on cue, a sleek black Audi A6 pulled up in front of Serenity Villa. Chantelle

stepped out in a fitted black utility suit, all sharp lines and effortless grace. She smiled as she greeted them. "Ms.

Rhodes, Ms. Acker, Ms. Stevens, Andrew, Mr. Humphrey! Everyone's here!" Andrew looked up at the sky, silently cursing, 'Oh crap... I'm so screwed.' ---- Eric chuckled darkly. "Love debts piling up, huh, Andrew? You're cursed with too many love affairs and will eventually die because of them." Andrew gritted his teeth. "What, you jealous, you deadbeat drama queen? Everyone's going to die, might as well go happy!" Chantelle made her way to the backyard, looking puzzled.

She could not figure out why Lauren, Francesca, and Aspen were all staring at her like that, expressions unreadable. "Um... Ms. Rhodes, Ms. Acker, Ms. Stevens... Is there something on my face? Or my clothes?" Her voice wavered slightly under their heavy gazes, though she tried to stay calm. Aspen quickly shook her head. "Nope, nothing at all. Just... admiring the view!" Lauren beamed. "Ms. Garcia, congratulations.

You're officially off the market!" Francesca covered her mouth, laughing playfully. "You're one of us now!" Chantelle froze. One beat later, her face turned bright red as she glared at Andrew, stunned. "Wait... they all know?" ---- Andrew's face was stone-cold. He pointed straight at Eric and said, "Don't look at me. That blabbermouth spilled it." Eric put on a serious face. "Ms. Garcia, my dad is the head of the Southern Martial Union.

You might want to think twice before laying a hand on me." Without warning, he started jogging in place and shouted, "Hup, 'two, three, four!" He boxed the air as he skipped off dramatically, pretending to train until he reached a safe distance. Then, he bolted like hell, throwing glances over his shoulder in case Chantelle came chasing. Chantelle took a deep breath, ignoring Eric. Instead, she stood still for a moment, like she was trying to decide whether to run or confess.

After a while, she exhaled and finally looked up with resolve. "Alright, I'll admit it. I slept with Andrew. I like him... just like you all do. So if you wanna call me a slut or a homewrecker, go ahead. I'm sorry for coming between you and your man." But to her, and Andrew's total surprise, Lauren, Francesca, and Aspen threw their arms in the air and shouted in unison, "Welcome to the family, Ms. Garcia!" "Tonight, it's four-on-one!

We're taking him down!" ---- Chantelle blinked, stunned, The next moment, she burst into laughter. "Hell yeah, I'm in!" Andrew sighed in defeat. From now on, he knew his life would be a mix of pleasure and pain. But hey, what a way to go. Meanwhile, in a nearby car, Hank sat tied up in the back seat with tape over his mouth. Through the window, he watched Andrew surrounded by stunning women. And all he could feel was envy. That guy was surrounded by gorgeous women everywhere.

On the other hand, he was about to be dragged off to apologize and make amends to Hannah. The gap between men had never felt wider. Check latest chapters at [find♦novel.net](http://find♦novel.net)

## Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1926 At the Keller residence, Andrew and Chantelle brought Hank over together. Logan's eyes flashed with cold fury as he stepped forward and kicked Hank right in the face. With his remaining hand unable to move, Hank struggled to get up from the ground. His eyes were filled

with vicious hatred as he spat, "Logan, I'll remember that. You're going to regret it." Logan looked ready to strike again, rage written all over his face.

However, George walked out calmly, hands behind his back. He said, "Logan, stand down." Logan clenched his jaw but obeyed, stepping aside reluctantly. George did not spare a single glance at the kneeling Hank. Instead, he turned to Andrew and Chantelle with a warm smile. "You two have done well. Especially you, Andy... On behalf of Hannah, I thank you." Then, he bowed low, deeply and sincerely. Andrew panicked and rushed to hold him up.

"Sir, please, you don't have to do this!" George gently pushed his hands away. "No, I insist. I'm doing ---- this willingly, and it's the least I can do. Andrew, you've never raised a daughter before. But when you do, you'll understand... this was far too mild. What you've recovered for Hannah isn't just her losses... It's her dignity and the courage to keep living." Andrew sighed quietly and stepped back with Chantelle, saying nothing more.

Soon, Hannah came out accompanied by Emily and Freya, her eyes red with tears. Hank looked up and smiled mockingly. "Hannah, are you crying tears of joy because I'm back?" With a disgusted sound, Emily was the first to spit right in Hank's face. Hank was not ashamed. In fact, he seemed to enjoy it and chuckled proudly. "Ms.

Emily, your saliva is sweet as expected." Emily gritted her teeth, "You perverted scumbag!" Freya shouted, "Hank, apologize to Hannah right now." Hank snorted coldly, "Apologize? What the hell for? It was consensual between a man and a woman. I didn't force her." He laughed and added, "Besides, this little slut was pretty enthusiastic back then.

You didn't see how eager she was to spread her legs and service me when she found out I was a ---- Special Ops agent!" His arrogance and smugness were off the charts, completely dismissing the Keller family. Freya flew into a rage and slapped Hank hard across the face. Hank sneered. "Right now, I can't fight back. So sure, do whatever you want. But mark my words... If you don't finish me off today, the entire Keller family's going down.

Screw all of you!" Both Freya and Emily were shocked and furious. Hank's background was no joke. He was from Chetvine's Special Ops, not just some low-level thug. Even if he had done horrible things to the Keller family, retaliating too hard could bring serious consequences. Logan roared, "Move! I'm going to kill this piece of trash! If you don't, you're just a coward!" Chantelle frowned, "Hank, that's enough.

You'll face consequences, not just from the law, but from everything decent people stand for." Hank turned to her with a twisted grin. "Ms. Garcia, don't preach to me. I'm just temporarily locked up, not buried six feet under. And just so you know, the higher-ups at Special Ops already know I've been arrested. Get ready. Our Director's coming, and when he does, none of you will be laughing." ---- Chantelle's voice trembled slightly, "The Special Ops director, Mr.

Barnaby Hale?" Hank grinned wickedly, "So you do know his reputation! Well then, prepare to face his wrath and fury. Even Governor McCormick behind you is nothing special in Mr. Hale's eyes!" READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT [find-novel.net](http://find-novel.net)

## Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1927 Chantelle's face went pale as panic swept over her. If that mad dog of a director from Special Ops, Barnaby, really stepped in to save Hank, things could get ugly fast. With the way Special Ops operated, not even Derek would be able to handle the fallout easily. While everyone was still frowning, unsure what to do next, Andrew had already rolled up his sleeves and landed two brutal slaps across Hank's face. Hank, who had just been kicked earlier, now got his face lit up again.

This time, it swelled instantly. He roared, "Andrew! How dare you slap me again? Are you out of your damn mind? Didn't you hear me say that Mr. Hale is coming for me personally?" His voice cracked with fury, eyes blazing. Most people would have backed down after hearing Barnaby's name, but Andrew? He did not even flinch. Hank could not understand what was wrong with him. How many lives did this lunatic think he had to spare?

"I don't care who you report to," Andrew said coldly, yanking ---- Hank up by the hair. "I don't give a damn about your director either. Right now, you're gonna kneel to Mr. Keller Senior and apologize. Properly." Hank bared his teeth. "Screw you. Dream on! You won't be so cocky for long." Andrew's open palms came down like a rainstorm. When he got tired of using his hands, he switched to his feet, kicking Hank viciously in the gut.

Within seconds, Hank was curled on the floor, coughing up bile and blood, his reopened wounds pouring fresh crimson onto the tiles. Chantelle and the others stood frozen in shock. "andy, seriously... That's enough." It was not until George finally spoke that Andrew halted. He calmly buttoned up his suit jacket, straightened his sleeves, and looked down at Hank like he was nothing more than trash.

"Now," he said coolly, "are you ready to apologize?" Hank curled up tighter, his hand over his head, too afraid to lift it. "Andrew, if anything happens to me... You and your whole crew will be wiped off the map! Mark my words!" ---- Andrew grabbed a vase off the table and shattered it right over Hank's skull. Then, he turned to Logan with a deadly glare. "Bring me a butcher knife. A sharp one. If I don't bleed this bastard out tonight, I won't sleep right!" Logan flinched.

He could tell Andrew was not bluffing. Even Chantelle and George exchanged a stunned look. This version of Andrew was unrecognizable. He was not just furious. He was lethal. The brutal calm beneath his fury, the cold precision in his violence. It made all three Keller women shiver, their bodies instinctively recoiling from the icy pressure in the air. "andrew, you're scaring me..." Chantelle whispered.

Ever since their relationship became public, her pride and coldness had melted away around him. What replaced them was awe, fear, and a growing sense that she barely knew this man at all. Logan returned with the knife, and Andrew snatched it without hesitation. He twirled it twice, and the sharp blade sang in the air before he lowered it, aiming straight for Hank's throat. ---- That was when Hank finally broke. "Wait! Wait! Andrew... Mr. Lloyd... S-Sir, please don't! We can talk this out!"

I'll apologize! I'll drop to my knees and beg! Whatever you say, I'll do it! Just please don't kill me!" His shrieks were so desperate and so pathetic. They did not even sound human anymore, more like an animal at the slaughterhouse.

# Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1928 Andrew pulled the knife away and sighed in disappointment. " That's it? You're already breaking? Boring. And here I thought you had nerves of steel. It would've been more fun if you'd held out longer. I was just getting started. Didn't expect you to be such a damn coward." Seeing that disappointed look on Andrew's face, Hank wanted to die right then and there. He thought Andrew was a living, breathing devil walking among mortals.

Even Chetvine's notorious Ironhold Division probably could not produce such a twisted executioner. Hank growled in frustration, "Andrew, no matter how arrogant and powerful you are, Mr. Hale is not someone you can mess with." Andrew scoffed. "Oh, you mean Barnaby the Baby? Everyone knows him. If he dares raise his voice at me, I'll actually be impressed." Hank let out a bitter string of laughs. Even Chantelle and the others cracked a smile. Official source is [find@novel.net](mailto:find@novel.net)

When Andrew started bragging, he really did not hold back! Facing Hannah now, Hank dropped to his knees and bowed his ---- head. "Hannah, I'm sorry. I was wrong. I owe you a real apology." Hannah's eyes filled with tears as she said bitterly, "I only hate that I was blind and gave my trust to the wrong person!" Hank snapped back, "Oh, really? You think you were just blind? Then tell me, Hannah, weren't you the one chasing status, chasing luxury?

Didn't you drag me around to flaunt me in front of your girlfriends, proud that you landed someone 'so elite'? "When I got invited by the Driscoll family, didn't you rush to tag along like it made you special? Say what you want... I was a bastard out in the open. But you? You weren't some innocent little angel either." Hannah broke down completely, tears falling hard. "You're right. I admit it. I was shallow... blinded by vanity." She turned to Andrew, heart full of regret. "Andrew...

can you forgive me? If I'd just listened to you back then, none of this would've happened. I'm sorry. Please... give me another chance." Andrew's face remained stone cold as he shook his head. " There's no need to apologize. I brought Hank back because I made a promise to your father. As for you? You don't owe me anything, and there's nothing between us. So no... I'm not accepting your apology." Hannah froze. Her tears flowed harder, and her chest ached with ---- a strange, bitter pain.

George stood quietly at the side, letting out a long sigh. This daughter of his, spoiled from the day she was born, had been raised like a delicate rose behind glass. However, it was precisely this sheltered life that made her blind to reality. And now, she realized it a little too late. Men like Andrew were sharp, disciplined, and brilliant. They were not the kind you got a second chance with. Once you lost them, they were gone forever.

After that, Hank was made to kneel at the Keller family gates for half a day, humiliated in full view of passersby. Only when the crowd had finished jeering did Chantelle finally take him away. As she walked him toward the car, she frowned and said, " Andrew, even though Hank committed serious crimes, he's still with Special Ops. He'll have to be tried by their tribunal." Before getting in, she turned back and warned, "But I'm worried if Mr.

Hale hears what you did back there, things could get ugly." Andrew waved it off like it was nothing. "Let him come to Gabo Creek himself. I'll be more than happy to catch up with him. And I'll ask him if he's already forgotten the pain I left him with last time." ---- Chantelle stomped her

foot. "Andrew, I'm being serious! Could you not talk like that? The Director of Special Ops is a high-ranking federal official! And you're just calling him a baby?"

"Are you out of your mind?" Andrew pointed to his own nose with a smirk. "Do I look like I'm joking with you?"

## Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1929 Andrew said, "Have you forgotten what my identity and background used to be? Me, afraid of some Special Ops director? You've got to be kidding me!" Chantelle was stunned for a moment. Then, she burst into laughter. "Got it, honey... You're the Lloyds' Dragon Prince, and your Chetvine Lloyds are royal bloodlines, so you're absolutely incredible, okay?" This was the first time she had called Andrew 'honey', and she discovered it rolled off her tongue incredibly naturally.

Tonight, she could finally move into Serenity Villa, a privilege reserved only for official girlfriends. Just thinking about it made Chantelle incredibly excited. Meanwhile, the video of Hank apologizing on his knees had already spread. It greatly helped to restore the Keller family's honor after the humiliation. Nonetheless, Hannah's emotional wounds could not heal overnight. "Hannah, cheer up. Look, Andrew already got revenge for you!" "That's right, Hannah!"

From now on, start fresh and become that happy girl you used to be!" ---- Emily and Freya were doing their best to comfort her. Hannah lay face-down on her bed, sobbing into her pillow, "Emily, Freya, why do I still feel miserable even after that animal Hank apologized to me? My innocence is gone, and I'm not a proper lady anymore!" Emily sighed. "Hannah, try to look on the bright side!"

At least you've gotten back some of your dignity and self-respect!" Freya added, "Hannah, you still have us, Logan, and Dad; even Andrew, too. Don't worry, you haven't lost anything important!" Hannah sobbed harder. "Freya... what hurts me most is Andrew. He seems so disgusted with me now, like he doesn't want anything to do with me. And now, every time I even think of another man, I feel sick... like they're all as disgusting as Hank. Andrew's the only one I can bear to think about.

"I just want him to treat me like his little sister... to care about me. I've been watching him lately. And I realized... He's not just handsome, he's incredible. I want to feel safe with him." Her words made Emily and Freya fall silent. As her older sisters, they understood Hannah too well, and they knew exactly what she was really thinking. Emily asked, "Hannah, be honest.

Do you really just want Andrew to see you as a sister?" ---- Hannah stopped crying for a second and buried her head deeper into the sheets, saying nothing. Freya gave a soft, wry laugh. "Y-You've fallen for him, haven't you?" Hannah turned to them with wide, hopeful eyes. "Emily... Freya... Do you think he'd ever accept me? I mean, he's so much better than Hank! Ten times better, no... 100 times better! A man like him belongs with us, with our family..."

the three of us." She continued, "And now that I've been hurt this badly, you understand where I'm coming from, right? Will you help me be his woman?" Hannah looked up at them with pleading eyes, using the innocent charm she had always relied on as the youngest sister, knowing they could never really say no to her. Emily smiled bitterly. "A guy like Andrew could easily outmatch any of us sisters. I know I don't have a chance anymore. I've already made peace with that.

But if you're really serious about him... then I'll support you." Hannah lit up with joy. "Thank you, Emily!" She turned to Freya with pitiful eyes, "Freya, you love me the most! Being with Andrew is the only way I can restore my reputation now. Being his woman would be an honor in itself. ---- "Look at Lauren, Francesca, and Aspen! They're all amazing women. Even someone like Ms. Garcia, who's connected to the government, wants to be with Andrew! Freya, please help me out and make this happen for me."

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## Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1930 "I just want to prove myself. I want to start over!" Hannah said with determination. Freya slowly shook her head. "I'm sorry, Hannah. I don't think I can help you with this." Hannah's expression changed, her tone rising with frustration. " Why not, Freya? Don't you want to see me happy?" Even Emily looked surprised. "Freya, do you have something else 'on your mind?" Freya sighed. "No, Emily, nothing like that. I just...

I just don't think Hannah and Andrew are a good match." The more she spoke, the quieter her voice became, her gaze drifting away. Emily studied her sister closely but chose not to push further. Still, she understood everything in an instant. Freya had always been the quiet one and never fought for anything. Yet, this time, something had clearly shifted. Hannah snapped, "Freya, what do you mean we're not a good match? Dad already arranged for us three to be with Andrew.

Once you and Emily back off, I'll have a chance. Isn't that how ---- it's supposed to go?" Freya took a deep breath and finally answered honestly. "Then let me just be straight with you, Hannah. You and Andrew really don't suit each other. You've seen it yourself. He's close to our family because of Logan and Dad, not because of the three of us." She continued, "And some of the things you've done... they really turned him off.

After what happened with Hank, do you really think Andrew would be willing to take you in?" Hannah let out a sharp scream. Her voice cracked with anger. " Freya, what are you saying? You're trying to say I'm not good enough for him? And what, you are? I'm your little sister, Freya. Your sister! Can't you just let me have this?" She broke into another round of loud sobbing, as if she had just been deeply wronged Emily rushed to comfort her. "Hannah, don't cry. That's not what Freya meant, okay?

Come on, stop crying..." But the more she spoke, the harder Hannah cried. She started flailing, throwing a tantrum right there on the bed. Freya's chest felt tight with frustration. Her face darkened. She wanted to scream, to lash out, but could not. Somewhere deep inside, a trace of disgust began to bloom, disgust toward her ---- own sister. However, the guilt came just as quickly. How could she think that way? Hannah was her baby sister. She was supposed to protect her, not resent her.

If Hannah wanted Andrew, then as her elder sister, it was her duty to support her, right? "Fine," Freya whispered, barely audible. "Stop crying. I'll help you. I'll help you be with Andrew." Hannah wiped her eyes and looked up in delight. "Really?" Freya looked at the smile on her face. She was so selfish, so certain, and her heart ached. After all, Freya wanted him too. They were siblings, sharing the same blood. So why should she be the one to give him up?

And let's be honest, out of the three sisters, she was the one closest to Andrew. "Really," Freya repeated softly, even though every word stabbed at her. Despite the bitterness swirling inside her, she gave in. ---- Hannah squealed and threw her arms around her. "I knew it! You're always the one who loves me most! Freya, Emily... Let's go! Didn't Logan and Dad invite Andrew to stay for dinner? I want to sit by him, serve him, show him how good I can be!" Freya forced a smile. For more chapters visit [findnovel.net](http://findnovel.net)

"Sure." As she held her sister, her eyes met Emily's. Emily saw everything. She did not need to ask because the truth was written all over Freya's face. Freya shook her head slightly, silently begging her not to speak. She was stepping aside. Emily exhaled quietly, her heart weighed down by worry.