

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1941 Victoria waved her hand dismissively. "Listen to me, let's put that matter aside for now. Andrew, do you know what special day today is?" Andrew paused, looking puzzled. "Today? It's still about ten days until Renewal Day, so I can't think of what special day it would be!" Victoria smiled. "Today is Kindling Night for us in the South. When I was little, my mentor would always celebrate it with me and my fellow apprentices at the training grounds.

Come on, I want to take you to experience it too." Andrew grinned. "Sounds great!" In the Peck residence, several cars were already running. Flower arrangements, along with various offerings, were neatly arranged in colorful displays that looked absolutely beautiful. Wealthy families always paid attention to details and honored traditional holidays. Calvin approached them with a flattering smile. "Victoria, let's go. It's almost time!" Victoria walked with Andrew, followed by Miles and Liliana.

---- Miles was reasonably polite to Andrew and took the initiative to greet him. However, Liliana snorted coldly with obvious disdain Andrew was not impressed by her either, so he simply ignored her. As for Calvin, he acted like he did not even see him. After all, the two had an unpleasant encounter back in Goldridge. Calvin's illegitimate son, Terry, had failed to become Jerome's inner disciple. Blaming Zachary for it, Calvin also held a grudge against Andrew.

"Andrew, why don't you ride with me?" Victoria suggested as she climbed into the lead car first. Andrew did not think much of it and got into the passenger seat. Originally, he could have sat in the back with Victoria. After all, he still knew the proper boundaries to maintain. Liliana pouted. "Mom, I want to sit with you." Victoria replied calmly, "That's fine, just get in. We're getting late. Just like that, Liliana ended up in the back seat. Miles followed Calvin into a separate car.

The coldness in Calvin's eyes grew even more intense. The cars headed toward the cathedral on the outskirts of Blumedale. ---- Every year around this time, Victoria would go there to offer prayers. It was not just the Peck family, but the Goldings, the Haywoods, and the Wrights would also all go for the prayer. Some prayed for family safety, others for wealth, and some for longevity; each had their own wishes. Andrew had never been one for ceremonies like this. Official source is findnovel.net

He did not want to pray to anyone; he only believed in relying on himself. Nonetheless, since Victoria had gone out of her way to help him back in Goldridge, he figured tagging along was the least he could do to keep her happy. Even though Gabo Creek was in the South, the dead of winter still brought a bitter chill. With everything withered and barren, only traces of green remained along the mountain roads in the suburbs.

The three cars drove slowly along the winding mountain road toward the cathedral at the summit. Inside the car, Victoria suddenly asked, "Andrew, you seem to be quite close with the Wright family, aren't you?" Andrew openly admitted, "Yes, Victoria. You could say I have a voice in their decisions now." Victoria covered her mouth and laughed. "Yara is the same age ---- as our Liliana. But she has already taken control of the Wright family.

I suppose that's thanks to you, isn't it?" Andrew replied, "I wouldn't say it was me, but I have indeed helped her a lot." Victoria nodded approvingly. "Very impressive. You've progressed even more than I expected, and achieved even greater results!" Andrew was puzzled, not understanding

what Victoria was trying to express. "Andrew, I've always wanted to push you to become the King of Gabo Creek. But you repeatedly expressed that you weren't interested.

"However, sometimes things work out unexpectedly... Have you noticed that the power, connections, and influence you've accumulated are already sufficient?" Her voice grew quiet and more serious.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1942 Andrew immediately understood what Victoria meant. "Indeed, with my current connections and various relationships, I've definitely grown powerful here in Blumedale!" On the Wright family side, Andrew controlled things remotely through Yara. The Keller family could be considered completely under his influence. As for the Goldings, while they were not exactly close, the tension from before had vanished now that his power had grown.

Most grudges in this world, truthfully, were easy to resolve. As long as you were strong enough, people would come around smiling, saying stuff like, "Let bygones be bygones." Among the Five Apex Families, the remaining Haywoods were Andrew's mortal enemies. However, Andrew had reached a point where he did not even take them seriously anymore. In Gabo Creek, there were several major powers: the Three Titans and Derek. Andrew's relationship with Derek was out in the open.

At least, Derek already knew his identity as the Dragon Prince of the Lloyds. That left the Three Titans. ---- The Driscoll family and Andrew were definitely mortal enemies at this point. Meanwhile, things were also heating up between him and the Fischer family, making them more enemies than allies at this point. Lastly, Andrew and the Phelans were in a rather unique position. Their relationship depended entirely on Luna.

If Andrew took the initiative to show goodwill, Luna would likely become his ally. However, Andrew disliked her arrogance, so he had always kept his distance. Moreover, she was not the type to back down either. Hence, the two were on their own separate journey. For Andrew, his relationship with the Phelans could only be seen as neutral for now, neither good nor bad.

If Andrew really wanted to become the King of Gabo Creek and dominate the region, he would need to face the Driscolls and Fischers head-on, not to mention some other independent powerhouses in the martial world. Victoria let out a cold scoff. "Andrew, I want you to be a little more ambitious. I know you're not into fame or status, and the ---- title 'King of Gabo Creek' probably means nothing to you "But don't forget... Your people, the ones who follow you, they're all based here in Gabo Creek.

So, even if you don't care about the title, claiming it would still benefit your people, and me. There's no downside to it." If anyone else had said that, Andrew would have laughed it off and assumed they were just trying to use him. However, Victoria was different. He knew that, whatever unspoken feelings she had, she genuinely cared about him and meant well. "Victoria, I just think it feels... a bit too flashy.

And besides, it won't be long before I have to return to Chetvine and visit the Lloyds, to settle things with my dad and clean up the past." Andrew sighed bitterly, finally voicing what had been weighing on him. Victoria replied, "You going back to Chetvine, to face the fallout with your dad

after all these years of staying away... I completely support that. But that has nothing to do with you taking the reins here in Gabo Creek.

The two aren't in conflict at all." Andrew sat quietly for a moment and finally nodded. "Alright, I'll give it some serious thought." However, Victoria was as forceful as ever. "Nothing to think about. I'll make the decision for you. Don't worry, both Tiana and I will have your back. I'll be honest, I can't stand her. But I know, ---- just like me, she wants what's best for you: "And for that alone, I won't stand in her way. Andrew, don't let me down. Don't let Tiana down.

And don't let down all the people who believe in you." With that kind of emotional uppercut, there was no way Andrew could dodge it. He sighed heavily. "Fine, alright... Victoria, I'll listen to you. I'll claim this King of Gabo Creek position, okay?" Find the newest release on FindNovel.net

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1943 Liliana had been listening from the backseat, and her eyes widened in shock. She asked in disbelief, "Mom, what are you even talking about with him? Andrew? He thinks he can become King of Gabo Creek? Seriously?" She could not believe what she was hearing, and her voice carried a mocking tone. Victoria let out a cold chuckle. "You're just like your father, always dismissing others without knowing a damn thing.

Let me ask you this: if Andrew's not good enough, are you?" Liliana shrank back, feeling a little wronged. "Of course I'm not worthy. I wouldn't even dare think about something like that. But Andrew? Come on, Mom. How could you actually believe he is?" Victoria scoffed. "Maybe if you spent less time partying and more time paying attention to what's going on in Blumedale, you wouldn't sound so ignorant. Didn't you hear a single word of what we were just talking about?

"Andrew's already a top-tier figure in Gabo Creek, you clueless girl. At this point, the Five Apex Families barely even register in his eyes. And clearly, you know absolutely nothing about his skills as a martial artist, do you? When it comes to strength, the only one in all of Gabo Creek who could even come close is ---- Luna." Liliana looked stunned and completely unwilling to accept it. " Mom, no! Joe is still better than him." Victoria gave her a dismissive glance.

"Joe is talented, I won't deny that. He has huge potential. But compared to the heir of the Lloyds royal bloodline? They're not even in the same league. "You really thought just because you happened to share a car with Andrew that he's ordinary like you? That you're somehow entitled to judge him? You foolish girl, Andrew's real identity is that of royal blood; he's from the Lloyds line in Chetvine. "You and Miles grew up hearing about Chetvine's noble houses and the royal families, didn't you? This update is available on Find~Novel.net

Then you should know what it means to come from one of Holtrien's royal bloodlines. This is the last time I'll let it slide, but I better not catch you acting this ignorant and foolish again, understood?" Victoria was clearly disappointed in her daughter. She cared for her, of course, but her love came with sharp expectations and stricter standards. At that moment, Liliana was completely stunned, and her mind was buzzing. She could not believe that Andrew was from Chetvine's royal bloodline.

In their social hierarchy, family clans were below wealthy elites, ---- who were below noble houses, and only topped by the royal lines. The Peck family sat at the family-clan level, which made them three whole tiers beneath royalty. The gap between them was too big. Even among the Three Titans in Blumedale, none of them truly qualified as noble houses. Any of the Driscolls or Fischers could stomp the Peck family without even trying.

So, if Andrew were from the royal line of the Lloyds, he could turn their entire world upside down with just a whim Liliana sat frozen, as if she were meeting Andrew for the very first time. All the disdain, the judgment, the superiority she had held onto vanished in an instant. What was left behind was fear and regret. Somewhere in the back of her mind, the image of Joe, her beloved, her perfect 'prince charming', suddenly didn't seem so dazzling or tall anymore.

Meanwhile, the man in the front seat, Andrew, felt entirely out of reach. She thought back to the way she had treated him before, the words she had thrown his way. And now, the chill ran through her bones. If Andrew really wanted to, he could probably crush her with just ---- a finger.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1944 Liliana stayed completely silent the entire ride up to the cathedral, not saying a single word. Andrew did not care how she felt. Besides, he was not in the mood to bother figuring it out. Once they got out of the car, he casually looked around. Though the air was cold, the sun was shining, casting a warm glow that made the chill more bearable. However, the breeze up at the summit was strong, and Andrew reminded Victoria to keep warm.

"Come on," Victoria said as she linked arms with him. "Let me introduce you to the abbot here." Andrew felt a bit awkward, but he did not pull away. Behind them, Calvin and Miles exchanged glances. Miles gave a wry smile and said, "Mom really likes Andrew... but it's more like an elder admiring a junior, that's all." Calvin scoffed. "You're pathetic. You and Liliana both. He's an outsider, yet he's more well-liked than you two. I really don't know how you can stand it." ---- Miles shrugged.

"Honestly, I think Andrew is a great role model. There's a lot I can learn from him. Besides, Mom explained that she used to be close to Andrew's father back in the day. Dad, you don't need to keep scowling about it... It's not that serious." Calvin's face darkened. "Grab the floral arrangements and other stuff. From today on, I'll make sure you and Liliana see just how impressive I am." Miles did not take it seriously.

After all, everyone in the Peck family knew that his father had married into the family, and Victoria made the family's major decisions. For minor matters, Calvin would just brush them off and live carefree. Therefore, most of the time, it was either the butler, Allen, or Miles, the eldest son, who handled things personally. Hence, when Calvin was suddenly getting tough with this statement, Miles just assumed his father's pride was hurt and he was feeling provoked.

The back mountain area of the cathedral was peaceful and secluded, with only a few visitors. Most were internal cathedral staff who came and went. A bald man in red robes greeted them with a warm smile. "Mrs. Peck, you've arrived!" Seeing the red robes he wore, Andrew knew this must be the ---- abbot himself. Victoria pressed her palms together and bowed her head. "Good to see you again, Abbot Matthias Graves. Sorry to disturb you again!" Andrew bowed respectfully. This content belongs to FundNovel.net

"Pleasure to meet you, Abbot Graves." Matthias had a broad forehead, chubby face, and a clean, gentle appearance that made him seem harmless and kind. He said with a grin, "Even though this is our first time meeting, I must say... Mr. Lloyd, your aura is quite something. Especially your romantic energy. It's absolutely out of this world." He looked Andrew over with twinkling eyes, sizing him up. Andrew gave a helpless smile. "You flatter me, Abbot Graves.

I'm just an ordinary guy." Matthias shook his head. "At the peak of mundanity lies true elegance. And you, Mr. Lloyd, are clearly someone with great virtue and potential. However, I sense many romantic entanglements in your life. Also, remember: 'the tallest tree catches the wind.' In the days to come, you'll need to tread carefully." Andrew frowned. Matthias was getting all cryptic right from the start. They were having a normal conversation, so why was he ---- cursing him? Victoria laughed.

"Andrew, Abbot Graves and I have been close friends for nearly 20 years! He's devoted himself to understanding religious teachings, and many of his words are quite prophetic, so you might want to listen. By the way, Abbot Graves has another very famous identity, which I'll tell you about later." Next, Matthias personally led the way, taking Andrew and the Peck family members on a tour around the grounds. Finally, they went to the main hall to offer candles.

Victoria was a Solmortis believer who knelt on the prayer cushion and prayed for a long time. Andrew had nothing else to do, so he waited outside leaning against the railing. Liliana wandered around touching this and that. Finally, she casually made her way over to stand beside him. "Um, Andrew, the weather's pretty nice today." It was typical small talk when you have nothing to say. Andrew replied flatly, "Yeah, the weather's pretty nice."

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1945, Liliana stole a glance at him and quickly looked away. "Andrew, I'm sorry for my previous ignorance. I hope you won't hold it against me." Andrew smiled. "Hold what against you? You're Victoria's daughter, so there's no reason for me to." Liliana made a sound of agreement. Then, she casually said, " Maybe, and I mean maybe, we could become closer in the future. Mom has always hoped we could be friends.

I think we could give it a try." By this time, Victoria had finished praying, and Andrew turned to leave. "I'm sorry. I don't have much time. Let's talk about it later." Liliana was left standing there, feeling somewhat resentful but not daring to act out. She stamped her foot and hurried to catch up. A young novice monk ran up and called out in a soft voice, "Mrs. Peck, Mr. Lloyd... Abbot Graves has arranged a vegetarian lunch and invites you to join him." Victoria smiled. "Andrew, come on.

The vegetarian meals here are amazing." Andrew grinned. "Alright, then I'll definitely have to try them." ---- As they walked, they passed other visitors who had come to light incense and pray. Suddenly, Andrew's eyes narrowed. He had spotted Scarlett coming up the steps with several members of the Driscoll family, and alongside them was Walter. Victoria, walking ahead, spoke calmly. "Let's go.

No one would dare cause trouble here, so relax." Andrew let it go and soon arrived at the cathedral's dining hall. Matthias greeted them with a rueful smile. "Mrs. Peck, you're finally here. Mr. Peck has already drunk himself under the table." The hall was small, with only a few tables.

Most were empty, and the central table was covered with a full spread of vegetarian dishes. Calvin was already several drinks in, his face bright red. When he saw Victoria, he burst out laughing.

"Victoria, come sit with me!" Victoria's expression did not change as she took a seat by herself. She then turned to Miles. "Take your father's alcohol and throw it out." Miles gave a dry laugh. "Mom, it's Kindling Night. Just let Dad have a drink." ---- Victoria's eyes turned cold. "I don't want to say it twice." Miles did not dare disobey and went to take the bottle from Calvin. Calvin laughed bitterly. "What now? You're going to control me even when I drink? Updates are released by findnovel.net

Victoria, you bitch, don't push your luck!" Victoria remained calm. "Andrew, Liliana, sit down. Once we're done, we're going home." Calvin slammed his hand on the table and roared. "What the hell, Victoria? What's that supposed to mean? Am I invisible to you? Dead? I'm asking you, why the hell did you bring this outsider to a family gathering?" He jabbed a finger toward Andrew. Andrew shrugged. "Victoria, maybe I should step outside and wait for you." Victoria's face grew even colder. "No.

You sit right here." Then, she turned to Calvin, her voice sharp. "First, Andrew is not an outsider, not to me. Second, who the hell do you think you are to question me? Finally, I want to tell you that Andrew came here today because there's real business to handle." Calvin sneered and slammed the table hard. "Real business? ---- What business? Victoria, do you know this little bastard opposed me in Goldridge?" The coldness in Victoria's eyes suddenly intensified.

Even Andrew felt a stinging sensation on his skin and could not help but feel startled, turning to look at her. She growled, "Calvin, if you dare run your mouth one more time, I'll make your blood splatter right here. You're nothing but trash. What right do you have to shout at me?" This was Victoria in a rare moment of fury, and her murderous gaze locked onto Calvin. Calvin trembled, cold sweat immediately beading on his forehead. "Victoria, I-I've had too much to drink.

D-Don't take it to heart. I'll shut up, I'll shut up, okay?" He immediately began begging for mercy. The man who had been yelling so arrogantly moments ago now crumbled, groveling in submission.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1946 "Praise the Eternal Eclipse." At that moment, a religious chant rang out. Matthias, the plump, fair-faced abbot, finally took his seat. "Mrs. Peck, please calm yourself." Victoria's expression gradually relaxed. "Sorry, Abbot Graves. I didn't mean to cause a scene." After speaking, she lowered her head and began eating the vegetarian meal. She served food to Andrew, Liliana, and Miles. Liliana stuck out her tongue and whispered to Andrew, "That's just how it is.

When my dad drinks, he gets really nasty. But as soon as my mom gets angry, he doesn't dare act up!" Andrew did not comment. To him, Calvin was pathetic. Without Victoria, Andrew would have killed him long ago. Back in Goldridge, he had already thought about putting this waste of space down. After a few minutes of eating, Victoria set down her spoon and said, "Abbot Graves, I have a request. I want to help Andrew become King of Gabo Creek.

Right now, we just need one powerful figure to support us. So I'd like to invite you to come out of seclusion and join our side." ---- As soon as these words were spoken, everyone around the table

fell silent. Calvin looked shocked. "Victoria, h-how can you do this? Andrew isn't worth your support at all!" Victoria smiled disdainfully. "Calvin, a useless piece of trash like you should just keep quiet!

If it weren't for my sake, Andrew would have ended you already." Calvin's face twisted with humiliation. He did not say another word, but his expression was dark. He reached for his drink, only to remember it had been taken away. The truth was, Calvin feared Andrew, especially after seeing that even Goldridge's most powerful figures could not keep him down. If Andrew ever decided to take him or the Peck family out, it would be far too easy.

However, what stunned Calvin most was that Victoria valued Andrew this highly. Was this kid really that powerful now in Gabo Creek? Matthias chuckled softly and shook his head. "Mrs. Peck, I've long since left the worldly life behind. The violence and bloodshed of the martial world no longer suit me." Calvin jumped in quickly. "Exactly! Someone like Abbot Graves ---- shouldn't get involved in fights. Victoria, Andrew's just a kid What power could he possibly have?

Backing him as King of Gabo Creek is pure fantasy. If he could pull that off, then I could be the leader of the Southern Martial Union." He let out an awkward laugh, but when no one joined in, he fell silent. Victoria's voice turned serious. "Abbot Graves, Andrew has the potential, the skill, and the talent for this. Believe me when I say that he will even surpass Jerome, the current Union Leader." Matthias nodded slightly but still shook his head. "Mrs. Peck, I don't doubt you.

But unfortunately, I'm no longer a man of this world. The martial world today no longer has a place for me." Victoria's frustration began to show, but Andrew could not bear to see her lower herself for him. Victoria was not someone who should have to beg. He said coldly, "Victoria, forget it. If I'm going to be King of Gabo Creek, I'll do it on my own. The only person here I trust is you. The rest? I neither accept nor believe in." Victoria frowned in frustration.

"You foolish boy, do you even know who Abbot Graves really is? He's the number one martial artist in all of Gabo Creek. Real name Franklin Gurney, ranked tenth on the Titan List, just two spots below Jerome himself." ---- She continued, "With someone like him backing you, taking the throne of King of Gabo Creek would be effortless. That's why I told you earlier not to worry about the Driscoll people.

Even the Three Titans of Blumedale wouldn't dare throw their weight around here." Andrew was genuinely surprised. He looked at the plump, serene-faced Matthias and realized this mild-looking monk was actually the top fighter in Gabo Creek, only two ranks shy of Jerome Matthias pressed his palms together and smiled. "Mrs. Peck, you flatter me. And Mr. Lloyd, please don't take it personally. You do have a real chance at the King of Gabo Creek title. But... you're about to lose your life.

For that, I can only express my deepest regret." Andrew stared at him. "So you not only have deep knowledge of the religion, but you can also see the future?" Victoria snapped, "Abbot Graves, what is that supposed to mean?" Matthias said nothing, only kept murmuring, "Praise the Eternal Eclipse." From outside the dining hall came a sharp, venomous laugh. "Andrew, Victoria... Abbot Graves isn't wrong! Today marks the ---- death date for you adulterous pair! Especially you, bastard Andrew! Newest update provided by Find1Novel.net

Come meet your doom!" With a furious roar, a figure charged through the doorway first. It was Scarlett! Behind her, Andrew instantly sensed two profound auras following closely. In that

instant, he understood that this mountain cathedral, once a place of peace, was about to become a slaughterhouse. And he and Victoria were now the prime targets.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1947 Walter, commander of the Driscoll family's Shadow Division, and Bradley, the family's master art expert, a martial king at his peak, stood at his side with a matte-finished longsword in hand, were also present. The two powerhouses moved in, flanking Scarlett as they entered the dining hall. Outside, the chaotic shuffle of feet faded almost instantly. It was obvious the cathedrals monks had been ordered to clear the area and stay far from the fight.

'The Driscoll family really came prepared,' Andrew thought, taking in how quickly the situation had turned grim. Victoria rose from her seat with a cold expression, her movements slow and unhurried, as if nothing could shake her. The rest of the Peck family looked completely different. Calvin was so scared he nearly wet himself, holding his head and begging repeatedly. "Ms. Driscoll, Mr. Burke, our family is innocent.

Do whatever you want, just don't drag us into it." Miles and Liliana were frozen in wide-eyed terror, too scared to speak. Against a giant like the Driscoll family, they were like rabbits staring down a tiger. ---- Andrew remained seated, his expression calm. However, the muscles in his back tensed and rose slightly beneath his shirt. If he had to, he could spring forward in an instant and cut Matthias down where he stood.

That bald hypocrite, who claimed the mortal world no longer suited him and that he had fully embraced Solmortis discipline, was Clearly working with the Driscolls to corner both him and Victoria. Scarlett laughed, her voice dripping with malice. "Victoria, Andrew... Neither of you will leave here alive today!" She did not attack right away. Instead, she eased toward the window so she, Walter, and Bradley could surround them from three sides.

She was determined to kill Andrew today, more than anyone else. Victoria suddenly laughed and looked at Matthias, "Abbot Graves .. or should I call you Franklin. It seems you share the Driscolls' plan and want my head, too." "Praise the Eternal Eclipse," Matthias replied, stepping back He kept retreating until there was enough distance between them, then spoke with a guilty tone. "Victoria, I truly don't want this. But the Driscoll family offered far too much." Liliana's eyes blazed. "You liar! This text is hosted at find-novel.net

A man of Solmortis is supposed ---- to forsake greed and treat wealth like dirt. But you're nothing but a sellout who'd trade honor for silver." Matthias kept his gentle smile. "Yes, those who follow Solmortis are meant to abandon earthly desires. But I, though in the cathedral, have yet to purge all worldly weakness from my heart. So, Victoria, forgive me. You should never have tied yourself to this Andrew boy.

Today, I must take the role of the killing machine, so forgive me once more." Liliana was ready to spit another insult, but Victoria raised a hand to silence her. Her smile turned sharp, mocking. She said, "Franklin, when we roamed the martial world years ago, your ambition and greed were unmatched. Then you suddenly hid that desire, joined the cathedral, and apprenticed under a Solmortis master, claiming you'd left the world behind. "But I never once believed you'd truly changed. And look...

Here you are, still putting profit above principle, tossing loyalty aside when it suits you. And to think, just earlier, I invited you to join us, only for you to pretend reluctance. Don't you think that's a little hypocritical?" Matthias' smile stiffened. "Victoria, I'll give you one last piece of advice. The sea of suffering is boundless, so turn back while you still can.

If you surrender now and step aside while they deal with Andrew, I won't have to harm you." ---- Victoria's voice was cold. "And if I tell you that if anything happens to Andrew, I'll kill every last one of you?" Matthias bowed his head, chanting softly. "Then, I have no choice but to forget our past and stop you." Victoria laughed loud and hard until tears welled in her eyes. "Franklin, do you remember the last thing you did before becoming a monk?

You swore you'd do anything for me, even die. So I teased you and told you to kill your little junior to prove it. And what did you do? Do you seriously think no one knows?" Matthias' usually unshakable expression cracked. "Victoria, shut your mouth! The past is buried, and there's no need to dig it up just to insult me!"

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1948 Victoria's expression suddenly turned feral, like a lioness ready to strike. "Miles, Liliana... Get behind me. Even if I die today, I will make sure you walk away unharmed. Andrew, I give you my word. I won't let anything happen to you here." Seeing the resolve in her eyes, Andrew felt a sudden rush of dread. "Victoria, you don't have to..." She raised a hand, cutting him off. "Foolish boy, there's nothing more to say.

I brought you here today, never expecting betrayal from the one I thought least capable of it. I misjudged him, and for that, I'm sorry. But believe me... These dogs, even together, are nothing to me." A wave of icy killing intent surged from her body, filling the room like a winter storm. Matthias, the so-called number one martial artist in Gabo Creek, frowned and stepped back again. He raised his voice toward the Driscoll side. "Ms. Driscoll, Mr. Burke... be careful.

Victoria's Silent Nine strikes are not to be underestimated." Victoria smirked, her hair lifting slightly as her aura rose higher. "Scarlett, Walter, and the Driscolls' prized lapdog, Bradley Perkins... You're all worthless in my eyes. But before we start, I'm not done speaking." ---- As she spoke, Scarlett and the others instinctively tensed up, not daring to make the first move.

They had no choice because the cold energy radiating from Victoria was growing stronger, and frost was already forming on the table surface. This was a sign of a martial saint-level powerhouse's massive internal energy bursting forth and affecting the surrounding environment! Victoria was not a martial saint, but she was close to one. Matthias chanted, "Praise the Eternal Eclipse," while still putting on an act.

He asked, "Victoria, why must it be like this between us?" Victoria said coldly, "You're an ambitious, fickle villain that I'll never trust again. Others might not know about the things you did before becoming a monk, but I know everything. You've been heartless, so don't blame me for returning the favor." Matthias' face darkened. "Victoria, do you really want to burn bridges with me?" She ignored him completely, turning instead to Scarlett. "Listen closely, you little wretch.

Your current stepmother, Maurice's second wife, Mia Hernandez, from the Southern Wilds, isn't the wealthy heiress she claims to be." She continued, "She was actually Franklin's naive junior, the

one ---- he lured away. This bald fraud was good with words. While stringing me along, he was also toying with her feelings. I told him to prove his devotion by killing her. And what did he do? He raped her instead, then promised he'd marry her.

"Thanks to his schemes, that silly girl happily married Maurice, thinking she'd won. And for years now, she's been coming here, to this 'holy' cathedral, to sneak in a little filth with this fat fraud." The more she spoke, the more the room shifted. Bradley and Walter, both decades-long veterans of the Driscoll family, knew exactly what this meant. Mia was not just anyone; she was the current matriarch of the Driscoll family.

Now, it seemed she was having an affair with Matthias, which was extremely unbelievable. "Enough, you bitch!" Matthias roared, his usually calm face twisting in fury. The shame in his voice was the opening Victoria had been waiting for. In a flash, she struck, her palm crashing forward with a thunderous force aimed straight at Matthias. At the same time, her other hand lashed out, yanking Walter toward her with invisible force. Andrew's breath caught.

He had not expected Victoria to immediately take on two opponents at once. Moreover, one of ---- them was Matthias, Gabo Creek's top martial artist. He understood clearly that Victoria was fighting the most troublesome enemies to reduce the pressure on him. "Andrew, fight your way out!" she shouted, her voice steady and sharp even amid the storm of killing intent. IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT [Find\[N\]ovel.net](http://Find[N]ovel.net)

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1949 Andrew did not need anyone to tell him how to handle the fight. The moment Victoria moved, he lunged into action. He kicked the table hard, sending the tabletop flipping through the air toward Scarlett. "You little brat, no matter how strong you are, you're dying today!" Scarlett snarled, smashing her fists into the table and shattering it into splinters. However, Andrew's target was not her.

Using the momentum from that quick strike, he whipped a roundhouse kick straight toward Walter's waist. Walter had already been rattled when Victoria yanked him earlier, and now, with Andrew's lethal strike coming at him, he barely had time to shout, "Bradley, help!" A sharp hum sliced through the air. It was the vibrating sound of a steel blade cutting through the atmosphere. A matte blade came down toward Andrew's face, forcing him to pull his kick back at the very last second.

Victoria's calm voice covered the entire battlefield. "Andrew, be careful of this Driscoll family's top lapdog. When he's armed, his 'strength jumps up a level, and he can already compete with ---- martial saints." The Driscoll family's top lapdog was naturally Bradley. He was a martial king at his peak, just a step away from becoming a martial saint, and a notorious name in Gabo Creek. Holding his steel blade upright, Bradley raised both arms high, controlling Andrew from a distance.

He did not attack; he just kept circling Andrew with the blade raised. This was an extremely sophisticated group fighting technique. When he wasn't striking, it was fine, but when he did, those strikes would definitely target Andrew's vital points. At this moment, Andrew was already caught in Scarlett's fierce assault. Whenever he tried to counterattack aggressively and Scarlett could not handle it, Bradley would thrust forward with his blade, forcing Andrew to defend himself.

On Victoria's side, her palms clashed directly with Matthias. The blast of force slammed into Calvin first, and he spat out blood with a gasp, looking utterly terrified. Andrew could only roll his eyes. Calvin was a martial king in name, but as useless as they came. Even if he was not going to help, he could at least defend himself. Yet, the shockwave alone had him coughing up blood. Truly, he was trash among trash, the king of dead weight.

---- Calvin scrambled out of the fight with a clumsy roll, yelling, "Ms. Driscoll, your feud has nothing to do with the Peck family. Kill Andrew, kill that bitch Victoria if you want, just don't drag me into it!" Miles and Liliana were stunned. They never imagined that in a life-or-death moment, their own father would be so cowardly and vicious. With a thunderous crack, Victoria and Matthias ended their first exchange of inner force. Matthias's face twitched constantly like rippling water. IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT [FindN\(\)vel.net](http://FindN()vel.net)

Victoria had a trace of blood at the corner of her mouth and took two steps back. After those two steps, she surged forward again, radiating a fearless energy that made the entire room pale in comparison. She suddenly turned, her palm sweeping toward Walter, who had just spun back toward Andrew. Walter's eyes went wide in horror as he was yanked toward her again. Letting out a high-pitched shriek, he threw both palms forward in a desperate flurry.

"You've always been pathetic!" Victoria sneered, flicking her right hand as if swatting away a fly. Energy roared from her core, and a violent stream of force ---- materialized before her. Walter's palms slammed into it without even touching her body, and the next instant, his hands split open, blood spraying. Then, he flew like a ragdoll straight into the cafeteria wall, smashing a massive hole in it. "Walter!" Scarlett screamed.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1950 Walter screamed loudly, knowing that he absolutely could not drop the ball at this moment. Although Victoria had sent him flying and he had suffered internal injuries, his fighting ability was far from depleted. He charged back in from outside, joining Scarlett in close combat against Andrew. Now, Andrew was facing three Driscoll family powerhouses alone, completely seeing red. Meanwhile, Victoria had delivered a flawless first response.

She injured Walter and forced Matthias back. Finally, she was facing off one-on-one with Matthias. "Victoria, you've forced me into this," Matthias said darkly. The gentle face was long gone, replaced by pure savagery. Victoria let out a mocking laugh. "Hypocrite! Make your move. Let me see whether Gabo Creek's top martial artist has improved or declined over the years!" Matthias roared, his red robes billowing behind him.

Tremendous energy burst from his body as both hands created afterimages, striking toward Victoria. Victoria gave no ground, her graceful figure moving with ghostly steps as she instantly engaged Matthias in close combat. ---- Wherever the two passed, destruction followed with energy blasts shooting everywhere. Meanwhile, Andrew was fighting three opponents and could not spare a hand to help Victoria. He felt slightly anxious, worried that she might suffer under Matthias.

After all, Matthias was recognized as Gabo Creek's top martial artist. No matter how formidable Victoria was, she would probably lose. "You little brat, in the middle of a life-or-death fight, and you still dare get distracted. Guess you're not afraid to die!" Scarlett sneered, her voice dripping

with contempt. Andrew's attention split toward Victoria, making her feel deeply insulted. In Goldridge, she was not much and had little presence.

Yet, here in Blumedale, the Driscoll family ruled everything. She could not stand being treated as an afterthought. Andrew's speed suddenly spiked as he shifted toward Walter. The latter's face hardened, his stance solid as he refused to back down. Then, in a seamless shift, Andrew slowed to a crawl, catching Walter off guard. Walter had already gathered strength in his arms, bracing for a devastating blow. However, the attack never came.

The pressure built in his chest like a dam ready to burst, leaving him nauseated with frustration. -- In that split second, Andrew had already switched targets, launching a fierce assault on Scarlett. She let out a sharp grunt, her relentless offense faltering under his suppression. Bradley stepped in at the perfect moment. His matte steel blade roared through the air, cutting toward the space just three feet in front of Andrew. "Mutt!" Andrew scoffed. "I gave you one chance before!

Did you really think you'd get the same result twice?" Twisting his upper body, he dodged the strike and slammed a fist into the blade. The weapon was made of something extraordinary, so it did not crack, but the force that traveled through it nearly knocked Bradley off his feet. Prickling pain shot through Bradley's wrist, and the sword almost flew from his grip.

Then, blood seeped from his palm as he quickly pulled the blade back, locking down his stance to guard his centerline, afraid Andrew might press for the kill. His eyes widened as he glanced at Andrew's right hand, the one that had just struck his weapon "That punch carried that much power?" Bradley muttered. " Andrew, have you already stepped into martial saint territory?" It was his first time trading blows with Andrew. Chapters first released on findnovel.net

Even though Scarlett had given him an estimate of Andrew's skill, facing him ---- in person sent shivers down his spine. No wonder Scarlett had joined forces with Walter and dragged him into this fight. They had thrown nearly half the Driscoll family's top fighters at Andrew just to bring him down. This man was an absolute monster.