

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1951 Walter let out a sinister roar. "Andrew, go to hell!" He leaped into the air, lifting both feet to unleash a barrage of kicks at Andrew. Andrew raised both arms high, blocking each strike with heavy thuds. Walter's body shook violently as he flew backward, crashing directly through a distant table. Scarlett shouted and forcefully inserted herself into the fight, facing Andrew head-on.

Andrew frowned, seeming to have eyes in the back of his head as he dodged Scarlett's attack while ducking low. Bradley's blade swept overhead with deadly intent, its sharp edge whistling through the air. That brief moment gave Walter time to climb back to his feet and throw himself into the fight again. This time, Bradley abandoned his earlier patience. His blade hacked down repeatedly as he joined Scarlett and Walter in an all-out frontal assault to overwhelm Andrew.

Andrew retreated step after step, dragging the fight across the room. "Walter, Ms. Driscoll, don't give him even a second to breathe," ---- Bradley urged. "This kid's a martial prodigy. If he gets the chance to go on the offensive, not one of us can stand against him!" Scarlett smirked. "I don't care how talented he is. He's still going to die." Walter's face twisted into a grimace, but he ignored his injuries.

He traded blow for blow with Andrew, every strike rattling his insides and leaving his organs burning in pain. As the Driscoll family's Shadow Division commander, a man who lived and breathed for ambushes and killings, Walter had perfected his grasp of combat flow. He pushed himself past his limits, determined to pin down Andrew and smother his offense. That way, Bradley's furious sword could slice him in two while Scarlett could stay protected from Andrew's full force.

It was a solid plan, but all three of them had underestimated Andrew. Andrew finally unleashed his trump card, the Inferno Strike. He raised his right palm and struck at the air. A surge of searing heat roared out, distorting the air and sending waves of heat rolling toward them. "What kind of technique is that?" Bradley's eyes widened as the scorching air crashed over him. instinctively, he raised his blade ---- to shield himself. Scarlett twisted and leaped backward to avoid the blast.

Only Walter stubbornly refused to retreat. He stuck to his plan, determined to choke off Andrew's counterattack. Andrew's twin palms came down like rolling thunder, smashing violently toward him. The first strike had been aimed at the air to intimidate them These next two were the real beginning of his assault. Walter had no way to dodge, so with a snarl, he braced himself to take the hit head-on. He focused on strength techniques, and losing half his life was a price he was willing to pay.

If he could endure these blows, Scarlett and Bradley would strike back, and Andrew would be momentarily weakened. In a fight at the martial saint level, even a fraction of a second of weakness was enough to take someone's head. Initially, everything unfolded exactly as Walter predicted. He absorbed the twin palm strikes, then staggered back, spitting blood. Scarlett and Bradley pounced from behind, their timing flawless.

However, before Walter's grin could fully form, a sharp crack came from his arms. Agonizing pain exploded from his hands, ---- spearing all the way to his brain. With a scream, he looked down in horror as both of his forearms burst apart. Blood sprayed into the air, but instead of falling, it

hissed and vaporized instantly into a red mist. Scarlett and Bradley froze for a heartbeat, shocked by the sight. They saw Walter lose both arms in mid-air, a bloody mess.

The screams that erupted were so piercing they hurt their eardrums! "When has the martial world ever seen a technique this monstrous?" Bradley swallowed hard, flipping his sword back to drive away his fear before swinging at Andrew's head. Scarlett, slower to recover, still forced herself forward, her ten fingers darkening to a poisonous black as she stabbed at Andrew's chest and stomach like ten sharp needles.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1952 Bradley came in from one side while Scarlett closed in from the other, leaving Andrew with nowhere to run. If either landed a clean strike, the result would be the same: Andrew gravely injured and near death. With Bradley's blade, if Andrew tried to block, he would be dismembered. If he did not, he would be split in half with no chance of survival. In that life-or-death instant, Andrew remained calm, his gaze cold enough to freeze the air.

Once again, he unleashed Inferno Strike, slashing the air in rapid succession. Within a single breath, he had swung over a dozen times toward the sky, each wave of heat crashing into Bradley's descending sword. With a metallic clang, Andrew's hands closed together, clamping down on the blade. The tip of the sword stopped barely half an inch from his forehead, yet no matter how Bradley pushed, it refused to move closer. 'This guy...

isn't even human,' Bradley thought, shock roaring through his mind. Scarlett's clawed hands raked across Andrew's chest, tearing ---- bloody lines into his skin. Her eyes lit up with triumph as she went for his heart. However, Andrew had already caught Bradley's strike. With a sharp twist, he redirected the sword toward Scarlett's hands. Caught off guard, Scarlett cursed and yanked her arms back. "Bitch, you think you can pull away that easily?" Andrew sneered.

With a sharp hum, he smashed his palm into Bradley's sword twice in quick succession. On the second blow, Bradley could no longer hold on. The blade spun free, embedding itself in the cafeteria ceiling, the hilt still trembling and humming from the force. The heat radiating from Andrew's strike washed over him, and Bradley's face went pale as he stumbled back. The fear of the Inferno Strike had now burned deep into his mind.

His retreat happened almost at the same instant Andrew pressed his attack. By the time Bradley had reached safety, Andrew's Inferno Strike had already crashed down on Scarlett. She barely managed to block the first strike, but her hands went numb, as if she had shoved them into a fire. Her arms jerked wildly, leaving her chest wide open. The second strike slammed into Scarlett with brutal precision, and her scream tore through the air, carrying blood and pieces ---- of ruptured organs with it.

In that instant, every ounce of strength in her body vanished. Scarlett's body flew from the cafeteria like a runaway truck, clothes shredded, back arched in agony. She hurtled more than 30 feet before skidding to a stop at the edge of the cathedral's rear cliff, half her body hanging over the drop. Her vision spun, and blood poured from her mouth in long, thick strands. Andrew had just beaten her half to death with a single blow.

Inside the cafeteria, Walter ignored his own injuries and rushed to the window. Seeing Scarlett's eyes still open, he finally breathed a sigh of relief. When he turned back to Andrew, a chill ran down his spine. He cried, "Abbot Graves, please, save us! We can't hold this kid off any longer!" His voice broke with raw fear, his legs trembling so hard he almost dropped to his knees to beg. Walter's face was bloodied, his eyes bulging in shock and terror.

For the first time in his life, the Driscoll family's ruthless Shadow Division commander, a man who had slaughtered and ruined countless lives, truly felt fear in his bones. A few feet away, Bradley stared at Andrew's back, knowing he had a perfect opening. Yet, his legs felt like they were made of ---- lead, too heavy to move an inch. Andrew grinned viciously. Ignoring the searing pain in his core and organs, he unleashed another furious Inferno Strike.

His palm came crashing down toward Walter's skull. Walter threw his head back and laughed bitterly, as if already seeing the moment his head would split open. Being so close to death, he suddenly forgot how to block or fight back. He did not even have the courage left to resist "Walter, move! Get out of the way!" Bradley shouted in horror. Newest update provided by Find*Novel.net

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1953 "Praise the Eternal Eclipse!" Just as Walter was about to be killed, a solemn chant rang in Andrew's ear. Matthias finally showed the true skill that earned him the title of Gabo Creek's number one fighter. With a single palm strike, he forced Victoria back, then moved like lightning, striking at Andrew's unguarded back. Without thinking, Andrew raised his hand and unleashed an Inferno Strike, meeting Matthias head-on.

The clash exploded like muffled thunder, a scorching wave of force whipping across the ruined cafeteria until it was reduced to complete rubble. Andrew grunted and was forced a few steps backward, while Matthias stood firm, lowering his hand. Pointing at Andrew, he roared, "Mr. Lloyd, this is a sacred ground of Solmortis. How dare you spill blood here?" Andrew's expression did not change; this self-righteous act from the bald monk was enough to make him sick. "Andrew, kill them all.

Don't let a single one walk away. This ---- monk is mine!" Victoria called out, her voice sharp with excitement. She had no intention to stop. The once one-sided battle had now completely shifted. As long as she kept Matthias occupied, Walter, Scarlett, and Bradley were as good as dead. Andrew's palm came down toward Walter again Matthias gave a cold laugh.

"Your Inferno Strike may be powerful, but my Mighty Beast Palm will not lose to you!" The two exchanged strikes twice more, their blows sending shockwaves through the air. Matthias' face flushed red, his body radiating heat, while Andrew's veins felt like they were on fire, blood rising in his throat. However, the closer he came to death, the more Andrew's savage, unyielding nature shone through. He worked in perfect tandem with Victoria, hammering Matthias relentlessly. This text is hosted at Find-Novel.net

Matthias' robe tore with a loud rip, and he narrowly avoided a solid hit from Andrew's palm. "You go too far!" Matthias roared, his temper finally breaking. Pressing his palms together, his aura shifted again and again. Victoria let out a battle cry and locked him down, her barrage of ---- strikes surrounding him from all sides. Andrew lifted both hands and unleashed another Inferno Strike.

A flicker of fear flashed in Matthias' eyes before he spun violently in midair like a human whirlwind, hooking Walter with the tip of his foot and pulling him clear of the fight. Victoria snarled and leapt after them, her claw aimed straight at Walter's head. However, Matthias drew a sharp arc in the air with one hand, releasing a vast, overwhelming force that shoved her back a step. Even Andrew felt his breath catch for an instant; Matthias truly was worthy of his title.

Nonetheless, Matthias could not stop Andrew's resolve to kill today. Spinning around in place, Andrew's speed reached its peak almost instantly. Walter was being carried by Matthias, and they had barely landed when he roared, "Bradley, watch out!" Unfortunately, it was too late. Andrew shot past like a fired arrow, brushing right by Bradley. Two seconds later, Bradley looked down in disbelief to find a fist-sized hole in the center of his chest, the edges charred black.

You..." he rasped, trying to lift a hand toward Andrew, but no words came out before he toppled forward, dead. ---- Matthias' rage exploded. "Andrew, today I will shed the guise of a gentle monk and act as the wrathful God, to slay demons and purge evil!" Under his very eyes, Andrew had slain another man, bringing both trouble and humiliation. The trouble came from the Driscoll family. With their top martial artist dying such a violent death, Maurice would surely demand accountability later. The humiliation was that even he, the top martial artist of Gabo Creek, could not stop Andrew from killing.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1954 If word of this got out, it would be a massive blow to Matthias' reputation. With a sweep of his wide sleeves, Matthias' torn robes stiffened under a surge of force, turning hard as iron. He swung in a brutal arc, slamming toward Victoria. Her slender body flipped back again and again to evade. However, each crushing blow from Matthias smashed through pillars and walls alike, reducing the cafeteria to rubble.

"Victoria, I'll help you finish this bald hypocrite!" Andrew roared, eyes bloodshot from the fight. Repeatedly using the Inferno Strike had taken a massive toll on him. Moreover, the seal inside his body hovered just short of breaking a second layer, limiting how much energy he could draw from his core. Using Heavenly-tier techniques like this was like forcing a low-powered engine to haul a luxury SUV. It might look impressive, but the motor could die at any moment.

In midair, Victoria coughed up a small mouthful of blood and slowed. Matthias' killing intent flared as his robe coiled tight, ready to smash her into oblivion. If it landed, nothing would be left of her --- but a memory. Andrew's gaze turned cold, and he unleashed a blazing strike toward Matthias' back. The latter had no choice but to turn and meet it head-on. Their clash sent both skidding backward, the impact rumbling through the wreckage. Andrew finally could not hold it in.

The taste of iron filled his mouth, and a spray of blood followed. Victoria rushed to his side in alarm, and she gripped his wrist to channel her energy into him. He wiped his mouth and grinned. "I'm fine, Victoria. It's just a mouthful of blood. I've got plenty more." Then, he pulled his hand free, unwilling to let her waste her strength. On the other side, veins bulged on Matthias's bald head, his gaze flickering with calculation. Original content can be found at find♦novel.net

The plan had been simple: hold Victoria while the Driscoll family's top three crushed Andrew. Everything had been going perfectly until Andrew revealed strength on par with Victoria's. As a result, the fight had completely flipped. Matthias knew there was no way he could kill both without

---- crippling himself, and he had no intention of gambling half his life for the Driscolls. "Victoria, this isn't how I wanted things to go," Matthias said, his tone suddenly calm. "Let's call it a truce.

We stop here and walk away. What do you say?" His voice carried a convincing sincerity. Victoria ignored him, carefully wiping the blood from Andrew's chest and checking him over like a mother with her child. Once she was sure he was fine, she laughed sharply. "Whatever bond we had is gone. You're a hypocrite. Today, it's you or me!" Cold energy poured off her as she attacked again. Matthias's expression twisted into fury.

"Victoria, are you truly so eager to die?" Her strikes rained down as she scoffed, "If you want me dead, you'll have to die with me." Andrew watched in shock as Victoria's radiant features paled rapidly until her skin was white as carved ice. For a moment, she looked like a celestial maiden descending from a snow-covered peak. Matthias stumbled back three steps, his face extremely grave. ---- With a deep growl, he drew on every shred of skill he had honed in his life. "Victoria, why must you do this?" he asked through clenched teeth, his voice laced with wariness.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1955, Victoria's face stayed expressionless, her voice cold. "Killing you will clear Andrew's biggest obstacle to becoming King of Gabo Creek. I thought you could be useful, but now I see your nature hasn't changed since the old days. "You're still fickle and self-serving. You want to play both sides and walk away the biggest winner. That means you deserve to die." Matthias roared back, "Victoria, didn't you approach me to build Andrew's reputation?

And now you say I can't choose my own side?" Frost formed along Victoria's long lashes and brows, and Andrew could feel an extreme chill surging inside her. It was the sign of a highly advanced technique about to explode. It was also her deadliest move, which made even him uneasy. She replied, "Yes, I came to you for Andrew's sake. You may be called the number one martial artist in Gabo Creek, but in my eyes, you're still the same as before: strong but spineless.

I've never respected you, and if not for Andrew, do you really think I'd even bother meeting you?" Victoria exhaled a frosty breath. Then, she suddenly spread her hands, striking in every direction with icy precision, her gaze ---- utterly ruthless. A miraculous scene unfolded as dense, faintly visible energy burst from Victoria's body. The moment it touched the air, it transformed into nearly transparent icicles.

Andrew's eyes narrowed as he realized that Victoria's martial arts talent was indeed among the top. This was the materialization of inner force, a level far beyond simply releasing it. Even at his current strength, he could not make his energy take physical form. The sound rang out like ice picks striking a great bell. It was crisp, beautiful, and deadly. Matthias swung his robe furiously, his face twisted, and he bellowed as he tried to block.

Yet, after the first wave, his robe disintegrated into ash, and every attempt to rebuild his defensive aura was shattered instantly. Blood burst from his mouth as thin crimson cracks formed along his cheeks, freezing over and splitting his skin. "Victoria!" he screamed, his face contorting in agony. A thunderous crash followed as he was blasted through the cafeteria's already-ruined wall and slammed into a tall tree outside, snapping its thick trunk in half.

Bent and barely able to stand, he spat a mouthful of dark blood ---- Yet in this near-death moment, there was no pain in his eyes, only a slow, twisted smile. He rasped, "Victoria. You really didn't hold back. If you weren't still carrying injuries, that strike might have cost me half my life. But it's the only one you've got, isn't it?

You drained your energy core and ignored the suppressed Pale Specter energy in your body just to kill me..." He walked back into the dining hall step by step, his staggering gait gradually becoming steady. Finally, his expression turned sinister as he once again erupted with powerful momentum. He hissed, "You did all this for Andrew! Victoria, you were born to be heartless and ruthless, a natural killer. Otherwise, you couldn't have cultivated this ice energy to such heights. Latest content published on

But strangely, after a lifetime of being heartless, you've finally fallen into the trap of emotion. You disregard yourself to fight desperately for such an insignificant boy!" He laughed and added, "Victoria, oh Victoria... After hiding in the Peck family all these years, it seems you haven't improved much. This fatal character flaw of yours is still so easy to exploit!

Matthias burst into wild laughter, yanking his right hand violently through the air to pull a massive log toward him from a distance. ---- The murderous intent radiating from him seemed to fill the air itself. Andrew stared at him, slowly narrowing his eyes. At last, the scent of death hung heavy between them.

Chapter 1956



Andrew knew the true life-and-death moment had finally arrived.

After all, a martial artist like Matthias was never going to be taken down easily.

On the other side, Walter had already dragged his battered body outside to look for Scarlett. Bradley's corpse was mangled beyond recognition from the earlier clash, and the Peck family members had disappeared somewhere.

Only Andrew and Victoria remained, facing a Matthias whose aura had climbed back to its peak.

Victoria, who was half a step in front of Andrew, suddenly Andrew stepped forward and caught her in his arms, his heart sinking. Victoria's body was now soft and ice-cold, without a trace of warmth. She could have been mistaken for a corpse. The beautiful Victoria slowly turned her head to look at Andrew and showed him an incredibly gentle smile. "Andy, I'm useless... This is as far as I can help you!"

As her words fell, large amounts of blood flowed from the corners of her mouth. The moment it emerged, it froze into frost. Andrew cried out, "Victoria, what happened?!"

She smiled faintly, her voice barely audible. "Foolish child, that killer move just now not only hurt the enemy, but it consumed me greatly too."

A crushing wind suddenly pressed down from above, filling Andrew's ears with a roaring howl. He looked up to see Matthias in midair, both hands gripping a massive timber beam as he came down in a killing strike, his face twisted in a vicious grin.

Matthias sneered. "Andrew, Victoria is willing to throw away her life for you. With a beauty like that ready to die for you, you should be able to die happy."

His voice carried jealousy and hate as he continued, "Victoria, I never wanted to kill you. Even though we've served different

masters for years and you married another, I never let go of my obsession with you... I just buried it deep. But I never thought you'd give your heart to some young upstart. That, I cannot accept. So today, I can spare you... But Andrew must die."

As he roared, the force in his swing split the timber, shards breaking away midair. In the blink of an eye, his strike was about to smash into Andrew's skull

Andrew had been ready to take the hit because there was nowhere to dodge. Yet, at the last second, the soft Victoria in his arms squeezed his hand tightly. Her body went rigid, and that bone-deep chill exploded outward again.

Countless ice shards shot from her palms like a storm of arrows.

Matthias bellowed in fury, "Y-You can still unleash that move? Victoria, you're vicious!"

Even Andrew was stunned. Moments ago, he had felt her body was at its limit, barely able to stand.

So, how was this possible?

Victoria spat a mouthful of blood and collapsed backward into his arms, her body as stiff and frigid as solid ice.

Ignoring the blood she was spitting up, Victoria laughed with satisfaction. She looked at Matthias and said, "You weren't the only one who's grown stronger over the years. You really thought

I could only suppress you once? This time, let's see you half-dead at least.

"From the moment we parted ways years ago, I've been The rightful source is Find Novel.net

preparing for this. For Andrew's sake, you think I wouldn't keep a

The first thing to shatter was the timber in Matthias's hands.

Next came his chest and arms as the ice shards punched through him, blood splattering in crimson bursts.

He looked like a human pincushion made of ice, his scream shaking the mountains as he was hurled hundreds of feet away.

His body smashed through the stone steps down the back of the mountain before finally stopping in front of a grand hall

By then, his breathing turned shallow. He was more dead than alive and did not move again.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1957 Inside the cathedral, over 100 monks stared in shock. In the next instant, each grabbed a long staff and swarmed toward the back mountain like they were preparing for war. However, Andrew ignored them, holding Victoria tightly in his arms. "Victoria, you..." His eyes burned red in an instant Victoria lay back in his embrace, blood still spilling from the corner of her lips. A crimson frost-like mist rose from her mouth as the light in her eyes slowly dimmed.

"Foolish boy, I promised to help you take Gabo Creek, so of course I gave it everything I had. Don't be sad, I'm not going to die. Tell me, did I even fool you just now?" She continued, "If I couldn't fool you, then I could never fool Franklin, that hypocrite. I've known what kind of man he is for years. If I didn't feign weakness, he never would have walked right into the trap." Struggling to finish these words, Victoria let out a pained moan and curled up tightly in Andrew's arms.

Andrew was greatly alarmed and quickly sealed her pressure points to stop the bleeding. At the same time, he checked her ---- pulse to examine her injuries. Without doubt, she had reached the end of her strength. She had been injured before this battle even began After returning from

Goldridge, she did not have time to recover. Now, after repeatedly outmaneuvering Matthias in this battle of wits and strength, she had pushed her body to its absolute limit.

Her intention was clear: she would rather sacrifice half her life to help Andrew kill Matthias. Andrew did not dare let go of Victoria or leave her side for even a moment. Although her pressure points were mostly sealed and the bleeding had stopped, cold energy was still continuously flowing from her body. Her flesh was becoming increasingly stiff and cold. If this continued, she would surely die. Andrew felt a rare sense of panic as this was not normal at all!

Victoria was unconscious, but why was the energy in her core still spreading? "You can't save her! Victoria pushed her technique to the limit twice in a row, and the poison in her body has taken effect. Except for dispersing her martial arts and becoming a complete cripple, there's no second path for her!" Just as Andrew was panicking, malicious laughter came from ---- outside. His gaze turned vicious as he looked sharply toward the source. It was Calvin, the pathetic excuse of a man. "Poison?

She doesn't have any signs of poisoning," Andrew said, barely holding back the urge to kill him on the spot. Calvin pointed at the two of them with spite. "Of course, there are no signs. She wasn't poisoned with anything ordinary. Did you think I wouldn't keep my guard up against you? You're still too green to play against me." He sneered. "I've long known about your unmatched medical skill, so I used a poison you'd never detect. UPDATE FROM FindNovel.net

Fallen Grace, combined with Death's Draught, both colorless and tasteless, administered separately. And you have to wait at least half a day between doses. When the two act together, the symptoms appear silently, giving you no chance to find them." Calvin laughed in triumph, pointing at Andrew again. "Today, if you don't die, then there's no justice in the world." "Fallen Grace... I should have thought of that sooner," Andrew muttered.

Fallen Grace was a toxin made specifically to target high-level martial artists. It had no taste or color and caused no immediate symptoms. It was so potent that even the strongest could be ---- dragged from the heavens, which was exactly how it earned its name. This deadly poison was only effective against high-level martial artists. Ordinary martial artists, even martial kings, would not be greatly affected. If a normal person consumed it, nothing would happen at all. However, Fallen Grace, combined with Death's Draught plant, was poison upon poison.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1958 It would not cause death, but its effect would bring a fate worse than death for high-level martial artists. That fate was the destruction of their martial arts because their energy core would shatter, and decades of cultivation would turn to nothing. From then on, their martial path would be destroyed, making them weaker than even ordinary people. Hence, Fallen Grace, combined with Death's Draught plant, was more cruel than directly poisoning someone to death.

Looking at Victoria's symptoms again, endless cold energy was indeed flowing out uncontrollably. If Andrew had not been continuously transferring his scorching internal energy through Inferno Strike, she would probably have become an ice sculpture by now. "Calvin, with your incompetence and cowardice, you couldn't have managed such poisoning. There must be someone behind you, instructing you on what to do, right?" Andrew's heart sank deeply as a trace of anguish rose from within. Newest update provided by Find~Novel.net

He had not expected Victoria to end up like this. Ultimately, it was all because of him! The more the rage and pain built inside him, the colder his ---- expression became. He decided that once his energy core completed a full cycle, he would kill Calvin without hesitation. Even if Calvin was Victoria's husband in name, Andrew would tear him apart piece by piece. Under Andrew's murderous glare, Calvin felt an involuntary chill creep down his spine.

Nonetheless, he forced himself into anger, convincing himself there was nothing to fear. He believed that without Victoria to aid him, Andrew was a dying arrow with no path but death. "He couldn't have gotten Fallen Grace on his own. He doesn't have the brains or the means," came a calm, authoritative voice from outside. Andrew's eyes narrowed as a figure stepped inside. It was not Matthias, it was Maurice, the head of the Driscoll family, the man pulling the strings from the shadows.

Calvin immediately dropped to his knees. "Mr. Driscoll Senior, w- why are you here?" His words came out stammering, like a mouse seeing a cat. Maurice wore purple robes and stood tall as he walked past Calvin. He did not even glance at Calvin kneeling on the ground, treating him like he was nothing. Coming to a spot not far from Andrew, he first surveyed the entire battlefield. ---- Finally, his eyes locked on Andrew.

"I never understood how anyone could dare to cross the Driscoll family, who sit at the top of Gabo Creek, until Walter told me about a punk named Andrew Lloyd who kept stirring up trouble for us and even killed our people. Back then, I didn't take you seriously. I thought you were just another fool." His tone shifted, measured but sharp. "But later, it became clear you were bringing my family serious trouble. A nobody going up against us giants?

I was forced to acknowledge your pathetic existence." With his hands clasped behind his back, Maurice looked through the broken doorway, gazing down the mountain at Blumendale. Ambition and confidence radiated from him as he said, "Andrew, do you know something? Blumendale may seem small, but the Driscoll family spent nearly a century climbing to our current position. Now, we control a third of Gabo Creek's fate. "You understand what a third means, don't you?

It means the Driscoll family can do whatever we please, planting our roots deep into this province. From there, we'll grow, step by step, into a true powerhouse. And one day, perhaps even reach the level of the noble houses."

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1959 Andrew knelt on the ground, holding Victoria carefully in his arms. The constant flow of his inner energy brought a hint of color back to her pale face, but the cold inside her body still bit at his hands. Maurice drew back his gaze and smiled. "It's useless. What you're doing is nothing but futile. Her energy core is already destroyed. Fallen Grace is enough to make even the gods choke in regret.

Victoria is truly an extraordinary woman, but her worst mistake was standing against the Driscoll family." Andrew remained expressionless, looking up at Maurice. " Maurice, are you trying to tell me you see yourself as some great overlord of Gabo Creek? You've built the Driscoll family and raised remarkable heirs. And now, you've once again proven your family is unbeatable." Maurice raised a brow and scoffed, "And isn't that true? You have repeatedly disrespected us. Original content can be found at [Find~Novel.net](http://Find-Novel.net)

You might toy with the Five Apex Families, but now you've seen the power of the Driscoll family, one of the Three Titans. In other words, you've learned what our influence in Blumendale really means." Andrew shook his head. "To be honest, I haven't really seen it. I could kill your precious son Joe and your eldest daughter Scarlett right now, the two you care about most. I could make ---- the Driscoll family suffer a humiliating defeat in Goldridge, and not just your family..."

I wouldn't think twice about crushing the Fischer family either." Maurice's brows twitched, his face darkening for an instant. Nonetheless, as the Driscoll patriarch, a man who schemed from the shadows, he had long since mastered the art of control. High-level players like him could not afford to break composure. They had to project the calm, unreadable air of someone unshakable. Moreover, he saw no need to get riled up over Andrew's words.

Soon, the guy would just be another stepping stone in the Driscoll family's rise. "Go on," he said with a smile, motioning for Andrew to continue. Andrew's lips curved in a cold grin. "I will. Maurice, have you ever seen a true bloodbath, where bodies pile so high they block the sun? You've been the head of the Driscoll family for decades, thinking your power lets you provoke even governors.

But tell me, do you know what death actually feels like?" Maurice fell silent, his eyes narrowing as he studied Andrew. Then, he watched as Andrew, still holding Victoria, slowly rose to his feet. The pain in Andrew's gaze hardened into pure killing intent, his eyes gradually turning blood-red. ---- Maurice frowned. "You still want to resist? Matthias may have failed, and the Driscoll family has no one else left to move, but I can kill you in one strike.

Understand?" Andrew's smile turned cruel. "Maurice, I've just thought of a way to avenge Victoria properly: by killing you and wiping out every last member of the Driscoll family. That might comfort her a little." A flicker of unease flashed in Maurice's chest, but he masked it with a cold laugh. "Insolent brat, still acting arrogant at death's door." Behind his back, his hand clenched tightly, gathering violent inner force until his fist brimmed with power.

Black energy swirled around him, its strength on par with Matthias'. It was proof enough that Maurice's martial skill was not far behind the so-called number one martial artist of Gabo Creek. Among the Three Titans, Maurice was known for his patience and cunning. He was the kind of man people called a master schemer. "It's time for you to die," he said flatly. His fingers spread like claws as he thrust his hand forward, aiming to tear Andrew apart in a single strike.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1960 Calvin's voice dripped with venom. "Kill him! Kill this little bastard, Mr. Driscoll Senior!" Andrew did not release Victoria because the moment he let go, her body would freeze even faster. Even so, holding her did not mean he was not ready to fight Maurice to the death. The killing intent in him surged, and his thoughts raced Victoria's condition, Calvin's betrayal, and the Driscoll family's endless interference.

The crimson in his eyes burned brighter, and without realizing it, the second seal in his energy core finally began to crack apart. A low growl escaped his throat. Everywhere his gaze landed, his mind screamed only one thing: rip apart every living being in front of him. "Mr. Driscoll Senior, bringing so many men to storm this cathedral and wreck it completely is a bit much, don't you think?" At the last moment, a cold voice came from far to near, arriving in an instant.

This voice seemed to have magical power. The moment it entered Andrew's ears, the raging killing intent in his heart calmed down. Military boots appeared first in view, followed by a flawless, ---- beautiful face. It was Luna, clad in full uniform. She stepped in, eyes calm as they locked onto Maurice without a word. Her gloved hands slowly opened, revealing two spheres of pale red energy swirling in her palms. Those were energy so condensed it took physical form.

A single strike would hit like a cannon blast. Maurice's eyes narrowed, thoughts flashing through his mind. He knew Luna could probably level an entire mountain alone. Why she was here did not matter; what mattered was that with her involvement, today's plans were finished. With a cold snort, he said, "Luna, here to pray as well?" Luna glanced at Victoria in Andrew's arms, her tone equally calm. "I have no interest in praying. Plus, I've never believed in any gods or spirits.

The only thing I believe in is the power in my hands." Her meaning was clear: since she was here, Maurice would be wise to leave, or they could settle things right now. Maurice's gaze sharpened. "The Driscoll family still has business here. Could I trouble you to step aside?" Luna did not bother with politeness. "No. My people are already stationed at the foot of the mountain, awaiting my command. ---- You can kill anyone here if you like, and I can punish anyone here if I choose.

Go ahead, we won't get in each other's way." Maurice froze. "You..." Luna met his stare, her own eyes cold. The strands of hair by her ear began to stand upright, a sign that her patience was nearly gone. If he did not act, she would. That was her way. She did not care if he was the patriarch of one of the Three Titans, an elder, or some powerful name. If words did not work out, she would fight first and talk later. Maurice let out a sharp harrumph and turned to leave.

He had no confidence he could gain the upper hand against Luna, and losing here would strip him of his status and dignity. Hence, it was better to withdraw for now and keep her guessing about his strength and As soon as Maurice left, Luna looked at Andrew. "The woman in your arms can't be saved. If you want to climb higher and achieve anything in martial arts, you should stop feeding her your energy. Keep going like this and you'll drain your core dry, leaving permanent damage!"