

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1961 Andrew ignored Luna completely. Now that Maurice was no longer a threat, he pressed both hands firmly against Victoria's back. The energy from his core surged recklessly, pouring into her without restraint. In an instant, Victoria's body jolted, and thick clouds of steam rose from her back. Luna's voice was sharp with anger. "Andrew, what are you doing?"

Aren't you afraid of dragging yourself into a point of no return?" Even she was rattled by the way Andrew was recklessly channeling his energy. It was a move that could very well cost him his life, and no one knew if it would even save Victoria. Nonetheless, one thing was certain: Andrew would be severely injured. The energy that martial artists cultivated was not limitless. Once pushed beyond its limit, the mild consequence was a fall in skill level.

The severe consequence was permanent damage that would halt all future progress. Andrew's face contorted in agony, but his voice remained calm. "Ms. Phelan, if you have the time to worry about me, you'd be ---- better off helping me keep Maurice from getting away." Luna's brow furrowed deeply as she sneered coldly. "Keep Maurice? Andrew, what else are you planning to do? Fight back? Get revenge for Victoria?" Andrew's grin was vicious. "You're damn right."

The Driscoll family and I are now locked in a fight to the death. If I don't take out that old dog, I don't deserve to be called a man." Luna let out an exasperated laugh. "At a time like this, you still want to play the hero. If I hadn't come here on Governor McCormick's orders and arrived when I did, do you think you and Victoria would have even made it off this mountain alive?" Andrew slowly withdrew his hands, ignoring the tearing pain in his energy core as he gently laid Victoria flat.

Only then did he stand up to face Luna directly. They were only inches apart, close enough to catch every subtle change in the other's expression. Luna raised an eyebrow, her eyes sharp. "What is it you want to say? Or are you just blaming me? Andrew, I thought we had gone our separate ways. You couldn't beat the Driscoll family, and now you think I showed up too late. "Don't you think that's pathetic and cowardly? We're both martial artists. IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT [find\(n\)ovel.net](http://find(n)ovel.net)

We should understand that in true desperate situations, ---- sometimes there's no choice but to rely on yourself!" Andrew grinned, the blood on his face stretching into long streaks, making him look utterly savage. "Ms. Phelan, you're wrong. I'm not blaming you, and I certainly won't hold a grudge against you. Yes, when desperate situations arise, there's often no choice but to rely on yourself." His eyes blazed with determination. "But the so-called 'desperate situations'?"

This little backwater of Gabo Creek can't trap me. It's nowhere near enough." Under Luna's shocked gaze, Andrew pulled out his phone and made a call. His voice was thick with murderous intent. "Find them. Pull every person, every connection we have. Start with Scarlett and Walter; track them down. "I'm wiping out every last Driscoll alive. As for Maurice, tell the underground kingpins of Blumedale to name their price.

I don't care what it is, I just want one thing: the exact time and place he leaves the Driscoll residence." Then, he made separate calls to Logan and Rachel. He could have sent messages, but Andrew did not want to. He needed to notify both of them directly that they had to get this done for

him, and they had to do it immediately. Luna could not help but shake her head, grinding her teeth in frustration. "You've truly lost your mind!

You're going to blow ---- through all the resources you've worked so hard to build up. Andrew, are you so fragile that you can't handle the blow of failure?" Her voice turned cutting. "Or is it true what all those rumors say... that you have strange feelings for Victoria?" Andrew knelt and lifted Victoria into his arms. As he passed by Luna's side, he paused briefly. "How I treat someone depends on how they treat me.

Victoria almost gave her life for me, so what I'm doing for her now is nothing compared to that. And Ms. Phelan, I'm not crazy. In fact, I've never been as clear-headed. Oh, and congratulations... In the future, Blumedale won't be run by the Three Titans anymore. It'll just be the Phelans and the Fischers." With a faint smile, Andrew started down the back mountain steps, his posture straight. Outside, Luna's second-in-command, Leslie, stood waiting, her face dark with barely contained anger.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1962 Facing Andrew at that moment, Leslie could not explain why, but she did not dare to make a single provoking remark. Luna walked out, speaking in a flat tone. "Let's go. I've repaid Governor McCormick's favor." Leslie snorted coldly. "General, look at him. He's clearly at his limit but still putting on a tough act." Luna's expression remained indifferent. "Men are creatures with a foolish recklessness built into their very bones. Andrew is one of the worst examples of it.

Let's see what he can do. This helpless rage might be the last thing keeping him standing." Leslie sneered. She was about to add her own mocking comments, but her phone suddenly rang. It was an encrypted military call Leslie did not answer immediately. Instead, she glanced at Luna "General, it's from Colonel Saunders. Looks like something's going on." Luna frowned. "It's not even wartime. What could Intelligence possibly have that's urgent?

Answer it and find out." According to military protocol, regular information could be ---- communicated through direct contact. However, the highly classified Intelligence division only made direct calls in extreme emergencies, such as war or large-scale secret missions. Otherwise, it stayed completely dormant to ensure secrecy. For Chester Saunders, the head of Intelligence, to reach out personally could only mean that something big had happened.

Leslie's expression grew serious as she answered the call. Before she could speak, the voice on the other end urgently demanded, "Is General Phelan there? I need to speak with her directly." Leslie was stunned and quickly handed the phone to Luna. Luna took it, her tone calm. "Speak." Chester's tone was grim. "General, there's a high chance Blumedale is about to erupt into chaos. Based on our analysis, you should begin defensive measures immediately." Luna let out a sharp laugh.

"Defensive measures? Have you been drinking? What, is there a war breaking out? Or is the sky falling over Blumedale?" Chester spoke with unshakable seriousness. "General, I'm completely sober, and this is no joke. Just moments ago, our cyber unit detected 50 billion dollars being funneled into several massive black-market accounts." ---- Luna snorted coldly. "What does that have to do with our military? For more chapters visit findnovel.net

Let the banks or regulatory agencies handle it." Chester shouted, "General, if this were ordinary financial crime, then of course it wouldn't concern us! But this money came from Gabo Creek's largest business association, the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce. "The accounts receiving it belong openly to Blumedale's two underground kings: the White Dragon and the Black Dragon. And that's not all...

Over 1000 gang enforcers have taken to the streets, openly searching for people." Luna spoke dismissively. "They're just a bunch of clowns. Do you know what they're after?" Chester replied, "They're searching for hiding places of the Driscoll family's important members. At the same time, the Kellers, the Wrights, the Irvings, the Ulrichs, the Rhodes, and nearly a dozen others of Blumedale's families are sending out their own crews.

From the way they're converging, there's only one target." Luna's face finally changed. "Where? Don't tell me it's near The Sovereign Residences." Chester gave a bitter laugh. "That's exactly what I'm telling you. More specifically, Serenity Villa inside The Sovereign ---- Residences. Andrew is about to turn Blumedale upside down The military response is up to you to decide.

But if the forces he's mobilized can't be contained, they'll definitely spell trouble." Luna hung up the phone with a sharp click. Leslie stared at her. "What happened, General?" Luna spoke in an icy voice. "That bastard! He's digging his own grave. He really doesn't take the Driscoll family seriously." Leslie was stunned. "Andrew? He's going to war directly with the Driscoll family?" It took Leslie a moment before she hurried after her, her heart pounding with shock after shock.

In all these years, no one had ever dared take on Blumedale's Three Titans head-on. How the hell did Andrew have the nerve? The Driscoll family was a power that the Phelans themselves could not take down.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1963 "Andrew, don't do this!" Inside Serenity Villa, Chantelle rushed in with a pale face. Andrew had just finished showering, his hair still wet. Several gashes on his back were strikingly visible. However, he ignored them, only stopping the bleeding before putting on a fresh set of clothes. After getting himself ready, he grabbed the pills from the table and swallowed them in large gulps. Chantelle's voice rose in anger. "This won't help at all.

Do you even realize how much strength you've already burned through? Even if you force yourself to keep going with high-grade medicine, you can't take on the Driscoll family's elites, let alone Maurice!" Andrews tone was calm. "Chantelle, you still don't understand me as much as you think you do." She froze. "What do you mean? I think I know you inside out.

You're my man, and I don't want to watch you walk to your death, simple as that." As she spoke, she glared at Andrew through gritted teeth, tears streaming down her face. ---- Andrew's cold, hard gaze softened slightly. He pinched her cheek gently and said in a low voice, "Don't worry. I'll be fine. On the contrary, you're going to see the real me. Many years ago, I used to do this kind of thing all the time.

Really, it's second nature to me." Chantelle wiped her tears and asked plaintively, "What kind of thing?" Andrew smiled. "Wiping out entire families!" He patted her head and walked out. Outside Serenity Villa, more than a dozen luxury cars were parked in neat rows, already waiting. Standing

beside the luxury cars were not drivers but the heads of more than a dozen major families from within the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce. Check latest chapters at @ovelFind.net

Today, these family heads had to personally drive these cars because their chairman was getting serious. If they did not show their loyalty by following along, it would be a death sentence. Yara had also come, bringing the Wrights' security captain, Tora, with her. "Mr. Lloyd, just give your orders," Tora volunteered. Andrew smiled. "Not needed for now. Just protect Ms. Wright." ---- Yara stepped forward with a serious expression.

"The Wrights can immediately provide ten billion to support your cause. If you need more, I'll gather it right away." Andrew nodded, "The money's enough. I only need you to do one thing: mobilize the Wrights' people and connections to help me find someone." Yara's expression grew complex, as if she wanted to say something but held back. Andrew had already turned around and gotten into the Bentley at the front of the convoy. "Franklin has already fled from the cathedral on the mountain.

On the Peck family's side, Calvin's whereabouts are unknown. Only Miles and Liliana have returned to the Peck family!" Logan reported with meticulous detail from inside the car, not missing any detail. He added, "The Driscoll family has recalled experts from their eight nearby cities and the Gabo Creek martial arts community back to their Blumedale headquarters." Andrew sat alone in the back seat, showing no reaction. In the passenger seat, Rachel could not help but turn around. "Mr.

Lloyd, Ronald and Aaron are already waiting for you at the Chamber building. They seem to have some complications on ---- their end." Andrew replied blankly, "They took my money, so they need to get things done for me. Pass along my exact words to both of them: if I can't get the names and locations of the Driscoll family members I want dead, then they'll be the ones dying instead." Rachel's eyelid twitched as she quickly responded, "Understood!" Andrew's first destination was the Peck residence.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1964 The first thing Victoria did after waking up from her coma was smile and ask Andrew to take her home. She told Andrew not to worry and to leave everything to fate. Andrew did not say anything. However, he silently scoffed. 'Fate? I don't believe in that. I only believe in my own strength!' The convoy of luxury cars rolled through the Peck residence gates. Miles and Liliana stood stiffly at the entrance, their faces tense.

The people arriving were some of the most influential figures in Blumedale, and any one of them was someone they would have to greet with full respect. Among them was George, who stood silently at the back of the group, dressed in black and leaning on a cane. Freya held an umbrella over him to shield him from the drizzle, her expression calm and unreadable. Andrew walked through the gates and said without looking back, "The rest of you don't need to come in.

I don't want to disturb Victoria's rest. Just wait outside." Duncan, Ryder, George, and the others all nodded and remained standing outside the gates. Having such a group of powerful ---- figures come calling but not entering, just standing guard outside the gates, was truly overwhelming for the siblings. Liliana felt her scalp tingling and whispered to Miles, "Miles, you should invite Mr. Keller Senior inside.

How can we let him stand outside?" Miles hesitated but eventually walked to the back with forced courage. "Sir, please, come inside for some tea and rest." George waved him off. "No need. He already told us to wait outside. Even if it's pouring knives from the sky, I'll wait right here." Miles didn't dare press further, his heart pounding. For the first time, both he and Liliana understood the scale of Andrew's power and influence. Especially Liliana. Read complete version only at Find1Novel.net

When Andrew had stepped out of the car earlier, she had almost dropped to her knees. She could feel it now, the sheer force of the man she had foolishly provoked time and again, Duncan smiled and waved them over. "Come here, Miles and Liliana. I've got a question for you." They hurried closer. "Mr. Irving Senior, what is it?" Duncan chuckled. "It's nothing important... I'm just wondering. Where did Calvin go?" ---- Liliana's face went pale, and she shook her head Miles gave an awkward laugh.

"We don't know where he is." Duncan's smile never faltered as he waved them off. "Alright, go on. Oh, and if... big if... you see Calvin come back, tell him to do one thing for me." Liliana asked without thinking, "What thing?" He chuckled sinisterly. "Tell him to hand over his head." In the small attic at the back of the Peck residence, Victoria was sitting by the window in a simple lounge set, quietly brewing tea. Andrew rushed in the moment he saw her. "Victoria, how can you be out of bed?

Go lie down!" Her hands trembled as she held the teacup. "It's fine. I couldn't sleep, so I thought I'd have a cup of tea. Here, let me pour you 'one too." She lifted the teapot, but her hand shook violently, spilling the tea across the table. Then came a sharp crash as the pot slipped from her grasp and shattered on the floor. Andrew and Victoria stayed silent. ---- After a long pause, she gave him a weak smile. "So now... I can't even lift a teapot anymore?"

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1965 Victoria asked, "Andrew, do you think I'm just too useless now?" Andrew felt his heart clench painfully for that brief moment. "Victoria, I'm going to restore your energy core!" Even he found his own words hollow and pale. Victoria looked at him and forced a faint smile. She tried to act like she did not care, but he could feel the bitterness and helplessness beneath it. She said, "With Fallen Grace and Death's Draught plant combined, even a miracle worker couldn't help.

You've already done the impossible just by keeping me alive. As for my energy core and martial arts, don't waste your time thinking about it. It'll only trouble you." She even joked, "It's fine. From now on, I'll just settle for being a housewife." Andrew took a deep breath and emphasized once more, "Victoria, I will definitely restore your strength." As a martial artist, he understood all too well what the destruction of one's energy core meant. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON findnovel.net

Victoria would probably rather die than live as a cripple. She had ---- been strong all her life, and now she could barely lift a finger. The martial arts she had taken pride in were gone, stripped from her like a cruel execution When she started coughing again and a cold flush spread across her face, Andrew quickly moved to help her back to bed. However, she looped her arms around his neck instead. Her almost translucent skin was right before him, her gaze soft and hazy.

"You brat, from now on, I'm just a weak, useless woman. Before I die, I'll have to rely on you to take care of me," she murmured. Andrew pushed away the strange tug in his chest and forced a grin. "With a face like yours, Victoria, you could live off your looks alone." She rolled her eyes and let out a relaxed sigh. "Smooth talker. But maybe it's not so bad. No more pushing myself in competition, no more hurting my body. I'm tired of it all. Andrew, go handle your business."

"I'm exhausted and want to rest." He nodded, gently settling her into bed before stepping outside. As soon as he turned, he saw someone standing at the door: Tiana. "Mrs. Rhodes? What are you doing here?" he asked in surprise. She gave a cold smirk. "What, am I not allowed? Or did I almost ---- walk in on a tender little moment between you and your Victoria? Andrew frowned. "Mrs. Rhodes, now's not the time for sarcasm." Realizing she had crossed a line, Tiana gave a short huff.

"Fine, I'll take that back. But Andrew, don't tell Victoria you've gone to war with the Driscoll family. With her temperament, she'd lose sleep and appetite over it." "I've already kept that in mind. She won't know," Andrew assured her. Tiana nodded. "Good. Now go. I'll stay and speak to her for a moment." Andrew did not move, so she urged him on. "Go. Don't worry, I won't do anything."

Victoria and I may have spent half our lives despising each other, but now that she's lost her martial arts, I've let it go. Even if she pushes me, I won't hold it against her." Only then did Andrew reply, "Mrs. Rhodes, I'll leave it to you to keep watch over the Peck residence." As soon as he stepped outside, he moved without pause, "Next stop." George and the others stiffened. They all knew that the real battle was about to begin.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1966 At the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce headquarters building, both Dragon Kings sat silently in the spacious office, waiting anxiously and impatiently. The wait was unbearable, and Ronald, the Onyx Dragon King, let out a cold snort. "Andrew's getting more and more disrespectful toward us." Ronald sneered. "Aaron, I thought you only cared about money, not people. As long as you're paid enough, you don't fear anyone. Remember last time when Andrew went after Scarlett?"

"I wouldn't help, but you were quick to step up. So why are you suddenly playing the coward this time?" Aaron shot him a cold glance before smirking. "Ronald, don't play the saint. We're the same. You can't tell me you weren't tempted by Andrew's 50 billion. You can act high and mighty all you want, but money like that? Nobody says no to it." Ronald's jaw tightened. "Who the hell wouldn't want that kind of money? But he's lost his mind. He wants to kill the head of the Driscoll family."

"That's Maurice, one of Blumedale's Three Titans. Tell me, who in Gabo Creek would dare take that job?" Aaron shook his head. "It's too late to argue about it now. Mr. Lloyd is clever! Hell, I have to admit, even I'm impressed. He ---- transferred the money to us without saying a word about what it was for. Once we accepted it, he told us. You see what he did? He forced us onto the same ledge he's about to jump from." Ronald paced the room in frustration.

"That bastard's dragging us down with him. If I'd known, I never would've taken the money. Maybe we still have a way out." Aaron narrowed his eyes. "A way out? You're not planning to take the money and walk away, are you?" Ronald scoffed. "Taking the money and not doing the job

would be a death sentence in our world. I'm not that reckless. But I could return his money and say we can't help." Aaron gave a cynical smile. "Mr. Lloyd won't let us return it.

Last time you wouldn't help him with Scarlett, look how that turned out. Do you think you can stop him if he comes after you?" Ronald snapped. "Damn it, am I the Dragon King here or is he? Since when have I not even had the right to say no?" Before Aaron could answer, the office door swung open. Andrew walked in with his people, and Rachel quickly rushed forward to take his coat and hang it up. Aaron forced a smile. "Mr. Lloyd, you're back!" He shot Ronald a look to greet him.

---- Ronald's face was like stone as he muttered, "Mr. Lloyd, hope you're all good." Andrew walked behind the desk, sat down slowly, and shook his head. "I'm not doing well." Ronald froze. He thought, 'Of course I know you're not doing well, but we're supposed to at least pretend here... Don't you get that?' Andrew looked up at the two Dragon Kings. "Gentlemen, I heard bits of your conversation outside." Aaron gave a strained chuckle, while Ronald decided to just rip the bandage off.

"Fine, since you heard, I'll just say it: I'm not taking this job." Andrew's expression did not change. "Reason?" Ronald bristled. "Reason? You want to go to war with the Driscoll family. I don't feel like dying with you. That's my reason!" Inwardly, he cursed. Andrew probably already knew, but he was still forcing him to spell it out. Andrew replied, "But you already took my money." Updates are released by find-novel.net

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1967 "Also, it's not a small amount either... It's over ten billion!" Andrew's expression remained as calm as still water as he stated this matter-of-factly. Ronald snorted, "I can return the money exactly as it was." Andrew waved his hand dismissively. "No need! I have a habit: money spent stays spent." Ronald narrowed his eyes and sneered. "Andy, you're forcing me into a corner. Well, I have a rule too. Money's great, but life is more important.

If I don't want to do something, no one can make me." Andrew replied with detached calm, "Ronald, think about it again. In this world, there are some things you might not want to do, but you don't get a choice." Ronald gave a harsh laugh. "Andrew, should I take that as a threat? Are you out of your mind? I'm the Dragon King of Blumedale's underworld, the Onyx Dragon King. If you're trying to play gangster games with me, you're in way over your head." His anger flared up instantly. The link to the origin of this information rests in find-novel.net

He could not believe that this punk actually dared to threaten him. Did Andrew think he was some pushover? ---- Andrew's gaze hardened. "So what you're saying is, we're done talking?" Ronald snorted, chin raised. "Sorry. I've got my own problems." Andrew grew impatient. "Just tell me if we can talk this through or not." Ronald exploded in frustration, "No! Screw this. You want to get yourself killed, and I'm not playing along, That's it!" Andrew smiled.

"Aaron, and everyone else, please step aside a bit." Aaron was confused, not knowing what Andrew intended to do. Nonetheless, he instinctively stepped back two paces, moving away from Ronald. The others also retreated from the office. Ronald sneered coldly, "What? Are you going to try to intimidate me, Mr. Lloyd? Let's not pretend I'm afraid of you. My guys are downstairs. Just one call from me and..." He did not even finish his sentence. Andrew had already made his move.

He was quick like lightning, shoving the massive desk aside and lunging forward. ---- Ronald barely caught a blur of movement before his neck exploded with pain, feeling like it was about to snap. He was utterly terrified, wondering how Andrew could be so fast and so strong. Ronald was, after all, a formidable martial king. Yet at this moment, with his neck gripped by Andrew, he felt like nothing more than a torn rag doll. Ronald's body hit the wall hard, blood spraying from his nose and mouth.

He coughed violently, terror in his eyes. "Y-You already have the power of a martial saint? That's impossible!" Andrew withdrew his hand, his smile ice-cold. "Ronald, now... can you handle my job or not?" Ronald nodded frantically, not even bothering to wipe the blood from his face. "Yes, of course I can! Andy, what are you saying? It's just a small matter. I'll get it done perfectly." His sudden cooperation was night and day compared to moments earlier.

Aaron stood frozen, swallowing hard, the shock in his chest as deep as Ronald's. A martial saint was someone beyond the rules entirely. One man like that could wipe out every underworld power in Blumedale. At this point, resistance was pointless, and it was better to just obey. ---- Andrew settled back into his seat with leisurely composure. Aaron did not hesitate for a second and immediately stepped forward. "Mr. Lloyd, I've already tracked down Walter's whereabouts.

When do you need the information?" Andrew gave a thin smile. "Aaron, are you joking? I told you to find him, so of course, the sooner, the better. Now tell me every single detail, not one word missing. I want to send that bastard straight to hell."

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1968 Half an hour later, Andrew left the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce building. The others left soon after, leaving only Ronald and Aaron at the back. "Ronald, you alright?" Aaron asked, for once showing a hint of concern. Ronald had wiped the blood from his face, but at the question, his expression twitched. "Do I look alright? I almost got the crap beaten out of me, literally.

Aaron, if you don't know how to talk, just keep your mouth shut." Aaron said, "We've always been enemies and can't stand each other. But honestly, watching you get smacked around just now .. I did feel a little bad for you." "Fuck off," Ronald shot back, his voice dripping venom. Aaron snorted coldly, "I'm not here to trash-talk with you. Let's talk business now. I'm betting everything on Andrew's side!" Ronald's face was dark. "Do I have a choice?

I couldn't back out now even if I wanted to." Aaron grinned. "Maybe he really can bring down the Driscoll family. A martial saint is the real deal, a legend in the martial world. It's seriously hard to believe, given how young he is!" ---- Ronald gritted his teeth, "That's not even the most unbelievable part. What's really mind-blowing is that he wasn't this strong before.

But the moment he made his move just now, I knew I was done for." He added, "Honestly, I felt his determination to kill me earlier, but at the last moment, he held back!" Aaron shrugged. "A martial saint is on the same level as Maurice. Killing you or me? That's entirely up to his mood, Don't overthink it. Right now, to him, we're just ants." Ronald gave a bitter snort. "No need to remind me. Oh, and Walter's location is in his hands now. You think Walter will survive?" Aaron smirked.

"The better question is what pose will Walter be in when he dies?" Ronald ignored the bad joke, his voice low. "Maybe we've been wrong about him all along, He's not some lucky upstart. He's a waking dragon rising from the abyss! Now the dragon has emerged and wants blood, and no one can stop him!" Aaron's smile faded into a grim look. "I'll personally lead the team to track down the Driscoll family's members. If we fail, he might really kill someone." Ronald's throat felt dry.

The mighty underworld kingpin had been ---- reduced to running errands like a common foot soldier. What a joke. Meanwhile, at the Hopkins residence. The Hopkins were one of the old martial families and loyal vassals of the Driscoll family, and the atmosphere in the main hall was tense. The family head, Diego Hopkins, slammed his palm down on the table, his anger flaring. "Mr. Burke, you should return home first. I'll take our people straight to the Driscoll residence.

I want to see what that little bastard thinks he can do to us." At the head of the hall sat Walter, his face pale. He still ached from the injuries he had suffered in the cathedral, where Andrew had nearly killed him. He replied, "No rush. Mr. Driscoll Senior said this little bastard won't be able to stir up much trouble for a while. The Hopkinses must deploy everyone this time. Once we make our move, we must make sure he and all his people are completely annihilated! Walter's expression was extremely grim.

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Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1969 After speaking, Walter broke into violent coughing. Diego frowned deeply. "Mr. Burke, the Hopkinses are a martial arts family where everyone practices combat. Usually, we only deploy our full force when the main family faces a life-or-death crisis." He added, "I don't think doing this just for Andrew is necessary." Walter's eyes showed wariness as he gritted his teeth, "These are Mr. Driscoll Senior's orders, so just follow them.

Andrew may be despicable, but he's no ordinary opponent! These injuries on me are all thanks to him." Diego was somewhat surprised, "Mr. Burke, even with your combat abilities, you were having trouble with that kid?" Walter nodded, his already grim face becoming even more deathly pale. Diego replied, "Alright then, Mr. Burke, you should go rest first. In two hours, once I've organized everything here, I can bring people and return to Blumedale with you." Walter nodded. "Thank you, Mr.

Hopkins Senior." ---- After the cathedral battle, Andrew's side immediately moved against the Driscoll family without any hesitation, catching the Driscolls completely off guard. Given the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce's power and Andrew's newly revealed strength, Maurice, though outwardly dismissive, was not foolish enough to take him lightly. This upstart was most likely a martial saint. Otherwise, he could not have killed Bradley and then defeated both Walter and Scarlett.

That meant the Driscoll family could not afford to play around anymore. They needed full readiness. Maurice decided to use this as an opportunity to eliminate Andrew entirely, rallying the family's full might. Among their closest and strongest allies was the Hopkins family, one of the most powerful martial clans in the region. To show respect, Maurice sent his personal attendant, Walter, to deliver the order in person. Content originally comes from [find—novel.net](http://find-novel.net)

When Walter left the main hall of the Hopkins residence, Diego remained behind, his brow furrowed in thought. After a moment, he called out, "Bring Timothy here." A servant immediately went to summon the Hopkins heir, ---- Timothy Hopkins. He wore a sharp business suit and looked refined and scholarly. With a smile, he asked, "Dad, you called for me?" Diego gestured for him to take a seat, saying, "Tim, Mr.

Burke from the Driscoll family came to our house." Timothy chuckled lightly, appearing completely unfazed, "No need to explain, Dad. I already know. The Driscolls have run into a serious opponent in Blumedale. The situation is on the verge of open war. Mr. Burke is here to order our Hopkins family to risk our lives for them." Diego nodded, very much appreciating his son's intelligence and wisdom. "That's right.

Although I agreed to everything he asked just now, this matter could go either way, and I wanted to consult with you." Timothy did not hesitate. He sneered and said, "Dad, it's simple. Watching them fight is always better than jumping into the pit with them. The Driscolls' opponent is named Andrew Lloyd, a newly risen force in Blumedale. "I haven't met him, but given his reputation, he's certainly no ordinary man. We can promise the Driscolls that we'll go help, but when we actually move... that will be entirely up to us."

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1970 Diego's eyes lit up. "Tim, so you mean... We wait and see?" Timothy nodded, then shook his head, looking very much like a master strategist. "Not just wait and see! If Andrew turns out to be a useless waste who gets crushed by the Driscolls in just a few moves, then we need to strike fast to show our loyalty and earn merit! "But if Andrew really is as formidable and troublesome as they say, then we will pay lip service while secretly preserving our strength!

Our people aren't cheap, and we're not stupid enough to lead the charge for someone else." Diego chuckled. "That's my boy. We'll do it your way." Timothy's thin lips curved into a half-smile. "That said, I do want to meet Andrew face-to-face someday. The Hopkinses rarely get involved in Blumedale affairs, so I've never had the chance to size up this so-called rising star. Honestly, I doubt he's as amazing as the rumors say.

These days, most so-called prodigies are just hype, nothing worth mentioning." Diego appreciated his son's confidence and encouraged him. "Tim, don't be impatient. There will be opportunities. In my opinion, if the Driscoll family really goes to war with Andrew, you'll be the one who steals the spotlight in the end!" ---- Timothy looked disdainful and said proudly, "Dad, you're underestimating my ambitions! I've been training day and night, sharpening both my martial skills and my intellect.

I had planned to win over Scarlett and use her to soar to the top. But who knew she'd turn out to be useless and get taken down by Andrew?" He scoffed. "With my looks, my brains, and my skill, if I step into the arena, I could at least be the man to steal Maurice's woman right out from under him." Diego's brow twitched, ready to scold his son for such nonsense. What kind of ambition was that?

Then again, he thought about it and could not deny that Timothy was otherwise perfect, aside from this habit of chasing married women just to prove himself. Still, if Timothy really could humiliate someone as powerful as Maurice, that would still be quite the brag. Just as father and son were

each lost in their beautiful fantasies, a servant rushed in to report. "Mr. Hopkins Senior, Mr. Hopkins... T-There's someone requesting an audience." Diego frowned at the servant's panic.

"Why are you stumbling over yourself like that? Who is it?" ---- The servant swallowed hard. "H-He said his name is Andrew Lloyd. He wants us to hand over Mr. Walter Burke, or we'll be wiped out." Diego and Timothy's eyes widened at the same time, both momentarily speechless. The next moment, Timothy broke into a cold, amused laugh. " Let me handle this nobody who crawled out from who knows where! Whether he's really that Andrew or not, how dare he speak to us that way? He's not leaving this place alive!"