

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1971 "Martial family? Looks like they're nothing special," Eric said with open disdain outside the gates. Andrew stood at the front, calm as ever. He had only brought Eric with him for this visit. He asked, "If the Hopkinses refuse to cooperate, you know what to do, right?" Eric gave a cold snort. "Don't forget, I came from the rough side of the streets. We don't care about rules or pleasantries. If they don't cooperate, I'll start a massacre." Andrew's smile was faint. Original content can be found at find**novel.net

"I've already unsealed your martial arts abilities, Eric. You're not planning to use this chance to run, are you?" Eric's mouth twitched. He definitely wanted to run, but he did not dare. Something about Andrew had changed again since the cathedral fight. Now, just standing there, Andrew radiated a crushing, unstoppable pressure. If before he had the power of a martial saint without its outward aura, now that aura was unmistakable.

Eric could not tell if Andrew had fully stepped into the martial saint realm. If that was the case, then whether his martial arts pressure points were unlocked no longer mattered. ---- After all, even if they were unlocked, it would be as if they were not. For Andrew to control or suppress him would only be easier than before. "You're Andrew Lloyd?" The Hopkinses emerged, led by Timothy in a sharp suit and flanked by two of the family's elite fighters. Timothy's expression was icy.

Andrew looked at him. "That's right. I'm here for two things. First, your Hopkins family has a Helioheart Gem. I want it." Timothy let out an angry laugh. "The Hopkins do have a Helioheart Gem, passed down for generations. But you think you can just walk up and ask for it? Who the hell do you think you are?" Andrew's face remained blank. "Are you deaf? I already told you that I'm Andrew Lloyd, Second, Walter. Is he here? Hand him over. His life belongs to me." Timothy's patience snapped.

"Get him! Break him first, talk later! The Hopkinses have been standing for generations; we've never seen arrogance like this. You clearly know nothing about martial families. Soon, you'll find out exactly how it feels to beg for mercy." He was not entirely sure this was indeed Andrew, but it did not ---- matter. He had his pride. No one, not even the Driscoll family, ever dared speak to the Hopkinses so rudely. It was all because the Hopkinses had the strength to earn their respect.

The two experts flanking Timothy attacked simultaneously, using Fang and Feather Flow, fists sharp and unyielding. Andrew stood perfectly still, making no move to evade. Martial families were rare, and the Hopkinses, like the Fischers among the Three Titans, trained their members from childhood. Maurice himself was a powerhouse worthy of that heritage. But even so, Andrew had not feared him. So, why would he care about the Hopkinses? Eric sneered.

"What a bunch of fools!" He moved like a phantom, bursting forward with a sudden kick that crashed into the fighter on Andrew's left. The man, who had been aiming for Andrew's head, let out a grunt and stumbled back, his expression shifting in shock. Eric did not even look at him. Strange patterns flashed in his eyes as he locked onto the man on the right.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1972 These two experts from the Hopkinses might not have had exceptionally high cultivation levels, but their martial arts foundations were rock-solid. However, under the Phantom Mirage, they were completely useless. Its true power lay in seizing the mind. Hence, no matter how strong their bodies were, if their will was stolen or tempted, they would fall under Eric's control. The fighter on the right froze mid-strike, then dropped to his knees before Eric.

Timothy, who had been expecting a good show, frowned and shot Eric a look filled with suspicion. Eric sneered coldly and strode forward, intending to continue subduing Timothy. However, Timothy pointed behind him and said with great joy, "Mr. Driscoll Senior, you've finally shown yourself! Perfect... Andrew is right here, kill him." Eric's heart skipped. He spun around instinctively, a bad feeling surging through him. ---- Could Maurice have set a trap, waiting for them to walk right into it?

Just then, he heard the sound of wind rushing by his ear. Timothy laughed with vicious glee. "Freak, you fell for it!" A stabbing cold pierced Eric's mind like needles. He was furious, but it was already too late. He gritted his teeth and prepared to be successfully ambushed by Timothy. "Really? Even a cheap trick like this can fool you?" Andrew's helpless voice rang out at that moment, sounding unhurried and even carrying a hint of laziness. A thunderous crack shook the air.

Eric whipped his head back just in time to see Timothy, who had been inches away from stabbing a steel needle into his skull, blasted backward as if struck by lightning. Blood gushed out of Timothy's mouth as he slammed into the Hopkinses' signboard, knocking it down in a crash. "Mr. Hopkins!" one of the two Hopkins experts cried out in terror. Andrew dusted off his hands. No one had seen how he had made his move. "Are you okay?" he asked Eric.

---- Eric's face flushed with embarrassment as he said stiffly, "I'm fine!" Being saved by Andrew made him feel very humiliated. He defended himself for his careless vulnerability to the sneak attack, hissing, "If that bastard tries it again, I'll smash his head in" Andrew shook his head. "Mr. Thornton has spoiled you. Eric, you're gifted in martial arts, and with Phantom Mirage, you're nearly unstoppable.

But you still lack experience and understanding of how treacherous people's hearts can be." Eric flushed with shame and was about to snap back, but Andrew had already stepped forward and grabbed Timothy by the collar. "That weapon you're holding is a banned martial weapon, a Bloodletting Needle, isn't it?" Timothy, gripped by Andrew and with blood pouring from his mouth, growled, "It is a Bloodletting Needle, but so what? Let me give you some advice. Latest content published on findnovel.net

Put me down, get on your knees, and apologize now, or the Hopkinses will tear you to pieces." Andrew's tone was flat. "No wonder you're a vassal of the Driscolls. You've got the same 'I'm the biggest thing in the world' attitude they do. The Bloodletting Needle is hollow inside and ---- dangerous to use. You're too young to handle it, so don't touch it again." Timothy roared, "Who the hell do you think you are to tell me what to do?

Put me down or I'll..." Andrew's open hand cracked across his face twice, sending blood from his nose and leaving him dazed. Without breaking stride, Andrew hauled him up and started walking straight into the Hopkins residence.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1973 Dozens of Hopkins family members rushed out, weapons ready. Leading them was Diego, the family head himself. He asked, "Sir, who are you, and why have you injured my people for no reason?" The moment he saw Timothy's face covered in blood, gasping for breath, Diego nearly passed out. He was their family's most promising talent, a high-level martial king not far from reaching the peak, the one they proudly compared to the main house's elites.

Yet now, he was dangling in a stranger's grip like a helpless bird. Diego's chest tightened as if it might burst. Andrew gave a faint smile, glancing over the Hopkins family members. "I don't want to kill anyone who isn't involved. Where's Walter? Bring him out. And I want to borrow the Hopkinses' Helioheart Gem." Diego's expression darkened. "Sir, you've gone too far. You talk about borrowing, but you came in here injuring my people.

Sounds less like borrowing and more like robbery." Andrew feigned shock. "You're the head of the Hopkins family, aren't you? You're a smart man. You've guessed my true ---- intentions." Diego nearly fainted from rage. He thought the bastard was not even trying to hide it. Not only had he attacked them on their own turf, but he was openly admitting his intent to rob them. It was an insult to the Hopkinses! "What if we don't cooperate?

Does that mean you're ready to go against us completely?" Diego asked coldly. Timothy was in tatters, and there was no way he would let this. end without blood Andrew nodded. "Won't lend it, huh? That's simple enough!" He snatched the Bloodletting Needle from Timothy's hand and jabbed it into Timothy's arm. Timothy's scream tore through the place. "N-No... Sir, I was wrong! Please! Dad, help me!" He felt his soul nearly leave his body.

Diego's jaw clenched tight, and his gaze toward Andrew shifted. "Sir, who exactly are you?" Andrew grinned. "I already told your son that my name is Andrew Lloyd, but he didn't believe me. So, I had to give him a little demonstration." ---- Diego's face paled in shock. "Y-You're Andrew Lloyd?" He had just been plotting with Timothy about how to deal with the Driscolls and Andrew, and now the man himself had walked through their gates like death incarnate.

The Driscolls' enemy was not some reckless fool; he was a predator. All this talk about waiting and watching was pointless; survival meant stepping aside immediately. Diego chuckled awkwardly. "Andrew... N-No. Mr. Lloyd! Please, have a seat. It's just a misunderstanding! You want the Helioheart Gem? Of course, we'll give it to you. As for Walter, well... that's a little tricky. For original chapters go to find•novel.net

We have no idea he's in the back garden's pavilion by the pond." Andrew saw Diego's pained expression and tossed Timothy aside, heading toward the back garden. He did not forget to turn back with a cheerful smile. "Mr. Hopkins Senior, don't worry. I won't tell Walter that you tipped me off." Diego's face twitched. He prided himself on being sly, but Andrew was slicker than he was.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1974 "Mr. Hopkins, are you alright?" The Hopkins men helped Timothy up from the ground, but before he could answer, Diego snapped at them. "Get out of the way! Can't you see he

just got stabbed with a needle? Of course, he's not fine! Use your brain!" He glared fiercely at the clueless men before turning back to his son. "Tim, how could you take such a heavy hit? Original content can be found at find-novel.net

With your skill, that shouldn't have happened!" Timothy's face was pale as he answered nervously, "Dad, don't mess with Andrew. Whatever grudge he has with the Driscoll family, we must stay out of it. We absolutely can't get involved!" Diego's tone darkened. "But he humiliated us, came straight to our door, and hurt you. Tim, do you want revenge or not? Give me a straight answer." Timothy swallowed hard and shook his head repeatedly. "Revenge? Not a chance... Not in a million years!

Andrew is too strong... Terrifying, even. I couldn't even see how he moved when he struck me. Dad, the Driscolls have crossed paths with a real monster this time. When titans clash, the little guys die first. We absolutely can't get involved!" ---- The Hopkins family members looked at each other. Truth be told, they had held back earlier because Andrew had Timothy in his grip. Now that he was free, they could have attacked with everything they had.

Nonetheless, seeing Timothy, the victim himself, completely deflated and unwilling to even think of revenge, the entire family's fighting spirit quietly faded. Diego took a deep breath and muttered, "Walter is as good as finished. Thank goodness the Hopkinses haven't made Andrew a mortal enemy yet." Just then, a thunderous crash echoed from the pavilion by the back garden pond, followed by Walter's furious, desperate roar.

"Andrew, are you really going to push me to the edge?!" Andrew gave no reply. Only more deep, rumbling impacts shook the Hopkins residence. It sounded like two wild beasts locked in a brutal fight. All the Hopkins family members shuddered, and no one dared to make a sound. The Driscolls had always been predators, never prey. Yet here was Walter, one of their high-ranking leaders, cornered and fighting for his life.

The continuous roars indicated that he was already in a desperate struggle, caught in a life-or-death situation. ---- "Just exactly how strong is Andrew? This bone-chilling question simultaneously arose in the hearts of all the Hopkins family members. Eric stood with his arms crossed, calmly watching the fight from inside the waterside gazebo. He noticed a teapot on the table and poured himself a cup, though he did not drink it, wrinkling his nose in distaste.

He was a clean freak, and he was always scented like fine cologne. He twirled the cup lazily in his hand. Though he looked casual, his eyes were sharp, studying Andrew's every move. After a while, he shook his head and looked away. What was the point of watching? This monster could probably beat him to a pulp even without mastering the Inferno Strike. Eric was a martial arts genius, but for the first time, he understood what a true genius among geniuses looked like. He doubted even Jerome had imagined that Andrew would one day master the Inferno Strike.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1975 A roar burst forth, like a dragon screaming through the air, as Andrew's palm strike shattered the protective energy around Walter. The force did not slow for even a second before it slammed square into Walter's chest. He threw his head back and spat a thick mouthful of

blood, mixed with fragments of his own organs. A few more loud crashes echoed, and Walter's cloaked figure smashed through seven pillars along the pondside walkway before finally coming to a stop.

Another gush of blood spilled from his mouth, and he could no longer resist. His meridians were shredded, bones broken, and despair swallowed him whole. His knees buckled, and he collapsed onto the ground. Andrew's expression was calm as he walked up with one hand behind his back. Walter's hair hung in a tangled mess over his bloodied face, and he glared up with venom.

"You little bastard, the Driscoll family will make you pay in blood for killing me!" Andrew looked down at him from above, "Is that your last words? ---- Walter's face flushed red as he spat blood again and roared miserably, "Andrew, you'll regret the choice you made today. The Driscoll family is one of Gabo Creek's Three Titans!

If you don't stop now and submit in surrender, in the end..." He never finished the sentence, because Andrew had already slammed his palm down onto the top of his head. The unstoppable, molten heat of the strike burned through his skull. Walter's eyes bulged, red with burst blood vessels, before his body pitched forward, lifeless, his brain reduced to pulp. Eric slowly rose from his seat in the pavilion. Watching Andrew's back, he realized for the first time that they were about the same age.

Yet, the weight and pressure radiating from that back almost rivaled Jerome's. He slowly sighed as he told himself it was time to acknowledge the gap between them! "Now that this snake is dead, should we immediately head back to Blumedale?" Eric asked with a smile. Andrew glanced over his shoulder with a grin. "Of course." Eric cursed inwardly. This guy's smile after a kill was downright creepy. Who knew if it was genuine or just masking another plan?

---- Diego approached respectfully, holding a large ornate box with both hands. "Mr. Lloyd, here is the Helioheart Gem you asked for. Andrew accepted it, opened the lid, and nodded. "I've heard this gem once absorbed a single drop of phoenix blood. It's supposed to be perfect for suppressing icy malevolent energy, right?" Diego quickly smiled fawningly. "That's correct. This is precisely the Helioheart Gem's function.

Not only is it useful for suppressing icy malevolent energy, but during regular practice, one can also use its effects to nourish the energy core and strengthen the meridians!" Andrew smiled. "Sounds like a real treasure. If I take it, what will the Hopkinses use?" Diego's eyelids twitched, but he waved his hands quickly. "We don't need it for now. If you require it, Mr. Lloyd, please take it." Andrew chuckled. "And if I keep it for a while, you wouldn't mind? The link to the origin of this information rests in Find[^N]ovel.net

Diego replied with righteous conviction, "Not at all, absolutely not! Mr. Lloyd, we started off as opponents, but now we can consider ourselves friends. Between friends, lending something like this is nothing at all."

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1976 "Of course, it's the right thing to do," Diego replied, laughing heartily. Eric could only shake his head. It was not that the Hopkinses were spineless; it was that Andrew's sheer presence was overwhelming. In the martial world, people would not bow to titles or sweet talk;

they bowed to power. Moreover, with Andrew's blunt, in-your-face way of showing his strength, hardly anyone dared to object "Thank you so much, Mr. Hopkins Senior!" Andrew replied with a small nod at Diego.

Then, he took the gem and left the Hopkins residence. Only when they were certain Andrew was gone did everyone finally let out a long breath. Walter's corpse still leaned against the pondside walkway, head hanging, eyes bulging, his face frozen in that final mask of rage and fear. Timothy, still being supported, walked over. Staring at Walter's lifeless body, he muttered, "Before meeting this Andrew, I thought I was good enough.

I even had the ambition to challenge Joe, maybe even look down on the Driscoll family. But now... I really overestimated myself. ---- "Thank goodness this happened here. If I'd run into Andrew outside, the Hopkinses would probably be throwing a funeral for me right now... A full spread in my honor..." Diego snapped, "Tim, watch your mouth! We might not be able to stand against Andrew, but the Driscoll family is no pushover either.

If it really came down to it, who knows who would come 'out on top." Timothy shook his head. "And what would that have to do with us? Whether it's the Driscoll family or this Andrew, either could wipe us out easily. That's why we have to report Walter's death." Diego looked startled. "But if we report it, won't Andrew take it out on us?" Timothy chuckled. "Relax, Dad. If Andrew wanted to destroy us, he would have done it already. This content belongs to find—novel.net

The Driscoll family will find out about Walter's death sooner or later. Reporting it is just self-preservation, so we don't draw their anger. Andrew will understand that and won't hold it against us." Diego gave him a thumbs-up. "Smart thinking. Let's do it your way. Timothy gestured for them to help him forward. Supported on both sides, he stepped up to Walter's corpse. With his uninjured hand, he raised his palm and slapped Walter across the face. ---- He said smugly, "Mr. Burke, look!

I'm slapping your face! If you've got the guts, jump up and fight me!" Diego and the other Hopkins family members all had strange expressions. With another slap, Timothy struck Walter again. However, this time, it was not a face slap but a kick to Walter's groin. Then, he clicked his tongue. "Dad, Mr. Burke really doesn't have a dick!" Diego's brows furrowed. "Tim, that's too much! The dead deserve respect.

You can't insult a corpse." After that, he walked over and also kicked Walter in the crotch. He immediately shook his head dramatically, "This snake used to be the most feared person around Maurice. Who would've thought that he'd be dead so soon?" +

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1977 Andrew had learned about the Helioheart Gem from Ronald. This rare stone was said to work wonders for Victoria's shattered energy core: one extreme cold, the other a warm sun, opposing yet complementary. That was why Andrew had set his sights on the Hopkins family. As for killing Walter, it was just that snake's bad luck to be at the Hopkins residence at the time.

Of course, as long as Andrew knew his location, no matter where or what he was doing, Andrew would send him to his grave. "This gem is remarkable, sure," Eric said after a pause, "but I'll be honest... It can't save Mrs. Peck." He added, "The energy core is a martial artist's foundation, the

source of internal energy. With the energy core intact, internal energy flows endlessly in natural cycles. Practiced to perfection, it's enough to split mountains and lift massive weights.

But now, her core is destroyed, her very foundation. Snatching this gem to save her is just treating the symptoms, not the cause." Andrew smiled, "Did it ever occur to you that I knew it too?" Eric was taken aback and instinctively wanted to retort. However, Andrew's smile was ice-cold, so he could only restrain ---- himself for now. Andrew continued grimly, "If there's anything that can make Victoria feel even a little better, I'll do it.

This Helioheart Gem is just to help her stabilize her body first. Next, I'll take her to the major martial arts sects to find a complete cure. So spare me the unnecessary lectures." Eric's temper flared. "Andrew, I know you're upset. But why take it out on me? I'm not the one who hurt Victoria, the Driscoll family did!" Andrew sneered coldly. "And that's why I'll hunt down the Driscoll family members one by one. Chapters first released on FindNovel.net

In the meantime, when I have nothing else to do, I'll use you for practice, beat you up occasionally to vent, no problem with that, right?" Eric was furious, "You're sick!" Andrew mimicked him, "You're sick!" He clicked his tongue and added, "Eric, can you be more of a man and stop acting like such a diva all the time?" Eric sneered. "Andrew, you're just a bit better at fighting than I am. Bet mine's bigger than yours." Andrew chuckled. "Please. It's not like I haven't seen it before.

Back when you were getting cozy with Henry, I caught a glimpse. Honestly? Nothing to brag about. It's as thin as a piece ---- of thread." Eric finally lost it. "Fuck off!" Andrew pulled open the car door and walked into the Peck residence. He had come here to bring Victoria the gem. Tiana was inside, keeping Victoria company and chatting. As soon as Andrew walked in, he saw Victoria's cheeks slightly flushed and her expression tense. He did not even need to guess what had happened.

These two were not exactly the get-along type, so they had clearly been arguing again. "Andrew, you're here. Come, sit," Victoria said with a smile, taking a sip of tea. She looked completely unbothered, as if nothing had happened between her and Tiana. One was an icy beauty, the other a fiery spirit; both were the cherished companions of Reginald. Tiana was all passion and fire, while Victoria was unreadable, hiding her ruthlessness behind elegance.

If there were a queen in a soap opera, Victoria would fit the role perfectly. "Victoria, here's the Helioheart Gem for you." Andrew opened the ornate box and took out the gem, larger than his palm. It was warm to the touch, glowing with a rich, translucent light. ---- Victoria set down her teacup, her eyes widening in shock. "The Hopkins family's Helioheart Gem? How did you get this? Did you wipe them out?"

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1978 Andrew gave a wry smile. Victoria was anything but gentle at heart. Even with her energy core shattered and her martial strength gone, she still thought like a predator. The moment she saw the gem, her first thought was that he had wiped out the entire Hopkins family. Tiana snatched the gem from him with a huff. "Let me check out this beauty first! The Hopkins are just the Driscolls' lackeys; wiping them out would've been good." Andrew said helplessly, "!

didn't touch the Hopkinses. They were very cooperative." Victoria only let out a short "Oh," while Tiana scowled "If you could've taken them out, you should have. Why give them face when you clearly have the strength to crush them?" Victoria smirked. "Andrew is a man of reason who thinks big picture. He's not like you, a brute... No, you're more like a reckless brawler. All you ever talk about is fighting; no wonder Reggie liked me more back then." Tiana let out a sharp laugh.

"Yeah, Reggie liked you more. That's why he slept with me first, and you got his leftovers." ---- Victoria's eyebrows shot up in fury, "Tiana, do you have a death wish?" Tiana glared back coldly. "What? You want to fight?" Andrew really could not take it anymore. He rubbed his temples and said, "Ladies, that's enough. You've been fighting your whole lives. Do you really need to settle it once and for all?" Victoria played along, "Andrew's right. Fine, I'll give you this one, Andrew. Content originally comes from Find*Novel.net

Come here and let me give you a kiss." Tiana gritted her teeth, unwilling to lose. "Andrew, come over here. They say the more a mother-in-law likes her son-in-law, the more she dotes on him. How about you go for a mother- daughter double win?" Victoria's face turned red, her laugh cold. "Tiana, you're shameless, but I didn't think it was this bad." Tiana flushed too, but she was not backing down. "Victoria, you know what Andrew and I are. I'm his mother-in-law.

I like him, I admire him, and I want to treat him well. Is that a crime?" Victoria slammed her palm on the table. "Yes, it is!" The tension was about to spiral into something truly outrageous when Andrew barked, "Enough! Can't you both just take a breath and calm down?" ---- Tiana gave a cold huff but stayed silent, while Victoria sipped her tea with a faint smile. Andrew said, "Mrs. Rhodes, use the Helioheart Gem on Victoria.

It'll make her feel much better and keep the Pale Specter's energy from tearing her apart." Tiana wanted to refuse, but one look at Andrew's stern face made her nod. The feud with the Driscoll family was already to the death, and they both knew the pressure Andrew was under. Arguments were one thing, but they would not make trouble for him. Later, Andrew left the Peck residence and turned to the others waiting outside.

"Any word on Calvin?" That bastard was not going to get away without bleeding for it. Logan's voice was cold. "The coward's been hiding at the Driscoll residence and hasn't shown his face. If we want him dead, well have to wait for him to come out." Andrew did not comment and instead looked to Duncan. "What about Franklin's whereabouts?" Duncan answered respectfully, "Sir, ever since that bald rat escaped the cathedral on the mountain that day, he hasn't returned.

His whereabouts are still unknown." ---- "Keep looking," Andrew said evenly. Then, Logan spoke up. "Andy, there's one person who might be able to give us everything we need." Andrew shook his head. "You mean Luna, right? Forget it. I'm not owing her any favors."

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1979 Andrew said, "And I don't want her meddling in my affairs either." Logan nodded and wisely said no more. Now that things with the Driscoll family had completely reached the breaking point, it was either kill or be killed. Andrew was determined to destroy the Driscoll family completely. If Luna got involved, she would only do things that irritate Andrew. "Mr. Lloyd, we have news from Mr. Potter!" Duncan suddenly exclaimed with great joy. Andrew's eyes turned cold.

"Go on." Duncan immediately replied, "Scarlett is still staying at the Driscoll family's main base, recovering from her injuries, but there's another major Driscoll family figure we can target. It's Edison Driscoll, Maurice's uncle, another top-tier expert in the Driscoll family. "This old bastard is extremely arrogant and is currently representing Maurice, commanding all the Driscoll family vassals throughout Gabo Creek.

He's gathering experts from various regions outside Blumedale to come and support the Driscolls!" ---- Andrew said calmly, "Let's start with him. Tell both the Dragon Kings to move faster. The ones I really want dead are Maurice and Scarlett; those two are the main targets." At the Driscoll family's main base, the atmosphere was tense and heavy. Everyone was on high alert, people constantly moving in and out, delivering updates.

Martial artists from across the region arrived in silence, their faces grim as they came to await orders. "Have we made contact with Walter yet?" Maurice asked from his study, his tone sharp as he planned their next moves. "Once he's back, he'll take command, and tonight, we'll level Serenity Villa." A member of the Driscolls' Shadow Division stood outside the door, replying respectfully, "Mr. Driscoll Senior, there's still no word from Mr. Burke." Maurice gave a cold snort.

"The Hopkins residence is practically next door to Blumedale. It's only half a day there and back. What the hell is he doing?" The subordinate looked embarrassed and shook his head. Maurice's frown deepened. "What about Joe? Did he follow orders to head to Goldridge and take charge there?" ---- The subordinate gave an awkward laugh. "Mr. Driscoll said he's busy and doesn't have the time." Maurice slammed his fist on the desk, his temper finally snapping. "That ungrateful brat! This update is available on FindNovel.net

The family's in crisis, and he's out there fooling around. Have you even checked what he's doing?" The subordinate's face went pale, and he stammered, "I-It seems .. he's chasing a woman. Every morning, he gets up early to drive her around." Maurice nearly exploded, his voice rising to a roar. "Tell him to get his ass back home today! Scarlett is on the brink of death, our family is being humiliated, and he's out there pursuing a woman.

I've spoiled him his whole damn life, and now it's time he actually does something for the family." "Y-Yes, understood!" the man stuttered. Just then, another Shadow Division member slipped in silently. "Mr. Driscoll Senior," he said, voice trembling with fear. Maurice's gaze turned razor sharp as he glared at him. "What now? You all act like someone died. If you can't give me a straight answer, I'll bury you in the garden and let the flowers feed on you." ---- The man's mouth went dry. "Mr.

Driscoll Senior... Mr. Burke, h- he's been killed." Maurice's brows twitched violently, and his voice cracked. "What did you say? You son of a bitch, say it again! What happened to Walter?"

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1980 The subordinate repeated, "Mr. Burke is dead! He was killed by Andrew. The Hopkins family just sent word." After he heard the report, Maurice was finally certain his ears were not playing tricks on him. Nonetheless, while his hearing was fine, his heart gave a painful jolt, and his fists clenched so tightly that his knuckles cracked. "That bastard really dared to attack the Driscoll family!

I didn't think he'd actually have the guts to do it!" Maurice growled through clenched teeth, his voice rising into a furious roar. Walter's death was, at best, a mild loss to him. The man had been a loyal servant for decades, yes, but to someone like Maurice, who was long accustomed to power plays and betrayal, loyal dogs were easy to replace. What truly stung was not the man's life, but the insult to the family's reputation.

Walter had been the Driscoll family's chief steward and the leader of the Shadow Division. For him to be hunted down and killed by Andrew was undoubtedly a hard slap to the Driscoll family's face. "Exterminate!" Maurice snarled. "An eye for an eye. Hit him the ---- way he hit us!" After the initial wave of rage passed, his eyes turned ice-cold. " Tonight, the entire Shadow Division will storm The Sovereign Residences and wipe Serenity Villa off the map.

If this little brat wants to play, we'll play to the very end." Two Shadow Division enforcers knelt before him, their voices in unison. "Yes, sir!" Maurice continued, "Walter's dead, but I assume the Hopkins family is fine. What about Diego and Timothy? Are they on their way to Blumedale to follow orders?" The two men exchanged a heavy look, both seeing the discomfort in the other's eyes. One of them spoke reluctantly. "Sir, Mr. Hopkins Senior says the Hopkins family suffered heavy losses. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY findnovel.net

It might take at least ten days before they can come to aid the Driscoll family." Maurice froze for a second, then gave an angry laugh. "At least ten days? By then, I could've killed that Andrew brat 100 times over. The Hopkins are clearly stalling. But fine. Once Andrew's dealt with, I'll make sure the Hopkinses learn what fear really means." At this moment, Scarlett dragged her body into the room.

"Dad!" Maurice looked up and could not help but frown, "You're this ---- badly injured, yet you're not resting? Why are you running around? Scarlett gritted her teeth, "The injuries on my body won't heal overnight. But no matter what, I won't die from them! I came to tell you that something else has happened!" Maurice's eyelid twitched as he hurriedly asked, "Something happened? What happened?" Walter's death had put him on high alert, and now Scarlett had come personally to report.

Maurice had an ominous feeling that this matter would not be small either. "Just now, word came from Mr. Edison's side that Andrew went straight to his door," Scarlett said, her voice trembling. "Mr. Edison fought to the death but was defeated and killed." The room went silent. Maurice didn't speak. His expression froze instantly, as if someone had struck a pressure point. Edison, by seniority, outranked Maurice.

He had been considered the family's second most important figure, just beneath Maurice himself. Though his martial skill had never been top-tier and Scarlett herself could outmatch him, his prestige and influence within the Driscoll family far outweighed any of the younger ---- generation. Maurice's position as the family's leader was in no small part thanks to Edison's backing. And now, this crucial right-hand man had followed Walter to the grave, both killed by Andrew.