

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1981 "That little bastard needs to die!" Maurice finally exploded, unable to contain his rage any longer as he shot to his feet with a thunderous roar. He slammed his palm down with such force that boiling waves of energy erupted outward, sending the two Shadow Division operatives flying backward as blood sprayed from their mouths. The desk in front of him shattered into pieces. Scarlett's lips moved, her face turning pale. "Dad, you... should calm down.

This isn't the time to lose your temper." Maurice snapped, "How could I not be angry? That bastard has already killed two of the Driscoll family's top men. Even if I skin him alive, it still won't make up for our loss." Scarlett's voice dripped with hatred. "At this point, it's him or us. But that bastard is strong.

To kill him, we'll need a martial saint 'on our side." Maurice forced himself to rein in his fury and said in a low voice, "You two, get out and tell Franklin to come see me." The two Shadow Division men, relieved to be dismissed, hurried out. ---- A moment later, the bald Franklin walked in. He said, "Praise the Eternal Eclipse, Mr. Driscoll Senior. You asked for me?" In the last battle, he had been severely wounded by Victoria and had barely escaped with his life. He still looked battered.

Maurice let out a cold snort. "Franklin, you're not in the cathedral anymore, so cut the act. You're not a monk, you're Gabo Creek's top fighter and a cold-blooded killer." Franklin frowned. "I've devoted my heart to Solmortal. Even though I'm no longer at the cathedral, my spirit remains by Solmortal's side. You're a man of the world, so how could you possibly understand what's in my heart?

Please don't define me so casually, and don't question my devotion." Maurice burst into laughter, his voice dripping with mockery. "Franklin, you claim you're a devout man, pure and detached from worldly desire. Then why, when you were running the cathedral, did you grab land, take donations, and accept offerings from every major family, including the Three Titans?" His expression turned savage. "This time, I'm asking you to work with the Driscoll family to take down Victoria and Andrew. Newest update provided by Find1Novel.net

And you, oh great monk, don't come cheap. You're just a wolf in sheep's clothing, so stop pretending otherwise. "Hell, I'm in no mood for your fake holy man routine right now. ---- We've known each other since we were young, and I can tell what kind of crap you're planning just by the way you move!" Maurice's words grew sharper until they were little more than verbal blows. Scarlett was startled. Franklin was no ordinary man. He was a martial saint and Gabo Creek's number one fighter.

Even though her father was one of the Three Titans, speaking to Franklin like this was shockingly bold. Yet, what left her even more stunned was Franklin's reaction. After a moment of silence, he grinned, and the air of a virtuous monk vanished instantly, replaced by something sly and dark. Franklin chuckled. "Maurice, you really are my brother in vice. You know exactly what's going on in my head. A gentleman loves wealth, sure, but us monks? We love it too. That's just human nature, isn't it?"

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1982 Maurice sneered coldly. "You don't just love money, you love beautiful women and expensive entertainment too. Honestly, for a so-called monk, you play dirtier than most men I know. I won't say more, but Franklin, I know exactly what kind of man you are." Franklin's face did not even twitch as he shamelessly replied, "Solmortal remains in my heart despite my sins. As long as I keep Solmortal in my thoughts, then drinking, gambling, and chasing women are all just small matters.

It's all part of my spiritual practice." Maurice let out a cold snort. "Whether you're truly religious or just putting on an act, I don't really care. Andrew has declared war on the Driscoll family, and he's already killed two of our top people. I absolutely will not tolerate him staying alive any longer. So, it's time for you to take him out." Maurice's tone left no room for argument. Franklin shook his head firmly. "Sorry, but the payment the Driscoll family gave me has already been used up.

You want me to fight again? Not happening. Besides, the injuries Victoria gave me damaged my martial arts foundation. So right now, I just want to rest and recover. I'm not interested in any more fighting." Maurice laughed mockingly. "Franklin, you might not understand ---- the situation you're actually in right now.

Without the Driscoll family's protection, Andrew would have had a whole army come after you by now, and you'd be dead and buried." He added, "Andrew has already mobilized all his forces and is stirring up trouble all over Blumedale. If you don't help the Driscoll family destroy him, you'll be the one who ends up dead!" Franklin spoke in a low voice. "Maurice, don't try to scare me. My strength speaks for itself. [Discover more novels at FindNovel.net](#)

Do you think some young punk could pose a real threat to me?" Franklin's arrogance made Maurice's blood boil, and he exploded in fury. "Cut the crap, Franklin! Have you been a monk so long your brain's gone soft? I've told you that he's a killer. He's already taken down two of our best and declared open war 'on us. I've spelled it out for you, and you're still wasting my time? He continued, "Right now, there are only two choices.

Either he kills us, or we crush him early before he becomes a bigger problem, Do I need to teach you this?" Franklin shrugged. "Fine, what's your plan?" Maurice's tone turned dark. "That bastard is targeting our top people when they're out in the field. So, I'll set a trap. Scarlett will be stationed at the Driscoll Corporation headquarters, and you'll go with her. If Andrew shows up, you kill him on the spot." ---- Franklin hesitated for a moment, then nodded. "Alright, I'll go with Ms.

Driscoll. But let's be clear, if things get bloody, my priority is my own safety." Maurice waved impatiently. "Fine. Go heal up, speed up your recovery, and leave with Scarlett tonight." Franklin smirked. "Then I'll take my leave." The moment he was gone, Scarlett could not help saying, "Dad, wasn't your attitude toward him a bit harsh? After all, he's one of the few elite fighters the Driscoll family can count on." Maurice scoffed. "Elite fighter, my ass.

That useless fool got wrecked by Victoria, a woman. If we had anyone better, I'd have thrown him out long ago." Scarlett's mind stirred as she remembered something. She lowered her voice and said cautiously, "Back at the cathedral, I overheard that bitch Victoria mention something about an old incident..."

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1983 Scarlett mumbled, "I'm not sure if I should say this." Maurice snorted. "What's there to hesitate about? Just spit it out. Scarlett still looked uneasy. "Victoria said that before Mia married into the Driscoll family, she was actually Franklin's junior. Maurice nodded matter-of-factly. "That's right. Mia and Franklin were indeed senior and junior.

That's also why that bald bastard agreed to work with the Driscoll family to plot against Victoria and Andrew." Scarlett hesitated again. "Dad, that's not what I really wanted to tell you. I-It's something else." Maurice's tone grew impatient, "I told you to speak plainly, so stop stalling." Scarlett took a deep breath and stopped holding back. "When Victoria mentioned that Mia was Franklin's junior, she also said that they had a relationship.

She claimed Franklin arranged for her to marry into our family." Suddenly, she stopped speaking because she noticed Maurice's face had gone pitch black with rage. ---- Nonetheless, Maurice was a man who had seen it all, and he remained composed. He simply asked, "And?" Scarlett felt a chill run down her spine. She did not dare hide it and said honestly, "Victoria also said that when Mia was still Franklin's junior, he forced himself on her.

She never blamed him for it, and in the end, you became the man who picked up the pieces." Maurice's eyes burned with fury as he roared, "Enough! That's all Now go. Get ready to head to the company later with that bald bastard and lure Andrew into a trap. With that cunning Francis helping us, killing Andrew shouldn't be hard." Scarlett opened her mouth. "Dad, are you... alright?" Maurice shouted back. "I told you to get out. What are you standing around for?

I'm fine, and you're going to keep what we just discussed buried forever. Don't let a third person know about this, understand?" The cold gleam in her ruthless father's eyes made Scarlett tremble. "Understood, Dad. I'll take my leave." She turned and quickly left the study. Only when she stepped outside did she dare take a deep breath. The fresh air outside felt so much better than the suffocating atmosphere in Maurice's study.

---- She could not help but wonder what her father was really thinking. He knew about Mia and Franklin's sordid history, yet he seemed unfazed. It was impossible to read his thoughts. Inside the dimly lit study, Maurice suddenly let out a roar. Overcome with rage, he raised his hand to smash something, only to realize the desk was already shattered. With nowhere to vent his fury, the pressure burned inside him like fire.

"Shameless bitch, all these years, you really worked hard to keep this from me. When you married into the Driscoll family, you made all those pretty promises, but in the end, you still made me the fool who took Franklin's sloppy seconds!" He had always known Mia and Franklin had a complicated history, but he never imagined it was this twisted. Find the newest release on Find-Novel.net

If not for Scarlett's reminder, he might have kept living in the dark, a pitiful man wearing the crown of a fool Back then, he had married Mia, Franklin's junior, not only for her beauty but also for her powerful martial background Franklin, the top fighter in Gabo Creek, had once been the man Maurice admired most. However, over the years, as Maurice rose to power, his martial arts skills had skyrocketed. He had secretly pushed his abilities to their absolute limit, nearly reaching the level of a martial saint.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1984. Maurice's view of Franklin, once full of admiration, had shifted over the years. First to equality, then to thinking he was nothing special, and now to outright disdain. He was no longer that naive rich scion from years ago. Back then, as the proud heir of the Driscoll family, Maurice roamed the martial world and fell for Mia, a beautiful woman with exceptional skills. At the time, Mia, dressed in flowing white, was seen as the perfect match for Franklin.

He was handsome, talented, and admired by all. Yet Maurice, with the Driscoll family's wealth and influence, managed to win her over, defeating Franklin in a way only money and status could. Maurice had felt pretty smug about it back then, thinking to himself that even though Franklin was handsome and incredibly skilled in martial arts, Mia had still ended up in Maurice's hands. Franklin might have been impressive, but Maurice believed he was the greater man.

With Scarlett's revelation, he finally understood the bitter truth: Mia and Franklin had been playing him from the very start. What made it even more infuriating was that he had devoted himself entirely to Mia all these years. He had been cold and ---- distant toward all other women, giving her his complete and genuine love, and it had all been wasted on a bitch. Despite his overwhelming rage, Maurice was incredibly good at controlling himself.

After all, anyone who wanted to accomplish great things had to learn to be patient. Maurice was determined to wait until Franklin had helped the Driscoll family deal with Andrew before he made his move. In his heart, he already planned that when the time came, he would make sure Franklin suffered unimaginably, even chopping off his manhood. As for his Mia, that bitch who loved making him a fool, he would make sure she became the town whore before she died.

Just as he was seething with these vengeful thoughts, Mia coincidentally walked in carrying a tray. "Honey, I made you some peach cobbler. Have some before you get back to work." Mia was dressed in a white dress that made her look elegant and refined. Though no longer young, her face was flawless, without a single wrinkle, and she carried herself with the refined grace of someone raised in a powerful family. Maurice kept his expression cold. "Put it down and leave.

Don't get in my way." ---- The icy tone caught Mia off guard, and she let out a sharp laugh. "What's that supposed to mean? I take the time to care for you, and you give me that attitude? Fine. Eat it or don't, I don't care!" She slammed the peach cobbler down on the table and stormed out of the room in a fiery display of temper. This was not really surprising, considering that Mia had held the position of the lady of the house in the Driscoll family all these years.

Since she had always been Maurice's favorite, having a big temper and an arrogant personality was pretty much inevitable. However, the main reason for her privileged status was that Mia had given Maurice a precious son, Joe. Joe was the Driscoll family's greatest prodigy, with martial arts talent that even surpassed Scarlett's. As long as Joe was given the space and time to grow, he would undoubtedly lead the Driscoll family to even greater heights in the future.

Everyone in the Driscoll family, including Maurice himself, believed this wholeheartedly. Yet, right now, Maurice wanted nothing more than to chase after Mia and kill her on the spot. That bitch had made all of his love for her a complete waste! ---- Even worse, Maurice was now consumed by a terrible suspicion that was eating away at him. It was like a sharp thorn had suddenly grown deep in his heart, constantly stabbing and causing him pain.

He could not stop wondering whether Joe was actually his son or not. He silently cursed, 'Damn it! I have to find out the truth!' Chapters first released on find-novel-net

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1985 In another annex of the Driscoll residence, Mia stormed in with a dark expression. "Mia, what's wrong? You look furious," Franklin asked with a smile. This part of the estate was her personal territory, taking up nearly a third of the Driscoll family's grounds. As Maurice's wife and the second lady of the house, Mia had enjoyed endless favor and privilege. "Franklin, we might have a serious problem. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS are published on Find~Novel.net

Maurice is probably getting suspicious about our relationship," she said coldly, giving him a meaningful glance. Franklin's expression didn't change as he raised his palm in a gesture that made him look like some enlightened holy man. He said calmly, "We've always just had a normal senior-junior relationship. You're now married to Maurice and have given him a top-tier genius heir, so I don't think he really cares what kind of relationship we have." Mia snapped irritably.

"Franklin, there's nobody else here, so drop the holy act already! Put away that holier-than-thou routine. I'm sick of looking at it." ---- The smile faded from Franklin's face, replaced by a darker, heavier look. "What happened? Did Maurice hear something? Or did he find something out?" Mia shook her head. "I don't know the details. I went to see him just now, brought him something to eat, and out of nowhere, he scolded me.

He acted like he was disgusted by me, and I immediately remembered what you warned me about Victoria exposing our relationship." She continued, "When she said it, the only Driscoll family members there were Bradley, Walter, and Scarlett. The first two are already dead and haven't had a chance to report back. But Scarlett is different. She's Maurice's daughter from his first marriage, and she's never liked me.

I'm afraid she might have told him something she shouldn't have." Franklin's expression did not change, but a flash of killing intent flickered in his eyes. "If only Andrew had finished her off that day. I gave him every chance to do it, hoping he'd take out the Driscoll family members present. Didn't expect the plan to fall short." His voice stayed steady, without a hint of panic. Mia frowned. "If, and I mean if, Maurice really is suspicious about us, then with his nature, he'll dig into it.

When that happens, things will turn ugly for both of us. But I'm even more ---- worried about Joe. "That boy was raised with strict, traditional values. He's straightforward and righteous. If he found out the truth about his parentage, he might not be able to accept it." Franklin ran a hand over his bald head and gave a sinister smile, looking every bit the wicked monk. "It doesn't matter. Maurice doesn't have any solid proof yet. Without real evidence, he won't dare make a move.

"Otherwise, it would get out that the great head of the Driscoll family had been played for a fool, and that would be a scandal that humiliates him and the entire family." Mia nodded, then asked, "And what about Joe? Your cover's already blown, and you're no longer the cathedral abbot. He's your son, and you've always wanted him to acknowledge you. Maybe this is your chance." Franklin's eyes lit up, though he kept himself in check. "Of course I've wanted that.

I spent decades as a monk, hiding my identity, all so I could one day take you and our son away to live freely. "But now isn't the right time. Joe's better off in the Driscoll family for the moment. That platform is exactly what he needs. Besides, I've barely interacted with him. If I suddenly tell him the truth, he might reject me outright." ---- Mia smiled. "That's how I feel, too. Joe is perfect and gifted beyond measure.

If our relationship hadn't been exposed, I'd want him to grow up in the Driscoll family and eventually lead it." Franklin gritted his teeth. "That's exactly why I told you to marry Maurice in the first place. My son is being raised at the Driscoll family's expense... What could be better? People rise on bones. Bleed or be bled... That's the true, unchanging law of this world."

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1986 Franklin hissed with venom. "But I seriously underestimated that damn that bitch Victoria! All these years, I've been lurking in the shadows while she appeared to be living quietly. To think that she's actually become even more vicious and dangerous than before..." He added, "This move of hers was like pulling the rug out from under us. She managed to push you, me, and Joe right into the eye of the storm all at once." Mia screamed like a woman possessed.

"I told you years ago to kill that bitch, but you wouldn't listen. You were completely mesmerized by her! And for what? She never even wanted you. "Now she wants both me and Joe dead. Franklin, bring back the ruthless spirit you had when you ruled the martial world. Make sure she's gone for good." Franklin sneered. "Don't worry. Victoria's martial skills are finished. She's weak now and can't stir up trouble anymore. Maurice wants me to help Scarlett, using her as bait to lure Andrew in.

"He thinks he can use me as his muscle, his attack dog, to do his bidding. But I have my own plans, Mia. You might not know this, but the top-tier martial art, Inferno Strike, is in Andrew's hands." --- - Mia froze, then her eyes lit up with excitement. "Inferno Strike? A heavenly-tier technique? Franklin, you found it?" Franklin nodded with a pleased grin. "That's right. I've dreamed of it for years, and now it's within reach. This technique is pure, scorching power.

Mastering it would be enough to shake the entire world. But it's always been in Jerome's hands, and I couldn't challenge him without breaking my current limits. I could only watch. And now, Andrew has it. I'll take him down and force him to hand it over." Mia nodded eagerly. "Yes, before you kill him, you must get Inferno Strike first. Then, you can pass it on to Joe." Franklin's eyes narrowed, his face filled with greed and dark ambition.

"If I can get my hands on that technique, my martial skills will soar to the next level, and I'll break through my current bottleneck. When that happens, even if I fall out with Maurice, I can still protect you and Joe." Mia was thrilled but also had some lingering doubts. "Franklin, you're still recovering from serious injuries. Even though this technique is amazing, are you sure you can handle Andrew?

"That guy single-handedly fought off three of the Driscoll family's strongest fighters, which makes him a hundred times more dangerous than even Joe!" ---- Franklin scoffed. "If it hadn't been for Victoria's insane, self- destructive fighting style during that battle, killing Andrew would have been easy. Do you really think my title as Gabo Creek's number one fighter is just for show? "He's tough, sure, but his aura hasn't reached the level of a true martial saint.

His power comes from a solid foundation and deadly techniques. Inferno Strike is what he used to kill Bradley and Walter, but without it, his strength would drop by at least half. "My Mighty Beast Palm can match it blow for blow. I've got a technique to counter his, plus the edge in level. So tell me, would I be the one dying? Don't make me laugh." When this bald monk chanted Solmortis

prayers and talked about Solmortal, his face was full of compassion and mercy. This content belongs to find{n}ovel.net

Yet, when it came to killing for treasure, his eyes burned with greed, and his face twisted with desire. Strangely enough, the more corrupt and cunning Franklin showed himself to be, the more Mia adored him. Even though she was middle-aged and both a wife and mother, Mia could not change her fundamental nature: she was basically a crazy woman who fell for bad boys. She said, "Then it's decided. You kill Andrew and take the ---- Inferno Strike for Joe.

As for me, I'll find a way to kill that bitch Victoria. For years, her strength kept me from daring to touch her, but now? Crushing her will be no different from crushing an ant." 7

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1987 Night had fallen, and the darkness was thick as ink. A large group of black-clad figures silently infiltrated The Sovereign Residences, moving without making a sound. Their gleaming white blades flashed ominously in the darkness as they advanced. At the main gate of The Sovereign Residences, two martial arts guards stood in the security booth. Their faces were pale, but they managed to stay relatively calm.

The black-clad assassins had completely ignored them and headed straight for the peak of The Sovereign Residences complex, so they had not been targeted for elimination. The younger guard, Martin Burton, was trembling as he whispered, "Sir, should we send up a signal?" The older guard, Fred Stewart, shook his head firmly. "Don't do anything stupid." Martin looked confused. "But there are so many killers.

They're obviously planning to go on a massive killing spree here at The Sovereign Residences!" Fred watched as the group of assassins disappeared into the distance, then spoke in a much calmer tone. "If they want a ---- massacre, let them have it. Small fry like us can't do anything when powerhouses fight." Martin then asked, "Mr. Stewart, you sound like you know who they are." Fred smirked. "If you can't figure it out, no wonder your martial skills are wasted on gate duty.

Think..Who's the biggest shot living here right now?" He did not wait for an answer and continued, "It's obviously Serenity Villa's Mr. Lloyd. And since Mr. Lloyd has already declared war on the Driscoll family, I'd bet my last coin these black-clad men are from the Driscolls." Martin immediately understood and gave Fred a thumbs up, his admiration evident. "Mr. Stewart, your analysis is spot-on. But with so many of them, can Mr.

Lloyd really handle it?" Fred replied leisurely, "Don't waste your worry. Mr. Lloyd has already proven what kind of man he is. Tonight, it's anyone's guess who will walk away." The killing intent in the air grew heavier, and the night seemed to darken further. Inside Serenity Villa, the place was already emptied out. Everything that could be moved had been relocated, and only Lauren, Francesca, and Aspen remained.

They were each hidden ---- in different corners of the house, silently waiting for the uninvited guests to approach. [Fran, Lauren, be extra careful.] Aspen typed quickly in their group chat. Francesca replied immediately. [Don't worry, I'm not that easily scared] Lauren sent back a smiley face. [Our man wants to sharpen both our skills and our courage. This is the perfect chance! Let's go for it] The three of them sent matching [Let's go!] messages, brimming with fighting spirit.

Suddenly, loud crashes echoed in the dark night. The front door, windows, and every possible entry point on the upper floors were simultaneously smashed to pieces. The Driscoll family's Shadow Division assassins rushed in, with over 100 operatives flooding the building. After the killers stormed into the elegant structure and searched everywhere, they discovered it was completely empty. Not only were there no people, but most of the furniture and personal belongings had been removed as well.

It was obvious that Serenity Villa had become nothing more than an empty shell. ---- "Damn it, looks like Andrew was prepared," the leader, Dixon Burne, cursed. Though frustrated, his professional instinct kept him calm as he ordered his men to search every corner for anyone hiding. Lauren lay in wait on the first floor, Francesca on the second, and Aspen on the third. The first to spark a fight was Francesca.

She had not been spotted at first, but her nerves got the better of her and she attacked preemptively. Francesca, a petite beauty with formidable curves, followed a pure external cultivation, which meant she trained her muscles, bones, and physical body rather than internal energy. This approach made her fighting style incredibly direct and brutal, where she relied on raw physical strength and power. So, when Francesca made her move, she was absolutely savage about it.

She recklessly launched herself at the enemies, throwing punches and strikes without regard for defense or strategy. Two Shadow Division operatives were caught completely off guard and let out muffled groans as they were sent flying from the second floor down to the first, their screams of pain echoing through the empty house. The source of this content is find♦novel.net

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1988 The remaining operatives quickly regrouped and rushed up to the second floor to help their comrades. This distraction gave Aspen on the third floor the perfect opportunity to make her move. Her fighting style was pure assassin. She specialized in stealth, striking fast and precisely with the goal of killing in one blow. Her dagger flashed through the darkness and instantly claimed a life.

The dozen or so Shadow Division members who were heading down to the second floor were all shocked by the sudden attack. Some rushed to help their fallen comrade while others roared in anger and launched a furious assault on Aspen. However, Aspen was incredibly fast and knew every inch of Serenity Villa like the back of her hand. Within moments, she had slipped away from her pursuers and vanished into the shadows.

In just a few moves, she shook off her pursuers and struck again, taking down several more. Unlike Francesca and Lauren, Aspen was no newcomer with a soft heart. Killing didn't bother her in the slightest. Before meeting Andrew, she had already been the star protégé ---- of the Bridgefields' Stevens family. After meeting him, both her body and martial abilities had been pushed to new heights.

Now, she was trained in his refined assassination techniques. Given Andrew's background and skills, nothing he taught the three women was ordinary. On the contrary, everything he shared with them represented the most elite and powerful martial arts techniques in the world. While

Aspen was creating chaos on the upper floors, Lauren finally made her move from the first floor. She struck out with her palm, and her internal energy surged wildly through the attack.

A fully armed Shadow Division operative took the blow directly to his chest, which caved in completely as he was sent flying backward, blood spraying from his mouth as he hit the ground, his life or death uncertain. Lauren let out a startled gasp, surprised by how brutally powerful her strike had become. Her instinctive kindness made her blurt out, "Are you okay?" The other Shadow Division members on the first floor seethed with fury.

She had just killed one of their own and had the nerve to ask if he was alright. It was pure humiliation. ---- With Walter dead, command of the Shadow Division had fallen to Dixon, one of the Driscoll family's top enforcers. He roared, leaping high and sweeping a kick straight for Lauren's head. Lauren's inner energy was unusually strong, so much so that even Andrew had not fully figured out why. However, her techniques were still raw, far from polished. NEW NOVEL chapters are published on find◆novel.net

She had only recently stepped into the martial path and was even less experienced than Francesca. Caught off guard, she barely managed to raise her arm to block the violent kick. A sharp crack rang out, and she felt that her bone was on the verge of breaking. Pain shot through her, sweat beading instantly across her forehead. For a moment, she almost burst into tears. Dixon gave her no time to recover. His face cold, he lunged, clawing straight for her pale neck.

In that life-or-death moment, Lauren forced herself to calm down. She pushed the pain in her arm and recalled everything Andrew had taught her. "Inner energy is the endless root of a martial artist's strength. As long as the breath within your energy core remains unbroken, you cannot be defeated. Guide the energy, circulate it through your limbs and bones, complete the cycle, and return it to your ---- core." Various martial arts principles flashed through her mind as she continued moving.

She retreated while dodging her opponent's grappling attempts, simultaneously directing her internal energy to flow over her injured area. immediately, the pain lessened significantly and was replaced by a warm, soothing sensation. Bit by bit, the flow opened. Energy filled both her arms, and she began meeting his attacks with her own. Dixon became increasingly alarmed as the battle continued. He wondered if Lauren had just unlocked some kind of hidden power.

She looked so delicate and fragile on the surface, but her palm strikes were genuinely painful. It was like she had suddenly taken some kind of super-strength pill. Even though he was a martial king, he was starting to feel like he could not handle her attacks.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1989 Nonetheless, Lauren was still a rookie. Dixon let out a cold laugh and picked up his pace, meeting her speed with his own. Within just a few exchanges, Lauren was already struggling, barely avoiding disaster several times. Less than 100 yards away from Serenity Villa, there was an artificial forest. Andrew, Tiana, Eric, Dylan, and Natasha were all standing at the edge of the tree line, watching the battle unfold. The rightful source is find●novel.net

Even though the area was pitch-black, Andrew could see and sense exactly what was happening inside the villa, including the number of people, their movements, and their intent. Tiana slowly

unclenched her fists, glancing at Andrew with genuine respect. "Andy, you were right to insist on this. Lauren really is holding her own! Sure, that bastard is bullying her with his higher rank, but Lauren is handling it like a natural." Andrew smiled. "Fran and Aspen are doing just as well.

All three of them already had a solid martial foundation, and a damn good one at that." Eric said, "Aspen's got a ruthless streak, and I like that. You've trained her as an assassin, but she still hasn't learned the real trump card. If she could master the Art of Enchantment, killing ---- would be effortless for her." It was clear he was hinting at wanting to teach Aspen himself. Andrew shook his head. "Killing is killing. There are many ways to do it. Why would she need the Art of Enchantment?

So she can be like you and use it to charm men?" Eric nearly choked in anger. "Ignorant fool! The Art of Enchantment isn't about seduction, so get that straight before you run your mouth. If you can master charm, you can control someone without them even realizing it. Isn't that far more effective than stabbing them yourself? Andrew, you're not as clever as you think." Andrew waved him off.

"You can teach Aspen whatever you want, but here's my condition: don't bother with trash techniques that'll just embarrass her. If you want to pass down your Phantom Mirage to her, I won't object." Eric tilted his head toward the dark sky and smacked his lips. " Beautiful moon tonight." There was not even a moon overhead, but his meaning was clear: Andrew should not even think about it. Tiana chuckled. "Fran's physical strength is rock solid. Her body's perfect for it.

It's just that seeing such a cute little girl not wearing adorable outfits or acting sweet, but instead throwing ---- punches and smashing things around... It's somewhat ungraceful." She added, "I wonder if Cedric will come after you for this." Andrew shrugged. "He'll only be grateful to me for training Fran into such a capable martial artist. Among the three, Fran's path is the hardest. External techniques aren't easy to master, but if done right, they're unstoppable.

"I just hope she and Lauren can push each other forward, where one focuses on internal energy, the other on external strength." Eric snorted. "Oh, please, keep pretending it's difficult. You're a master of external arts yourself. Your skin's tougher than anything out there. Teaching a beginner like Francesca with your experience is child's play, but you act like it's some monumental challenge."

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1990 Andrew shook his head with a grin. "You're giving me too much credit. Do you know how much sweat and money it took to build this body of mine through external training? "To be honest, when I was a kid, they threw me into a pit with wild beasts, and I had to fight my way out. Either I toughened up, or I died. You call that easy? I can't exactly put Fran through that, can I?" Eric chuckled but said nothing. External arts were hard enough, but Andrew's were downright monstrous.

He thought maybe they really were forged through battling animals. If that was true, Eric figured this skill was not worth learning. After all, he had been raised by Jerome and pampered despite being an adopted son. He had never endured such hardship. Natasha spoke up, her tone worried. "Darling, Lauren and the others have held out long enough. The Driscoll family's Shadow Division

isn't a bunch of amateurs. If this goes on much longer, something could go wrong." Andrew's voice was calm.

"Give them three more minutes, then you can step in. An opportunity like this for real combat training doesn't come often." ---- Dylan cracked his knuckles. 'Fine. Three minutes later, Ill go get some training myself." Just then, Andrew's phone rang. It was Logan, his voice full of fury. "Andy, Supreme Capital Group just got torched by the Driscoll family. Everything inside was stripped clean!" Andrew's expression did not change. "Got it." Then, he hung up. Tiana had overheard and frowned.

"Was the loss serious?" Andrew shrugged. "Doesn't matter. If Maurice can only play these little games, it just makes me look down on him even more." Before the words had fully left his mouth, another call came in. It was Aaron. Andrew answered, but for a moment, all he could hear was heavy breathing on the other end. Frowning, Andrew asked, "Something happened on your turf?" It sounded like Aaron spat before speaking, his voice ragged." Andrew, my place is finished.

From now on, Blumedale has no ---- White Dragon King. It's just me, alone. "The Driscoll family's doing, right?" Andrew asked quietly. Aaron gritted his teeth. "Yeah. I finally got hit with Maurice's wrath. I thought the money you brought in might be a small bite for them, but hell, it was like choking on a bone, jammed me up good. My men are all dead or gone. Overnight, I'm stripped bare. I've got to keep running. Latest content published on [find\(n\)ovel.net](http://find(n)ovel.net)

The Driscoll family's two old monsters are right on my ass." Andrew could hear that Aaron was clearly devastated but trying to act cool, as if losing everything did not matter to him at all. It almost made him laugh. He said, "Aaron, since you're now a lone dog, why don't you just come over here? There are plenty of people around, so you won't feel lonely. We can eat and drink together, maybe even get some rest." Aaron immediately declined. "I'm not interested.

I've got hundreds of billions in cash now, so I can live it up anywhere I want. I'm not about to come work for you."