

# Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 2001 The Mighty Beast Palm was fierce, each strike heavier than the last. Andrew's Inferno Strike was just as intense, radiating an unbearable heat. After a round of brutal exchanges, Franklin's bald head was drenched in sweat, his face flushed as if scorched by fire. Meanwhile, Andrew remained calm and steady, his breathing unchanged. Franklin's brows furrowed deeply as he realized Andrew was no pushover, and he had underestimated him.

His earlier attacks had mostly been tests, yet he did not realize Andrew had been doing the same. Facing a master like Franklin, Andrew constantly felt as if the second seal inside him might break at any moment. "Mr. Gurney, let's take him together!" Scarlett's cold voice cut in as she joined the fight. Franklin did not refuse, and this was no time to play it cool. Against someone like Andrew, they needed all the help they could get.

Even facing two opponents, Andrew remained incredibly fierce and aggressive. He raised both palms to clash directly ---- with Scarlett and Franklin's combined energy cores. A tremendous force exploded between all three martial artists, and waves of white energy burst outward in every direction. Andrew let out a low roar as veins bulged across his face. His true energy surged like a raging tide through his arms, flowing toward Scarlett on his left.

"Watch out!" Franklin shouted, but it was too late. Scarlett felt as if a mountain had crashed into her chest. She screamed, coughed up blood, and was thrown backward. Franklin's face twisted. "Die!" He unleashed all of his energy and inner strength in one go. Andrew grunted, forced back several steps, and Franklin immediately pressed forward, knowing that every second counted. Andrew's expression turned ice-cold.

Tilting his head to avoid Franklin's aerial strike, he snapped upright, grabbing Franklin's ankle from below. Franklin twisted midair, kicking at Andrew's face again and again, forcing him to retreat while his energy core poured out power to keep him going. ---- "Let's see how long you can last!" Franklin sneered as he leapt back to gain distance. He pressed both palms toward Andrew, forcing him into a raw contest of inner strength.

Everyone knew that the higher one's martial rank, the deeper and heavier their energy reserves were, and Franklin was betting that Andrew could not match his. Andrew knew exactly what Franklin was trying to do, but he did not care. This was what he wanted. Two loud thuds rang out as their palms slammed together again. Franklin's jaw tightened, his face contorted as he poured every ounce of strength into the clash, while Andrew's cold gaze never wavered, forcing out his energy just as hard.

The ground beneath them began to cave in, and steam rolled off their heads. "Andrew, if you try to match my strength, you're dead!" Franklin growled through clenched teeth. Andrew glanced at him without a word. Time ticked by until Franklin himself started to feel dizzy. He ---- knew the moment was right. If even he was struggling, then Andrew had to be on his last breath. Sure enough, Andrew's face had gone pale, sweat dripping all over him, and his expression twisted in pain.

Franklin's heart soared with triumph. "This is it! Attack his pressure points from behind!" He directed Scarlett while preparing for one final, devastating assault. With a roar, he pulled his palm back half an inch and slammed it forward toward Andrew with crushing force. Andrew had no time

to dodge. He was committed to the attack and had no choice but to follow through. He raised his hand to meet Franklin's strike once again. This chapter is updated by [find\(N\)ovel.net](http://find(N)ovel.net)

A massive shockwave exploded between them, sending energy rippling in all directions. Scarlett screamed as she struck, her hands forming claws that tore viciously into Andrew's back. Andrew did not dodge or try to avoid the attack. He took the full brunt of her assault head-on. Blood spurted from his mouth as his body flew sideways through the air. He crashed into the wall with such force that he left a perfect human-shaped crater in the stone. ---- Franklin lowered his hands and quickly worked to regulate his breathing, a satisfied smile spreading across his face.

## Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 2002 "Even if Andrew doesn't die, he'll be crippled for life!" Franklin declared with satisfaction. Meanwhile, Scarlett stared at her own hands in complete disbelief. She could not believe she had actually landed a hit on Andrew so easily. What shocked her even more was that she had been the one to send him flying with such incredible force. The power behind her attack seemed almost impossible to comprehend. "You brat, didn't see that coming, did you!"

This is what happens when you mess with the Driscoll family... Now, die!" Victory had come so easily and happiness so quickly that Scarlett completely lost control. She burst into maniacal laughter right there on the spot. If she could, she would have thrown a 300-day celebration feast immediately. Finally, the Driscoll family had dealt with this troublesome thorn in their side. Andrew's chest was soaked with blood, and his entire figure was obscured by dust and debris.

Only a faint cracking sound echoed in his ears. It worked! The second seal that had suppressed him for so many years had finally been broken. The dragon was free, ---- ready to roam without limits. As Andrew lightly flexed his arms, he felt that familiar force wrapping around him again like invisible threads. It was the taste of raw power. The dust slowly cleared, and he brushed himself off as he casually stepped out of the crater in the wall. Scarlett's smile froze. Discover more novels at [FindNovel.net](http://FindNovel.net)

"Y-You're fine?" Franklin unconsciously lowered his hands from behind his back, sensing something was terribly wrong. His eyes filled with shock and disbelief. Then, he watched as Andrew closed his eyes, tilted his head back, and took a deep breath from the air around him. When Andrew opened his eyes again, his aura exploded, shooting straight up toward the top of the Driscoll Corporation building. Every single window within 70 feet above them shattered simultaneously.

"H-How is this possible?" Franklin muttered under his breath, his shock transforming into pure horror. He had lived and fought for decades, yet not even if the Grim Reaper himself walked the earth would he have lost his composure like this. Then came a sharp hum. ---- Andrew had moved. With the second seal broken, not killing was pointless. He shot forward like a fired cannonball, heading straight for Franklin's chest.

Franklin roared and blocked again and again, but their clash was savage and relentless, like two wild beasts locked in combat. Finally, after taking more than ten of Andrew's rapid strikes, Franklin's guard slipped. Andrew's knee shot upward, slamming into his chest with bone-crushing force, caving in half his ribcage. His throat burned with blood, but Franklin gritted his teeth and

refused to spit it out. His shirt tore as his muscles bulged, and he swung a punch straight for Andrew's head.

He had no intention of dying alone. If he went down, he would take Andrew with him. "You know, for being Gabo Creek's top martial artist, you're really not that impressive!" Andrew said without even glancing at the incoming punch. At the same instant, he stepped forward with lightning speed, vanishing from Franklin's strike range like a phantom. "Die! Die! Die!" Franklin roared, his attack completely missed ---- its target.

He felt an unprecedeted sense of crisis wash over him, making his hair stand on end. Under this extreme pressure, he launched into a frenzied assault on Andrew. However, all he could see were afterimages, dodging left, weaving right, jumping up, bending down. Andrew effortlessly avoided every single one of Franklin's hundred killing moves in the blink of an eye. Franklin's chest burned as if it would burst, and his stamina and energy reserves were nearly gone.

Even so, he had not managed to touch so much as the hem of Andrew's shirt. "W-What level are you really at?" Franklin's voice trembled as his mouth went dry. He could not understand how Andrew, who had seemed on death's door just moments ago, had suddenly transformed into such a savage beast. Yes, a beast. That was exactly what Andrew felt like to him now, something not human, something from a place of pure terror.

And Scarlett, who had already been scared senseless, stood frozen nearby, her mind blank, forgetting even to run. 2

## Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 2003 Andrew flashed a cold smile and said, "Curious? Why don't you ask the Grim Reaper?" He stepped left and vanished from sight, reappearing on Franklin's right like a phantom. Franklin's Mighty Beast Palm slammed into empty air on the left, hitting nothing and leaving him frustrated. Without warning, his bald head snapped forward at a ninety-degree angle, and he crashed face-first into the floor.

In the next instant, his body bent like a bow, folding in half before being hurled over ten yards away, smashing into the wall and leaving a crater so deep the street outside was visible. "What..." Scarlett's entire body trembled, the word barely escaping her lips. Franklin roared as he tore himself free from the rubble, but just as he regained his footing, his head whipped backward violently, nearly snapping his neck. The source of this content is Find\_Novel(.)net

Andrew had suddenly appeared in front of him and drove a punch straight into his forehead. Blood that had been building inside finally erupted, spraying from Franklin's mouth like a fountain nearly 20 feet high. Then, ---- Andrew's fists came down on him in a torrential barrage, pounding his shoulders and body without pause. Within moments, countless bones had shattered under the relentless assault. "No!" Franklin's scream was raw with agony.

The once-proud number one fighter of Gabo Creek looked as if he had seen a ghost, terror etched into every line of his face. He wanted to beg for his life, to say anything that might make Andrew stop, but he did not even get the chance to open his mouth because pain and dizziness had swallowed him whole. Andrew grabbed him by one leg and slammed him around the floor like he weighed nothing.

Crater after crater formed beneath 'them, each one leaving Franklin's body closer to breaking apart completely. When Andrew finally let go, Franklin lay sprawled on the ground, his eyes bloodshot, his body so battered that only his bald head still made him recognizable as human. A gulp echoed through the room. It was Scarlett. Andrew turned toward her, his gaze cold. Then, he frowned when his eyes dropped lower, noticing that she had wet herself.

Step by step, he walked toward her, raising his hand. ---- Scarlett's scalp prickled as she stumbled backward, crying, " Please, Andrew, let me go, I'm begging you. I swear I'll never cause you trouble again. I'll apologize, I'll beg, I'll pay you anything. Don't kill me. Just let me live." However, Andrew's expression did not change. "You're not at your limit yet, so why beg? The Driscoll family doesn't back down, right?" This time, Scarlett did not just cry; she wailed.

"No, I've learned my lesson! I'll never do it again! Please, Andrew, Mr. Lloyd, don't kill me!" Her voice shook as she added, "I'll be your slave, I'll do whatever you want, anything... Just don't kill me!" Her legs shook violently until she could back up no farther, and she dropped to her knees. Andrew shook his head. "If you knew it would come to this, you shouldn't have started. Sorry, but I'm not the merciful type.

All I can say is to be more careful in your next life." His right hand formed a claw and moved with lightning speed. Scarlett remained kneeling as her head twisted around, her neck snapping with a sickening crack as she died instantly. With his second seal unlocked, killing her was too easy. Forget about Scarlett.

Even if Maurice had been here at full strength or ---- if Edwin and Grace from Goldridge had been present for a three- on-one fight, Andrew was confident he could eliminate them all as long as they did not run away. Across the room, several top martial artists who had come with the Driscoll family, including senior grandmasters and even one on the brink of reaching martial king, had done nothing but stand by and watch.

They could only witness Scarlett's death, powerless to interfere, because the sheer, violent pressure radiating from Andrew made them feel like they were standing before a force of nature. The fact that they had not dropped to their knees was only because they had already used every ounce of willpower they had left. Their heads spun, and many were barely able to stand. Andrew pressed his palm toward the ground and drew something up with tremendous suction. Then, he casually flicked it outward.

## Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 2004 Several steel rebar pieces from underground whistled through the air with a sharp whooshing sound. Before the remaining Driscoll family fighters could even grunt, their foreheads were pierced clean through with bloody holes. Just like that, they followed Scarlett straight to hell in perfect unison. The sight made Andrew grin. However, Franklin had actually escaped. Even with all four limbs. broken except for part of his spine, the martial saint had managed to crawl away. Original content can be found at [find@novel.net](http://find@novel.net)

His survival instinct was impressive, but Andrew was not the kind of man to let prey slip away; that would be unworthy of someone once called a master of annihilation. Following the trail of blood, Andrew stepped out of the Driscoll Corporation building. Franklin had already dragged himself dozens of feet away, using pure inner energy to force movement into his shattered arms as

he clawed across the ground. Shaking his head, Andrew strolled after him. He asked, "I really don't get you.

At this point, what's the point of ---- running? Why not wait for death and go meet Solmortal in the afterlife?" Franklin's eyes went wide with horror, his expression sinking into despair. "Before I die, I just want to know who you are, really? There's no way someone like you could exist in Gabo Creek. No .. Not just Gabo Creek, the entire southern martial world couldn't produce you." Andrew replied, "You're right. I'm not from Gabo Creek, and I'm not from the south.

But asking that is pointless for a dying man. Anyway, this is called cause and effect. The day you helped the Driscoll family hurt Victoria was the day you earned this. Killing you today is just returning the debt. Don't struggle, or if I miss my mark, your skull might burst." Franklin let out a ragged laugh. "Fate... It's all damned fate. I spent decades in seclusion at the cathedral with no trouble at all, but the moment I step out, I run into someone like you.

Looks like all the evil I did in my early years is coming back to collect now. "Andrew, to die by the hands of someone like you... I have no complaints, no hatred. Before I die, I only ask one thing... Let me see my only son." Andrew stood over him. "Sorry, I'm in a hurry. I'm not waiting for your son to get here." ---- Franklin's battered frame looked beyond pitiful. "Andrew, I'm begging you! Let me see my only son. I'm already a total cripple, worse than Victoria ever was.

Can't you show me a shred of mercy?" Andrew's face stayed cold, his eyes as frigid as an eternal glacier. "My mercy is only for the kind-hearted. Do you think you qualify? Showing you mercy would be a waste. I'd rather give it to a dog." Franklin's voice trembled. "Wealth... I have wealth beyond measure; everything I've saved for years is yours." Andrew shook his head. "That cathedral monk's money? No thanks. I wouldn't enjoy it. Save it for your next life.

Maybe buy yourself a Land Rover." Franklin wailed, his hope gone, and closed his eyes to await the end. Andrew raised his foot to crush him. A man who hesitated would never stay on top, and when Andrew's killing intent ignited, it was absolute. Yet, as always, just when the moment came, someone had to interfere. The rapid stomp of boots sounded as over a dozen assault rifles closed in from the side. A row of vehicles with special insignias screeched to a halt.

Men in black trench coats and sunglasses, their temples bulging with ---- power, fanned out to surround Andrew. At first, he thought it might be Luna coming to cause trouble again, but one look told him otherwise. They were Special Ops. Nearly a dozen agents had arrived, each radiating the pressure of a high-level martial king. One of them was even a martial saint. His massive frame strained the seams of his black uniform, muscles nearly tearing the fabric.

Striding forward in a few heavy steps, the nearly seven-foot giant stopped just in front of Andrew, leaning down slightly. His voice was deep, rough, and commanding. "Be smart. Step back and stand down. This man belongs to our chief." Andrew turned his head and smirked. "And if I don't?" The giant removed his sunglasses, revealing a face crisscrossed with scars, and sneered. "Then you die."

## Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 2005 The standoff was tense. Andrew did not move, and neither did Dante Fraser, but the air was far from calm. Andrew could crush Franklin's skull in an instant, while Dante could

unleash a storm of attacks just as quickly. Moreover, with over a dozen Special Ops agents plus gunmen surrounding them, it was clear Andrew was at a disadvantage. If he had been reasonable, he would have stepped aside and let Special Ops take Franklin.

However, Andrew had already made it clear that he was not going to be reasonable. His eyes hardened, and he swung a kick straight toward Franklin's head. "You're asking for death!" Dante roared as the muscles in his neck bulged. A violent surge of wind gathered around his fist as he hammered it toward Andrew's head. If he followed through, Franklin would be crushed, but Andrew would also take a devastating blow.

Yet, to Dante's shock, Andrew's kick was just a feint, and his balance was not in that leg at all. Before he could react, Andrew ---- crouched, twisted his waist, and spun, his leg whipping upward toward Dante's chin. With a beast-like growl, Dante slammed his chin down to block the strike while driving both fists toward Andrew's temples. Andrew smirked, his arms spreading outward with enough force to kill two elephants.

Dante grunted as his attack failed to land, and the next instant, Andrew's kick launched him high into the air. If not for his body being hardened to an inhuman level, his head might have been knocked clean off. Dante hit the ground hard, stumbling back three steps, leaving deep pits under his boots before he steadied himself. "Kill him!" he shouted in fury, swinging his arm to order the gunmen to fire. However, the sharp, steady sound of boots on pavement cut through the chaos. Latest content published on [find•novel.net](http://find•novel.net)

Luna stepped out of a military vehicle like a queen descending her throne. "Mr. Fraser, this is Blumdale in Gabo Creek, not Chetvine. Did you ask for my permission before deciding to kill someone?" Her gloved hands slid from the sleeves of her uniform as she ---- fixed Dante with an icy stare. Dante snorted, still burning with anger. Even so, he did not dare push too hard. After all, Luna was a brigadier general, and the military was an even greater power than Special Ops.

He was not afraid of Luna personally, but the military behind her was a different story. "Our director has personally requested the man on the ground," Dante said. Then, he pointed at Andrew and added grimly, "And this reckless bastard is guilty of a serious offence for attacking Special Ops agents. We're taking him back to Chetvine for trial." Luna's voice stayed calm. "Your grudge with him is none of my business. What I require is respect.

This is my territory, and if you act here, you ask me first. Otherwise, even if Mr. Hale himself comes, I can still tell him to get lost." Dante's expression shifted between anger and caution before he finally ordered his men to take Franklin. "Put him down," Andrew said flatly, striking the Special Ops agent who dared touch Franklin with an open palm. Dante exploded with fury. "You're really asking to die!" Luna raised her hand and spoke with icy coldness. "Whoever moves next from either side, I'll kill them myself!"

## Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 2006 Dante did not move, but his eyes locked on Andrew as if staring at a dead man. He thought the latter clearly had no idea what kind of force he was up against. Luna's cold gaze swept toward Andrew. "Let them take the man. Andrew replied with indifference, "Why should 1?" Luna gritted her teeth in frustration. "Because Crazy Barnaby has. personally come from Chetvine to Blumdale himself." Andrew showed nothing but contempt.

"Just because others are afraid of their Special Ops director doesn't mean I am!" Luna laughed bitterly with anger. "What if I told you that Victoria and Tiana fell into Mrs. Driscolls trap? Right now, Victoria has already fallen into her hands. So tell me, are you going to let them take him or not?" The aura around Andrew's body suddenly surged, and he almost lost control of his power. At that exact moment, his people arrived on the scene. "Andy, we have a serious problem! Mrs.

Rhodes is severely injured! Mrs. Peck has been taken by Mrs. Driscoll. We don't know if she's alive or dead." ---- George had come personally to deliver this news. Andrew's eyes turned ice-cold as he looked at him. "How did this happen? I left plenty of people guarding the Peck residence. Are you all useless?" George stayed silent. Andrew's authority had only grown heavier as his war with the Driscolls escalated, and even George could not meet his fury head-on.

Eric explained, "It wasn't that we didn't guard the Peck family. Both ladies left on their own to meet Mrs. Driscoll. That's when things went wrong." Andrew did not scream or lose control, but the pressure he radiated was suffocating. He turned and started walking away, but after two steps, he stopped and looked back at Dante. "You can take him. But when you get back, tell the Driscoll family that I'll be coming to their base myself today to bring them back.

If there's even the slightest injury or a single scratch on them, the Driscoll family can prepare to be erased from Blumendale's history." Dante sneered. "If you dare come, I'll take your head. Try me." Andrew shook his head. "Aside from your muscles, you've got no brains and no use. You should appreciate the level you've reached. I really don't want to kill you." ---- The sneer froze on Dante's face, replaced by the sting of humiliation. Andrew did not bother with him again and walked away.

Luna returned to her vehicle and left as well, rubbing her forehead in frustration. She mumbled, "Even Crazy Barnaby has come to Gabo Creek. And the Driscoll family is a complete mystery now... Who knows what else they're plotting? Damn it, why does Governor McCormick insist I deal with this mess?" Leslie kept her eyes on the road. "General, your ability comes with responsibility. By the way, that mangled man earlier... Was he really Gabo Creek's number one fighter?" Luna exhaled. Find the newest release on Find[<sub>N</sub>ovel.net

"That was Franklin Gurney, a fake monk from the mountain cathedral. For Andrew to beat him like that was beyond my expectations." Her brow furrowed deeply as she murmured to herself, "That man changes every day. Even I'm starting to be wary of him. And his martial style... It feels strangely familiar. It should be connected to Chetvine, but for now, I just can't place it."

## Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 2007 Andrew did not waste any time and went straight to the Rhodes residence. Tiana said weakly, "That bitch Mia lured Victoria and me into a trap. She had skilled fighters lying in ambush around her... She broke into violent coughing halfway through her explanation. Once she recovered enough to continue, she spoke with hatred in her voice. "Victoria and I knew she was up to no good. But she had something that Reggie left for us years ago.

We had to get it back." She added, "It's all my fault for being careless and overconfident. Now, Victoria has fallen into the Driscoll family's hands." Andrew had completely calmed down by this point. "Mrs. Rhodes, how are you feeling? Take these two pills first. Leave the rest to me." He handed her two precious elixirs. After taking them, Tiana said with deep guilt, "I'm so sorry. This is mostly my fault. You need to go save Victoria; she won't end well in Mia's hands.

"That bitch has always been at odds with Victoria and me, but ---- especially your Victoria. Back when Franklin had a crush on her, Mia's jealousy nearly burned her alive. If Victoria hadn't kept her in check all these years, Mia would have come for her long ago." Andrew's expression stayed cold. "At this point, there's only one solution." Tiana frowned. "And what's that?" Andrew's voice turned like ice.

"We strike the Driscoll family's headquarters head-on and end this grudge once and for all." Tiana's eyes went wide. "Absolutely not! Maurice is stationed at their base, and the Driscoll family's hidden strength runs deep... They're full of masters. You'd have little chance of winning." Andrew gave a chilling smile. "Don't worry. I've realized there's one thing I've never done well enough." Tiana asked instinctively, "What is it? And don't talk down to yourself, You're a perfect man, Andrew.

You're someone both Victoria and I are proud of. We love you and would do anything for you." She was afraid Andrew would blame himself for what happened. But truthfully, Tiana blamed herself even more for Victoria's capture. In her emotional state, a tear rolled down her cheek. Andrew shook his head. "No, there's one thing I still lack. I've been too merciful, giving certain people far too much respect.

---- Ever since I escaped Chetvane and left the Lloyd royal family, I've had a bad habit: never drawing the blade first. "My father taught me as a boy that if someone bullies you, you bully them back. My royal instructors taught me that if someone wants to harm you, you strike first and take their head before they're ready. "But later, as my martial skill grew, I joined a special unit, and the veterans there taught me that true masters hide their edge.

The ones who hide are the deadliest: they strike when no one expects it." In the hall, everyone listened quietly. George, Jameson, Lauren, Francesca, Aspen, and Tiana were all present. Miles and Liliana, the siblings, stood nearby along with Logan, Freya, and Chantelle, who had just arrived. Eric stood alone to one side, watching everything unfold. All their eyes were fixed on Andrew, who appeared calm on the surface. For original chapters go to [findnovel.net](http://findnovel.net)

In reality, they all felt a suffocating sense that a storm was about to break. They knew Andrew was about to unleash his fury. "Logan, get Ronald and Aaron on the line and have them gather whatever reliable people they have left. Pass along my message word for word to those two old foxes. If they cooperate, they'll ---- be well rewarded in the future," Andrew said.

## Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 2008 Andrew said coldly, "If they don't cooperate, they can prepare to die. Also, mobilize every man the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce can muster. I'm going straight to the Driscoll family's front door. "This time, I'm not hiding, and I'm not holding back. When the strength is there to flatten everything, the fastest and most effective solution is to kill every last one of them.

Enemies only respect one thing: merciless slaughter." By the time he finished speaking, Andrew's voice had lost every trace of warmth. Logan gulped nervously. "A-Alright!" Tiana cried out in dismay, "Andy, are you really going to do this? The Driscoll family base has Maurice leading a group of masters, plus all their subordinate families. Your chances of winning aren't very good."

Andrew's voice was low and ominous. "Before I broke through the second seal, I couldn't guarantee a 100% victory.

But now, I'm going to make the Driscoll family drown in their own blood." At that moment, the entire sky over Blumendale suddenly changed with swirling storm clouds. Nearly 200 Gabo Creek --- Chamber of Commerce members responded, with over 100 families represented. They all answered their chairman's call, sending out their family's top fighters. Ronald and Aaron, as underground kingpins, gathered every person they could summon. The final bloody battle was about to begin.

"General, we have a serious problem! It looks like Blumendale is about to descend into chaos because of Andrew!" Leslie found Luna with anger written all over her face. Luna was in Derek's office at that time. Her expression was ice- cold as she stared at him with obvious displeasure. She scoffed. "Governor McCormick, this is the man you've been investing so much attention and effort in. And look at what he's doing, he's about to start an all-out war with the Driscoll family. How many will die?

How great will the fallout be? I think you don't need me to remind you." Derek stared out the window in silence before finally turning back. "General Phelan, I admit I didn't foresee this." Luna's voice was sharp. "So I can arrest Andrew now, yes?" Derek shook his head. "No." Luna's temper flared. "Even now? You'd let him run wild like a bandit in the economic center of Gabo Creek?" ---- Derek remained silent for a moment before speaking with a bitter tone.

"You can't control him." Luna was stunned, then narrowed her eyes dangerously. "Excuse me! Care to say that again? In Gabo Creek, you're telling me there's someone I can't control?" Derek took a deep breath and nodded. "That's right. Andrew is exactly the kind of man you can't control. General Phelan, maybe it's time I told you who Andrew really is." Luna gritted her teeth. "Fine. I'm listening. I hope you can convince me he's so extraordinary. Is he from a great family?

The son of a billionaire? The heir to some martial dynasty? Even if he were royalty, it wouldn't stop me from disliking him." While the two exchanged heated words, the Driscoll family was already moving. Orders flew, with seven martial kings ready for battle, three of the Driscoll elders mobilized, the Shadow Division and personal guard deployed in full, 500 martial artists from allied families on standby, and 1000 enforcers in Blumendale headquarters prepared to fight.

In his study, Maurice listened to the reports without a flicker of expression. When they finished, he spoke only once. "He's the first man to dare challenge the Driscoll family at its own base. ---- Very well. This farce ends now. I'll send him to the grave myself." The source of this content is [find@novel.net](mailto:find@novel.net)

## Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 2009 "Maurice, it's been years since I came to Gabo Creek, and it seems your family's standing has slipped," a teasing voice called from outside the study. "Heh, when any random nobody dares storm your base, maybe the Driscoll family really isn't what it used to be." Maurice's eyes narrowed sharply as he turned toward the voice. Whoever dared to mock the Driscolls so openly had guts However, when he saw who it was, the killing intent in his gaze vanished. Read complete version only at [find~novel~net](mailto:find~novel~net)

He gave a cold snort and said flatly, "Barnaby, what are you doing here?" The newcomer was short and stocky, his skin weathered like a farmer's. Nonetheless, those who knew his true identity understood how dangerous he really was. Barnaby Hale, Director of Chetvine Special Ops, nicknamed the Crazy Barnaby, a devil who moved in the shadows. He said, "Nothing much, just checking in. Maurice, you can handle this, right?" Maurice's mouth twitched. "Barnaby, you underestimate the Driscoll family. Just watch... You'll see a massacre." Barnaby shrugged. "Sounds like small-time stuff.

Honestly, I'm ---- not interested. I came to Blumendale mainly for Derek, and to deal with the man who dared to disrespect Special Ops." Maurice's cold snort was almost a growl. "That man is Andrew Lloyd, the one going head-to-head with the Driscoll family. You'll see him soon enough." Barnaby smirked. "Maurice, if your family can kill him outright, that would save me the trouble. I prefer not to waste time catching someone and going through trial procedures. When someone disrespects Special Ops, my usual method is to kill them." Maurice frowned, then nodded. "Understood. This is Derek's turf.

If you take him out directly, it'd break protocol." Barnaby chuckled. "Exactly. My men will stand by and wait for the Driscoll family to finish the job. Of course, if something happens to your family, I wouldn't mind lending a hand... Just say the word." Maurice sneered, "Don't worry. The sky could fall, and the Driscoll family still wouldn't go down on my watch." Barnaby gave a non-committal "Oh" before adding, "By the way, we've recovered Gabo Creek's so-called martial icon, Franklin. But honestly, he's half-dead and pretty much useless now. Your wife is crying her eyes out with worry.

Aren't you going to see her?" ---- Hatred flashed in Maurice's eyes before he left the study without a word. Barnaby watched his back with a silent, mocking smirk. Maurice was his friend, but only when their interests aligned. When they did not, they both wished the other would fall. And right now, Barnaby had conveniently arrived just in time to watch the Driscoll family's drama unfold. From the look of it, his old friend was practically having a glowing signboard above his head showing the world that he got cuckolded. In a secluded area of the estate, the sound of two sharp slaps.

cracked the air. Victoria's face flushed and swelled instantly, blood trickling down her lip. Yet, her serene expression did not waver. She even smiled faintly. "Mia, I'll remember those slaps. This is all you're capable of, bullying me when I've lost my martial strength. Why didn't you act so tough before, when I was still at my peak?" Her tone dripped with mockery. Mia's eyes burned red with fury and killing intent. Another two slaps landed hard, and she yanked Victoria's hair viciously. " -- Victoria, you bitch!

After what happened to Franklin, you and that little bastard Andrew are going to pay with your lives!" Her voice was wild, like a rabid animal. Forced to lift her head, Victoria met Mia's glare with a cold smile. "Franklin got what he deserved. And you, Mia, won't be far behind... You know that, don't you?" Mia's face twisted into something monstrous. "Don't worry, Victoria. The first to die will be you, and then Andrew." Victoria's expression didn't change. "I may die, but Andrew? Rest assured, he won't."

## Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 2010 Veronica said, "Not only will Andrew survive, but he'll wipe out your entire Driscoll family, and you along with it." Mia's voice turned icy. "You're dreaming! The Driscoll family is fully mobilized and waiting for him. If he dares to come, he'll die for sure." She scoffed and added, "I can't see through you. You're hoping I'll kill you so Andrew can fight without worrying about you. But don't worry, Victoria, I'm not killing you yet. I'm going to use you to make Andrew kneel and take his own life.

I'll use his head to honor Franklin." Victoria's smile faded as she spoke softly. "If you try that, I promise you'll die horribly. Back then, you weren't even worthy to carry my shoes. Even without my martial skills, I still see you as nothing more than trash!" Mia's eyes blazed with rage, and she raised her hand to strike again, only for Victoria to spit in her face. She mocked, "Bitch, you really think you're something special? Back then, you were just a used-up whore that Franklin didn't want, so you got passed down to Maurice.

Maurice is just a pathetic fool who got completely played by you and Franklin. ---- "But I don't care about that. I will tell you that Andrew is the son of that man from years ago. If anything happens to him in Gabo Creek, you, the Driscoll family, and anyone connected to you will all die." Mia froze mid-swing, her hand stiff in the air. "What did you say? Andrew is connected to that man? Victoria, you think I'll believe that?" Victoria scoffed. "Andrew Lloyd. Reginald Lloyd. Same last name. And I'll tell you more... Andrew is from the Lloyd royal family in Chetvine. This update is available on find~novel~net

You stupid bitch, you've messed with the wrong person! Mia's entire body began trembling uncontrollably. Her mind felt like it had been struck by lightning. "N-No way! T-This is impossible! Impossible! Victoria, you must be lying! You bitch, you're just making this up to deceive me!" Her voice cracked as she tried to step forward and strangle Victoria. Yet, Victoria did not even move. She just stared at Mia calmly. "Don't believe me? Then you can kill me right now and see what happens.

Let's see if Andrew will go on a killing rampage for me and slaughter every single one of you, including your precious son, Joe." ---- She continued, "Franklin's already finished, and now your hope is in Joe, isn't it? Whatever you do to me now, Andrew will do to Joe later. Don't believe me? Go ahead and try." Mia's thoughts were a chaotic mess. She asked hesitantly, "Andrew... is really Reginald's son?" Victoria smirked. "What's wrong? Scared now? Back then, Franklin learned a few moves from Reginald and was so thrilled he nearly dropped to his knees in worship. Maurice followed him.

around like a loyal dog, calling him respectfully at every turn. "And you, Mia, weren't even fit to carry his shoes. Now you dare treat his son like this? I can already imagine what Reginald will do to you if he comes back to Gabo Creek." Mia suddenly shouted at the top of her lungs, "Shut up! Just shut your mouth! Victoria, I won't believe a single word that comes out of your mouth!" Though she claimed not to believe it, her hands no longer dared to touch Victoria. Caution had taken over. Mia was already afraid.

She was not scared of Andrew himself, but she did not know the truth of his connection to Reginald. That name was taboo for her, Franklin, and Maurice. Seeing Mia back down, Victoria let out a subtle breath of relief. When it came to cunning, this woman was leagues beneath her. ---- She could not afford to get hurt, not when Andrew's coming battle depended on her survival. She refused to be the reason he was distracted.

