

# Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 2021 Maurice's retreat made every member of the Driscoll family tense up instantly. The three elders could not hold back and rushed forward, surrounding him on both sides. "Mr. Driscoll Senior!" "Get back!" Maurice's face twisted with rage as he shoved away the elders' support and raised the Dirgeblade once more, launching another furious assault on Andrew. The massive blade energy carved through everything in its path with devastating force, but it was useless. It could not even scratch Andrew.

At the martial saint level, especially with a masterful weapon in hand, the destructive power reached terrifying heights. Maurice moved like a bulldozer, his seemingly inexhaustible inner energy continuously surging forth as he relentlessly attacked Andrew. However, while he was formidable, Andrew proved even more ruthlessly powerful. "Maurice, your strength doesn't differ much from Franklin's, Andrew said, his voice ice-cold.

"You've already witnessed his fate, and now you're nothing more than a cornered beast, struggling uselessly before death." ---- Andrew's hand traced mysterious patterns through the air, slashing, chopping, striking, pulling Maurice's great blade suddenly felt as though it had been trapped in mud. He yanked with all his strength to pull it back, only to feel Andrew's palm brush against his face with a sharp slap. "Mr. Driscoll Senior!" The three Driscoll family elders roared in fury again. They exchanged glances and could no longer sit still, joining the battle themselves.

Maurice gripped his blade tightly, completely ignoring his injuries as he continued his wild slashing attacks. The three elders became blurs, striking at Andrew from every side. Andrew did not move from his spot. His eyes turned darker and colder as the air around him began to twist and churn. Then, a sharp force burst from within him, swirling together in seconds to form a massive vortex. The vortex surrounded Andrew completely. Sparks flew in all directions as Maurice's Dirgeblade clashed against the barrier. The blade's edge curled backward and cracked, sending sprays of sparks everywhere.

---- Even so, it could not penetrate Andrew's vortex even an inch. Instead, each strike sent painful vibrations up Maurice's arm, nearly shattering the bone. 'H-How is this brat so strong?!' Maurice thought, his heart filled with terror for the first time. 'Has he already reached the high-level martial saint realm?' From within the vortex, Andrew extended one hand and pulled sharply. One of the Driscoll family elders was immediately dragged against the spinning energy barrier.

The elder's agonized screams pierced the air as the other two elders cried out in horror, "Blake!" They watched helplessly as Blake Driscoll was ground against the energy vortex for several seconds. His bones shattered completely, and his eyes bulged in frozen terror as he spat his last breath, and then his corpse fell to the ground with a thud. The lifeless body lay face-up, staring blankly at the sky. Even in death, the terror on his face was burned in his wide-open eyes. "What the hell..." The entire Driscoll family finally began to feel true fear creeping into their hearts. Official source is Find~Novel.net

Maurice, their anchor and pillar of strength, was clearly losing. ---- Everyone could see it, yet none of them could bring themselves to accept this devastating reality.

# Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 2022 The Driscoll family, a century-old powerhouse, was on the brink of annihilation, right here in their own estate. "Keep fighting!" Maurice roared in fury and lunged forward again, his heart burning with rage. The two remaining elders steadied themselves, knowing this was no time to mourn. The family had reached the edge of life and death, facing an opponent stronger than any they had ever seen. The swirling vortex of energy around Andrew grew even more terrifying, taking on the shape of a tornado.

This was the manifestation of a martial artist's perfected internal energy, where inner circulation triggered external phenomena, something typically seen only when true grandmaster-level fighters clashed. Eric froze, thinking bitterly to himself once more. "If I'm considered a genius, then this guy must be some kind of reincarnated deity!" He knew that even Jerome could not match such martial talent. Andrew stepped forward, charging into the formation Maurice and the two elders had built. Since lives had already been taken, ---- he might as well wipe out the entire Driscoll family. Content originally comes from find~novel~net

Two thunderous crashes echoed as he sent both elders flying through the air. Before they could even hit the ground, still spitting blood mid-flight, he caught up and slammed his palms into their chests. If someone could have seen inside, they would have witnessed their bones shattering like a spiderweb from the center of their rib cages outward. The two elders did not even have time to scream before their lives ended. One of them had just recently advanced to martial saint level. Yet, even that rank meant nothing now.

With this, Andrew had virtually wiped out all of the Driscoll family's high-level fighters. Maurice's eyes blazed with murderous rage. "You bastard, I'll fight you to the death!" The Dirgeblade came down like a shooting star, smashing against Andrew's storm. The result was devastating. The blade was knocked from his grip, blood sprayed from his mouth, and he skidded backward across the ground, carving two deep trenches with his heels. ---- Andrew's expression remained cold as he surged forward, massive flames seeming to flicker in his eyes for just an instant.

The next second, his Inferno Strike crashed down on Maurice's head with devastating force. Maurice let out an earth-shaking roar as he flew over 20 meters before finally stopping. He crashed straight through the stone wall and tumbled into the inner courtyard, immediately vomiting a thick stream of blood skyward. Every last ounce of strength had left his body. His knees buckled and hit the ground with two dull thuds, his entire being wracked with agony. He had lost, completely and utterly defeated, just as he had feared would happen. The Driscoll family now faced total destruction. "Mr.

Driscoll Senior!" voices cried out in despair. "How can this be happening? If he's defeated and dying, how can the Driscoll family survive?" With all three elders dead and Maurice powerless to resist, every remaining family member lost their will to fight and scattered in panic. Andrew's overwhelming presence surged as he charged into the Driscoll security forces. ---- "Leave no one alive. Kill them all!" His ice-cold voice echoed across the grounds as he instantly slaughtered dozens of the guard unit.

## Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 2023 The slaughter continued as a crimson glow flickered in Andrew's eyes. The eight martial kings from the Driscoll family's allied forces saw the situation turning dire and began fleeing for their lives. Andrew snorted coldly and leaped over the crowd. With a single palm strike,

he crushed the nearest martial king, painting the gates with blood. George and the others were excited, with even crueler satisfaction on their faces. The fall of one powerhouse inevitably meant the rise of another.

This was the perfect opportunity to completely crush the Driscoll family while establishing Andrew's faction as the dominant force. "Think you can run? Not a chance!" George charged to the front lines despite his age, intercepting the fleeing martial kings. Aaron and Ronald, the two Dragon Kings, no longer appeared grim. Their expressions twisted into wild joy, knowing this was their moment. The mighty Driscoll family, once a towering tree in Gabo Creek, was nothing but rotting wood now. If they did not rip out the roots, then old grudges would never be erased.

But most ---- importantly, when a giant fell, countless others could thrive in its shadow. With the Driscoll family, one of the Three Titans, about to collapse completely, who else but them would reap the massive benefits? "Kill them all!" Logan, Tiana, and the others surged forward with renewed vigor. This battle had transcended everything else, and even though they were facing one of the Three Titans, no one wanted to stop now.

The only way to maximize their victory was to strike while the enemy was down and eliminate every last one. Only Lauren, Francesca, and Aspen withdrew from the fighting, feeling nauseous at the bloodbath. Their hearts pounded with horror and pity as the Driscoll family's casualties mounted in what had become a complete massacre. Such a gruesome scene was too much for them to bear. Nonetheless, false mercy would not solve anything, so after a brief respite, the three women rejoined the main force as they pushed deeper into the compound.

"Andrew, you bastard, you've destroyed my family's century-old legacy!" Maurice's hair hung wild and matted, his forehead, face, ---- and chest covered in blood, making him look like a walking corpse. He hissed, "Even if I die, I curse you to suffer a terrible death and eternal damnation!" Andrew approached him step by step, grabbed his hair, and lifted him up. "Maurice, I told you long ago that you reap what you sow. I warned you that the Driscoll family had picked the wrong enemy, yet you pushed forward blindly. "Whether I will suffer damnation one day is uncertain.

But what I can say for sure is that your family will vanish without a trace tonight. Maurice, you can join your precious daughter now. Do me a favor and greet the devil for me." With a snarl, Andrew's palm slammed down toward the crown of Maurice's head. Maurice's eyes widened in despair, filled with bitter unwillingness. He had too much left undone, too many answers never found. He still wanted to know if Joe was truly his son. He could not accept this fate. He would never accept it! "Andrew, stop!" A piercing scream rang out at the last moment.

Andrew whipped around, flames seeming to blaze in his eyes as ---- he saw Victoria being held captive by Mia, surrounded by George and the others. Even so, Mia showed no fear despite the situation. She pressed a sharp dagger against Victoria's pale throat, her lips trembling as she spoke. "Andrew, tell your people not to hurt me, or Victoria dies with me!" Though she was making threats, terror was written all over her face. Andrew dragged Maurice's broken body as he walked toward her step by step, causing Mia to scream, "Don't! Don't come any closer!" Tears finally rolled down her cheeks.

Yet, it was not from remorse, but from pure terror. "Andrew, just promise you won't hold me responsible and let me go! Spare Joe, too, and I'll return Victoria to you completely unharmed!"

Content originally comes from Find~Novel.net

# Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 2024 Andrew's smile was ice-cold. "Now you want to beg and let her go? Mia, don't you think it's a little late for that?" Mia's voice shook with fear. "So you're saying you won't let me go? Then believe me when I say I'll drag Victoria down with me." Victoria sneered. "Andrew, don't worry about me. This is the perfect chance to wipe out the Driscoll family completely. Kill Maurice and end them for good! Don't spare that bitch Mia either.

Kill every last one of the Driscoll bloodline, then find Joe, that little rat who slipped through, and wipe him out too!" Mia's face twisted in rage and panic. "Shut up, Victoria! Shut your damn mouth! Do you really think I won't kill you?" Her hand trembled, and blood trickled from the cut she made across Victoria's pale neck. Yet, Victoria did not even blink. She even smiled as she said, "Andrew, listen to me. Forget about me. I'm already a broken shell, but the Driscoll family must not be spared. Kill them all, and in Blumedale, you'll rise as one of the three rulers.

With your talent and strength, becoming the King of Gabo Creek will be within your reach." Andrew shook his head slowly. "Victoria, the only reason I ---- destroyed the Driscoll family was for you. If you're gone, then none of this means anything at all!" Victoria froze, then sighed. "Foolish boy, devotion like that will only hold back a man's rise." Tiana let out a sharp snort. "Alright, enough talking! You can wipe out the Driscoll family and still save her. Do both at once!" Andrew lifted Maurice and growled, "Mia, let Victoria go. Then, I'll hand Maurice back to you. IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT [Find\[N\]ovel.net](http://Find[N]ovel.net)

If not, none of you will leave alive!" Maurice barely managed to open his eyelids as the blood dripping into his eyes caused unbearable pain. He whispered hoarsely, "Mia... save me! Mia, please... save me!" The once-feared overlord sounded so pitiful that even his own people looked at him with disgust. Mia's eyes filled with tears as she shook her head again and again. "Maurice, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry!" Maurice struggled feebly and gasped, "W-What are you doing? Trade Victoria for me!

Save me, quickly!" However, Mia only cried harder as she gritted her teeth and said, "Maurice, I can't trade her life for yours. Even if I save you, it's pointless... Just let go. The only one I need to protect now is our Joe. ---- Maurice's face twisted in disbelief, and he roared, "You bitch... you.. Victoria laughed bitterly, her voice dripping with venom. "Maurice, you're just a pathetic fool. Even now, when death is right in your face, you still don't realize you've been raising another man's son your whole life.

Do you want to know why Mia won't save you?" Mia immediately panicked and shouted, "Victoria, you bitch! Shut your mouth! Don't you dare say it!" Victoria sneered with malicious delight on her face. "You don't want me to talk? Well, that just makes me want to say it even more. Mia, you're nothing but a heartless, lying whore! You cuckolded Maurice for decades and made him raise the bastard you had with Franklin!" Her words rang out like thunder. "Maurice, you still don't know, do you? Joe, the son you love most, was never yours to begin with!"

# Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 2025 The truth was finally out for all to hear. Andrew and his allies had long known, so they showed little reaction. Yet, Maurice, already half-delirious, suddenly flared with one last

burst of strength, thrashing in Andrew's grip. He cried out, "No, why is this happening? I don't believe it... I refuse to believe it! Joe is my child, and he's always been my blood, the most outstanding member of the Driscoll family!" Like a dying beast, Maurice stared at Mia with bloodshot eyes filled with madness.

The moment Mia met his gaze, she immediately looked away, guilt written all over her face. Andrew released his grip, allowing Maurice to lunge toward her. Mia panicked. "Stay back, Maurice! It's not what you think! It's not like they said! You can't believe them!" Maurice approached like a vengeful ghost, his voice dripping with rage. "You bitch, you still dare to lie to me even now? After all this, you still dare to deceive me? Go to hell!" His blood-soaked hands reached out to strangle her, but Mia's eyes turned cold as steel.

---- There was a sharp thud, and the dagger in Mia's hand slid straight into Maurice's chest. He gasped, his eyes wide with disbelief as he looked down at the blade buried in him. Mia's face was cold as she whispered, "I can't let you live, and I can't let Joe ever know the truth. Maurice, I'm sorry... but I feel no regret. Franklin is already dead, Joe has gone far away to Goldridge, and I have nothing left to lose. "If I let you live, you'd hunt Joe down and expose him. Worse, you might kill him yourself, So I can never let you live.

The light faded from Maurice's eyes as he collapsed to his knees. He croaked out, "Why..." This shocking turn of events stunned everyone present. Even Andrew had not anticipated that Mia would personally deliver the killing blow to her own husband. He immediately burst into motion, creating a powerful gust of wind as he swept Victoria away from danger. "Victoria, are you alright?" Andrew asked. She touched his face softly and smiled. "Andrew, I'm fine. Put me down now." ---- Once steady, she stared at Mia with icy contempt. "Mia, you really aren't even human.

Andrew didn't destroy the Driscoll family... You did." Mia's eyes turned savage as she opened her mouth to retort, but a cry of anguish suddenly split the air behind her. "Dad! Dad, what happened to you?" Joe and Shiloh had arrived. All color drained from Joe's face as he rushed forward, pushing through the crowd. He collapsed at Maurice's side, tears streaming down his cheeks. His hands sank into the pool of blood around his father's body. Maurice used his final breath to whisper, 'Joe, tell me... Tell me that you are... you are my son.' He tried to lift his hand, but his strength was gone.

The once-mighty head of the Driscoll family now looked utterly broken. Joe's tears spilled over as he cried out. "Dad, why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you tell me the family had fallen this far? I'm your son, I've always been your son! Please don't die, don't leave me... ---- He suddenly froze when he saw Maurice's lips curve into a faint, relieved smile as the last breath left him. Having heard Joe's affirmation in his final moments, Maurice passed away content. Tiana shook her head.

"Perhaps this was the best ending Maurice could have hoped for." Joe raised his tear-streaked face, his eyes burning with hatred as he glared up at Andrew. "Andrew, you killed my father, didn't you?" Andrew looked down at him with no expression. "If that's how you see it, then yes. I killed your father." Joe's teeth clenched as he let out a furious roar. "Then today, I'll kill you!" The crowd scattered and watched Joe warily. After all, the Driscoll family had already been defeated, and as the last one left, Joe posed no real threat at all.

This chapter is updated by [FindNovel.net](http://FindNovel.net)

# Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 2026 George said calmly, "Logan, take some men and send Joe on his way. As a seasoned veteran, he knew this was the time to eliminate threats completely. He knew that when you pulled weeds, you had to rip out the roots. Joe might not have had a personal grudge with Andrew, but he still had to die. Joe stood, staring at Andrew in grief. "I never thought you'd actually go through with it. Andrew, when did you become so cruel, so heartless?" Andrew replied indifferently, "However you choose to see me is your business. But let me remind you...

Everything that happened today was brought on by the Driscoll family themselves." Joe's face twisted with fury. "Fine then, kill me too!" Eric sneered. "Andrew doesn't have to move a finger! I'll kill you myself!" His thinking aligned with George's. Joe could not be allowed to live, or Andrew's path to becoming King of Gabo Creek would be haunted by seeds of vengeance. ---- Victoria cut in sharply. "Everyone, stand aside. Joe, your father wasn't killed by Andrew. Can't you see the dagger in his chest?

Your mother did that." Joe froze, realizing that Maurice's death had driven him to temporary madness. Looking closer now, he recognized the distinctive pattern on the blade. It was definitely Mia's personal dagger. "Mom..." he turned to stare at Mia in disbelief. Mia's eyes filled with tears, her hair disheveled as she teetered on the edge of complete breakdown. She laughed bitterly, "Fate ... It's all fate... My foolish child, didn't I tell you to leave Blumedale for Goldridge? Why did you come back? Why return at this crucial moment?" Her voice broke as she admitted, "Yes...

I killed your father." Joe cried out in anguish, "Then I'll kill you, you bitch!" He raised his hand, ready to strike her down. Yet, at the last moment, his hand froze in the air. He could not do it. Mia's lips trembled. "Foolish boy... Since it's come to this, I'll tell you the truth. Maurice was never your father. Your real father... ---- was Franklin Gurney." Joe exploded with fury, "Bitch, do you think I'll believe such lies?

I'm Maurice Driscoll's son, I'm a Driscoll, and everyone else means nothing to me!" Tears streamed down Mia's face as all strength left her body, and she collapsed to the ground, holding her head as she wept. "It's all karma, nothing but terrible karma! Joe, I know you can't accept this, but the fact remains... You are Franklin's son. "Your last name should be Gurney, not Driscoll. I've deceived you all these years. I'm sorry, truly sorry..." The revelation hit Joe like a thunderbolt, his face flushing red before he spat out a mouthful of bright crimson blood. Victoria sighed softly.

"In the end, he's nothing more than a pitiful soul." "Pitiful soul? Mrs. Peck, I beg to differ." A mocking laugh echoed, brazen and sharp: Heavy footsteps echoed as two rows of figures marched out from the inner courtyard in perfect formation. The man in the center was unremarkable in build with tanned skin, but his presence radiated an overwhelming sense of authority. "This world is full of lies and tragedies. Fathers, mothers, even ---- sons...

it all boils down to five words: you reap what you sow." His voice dripped with venom as he continued, "Mia was a whore in her youth, but Maurice wasn't much better. A supposedly noble family heir who chose to marry such trash? He got exactly what he deserved!" The cruel mockery hung in the air as the Special Ops agents flanked both sides, their intimidating presence dominating the scene. George's eyes sharpened while Eric's expression grew grave. None of them had expected another group to be lying in wait within the Driscoll compound. These men in black were not just anyone. IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT [FundNovel.net](http://FundNovel.net)

They were elite, and every one of them was at least martial king level. Victoria's eyes narrowed before she let out a cold laugh. "So it's you, Mr. Hale."

## Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 2027 The one who appeared last was none other than Barnaby Hale, Director of Special Ops, along with his men. Normally, he avoided showing his face. Like a snake, he preferred to stay hidden in the shadows, striking unseen. Nonetheless, with the Driscoll family collapsing and even Maurice dead, he had no choice but to step out. Mia glared at him with hatred. "Barnaby, what do you want?" Barnaby smirked coldly. "What do I want?"

You bitch, I'm going to drag out your lover and expose everything to the public!" With a wave of his hand, the completely broken Franklin was dragged forward. Though not yet dead, Franklin was barely alive. His body was mangled beyond recognition, little more than broken flesh, and his eyes still clung stubbornly open. "Franklin!" Mia's face crumpled as she rushed forward recklessly, and Barnaby did not stop her, allowing the reunion to take place.

"Mia, I want to see our child before I die," Franklin whispered weakly, as if even speaking these few words had drained all his remaining strength. ---- Tears flooded Mia's eyes as she sobbed. "Franklin, Joe is here... If you want to see him, go ahead! Everything is over now, and I don't want to hide anymore. You two can face each other at last." Joe staggered forward, staring in disbelief at Franklin's ruined face. Mia cried out miserably, "Joe, this is your father... Your real father!" Joe refused to believe it, roaring in denial, "No, he absolutely is not!"

My father is Maurice Driscoll, and I'm a member of the Driscoll family. This cripple has nothing to do with me." Franklin never got the chance to take another breath. The hope of seeing his son acknowledge him had carried him this far, but Joe's rejection crushed it. With his body broken beyond repair, his life ended there. Mia broke down, wailing. "Franklin!" Then, she turned to Joe. "Joe, he really was your father. Why couldn't you admit it? That was his last wish, his final chance to hear you accept him!" Joe roared back furiously, "Don't even think about it. I'm not his son!"

You crazy woman, stop trying to deceive me. I'll never believe you!" ---- Mia stared at him blankly, unable to believe the depth of his denial. She never imagined Joe would reject the truth so violently. Barnaby let out a cold snort. "You're worse than an animal. Even when told the man was your father, you refuse him." He turned to Mia with a sneer. "Ms. Hernandez, I have a proposal you might want to hear. As long as you submit to me, I'll take you and Joe to live in Chetvine." As he spoke, his eyes shamelessly roamed over Mia's body.

Tiana, Victoria, and the others all looked sickened, their faces filled with disgust. "Mr. Hale, the Driscoll family isn't completely finished yet, but you're already spouting such shameless words. Don't you feel embarrassed wearing that uniform?" Victoria mocked him directly. Tiana added coldly, "As the Director of Special Ops, have you no shame left?" Barnaby remained unfazed and laughed darkly. "Don't be in such a rush, beautiful ladies. If I decide you're worth it, I'll take you both as well." Then, he turned back to Mia. "So, what's it going to be? Find the newest release on [findnovel.net](http://findnovel.net)

You and ---- Joe have nowhere left to run. His two fathers are both dead, and now you're both trapped." He grinned cruelly. "But if you agree to come with me, I can protect you. I can give you protection, wealth, and power beyond measure." Mia shook with rage and humiliation. "You're no

man. And to think Maurice once treated you like a brother." Barnaby snorted coldly. "Maurice? I never imagined he'd turn out to be such a pathetic waste."

## Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 2028 Barnaby sneered. "The Driscoll family had everything, and Maurice threw it all away. Now that they've collapsed, it's only right that I take my share. I didn't come to Gabo Creek for nothing." Joe's eyes flashed with murderous intent as he lunged forward. "You bastard, go to hell!" He was already drowning in overwhelming grief. Barnaby's threatening words and disgusting intentions pushed him over the edge into pure rage. Barnaby's expression remained casual and dismissive. "Young man, you're being rather ignorant."

Have you considered the consequences of attacking me?" His massive subordinate Dante snorted coldly and threw a punch that created a blur of motion as it collided with Joe. With a sickening sound, Joe immediately spat blood and screamed as he flew backward through the air, his face twisted in agony. "Joe!" Mia shrieked as she stumbled toward her son, tears blurring her vision. Joe lay on the ground covered in blood, his heart filled with ---- complete despair. "Mom, I don't want to live anymore... Just kill me!" Mia completely broke down and held him while sobbing uncontrollably. Official source is find(⌘)ovel.net

"Pathetic fool. Know your place," Dante said with contempt as he slowly pulled back his massive fist. Barnaby was quite satisfied with this outcome and shifted his gaze to survey the others present. He said, "Which one of you is Andrew? Come forward. I want to have a chat with you." His voice carried absolute authority as he continued, "You managed to attack the Driscoll family, which shows some skill, but now I'm here to tell you that you're under arrest. "Furthermore, you won't be taking anything from the Driscoll family.

Everything here will be confiscated as evidence." This was clearly nothing more than sanctioned robbery, and everyone present could hear it for what it was. Tiana's face flushed with anger. "Mr. Hale, this feud has nothing to do with you. We fought the Driscolls to the death, and now you come in to collect the spoils? How is that fair?" Barnaby grinned. "Why wouldn't it be fair? Look at my title. What are you compared to me? Or perhaps you don't accept my authority?" ---- His beady eyes gleamed with menace as they swept over each person present.

Then, he saw Andrew emerge from the back with a mocking smile on his face. "Oh my, such impressive authority you wield! Why don't you just order my execution right now?" Barnaby's brow twitched the instant he saw Andrew. A strange familiarity washed over him, leaving him unsettled. "Who are you? Are you that Andrew they mentioned?" Andrew strode closer, step by step, until only a few feet remained between them. His tone was flat. "That's right. I'm Andrew Lloyd, the one who destroyed the Driscoll family. And judging by your actions, you're here to steal my prize.

That makes me very angry." Barnaby sneered, ready to spit out a threat. But now that Andrew stood so close, that eerie sense of familiarity burned bright and fierce inside him, igniting like wildfire. His eyes widened. "Holy shit! No way... It can't be! C-Captain? You were supposed to be..." Andrew chuckled. "Supposed to be dead, right?" Barnaby stumbled back, his pupils dilating in horror. His words broke apart in panic. "N-No... that's not what I meant... I was trying to say...



Sir, it's good to see you!" ---- The bone-deep fear finally took control as cold sweat poured down Barnaby's forehead and his body began shaking uncontrollably. Unable to resist any longer, he dropped to his knees in submission This action completely shocked everyone present! Even the other Special Ops agents and the massive Dante were left completely stunned. "Mr. Hale, what are you..."

## Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 2029 Barnaby's scalp prickled as he glared at Dante and the others, wishing he could slap them senseless. These fools had no idea how terrifying the man before them truly was. He growled, "Shut up and get out of my sight! Don't you dare say another word!" Goodness! The heir of the Lloyds royal bloodline was still alive. If this news reached Chetvine, the entire region would explode. And worse, this man was a demon incarnate back then. Barnaby's face darkened. With Andrew's temperament back then, even if he was merciful, Barnaby would have been skinned alive.

Yet as Barnaby knelt trembling, Andrew calmly said, "What are you doing? I'm just a commoner. I don't deserve such respect from you." Barnaby trembled as he replied, "Captain, you're being too modest. Back when you dominated Chetvine and commanded respect in the military, I was still crawling around under the previous director, learning the ropes." Andrew chuckled. "Funny. I remember you weren't crawling under anyone... You were more like an insect that no one noticed. ---- Barnaby nodded furiously. "Yes, yes, exactly!

A bug, one so lowly you wouldn't even bother to look at." Dante had a hot temper and could not stand watching any longer. "Mr. Hale, you represent one of Chetvine's three major special forces, the Special Ops! Who is this punk? How dare he make you kneel before him? You should get up. We don't need to take him seriously at all." Barnaby's face twisted with rage as he shot to his feet, screaming, "I told you to keep your damn mouth shut! How dare you tell me what to do? You piece of shit, shut up!" Slap after slap rang out as Barnaby cursed while delivering a brutal beating to Dante's face.

Within moments, Dante's rough features were covered in red welts, Though his martial artist's constitution could normally handle a few slaps without issue, Barnaby was striking with full force. Dante did not feel pain, only humiliation. His face darkened as his eyes blazed with fury, glaring daggers at Andrew with murderous intent. Andrew remained dismissive and looked at Barnaby with cold indifference. "Take your people and get lost. I'll be returning to ---- Chetvine before long.

The Lloyds and those other major families are all doing well, I assume?" Though he phrased it as a casual inquiry, the killing intent in his words was unmistakable. Barnaby's eyelids twitched as he stammered nervously, "The Lloyds are the same as always, though a new heir is about to be selected to confirm the line of succession. The other major families have expanded aggressively over the years, mainly into Augania, Vestra, and Eastonia." Andrew's expression remained blank as he asked, "Has my father returned to Chetvine over the years?" Barnaby forced a dry laugh. "A figure like Mr.

Lloyd Senior is far beyond my reach. Even if he returned to Chetvine, it wouldn't be something I'd be privy to. As far as I know, he hasn't been back since the incident all those years ago. "Last I heard, the Council of Elders wanted to invite him back to command a military corps with the rank of General, but he wasn't interested and turned them down." Andrew gave a soft grunt. That sounded exactly like something his father would do. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY FindNovel.net

In his youth, Reginald chose beautiful women over power and glory, leaving behind romantic entanglements everywhere while ---- completely ignoring any appointments from Chetvine. Now, both father and son were living in exile. Yet Andrew had not expected Reginald to remain so defiant, ignoring even the highest council in the land. The Council of Elders was the supreme authority of the nation, its members so powerful that even a simple comment from them would affect the nation. No one had ever turned them down. No one except for Andrew and Reginald.

## Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 2030 Andrew said coldly, "That waste of space, Hank Armstrong. Is he under your command? I'm the one who crippled him. Not only did I cripple him, but I also want to kill him, so if you want to restore Special Ops' reputation, feel free to come find me." He casually mentioned these final points with complete indifference. Barnaby quickly shook his head. "It's all a misunderstanding!

In terms of rank, you're above me, and eliminating an insignificant agent would be as easy as breathing for someone of your stature." He continued nervously, "Besides, if I'd known beforehand that you were here in Gabo Creek, I never would have dared to come looking for trouble." Andrew gave a low snort. "Barnaby the Baby, you speak well, and your composure has become much more refined than it was. years ago. Clearly, your former Director taught you plenty. "There's a creature called a two-faced snake that smiles warmly at your face but will tear you apart afterward, leaving nothing behind.

Tell me, Barnaby, doesn't that sound a lot like you?" Under Andrew's smirk, Barnaby's smile became awkward as he ---- lowered his head. For just a moment, his gaze flashed with vicious malice. After all, he was no mere gang leader. He commanded real power, with martial saints under him who were trained killers. He had clawed his way up through blood and shadows, and nothing shocked him anymore. Part of his reaction earlier had been genuine. He never imagined the Lloyds' Dragon Prince, once thought gone forever, still lived.

No matter how high he climbed, there were some men he could never dismiss. However, another part of it was insincere. Barnaby witnessed the rise and fall of countless powers in Chetvine, including the spectacular destruction of entire dynasties. He did not believe that after all these years, the former golden boy of Chetvine and nightmare of a generation could still accomplish anything meaningful.

The Lloyd heir would eventually fade away, but the thousand- year dynasties and eternal royal families of Chetvine would remain unchanged, like the eternal sky that persisted through all the changes of time. "Captain, do you have any specific plans for when you'll return?" Barnaby asked, - --- He had dropped his flattering act and looked at Andrew with calm eyes, a subtle and mysterious aura emanating from his small frame. This was not the kind of presence an ordinary martial artist could cultivate.

Despite appearing thin, unremarkable, and even somewhat sleazy, Barnaby's martial arts could easily crush subordinates like Dante. He had personally eliminated troublesome fighters from the martial world, even those on the Titan List. Andrew called him Barnaby the Baby because he had the strength to do so. Others had to kneel in worship and address him respectfully. Andrew clasped his hands behind his back and said coolly, " When I return is none of your concern. Special Ops has never been my favorite, but I'll admit that it has its strengths.

I only hope that when we meet again, you won't be standing in my way.

UPDATE FROM [find\(N\)ovel.net](#)