

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 2201

---- Chapter 2201 "There's going to be a good show today. I heard that Isabelle, the aloof girl, is finally making her move!" "Really? Let's go check it out then. In the Robertson family, watching that little bitch in action is a rare sight!" "Don't keep calling her a bitch like that. If she hears you, you won't even know how you lost your head!" "You can mess with anyone else, but that psycho woman from the Robertson family? Better keep your distance!" Chetvine never lacked spoiled rich kids.

They lived off their fathers' or grandfathers' achievements, lounging on their family's glory, eating well and drinking fine wine for generations without lifting a finger. In their spare time, these wealthy heirs had nothing better to do than show off their money and pursue women. They loved keeping track of which family's daughter was hooking up with whom. However, what really got these rich heirs talking was the ultimate spectacle: the battles between Chetvine's prodigies, where martial arts prowess determined your standing in the social hierarchy.

---- If you were born into a big family but had no real talent in combat, you would soon be forgotten and looked down on. Strength ruled everything, and that had never changed. Martial arts talent largely determined the future achievements and heights these Chetvine elites could reach. Without question, the kids from political dynasties and top-tier wealthy families were all martial arts freaks and monsters. Not to mention the mysterious royal family members who could dominate the Titan List with a single move. "Mikayla, my dad wants me to go to the airport and take that guy out.

Isabelle was currently somewhere else in Chetvine. The Owens family, one of Chetvine's most prestigious clans, had been close allies with the Robertson family for generations. However, the Owens family's current claim to fame in Chetvine rested entirely on one person: an extraordinary woman! She had reached martial saint level at 20 and was now rumored to have entered the martial emperor realm, soon to take control of the Owens family's power. She would become the most influential person among Chetvine's younger generation, commanding respect from all.

---- This woman was named Mikayla Owens, and she once had a complicated history with Andrew. Her complexion was flawless, her presence ethereal, and she moved like a goddess. That was most people's first impression. The second impression was even stronger: breathtaking, unforgettable, leaving people starstruck. And it was true, Mikayla lived up to every bit of her reputation. However, what shocked people most was her strength. She shattered the old belief that women could never surpass men in combat.

Among Chetvine's younger generation, even the scions of political families had countless devoted followers who worshipped Mikayla. Isabelle was Mikayla's close friend. Or rather, she respected and believed in Mikayla. Mikayla frowned with displeasure. "Belle, you're only 22. Why is your dad making you do this kind of thing? I'm going to call him right now and have him send someone more experienced!" Isabelle's extremely pale face showed no change, her tone remaining flat as always. "Mikayla, you're missing my point! Going to the airport to kill someone is a small matter.

The person I have to kill is a big deal." ---- Mikayla laughed: "Oh? You little troublemaker, who are you planning to kill? Don't tell me it's the crown prince of Vestra." Isabelle sighed helplessly: "Mikayla, are you really clueless or just playing dumb! Andrew is coming back to Chetvine, and he used to be your..." Mikayla quickly raised her hand to stop her from continuing. "Belle, don't bring up the past anymore. It'll only cause trouble. I already know he's coming back. Just do whatever you need to do." Isabelle pursed her lips slightly. "Mikayla, I came here to ask what you think. Follow current novels on

Do you want him alive, or do you want him dead? If you want him alive, then I won't touch him. At worst, I'll go home and get scolded by Dad!" Mikayla's expression grew serious: "Belle, you're still too young. I've never approved of you getting involved in all this violence and killing. Besides, you're a girl! But you shouldn't dismiss your father's orders either." Isabelle said flatly, "I'm not dismissing them. If you don't make your position clear, then I really will kill him! You know I have the ability to do it." Mikayla fell silent.

After a long while, complex emotions flickered across her face. She slowly replied, "I'll go to the ---- airport later and see for myself! After all, we once shared a connection. I've imagined many scenarios: him dying, him hiding under a new identity, and never returning! I just never imagined he'd be foolish enough to come back to Chetvine." She whispered to herself, "Why do you have to be so inconsiderate and reckless?" In that final sentence, she seemed lost and confused. Isabelle nodded and turned to leave.

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Chapter 2202

---- Chapter 2202 Halfway out, Isabelle stopped and turned back. "Mikayla, I don't want you getting too involved in Andrew's affairs. You know that there are way too many people in Chetvine who don't want to see him alive! And you have an unlimited future ahead of you. "Seriously, I never compliment anyone, but Mikayla, you're the exception! I think you deserve a better future, Mikayla! You shouldn't get dragged into conflicts and

vendettas over someone from your past. That's just stupid!" Mikayla's face remained expressionless. "Belle, just go. I've never run away from my problems!

As for getting involved or not... I doubt this Chetvine whirlpool can drown me." Isabelle smirked. "True, you're probably unbeatable now, Mikayla. Then later, I'll watch your expression. If you still care about him, I'll let him go. But if you stay silent, I won't hold back!" Meanwhile, Luna was dressed in a full military uniform and was also in Chetvine. Most of the time, she actually stayed there, which was not unusual since she was a general under the Defense Department stationed at Chetvine's headquarters.

Luna's mentor was the famous General Philip Turman from ---- Holtrien, a man with a rugged face covered in a full beard. Turman was an ancient surname, and the current Turman family was filled with talented individuals. Philip was their prime example. "Luna, head to the airport later," Philip said suddenly as he leaned back in his chair with his legs crossed. Luna was studying tactical maps with her head down and did not look up. "I'm not going." Philip smirked.

"What, aren't you curious what kind of storm will break out now that the Lloyd royal family's heir is coming back?" Luna replied coldly, "I'm not interested. I have no history with Lloyds. I don't even know the man who's returning." Philip chuckled. "No, you do know him. It's Andrew Lloyd. Are you really going to say you're not familiar with that name?" Luna finally raised her head, her brows furrowed. 'Andrew? How could it be him? Isn't the one returning supposed to be an important figure from the Lloyd royal family?' Philip said casually, "Yeah.

He is the most important leader of the Lloyd family's young generation. Andrew is the same guy you met back in Gabo Creek." ---- Luna let out a cold laugh. "Mr. Turman, that's not funny at all! Andrew may be from the Lloyd royal family, but he is not the leader of their young generation. The only one who dares call himself leader is the Dragon Prince of the Lloyds!" Philip shrugged. "And what's the problem? The Dragon Prince of the Lloyd family is Andrew. Don't tell me you didn't know that?" Luna's frosty expression froze completely, and her eyes widened in disbelief. "Andrew... Read full story at [find•novel](#)

is the Dragon Prince of the Lloyds? He's the one I've been searching for all this time? Back in Gabo Creek, he deceived me for so long?" Her first reaction was fury, an unspeakable wave of anger and humiliation. However, right after that came a sharp jolt of fear. "This is bad. If he really is the Dragon Prince of the Lloyds, then coming back here is dangerous! Mr. Turman, I'm taking the afternoon off. Whatever comes up, assign it to someone else!" With that, she shot out of the office, her heart racing faster than ever before.

Philip shook his head and glanced out the window at the bustling cityscape of Chetvine. The glittering skyline was enchanting, no matter how many times he saw it. He thought, ---- 'What a silly girl. She really didn't know Andrew was the Dragon Prince of the Lloyds.' However, Philip knew very well that his prized student could never stand

against him. To be more precise, no one in all of Chetvine could. Not even Philip himself. Assassination or open battle, it was all pointless. What were the Cunninghams, the Robertsons, all their flashy games?

To men of true power like him, they were just children playing house. Once a real dragon matured, there was no stopping it. Killing a dragon? Please. That was just a fairy tale to amuse kids. Most of the time, it was not heroes slaying dragons. It was dragons wiping out everything in their path. Moreover, somewhere far away, another ruthless man sat high above it all, watching the world with cold indifference. [If my son suffers even a scratch in Chetvine... Then I swear, I'll come back and slaughter everyone.

Old man, you know I, Reginald Lloyd, can do it.) ---- Philip lowered his eyes to the laptop on his desk. His face darkened as he read the blood-red words sprawled across the screen. With one punch, he shattered the computer straight through. Through clenched teeth, he spat out three words, "God damn it!"

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Chapter 2203

---- Chapter 2203 Chetvine International Airport went on lockdown that afternoon. The official announcement claimed a mysterious figure was arriving in the city, and the airport would be shut down for three hours. Anyone inconvenienced could head to the other airport in Chetvine instead. However, that was not what people cared about. They really wanted to know who was important enough to get this kind of treatment. After all, shutting down an entire airport was a huge deal. Still, for the people living in Chetvine, it was unsurprising. This city was the beating heart of Holtrien.

Every day, countless power players flew into Chetvine for business, some domestic, some international. So airport lockdowns were nothing new. Nonetheless, this time, the gossip-hungry crowd of Chetvine guessed wrong. It was not some foreign dignitary or corporate titan. It was a certain man from the past, someone many of the city's most powerful families had no desire to see return. So, with just a little maneuvering, they found an excuse to shut ---- the airport down. The killers got into position, and the bystanders gathered to watch the spectacle.

Isabelle and Mikayla appeared on the airport runway. They had gotten out of a Volkswagen Beetle, a completely ordinary car. However, the car's owner was a shining star in Chetvine. She was the young heiress of the Owens family and one of Chetvine's greatest beauties. She was also the CEO of the Owens Group and ranked in the top

three on Chetvine's young martial artists leaderboard. The honors associated with Mikayla's name were truly endless.

"Mikayla, he's landing in ten minutes!" Isabelle's big, round eyes were wide, and she spoke like she was chanting. She had not checked a watch, and there was nothing nearby to tell time. But somehow, she knew the exact minute. Mikayla tucked a strand of hair behind her ear and said calmly, "We'll wait here then. Belle, don't make your move yet." Isabelle tilted her head to look at her. "Mikayla, do you still have lingering feelings for him?" Mikayla grew annoyed. "Belle, since when did you start prying into these things? I remember you weren't interested in anything except martial arts.

Oh, right, and you like spacing out. But I never heard that you enjoyed gossip!" ---- Isabelle's small face remained completely unchanged. In Chetvine, people called her the Girl of Three Nothings: she had no expression, curves, or brain. "If it were anyone else, I wouldn't care. But he's not just anyone... He's the Dragon Prince of the Lloyd family! Back then, among the Five Noble Houses, the Ten Wealthy Clans, and the Three Royal Families of Chetvine, he was the most legendary of them all! Discover more novels at [findnovel](#)

And he was also the pretty boy you used to chase after, Mikayla." Mikayla's eyes widened, and her cheeks flushed red. "Belle, you're really asking for a beating today! All of that is in the past. There's no need to bring it up again. So many years have gone by, and he's no longer the Dragon Prince of the Lloyd family he once was. I heard his martial arts declined severely, and his energy core was even sealed! Also, I'm no longer the Mikayla I used to be. We've grown up, and with time's changes, many things have changed too!" Isabelle looked confused. "I don't understand.

But I know that if you don't tell me to stop, I'll beat Andrew to death. Killing a former legend would be pretty interesting." Mikayla sighed helplessly. Isabelle's "three-nothing" nature was ---- legendary. If she really did not speak up, that person would probably be in trouble the moment he stepped off the plane. Fine then. When the time came, she would assess the situation and act accordingly. She could speak up and help him once. But what would one time really prove? He might survive this moment, but what about tomorrow and the day after? Mikayla's expression gradually turned ice-cold.

She stood there thinking that she was no longer the little girl she used to be, and she hoped Andrew would have changed too and was no longer as naive as he had been back then. Just then, a figure appeared on the other side of the runway. Isabelle's petite, doll-like body did not move an inch. Only her head turned 30 degrees to look. "Someone from the military... Luna Phelan... That annoying woman!" With obvious disgust in her voice, Isabelle made no attempt to hide her frown.

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Chapter 2204

---- Chapter 2204 Mikayla only gave a faint smile. Luna was a general in the military, and in Chetvine, her reputation was rising fast. Countless wealthy families wanted to connect with her, some even dreaming of marrying into her power. However, she had turned them all down. Mikayla admired that rebellious streak. It gave her the rare feeling of having found someone who walked the same path as she did. Yet at the same time, just like men competed with each other, women, especially extraordinary women, were just as competitive, maybe even more so. Follow current novels on [nOvelFind](#)

Mikayla believed she should outrank Luna, only that she had not found the right opportunity to test their skills against each other. "Speaking of which, what's Luna doing here?" Isabelle muttered. Mikayla was equally curious about why Luna had come here. Then again, she was only curious; she did not want to investigate and was not really interested. The factions in Chetvine were complicated. Luna belonged to Philip, while Mikayla's own backers were directly at odds with him. So, strictly speaking, she and Luna were on opposing sides. ---- Luna had also spotted Mikayla and Isabelle.

She thought, 'Mr. Turman said the Cunninghams and the Robertsons are his sworn enemies. It looks like Isabelle, one of the White family's top three prodigies, is here to make her move.' Her expression grew serious. She knew that if it came to a real fight, she should be able to stop Isabelle. However, Mikayla was another story entirely. Now the other side had two people, while she was alone, clearly at a disadvantage. Then again, he could handle one of them once Andrew arrived, so it should not be a big problem. Then a sudden realization struck Luna like lightning.

Why had she even come to the airport in the first place? Philip had not ordered her to interfere. He had only told her the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince was returning after ten years. Sure, that alone was enough to rock the entire city, and it promised plenty of drama. But at the time, she had not cared much. She wanted to find the Dragon Prince, but she had no intention of meeting him in such a volatile place. She never could have imagined that Andrew was the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince. In Blumedale, he had deceived her from the very beginning, and she had initially looked down on him.

Later, she had gradually been shocked and won over by him. ---- During that time, they had even had a falling out and parted on unpleasant terms. Luna sighed as her thoughts grew equally complex. Was she looking for the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince, or for Andrew? The fact that Andrew was the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince seemed absurd. Then again, when she thought about it carefully, it seemed destined. Everything had already been obvious. She had been blind to what was right in front of her, missing the deeper layers.

If he were not the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince, why would he be so powerful, turning Gabo Creek upside down? Nonetheless, now that the truth was out and Andrew was

indeed the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince, how should she face him? She had always looked forward to meeting the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince, but now she realized that she had already met him. This was an incredibly uncomfortable feeling 'Should I be angry that he lied to me? Or should I thank him for what happened back then? Or should I do something to him?

Why do I suddenly feel so lost now?' Luna's mind grew increasingly chaotic. ---- Just then, a buzzing sound pulled her thoughts back to reality. Looking up, she saw the plane was already landing at the far end of the runway. Taking a deep breath, Luna knew the tense moment had arrived. The first obstacle would be Isabelle. That expressionless girl fought without restraint, and Andrew was definitely no ordinary opponent. So, who would it be?

Would the Robertson family lose one of their top prodigies the moment this started, or would Andrew suffer a crushing blow the instant he returned to Chetvine? Either way, it looked like a dead end.

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Chapter 2205

---- Chapter 2205 "We're finally here." As the plane slid down the runway, Andrew let out a small laugh. Natasha looked tense, her face unusually pale. Andrew glanced at her and asked, "What's wrong, Natasha?" She lowered her head slightly and glanced around nervously. " Darling, ever since we got on the plane, I've had this feeling... like someone's been watching us. And it's not just one person. There are several heavy presences around us, and it's terrifying." Andrew smiled faintly. "Yeah, I felt it too. But don't worry. As long as I'm here, I'll protect you." Natasha shook her head.

Despite her fear, her voice was firm. I'll always stay by your side. If anyone wants to hurt you, they'll have to go through me first." Andrew let out a quiet sigh. Natasha really was a tender and resolute woman. She might not know what he was about to face, but her loyalty to him had never changed. For his sake, she was not afraid of anything; she was willing to do anything. And that kind of woman was exactly what Andrew needed. "Come on. Time for you to meet the Lloyd family royals.

You'll ---- see soon enough, they're not as impressive as they think they are, "he said casually, standing up to leave the plane with her. Their flight had landed on an eerily empty runway. Besides the two of them, not a single passenger had been on board. Whether it was a coincidence or not did not matter to Andrew. He knew someone was waiting for him. If others wanted his life, then he was just as ready to take theirs.

Everyone understood the game being played, so the truth would be decided with fists and steel. The cabin door opened, and Andrew and Natasha descended the narrow staircase together. Behind them, no one else. Ahead, only a long runway. Andrew did not mind and walked forward alongside Natasha. Throughout the entire airport, they could not see a single crew member. It was the kind of scene where you could almost believe in haunted places. Natasha's face grew paler by the second. Some truths did not need to be said aloud. She already knew Andrew's trip back to Chetivine was bound to be dangerous.

What she had not expected was how exaggerated, how terrifying it would all feel. ---- Finally, figures appeared in the distance. On the right, Andrew spotted a familiar face. He smiled and raised his hand in greeting. "Ms. Phelan, we meet again." On the left, he recognized two more figures. He offered a faint smile, acknowledging them, though without much warmth. After all, ten years had passed, and so much had changed, especially people's hearts. "Come with me. We'll go to the military headquarters first." Luna forced herself into a cold, commanding posture. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON Find~Novel

She turned sharply and strode ahead, deliberately ignoring Mikayla and Isabelle standing opposite. The two women across from them said nothing, only staring intently at Andrew. Andrew merely shook his head. "The base is soaked in killing intent. I don't like it. I'll come see you another day, Ms. Phelan. Right now, I want to go home first... to see my old family home." Luna's jaw tightened, her expression twitching in frustration. This man really was just as she had imagined: stubborn and impossible to sway. He would never give up the upper hand, not when it came to facing down an enemy.

If she wanted to take Andrew to the Lloyds and smooth things ---- over, it was not just the other families who would resist, Andrew himself would never agree. That unshakable pride was infuriating, yet admirable. Luna finally stopped walking, her long legs outlined by the fit of her military boots. She let out a low laugh and said, "The Dragon Prince of the Lloyd family... You really did go out of your way to keep it from me." Andrew looked surprised. "So, you knew? Oh, it must've been Philip who told you. Figures... He kept quiet all this time, and then chose now to stir up trouble.

But it doesn't matter. I'll settle that score with him later. That old man has always been as sneaky as he is unpleasant."

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Chapter 2206

---- Chapter 2206 If this had been the old Andrew, daring to speak about Philip and any military general in such terms, Luna would have already lost her temper. However, things were different. Knowing Andrew was the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince, Luna had become surprisingly more compliant. Or rather, she subconsciously felt that Andrew calling Philip an old man was not really a problem. After all, that was exactly the kind of thing the former Dragon Prince used to do.

Rumor had it that even toward Holtrien's national advisor, that ruthless genius who could outwit heaven itself, Andrew had never shown the slightest respect. He would curse him to his face the moment he had the chance, never caring about reverence or etiquette. "Andrew, you're back in Chetvine. Do you still remember me?" At that moment, Isabelle, who was only five-foot-five, stepped forward and spoke expressionlessly. Andrew studied her for a long moment before letting out a soft laugh. "I remember a little. That mark on your forehead... It's the Robertson crest, isn't it?

Zion Robertson is your older brother, right?" ---- Isabelle gave a small nod. "Yeah. Zion is the eldest of the Robertson family. He doesn't know you've returned. Otherwise, he'd definitely show up to see you." Andrew chuckled dryly. "See me? He'd only be hoping to watch me die. Back then, as the pride of the Robertson family, Zion loved picking fights with me." Isabelle nodded again. "You're right. He probably does want that. To be honest, not just him. I was hoping you'd die outside of Chetvine, too. That way, I wouldn't have to raise my hand against you.

Tell me, why did you come back at all?" Andrew's grin only widened. "Kid, you sound just like Zion used to: sharp and defiant. But you're not nearly as obedient as he was. Back then, all it took was one glare from me, and he didn't dare talk back. He knew I'd beat him down if he did. But you? You hide behind the fact that you're a girl, so you think you can act out as you please." Isabelle smiled sweetly, almost innocently. "What can I say? Everyone in the Robertson family is like this.

It's hard to hold ourselves back, especially when we're standing face-to-face with the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince. Andrew, so are you going to make the first move, or should I?" She lifted her arms and rolled up her sleeves, revealing slender, porcelain-white arms. They looked delicate, almost beautiful ---- However, as her inner energy surged, dark purple veins began to crawl across her skin. The soft glow faded, replaced by a sinister, unsettling aura. Her arms twisted with a dreadful power as the markings deepened, spreading like cracks in stone. Luna's face grew grim. THIS CHAPTER IS
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The so-called quiet girl of the Robertson family was living up to her reputation after all. There was no mistaking those violent markings. It was the mark of the clan's forbidden technique, the Awakened Reaper's Wrath. When Isabelle's entire body turned that shade of purple, she would become a true demon from hell, a merciless killer. Yet, Andrew acted as though he had not noticed a thing. He kept that carefree smile and said, "Your temper's even hotter than Zion's. Looks like I don't have a choice. I'll have to bully someone younger than me." Isabelle tilted her head slightly.

"If you can really bully me, Andrew, I'll be impressed. But I'm afraid you might not be able to do it." Andrew laughed softly. "We'll see. You only know the answer after a real fight." "Enough." ---- Mikayla's cold voice finally cut through the tension. Isabelle let out a short, dissatisfied huff, but she still lifted her chin arrogantly, waiting quietly for Mikayla's command "Andrew," Mikayla said, her gaze complicated as she looked at him. "You shouldn't have come back." Andrew raised an eyebrow, his tone casual. "I didn't come back for anything special.

I've just been gone for years, and I was homesick. I wanted to see home again. And while I'm here, I'll settle old scores too. That's not a problem, is it?" Mikayla's voice hardened, her expression darkening. "That's not the problem. The problem is... your very existence."

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Chapter 2207

---- Chapter 2207 "Andrew, if you turn around right now and leave Chetvine for good, then I can spare Belle from having to fight you," Mikayla said. Andrew chuckled. "Mikayla, it's been ten years since we've seen each other, and the first thing out of your mouth is telling me what to do. I still remember that little girl who used to run after me everywhere, that wasn't you speaking like this." "I was just one year older than you, and you were always so eager and friendly. Now you call me so coldly... I guess I'm not the only one who's changed.

You've changed too, Mikayla." For once, Mikayla looked unsettled under his gaze. But within a heartbeat, her face hardened again, her composure restored. " Yes, I've changed a lot over these years. Once upon a time, I could call you with admiration because you were truly worth learning from. "Your strength made me look up to you, even worship you! But Andrew, ten years is a long time, and I've transformed. It's not just a simple change. Do you understand? I'm just one step away, one small step from becoming a martial emperor.

I remember when you were at your strongest, you were a martial emperor too. ---- "And now, I'm just that one step away from catching up to you, and then surpassing you! But what about you? You've become even weaker than you were back then, and we all know about your sealed core. So even if you want me to admire you again, even if you want to feel that old sense of superiority... If I actually did, would you say you were worthy of it?" Andrew smiled wryly and said, "Now you're questioning me? Since that's how it is, let me share my thoughts too.

Actually, how you see me doesn't really matter to me. The Mikayla of the past was a delicate young lady, quite endearing "The Mikayla of now is a stunner. You've grown up, and people's hearts change, naturally. I admit you've changed dramatically and become quite formidable, and I truly admire that." Mikayla waited for him to continue, yet there was nothing more. Andrew simply fell silent, This left her feeling an inexplicable emptiness inside. It was a bunch of empty compliments, and then nothing However, what she wanted was not just praise.

She wanted to hear Andrew submit to her, to bow his head before her current strength. She wanted him to admit that she had surpassed him. What they once shared was all in the past, and it should be his turn to look ---- up to her. Deep in her heart, this was what Mikayla truly craved. She did not even realize that her vanity was swelling at that very moment. Meanwhile, Andrew had not satisfied her pride. Or rather, he simply did not care to. Whether it was the old Mikayla or the current one, his heart had already shifted along with her changes.

If she was not the girl she used to be, then he was not the same person he once was either. She might think she had become strong enough to stand alone, but so what? What did that have to do with him? He did not say it out loud because there was no need. Then again, Mikayla was brilliant, and from the look in his eyes, she could read every word he left unsaid. What followed was intense anger and frustration. "Fine, if you won't listen to me, then I can't help you with the Robertson family matter either!" Taking a step back, Mikayla made her position clear.

Isabelle grinned widely and said, "Mikayla, you're finally not thinking with your heart instead of your head. Andrew, I'm coming for you!" ---- With those words, she was already in front of him, throwing a devastating punch. Her speed was absolutely incredible, and the stone tiles where she had been standing were completely shattered. This was exactly how terrifyingly powerful the Robertson family's little monster was! Get full chapters from FindNovel

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Chapter 2208

---- Chapter 2208 Andrew gently pushed Natasha away. Then, he reached out with one hand to catch Isabelle's punch. Natasha stood to the side, filled with worry. She had never imagined there were so many monsters in this world. Whether it was Isabelle, Mikayla, or Luna, they all made Natasha feel powerless and inferior. These people were all on the same level as Andrew, and she could not help but wonder if she was reaching too high by being with him. In that instant, her thoughts became incredibly complicated.

Just then, she heard Luna saying, "Stand back further, or you'll get caught in the crossfire." Natasha immediately looked at Luna gratefully, then obediently retreated. "General Phelan, please help him out when things get serious." Luna frowned, her expression strange. Her intuition told her that Natasha and Andrew's relationship seemed to go beyond just superior and subordinate. However, she shook her head, thinking Andrew would not have anything going on with Natasha. ---- In their eyes, they all treated Natasha like a servant or as if she did not exist. Google search find•novel

Yet, just now, in that critical moment, Andrew had instinctively shown concern for Natasha. This detail was not particularly obvious, but the sharp-eyed Luna caught it. She felt slightly uncomfortable and could not help but wonder if the two really had something going on. At that moment, Andrew and Isabelle were locked in combat, holding nothing back. The Robertson family possessed a supreme technique called Awakened Reaper's Wrath. Due to its destructive power being so overwhelmingly vicious, the difficulty of mastering it was extremely high, almost impossibly so.

Generation after generation of the family had produced talented individuals, yet none had successfully mastered Awakened Reaper's Wrath. When Isabelle was born, she began training in this technique from childhood. Surprisingly, her progress was remarkably smooth, as if she were naturally compatible with this divine art. Overjoyed, the Robertson family's patriarch personally instructed Isabelle. Now, despite being only in her 20s, Isabelle had earned her place as one of the Robertson family's three prodigies ---- through the lethal power of Awakened Reaper's Wrath.

Isabelle had an eccentric personality. She was unpredictable and impossible to read. Normally, she would barely acknowledge even the Robertson family patriarch. Only toward Mikayla did she show real respect. Without Mikayla's restraining influence, the aura surrounding Isabelle grew increasingly violent. It was hard to imagine that such a delicate, doll-like girl could be so ruthless in combat. Purple energy swirled around her like solid matter, and her delicate arms were completely transformed, covered entirely in purple markings.

The most terrifying aspect of Awakened Reaper's Wrath was its super-strong corrosive properties. Whether it was the energy generated by this technique or its individual moves, any contact with the human body was like being touched by strong acid. Moreover, that was just one of its features. Awakened Reaper's Wrath was fundamentally a supreme body cultivation technique. Once mastered to its peak, Isabelle could transform from an emotionless girl into a true killing machine. She would feel no pain, no sensation.

Unless her energy and stamina were completely drained, she could keep killing indefinitely. ---- Mikayla and Luna both watched with deep, focused attention, observing how Andrew would respond. They understood Isabelle thoroughly, so there was no need to focus on her. Andrew was the only variable here. However, the two women had different motivations. Luna was watching to see if Andrew might be overwhelmed. If so,

she would need to intervene. On the other hand, Mikayla wanted to see what had become of Chetvine's former top prodigy after all these years.

Was he pathetic now, mediocre, or something else entirely? "Andrew, why aren't you fighting back? Your attacks are so weak." Isabelle pouted, looking somewhat unhappy. Andrew's face showed no particular expression. "I'm afraid I might make you cry."

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