

## Chapter 1415

Dax had been waiting for a long time at the Southern Warzone Airport. Hugh was also present.

"Wolf King!"

"Master!"

The two immediately approached Andrius when they saw him coming down from the plane.

Andrius glanced at Hugh and nodded. "How is your cultivation progressing? Did you fall behind?"

"Of course not!" Hugh said excitedly, "I cultivated day and night since we last parted. I'm now a late-stage Martial Lord. In addition, I spar regularly with the men in the military, so I've made significant progress in my combat skills."

As he spoke, he demonstrated a set of boxing techniques, vigorous and powerful. It was indeed quite remarkable for him to achieve such results at his age.

"Not bad." Andrius nodded approvingly and waved for Scott and Liliana to come over. "Let me introduce you. These are your juniors, Scott and Liliana Jones.

"Scott and Liliana, he's your senior, Hugh

Wimbleton. You are all my disciples, so you should support each other and progress together.”

Hugh was overjoyed when he heard that he had juniors, and he jumped around like a monkey. “Hahaha! Hello, Scott and Liliana!”

“Hello, Hugh.”

“Hi, Hugh.”

Scott and Liliana held out their hands.

Seeing them getting along quite well, Andrius said, “Hugh, they only have basic skills, so cultivate them together for now.”

“Yes, Master!” Hugh grinned and joked, “Don’t worry, Master. I’ll definitely train them well.”

Andrius chuckled.

Then, he gave Dax a look and walked toward the conference room together.

“What happened?” he asked Dax solemnly.

Dax’s expression darkened. “Something major happened last night. Southwest Murrfield is the main gathering place for Murrfieldians of Florence. It has always been led by Murrfieldians themselves, and they handle their own daily affairs.

"Although it's within my jurisdiction, I only dispatch some troops there for security."

Andrius nodded. That was the basic national policy of Florence.

"However, turmoil suddenly erupted in Murrfield last night. My troops there were wiped out by a mysterious group, leaving no survivors. If not for the scouting team's report, I would still be in the dark."

Andrius' eyes widened.

An entire force was wiped out. Strictly speaking, this was already considered rebellion.

As they talked, they arrived at the conference room.

"Take a look." Dax turned on the computer and projected the real-time situation in Murrfield onto the large screen. "This is where the unrest occurred, and this is where the rebellion is happening."

Andrius glanced at it.

The area of the rebellion coincidentally bordered the edges of the cordillera.

Andrius fell silent for a moment before asking, "

The emperor should have received the news. What's his reaction? Did he say anything?"

"I reported to him early this morning." Dax shook his head in confusion. "Logically speaking, such a major event should elicit a strong reaction from the emperor. However, there's been no response from him until now."

Andrius understood immediately.

Registus also knew about the Insect Ruler's conspiracy. He was likely unsure if this was the right time to act.

Thus, Andrius said, "Dax, until the situation becomes clear, the Southern Warzone will temporarily hold its position and maintain close surveillance."

"Got it!" Dax nodded, then thought of something and added, "I've already raised the region to Threat Level 1. However, after last night's unrest in Murrfield, it seems to have calmed down."

"There is no other news besides sporadic groups of Murrfieldian refugees coming in, and I've also settled the refugees."

Refugees...

A vague unease rose in Andrius' heart.

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"Sir—"

Just then, a soldier rushed in anxiously and reported, "Sir, there's a riot in the camp where we're receiving refugees!"



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