

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

- Chapter 2081

Chapter 2081

---- Chapter 2081 Even though Rowan did not actually manage to rescue Andrew in the end, her life-risking determination and loyalty had still moved him. More importantly, she was someone he had not crossed paths with in years, and she seemed to look at him differently now. So, if he rashly stepped in to save her now, would he end up getting entangled in a relationship he could not shake off? Looking up at the pitch-black sky above, Andrew found himself genuinely torn. He mumbled, "You tried to save me once before, even though I didn't need saving. The source of this content is

Since I've stumbled across this situation, I can't just stand by and watch someone suffer. I've never been able to turn a blind eye to people in trouble!" After finding himself a reason, Andrew took two quick steps to reach the locked courtyard gate. As soon as he got close, he could hear Rowan's heartbroken sobs from inside. In Andrew's memory, the Onyx Serpents had always been reasonably powerful among the three major gangs in Gabo Creek. Nonetheless, they were not particularly strong.

Now that Goldridge had undergone massive changes and ---- Jerome had fallen, both the Hidden Dragons and Crimson Alliance had chosen to seek protection under bigger powers. The Crimson Alliance had directly aligned itself with the McCormick family, while Riker from the Hidden Dragons had become Henry's lapdog. Only the Onyx Serpents had endured repeated suppression while refusing to submit. Eventually, they were forced to leave Goldridge and seek another path. After wandering around, they ended up in Sunstrand, the McDaniel family territory.

In her helpless state, Rowan had fallen into the trap set by Eugene, the eldest son of the McDaniel family. Andrew did not need much more than a guess to piece it together. He gripped the door lock and channeled his internal energy. Immediately, the lock shattered and the door swung open. Under the soft indoor lighting, a delicate and helpless figure was crouched on the ground, hugging herself and sobbing. Before he even got close, a cool, sweet fragrance reached him. Andrew froze for a second. He remembered this scent from years ago, and it had always lingered around her.

"Eugene, no matter how you force me, I'll never give in. The Onyx ---- Serpents may wither, even vanish completely, but I will never sell my body," Rowan said firmly. She straightened slowly, icy resolve in her tone. When there was no response from behind her for a while, she grew curious and slowly turned around. Then, she froze completely, as if struck by lightning, standing rigid in place. Tears still clung to her pale, flawless cheeks, glistening under the light. Rowan's beauty was like a white flower from the mountains, pure, pristine, with a touch of fragility.

She loved wearing white dresses, which gave her an ethereal quality. Martial artists carried themselves with a certain poise, much like dancers trained in ballet: tall, graceful, magnetic. Rowan's presence was the best of the best. Andrew felt the silence stretching awkwardly and opened his mouth to speak. However, before he could, Rowan rushed forward and covered his lips with her hand. She darted to the door, slammed it shut, and bolted it from the inside. "My God, what are you doing here? Andrew, are you insane? Don't you know this is McDaniel territory?

If they catch you, ---- you're dead!" Back in front of him, her face lit up with joy, though it quickly melted into deep worry. Before Andrew could reply, she kept rambling. "Back in Goldridge, when I failed to get you out, I regretted it so much. And then when I heard you fought your way free from Henry's claws... I didn't believe it at first. But now, seeing you here... I can't believe you actually pulled it off." After saying this, she looked at Andrew and burst into delighted laughter. Unexpected reunions always carried a rush of happiness, and that was exactly how Rowan felt now.

One second, she was being pressured by Eugene, and the next second, she had unexpectedly run into Andrew. For the moment, it made her forget all about the crisis she was facing.

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Chapter 2082

---- Chapter 2082 Looking at the tears on Rowan's face and her genuinely radiant smile, Andrew found himself somehow flustered. He quickly turned his head away and asked, "How did you end up getting captured and brought to the McDaniel family?" Rowan shook her head rapidly. "Don't worry about me! Get out of here quickly, then leave the McDaniel family estate immediately! Henry's here too. If he discovers you, you're dead!" Andrew waved his hand dismissively. "I'm fine for now. I heard your argument with Eugene earlier. Rowan, tell me the truth.

Do the Onyx Serpents need help?" Rowan froze, then gave a bitter smile, "The Onyx Serpents aren't what they used to be. I'm just leading the survivors around with no place to call home. Honestly, telling you this changes nothing. Andrew, just go. As for what you heard earlier, forget it Ill be fine." Andrew frowned. "I'm serious. You're in trouble, aren't you? Do you need help?" Rowan's pale face stiffened. "And I'm serious too. I said I'm fine. Even if I weren't, I don't need you risking yourself. Got it? Just worry about your own safety!" ---- Andrew could not help but laugh in frustration.

"I can help you, understand? I already saw Eugene's true colors just now. He's forcing you to become his woman, and you don't want to. If that's the case, then just leave this place. Take the Onyx Serpents people and go." Rowan sneered. "You make it sound so easy. The entire burden of the Onyx Serpents is on my shoulders now. Either we disband on the spot, or where else can I go?" Her face dimmed, her tone dripping with self-mockery. "Even if I wanted to leave, I couldn't. Eugene won't let me go, and neither will the McDaniels.

Eugene wants me, and the McDaniel family wants to swallow the Onyx Serpents whole." Andrew fell silent. Both Rowan and the Onyx Serpents were nothing but prizes to the McDaniels. Moreover, Rowan herself was born with winter's essence. She was a treasure to martial artists, as absorbing her essence would double their cultivation results. "W-Why are you looking at me like that?" Seeing Andrew's somewhat strange expression, Rowan instinctively covered her chest. Her heart raced as she said, "Eugene may have sealed my ---- martial arts, but that doesn't mean I'm completely defenseless!"

Andrew, I still haven't settled the score with you from back then. When I get the chance, I'll definitely make you pay for what you did to me years ago." Andrew said impatiently, "You still remember those ancient grudges so clearly. Back then, you were skin and bones from your illness. I had no interest in you at all!" Rowan's face flushed with fury. She raised her hand, ready to slap him. She had always been pampered, and when she lost her temper, she had the habit of striking people. Unfortunately for her, Andrew was not about to let her. The most update novels are published on

He caught her delicate hand, gave it a tug, and spun her around in place. The next second, she was mortified with shame. His hands had landed firmly at her waist, holding her as though he were about to pull her into his arms. "A-Andrew, you're not allowed to treat me like this!" Rowan panicked, her words becoming incoherent. Andrew snorted coldly. "Don't make a sound!" True energy surged from his palms and immediately flowed into her limbs and body. Instantly, the martial arts seal placed on her was broken. Rowan raised her hand, feeling her restored power.

She ---- exclaimed in shock, "A martial saint from the McDaniel family personally sealed my abilities. Y-You can actually break through it" Andrew said disdainfully, "Forget about the McDaniel family's martial saint. I don't even take Nicholas, the head of the McDaniel family, seriously. Alright, while it's still dark outside, leave the McDaniel family immediately! "If you have nowhere to go, take your people to Blumedale. Once you arrive, just mention my name and someone will help you!" Seeing how seriously Andrew spoke, Rowan looked stunned.

"A- Are you serious?" Andrew laughed in exasperation. "What? You think I'm just, bragging to you? I've wasted enough time here already, so move. I've got my own matters to handle." With that, he stepped forward and opened the door to leave. He had spent enough time playing hero here. If Eric finished his search and could not find him, it would inevitably raise suspicions and cause more problems. "Andrew, wait a minute!"

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Chapter 2083

---- Chapter 2083 "Andrew, wait!" Just as Andrew was about to leave, Rowan rushed forward and threw her arms around him. When he turned, her soft fragrance and warm body pressed into his chest. She held him tightly, tiptoeing as she lifted her face, eyes shimmering. She grumbled, "You rascal, I'm leaving now! I don't know what you're planning to do here, but please take care of yourself. I'll listen to you and wait for you in Blumedale. Just promise me you'll make it there safely." Her heart pounded as she spoke quickly.

Then, with a sudden burst of courage, she rose on her toes and pressed her lips to his in a brief, tender kiss. Her cheeks burned crimson as she spun away and darted off. In a flash, Rowan vaulted over the McDaniel family estate wall and disappeared into the night. Andrew touched his lips, still feeling the lingering warmth and softness. He sighed at how fast and boldly she moved. Shaking off the odd feeling building in his chest, he focused and slipped into the McDaniel family chapel. Inside, he found nothing but pictures of the McDaniel family's ancestors.

He had ---- not expected much anyway. After a quick search, he returned the same way Eric was already waiting in the room. As Andrew entered silently, he said with relief, "I thought something had happened to you. I was about to go looking." Andrew asked, "I didn't find anything. What about you?" Eric shook his head. "Even less. The people up front are just guests, drunk and useless. They're just a bunch of freeloaders here for the ceremony.

Some of them probably sense something's off, but with the McDaniels sealing everything tight and not a single Crimson Flame Cult figure in sight, no one dares to act rashly." Andrew's head throbbed. The estate was massive, and searching inch by inch was impossible. Unless he were the patriarch himself, with the entire family bowing at his feet, he would never cover it all. Eric scowled, "The Crimson Flame Cult is so tricky. It's like they vanished off the face of the earth.

Maybe this is still a ploy and they're not even here, just like the stunt they pulled at the Majestic Hotel in Goldridge." Andrew shook his head. "No. Cordelia confirmed that the Crimson Flame Cult's high priest is here, inside the McDaniel family estate. Also, we're running out of time. They're moving ---- against Shiloh. One way or another, we have to find her." Eric sneered, "Then why don't we just blow our cover and tear this place apart?" Andrew glanced at him and sneered. "Are you sure about that? The McDaniel family currently has no fewer than five martial saint-level experts.

Plus, that Crimson Flame Cult priest and Dorian are both first-rate martial saints. Add in Nicholas, the head of the McDaniel family, and you think you can handle all that?" Eric stubbornly insisted, "If I can't handle it, neither can you. Well, since you don't agree with my suggestion, why don't you tell me your brilliant plan?" Andrew ignored him and

walked to the window, looking out at the distant lights. All three McDaniel family sons, Callum, Declan, and Eugene, were there. These three brothers really looked remarkably similar.

They were handsome, but their lips were too thin, giving them a cruel and vicious appearance. Also, unlike Callum's recklessness and superficiality, Eugene clearly had deep, scheming intelligence. At that moment, the three brothers were taking turns toasting Henry. Grace sat nearby, leaning on her cane with her eyes closed, resting. ---- Suddenly, Henry put down his wine glass and stood up, apparently unable to handle any more alcohol and wanting to excuse himself early. However, Andrew could clearly tell the man was faking it. His eyes were as clear as if he had just drunk nothing but water.

With sudden inspiration, Andrew immediately said, "Got it! Get ready. Henry can't contain himself anymore either. He's going to look for Shiloh! Since we can't find her ourselves, we'll follow him." Eric's eyes lit up as he clapped his hands. "Perfect! Following him will definitely lead us to Shiloh. Henry got to the McDaniel family estate ahead of us. With his cunning, he must have already figured everything out. Damn, I should have thought of this connection earlier." Andrew silently pushed open the door and slipped out. He had already scouted Henry's quarters earlier.

Now, he and Eric could easily get close. As soon as they approached, a masked black figure emerged from an upstairs window and headed toward the northern part of the McDaniel family estate Andrew made an instant decision. "Quick, follow him!"

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Chapter 2084

---- Chapter 2084 Henry was cautious to the extreme. He had his entire body covered and stopped often, scanning his surroundings for any sign of danger. Yet, no matter how careful he was, there was no escape once Andrew set his sights on him. What puzzled Andrew was that Henry's route was identical to his own earlier path, straight toward the McDaniel family chapel. Andrew had already searched that place and found nothing. Nonetheless, he pushed the doubt down and continued to shadow Henry. Eric, though equally confused, said nothing once he saw that Andrew was not stopping.

After about ten minutes, Henry successfully entered the McDaniel family chapel. However, as soon as he went in, he hurriedly retreated, as if encountering some unexpected situation. The two rows of candles at the chapel entrance flickered in the wind. Andrew and Eric, hidden in the attic across from them, exchanged glances. This

was awkward. Henry had retreated so quickly that he was now hiding right ---- below them. If Andrew wanted to, he could even launch a sneak attack and kill the man right now.

Meanwhile, Henry leaned against a pillar, holding his breath and peering intently into the chapel. He had no faintest clue that Andrew and Eric were right above him. Inside, the chapel glowed with the light of hundreds of candles. When the breeze swept through, the flames swayed together, casting long shadows. A figure appeared before the McDaniel ancestral photos. He lit three candles and placed them on the altar. Eric silently mouthed words to Andrew, who immediately understood. This person wore expensive clothes and had an imposing bearing, with two mustaches trimmed very precisely.

It was Nicholas, head of the McDaniel family and tenth on the Titan List. "Ancestors, please watch over us!" Nicholas spoke in a low voice without trying to suppress his volume much. This was the McDaniel family chapel, the most important place in the McDaniel family. Ordinary people were not qualified to come here, so Nicholas did not try to disguise his voice at all. He said, "A great opportunity is now before the McDaniel family. ---- If we can seize it, then the McDaniel family could soar to new heights and even challenge the great clans.

Ancestors, please protect our family!" After another bow before the ancestral photos, Nicholas drew his sword and walked to the shrine. Then, he gently moved one of the portraits in the lower right corner. Immediately, a low rumbling sound spread out, and the ground trembled slightly. Behind the altar, a passage half a person's height appeared, and Nicholas bent down and stepped directly inside. The passage automatically closed, returning to its normal appearance. Andrew's pulse quickened, finally knowing why he had found nothing earlier. Below them, Henry could barely contain himself.

He rushed into the family chapel and, copying what he had seen, opened the passage entrance again. Then, he ran inside like a gust of wind. Eric could no longer hold back and urged, "We should go in, too. Shiloh should be down there. The McDaniel family really goes all out." At this point, Andrew was actually quite calm and pressed down on Eric's shoulder. He said, "Nicholas even brought his sword, so he's clearly not going to let anyone interfere with the family's big plans. Maybe you shouldn't go down. I'll go alone." ---- Eric snorted coldly. "What? You afraid I'll drag you down?

Don't worry, I can take care of myself. Even though I don't have martial saint-level strength yet, with Phantom Mirage, I can survive just fine." Andrew did not argue further. "Fine. Let's go together." Just like Henry, he slid the portrait aside, and the passage opened before them. A gust of cold air rushed out, carrying with it the unmistakable tang of blood. Andrew's heart clenched, and he could only hope Shiloh was still unharmed. They wound through several twists before stepping into a hidden underground chamber. For original chapters go to

It was not large, but its construction showed the McDaniels had poured enormous effort and resources into building it. At the center stood a stone platform, and lying on it was a young woman, pale-faced, her breathing steady. It was Shiloh, the one Andrew had chased all this way without ever laying eyes on. She looked peaceful, not in pain, but Andrew could sense the truth. Inside her body roiled a power like a dormant volcano, ready to erupt at any moment. Yet, some unseen force held it back, suppressing it. Scanning the area, Andrew immediately identified what this ---- invisible force was.

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Chapter 2085

---- Chapter 2085 The unique Flamebinding of the Crimson Flame Cult burned across Shiloh's chest. The bloody seal glowed faintly against her pale skin. In just a few days, Shiloh looked younger still. Though Andrew knew it was her, her features had shifted. She appeared a few years younger, looking barely 18 now. "Mr. McDaniel Senior, you've arrived. Now we can begin our ceremony!" the hoarse voice rasped from beneath a rough hood Next to the stone platform where Shiloh lay, a tall, thin figure stood with his head lowered.

His skeletal, claw-like fingers kept drawing bloody marks on the stone platform. These bloody marks intersected with each other, forming strange patterns. Cordelia had revealed that the Crimson Flame Cult was preparing to perform some kind of ritual on Shiloh. Once the ritual succeeded, she would forever belong to the Crimson Flame Cult. Looking at the scene now, Andrew could tell this tall, thin person must be the Crimson Flame Cult's high priest. And what he was doing was likely that mysterious and evil ritual. Andrew exhaled quietly, forcing himself not to act impulsively.

---- He continued waiting to see what would happen. Nicholas walked to the stone platform, his sword held behind his back. He looked down and asked, "Your Eminence, can you really extract her power?" The High Priest, Alistair Greymont, whose face was hidden beneath the hood, replied in his raspy voice, "Indeed. Our holy cult wants the saintess herself. To express our gratitude to the McDaniel family, her Blood of Longevity will be yours. "[need not tell you what such blood can do, Mr. McDaniel Senior. A single drop is enough to create another peak martial saint for your family.

All of it together... and you could dominate the Holtrien martial world itself." Nicholas's face showed fanatical excitement as he exclaimed, " That's great! How wonderful! However, Your Eminence, while she's important, her blood alone won't satisfy my family. We still need to get our hands on the secrets behind the Greene family." Alistair replied calmly, "Mr. McDaniel Senior, patience. The Greene family's secrets have

tempted countless others. For years, none have succeeded, not a single one. "It is absurd to think you could wrest it from her when even killing her would reveal nothing.

Only Crimson Flame Cult can draw it forth. Take the gift before you and do not be greedy. The High Oracle has promised further rewards for your family." ---- Nicholas's expression soured. "That was not our agreement. Do you know the risk my family bears working with your cult? If word spreads, the McDaniels could face annihilation. And now you think to fob us off with only her blood? I will not agree to that." Alistair remained calm and collected. "The Crimson Flame Cult has been labeled as an evil cult in Holtrien's martial world. How absurd and wrong such claims are.

Tell me, without us, what could you do with her? She has no memory. "The Greene family's secrets are locked within her, beyond your reach. In this partnership, the McDaniels already stand to gain the most. That is not only my opinion, but the High Oracle's decree. You should accept what is already enough." Nicholas fell into silence, brows furrowed. Alistair waited, calm as ever. Even though they were on McDaniel family territory, this old man showed no fear whatsoever. Andrew's unease deepened. He could not read Alistair at all. At last, Nicholas said, "Very well, then. READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT

But know this: if you refuse to share the Greene family's secrets, then once this ritual is complete, the McDaniels will not help you leave Holtrien. Once we have the Blood of Longevity, we will cast you out!" ---- His voice rumbled with threat. Alistair smiled faintly. "As you wish." He slapped his skeletal hands against the stone. Instantly, a wave of blood energy spread out. Shiloh's face twisted in pain. From her chest, the blood-seal pulsed, and thick scarlet energy began to rise and condense. Even from a distance, Andrew felt a chill crawl!

down his spine as he witnessed the impossible: Shiloh's very lifeblood was being drawn out of her body. The Crimson Flame Cult truly was truly monstrous!

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Chapter 2086

---- Chapter 2086 The blood droplet was deep crimson, growing larger and more solid as it spun like a red crystal above Shiloh's chest. Andrew's eyes turned ice-cold as he prepared to charge out directly. However, Shiloh, who had been lying motionless, suddenly let out an ear-splitting scream. At that same moment, her tightly closed eyes snapped open. They were all white. No pupils, only a blinding, frigid haze that sent a

chill deep into the bones. Beside Andrew, Eric visibly shuddered. He muttered quickly, his voice tight with fear.

"If she loses control, everyone here will die!" The blood droplet suspended above Shiloh's chest suddenly retreated back into her body. Everything returned to calm once again. Nicholas gripped his sword and said in a deep voice, "Your Eminence, what's happening here? Why has the Blood of Longevity, after being forced out, returned to this woman's body? Alistair's voice was no longer steady and casual. Instead, it carried weight and gravity. "Do not worry, Mr. McDaniel Senior. ---- With the Crimson Flame Cult's secret arts, I will draw it out again. Check latest chapters at

No matter how stubborn her blood is, it cannot resist forever." With a low shout, Alistair's black robes began surging wildly as if whipped by a storm. A terrifying aura erupted from him, rolling out in waves. Andrew's expression grew even colder. He realized that Alistair was at least at the peak of martial saint level. He might even have one foot already in the realm above, pressing close to the martial emperor. Beyond that lay the absolute limit of martial arts, the pinnacle no human had ever surpassed. Andrew's eyes locked on him without blinking.

Alistair's lips moved in incantation as his jagged nail sliced across his wrist. Thick, dark blood dripped down, landing squarely on the Flamebinding etched into Shiloh's chest. Catalyzed by the blood drops, the Flamebinding seemed to light up. The crimson serpent within the circular pattern became even more lifelike, as if it were about to come alive. Once again, Alistair began extracting Shiloh's blood. This time, strengthened by the seal, Shiloh had no power to resist. Pain twisted her face, but the blood droplet over her chest only grew ---- thicker, heavier, more condensed.

The Blood of Longevity was about to take form, Nicholas's knuckles whitened on his sword. He shook with excitement, unable to restrain himself. He reached out, hand trembling, ready to seize the droplet. Alistair barked, "Mr. McDaniel Senior, wait! This blood carries immense power. It could backfire." Nicholas snorted coldly. "It's fine. My strength is more than enough to handle a single drop of blood." Just as his palm was about to grasp the blood droplet, Andrew released a deep breath, power surging in his chest, about to strike. But at that very moment, something unexpected happened.

Someone else moved first. A black-clad figure, masked and swift as a hawk, soared through the air. It was Henry! Laughing wildly, he swooped past Nicholas and struck with a sudden palm strike. ---- Nicholas roared with fury. Never had he imagined someone would dare try to steal from him. His sword arm swung back, meeting Henry's palm with a thunderous crash. However, Henry's strike was never meant to kill; it was only a distraction. As Nicholas countered, Henry's other hand shot forward, snatching straight for the blood. "Your Eminence, Mr. McDaniel Senior...

Thank you kindly for the gift!" Henry's triumphant laughter echoed across the chamber.

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Chapter 2087

---- Chapter 2087 Alistair had to focus all his energy on maintaining control over Shiloh's resistance. Meanwhile, Nicholas had already lost the initiative. Henry's timing for his attack was indeed flawless, but unfortunately for him, he had not realized that someone else was also targeting him. "Inferno Strike!" Andrew unleashed his fiercest techniques, aiming straight at Henry's unguarded back Henry might have reached the blood first, but with his defenses wide open, he had no choice but to take Andrew's palm full on. The searing heat at his back felt like death itself pressing down.

Henry roared in fury, but he did not dare gamble. He twisted his body midair, planting a foot on the stone platform before launching himself skyward. He narrowly avoided Andrew's lethal strike. Of course, as Andrew attacked, he also exposed himself. Nicholas' sword rang out as he drew it, the blade gleaming. He stood guard in front of the stone platform, eyes cold as he fixed on Andrew. ---- "Who are you, and how dare you trespass into the sacred grounds of the McDaniel family?" Andrew had yet to respond when Henry, crouched nearby, snarled through clenched teeth. "Andrew!

You again, you damn thief. You've ruined my plans too many times. Tonight, you die here!" Andrew's face remained expressionless as he stepped forward. By the third step, his aura erupted to its peak. Then, without hesitation, he hurled a fist like a raging tornado straight at Nicholas. His first priority was to take Shiloh; everything else came after. "Like an ant trying to topple a tree!" Nicholas snorted coldly and thrust his sword straight out. Seeing that Andrew was not dodging or avoiding but was actually going head-to-head with his precious sword, Nicholas could not help but rage.

"You have a death wish!" He was a man with decades of renown in the martial world, ranked tenth on the Titan List. And now, a mere youth dared to meet his sword barefisted, as though he were nothing. It was an insult Nicholas would not tolerate. Andrew's fist actually created a metallic clang when it collided ---- with the blade. Sparks flew in blinding flashes. Andrew's face flushed red as the tidal force behind Nicholas' sword surged into him. He staggered back three steps before stopping. Looking up at his hand, he realized that it was already covered in blood.

Nicholas' sword carved a clean arc through the air before he steadied it again, standing tall, proud, and disdainful. He said, "You are the first to ever meet my blade barehanded, but once is all you get. That hand of yours is ruined. Now, get on your knees and accept judgment from the McDaniel family. Don't worry... We are fair, and you will not be unjustly slain. But if you persist in defiance, I will cut you down."

Andrew's face betrayed no sorrow or joy. He raised the same bloodied hand once more and swung another punch at Nicholas.

"You insolent brat!" Nicholas' fury boiled over, and he roared. His blade split into a flurry of afterimages before he brought it down, aiming to slice Andrew's arm clean off. At that moment, Nicholas caught a glimpse of Andrew's faint smirk. His heart jumped in alarm as he wondered why Andrew was showing such arrogance. ---- Did he really think he could gain any advantage against his sword? Andrew's fist struck. At the exact moment it touched Nicholas' blade, he drew it back, only to strike again. Then, he did it once more.

Just like that, his force was divided into three waves, each heavier than the last, crashing against Nicholas' sword.

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Chapter 2088

---- Chapter 2088 Nicholas froze in shock. He had nearly lost his grip on his treasured sword. He was ranked tenth on the Titan List, a swordsman renowned across the Holtrien martial world. His swordsmanship was only a shade weaker than that of those from the legendary Swordhaven Keep. Nonetheless, he was already a towering figure to the rest of the martial world. In his first exchange with Andrew, he had gained the advantage because he assumed Andrew was just some young upstart who could not cause any real trouble.

However, in their second exchange, Andrew had already figured out how to counter him. He had actually changed tactics continuously, layering his force. In the end, he broke through Nicholas' strike. Nicholas thought, 'Such speed, such raw power, such overwhelming audacity... He's a monster!' The realization hit him like a truck. With a furious roar, he spun in place before leaping high into the air. Gripping his sword with both hands, he brought it crashing down toward Andrew. Andrew's eyes blazed with killing intent.

With a roar of his own, ---- he unleashed Inferno Strike in a storm of blows, his fists colliding with Nicholas' sword again and again. He stomped the ground, propelling himself skyward. In just an instant, he had clashed with Nicholas' sword no fewer than 100 times. A bead of cold sweat appeared on Nicholas' face. He could not believe what was happening. After all, he had not expected Andrew to be this skilled. Not only was Andrew skilled, but he was also so relentless. He did not even give Nicholas the slightest advantage.

'His martial arts are no less than mine...' Coming to this shocking conclusion, Nicholas' expression grew stern as he attacked with full force. He no longer dared to be careless. At that same moment, Andrew growled under his breath, "Now!" Eric suddenly darted out and struck viciously at Alistair. The ritual on Shiloh had reached a critical moment. Right now, Alistair could not break away. However, Henry appeared again, barreling into the chaos. Henry barked, "Eric, help me take the saintess. We'll settle our score later." He blocked Eric's strike with ease, his tone commanding.

---- Eric's eyes burned cold. "Mr. Fischer, I told you before that we are done. Step aside. Don't block me from saving her!" Henry snorted. "Save her? Don't be a fool. I want her just as much as you do. If you refuse to listen, don't blame me for being ruthless. I'll give you one chance. Are you with me or not?" Eric looked back and saw Andrew locked in fierce combat with Nicholas. Nicholas was already using his full strength. Wherever his sword passed, the ground would be covered with sword marks. Meanwhile, Andrew wore a grave expression.

While fending off Nicholas, he did not forget to give Eric a meaningful look. Eric understood immediately. If he turned on Andrew and listened to Henry, then undoubtedly Henry would be the final victor. In other words, Andrew's pursuit and efforts during this time would all be for nothing. "Mr. Fischer, I'm also giving you one last chance," Eric said, making his choice with a cold shout. "Step aside!" Henry froze, disbelief twisting across his face before rage overtook him. "You fool! You really have been bewitched by Andrew and lost your mind!

Eric, if you won't repent, then I'll kill you too!" ---- He fumed with rage. With no more hesitation, he launched a savage kick straight at Eric, merciless and unrestrained.

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Chapter 2089

---- Chapter 2089 Soon, Eric found himself in grave danger under Henry's assault. If not for the miraculous power of Phantom Mirage, Henry would have already injured him. Andrew's voice rang out calmly at that moment. "He wants to kill you, yet you're holding back at every turn. Eric, if you want to live and see Mr. Thornton again and make peace with yourself, then the first thing you need to do is love yourself. And if you love yourself, you fight to survive." Those words struck home. Eric drew a deep breath, his hesitation burning away.

His eyes turned hazy as the Phantom Mirage activated in full. Henry's head buzzed, and his attacking movements involuntarily slowed by half a beat. Eric immediately closed in

and could have kicked Henry's heart to seriously wound him. Yet, at the last moment, he still pulled back, choosing to punch Henry in the chest instead. Henry scoffed, his tone laced with mockery. "I knew you couldn't do it. You still can't bring yourself to hurt me, can you, my sweet Eric?" The cloudiness in Henry's eyes suddenly cleared. "Just now, I ---- was deliberately showing you an opening.

Did you really think that after spending so much time together, I wouldn't guard against your Phantom Mirage? Sorry, Eric, but since you've already changed sides, you're no use to me anymore!" Violent force suddenly surged forth. Henry grabbed Eric's fist with his other hand and struck Eric's chest with his palm. Eric's head jerked back with a cry as blood covered his face. The light in his eyes dimmed, and like a torn rag doll, he was sent flying. He crashed into the wall and dropped heavily to the ground, unmoving. Henry burst into triumphant laughter, striding toward the stone platform.

"The Greene family saintess is mine after all. Andrew, no matter how clever or relentless you are, you'll never beat me. Not just you, but the Crimson Flame Cult and even the McDaniel family, all of you are nothing more than stepping stones for me." He reached for Shiloh, his palm hovering over her body. Alistair's hoarse voice cut in smoothly. "Mr. Fischer, why not cooperate with us instead? One more step, and I can bind her to the Crimson Flame Cult forever.

If you stand aside, the High Oracle will reward you with a martial art that can dominate the world." Henry chuckled darkly, his voice dripping with scorn. "Do you take me for a fool? The Crimson Flame Cult is nothing but an ---- evil cult from Augania. You think I'd lower myself to take your so- called divine techniques? Pathetic." Nicholas roared, "Mr. Fischer, this is the McDaniel family's domain. If you dare steal from us, we will demand justice." Henry smirked. "Once the saintess is in my hands, justice will mean nothing. Even if it sparks open war, I will not flinch.

Farewell, gentlemen!" Andrew said calmly, "You're celebrating too early!" He abandoned Nicholas without hesitation, ignoring the deadly sword strikes aimed at him. In one explosive burst, Andrew shot forward a few meters. His palm cut through the air, slamming down toward the back of Henry's head. Henry screamed, terror flashing across his face. The last time he had felt Andrew's Inferno Strike, it had scarred him deep. He twisted desperately to escape. 1 "Andrew, you bastard!" Andrew gave him no quarter. His speed surged, closing the distance in a blink.

In midair, he swept a kick toward Henry's lower body,

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Chapter 2090

---- Chapter 2090 Henry's face twisted with fear as he raised both arms to block. Andrew's palms came crashing down again and again, hammering toward his skull. Henry could not keep up his defense and took a palm strike to his shoulder. He almost had half his shoulder torn off by Andrew. His entire face twisted with pain from the extreme heat and agony. "Andrew, you're fucking insane!" Henry roared, his voice dripping with venom. Despite his injuries, he quickly pulled back to create distance from Andrew. Follow current novels on

Meanwhile, Andrew spun around with lightning speed and unleashed a storm of punches, each strike pounding the air into visible ripples that shattered everything in their path. Nicholas stepped in, his blade flashing cold light. One after another, he intercepted Andrew's blows, though hurriedly and without his earlier poise. At last, his sword thrust forward, piercing into Andrew's chest and spilling a spray of blood. Andrew's expression did not falter, though pain flashed in his eyes.

He clamped both hands onto the blade, twisted violently, ---- and snapped it in half with a sharp metallic clang Nicholas was not alarmed but delighted, laughing loudly. "Andrew, you're injured and bleeding out. You won't be leaving this place alive." Andrew remained expressionless, letting half his body bleed profusely. He landed lightly beside the stone platform and glanced at the sleeping Shiloh. "As long as I'm still breathing, none of you vermin will lay a hand on her." A powerful aura surged from Andrew's body once again. He showed no signs of weakness despite his injuries.

Alistair sighed. "So close... I was still one step short!" He was the first to pull back his hands, his sleeves billowing as he swept directly toward Andrew's wound. Andrew snorted coldly, not dodging at all as he met the attack head-on with a palm strike. The underground chamber shook like thunder as their strike collided. Dust and stone trembled, cracks spreading across the walls. Andrew spat blood again, yet his expression grew more defiant and prouder. It was as if he looked down on everyone present. ---- Alistair's steady composure finally cracked as he raged.

"You've ruined everything tonight. If you don't die, I'll never rest easy!" Andrew had already forced Henry back, snapped Nicholas's sword, and now held the stone platform beneath his guard. His body was battered, yet his will was unbreakable. Alistair hesitated. If he did not take the initiative to attack, what awaited him would be Andrew striking first at his vital points. In the end, he could not help but abandon the final step. Though the ritual had been on the verge of success, he now had a deep understanding of Andrew's ferocity and did not want to face Andrew's attacks directly.

After all, even he could not be sure what the consequences would be if he took one of Andrew's Inferno Strikes. Henry, Nicholas, and Alistair spread into a three-way formation, closing in on Andrew from all sides. Eric, clutching his chest, staggered to

Andrew's side. His face was pale, but his eyes were wide with disbelief. Even he could not fathom how Andrew had turned the tide under such impossible pressure. Henry raised a trembling finger at Andrew, his voice breaking into an enraged scream.

"Andrew! You struck at me without care for your own life. And what did it gain you?"

Look at yourself! ---- You're broken, bleeding, a rat trapped in a cage. You've got nothing!"

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Chapter 2091

---- Chapter 2091 Andrew looked at him coldly. "Who said I didn't get anything out of this? At the very least, I taught a ruthless, ungrateful bastard like you a lesson you'll never forget. Eric was willing to let you go, but you were heartless enough to strike him down." He continued, "Henry, you'd better pray that I don't make it out of the McDaniel family estate today. Because if I do, you know damn well I'll make your life a living hell!" Henry's face turned pale for a moment. However, that pallor was quickly replaced by rage and venomous hatred.

He said, "Fine, I'll admit that I'm no match for you right now. But Andrew, you still have to make it out of here alive first." He scoffed and added, "Whether it's Mr. McDaniel Senior or the High Priest, either one of them is more than capable of killing you. Not to mention, there's no way in hell I'm letting you walk out of here alive. I'd rather give up on capturing the saintess than let you live to become a future threat!" Nicholas stepped forward, his voice stern. "Andrew, considering you're just a young man who's new to the McDaniel family estate, I'll give you one chance. This chapter is updated by

"As long as you step aside right now and don't interfere in my ---- family business, then everything that happened here can be forgotten. I give you my word as the head of the McDaniel family: we'll let bygones be bygones!" Andrew glanced at him sideways, a mocking smile playing at the corners of his mouth. "Mr. McDaniel Senior, do you really think I'm some three-year-old kid? That kind of talk might work on children, but it won't work on me. "Today I've discovered your McDaniel family's conspiracy with the Crimson Flame Cult, and your secret of hiding Shiloh. You think you'd let me go? Mr.

McDaniel Senior, drop the act. What you're really thinking is that once I step aside, you'll launch a full attack!" Nicholas had not expected Andrew to see through his intentions so easily. His expression turned vicious, his gaze filled with malice. He growled, "Since you've already figured out what I'm thinking, then you can die! That's right... Today, neither you nor Henry will leave the McDaniel family estate alive!"

Alistair's aged voice rang out quickly. "Dorian, you've finally arrived! Wipe them all out for me.

Hold them down long enough, and I'll finish the ritual to make the saintess ours. Do that, and the cult leader will reward you beyond your dreams." As his words faded, a towering figure stepped out from the ---- shadowed hall. The man looked like a giant, chains still dangling from his massive arms, clanking with every stride. His breath came out in a frosty white mist as he advanced, each step shaking the ground. He strode directly toward Andrew, his fist shooting out like a raging flood. He roared, "This one is mine! Your Eminence, this will be my final mission.

As long as the saintess submits to the holy sect, from then on, I, Dorian Haynes, will be a free man, no longer a prisoner of the Crimson Flame Cult!" Alistair threw back his head and laughed. "Excellent! Today, kill everyone here who needs to be killed, and you'll have your freedom!" Eric's legs trembled, and he nearly lost his footing. There were so many martial saints crammed into such a small space, and he had never in his life faced such a desperate, hopeless situation. It felt like the world itself had sealed every path of escape.

He could not help but look up and was stunned by what he saw. Andrew stood beside him, his expression calm, as if this were just another ordinary day. He lowered his head slightly, glanced at Eric, and let out a faint, easy smile. "Don't worry, we're not going to die."

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Chapter 2092

---- Chapter 2092 Facing Dorian's punch, Andrew took a step back. Then, he swung his own fist forward, meeting it head-on. Dorian snorted coldly, his face radiating murderous intent. "How reckless. You're already injured, yet you dare take my punch directly? Holtrien fighters are mostly soft, but I'll admit, kid, you've got guts." Their fists collided, and the impact exploded outward like a shockwave of raw force. Andrew grunted and staggered back, step after step, until he finally steadied himself five paces away.

Meanwhile, Dorian's momentum only grew stronger as he pressed forward, charging in with another brutal strike. In an instant, the two were locked in close combat, fighting with everything they had. Eric wanted to rush forward and help, but Henry had already made up his mind to eliminate him. With a roar, Henry launched a direct attack at Eric's head. Left with no choice, Eric gritted his teeth and fought back defensively. ----

Nicholas stood watching from the sidelines, delighted. "Your Eminence, let's continue." Alistair's eyes blazed with fury as he shook his head.

"Once the ritual is interrupted, it cannot be resumed. Mr. McDaniel Senior, you should join the fight, too. Let's kill these three first." After a moment's consideration, Nicholas nodded. He immediately charged toward Andrew, joining forces with Dorian in a two-against-one assault. Andrew was instantly pushed into a dangerous situation, clearly at a disadvantage. However, his expression remained largely unchanged throughout the ordeal. With a single palm strike, he shoved Dorian back, even as his core burned like fire inside him. Without pausing to gather his strength, he lashed out with a sweeping kick. Nicholas staggered back several steps, blood surging in his chest, his arms crossed tightly in defense. He muttered in disbelief, "He truly has divine strength... The more he fights, the stronger he becomes!" As the tenth-ranked name on the Titan List, Nicholas's strength was formidable even without his sword. Yet, after this brief exchange, Andrew's ferocity left him shaken.

Nonetheless, the more it rattled him, the more determined he ---- became to kill Andrew at all costs, 'Such a monster cannot be allowed to live, or he'll become a threat to the McDaniel family sooner or later!' Nicholas warned himself. This time, he held nothing back. His fingers carved through the air, weaving invisible blades of energy. In an instant, countless sword-like streaks flew toward Andrew like a storm of arrows. Andrew let out a low shout and slammed his palms against Dorian's once more.

Ignoring the pain tearing through his burning core, he twisted sharply, spinning like a human whirlwind. Hundreds of those invisible blades sliced past him, all narrowly avoided by his spiraling form. Still, several caught him, leaving cuts across his body. One even grazed his cheek, carving a bloody line that made his face look all the more fierce. "Andrew, hang in there!" Eric shouted. He was already overwhelmed himself, but he knew Andrew bore the heaviest burden.

Facing the combined assault of two high-level martial saints was enough to obliterate an ordinary fighter in a single exchange. Yet, Andrew had only suffered wounds, none fatal. Even so, Eric's chest burned with fury and worry. ---- "Don't worry, this is just child's play!" To everyone's shock, Andrew remained completely calm even now. Despite the glaring bloody gash on his face, he still wore a brilliant smile. "Bring it on! This is exhilarating!" With a thunderous roar, Andrew swooped toward Nicholas like a great eagle. "You're asking for death!" Nicholas exploded with fury.

His robes billowed as his hands traced mysterious sword patterns across his chest. Soon, another wave of internal energy transformed into sword strikes, slashing toward Andrew with lethal intent. Projecting internal energy as sword strikes was an incredibly terrifying killing technique, proof of Nicholas' formidable and fearsome power. However, as Andrew soared high, his palm burned crimson, the heat intensifying until it turned blinding white.

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His hand was no longer flesh, but molten stone, like a fragment of living magma: It was the second stage of the Inferno Strike, pushed to its ultimate limit: the Volcano Smash. One by one, the sword strikes exploded and shattered in midair. Nicholas gasped, his eyes wide with horror. He watched in disbelief as Andrew's palms smashed through his sword energy, ---- like bullets being intercepted and ground into pulp. The Inferno Strike did not stop. Andrew's eyes were wild now, filled with savagery and killing intent. With every roar, scarlet palm strikes exploded out, one after another.

The underground chamber trembled violently, as if it might collapse from the sheer force. Wave after wave of palm force, carrying scorching energy, thundered toward Nicholas.

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Chapter 2093

---- Chapter 2093 At the brink of death, Nicholas forced down his fear. He had no idea how Andrew could unleash such a primal, overwhelming force, but right now, survival came first. Summoning every ounce of his power, Nicholas conjured a massive sword formation around himself. This was the peak of his lifetime's cultivation, the ultimate defense. If even this could not hold, then he might as well join the McDaniel ancestors in the grave. At the same critical moment, Dorian realized he could not allow Andrew to take down Nicholas alone.

If Nicholas fell, he would be left to face the terrifying Inferno Strike on his own, which was certain death. Every muscle in his body tensed and burst with violent energy as he stepped sideways, his massive frame shielding Nicholas. With nothing but his own flesh, he blocked the first wave of Andrew's Inferno Strike. Blood gushed from his mouth twice, but he showed neither fear nor pain. His eyes were steady, his will unshaken. He thought, 'Impressive... Truly impressive.' For the first time, Dorian looked at Andrew differently as he ---- realized the man had the power to kill him.

He had failed to see this clearly before, but facing death forced the truth into clarity. Still, he figured it was not too late. After all, the Crimson Flame Cult's high priest was still waiting in the shadows, a far more terrifying presence. "Mr. McDaniel Senior, this is as much as I can do. The rest is on you!" Dorian roared. With that, he leapt back, his body hissing and steaming. The unbearable heat of the Inferno Strike seared into his flesh, smoke rising from every inch of his frame. The rest of the Inferno Strike crashed into Nicholas's sword formation.

His face turned red, veins bulging, and then twisted in agony. With a final desperate shout, he bellowed, "Break!" The explosion erupted outward, shaking the chamber to its foundations. Against all odds, Nicholas had survived Andrew's devastating strike. Henry and Eric froze. Henry, in particular, was badly shaken by Andrew's sudden killing technique. He could not help but think that if he had been the one caught in the second stage of the Inferno Strike, he would already be nothing more than roast chicken. Jealousy, hatred, and fear flashed in his eyes as he looked at ---- Andrew.

Henry had always desperately coveted this Inferno Strike technique. Yet, he never would have imagined that Andrew would end up benefiting from it. During the Goldridge uprising, he had conspired with other powerhouses to kill Jerome. Part of the reason was his desire for this Heavenly-tier martial art. Never in his worst nightmares had he imagined it would end up in Andrew's hands. What made it worse was how fast Andrew had mastered it. In such a short time, he had already pushed the technique to the second stage, the Volcano Smash.

Even at just the second stage, it was already this terrifying. If Andrew ever reached the final stage, the Tides of Hellfire, what then? Every martial artist who practiced palm techniques would have no choice but to worship him. The more Henry thought about it, the darker his expression became! Finally, the storm of fire and dust faded. Smoke cleared, and Andrew's chest was splattered with blood, the cost of overextending his strength. Eric rushed to his side, catching him before he could stumble. He asked anxiously, "How are you feeling?" ---- Andrew grinned.

"I'm fine." Eric's face twitched. At a time like this, he still thought he was doing fine? Sometimes, he really could not figure out what kind of person Andrew was. He was no traditional martial artist, yet when it came to fighting, he was more ruthless than the most desperate killers in the underworld. What Eric did not know was that Andrew had already lived through countless battles far crueler than this. In the martial world, people at least sought a reason to fight. However, in the organization where Andrew had once belonged, people killed without reason, and death came without warning.

It was in that merciless crucible that the infamous Dragon Prince of the Lloyd family had earned his name, his reputation spreading across Chetvine. "Andrew, you're at your limit! No matter how much talent you have, no matter how monstrous your growth, you're not leaving here alive today!" Nicholas shouted, his face filled with hatred as he glared at Andrew. Dorian stayed silent, but his eyes were heavy with wariness. For the first time, fear had crept into his heart.

He was a convict, a man who had long since embraced death, yet standing against ---- Andrew made him realize his courage was not as unshakable as he believed. No one in this world was truly unafraid of death. If someone seemed to be, it simply meant that real death had not come knocking on their door yet. As he looked at Andrew, Dorian felt a chill in his chest. He realized that this guy was a ruthless killer who truly understood the art of death.

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Chapter 2094

---- Chapter 2094 Henry sneered. "Mr. McDaniel Senior, Your Eminence... Why don't we set aside our differences and kill this bastard first? You've already seen how twisted and dangerous he is. If we let him walk out of here alive, then in the future, it'll be either your deaths or mine. I'm sure you both understand this simple truth." He was already terrified that even the thought of seizing Shiloh had been shoved aside. Andrew had to die, or he would never sleep peacefully again. Nicholas did not answer. Instead, he looked toward Alistair.

Alistair raised his head slightly, and in that instant, Andrew caught a glimpse of the face beneath the hood. It was shriveled and wrinkled like a corpse, yet the man's eyes gleamed with unnatural brilliance. That was the mark of someone who had pushed his power nearing perfection. This old monster was, without question, only a step away from becoming a martial emperor. Alistair's gaze flickered as he said, "Inferno Strike is a technique passed down from Apollo West, once the greatest martial arts master of Holtrien! It's strong indeed; excessively strong and ---- domineering.

"But you're still too young. Your cultivation is deeper than monsters who've trained for 70 years. That is a miracle, proof you are anything but ordinary. But no matter how gifted you are, human strength has its limits. Today, I stand here with Mr. McDaniel Senior and Dorian at my side. No matter what you do, you won't be able to turn the tables." By the end, Alistair's voice thundered with overwhelming killing intent. He thought the same as Henry: Andrew must be eliminated. The Crimson Flame Cult's ambition was nothing less than conquering Holtrien's martial world.

Yet on their very first step, they had stumbled into this immovable obstacle. Alistair felt indescribable frustration and rage. What future would the Crimson Flame Cult have if someone like Andrew were allowed to grow stronger? Even the mysterious and invincible High Oracle might find him troublesome. Andrew's expression remained unchanged. "I have no real grudge with the Crimson Flame Cult. All I did was kill one of your handlers. To me, that was nothing. But Shiloh is my friend.

If you want to lay a hand on her, then you'll have to get past my fists first." ---- Alistair chuckled, his laughter gradually becoming cold and sinister. "As expected... They say martial men are stubborn to the bone. I prefer to call it ignorance that refuses to back down until it's too late. "You're a prodigy, a rarity among humankind. You could have

lived quietly, growing stronger until you were truly untouchable. But instead, you chose to oppose me and our Order. Very well. Then I will take your life.

To die by my hand is no dishonor." As his voice fell, an indescribable force rolled outward from his body. A black storm brewed around him, pulsing with destruction. Andrew's eyes narrowed. The old bastard had indeed reached the level of a martial emperor. He had held back until now, but once he moved, it would be earth-shattering. Nicholas' face shifted slightly, and he quietly stepped aside. Clearly, even he had not expected the Crimson Flame Cult's elder to be this terrifying. For the McDaniels to ally with such a man was like making a deal with a tiger. Find the newest release on

One moment of carelessness and they could be devoured without a trace. Henry wore a vicious grin. "Andrew, no matter how monstrous you are, you still can't fight against heaven or fate! Today, ---- heaven itself wants you to die here. Sometimes, I don't understand why you insist on ruining everything good for everyone else?"

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Chapter 2095

---- Chapter 2095 Henry snorted. "You brought this on yourself, Andrew. Heaven itself has finally come to claim you!" Andrew curled his lip in disdain. "Henry, you really hold quite a grudge against me. You've seen my strength now. Your elder brother is Lucian, am I right? He's the big shot over in Gabo Creek Province and the head of the Fischer family there, right? Sooner or later, when things go south, you'll run to Goldridge to hide. "But you know as well as I do that no matter how far you run, the Fischers won't be able to hide from me.

When I come back in a foul mood, I could reduce Lucian to nothing more than a worm. If you manage to survive today, Henry, you'd better warn him to flee while he still can." Seeing Andrew's serious expression, Henry ground his teeth in hatred. This was a blatant threat, the same tactic he had always used himself. Who would have thought that karma would come full circle and that one day, Henry would be the target of threats? This was absolutely infuriating. Suddenly, a sharp sound echoed through the McDaniel family's ---- small underground chamber.

It seemed like something was about to shatter. Nicholas' expression changed. "This is bad! The floor might collapse." The martial emperor aura around Alistair gradually retracted. He looked up and surveyed their surroundings. Eric felt secretly delighted and exchanged glances with Andrew. Though wounded and staring down the imminent onslaught of Alistair's terrifying power, Andrew looked completely unshaken. He only

shrugged and said, "Told you we wouldn't die. I've been striking these walls on purpose. They're ready to fall apart at any moment. Follow current novels on

If anyone dares to make another move, this entire chamber could collapse." Dorian scanned the area around them and said gravely, "Your Eminence, it's better not to act rashly. The bastard is devious. Look around... Half these walls are already on the verge of caving in." Nicholas had already noticed the trick, and his expression darkened. "Andrew, your schemes run deep. So all that reckless, brawling with us earlier was just to weaken the chamber, wasn't it?" Andrew replied calmly, "I was thinking on my feet, but if you ---- want to call it deep scheming, that's your choice.

The McDaniel family colluding with foreign cults is an unforgivable crime. Yet you think your family is righteous and that everything is justified." He scoffed and added, "I've seen plenty of hypocrites, but I didn't expect you'd become one of them, too." Nicholas' face turned darker. He could not believe that bastard actually dared to insult him. It was clear that Andrew was acting with complete confidence. If they continued fighting, the chamber would collapse, and nobody would benefit. The McDaniel family had the most to lose, especially with nearly 1000 guests gathered aboveground.

If the chamber were to collapse, it would surely be a disaster beyond imagination. Alistair said grimly, "Dorian, take saintess with you. We're withdrawing!" He was decisively practical, having weathered many storms. While this made him hate Andrew even more, he chose to retreat for now. Dorian looked completely surprised. "Your Eminence, we're just giving up like this? The Crimson Flame Cult has never retreated first." Alistair replied coldly, "This isn't retreating, it's strategic ---- withdrawal." Dorian's face twitched. Strategic withdrawal?

Even though he had not studied much, he knew that Andrew had single-handedly gained control of the situation. Even the all-calculating Alistair was swallowing his pride in silence. Dorian cast one last, heavy glance at Andrew. Inwardly, he admitted the truth. Since arriving in Holtrien, this was the first time he had met a prodigy who genuinely left him in awe.

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Chapter 2096

---- Chapter 2096 Right now, no one looked more miserable than Henry. He shouted in panic, "Mr. McDaniel Senior, Your Eminence, we can't retreat! We have to kill Andrew first, or he'll become a disaster waiting to happen!" Nicholas said with a dark expression, "No one is allowed to make another move. This is McDaniel family territory,

and I'll make the decisions here." Henry clenched his teeth so hard they almost cracked, and he nearly cursed out loud. He turned to Andrew, his expression livid. He met Andrew's ice-cold eyes, and a chill stabbed straight through his mind.

He trembled for no reason, opened his mouth, and realized he did not dare make a sound. Andrew growled, "You all had your fun, but I'm just getting started!" Seeing that Dorian was about to take Shiloh away, he suddenly moved sideways and stood in front of the stone platform, his face full of contempt. Dorian shouted grimly, "Andrew, get out of the way! And don't kid yourself... If even all of Holtrien's martial arts world dared cross the Crimson Flame Cult, it would still be a dead end." ---- Beneath the black robe, Alistair's eyes were unreadable as he stared at Andrew.

"Young man, before you decide, you had better consider whether you truly have the ability. You are monstrous, yes, but the world has never lacked monsters. In the face of absolute, suppressive power, you're just asking for death if you don't know when to stop." With those words, his black robe fluttered, and his martial emperor aura was revealed. Andrew's smile gradually became more ferocious. "Your Eminence, you're indeed very strong! The Crimson Flame Cult clearly has pull, enough to make waves even here in Holtrien. But unfortunately for you, you ran into me.

The more arrogant people get, the more I like to push back. Besides, Shiloh is mine. If your Cult wants to lay a finger on her, I'm obligated to show you where I stand." Under Alistair's ever-darkening gaze, Andrew let out a cold laugh. "So, dream on!" Eric stared, stunned by the man in front of him. When Andrew went hard, he really did look sharp as hell. Even as Jerome's adoptive son, he would not have the guts to speak so boldly to a martial emperor. "Kill him!" Alistair snapped, wasting no more words as he ordered Dorian forward. This content belongs to

"If Andrew wants death so badly, then ---- send him on his way." Nicholas roared, "Your Eminence, we cannot keep fighting here!" Alistair did not so much as flinch. His voice went glacial. "Threats mean nothing to our Cult. Andrew is arrogant, so I will make him pay for it." Henry was ecstatic. He had not expected the tide to turn again, and in the direction he wanted, pushed, no less, by Andrew himself. The idiot must have been tired of living! Even with someone as unfathomable as Alistair present, he still dared to mouth off. Henry had to admit that Andrew was even crazier than he was.

Dorian moved to strike. Yet before he could, Andrew moved first. The Inferno Strike thundered out of him. Everyone jolted, bracing on instinct. They all had shadows in their hearts about Andrew's Inferno Strike. However, in the next instant, they realized he had not attacked anyone at all. A chain of explosions hammered the surrounding walls. ---- This time, everyone understood. Nicholas was the first to bellow, "Andrew, what the hell are you doing? Stop!" Dorian let out a low growl and lunged to attack.

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Chapter 2097

---- Chapter 2097 Andrew raised his hand and struck directly at Dorian with a palm strike. Then, with a cold expression, he stomped the ground and shot upward like an arrow, deliberately slamming his body hard into the surrounding walls. Henry struck nothing but air. He had attacked from the side, but Andrew's back seemed to have grown eyes. With one sudden slide, he slipped clear of the blow. "andrew!" Henry choked in fury. Even Dorian's eyes blazed with rage and shock. However, before he could speak, the underground chamber rumbled. The walls quaked violently as dust rained down.

In only a few moments, cracks ripped through the chamber, and the whole structure began to collapse. Alistair's eyes blazed with rage as his withered fingers gestured forcefully toward Shiloh on the stone platform. Immediately, an invisible force manifested, lifting both Shiloh and the stone platform into the air. Eric decisively tried to intervene, but he could not even get within three steps of Alistair before being blown away by a surge of energy, his face turning deathly pale.

---- "Dorian, break out of the McDaniel family estate!" Alistair's sinister voice rang out especially loud amid the countless collapses around them. "You're not leaving that easily!" Andrew was not about to give him the chance. Amid the dense shower of falling rocks, he lunged directly at Alistair. Dorian roared and charged forward recklessly, ignoring the collapse overhead as he attacked Andrew with devastating force. In an instant, the two became like human bulldozers, fighting fiercely in the already severely damaged chamber. Nicholas' eyes blazed with fury.

Unwilling to accept defeat, he glanced at the others one more time before turning and disappearing into the passage. Once this chamber collapsed, it would inevitably cause a huge commotion that would certainly be exposed to everyone outside. This would have an enormous impact on the McDaniel family, but at this point, there was no other choice. While fighting Dorian, Andrew simultaneously struck the surrounding walls again. With one final muffled crash, the entire chamber completely collapsed. A massive boulder came crashing down toward Dorian's head.

---- He shattered it with a single punch, but when he looked up, Andrew was nowhere to be seen. Quickly turning around, Dorian's heart sank. Andrew was weaving between the falling stones like he was dancing through rain, moving with incredible speed. Within a few breaths, he had caught up to Alistair and aimed a strike with his palm at Alistair's back. Left with no choice, Alistair had to turn and counter with his own, palm strike. The powerful shockwave sent surrounding debris flying. Andrew spat out another small mouthful of blood, but showed no signs of weakening. For more chapters visit

Instead, he grew fiercer in battle, becoming a series of afterimages as he surrounded Alistair in relentless combat. "The ceiling's open, Andrew! Get up there!" Eric shouted as he leaped upward first. Thanks to Andrew's efforts, the underground chamber had been completely exposed. The commotion from the exposure was enormous, and the entire McDaniel family estate had noticed what was happening. The guests who had been drinking and laughing together froze in shock as the lawn split beneath them.

Drinks spilled, tables ---- overturned, and chaos erupted. The three McDaniel brothers were the first to react, all rushing toward the family chapel at the back of the estate. Grace, who had been waiting outside to assist Henry, also noticed something was wrong and followed the McDaniel brothers toward the higher ground of the estate. At that moment, the family chapel at the rear of the estate was half-collapsed, with large sections of ground having caved into underground holes. Nicholas was the first to emerge from underground.

Seeing that half of the family chapel had been destroyed, rage burned in his chest.

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Chapter 2098

---- Chapter 2098 Henry was the second to escape from the collapsing chamber, right behind Nicholas. Eric followed close after. Last of all came Andrew, still locked in a deadly contest of inner strength with Alistair. Both men surged upward out of the pit, their bodies wreathed in violent waves of energy. Alistair's black robe whipped and snapped without wind as he barked coldly, "Dorian, take the saintess and guard her well. As for Andrew... today I will make him pay in blood!" He was able to suppress Andrew with just one hand.

Then, with his free hand, he sent both the stone platform and Shiloh straight toward Dorian. With both hands now free, Alistair conjured a ball of black mist in his palm and slammed it toward Andrew. The two forces collided: Alistair's dark, rolling power against Andrew's blazing heat. At the martial saint level, the competition was no longer just about techniques. What was truly deadly was the cultivation of true power itself.

---- Relying on nearly a century of martial cultivation and the dark arts of the Crimson Flame Cult, Alistair's attacks rolled with darkness, his momentum reaching overwhelming proportions. Meanwhile, Andrew held firm within a three-foot radius around himself. The protective energy around his body alternated between crimson red and deep blue. He was simultaneously channeling both the flame power of his Inferno

Strike and his own internal cultivation to resist Alistair. 'He actually mastered two different sources of power,' Alistair thought, his heart pounding in shock.

'He cannot be some nameless figure in Holtrien. He must be cut down today. If I cannot kill him here, then I will have him hunted down and erased. Otherwise, he will grow into a mortal enemy of our Cult.' As the thought raced through his mind, Alistair's hands came together. In front of his chest, a massive sphere of energy condensed, compressing tighter and tighter until it was no bigger than a clenched fist. Then, he thrust it straight at Andrew, Even the air seemed to be drained at that moment.

This dark energy ball instantly reached Andrew's vicinity and pierced through his protective energy barrier. An incomparable explosion erupted at the high ground of the McDaniel family estate, and the remaining half of the McDaniel ---- family chapel collapsed completely. The important site that honored more than a dozen family ancestors was destroyed instantly. Those who rushed to the scene stood frozen in disbelief. Nicholas himself twitched, his face twisted with barely restrained rage. At that moment, he wanted to rip apart not only Andrew but also the Crimson Flame Cult. Google search find·novel·net

"Now you should be on your way to hell," Alistair rasped from beneath his robe, his voice cold and merciless. Hunching slightly, he turned and began to walk away. From behind him came a voice, cold and mocking. "Your Eminence, leaving already? But I'm not finished with you yet... old man." Those last two words were spat from Andrew's teeth like venom. As the dust cleared, everyone turned. Even the thousands of guests gathered at the estate had their eyes locked on the scene. What they saw was a massive crater, wide as a ballroom, torn open in the estate's rear courtyard.

And in the very center of that crater, a man stood tall and unshaken. His back was straight, his figure proud, like a dragon risen from the depths. ---- It was Andrew. Eric let out a long breath, his chest pounding. "Holy hell. You're insane, Andrew. You're absolutely insane!"

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Chapter 2099

---- Chapter 2099 "Andrew survived even that... Is this bastard some kind of indestructible cockroach?" Henry gritted his teeth, making a joke so bitter even he could not laugh at it. Grace quietly approached his side. "Mr. Fischer, what exactly is going on here?" Henry hissed with hatred, "Damn it! This is a terrible situation. We didn't get anything out of this and instead got ourselves into huge trouble." In the crowd, the

commotion could no longer be contained and erupted like a tidal wave. The source of this content is

"T-The McDaniel family's back mountain chapel actually collapsed?" Another whispered, "What kind of people are these? That guy glaring daggers must be the head of the McDaniel family, right? He looks like he wants to eat someone alive." "My goodness, what level of martial arts master could create such a massive crater? However, the impressive one is that young guy in the pit. His clothes are completely shredded, but he's still standing!" "That old man in the black robe has such sinister energy.

Since when did the McDaniels have a monster like that inside their ---- estate?" Wave after wave of whispered conversations reached Nicholas's ears, making him even more furious. He quickly came up with a plan and stepped forward two paces, shouting at both Alistair and Andrew. "You two, how dare you fight so brazenly in the sacred grounds of my family! Sons of the McDaniel family, and every hero present here today, follow me and exterminate these fiends!" No one moved, though murmurs stirred uneasily through the crowd. Alistair's lips curled into a sneer. "As expected.

Holtrien's martial world is full of worms. No matter. I'll kill Andrew first, then wipe out the McDaniel estate altogether. That will save me some effort." Nicholas' betrayal meant nothing to him. The Crimson Flame Cult already had countless followers hidden in Holtrien. The McDaniels were nothing but tools, and now their usefulness had ended. The bite of a worm was beneath notice. When he felt like it, he could crush Nicholas just as easily. Andrew walked out of the crater, his gaze just as scornful.

To him, Alistair was ruthless, but Nicholas was even more disgusting for being two-faced and hypocritical to the bone. ---- "Andrew, I'll admit it," Alistair said, his voice rising. "You have earned the right to be my opponent. So be it. Let us fight without restraint. If I cannot kill you, then I will take my own life as the High Priest of the Crimson Flame Cult." Even Dorian frowned at that, though his expression soon relaxed. Alistair was ready to unleash everything. Once he went all out, the destructive force of a martial emperor would be enough to flatten the McDaniel family estate.

Andrew, no matter how monstrous, would be reduced to ash. Andrew's face twisted into a savage grin. "Old man, if this were my prime, killing you would be nothing more than a scratch on me. So don't think you have the right to preach in front of me. "Today, you rely on a century of cultivation to throw your weight around, but in my eyes, it's nothing more than the tricks of a tired beast. A pathetic show." Alistair stepped forward, his figure vanishing like a black phantom. His voice hissed from every direction. "Is that so?

Then let me show you what it means when soulfire devours the world, when death itself is a mercy." His menacing voice came from all directions toward Andrew. Streams of black flames began to whip through the air. They spread and flickered like living shadows, proof that Alistair's speed had already reached ghostly levels.

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Chapter 2100

---- Chapter 2100 This time, Alistair was truly furious. His killing intent surged like a storm, and his resolve hardened. Andrew had to die. Unfortunately, Andrew's next move was something no one could have predicted. He said to the crowd, "Ladies and gentlemen, why did you all come to the McDaniel family estate in the first place? Was it really for honor and courtesy, or for something else entirely?" He continued, "The Greene family's saintess is right here in front of you. And that old man? He's the High Priest of the Crimson Flame Cult from Auqania.

Just now, I stopped him from abducting the saintess. So what are you waiting for? Are you really going to sit back and watch instead of making a move?" Andrew stood in place with a cheerful smile as he completely ignored Alistair, who was about to go berserk. A ball of black fire suddenly appeared nearby, gathering into Alistair's ancient, withered figure. He could no longer focus on killing Andrew and only had time to turn around and roar at Dorian, "Run!" Andrew's underhanded move of suddenly revealing Shiloh publicly was something he had not anticipated.

---- The Crimson Flame Cult wanted Shiloh. The McDaniel family wanted her. Henry wanted her. Everyone wanted her. With so many martial artists present, the temptation was irresistible. Martial artists all shared one common trait: when faced with priceless treasures, they dared to fight and kill without fear of death. Moreover, Shiloh's allure was infinitely more maddening than any priceless treasure: immortality, eternal youth, never aging, plus the Greene family's secret treasure vault. All these mind-driving temptations were right before their eyes.

Instantly, the scene erupted into chaos, and countless weapons aimed at Dorian. Even someone as formidable as Dorian felt his breath catch. Alistair lashed out, summoning a wave of black fire that reduced weapons to ash in midair, shielding Dorian for the moment. However, before Dorian could escape, over 100 martial artists had already charged forward, staring intently at Shiloh in his arms. ---- "Grab her!" Without any further hesitation, streams of energy shot out, all targeting Dorian desperately. Alistair was furious beyond measure.

Seeing the situation about to spiral completely out of control, he planned to forcibly kill a few people to restore order. Yet, before he could act, Andrew spoke up again. "Whoever gets their hands on the saintess will have endless wealth and glory in the future. Nah. Wealth and power? Meaningless. "True immortality, ascending to godhood, seizing the

throne itself... That's the real prize. That's the ultimate power move. What are you all waiting for?

Kill them, grab her, and go wild!" Even covered in blood, Andrew was now full of energy and passion, like a charismatic speaker who had completely incited all the previously hesitant martial artists with just a few words. No, it was more than just incitement. He had directly ignited everyone else's greed and desire like a blazing fire. Eric stared in amazement. "You can actually do that? True immortality, ascending to godhood, seizing the throne itself? This guy is insane. But damn... It's working. It's really working!" Yes, even Eric felt that the scene had become incredibly exciting.

---- Alistair spun on his heel, eyes burning into Andrew. "You deserve to die!" However, before he could unleash his fury, the estate was already in total upheaval. Hundreds more fighters charged forward, their lust and greed unrestrained.

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