

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 2251

---- Chapter 2251 Seeing the way Mikayla's eyes darted around, Amari chuckled and said, "Mikayla, you're a promising student in alchemy. You're eager to learn and exceptionally talented. I understand why you'd want to meet my senior, but I'm afraid there's probably no chance of that happening." Mikayla's face fell, and she blurted out, "Why, Mr. Goodman? As your prized student, can't I at least meet that elderly master too?" Amari corrected her, "My senior isn't some old man. He's a handsome guy in his prime, a world-class alchemy prodigy.

Come to think of it, he's probably about the same age as you and Caden." Mikayla was completely dumbfounded and unable to believe what she was hearing. Caden was stunned. "About the same age as us, and he's already at divine alchemist level? Mr. Goodman, are there really such monsters in this world?" Amari shot him a look of disdain. "Just because you can't do it doesn't mean others can't. I've had two great honors in my life. First, being accepted by my mentor, the God of Medicine, even if I started as nothing more than a lowly disciple.

With hard work and talent, I still made a name for myself across Holtrien's ---- alchemy world. But that's not what I cherish most. "What I'm most proud of is having such a senior. He joined our mentor's tutelage much later than I, only being accepted as a disciple in our mentor's twilight years." Once Amari started reminiscing, he could not stop himself. He even began swaying his head as he spoke eloquently. "When I first met my senior, he was just a little brat! But our mentor strictly demanded that I call him senior, which I absolutely refused to accept and didn't take seriously.

However, once I saw him begin refining, I immediately bowed down to him. "Anyway, you don't understand that wonderful feeling. On the path of learning, some people can guide you for a lifetime and help you for a lifetime. My senior is exactly that kind of person." Mikayla and Caden's eyes were filled with envy, even jealousy. Mikayla was calculating and good at hiding her thoughts. After pondering for a while, she said with feigned casualness, "Mr. Goodman, I really, really want to meet your senior. Even if my talents are limited, I'd like to at least pay him respect. Please, Mr.

Goodman, won't you grant me this?" Amari sighed. "You sly girl, I know you're just hoping he'll pass down some of his advanced techniques. I can't help it... 'm fond ---- of you. Fine, if the chance comes, I'll consider it." Mikayla lit up, bowing repeatedly. "Thank you, Mr. Goodman. You're too kind to me. Next time I come to class, I'll bring you ten bottles of the finest wine." Amari loved drinking almost as much as alchemy, so he immediately smiled cheerfully in approval. Just then, there was a light cough and soft footsteps as Brielle glided over like a gentle breeze.

"What are you all chatting about? Mikayla, you must have some charm, making Amari laugh this much." Both Mikayla and Caden were startled and quickly bowed their heads. Mikayla quickly greeted her, "Madam Baxter." In front of this mysterious Brielle, she dared not play tricks. Women knew each other too well, and as sharp as Mikayla was, Brielle was leagues ahead. The woman was an old fox with depths unfathomable. Mikayla wisely held back, knowing not to scheme in front of her.

"Well, I was just passing by and saw you three having such an animated discussion, so I came over to take a look!" Brielle nodded slightly, with two attendants following behind her as she walked forward. ---- She did not forget to turn back and give Amari a meaningful smile. "Amari, now that your senior is back, you can't drink too much anymore. You know how he is. If he sees you drunk and rambling, he won't be happy." Amari shrank back sheepishly. It was true that Andrew did not like him drinking excessively. Whenever Andrew was around, he did not dare drink too much. Latest content published on Find-Novel

Brielle glanced at Mikayla's exquisite, perfect face and continued, "Mikayla, having Amari teach you alchemy is more than enough. You don't need more advanced masters or techniques right now. "Amari's senior is our Sovereign's Apothecary's greatest treasure. It's not impossible for you to seek his guidance, but besides Amari's approval, you'd also need my permission. Understood?" Her tone had suddenly turned cold.

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Chapter 2252

---- Chapter 2252 Mikayla quickly lowered her head. "Madam Baxter, don't worry. I know the rules." Only then did Brielle leave with her attendants. Amari scratched his messy hair with an awkward chuckle. A short distance away, Brielle muttered, "Mikayla is calculating, her goals and desires far too obvious. Amari, don't go making trouble and dragging Andrew into it. Then again, why am I even meddling in their business? Maybe I just don't want to see that remarkable boy fall into a trap.

Besides, there's still the Soul- Restoring Pill he promised me." Soon after, Mikayla and Caden exited Sovereign's Apothecary together. Caden, his eyes full of admiration, tried to sound casual as he asked, "Mikayla, are you free tomorrow? A few of us classmates recently advanced in our alchemy training, and we're planning a little gathering. Would you like to come?" Mikayla flashed a charming smile. "A gathering? That sounds nice. But unfortunately, I really do have important matters. tomorrow, so I'll have to miss this one. You all go ahead without me.

Next time, alright?" ---- Caden's face showed disappointment, but he forced a smile. Alright, next time then. Mikayla, you're so hard to ask out. See you." Mikayla smiled. "See you! Next time, I promise." Once Caden left, she slid into her Bentley. Inside, Isabelle sat with a tablet in her hands, watching cartoons. Without looking up, she muttered, "Mikayla, you clearly don't want anything to do with those losers. Why not just reject him outright and have him give up?" Mikayla shook her head with a laugh. "Belle, you're too innocent, you don't understand.

If I reject him directly, he'll stop calling on me, and I'll lose influence over him. Leaving things vague keeps people in my orbit. If I want to stand firm at Sovereign's Apothecary, having a few followers and admirers is a must." Isabelle rolled her eyes and murmured, "Mikayla, there's always a manipulative bitch in every cartoon. You kind of fit the description." Mikayla huffed coldly. "People can call me what they like. I go after what I want, and I don't think that's wrong.

Besides, it's not me chasing them; it's them chasing me." "Oh," Isabelle replied dismissively before returning to her cartoon. ---- Then, she suddenly said, "I saw Andrew coming out earlier." Mikayla sneered. "He was delusional, thinking he could meet Madam Baxter. I bet he left empty-handed, tail between his legs What a pity. Ten years ago, he was the golden boy, the pride of the Lloyd family's royal line. Back then, no one in Chetvine dared refuse him." Isabelle shrugged her small shoulders. "Andrew seems pitiful now. I kind of want to help him." Mikayla frowned as the driver pulled away.

"Belle, why are you suddenly so concerned about Andrew? Focus on your martial training and leave everything else alone." Isabelle pouted, looking bored. "I just think he's a good person. He used to be everyone's idol. Even though he's returned with nothing but enemies and a ruined name, the last time, he still held back against me. And I attacked him with everything I had. He's still that warmhearted older brother we once looked up to." Mikayla's voice turned icy. "You're imagining things. Listen to me: Andrew is dangerous.

Back in Chetvine, he'll keep hitting walls until he fades into obscurity. Instead of wasting your kindness on him, you should pay attention to the new talents rising in Chetvine. Kyrie from the Harding family is pursuing you, isn't he? Why not give him a little response? Treat him like a pet dog if you must." ---- Isabelle made a disgusted face. "That brainless idiot? Just thinking about him makes me sick. Men? I don't even care about men. I could crush any of them with one punch." Mikayla shook her head helplessly. "Fine, have it your way. But stay out of Andrew's business.

I won't tolerate it, and your family will punish you if you meddle." "Got it," Isabelle said softly, though her eyes betrayed that she did not mean it at all

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Chapter 2253

---- Chapter 2253 Chetvine Plaza was one of the most famous places in the city. It was not where retirees gathered for recreational workouts or kids to play. Instead, it was a massive outdoor training ground with complete facilities, surrounded by watchtowers and surveillance systems managed by the powerful military department. Any martial arts student from across the nation of Holtrien could enter Chetvine Plaza for free and enjoy all the training equipment while finding martial arts instructors. After all, the saying was true: learning martial arts would cost a fortune.

Learning martial arts was indeed expensive, and in later stages, even money could not cover the costs as one needed to consume rare treasures and family fortunes. For instance, an advanced martial technique or fighting style was not something you could simply buy with money. Everyone knew that Silverthorn Monastery's Titan's Palm was incredibly powerful. Still, if you went to Silverthorn Monastery claiming you were wealthy and offering a billion dollars to buy their Titan's Palm, the abbot would politely and gracefully refuse you.

---- He might even say, "You're too attached to material things. We don't care about money, and sacred techniques are not lightly shared." With just those light words, you would be turned away. Yet, if you were arrogant and insisted you were destined to learn Titan's Palm, ignoring the abbot's counsel, things would escalate quickly. The abbot stepped back, and the head monk of the Warrior Hall, a burly, scarred man with a bald head, appeared and pointed at the monastery gates.

"Leave." As a spoiled scion, you would immediately get upset and threaten him, saying you could have people shut down Silverthorn Monastery's gates and that the million-dollar donation you were planning was now off the table. The head monk would calmly say, "Since you refuse to listen, I will have to be rude." And in the next instant, he would kick you straight through the gates, knocking out your teeth in one strike. Humiliated, you might stand outside raging, cursing the monks as penniless nobodies. But just then, a Rolls-Royce Ghost would glide out from inside the monastery. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON [nOvelFind](#)

As the window rolled down, you would see the ---- abbot's kindly face smiling at you. "Your million-dollar offering is of no interest to us. If you don't wish to donate, take it back Silverthorn Monastery does not lack money." You would be left dumbfounded. The abbot, once rumored to have grown up poor, chopping wood and eating scraps, was now stepping out of a luxury car. With a glass of red wine in hand, he swirled it slowly and chuckled, "A million? You think that's a lot? How pathetic. We monks lack many things, but money isn't one of them. Titan's Palm?"

Even if you offered 100 billion, it's not for sale." The abbot would then pull out an imported cigar, hold it between his fingers, and start puffing away. Exaggerated or not, the point was clear. Martial arts were arts of combat, and the teachings were never passed down lightly. Each sect guarded its techniques fiercely, and rivalry made progress nearly impossible for ordinary practitioners. That was why having the backing of a great sect or a powerful family was so valuable.

It was also why Chetvine Plaza had become such a phenomenon: it opened a new door for martial artists everywhere, offering a direct path toward success.

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Chapter 2254

---- Chapter 2254 The military had poured countless martial resources into Chetvine Plaza, and the place was unlike anywhere else. The instructors teaching combat skills alone were all seasoned veterans who had retired from the army. Holtrien's martial arts could be broadly divided into three schools. First were the ancient martial arts sects like Mistveil Peak, Silverthorn Monastery, and Mount Lorneau, all with centuries or even millennia of history behind them and built on deep foundations.

Second came the royal families and noble houses, with their hidden depths and family traditions passed down generation after generation. Third was Holtrien's military department. Their martial arts mostly followed the hard-line approach, focusing purely on practical application. So soldiers were typically killers, not performers putting on fancy shows. For ordinary families or regular people wanting to learn martial arts without the capital to do so elsewhere, coming to Chetvine Plaza was the most cost-effective option.

However, Holtrien was vast, and many people still could not ---- make it to Chetvine for various reasons. Their lifelong martial arts dreams would simply be crushed. This was unavoidable since reality would not make way for anyone. If you were born in Chetvine, you were naturally superior to others. While this statement was harsh, it was not entirely without merit. If you were born in the countryside, in some godforsaken backwater village, then educational resources, martial arts resources, and all kinds of resources were naturally insufficient from birth. IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT

Some disheartened souls eventually came to understand: it was not that they were untalented, but that others were simply born with everything. Birth itself was a blessing, and only by working tirelessly could one endure this relentless world. Andrew walked slowly across the massive martial arts plaza. Around him, some people practiced on

punching bags, others lifted weights, and some threw punches at training dummies. These were the most basic martial arts exercises. To the uninformed, they might seem no different from a regular gym. However, there was definitely a difference.

These martial artists could punch a crater into a dummy's head ---- with a single blow, and afterward, the dummy would automatically repair itself. Those lifting weights started at 200 kilos, with the stronger ones pulling 800. Yet their bodies were not bulky. In fact, they looked almost frail, proving they had already begun cultivating true energy within their cores. When one breath of life force was generated, the body became nourished and transcended ordinary limits. Andrew did not draw anyone's attention. After all, he had not set foot in this place for ten years.

However, if any familiar faces were around, their legs would have gone weak. A decade ago, the undisputed troublemaker of Chetvine Plaza was none other than the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince. Back then, though, nobody called him that. Instead, they called him Chetvine's number one menace. Day after day, Andrew had beaten the sons of noble houses until they cried. Every day, people went to the Lloyd family to complain and curse his name. Andrew walked straight toward the Martial Tower in the plaza's center.

The tower, 100 stories tall, was one of Chetvine's greatest landmarks and the very reason he had come. ---- The military department had spent astronomical amounts on this tower. It was not that building this hundred-story giant tower was particularly remarkable. Everyone knew Holtrien's current construction standards made them infrastructure maniacs. As long as you could pay, they could build you a replica of any famous building without any major problems. What made the Martial Tower priceless was what it contained: a treasure trove of martial manuals.

Techniques of every level filled its halls, while secret arts and lost disciplines were stored in abundance. Whenever the military wiped out a sect, the first thing they seized was its martial legacy, hoarding everything into the tower. The Martial Tower was perhaps the military's greatest asset, for it was the foundation that sustained Holtrien's overwhelming power.

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Chapter 2255

---- Chapter 2255 Inside the tower, Andrew saw rows of sealed chambers where martial artists were studying manuals and refining their techniques. The closed doors meant each room was occupied, someone inside immersed in learning or researching. Without

pausing, Andrew headed straight for the upper levels. On the ninth floor, he was stopped. "Hold it right there! Only martial king level and above can enter the floors beyond this point!" The guards on duty were clearly two military officers.

They were not carrying weapons, but their explosive muscles and cold stares showed that neither was ordinary. In fact, these two officers were martial king-level fighters standing guard. Starting from the tenth floor, the martial arts manuals became precious. Without posting some tough guards, the big shots in the military leadership would not feel secure. Andrew did not cause any trouble. He had always respected this tower because it had upheld the dreams of countless commoners who sought martial training.

He had never lacked resources or a family background, yet Reginald had once thrown him into Chetvine Plaza and left him to fend for himself. ---- In other words, Andrew had been trained here the same way ordinary youths did. He let his aura leak slightly and smiled. "I believe my strength qualifies me for the upper floors." The officers exchanged uneasy looks. Then, Andrew swung a punch at the testing machine nearby. The device flashed red instantly, its values hitting the maximum limit. Any higher, and the expensive machine would have broken down on the spot.

"Please, go ahead." The two officers immediately straightened, their expressions respectful as they gestured for him to pass. At the very least, Andrew was on the same level as them. Learning martial arts was not easy, and reaching martial king level made anyone worthy of respect. So, the two officers were very courteous to Andrew. "Thank you." After expressing his thanks, Andrew walked up to the tenth floor. The tenth floor served as a dividing line for the lower levels because anyone who made it here had to be at least martial king level.

However, the tenth floor did not seem sparsely populated. ---- In fact, it was somewhat crowded. Holtrien's martial arts had always been flourishing, ranking among the strongest in the world. If not, the Western powers would have conquered long ago. The number of martial kings on this tenth floor reflected Holtrien's thriving martial arts scene from the sidelines. Andrew felt gratified by this. Although he came from royalty, he had little affinity for family faction politics.

He was especially annoyed by martial arts sects that hoarded their techniques like misers, unwilling to share them with outsiders. Yet he respected the military. Not the bureaucrats or pompous power-holders, but the true soldiers, the iron-blooded warriors who fought only to defend their homeland. After all, Andrew himself had once been a soldier, carrying his own burning dream of serving his country. That dream, however, had long since turned to dust, buried in memories he no longer wished to recall. "Well, look who it is, everyone! A rare guest. What a surprise!

A stray mutt comes crawling back, gets two full meals, and thinks he's human again. Instead of staying where he belongs, he dares to step onto our ground? Isn't he just begging for it?" On the tenth floor, someone had recognized Andrew. ---- As expected, the first reactions were scorn, hostility, and open contempt. In an instant, hundreds of

pairs of eyes locked onto him, sharp and venomous, like a pack of hungry wolves spotting their hated prey. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY

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Chapter 2256

---- Chapter 2256 Andrew's gaze remained indifferent as he casually looked over. The one who had just spoken was a muscular young man wearing a beret and camouflage gear. Seeing Andrew look his way, he arrogantly raised his head with a domineering attitude. "That's right, I'm the one talking. My name's Brett, and I am from the Harding family. You got a problem with that?" Patting the muscles on his chest, this young man strode right up to Andrew. He was the self-proclaimed boss of the tenth floor of the Martial Tower. It was not only because he carried the Harding family name.

He had also beaten nearly everyone else here with his fists. As a member of the Harding family, Brett's strength had always been a cut above others his age. He loved showing off and acting tough, constantly using random people as practice targets. Over time, he had become a notorious bully in the Martial Tower. However, with the Harding family bloodline and his formidable skills, nobody would accuse him of picking on the weak. Instead, one by one, they chose to kiss up to him and follow Brett's lead. ---- "Brett, who the hell is this guy? Get full chapters from FindN()vel

He sure looks pretty cocky." "Yeah, Brett, look at his attitude! He won't even acknowledge you. I say we should just take him down." "Damn it, are you deaf or mute? Didn't you hear Brett talking to you?" The lackeys around started yelling for Brett, pointing and gesturing at Andrew accusingly. Andrew chuckled. "What a bunch of clowns. I'm in a good mood today, so I won't bother with you. But if that mood changes, the ones suffering will be you." This statement directly infuriated the crowd of martial arts disciples, their faces turning livid with rage.

Brett spread his arms wide, blocking both sides. "Everyone, stand back. This guy is mine!" Staring at Andrew, his smile gradually became menacing. "Others might fear you, but the Harding family doesn't think you're anything special. Andrew, I know you were a big deal once, and your name is all over this place. But legends are made to be broken. The old generation is nothing but stepping stones for the new." Andrew smirked. "So what?" ---- Brett clenched his fist and barked a laugh. "So I don't buy into your myth. Today, I'll test exactly how strong you are.

We're all martial artists here, all from the army. If things get bloody, don't go crying for your mommy." His bold declaration drew loud applause from his lackeys. Someone

cheered, "Brett's the man. He's unstoppable!" "He fought his way up from the first to the tenth floor, always as the champion." "And this so-called Lloyd family Dragon Prince? He has a big reputation, but has anyone ever seen him fight? Bet he's nothing but a weakling." "Why waste time talking? Just smash him. In martial arts, fists do the talking.

Beat his ass first, then we'll see what he's really made of!" One even laughed. "Yeah, Brett, beat his ass and let's find out if it's tough or soft!" By the end, the insults grew nastier and more shameless by the second. Their older brothers or elders had trauma when it came to Andrew. However, most of the men on this floor were a few years younger than Andrew. They had never seen him fight, so ---- they followed the crowd, believing that stepping on Andrew gave them status and swagger.

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Chapter 2257

---- Chapter 2257 Andrew did not lose his temper. A true martial artist needed to keep a fire in his chest, but also the patience of a senior. He could allow these spoiled brats their arrogance. He said, "Out of respect for the uniforms you wear, I won't make a move. But remember, this is the only time." With that, he turned, ready to head upstairs. Brett's face flushed red with fury. "Bastard, how dare you ignore me? Take this!" With two thunderous cracks, his fists split the air as they shot toward the back of Andrew's head.

He had declared he would test Andrew's strength, yet Andrew had not even bothered to react, which was the ultimate insult to Brett. He was the tyrant of this floor, and no one ever dared brush him off like that. Andrew did not even look back and casually swung his hand in a vicious slap. The strike carried the echo of the Dragon-Slaying Palm, a technique so fearsome it shook hearts with its sound alone. Though it was a killing move, Andrew had not unleashed its full force. This slap was only meant to give the Harding fool a lesson. Find the newest release on Find★Novel

---- Brett did not even have time to register what happened before his head snapped sideways, and his body flew up into the ceiling. With a loud clang, his face smashed into the steel-reinforced ceiling, blood spraying across the metal. His bulky body then crashed back down, and only his lackeys catching him kept him from face-planting into the ground. "Y-You..." Brett choked, his chest heaving before another mouthful of blood burst from his lips. His finger shook as he pointed at Andrew, but before he could finish a word, his eyes rolled back and he passed out. The onlookers were stunned.

Brett was a peak martial king, praised by senior officers as a future star. Yet, Andrew had flattened him with a single slap, leaving him half dead. To them, it was like some legendary technique. The tenth floor fell into deathly silence. Andrew's gaze swept across the room, cold and sharp. "What's wrong? No one has anything to say now? Are martial artists really supposed to be such cowards?" He rolled up his sleeves, eyes narrowing. Then, he pointed at a young man with slicked-back hair who had been the loudest earlier. "You.

Come here." ---- The lad froze, trying to act tough but trembling inside. "W-What do you want? My dad's a colonel, and his commander is General Tobias Sharpe. And General Sharpe's superior is none other than General Philip Turman himself!" Andrew sneered, a hint of street-thug swagger in his expression. "So you're just another coward. Clinging to your daddy's rank, that's all you've got? I don't care who your father is. Even if he were king himself, do you think I'd be afraid of you?" The young man's tongue tripped over itself. "I-I won't ever dare again!

Please, I didn't mean it just now!" Andrew waved dismissively, already stepping up to him. Then, he kicked him clear across the room, sending him flying. In the same motion, he backhanded a heavyset youth across the face. Without channeling even a trace of inner energy, Andrew beat the spoiled brats down with sheer physical power. In just a few blows, the tenth floor was filled with groans and wails.

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Chapter 2258

---- Chapter 2258 Over 100 martial arts disciples were beaten into running for cover with their heads in their hands. A few tough ones roared in resistance, but it was futile. Andrew took each one down with a single move, leaving them coughing up blood "Enough! Who gave you the right to injure people here? If anyone here sustains internal injuries today, then you, the Lloyd family Dragon Prince, will pay a terrible price!" At that moment, a furious roar echoed down from upstairs. Accompanied by heavy footsteps, a group of people walked down.

One man among them had a livid face, absolutely enraged. Andrew took one look and immediately smirked. "Well, if it isn't Kyrie! Impressive. Ten years later, and you've made Major General. Your martial arts have improved quite a bit too, reaching advanced level martial saint, though it looks a bit hollow. Clearly, you haven't held back on the strength-boosting pills!" Andrew's words made the man in the center's face shift from livid to ash gray. He wore a Major General's uniform with white ---- gloves, his gaze sharp and piercing.

His appearance bore some resemblance to Brett's. This person was actually a Chetvine disciple from Andrew's same era, the Harding family prodigy, Kyrie. However, Kyrie had always been a step behind the real tough guys like Conrad and Andrew. So, back then, in Chetvine, Kyrie really had no presence in front of Andrew. Nonetheless, Kyrie's recent scolding and commanding tone made it subtly clear that, after ten years, he no longer took Andrew seriously. Standing beside Kyrie was also a Major General, Luna, one of the military's rising stars.

She wore tall military boots and had her hair tied in a ponytail, exuding an exceptional aura that was both cold and proud. Looking at Andrew, her expression was complex, as if she wanted to speak but held back. The words reached her lips, but she found them bitter and did not know where to begin. "Andrew, this is military territory, and it's an extremely important one at that. You're fighting here without reason, wasting these promising military talents. Aren't you afraid that General Turman and the others will demote you from the Ironhold Division?" Another voice chimed in from the side.

--- Andrew looked at this person. He had a pockmarked face and cold eyes. But his core was unstable, and his stance was shaky. He was clearly someone whose martial arts were all show and no substance. "Looks somewhat familiar, but sorry... I really don't know who the hell you are!" Andrew chuckled, indicating he didn't remember. This person was probably also an old acquaintance from back 'then, a fellow Chetvine disciple who used to hang around the Martial Tower. However, he was even worse than Kyrie. Andrew was not lying as he truly could not remember who this nobody was. Newest update provided by

This pockmarked guy was at least a Colonel, and being looked down upon by Andrew like this made him so furious his skull nearly blew off. "General Harding, General Phelan, I believe we should immediately arrest him and beat him half to death. Then, send him to military court and ship him off to the frontier to enjoy a fate worse than death!" Kyrie remained expressionless and said coldly, "I have no objections!" Luna chimed in, "I... I think we should investigate what actually happened first.

Kyrie, why don't you let me handle this situation ---- while you go take care of other business?" Kyrie turned to look at Luna's stunningly beautiful face, a flash of passion flickering in his eyes before disappearing. "Luna, we're partners. Of course, we should make decisions together."

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Chapter 2259

---- Chapter 2259 Kyrie said, "Luna, you shouldn't get involved in today's matter. I don't want you getting dirty from this mess! He hit Brett so viciously. Even if I cripple him, when the Lloyd family royalty comes asking questions, with my family background and my Major General rank, I can handle whatever comes!" His words sounded very righteous, as if he were looking out for Luna's interests. Not only that, but he was also showing off his masculine side in front of her.

To him, the so-called Dragon Prince was nothing more than a beaten dog who had crawled back in disgrace, and stepping on Andrew's head today would be the perfect way to flaunt his power. But to everyone's surprise, especially Andrew's, Luna's response was sharp and unwavering. "Kyrie, you said it yourself that we are partners here, responsible for today's duty at Martial Tower. That means every decision and every action must be handled together. "Before anything else, we need to find out why Andrew acted, and even if he was at fault, we can't just injure him. The most update novels are published on Find1Novel

By procedure, we should report to General Turman first." Kyrie's brows furrowed hard, his silence speaking volumes. He ---- could not help but think that something felt off. Luna sounded almost protective of Andrew. She was never the type to hesitate or hide behind procedure. Normally, she was decisive, ruthless even, more so than he. Yet here she was, softening the moment Andrew entered the picture. The unease twisted into frustration, and Kyrie's chest burned with jealousy. "Luna, you don't need to say another word. If trouble comes of this, I'll take it all on myself.

You and I may hold the same rank, but I'm older, so let me make the call this time. Stay out of it." He delivered it as if seeking her agreement, but his tone left no room for refusal. It was clear he wanted her to step aside and let him finish this without interference. However, Luna's defiance only grew firmer. "I wasn't joking. You are my senior, and I respect you and your family. However, injuring someone inside the Martial Tower is no small matter, and it must be investigated.

Otherwise, I will not allow you to harm the Lloyd family Dragon Prince." The veins on Kyrie's forehead bulged as his self-control snapped. "Luna... you..." The jealousy scorched him like wildfire, eating at his composure. His teeth clenched, his eyes bloodshot as he spat out, "Tell me, Luna. What exactly is your relationship with ---- Andrew? Why are you protecting him so fiercely? Is there some history between you two, something I don't know about?" His words cracked with anger, his calm completely shattered.

In front of the woman he longed for, Kyrie could not stand the sight of her siding with another man. It felt like something precious, something he had set his heart on, was about to be ripped away. That panic gave way to rage, and in that rage, all that was left was the urge to seize, to destroy, and to kill.

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Chapter 2260

---- Chapter 2260 Luna's heart skipped a beat under Kyrie's furious questioning, but her face only grew colder. She looked at him with icy calm. "General Harding, everything I said falls within my duty. Whether I have history with the Dragon Prince or not has nothing to do with this. What matters is that as long as I am here, no one can strike him down at will." Kyrie exploded. "Fine! Then watch me kill him today. What will you do about it?" His uniform trembled as a wave of raw power burst from his body, his aura pressing heavily over the floor.

Luna's eyes flashed a pale green as she, too, began to circulate her energy. 'If you insist on this path, then forgive me, but I'll have to stand against you.' Kyrie was exasperated. With the woman he craved standing before him, he could not fully tear off the mask as he still dreamed of one day sharing her bed. Yet before he could act further, Andrew's cold voice cut through their standoff. "Are the two of you done? General Phelan, if you want to handle this fairly, I don't mind.

Kyrie, if you think you can avenge your brother, I don't mind either." ---- Andrew's knuckles cracked as he clenched his fist. He smirked and added, "This is the Martial Tower, a place forged for battle. Here, strength decides everything. Ten years ago, Kyrie, you were nothing to me. Ten years later, you're still nothing." Luna's eyes flickered at the sight of Andrew's defiance. The Andrew she remembered was rarely this fierce, rarely this, domineering. Yet perhaps this was his true self, the Dragon Prince who had returned to Chetvine alone, fearless of everything.

"But..." she tried to interject, her voice uneasy. Andrew's cold distance struck her harder than she expected. He had called her 'General Phelan', not Luna. The invisible wall between them seemed to widen with every word, and it left her with an ache she could not name. "There are no buts," Andrew cut her off sharply. "My business is mine alone. And besides, last time you must have heard from Conrad what kind of man I am. Let me make it clear today. Martial Tower belongs to me as much as anyone. I'll do as I please here. Whoever dares to block me?

I'll crush them." His eyes burned with lethal coldness, all warmth gone. Kyrie let out a furious roar and launched forward. "Bastard, die!" His palms surged with earthen-yellow energy, condensing into ---- two heavy disks that slammed down toward Andrew. Andrew did not even flinch. "So you've managed to condense your aura into form? If that's your trump card, then you're pitifully weak." He unleashed his Inferno Strike with a single palm. The link to the origin of this information rests in find♦novel

The raging heat of true energy surged wildly through Andrew's meridians, making him feel an unbearable blaze in his chest as a violent urge to kill erupted within him. He had

already begun to realize that mastering this Heavenly-tier martial art to the Tides of Hellfire realm might depend entirely on his state of mind when striking. If he stayed calm and restrained, the power of Inferno Strike would always be limited, shackled by control. But if he let himself go, allowed the bloodlust to rise unchecked, and embraced the violence within, the technique's force would erupt at its peak.

The truth was proving itself Andrew had touched the core of it. His aura crashed forward like a flaming beast slamming into flesh and bone. Kyrie felt his whole body swell with searing heat, as if he would explode on the spot. The burning pain racing through his meridians was unbearable, his face flushing crimson until he ---- looked like he had been dragged from a vat of boiling oil. At the final moment, the emerald talisman on his chest flared to life, trembling violently as it released a surge of protective energy. Andrew remained rooted to the spot, unmoved.

Kyrie, however, staggered back several heavy steps, barely keeping himself upright thanks to the talisman's shield. When he looked at Andrew again, his eyes burned with hatred and fury, twisted into a grim, feral glare.

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Chapter 2261

---- Chapter 2261 With just one strike, Andrew managed to force out the life- saving talisman hidden on Kyrie's chest. He could not help but wonder if Andrew had somehow become even stronger than before. Andrew scoffed and was about to pounce forward to completely destroy Kyrie. Since he had already made his move, he might as well go all the way and finish this. His mind was in a violent state right now, craving nothing more than an all-out brawl to satisfy himself. Just then, Luna suddenly flashed between them. "Nobody moves another muscle. This text is hosted at

If anyone tries to fight again, I won't just stand by and watch." Kyrie snorted coldly. "Luna, get out of the way. I'm going to teach him a lesson today, whether you like it or not." The blazing light in Andrew's eyes slowly faded away. He let out a mocking laugh and swaggered toward the upper level with complete arrogance. Teach him a lesson? How ridiculous. With just one move, Andrew had already tested Kyrie's true strength. Just as he suspected, the guy was all show and no ---- substance, a complete pushover. So what if Kyrie had reached the advanced-level martial saint?

It was obviously just for show, a level achieved by force using his family's resources and enhancement pills. Andrew did not even bother saying goodbye as he strode away confidently. This made Kyrie so furious that he gritted his teeth so hard he nearly

cracked them. That bastard's palm strike had been brutal. His hands, hidden inside his sleeves, were already red and trembling, but the fabric kept them well concealed. On his face, he put on an expression of complete disdain.

"Luna, if you hadn't interfered and we'd kept fighting, he would've been defeated within three rounds for sure." He bragged shamelessly, as if boasting were his greatest skill. Luna took a deep breath and shook her head. "We should get the injured people to the medical bay for checkups first. As for what happens next, we'll wait for General Turman's arrangements." Kyrie snorted coldly. "If anything happens to Brett, I'll never let him get away with it." Luna's brow furrowed tightly as she remained silent. Her mind was still replaying the fight that had just happened.

---- Andrew's attack had even caught her off guard. Back in Blumedale, she had already acknowledged that Andrew's martial strength was close to her own, at least equal in level. But back then, she had not known that Andrew was the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince. It was only after arriving in Chetvine and hearing it from Philip that she learned Andrew's true identity. Combined with that single palm strike Andrew had just delivered, Luna felt somewhat shocked. If she were in Kyrie's position, how would she have handled it? No, if she were Kyrie, she would not have been so pathetic.

However, Andrew's eyes had clearly revealed genuine killing intent just now. That palm technique blazing like a sea of fire obviously had not unleashed its true destructive power yet. In other words, Andrew's move just now was merely an opening gesture, just testing the waters. So, could she have blocked his follow-up attacks if she had taken Kyrie's place? Luna had no answer to that. Proud as she was, she no longer dared to confidently believe she would not lose. After all, Andrew was the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince. Hence, Andrew being stronger than her only ---- made sense.

Luna's heart was filled with indescribable complexity. Why was she having these thoughts of submission, of thinking this was perfectly reasonable? This was completely wrong, at least not her usual style at all. Luna forcibly swept away the strange thoughts that had popped into her head. She even silently warned herself that if they really faced off, she would not lose. At the very least, she did not want to lose. Even if the man she would be facing was someone she least wanted to hurt, she still did not want to lose. Pride was the greatest of the seven deadly sins.

But at the same time, it was also her favorite sin. Without pride, without the drive to always climb higher, she would not be Luna. "Luna, what are you thinking about?" Kyrie suddenly asked. Her dazed expression made his face darken even more. The light returned to Luna's eyes as she shook her head. "I wasn't thinking about anything." With that, she directed the other injured people toward the infirmary. ---- Seeing this, Kyrie secretly gritted his teeth. When Luna dealt with him, she was as cold as ice. But just now, when Andrew was here, she had clashed with him no less than three times.

Was it because he was not the catalyst that stirred her up? Was he missing something Andrew had? 1 Kyrie let out a bitter, dark laugh at his own thoughts.

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Chapter 2262

---- Chapter 2262 After Luna left, another person approached Kyrie. It was Gavin. "Kyrie, Andrew was the one who stormed into the Schwartz residence and humiliated us!" Gavin snarled. He and Dawson were both lackeys working under Kyrie and Brett. The Schwartz family had long been leaning toward the Harding family. Or to put it more bluntly, they wanted to become vassals of the Harding family. Kyrie's expression turned ugly. "You were on the tenth floor at the time, weren't you? Why didn't you stop Beret?

You know how impulsive he can be!" Gavin steeled himself and replied, "Kyrie, it wasn't that I didn't want to stop Brett. I simply couldn't stop him at the time. Plus..." Kyrie let out a mocking laugh. "Plus, you didn't have the guts to try, right? Andrew showed up and you wet yourself with fear, didn't you?" Gavin gave an embarrassed laugh, which was basically an admission. Kyrie said coldly, "If the Schwartz family didn't have decent overall strength, I wouldn't even bother with you. I know what you're really after. You want me to step up for your family and ---- get payback.

But there's no rush with this matter. "Andrew has already made enemies of everyone here in Chetvine. The Harding family, the Robertson family, the Cunningham family, and even certain royal families can't stand him. The real show is yet to come." Gavin breathed a sigh of relief. He definitely wanted to see the Harding family deal with Andrew. However, he could not say this outright, in case it displeased Kyrie and made him irrelevant. Luckily, Andrew was reckless enough to offend the Hardings on his own, saving Gavin the trouble. "Kyrie, what do you think Andrew came to the Martial Tower for?

I saw him continuing upward!" Kyrie snorted. "I don't care what he's here for. But if he wants to get any benefits from the Martial Tower, he can forget about it without my approval." Gavin immediately put on a flattering smile. "Of course. You're currently in charge of guarding the Martial Tower, Kyrie. Everything has to go through you." Kyrie said indifferently, "If there's nothing else, you can go. Let me give you one final warning: since you've chosen to follow Brett and act like a dog behind the Harding family, you should know your place. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON Find_Novel(.net

---- "When the master is in trouble and you don't step up to help, what's the point of keeping such a dog around? Might as well put it down directly. You should understand this principle, right?" Gavin's face went pale as he quickly nodded to show he understood and hurried away. Disdain flashed through Kyrie's eyes. Gavin was just an insignificant ant that he did not even take seriously. "Go check the surveillance and see

what Andrew's doing in the Martial Tower. Whatever he's doing, lock down all his access privileges completely. I'm going to make sure he wasted his trip coming here.

Does that bastard really think this place is still his playground from ten years ago?" Kyrie bore grudges heavily and gave the order without hesitation. Andrew had no idea that Kyrie still was not letting this go. Then again, even if he knew, he would not care. After all, Kyrie's authority could not control him anyway. He took the elevator straight to the 25th floor, which had once been his limit when he was training in Chetvine ten years ago. The current him had no such limitations. Andrew pulled out a pitch-black token made of some unknown material and swiped it against the scanner nearby.

---- With a beep, a cold electronic voice immediately announced, " Identity confirmed. Welcome, General. You have free access to all floors below the 80th level of the Martial Tower."

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Chapter 2263

---- Chapter 2263 Andrew slipped the token back into his pocket, his expression unchanged, and stepped into the open elevator. At the same time, Kyrie and Luna received an alert. [A high-ranking individual has entered the Martial Tower's administrative zone.] Kyrie immediately frowned. He called over his aide, Noah Talley. "Check who's the big shot who just headed to the administrative area." However, Noah did not move. He hesitated before saying, " General, could it be Andrew?" Kyrie's face shifted, and he quickly denied it. "Impossible. Access to the administrative area requires clearance.

He's nowhere qualified for that." Noah nodded, thinking that made sense. With that, he walked away. Luna just frowned slightly and then ignored it. After all, the Martial Tower had special personnel entering every day. The military was huge, with many generals, and anyone who reached the rank of brigadier general could access the ---- administrative areas. However, the administrative area was not the Martial Tower's core. That only began from the 80th floor onward. Neither Luna nor Kyrie, despite their rank, had the authority to set foot there. For more chapters visit

Their daily duty as major generals was partly to safeguard the tower's most restricted levels, those beyond the 80th floor. Just as Luna was wondering how to have a chat with Andrew, the alert sounded again [A high-ranking individual has entered the Martial Tower's 80th floor. All units take notice.] This time, Luna finally could not stay calm. Kyrie was equally shocked beyond belief. Someone had actually made it to the 80th

floor, a place that required at least a martial emperor rank, or some incredibly powerful big shot to enter.

Even he, as a brigadier general, was not qualified. The big shots he could interact with were few and far between. Some major generals had enough seniority but insufficient combat power, so they could not enter either. Only those at the lieutenant general level could move around freely. ---- However, if it were someone at the lieutenant general level, then accessing anywhere in the Martial Tower would be expected. For instance, someone like Philip, who was a pillar of the military. He could go to any floor of the Martial Tower at will. Kyrie would not find such a person surprising or strange.

What was particularly unusual was that the Martial Tower's core area normally had no visitors at all. Over time, both Kyrie and Luna got used to the fact that most core levels were usually empty. Now that the system suddenly announced that a special personnel had entered, something that rarely happened, both of them could not help but panic a little. Luna immediately contacted Kyrie. "General Harding, did you receive any information on your end?" Kyrie did not dare act carelessly. "I got it.

I think we should go meet this person and verify their identity again." Luna replied coldly, "That's inappropriate, and hugely inappropriate at that. If it's some high-ranking official entering the Martial Tower's core area to conduct business, who are we to demand proof of their identity?" Kyrie winced, realizing how presumptuous he had sounded. Anyone who could access the 80th floor had already been cleared by Martial Tower's systems. ---- What use was a major general's opinion? Luna said, "It's fine. I'll contact General Turman right away and ask for his guidance." Kyrie quickly agreed.

"Yes, he should know who it is and what instructions to give."

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Chapter 2264

---- Chapter 2264 Luna hung up and immediately contacted Philip. She was Philip's prized student, while Kyrie definitely was not. This fact had always made Kyrie envious. In the massive military hierarchy, anyone who could walk the same path as Philip was truly fortunate. Kyrie also wanted to become such a lucky person, but unfortunately, Philip did not think much of his talents. Luna had already gotten through to Philip. "General Turman, this is Luna.

I'm on duty at the Martial Tower today and discovered that some unknown high-ranking official has entered the 80th floor core area, and it looks like they're still going up." She

continued, "General Turman, should we investigate this person's identity more thoroughly?" Philip was currently holding a cup of tea and lounging in the sun on the upper floors of the military headquarters building. Upon hearing this, he replied casually, "Don't worry about anything. Just let them be." Luna was somewhat surprised.

"General Turman, do you happen to know who this person is?" ---- Philip was very direct. "Nope." Luna was shocked. "Even you don't know? Then who could this person be? Could they not be from our military system?" Philip gave a smile that did not reach his eyes. "Of course, they're not from the military system. If it were one of our own people, I'd know exactly who was going up there. But none of that matters. I can roughly guess this guy's identity. "His clearance level isn't much lower than mine, so even if I didn't want him going up there, there's nothing I could do about it.

So it's better to just let it slide and pretend we didn't see anything. That way, both sides won't get annoyed." Luna was absolutely dumbfounded. This person's clearance level was not much lower than Philip's? Who could it be? As far as she knew, there was no one in the military that Philip did not know. Yet from his tone, it seemed like he knew who it was but felt helpless about it. Suddenly, Luna's eyes lit up, and her breathing quickened. "Could it be... someone from that organization?" Philip seemed to chuckle on the other end. "Smart girl. You're ---- quick to pick up.

Fine, I won't play riddles with you. The person who went up is from that organization. As for who, you should already know." Then, all she heard was a beeping sound. Philip had ended the call, but Luna was still holding the phone to her ear, completely frozen in place. It was someone from that mysterious organization, and Philip said she should have guessed who it was. However, there was only one person she could think of. Andrew, who had just gone upstairs! He fit all the conditions as he was indeed someone from that mysterious organization.

The only condition that did not match was his clearance level, which should not have been high enough to reach the core floors. Forget the core floors, Andrew's clearance should barely have been enough to reach the administrative areas, if at all. But now, if he had really made it to the core levels, the 80th floor and above, would that not mean his military rank within that organization was higher than her own? The military was the military, but that mysterious organization was far more special, always existing above the military and independent of any system.

---- With this comparison, Andrew's influence in the military would be terrifyingly powerful Luna shook her head quickly, refusing to let her mind run further down that path. Or rather, she did not want to. If she kept thinking about it, it would shake her resolve. Her inner resolve must be firm. Once it was shaken, it would be the beginning of the end. This chapter is updated by find•novel

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Chapter 2265

---- Chapter 2265 Andrew stopped on the 89th floor of the Martial Tower. It was not that he did not want to continue upward, but someone had directly appeared to intercept him. Looking at the gray-haired old man sitting cross-legged at the entrance, Adriel Baird, Andrew remained calm. He said, "Sir, please step aside. I need to go up and find something." Adriel's voice was raspy as he replied, "May I ask what you're looking for?" Andrew snorted coldly. "The Body's Metamorphosis from Silverthorn Monastery, or maybe the Imperial Court style from Mount Lorneau.

If I can't find those, then I'll settle for a few Heavenly-tier martial arts manuals to play around with." Adriel was silent for a moment, then shook his head. "The Body's Metamorphosis from Silverthorn Monastery and the Imperial Court style from Mount Lorneau? You can forget about those "You're not the only one who wants them. Even our generations of guardians in the military have been desperate for them, and the only way would be to wipe out those ancient sects and take them by force." Andrew frowned.

"Are you telling me that even the 100th floor ---- has no collection of these?" Adriel continued shaking his head. "No. Rest assured, I have no reason to lie to you. Because before you, someone else came looking for these legendary manuals, and I took him up to the 100th floor to see for himself. In the end, he left completely disheartened." Andrew asked, "Who?" Adriel looked up, fixing his gaze on him, and his mouth twitched slightly. "The former candidate for Holtrien's number one martial artist, your father, Reginald Lloyd." Andrew fell into silence.

After a long pause, the icy look on his face faded. He clasped his hands respectfully and said, "Sir, I'll take my leave." Adriel chuckled, his laugh brittle with age. "Good kid. As expected from Reginald's bloodline. Looking at you now, you are in no way inferior to him. With the Lloyd royal family producing both of you, the future will be hard to predict." Andrew was already turning away, his voice faint. "There's nothing hard to predict. My father and I stand tall and proud. We've never betrayed this country or its people.

But for those who fear us, those who don't want us alive, there's only one choice left for us. Kill." ---- Adriel barked out, "Young man, the things you want aren't here, but the military can still offer a few Heavenly-tier manuals. We owe you plenty, so you can pick three to take with you. You can learn them yourself or put them on the market. Either way, the choice is yours." Andrew was already heading downstairs, his tone carrying a trace of disdain. "I did think about taking a few Heavenly-tier manuals to boost my strength. But now, I don't feel like it anymore. For more chapters visit [find◆novel](#)

There's no such thing as the military owing me. I've long since drawn a line with certain people, and from now on, our paths won't cross again." Adriel gave a bitter smile as he

watched Andrew leave. Soon after, a digital projection flickered into view before him. He only glanced at it once before settling back into his silent meditation. The figure on the projection was Philip, his brows furrowed. "Where is he? Why did he just leave?" Adriel kept his eyes shut, refusing to open them. "What he wanted was the same thing Reginald wanted two years ago.

Obviously, it's to break through the last seal in his body. I told him the truth: Martial Tower can't help him." Philip raised a hand to his forehead, looking troubled. "We can't provide what he wants. But couldn't you have at least offered him something else?"

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Chapter 2266

---- Chapter 2266 Philip said, "Either way, giving him some Heavenly-tier martial arts would've been fine. It could've at least boosted his strength." Adriel gave a cold laugh. "Do you think I didn't consider that? At first, he did seem interested, but the moment I offered, he looked at me with disdain and walked away. Philip, that boy's resentment and hatred have not eased one bit." He continued, "You've run the military for 50 years, and your biggest mistake was what happened back then. I don't want to meddle, so you'd better figure out how to make it right with him." Philip snorted. New novel chapters are published on

"You're wrong. My biggest mistake wasn't owing Andrew; it was failing to wipe out those Chetvine clans and a few royals. I should've killed every last one of them. You say I owe him? "Let me tell you, not just me, but you and plenty of others all owe him. You dumped the weight of morality on me while you hid in the shadows, so screw that. Every scar on his heart and body from back then is on all of us, and none of you can shirk that responsibility!" Adriel sank into dead silence, acquiescing to the statement.

Dust floated lazily in the tower's quiet air, drifting in and out of ---- the light, as if time itself had been sealed away here. Philip's projection slowly faded, leaving everything silent again. Only a weary sigh lingered, heavy with age and helplessness. Andrew had come to Martial Tower with one goal: to use high-level techniques to force a breakthrough in his energy core. It was a reckless plan, but he did not care because he had to at least try.

Yet, it seemed Reginald had already thought of this years ago and tried that himself. Since even Reginald had failed, Andrew saw no point in banging his head against the wall. Rumor had it that the top three floors of Martial Tower held treasures so rare they could drive men mad. However, Andrew did not even bother asking, because he

already had his own ultimate treasure, the Elixir of Immortality. That was his final trump card.

He had no idea what would happen if he swallowed it too soon, so unless there was no other choice, he would never touch it. Andrew returned downstairs and walked straight out. But before he could leave, a voice as sharp and cold as ice stopped him. "Andrew, wait a second!" ---- He did not need to turn around to know it was Luna. "General Phelan, do you have something to say?" But still, he turned and looked at her, his face calm and detached. Luna stood ten steps away, staring at him. The light and shadows made his face look hazy, and she wanted to move closer to see him clearly.

Yet, for some reason, she could not take that step. She mumbled, "I'm sorry I stopped you for no real reason. I just wanted to say... thank you." Andrew frowned. "Thank me? I haven't done anything worth your gratitude. On the contrary, you must have heard a few things about me from Conrad, right? Let me give you some advice: stay away from me. "The Chetvine clans are lining up to kill me, and if anyone finds out we knew each other, especially after what happened at Gabo Creek, your career will take a serious hit." Luna's lips trembled, and her voice came out hoarse. "I'm not afraid!

And I don't think anyone has the right to blame you. I already know the truth about what happened with the Iron Cavalry squad back then..."

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Chapter 2267

---- Chapter 2267 Andrew's eyes flashed sharp as a blade, and he gave a cold snort. "The words Iron Cavalry are the ones I hate the most in my entire life. Luna, whatever we have between us, it's not friendship; it's just not completely terrible, that's all. "So don't mistake shallow ties for deep ones. Whatever you want to say, I don't care to know, and if that's all, I'm leaving." Luna stood frozen in place, her expression somewhat disbelieving. She could feel that the person before her was becoming more and more distant and unfamiliar with each step.

Sure enough, that buried past had already formed irreparable wounds in his heart. "Fine, I shouldn't have brought up things from the past, as there's no point, But I still have some questions. Why did you attack low- ranking officers like Brett when you came to the Martial Tower?" Andrew sneered. "What now? You want to stand up for the Harding family? Or is the military planning to step in and accuse me, too?" Luna panicked and quickly shook her head. "That's not it, and I would never side with the

people who are targeting you. I just think you shouldn't have attacked Brett and the others.

---- "Like it or not, they're still part of the Harding family. Hurting them only makes more enemies for you, and it doesn't gain you anything." Andrew's tone was icy. "Forget hurting him. I could have killed him outright. In Martial Tower, strength is the only law, and the Hardings, along with Kyrie, are nothing but trash who can't touch me. And you're wrong. I didn't actually hurt Brett or any of those small fry." Luna's eyes widened. "What do you mean?" Andrew's voice was indifferent. "Go ask the medics.

If spitting a little blood counts as injury, then today's soldiers are worthless, no better than lambs waiting for slaughter. Ten years ago, what Brett went through would've been a daily drill for me." With that, Andrew turned and left without another word. Luna stood rooted to the ground, both angry and hurt. Her face hardened again as she stormed to the infirmary and demanded, "How badly are Brett and the others hurt?" The medic spread his hands. "They're fine. Just coughed up some blood. Whoever hit them had incredible control. He actually cleared out the blockages in their meridians.

On the surface, it looks like they got beaten badly, but in truth, it's going to help them improve in their training. ---- "Those spoiled Chetvine brats got lucky. Back when I was grinding in Martial Tower, I never had that kind of blessing." Luna stood in stunned silence, unable to say a word. So, she had been overthinking everything again. Andrew never meant to cripple anyone. Maybe he did want to put the Hardings in their place, but when it came to military officers, he had not truly gone for blood. On the contrary, he had helped them, forcing their bodies to open up blocked energy paths.

And here she was, stewing over his motives, questioning why he acted the way he did. She silently scolded herself, 'Luna, your heart is already in chaos! You're so unsettled that you can't even see through something this simple. And the more the unease grew inside her, the clearer it became: she was no longer in control of her own emotions. This was the first time in her life she had experienced this. The rightful source is FindN0vel

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Chapter 2268

---- Chapter 2268 When Andrew returned to the shabby little cabin, he noticed a stunning figure beside Natasha, cleaning up the area outside the house. Large and small bags of luggage were scattered around carelessly, not yet dealt with. Aspen had arrived. As soon as she got there, she was full of energy, working alongside Natasha to clean the house. Andrew's mood had been somewhat gloomy since leaving the Martial

Tower, carrying a trace of hostility. However, seeing Aspen's graceful and alluring silhouette from behind, he finally felt like he could breathe easy, his spirits lifting.

"Aspen, why didn't you call me so I could pick you up?" Andrew approached with big strides, smiling. Aspen had an apron tied around her slender waist. Hearing his voice, she turned around, delighted, and sweetly called out, "Honey!" Andrew walked over and helped tidy the strand of hair by her ear. "When did you get here? You're pretty impressive. You managed to find this place on your own." Aspen seemed very excited and said animatedly, "Honey, your ---- family is absolutely famous in Chetvine! At the airport, I just mentioned I was going to the Lloyd family estate.

Then these uniformed people came over and asked me what I was doing going to the Lloyd family estate! "I figured you're super famous since you're the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince. So, I told them I was looking for my husband, Andrew Lloyd! They didn't say another word, invited me into their car, and drove me straight here." Andrew was speechless for a moment. Aspen's move seemed clever, but it also came off as a bit naive "Next time, don't easily trust what strangers tell you. Unless absolutely necessary, don't reveal our relationship to people you don't know.

I'm worried someone might try to harm you. Do you understand?" Hearing Andrew's concern, Aspen felt warmth in her heart and smiled, "Okay, I'll definitely remember next time. I was just so excited about seeing you that I got carried away and didn't think it through!" Andrew patted her cheek, "How are Lauren and Fran, and Chantelle?" Aspen's expression turned strange. "They're good, all doing well. But honey, aren't you forgetting someone? Rowan, our fifth member, your new lady friend!" ---- Andrew froze, then broke out in a cold sweat.

He chuckled awkwardly as he stuttered, "H-How did you find out about that?" Aspen rolled her eyes dramatically. "You left, so of course you don't know what happened on our end. Lauren, Fran, Chantelle, and I are not pushovers. Just seeing how Rowan kept coming around to hang out and casually asking about you, Lauren was the first to smell something fishy. "But we couldn't just speculate too much since that would be rude and might offend her! So we went and invited Madam Sanchez and Mrs. Rhodes over. They're elders and don't beat around the bush! THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY find{n}ovel

Madam Sanchez asked Rowan straight to her face what her relationship with you was!" Hearing this, Andrew felt his head starting to throb. "All that trouble for something so small? If you wanted to know, you could've just asked me." Aspen sneered. "Ask you? Who knows if you'd even admit it. Besides, if we wanted to catch you red-handed, we couldn't exactly ask you first, could we?" Andrew surrendered. "Alright then, after Victoria asked, what did Rowan say?" Aspen's eyes gleamed mischievously. "Rowan said she had no relationship with you, just that she knew you.

Then, she went on ---- and on with some story about how grateful she was that you took in her and Onyx Serpents!" Andrew was stunned, "If that's the case, then how did you all find out about Rowan and me?"

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Chapter 2269

---- Chapter 2269 Aspen let out a giggle. "Well, that's thanks to Mrs. Rhodes. She asked Rowan in that sarcastic way of hers what she thought of you, honey. Rowan didn't even hesitate and went on and on about how great you were. "Then, Mrs. Rhodes suddenly snapped and demanded to know how far you two had gone. She even threatened that if Rowan didn't come clean, Onyx Serpents would lose their place in Gabo Creek." Andrew smiled helplessly. "That approach is definitely something Mrs. Rhodes would pull. I bet Rowan was scared out of her mind, wasn't she?" Aspen covered her mouth, giggling.

"Of course, she was terrified! She was so scared that she showed her true colors and spilled everything about you. She said you two had already slept together. "Lately, Rowan's appetite has increased significantly, and she has had random cravings. There's a good chance she's pregnant. Andrew was truly caught off guard. "Rowan is pregnant?" Aspen's gaze turned resentful. "Who knows what's going on ---- between you two? Anyway, with Rowan's current situation, she's already moved into Serenity Villa.

Madam Delaney is so smug about it, bragging around Blumedale every few days." Andrew became serious. "If she's pregnant, that won't do. I need to bring her to Chetvine. That's what a responsible man would do." Aspen quickly interjected, "Honey, don't go through all that trouble. What would you bring her to Chetvine for? She couldn't possibly live in this rundown shack of yours. Just let her stay at Serenity Villa, and once Rowan gets her health back, we'll see what happens next.

"Fran checked on Rowan and said she's probably not pregnant, but it doesn't matter as we'll know for sure in another two weeks. Andrew smiled. "You're right, I was getting all worked up for nothing!" 2 He never would have imagined that just a few days after leaving Gabo Creek, things would get this crazy. However, it had been a while since that passionate night with Rowan. If she were pregnant, it would not be that surprising after all.

Aspen huffed, "Honey, now that you're back with your family, too, and they're wealthy and powerful, how about I have one for you as well?" ---- Andrew's mouth twitched violently. "Don't mess around. We're still young, what's the rush? Besides, why do you suddenly want to have a baby? That's not like you at all!" Aspen's cheeks turned bright red as she glared at him. "Of course, I'm scared of having children, but I just can't stand

seeing someone else beat me to it. Anyway, I'm already your woman, so I don't care about being shameless anymore!

I've already found out what kind of status the Lloyd family has in Chetvine. "Even if I had 100 kids for you, if you couldn't support them, your family could easily take care of them." Andrew gave her a light smack on the forehead. Aspen instantly teared up and grumbled, "Why are you hitting me? Is this how you treat your wife as soon as you get home?" Andrew's face darkened. "Don't go around spreading nonsense. I'd never hit my wife. I just wanted to knock some sense into you so you'd stop daydreaming." Aspen's smile returned, soft and playful. "Fine, but I'm still not losing out.

At least Lauren, Fran, and Chantelle don't get the same chances I do. I'm the one who's always by your side. I get to be with you all the time. I can learn from experience anytime." Andrew wanted to ask her what type of "experience" she meant. ---- And just like that, Aspen, his little servant, settled down to live in the small, rundown shack!

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Chapter 2270

---- Chapter 2270 When Sheena came over to visit that night, she was completely stunned. "Andrew, really? Two women in your arms? You're that bold?" Andrew slammed the door shut and locked it. "Move along, Sheena. This is a man's business, and women shouldn't be snooping around." Sheena appeared behind the rundown shack, her big eyes peering through a hole in the wall, getting a full view of everything inside. She watched with great interest, saying, "Andrew, you've really stepped up your game!

"The men in our family, even Uncle Reginald, weren't as impressive as you!" She continued, "Uncle Reginald was legendary back in the day, but you? Bringing two women home, training them this well, and being so blatant about it? That's unheard of. Honestly, as your senior, I almost admire you." Natasha and Aspen turned scarlet, burying themselves under the blanket and shoving at Andrew to make him send Sheena away. Andrew grew irritated. "Sheena, enough already. Go get some rest, I need to sleep too.

If you keep this up, I'll go to your ---- grandpa tomorrow and demand he rein you in." Sheena smirked, then shrugged. "Fine, I'm leaving. But hey, the night's short, enjoy it while you can. Don't worry, I already ordered everyone to stay clear of this dump, so no one will disturb you. Whatever games you three want to play, it stays between you." The

outside went quiet as Sheena finally left. Andrew cursed under his breath. "Crazy woman." Aspen poked her head out from under the blanket. "Honey, that's your relative, right?"

She kinda bullies people, doesn't she?" Natasha followed, her face still flushed. "Not just bullying, she's practically tormenting. It's the first time I've ever seen anyone dare talk to Andrew like that." Andrew gave a wry smile. "Forget it, she's still my senior. Her mouth is sharp and she acts heartless, but when it comes to me, she's solid." Aspen flopped back down, staring at the wooden beams overhead. "Honey, you really are something. Even Natasha couldn't escape you. Big hips, big chest, and she's so tight... You must've enjoyed that a lot, huh?" Andrew rubbed his temples. Find the newest release on find**novel

He silently grumbled, 'Just great... I just kicked Sheena out, and now Aspen is putting me on trial.' ---- He knew the issue with Natasha was bound to explode sooner or later. Andrew sighed, finally deciding to come clean. However, Natasha spoke up first. "Aspen, it was me who seduced him. You all knew I've had feelings for him, and I'll take whatever blame or scolding comes my way." Aspen snorted. "Natasha, don't insult me. If you got close to Andrew, that's your skill. Besides, you two were always one step away from this anyway. Back in Jayrodale, I already saw the way you looked at him.

Honestly, I just got lucky beating you to it. You two are finally getting together? I'd only bless it, not hate you for it." Natasha let out a long breath of relief, her face softening with ease. Aspen then leaned in, biting Andrew's ear. "Honey, pay up. I haven't had my share in days." Andrew answered with mock seriousness. "Then why don't the two of you come together? I hate trouble, and solving it all at once is best." The cabin might have been shabby, but that night, it was filled with wild passion.

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Chapter 2271

---- Chapter 2271 Sheena ran through the night, her face flushed red as she muttered curses. She was nowhere as open-minded as she pretended to be. She was completely stunned when she saw that Andrew had brought home two girlfriends, and all three of them were sharing the same bed. Was this even allowed? She thought the junior of hers, who had been competing and fighting with her since birth, was really something else. At least in this department, Sheena had to admit she was completely outmatched.

"Grandpa, you're still awake, right?" She arrived at the central area of the Lloyd family estate. Without bothering to knock, she pushed open the door to one of the modest

houses. This was the residence of Donovan, the current head of the Lloyd family and one of Holtrien's five most powerful leaders. The place was plain and unremarkable, no different from a country farmer's house. Donovan was already preparing for bed when Sheena barged in, ---- making him frown with disapproval. He scolded, "Sheena, you're getting more and more out of line!

You're old enough to get married, yet you're still so reckless." Sheena did not care at all and waved him off dismissively. "Grandpa, don't give me that act when there's nobody else around to see it. I'm here to tell you about Andrew! He brought home another girlfriend!" Donovan frowned in confusion. "Another girlfriend? What do you mean? I already met that woman he brought home before. Sure, she's ordinary, but she's fiery, with wide hips.

She looked like she could give our family plenty of children, so that was good enough." Sheena quickly clarified, "That was before, but I'm talking about tonight! He just brought home a new one who's drop-dead gorgeous, a real temptress. Grandpa, you don't know the half of it. Right now, Andrew's got both of them in bed with him!" Donovan looked genuinely surprised. "What did you say? He brought home another girlfriend?" Sheena nodded eagerly, confirming that was exactly what she meant. Donovan's face darkened with anger.

"That's absolutely outrageous!" ---- Sheena grinned maliciously, thinking she had him on her side. "Grandpa, should we go over there right now and catch them in the act? Andrew's not focusing on training or improving his martial arts. Instead, he's wasting time fooling around with women. I think it's completely unacceptable!" Donovan looked at her calmly. "You've got it all wrong. When I said he was outrageous, I meant he's not bringing home enough girlfriends!" Not enough? Sheena suddenly wondered if there was something wrong with her hearing.

However, with her martial arts at this level, she could pick up a cricket chirping from 100 yards away. Donovan was standing right in front of her, and there was no way she could have misheard. Donovan suddenly broke into a wide grin. "That boy is just like his father! Too bad Reginald was all talk and no action when it came to women. UPDATE FROM find——novel

He had all those female admirers, but in the end, he only gave the Lloyd family one son, Andrew." He grumbled, "Damn it, if Reginald had fathered 100 sons back then, the Lloyd family would rule all of Chetvine and be unbeatable!" Sheena waved her hands frantically in protest. "Grandpa, what ---- are you even talking about? Andrew's playing the field with two women, and you're not going to punish him? How is this manly behavior?" Donovan waved her off and started shooing her away. "Go on, get out of here. I need to sleep.

I thought this was going to be something serious, but it turns out the boy's just expanding our family line. "I couldn't be happier about this kind of thing, so why would I punish him? I just hope he brings home a few more ladies. When the time comes, I'll

personally officiate their weddings myself. "As long as they're willing to marry in, I'll give each woman 100 million dollars to help their families rise to power. And if any of them can give the Lloyd family children, I'll grant them whatever they want.

Even if they ask for the moon, I'll find a way to get it for them!" Watching Donovan's enthusiastic display, Sheena stood there dumbfounded like a deer in headlights. "You crazy old man, you're just as bad as they are! Go wash up and get some sleep You're no better than the rest of them!" Sheena started cursing and bolted out the door before Donovan could cause her any trouble. This family was getting more ridiculous by the day. ---- The biggest troublemakers were definitely Andrew and Reginald. Those two were the real oddballs of the Lloyd family! The next day, Andrew was up early.

Aspen and Natasha got up with him since they had to join the Lloyd family's morning training. Anyone living within the Lloyd family estate had to follow this ironclad rule.

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Chapter 2272

---- Chapter 2272 Anyone who dared skip training would get no sympathy from Andrew. They had to participate no matter what. Aspen did not mind this at all since she was already used to Andrew's training regimen back in Gabo Creek. Standing in front of the run-down cabin, Andrew performed a set of basic military- style combat moves.

"That's strange." Andrew finished his form and drew his hands back to his core, frowning in concentration After Aspen arrived in Chetvine and they had spent the night intimately together, something odd had happened: The third seal had not loosened, but there was definitely a subtle change. Andrew knew this feeling all too well because it was the same sensation he got whenever he tried to force his way through the third seal with his energy. In other words, his union with Aspen had somehow affected the final seal within his body.

The change was incredibly minor, almost negligible, but it was enough to make him feel like he had grasped something important. However, when Andrew tried to focus on that feeling, he could not quite capture it. The harder he tried, the more it slipped away ---- like water through his fingers. So, Andrew forced himself to relax. He remembered that when he was breaking through the second seal, his group of female companions had played a crucial role. That was why he had consulted Victoria about the situation, trying to understand what was happening.

Victoria could not explain it either, but she was certain this was not some form of dual cultivation or energy absorption technique. If it were absorption, he would be forcibly draining them, leaving Aspen and the others weakened. They might even be completely drained, their martial arts regressing, and their youth fading away. Yet, none of these terrible effects ever occurred. Instead, both Andrew and his female companions woke up the next day feeling energized and refreshed. It seemed like their intimate fusion actually benefited both parties involved. 'This won't do...

I have to figure this out! This might be the key to breaking through my final seal.' Andrew clenched his fists, his resolve growing stronger. Victoria had once advised him to seek out the Eastern Wanderer. This man ranked third on the Titan List and commanded respect throughout the land. ---- The Eastern Wanderer had mastered martial arts through ancient Torasesy philosophy and was undefeated in combat across the world. Perhaps he could provide answers about what was happening in Andrew's body. Then, Andrew might finally find the clue to breaking through the third seal.

He made his way to the inner courtyard of the Lloyd family estate and found Sheena directly. "Sheena, I need to ask you for a favor." Sheena was holding a leather whip, instructing the Lloyd family disciples in their training. Aspen and Natasha were among them, sweating profusely from the intense workout. "What is it? Just tell me," Sheena replied without making things difficult for him. Andrew got straight to the point. Andrew asked, "You know about the Eastern Wanderer, right?" Sheena's whip paused mid-motion as she looked at him with surprise, "The Eastern Wanderer?

Why are you asking about him? Andrew's expression grew serious. "It's for something very important. You're more familiar with the people on Holtrien's Titan List than I am. Can you tell me where to find him?" ---- Sheena smirked. "Are you sure you want to find the Eastern Wanderer? You know he's called a wanderer for a reason... His whereabouts are completely unpredictable, and nobody knows where he is at any given time. But I do know his true identity, and he's a very cunning old fox." Andrew smiled back at her. "Knowing his identity works too.

I can follow the trail from there." Sheena spoke directly without beating around the bush. "The Eastern Wanderer is the ancestor of the Reyes family. This immortal old bastard ranks third on the Titan List. According to legend, the Eastern Wanderer and the female leader of the Umbral Peak Sect are siblings. "But in reality, the female demon who leads the Umbral Peak Sect is actually the Eastern Wanderer's woman. Even many people in Chetvine's government departments don't know these details. The source of this content is find📖novel

Only our family has access to this accurate information." Andrew was genuinely shocked by this revelation. Just recently, Amari had shared some intel with him about the Chetvine Grand Auction House controlled by the Reyes family. Apparently, the head manager there knew the identity of whoever had placed the seals on Andrew. Now, Sheena had confirmed that the Reyes family's founder, as well as the man tied to the Umbral Peak Sect's leader, was none ---- other than the Eastern Wanderer himself.

Which could only mean one thing: the Eastern Wanderer was deeply connected to the seals on his energy core. And here he was, already planning to seek him out. Andrew's eyes narrowed dangerously as a chill ran through him. Behind all of this, he could smell the traces of an extraordinary conspiracy.

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- Chapter 2273

Chapter 2273

---- Chapter 2273 Sheena noticed Andrew zoning out and could not help reminding him, "Andrew, let me give you some advice: until you reach martial emperor level, don't mess with the Reyes family!" Andrew chuckled. "Relax, I was just looking for something to do anyway." Sheena pouted. "Don't brush it off. The Reyes family isn't like the Cunningham family, who at least play by the rules. Behind the Reyes family stands the Umbral Peak Sect, and if you cross them, they won't care who you are. They'll come at you to kill." Andrew shrugged. "So what?

If I can't beat them, I can still outrun them." "That's all the ambition you've got? You're really an embarrassment! Fine, but since I'm starting to like you more and more, if you really do something stupid and run into trouble, just let me know. I'll step in and help you play with the Reyes family myself." Andrew shook his head with a smile. "I appreciate the thought, but you shouldn't take on this kind of karma. Focus on your training. You're our family's strongest warrior of the future.

You'll be the female martial god one day." ---- Suddenly, Sheena's expression turned ice-cold as she glared at him viciously. "Don't you dare mention those three words 'female martial god' to me! Just hearing that phrase pisses me off. Andrew, get out of here and stop interrupting my training session with these idiots." Andrew shrugged and turned to leave. That was just Sheena's personality; nobody ever knew when she would have one of her episodes. As she watched Andrew's retreating figure, Sheena gritted her teeth and snapped the leather whip in her hands. She muttered, " Bastard!

You think after learning that only one of us can reach the martial god level, I'd be that selfish? We're both Lloyd family children, and you've given me so much over the years. Andrew, this time I absolutely won't owe you anything." Donovan had already told Sheena the real reason Andrew was sent away to join the military years ago. It was to give up the Lloyd family's limited martial destiny, allowing it to flow entirely to Sheena, Otherwise, she would never have had the chance to achieve her current level of strength. It was either Andrew or Sheena. It was that simple, and that absolute.

For Sheena, that certainty was cruel. She had pushed herself ---- relentlessly for nearly 30 years, half her life. And while she looked glorious on the surface, Andrew had borne the hidden burden Every time she thought of this, she felt like a madwoman, her eyes stinging with tears. She wanted to cry and hated him for making her feel that way. 'Damn it, Andrew! What's wrong with you?" She let out a few silent screams inside, then turned her frustration on the Lloyd family disciples.

She stormed forward, whipping them mercilessly under the excuse of "body training." Meanwhile, Andrew did not linger in the family compound. He went straight toward the grand auction house controlled by the Reyes family. A direct confrontation probably would not work, as the Reyes family could simply deny knowing anything, leaving Andrew with no follow-up moves. Against ordinary powers like second-tier families or gangs, Andrew could steamroll right through them. However, the Reyes family was one of Chetvine's top-tier powerhouses.

They had martial emperors stationed within their ranks, plus the entire clan had infiltrated key government departments like the military. ---- Storming their front door was not realistic at the moment. Plus, it would cause serious chaos and upheaval. Nonetheless, Andrew did not overthink it. Going there to test the waters first would not hurt.

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Chapter 2274

---- Chapter 2274 Just then, Andrew received a call from Amari. "Andrew, come to Sovereign's Apothecary immediately. There's news about what you're looking for!" Andrew's heart stirred, and he immediately headed toward Sovereign's Apothecary. By sheer coincidence, he ran into Mikayla again. "Don't tell me you still haven't given up and want to see Madam Baxter?" There was a hint of subtle mockery in Mikayla's expression. She felt that Andrew's behavior was really degrading. However, Andrew ignored her and smiled at someone nearby. "Where's Conrad been these days?"

"I haven't seen him around." Isabelle had a lollipop in her mouth and grinned sweetly when she heard him. "Andrew, are you worried about him? Well, he wants to fight you to the death, right? He's already gone north to the frozen wasteland to train. He's just waiting for the right time to come find you!" Andrew nodded and smiled back. "Well, tell him not to waste his effort when you see him. I don't want to beat him until he's crying and screaming!" ---- Isabelle giggled with delight. "Sure thing! I'll tell him to get his coffin ready first." Andrew was immediately speechless at her response.

Mikayla's face darkened considerably. The little brat never thought before speaking; she was so blunt and direct! To actually curse her senior like that? She really had some nerve. Mikayla spoke up again at this point, "Andrew, I told you last time that you'll never be able to see Madam Baxter. You're here at Sovereign's Apothecary because you want high-grade elixirs, right? For old times' sake, I can help you purchase some at internal prices through our channels." Andrew smiled slightly.

"Thanks, but I don't need what you're offering!" Then, he walked straight through the main entrance of Sovereign's Apothecary. Mikayla's expression grew dark as she gritted

her teeth. "He's always overestimating himself and still not knowing his place! If Madam Baxter actually gives him a second glance, I'll eat my hat!" ---- Isabelle puffed out her cheeks. "Mikayla, that's a bit much. Why do you sound like you have some weird grudge against Andrew? Didn't you say things between you two were already over?

If that's the case, then what happens to him has nothing to do with you." Mikayla sneered. "Easy for you to say. Since we're on the subject, why did your attitude toward Andrew change so much after you fought him last time?" Isabelle blinked with her usual innocence. "Did it? I didn't even notice. I just think Andrew's actually kind of nice. Look at him, always smiling at people and never stooping to argue with us. Just for that calmness alone, as my dad would put it, that's enough to call someone a hero." Mikayla smirked in open disdain. "A hero? Belle, you're too naive, too sheltered.

There are no heroes in this world, only winners. And even if heroes did exist, he's not one of them. Remember, he's no longer the Dragon Prince of the Lloyd family from ten years ago. That halo of his has long since been stripped away, leaving only mediocrity and ordinariness behind." Isabelle shrugged. "I'm not interested in all that. Oh, by the way, Mikayla, I heard Kyrie and Brett just got schooled by Andrew. Brett was beaten until he was coughing up blood. Kyrie showed up and even exchanged a move with Andrew, but that ended with nothing too. This update is available on find[N]ovel

Honestly, the Harding family really is pathetic."

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Chapter 2275

---- Chapter 2275 Isabelle said, "Andrew is nothing like you said, Mikayla. He hasn't turned mediocre or ordinary at all. Honestly, he seems fearless, like he's ready to take on the whole world!" "Belle, that's enough! From now on, I don't want to hear Andrew's name constantly coming out of your mouth. You understand? Thinking this way about him is wrong." Isabelle just mumbled, "Oh," and stared off in one direction, lost in thought. Was she really the one being foolish? Maybe she was the only sober one while everyone else was drunk on their delusions.

She thought poor Mikayla could not keep her composure the moment Andrew returned, acting like a cat on a hot tin roof. Little did she know that the more stable someone's core was, the less they would be swayed by external factors. It was such a simple truth, yet Mikayla did not understand it. It was such a shame. Meanwhile, Andrew went straight to find Amari "Let's go see Madam Baxter!" Amari was enthusiastic and ----

walked ahead with a smile. Soon, the two arrived at Brielle's pavilion. "Regarding those three items you want, I now have a lead on one of them.

Even though I promised to find them for you, I need to be clear about something upfront. If you leave it all to me, who knows how many years it'll take to get them." Andrew sighed helplessly. "Madam, you really can't spare even a drop of blood? With your status, would it hurt that much to bleed a little more?" Brielle's face turned red as she retorted sharply. "You brat, stop trying to take advantage of me with your words! I've got plenty of blood. Do you want my period blood? If you do, I'll save it for you every month!" Andrew instantly threw his hands up in surrender.

"Madam, you've got me wrong! Why on earth would I want that? I'm serious here... What exactly do you mean?" Brielle huffed. "Fine, I'll spell it out. The one with a lead this time is the Blackstar Crystal. Sovereign's Apothecary is good at making medicine, but we're not assassins or thieves. Right now, the Blackstar Crystal is in the hands of the heir to Sorya's Tristars Group. As it happens, the playboy prince who's famous worldwide for his affairs is right here in Chetvine.

"From what I can see, he's here for some major negotiation ---- project with several of Chetvine's top families, scheduled for a week. So you might have a chance to make your move. Of course, my people won't be idle either. "We'll also look for opportunities to strike and see if we can get our hands on the Blackstar Crystal. If we can't, then who knows. when it'll surface again." Andrew immediately replied, "No problem, I'll handle it. What's Tristars Group's heir called again?" Brielle smiled slightly. "Ezekiel Beckett, the most notorious playboy of Sorya's Beckett family. The rightful source is

I heard that he is interested in dating some heiress from one of Chetvine's major families. This has probably made countless people jealous." Andrew nodded. "Tristars Group from Sorya is indeed a world- class powerhouse. I have to acknowledge their prowess. But I've tun into Ezekiel several times abroad before, and he's no good This is perfect. I won't feel guilty taking him down." Brielle laughed softly. "What's there to hesitate about when it comes to a Soryan like him? You think sparing him will make him grateful? Their country's been provoking us nonstop anyway.

With clashing interests and different allegiances, teaching him a lesson doesn't need any justification at all."

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Chapter 2276

---- Chapter 2276 The greatest power of the Blackstar Crystal lay in its ability to expand the meridians. In the eyes of martial artists, its value was like the Bentley to the car enthusiasts, luxurious and priceless. However, not everyone could handle it. If used incorrectly, it could cause one's meridians to explode. Andrew did not have such concerns about himself. When it came to physical durability, he felt he was probably one of the toughest men in the world. Yes, he was rock-hard in every possible way.

Since Andrew already knew the Blackstar Crystal was in Ezekiel's possession, Andrew would temporarily put aside his plans for the Reyes family's grand auction house. He could investigate those leads later. "Andrew, you need to be careful. Ezekiel has experts traveling with him," Amari warned as they left Brielle's pavilion. Andrew smiled reassuringly. "Don't worry. I know what I'm doing." Amari grumbled, "Brielle is really something else. She originally promised to get you the Blackstar Crystal, but now she's making you figure it out yourself."

In that case, I think you should just ---- delay making that ninth-grade Soul-Restoring Pill you promised her... Keep her hanging for a while." Andrew shook his head. "That's not necessary. I've dealt with her for ten years, along with my father before me. She's trustworthy." Amari rubbed his hands together eagerly. "So when are you going to make the Soul-Restoring Pill? I'd love to watch from the sidelines and learn something." Andrew nodded in agreement. "After I deal with Ezekiel, I'll get started on it. But I don't have the materials for the Soul-Restoring Pill right now. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY

You'll need to help me get them." Amari pondered for a moment. "No problem. Sovereign's Apothecary's warehouse has countless high-quality materials, and I can get them for you. With my current status at Sovereign's Apothecary, this little favor shouldn't be an issue." Andrew chuckled, "Amari, you're really thriving these days! Not bad! You've even learned to line your own pockets and live the good life." Amari looked smug. "Of course! At my age, I haven't been wasting my time. Oh, by the way, one of my students wants to meet you."

Would it be convenient for you to go see her?" Andrew asked curiously. "I didn't know you were taking students now. ---- Amari smiled. "It's not exactly a mentor-student relationship, but she has pretty good talent for pill-making. She's caught up to about 1% of your ability, so I figured she's a promising prospect worth cultivating. Plus, her family's influence in Chetvine is growing stronger. She might be able to help us out in the future." Andrew's eyes showed approval. "Amari, it looks like these years haven't just been about drinking and refining pills."

You've grown a lot in dealing with people. You used to be stubborn and shut away from the world, but now you're much wiser. Seeing this makes me happy. I'm sure our missing mentor would be proud, too." Amari pouted. "Don't act all wise and elderly, okay? I'm over 70, and you're not even 30 yet. He was really unfair, making a young punk like you my senior." Andrew laughed heartily. "You don't like it? It's fine. You can be my senior if you want to." Amari quickly refused with an awkward laugh. "Forget it. I'm not worthy of that position. I'm just complaining for the sake of it."

The most capable should lead, and in terms of strength, I'm nowhere near your level. Having you as my senior means I've got strong backing. It makes my life easier." Andrew cut him off. "Enough with the chatter. What's your student's name? Since it's for you, I'll go meet her."

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Chapter 2277

---- Chapter 2277 Amari stroked his beard and said, "You know her. She's Mikayla Owens, the Owens family's princess in Chetvine." Andrew froze mid-step. Then, he shook his head again. "So it's her? Forget it. Mikayla today isn't the same Mikayla from ten years ago. She's changed, and she doesn't see me as a senior with any authority anymore. "Whether she does it on purpose or not, she's always looking to challenge me. I have no interest in humiliating her in person, but I also have no interest in meeting her." Amari was surprised. "Oh? So that's how it is. Well, I know your temper.

If you don't want to see her, then don't. The Owens family is indeed gaining power in Chetvine, and Mikayla is in the spotlight. "Some powerful families are already eyeing her as a potential daughter-in-law. However, that girl is blind to true fortune. With your brilliance right in front of her, her arrogance is nothing but laughable." Andrew waved his hand as he left. "That's enough. I'm heading out." Amari hurried after him. "Let me walk you out." ---- Once Andrew was gone, Amari's expression turned cold as he returned to the Sovereign's Apothecary.

He muttered, "So that brat has fallen out with Andrew, huh? In that case, why should I waste my breath teaching her alchemy? The Owens family may act untouchable in Chetvine, but I'll be damned if I don't put her in her place." Although Amari and Andrew had a big age gap and different standings, his respect for Andrew was genuine. Their years studying under the God of Medicine made Amari, stubborn as he was, deeply admire Andrew as his senior. Although Andrew had just brushed it off earlier without badmouthing Mikayla, Amari was already seething with rage.

What did this little princess think she was? Did she really think that just because the Owens family had some influence in Chetvine now, she could act all high and mighty? Amari remembered what Mikayla was like back then. She practically threw herself at Andrew every chance she got. The angrier he got, the heavier Amari's footsteps became as he stormed back into Sovereign's Apothecary with a dark expression. ---- "Mr. Goodman!" The junior alchemists, students, and staff members at Sovereign's Apothecary all greeted him as he passed.

Amari said nothing, but some of the more perceptive students clearly felt the storm brewing on his face. Coming toward him were Mikayla and her loyal lapdog, Caden. "Mr. Goodman, what's wrong? Why do you look so upset?" Mikayla put on an affectionate act, stepping forward to grab Amari's sleeve. At the same time, she smiled sweetly. "Mr. Goodman, I brought you some wine. I treat you well, right? You can drink the wine, but you have to introduce me to your senior!" This was where Mikayla was truly dangerous.

In front of powerful elders, she put on this harmless, sweet, and charming act that was very endearing. At first, Amari had genuinely valued Mikayla quite a bit. Caden handed over a jug of wine with a smile. "Mr. Goodman, this is what Mikayla brought for you. Go ahead and smell it. But you can't drink it here, or Madam Baxter will punish us again if she sees it." ---- Amari took the jug. Then, with a loud crash, he smashed it on the ground without saying a word. "Who told you to bring alcohol in here, huh? This kind of thing had better not happen again. And you, Mikayla... Updates are released by

This is a public place. What's with all the touchy-feely stuff? Let go of my arm!" His series of angry shouts left Mikayla completely stunned. Caden's face turned pale with terror as he frantically apologized.

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Chapter 2278

---- Chapter 2278 Amari stared at Mikayla and sneered. "Well, well, looks like you've got some skills after all." Mikayla's face went pale, and she looked lost. "Mr. Goodman, what did I do wrong? Please, just tell me straight." Her eyes welled with tears, making her look pitiful. Amari's voice was cold. "From now on, you are no longer my student. I don't take on ungrateful students who don't know what's good for them." Mikayla's heart trembled. She had no idea what she had done to offend him.

However, if Amari, an eighth-grade master alchemist, refused to support her, her future in the Sovereign's Apothecary would be finished. She quickly bowed her head. "Mr. Goodman, I was wrong. I deserve to be punished. Please calm down. Whatever punishment you decide to dish out, I will accept it." Amari narrowed his eyes, his disgust growing. In the past, he might have thought she was a likable student who would admit fault even without knowing what she did wrong. That seemed admirable then, but now he only felt coldness and disgust. He finally realized that she was far too calculating.

If she was ---- this good at playing the innocent, then it meant she had been manipulating people all along. Amari said coldly, "Ms. Owens, bottom line, a pampered

star like you isn't someone I can or will teach. You always wanted to meet my senior brother, didn't you? Well, you already did, but apparently, you looked down on him. If you look down on him, then you look down on me, too. So from now on, stay out of my classes." With a cold snort, Amari turned and stormed away. Mikayla broke down, bursting into tears as she ran after him. Caden clenched his fists, too scared to speak up.

He thought Amari was going too far, making such a beautiful and talented student cry. How could the old man be so cruel? Inside, he cursed Amari as an ungrateful old bastard, but he still rushed after Mikayla. Just then, Brielle appeared. "Mikayla, stop crying. Whatever the issue is, I'll handle it." Mikayla, still in tears, sobbed, "Madam, I was wrong. No matter what it was, I was wrong. Please don't let Mr. Goodman abandon me." A flicker of doubt crossed Brielle's eyes, but she nodded. "Don't worry. Amari's temper is eccentric. I'll see what set him off.

As ---- long as you didn't actually do anything wrong, he has no right to blame you." Mikayla wiped her tears and walked off, as if looking for somewhere private to cry. In reality, she stormed out of the Apothecary, yanked open her car door, and her expression immediately turned cold. Isabelle, who was always with her, looked up in surprise. "Mikayla, why were you crying?" Mikayla pulled out a mirror, touched up her makeup, and said flatly, "Acting." In just a few strokes, her face returned to flawless perfection, once again the dazzling beauty who captivated half of Chetvine's young men.

Isabelle gave her a strange look. "Mikayla, did someone bully you?" Mikayla snorted. "Bully me? Please. That old man Amari doesn't have what it takes. I just don't know what got into him, suddenly 'turning on me like that. His attitude changed a full 180. I can't let this slide. I need to figure out what's behind it. If I don't, then my chances of advancing as an alchemist in the Sovereign's Apothecary will be ruined without a mentor to guide me." Isabelle suddenly said, "I saw Andrew leaving earlier. Could it be - --- because of him?" Mikayla shook her head dismissively. "Him?

Don't make me laugh. You're saying as if he has the power to crush me from behind the scenes. Still, it is strange... Amari's anger seemed tied to his senior. But I've never even met him." She frowned deeply, lost in thought. Meanwhile, Brielle had tracked Amari down. "What's going on? Why are you suddenly clashing with a low-ranking student like Mikayla?" Amari huffed, his face still dark. "Nothing, I just realized that the Owens bloodline doesn't seem all that great after all." Brielle's eyes lit with sharp understanding, and she smiled knowingly. "So, this has to do with Andrew.

You remember how you promised Mikayla you'd introduce her to him? I warned you not to make promises like that because it only makes trouble for your senior. "The Owens family is only rising in Chetvine because of the power struggles there. They're being propped up, so they look strong, but it's not because of their own merit. Mikayla just got swept up in it and started thinking she's actually that talented. In the end, she's just

another poor soul blinded by fame and vanity." ---- Her tone grew colder. "But don't underestimate her.

She's a schemer, and as another woman, I can see right through her. It's better if you distance yourself anyway. It keeps her from dragging Andrew down. He's the one I care about. As for you, Amari, you lack restraint. Your mouth runs before your brain, and now you've learned your lesson." Amari hung his head, took a gulp of liquor, and suddenly his eyes turned red. "I just can't stand anyone looking down on Andrew. What has he ever done to deserve it? He doesn't owe anyone anything. Get full chapters from find~novel~net

The powerful clans want him dead, his own Lloyd royal family won't even acknowledge him, and the military erased all of his past contributions like they never happened. "I can't change those things because I don't have the influence. But Mikayla? That brat? She dares to disrespect him? Forget it. From now on, I won't give the Owens family any more respect. That little brat is dead to me. She's not qualified to play mind games with me." Brielle sighed. "Calm down. Just don't mentor Mikayla anymore from now on. Focus on your alchemy and help Andrew out.

You're getting old, and the grudges he's caught up in aren't something you can get involved with. As long as you're okay, that's one less thing for him to worry about."

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Chapter 2279

---- Chapter 2279 At 6 p.m., night had already fallen. Andrew drove his beat-up secondhand car with Aspen in the passenger seat, dressed in an evening gown with flawless makeup, as they headed for the Chetvine Grand Hall. Tonight, Ezekiel was hosting a banquet there for Chetvine's high society. Aspen laughed and asked, "Honey, how are we going to sneak in later? Chetvine's dinner parties are world-class events. We don't have invitations, so crashing the party doesn't seem right." Andrew was completely nonchalant about it. "Crashing parties is standard. What's wrong with that?

We'll play it by ear when we get there. If we don't have invitations, then we'll just get ourselves a couple." Aspen made agreeable sounds and nodded excitedly. "Okay. Just thinking about meeting all those important people later makes this trip worthwhile." Andrew completely understood her feelings. Aspen came from a good background. She was the daughter of a prominent family from Bridgefields. If she had lived her whole life following the typical path and inheriting the family business, ---- she definitely would not have lacked for fine food, clothing, or a luxurious lifestyle.

However, she had become Andrew's woman, and he had brought her to Chetvine. As the capital of Holtrien, Chetvine was where all the major power players and influential figures gathered. Only now was Aspen truly getting her eyes opened to this world. This naturally gave her that mix of excitement and nervousness that comes from being a small-town girl entering the big city. However, after Andrew dressed her up, her look was undeniable. With bright red lipstick and a wine-colored gown that trailed the floor, her curves stood out perfectly.

At her waist, she tapered down to an impossibly slender silhouette that could make anyone dizzy with desire. Combined with her long legs beneath her perfectly curved hips, every step she took revealed tantalizing glimpses of allure. "Aspen, with your current look and poise, people would believe you were born into a powerful family." This was Andrew's assessment, which made Aspen giggle foolishly for quite a while. Natasha had not come with them, even though Andrew originally wanted to bring her.

She had been considerate enough to say ---- that since he had business tonight, she did not want to be a burden. That curvy and caring woman often understood too much, which made him feel guilty toward her. Andrew's shabby little car pulled into a spot ahead of a sleek Audi with dual country plates. The Audi's window rolled down to reveal an angry foreigner glaring at him. Andrew got out, locked his car, and straightened his suit. Then, he took Aspen's gloved hand and smiled at the foreigner, saying, "Sorry!" The foreigner raised his middle finger, flipping him off.

Andrew did not care at all and simply walked toward the packed Grand Hall with Aspen, who burst out laughing at the exchange. Hundreds of reporters with all kinds of cameras and equipment had surrounded the Grand Hall's entrance so tightly that not even a fly could slip through. Kyrie, a major general in the military, was responsible for maintaining order. He was currently dressed in a full military uniform with his cap on, looking quite impressive. Facing the reporters, he raised his hand and coughed twice to clear his throat.

"Fellow members of the press, tonight we have foreign guests arriving at the Grand Hall. I understand your ---- feelings. You all want to see them and get interviews. But the timing isn't right yet, and as hosts, we should give our guests the time and freedom they deserve, don't you think?" This chapter is updated by find•novel

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Chapter 2280

---- Chapter 2280 Kyrie, being a proud son of the Harding family, had been trained from childhood to handle words with polish. Yet, all that effort was instantly undercut by a man in flip-flops and baggy shorts who suddenly shouted. "To hell with those Soryans thinking they can strut around here. When they come to Holtrien, they'd better keep a low profile, or we'll have to deal with them." "Yeah, tell those Sorya punks to tone it down!" "General, we only have one question! We want to ask Mr.

Beckett and those Soryans whether they want their face or their asses beaten!" The waves of mockery made Kyrie's expression very awkward. He did not like the Sorya people either, but there was no choice since they were VIP guests here for business cooperation. So, Kyrie turned around and had his aide arrange for people to maintain order at the entrance. Then, he himself slipped away. Regardless of whether Kyrie liked them or not, Ezekiel was genuinely a tough player.

Kyrie also wanted to get acquainted with him, because if the Harding family could connect with Sorya's Tristars Group, the benefits would be huge. ---- In the crowd, Andrew let out a cold chuckle. Aspen tilted her head and asked curiously, "Honey, what's so funny?" Andrew said calmly, "Nothing much. It just shows how even ordinary folks understand honor and national pride, yet some people at the top have none. Everyone here is eager to take advantage of Sorya's Tristars Group, but they forget that those people aren't fools. Check latest chapters at

You want their money and technology, but what they really want is your life." Aspen nodded, her voice soft. "Honey, I don't like the Sorya crowd either. But we still need to get that Blackstar Crystal from them, so let's just head inside." Andrew smiled and extended his hand. "Let's go. The invitations are already in hand." Aspen took one look at the ticket, and her eyes went wide. "Mr. Royce Vargas? Honey, isn't this someone else's invitation? How did you even get this?" Andrew laughed easily. "Remember the guy in the bulletproof Audi earlier?

Royce Vargas was the VIP sitting in the back seat. When we walked through the crowd, I brushed past him, and the invitation slipped right into my hand. Simple as that." Aspen grinned and gave him a big thumbs-up. "You're amazing, ---- Honey!" She smiled brightly and walked toward the main entrance with Andrew. The staff member checking invitations had a strange expression on his face. "Excuse me, which one of you is Royce Vargas?" Andrew stepped forward. "That would be me." The staff member looked him up and down, his expression growing even stranger.

"Sir, you clearly look like one of us Holtriens. Your name sounds too exotic." There was a questioning tone to his voice now. Andrew remained composed and smiled slightly, displaying the charming demeanor of a refined gentleman. "Royce Vergas is my Westral name. This is the name I used when I worked as a security advisor at the White Palace. "For this trip, I'm here at the invitation of Mr. Beckett, as well as the military and official channels.

If you have any doubts, I can call General Harding or even General Phelan, or even the head of the military, General Turman." Saying that, Andrew pretended to scroll through his phone, ready to make a call.

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Chapter 2281

---- Chapter 2281 The two staff members checking invitations nearly jumped out of their skin. "We apologize, Mr. Vargas. We didn't mean to waste your valuable time. Please, go right in!" They were extremely respectful. After all, anyone claiming to have worked at the White Palace as a security advisor, dropping names like Kyrie, Luna, and Philip, was no ordinary guest. Normal people would not even know those connections. Both staff were now 100% convinced that Andrew was one of tonight's most important VIPs. Aspen, walking in as his companion, naturally did not need a second look. The source of this content is

Nobody would dare check the woman on the arm of a powerhouse guest. Once they slipped inside the Grand Hall and blended with the crowd, Aspen laughed so hard she nearly doubled over. "Honey, you're unbelievable. Talking about being a White Palace security advisor... You had those guys eating out of your hand!" Andrew laughed along with her. "I used this trick all the time when I was overseas. Alright, now we split up and act according to plan. Remember, if you encounter any danger, leave ---- immediately." Aspen nodded. "Don't worry. I'll help you get that Blackstar Crystal.

You've been training me in martial arts for so long. I'm not completely useless." With that, the two separated. Andrew walked through the crowd in his sharp suit, standing out. Even guys around six feet tall, including foreigners, were slightly shorter than him since Andrew was nearly six-foot-three. Of course, there were some foreign guys close to six-and-a-half feet tall, too. However, most of them were fat-faced and looking around nervously, probably serving as bodyguards and attendants. After scanning the room, Andrew noticed that those from Tristars Group had not appeared yet.

Meanwhile, all of Chetvine's elites were already buzzing. The big families, the wealthy clans, and the top business tycoons had their necks craned, waiting for Ezekiel to appear. At this sight, a flash of contempt passed through Andrew's eyes. Chetvine had countless wealthy and powerful people, but those with integrity were not so numerous. At least tonight, not a single person from the Lloyd family royalty had come. It was not because they were not qualified. In fact, the Lloyd family had received over a dozen invitations.

Among them were ---- two personally handwritten by Ezekiel himself, one for Donovan and one for Sheena. However, the Lloyd family side had shown absolutely no response whatsoever. Now that was what you called class. "Well, well, Andrew, you showed up after all. But you don't look very eager to be seen!" As Andrew deliberately kept to the shadows of the pillars, avoiding the main eyes of the crowd, a petite figure stepped directly in front of him with a playful smile. The moment he saw her, Andrew felt a headache coming on." Belle, move.

I've got business to handle, and don't call me by name." Isabelle was wearing a puffy-sleeved dress that made her look very aristocratic. Only her round face, combined with her expressionless demeanor and short stature, made her look very doll-like. Facing Andrew, her expression was very animated as she coaxed persuasively, "Andrew, you're here for Ezekiel, aren't you? What if I said I could take you to find him? Would you go?" Andrew's brow furrowed as he began to hesitate.

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Chapter 2282

---- Chapter 2282 Aspen looked like a fiery red sprite weaving through the crowd. The Grand Hall had five floors total, with the first and second floors packed with various VIP guests carrying wine glasses and chatting with their elegant female companions. When Aspen appeared alone in the first-floor lobby, someone on the second floor immediately noticed her, his eyes lighting up. "Kyrie, that woman is absolutely stunning! She's such an eye-catcher." Kyrie's subordinate, Noah, was the first to be smitten, licking his lips as he spoke.

Kyrie was putting on airs while chatting with a foreigner, speaking broken Westral with the same few phrases over and over. "Oh, yes! Very good! Wonderful!" When he heard Noah's comment, he immediately smiled and excused himself from the foreigner in front of him. Then, his gaze looked downstairs, and he immediately spotted Aspen. "Who's that lady? She doesn't seem like she's from Chetvine," Kyrie said, stroking the short stubble on his chin as excitement rushed through him. When Aspen came upstairs, his heart burned even hotter.

She ---- was a knockout, an absolute knockout, and she did not even have a man beside her. If he did not make a move, it would be a crime against nature. So, Kyrie handed his wine glass to Noah, straightened his military uniform, and put on a gentlemanly demeanor as he approached with a smile. "Hello, miss. Are you perhaps lost? Perhaps I, as a general, could be of some service to you." Aspen looked at him with an expression of shy surprise. "Oh, I wouldn't dare trouble you, General.

I'm just looking for the restroom." Her timid look and darting eyes nearly made Kyrie lose control on the spot. He had been obsessed with Luna and still wanted to get close to Isabelle of the Robertson family to secure a powerful alliance. However, the moment he saw Aspen, Luna completely faded from his mind. Tonight was looking promising. Heart pounding, Kyrie stretched out his hand. "May I ask your name, miss? The restrooms here are a little hidden, so allow me to escort you personally." Aspen hesitated, then extended her delicate hand. "Well... alright."

But wouldn't I be wasting your time, General?" "Not at all, not one bit," Kyrie said immediately. "To serve a ---- beauty like you is my greatest honor." Since she had not rejected him, Kyrie's heart nearly exploded with joy. He thought she was basically saying yes to him. He was even impressed with himself, landing such a natural-born beauty with one move. He stole a glance at Aspen's long, elegant back, and his mind began to wander. Tonight, he would make sure to enjoy certain parts of her, and the thought made him grin.

Just like that, Aspen followed Kyrie's lead to a secluded restroom in the second-floor corridor. He even specifically turned back to warn his subordinates not to follow them. His several subordinates all showed knowing smirks, understanding exactly what he was planning to do. At the restroom door, Aspen bit her lip. "This is far enough, General. Thank you for walking me, but you should go back to your guests." Kyrie smiled and stepped forward, reaching out to wrap his arm around Aspen's waist. "No rush."

What I want to do right now is spend some time with you, beautiful." Aspen giggled and twisted away with ease, dodging his hand." General, this is still a public place. You really shouldn't behave like this here."

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Chapter 2283

---- Chapter 2283 Kyrie felt his throat burning with desire. The temptress before him was playing hard to get, but there was no way she was not interested in him. She was just being a little playful, and it seemed he would need to bring out his best moves to win her over. He said, "Miss, maybe you don't realize who I am. I'm not just a Major General in the military, I'm also from the Harding family." He revealed his identity, feeling confident that everything was now in the bag. Aspen burst into cold laughter.

"Oh, I know you're from the Harding family, and I also know you're my husband's enemy." This completely threw Kyrie off balance. He stammered, "W- Wait, hold on a

second... What enemy? And you have a husband? Is he here too?" What the hell was going on? What was this woman playing at? Aspen continued casually, "That's right, my husband is right here. General Harding, you're incredibly bold, trying to seduce a married woman at an event like this. UPDATE FROM find[N]ovel

If word gets out, what do you think all those prominent people from Chetvine will think?" ---- Kyrie's expression darkened slightly as he gritted his teeth. "You wouldn't dare! If you came here with your man, then why the hell were you acting so flirty earlier? I'll let it slide for now, but I'll make sure you and your husband pay dearly." The excitement in his heart instantly turned to frustration. His great mood plummeted to rock bottom in an instant. Aspen smiled mysteriously. "General Harding, are you leaving already? Earlier, didn't you want to touch me?

How about I let you touch me now?" Kyrie turned away. "Bitch, just you wait. This is my turf, and if you want to play dirty games with me, you're going to be sorry!" Aspen replied coolly, "Since you put it that way, I won't be holding back anymore." When Kyrie heard this, he sensed trouble brewing. Before he could react, Aspen had already messed up her hair and started screaming at the top of her lungs. "Help! Someone help me! There's a pervert here, a beast who tried to assault me! I can't live like this... The Harding family is bullying an innocent woman!

They're monsters!" The little actress's performance was absolutely flawless. Tears immediately welled up in her eyes, and as a temptress on par with Lauren and Francesca, Aspen was just as skilled at ---- destroying people. Security personnel quickly arrived on the scene. Following them were several foreigners and Chetvine VIPs, all drawn by the commotion. An elderly lady exclaimed, "Dear, are you alright? Come here, let me fix your clothes and your hair. This is absolutely ridiculous!

Whoever did this should be thrown in prison!" Two hot-blooded foreigners immediately closed in on Kyrie from the front and back. "General Harding, what exactly did you do just now? Don't you think you owe this young lady an explanation? The Harding family of Chetvine has long been known for their upstanding reputation, but I never expected such disgusting behavior." Soon, voices of condemnation against Kyrie filled the air. Especially the foreigners, who did not care about his status and began pointing fingers and demanding answers. Aspen smiled slyly.

After being comforted by the elderly lady, she lifted her skirt and ran away. Seeing this, the old lady did not stop her but shook her head with a sigh. "Sometimes, beauty is a curse..." Kyrie's men pushed through the crowd toward him. "General, what happened? How could you... How could you do something ---- like that?"

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Chapter 2284

---- Chapter 2284 Kyrie's face had turned as black as coal. He silently cursed, ' Damn it! That bitch had played me hard and good.' He realized he had been set up in a trap. Yet there was nothing he could say in his defense, especially since the hallway had surveillance cameras that had caught him walking in with Aspen, looking overly intimate, and even trying to touch her afterward. One of the foreigners, Pierre Sanders, said, "Kyrie, just moments ago, I still admired you for your exceptional martial arts skills and noble background.

But now, in the eyes of us gentlemen, you're nothing but a complete beast. Fuck you, you bastard!" Pierre cursed outright, which only made Kyrie's rage boil over. He was the real victim here, yet these clueless foreigners dared to insult him He finally snapped and fired back. "Fuck you, you bald old bastard! Fuck you, and your whole family, too!" Even though Kyrie's accent was thick, Pierre could tell Kyrie was cursing at him. His temper flared as he removed his suit jacket, ready for a fight. He growled, "I hate nothing more than men who bully women, ---- especially beautiful women. Follow current novels on find——novel

Kyrie, tonight Ill see what kind of tricks the Harding family really has. In fact, I've always wanted to tell you that you're nothing but a useless piece of trash." Kyrie's veins bulged on his forehead. Pierre was also a martial artist, and his strength was not weaker than Kyrie's. Hence, their private dealings in Chetvine had always been tense. But now, being mocked so openly, Kyrie lost all patience. "Fine, then I'll give you foreign dogs a lesson you won't forget!" he roared, his temper snapping completely. Just then, the crowd parted as a group of men strode in with authority.

At the center was a short but commanding figure whose presence made the entire room tense. He was the head of the Harding family, Kyrie's grandfather, Sergio Harding. A heavy slap landed across Kyrie's face, ringing his ears and leaving his mind buzzing. "Grandpa, you..." Sergio's expression was icy as he said flatly, "Say one more word, and I'll cut out your tongue. Get out of this place immediately and return home. Think about what you've done wrong." "I wasn't wrong!" Kyrie shouted in protest. ---- Sergio glared at him and hissed, 'What did you just say?

Do you want me to pull up the surveillance footage and show everyone?" Kyrie held his stinging cheek and did not dare say another word If there were two people he truly feared in this world, they were Sergio and Philip. He knew exactly how much of his rank as a major general came from family influence rather than merit, and without Sergio, he would not even have been qualified to stand beside Conrad. "Fine, I'll go back and reflect. My apologies, everyone, for causing such trouble tonight," Kyrie said, forcing himself to bow his head.

He slunk away in humiliation, but inside, his killing intent swelled to the extreme. He swore he would find out who that woman was, and when he did, he would have her first and kill her later. The third floor of the Grand Hall was nearly empty, since most guests were on the first floor. Meanwhile, the second floor was full of officials and security personnel monitoring the event. At that moment, Andrew and Isabelle were standing together on the third floor.

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Chapter 2285

---- Chapter 2285 Watching Kyrie storm off with that twisted, bitter face, Andrew let out a dismissive laugh. Isabelle's small face showed no expression. "That loser is pathetic. He just dragged the Harding family's name through the mud. Andrew, do you know that woman in the red dress?" Andrew tilted his head to look at the stoic girl. "If I said I didn't, would you believe me?" Isabelle pouted. "Nope." Andrew gave a weary smile. "Since you already saw through it, why bother asking?" Isabelle blinked her big eyes. "I just wanted to make sure. She's pretty, especially her figure.

It's way better than mine. I didn't expect that's the type you liked, Andrew." Andrew had no interest in chatting with this girl about such things. "Belle, I need to get busy now, so don't follow me." However, Isabelle was not giving up that easily and asked, "Don't you want to know which room Ezekiel is in? This place is huge, and you'll never find him if you search slowly." Andrew sighed helplessly and asked, "Belle, what exactly do you --- - want? You know we're not even that close." Isabelle looked bored as she replied, "I've got nothing better to do, so I just wanted to talk to you.

Andrew, I don't hate you, so please don't hate me either. The grudge between you and the Robertson family? That's your business and my dad's business. I don't want to get involved, and I'm not interested in it." Andrew snorted coldly and asked, "So what's your point? What exactly do you want to say or do?" Isabelle stepped forward with a serious expression. "I want you to give me... breast enhancement!" Andrew was instantly petrified, while Isabelle remained completely unfazed. She continued, "Your junior is Mr. Amari Goodman from Sovereign's Apothecary, right? UPDATE FROM Find_Novel(.)net

The mysterious senior that Amari talks about is you. I've seen you going in and out of Sovereign's Apothecary every single time. "Poor Mikayla doesn't know anything. She thinks you're just some commoner. She doesn't know the truth, but I do. Andrew, since your medical skills are so amazing, will you help me?" Andrew was genuinely surprised. He had really underestimated this emotionless girl before, thinking she only knew how

to. daydream and obsess over martial arts. ---- Now, it seemed she was quite perceptive.

Then again, it made sense as she had grown up, and once women grew up, none of them were easy to deal with. Andrew pondered for a moment before saying, "My medical skills are indeed pretty decent. But are you serious about the breast enhancement?" Isabelle's face finally turned red as she replied, "Of course, I'm serious! I've looked like this since I was little. I'm not tall, my chest didn't develop, and my legs aren't long either. You know how old I am this year, right? I'm 25 years old. "At this age, I should have graduated from college and be dating by now. But look at me!

I look no different from a middle school student. I want a figure like that lady in the red dress, or like Mikayla's. Andrew took a long breath, his gaze complicated. Poor girl. So, that was what this was all about. She just wanted curves, just wanted to change her body. She was one of the Robertson family's three prodigies, yet even she could not escape society's shallow beauty standards. Andrew almost felt bad for her.

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Chapter 2286

---- Chapter 2286 Andrew finally said, "Alright, I can agree to it for now." However, he found it strange and asked, "But you're from the Robertson family. For something small like breast enhancement, there are plenty of people in Chetvine who could help you. Why come to me?" Isabelle's small face turned red as she mumbled shyly, "Because you have a grudge against my family, so you won't tell anyone about this. If I went through my family or found someone else at Sovereign's Apothecary, they would definitely leak this information.

By then, how could I show my face in Chetvine?" Andrew nodded, understanding her concern completely. "I didn't expect you to be so thoughtful. This shows that everyone who thinks you're just an emotionless girl has been completely fooled by you." Isabelle tilted her head. "They call me 'Girl of Three Nothings'. No brains, no chest, nothing at all.

But I don't know why, when I'm with you, I feel so relaxed and can tell you anything without worry." She giggled and added, "By the way, I secretly saw you meeting with Madam Baxter at Sovereign's Apothecary, and I know about your conflict with Kyrie at Martial Tower, plus how you got to the ---- core level. I know everything." Andrew did not want to argue about any of this. He studied Isabelle carefully for a while, only to find that

the little girl was staring back at him with wide, round eyes without any attempt to look away.

Isabelle's pupils were very light, much lighter than normal dark pupils, easily reminding one of clear beach water. However, anyone who mistook this girl for an innocent one would be in for a world of hurt. Andrew knew why her pupils were so light. It was likely due to the Robertson family's legendary martial arts technique, which caused various strange physical changes after cultivation. "Fine, I'll fulfill your request. Now, can you take me to find Ezekiel?" Andrew said. Isabelle smiled and extended her small, pale hand. New novel chapters are published on find**novel

"Andrew, you have to pinky swear with me, or I won't believe you." Andrew felt somewhat speechless at how quickly this girl's demeanor changed. Now, she was acting like a little kid again "alright, pinky swear," Andrew agreed, extending his hand. The next second, Isabelle smiled slyly and grabbed Andrew's hand. Then, she lowered her head and bit down on it. ---- Andrew's eyes flickered as he instinctively prepared to strike back. However, Isabelle was smart enough to let go immediately after one bite, jumping back lightly to create distance between them.

Andrew looked down to see two neat rows of small tooth marks on the back of his hand, with blood faintly visible. Seeing the cold look in Andrew's eyes, Isabelle put on an innocent expression. "Andrew, I'm sorry. I just wanted to hurt you once. Last time you beat me pretty badly, and since I can't fight you, I could only think of this method to get even." She even stuck out her pink little tongue to lick her lips, looking like she was savoring the taste. Andrew suppressed his anger and said irritably, "Just lead the way!" This time, Isabelle was very obedient and smiled, "Of course.

Follow me." Ezekiel was right there in the Grand Hall Isabelle had a petite frame and moved incredibly fast. She avoided the security guards' sight lines and easily led Andrew up to the fifth floor. The Grand Hall had a cylindrical layout. Without clear leads, ---- Andrew would have had trouble finding Ezekiel. Yet somehow, Isabelle had managed to get her hands on that information. After reaching the fifth floor, she gestured for Andrew to follow and crept into an empty suite with her small figure. "This suite belongs to a foreigner, but that guy is downstairs hitting on women right now.

From here, we can see right into Ezekiel's room window." Once inside the room, Isabelle relaxed completely and bounced over to the floor-to-ceiling windows.

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Chapter 2287

---- Chapter 2287 Andrew pulled back the curtains and looked down at an angle. Sure enough, he could see about eight men in black suits wearing sunglasses and carrying weapons, patrolling back and forth. The area they were guarding was the Grand Hall's most luxurious presidential suite. At that moment, Ezekiel was completely naked, swimming in the pool. Isabelle glanced once and quickly looked away, mumbling coldly, "Disgusting!" Andrew, however, observed carefully for several moments.

He finally confirmed that the naked man in the pool was indeed Ezekiel, the heir to the Sorya's Tristars Group empire, whom Andrew had only met once many years ago during a mission in Sorya. Ezekiel had quite a legendary reputation in Sorya. He was called the future of Sorya, Sorya's top heartthrob, a military legend, and the fang of Sorya's elite special forces unit, the Polar Tigers. In short, this guy truly enjoyed the praise and admiration befitting a crown prince in Sorya. ---- "Nice body, almost as good as mine," Andrew muttered casually at the window.

Ezekiel finished his laps and climbed out of the pool. Two towering bodyguards immediately rushed up with towels, drying him carefully as he spread his arms and stood tall. Andrew guessed the man was getting ready to make an appearance. Most scions always swam, showered, or took saunas before important events. In Ezekiel's room, Andrew could see no fewer than ten black-suited bodyguards. This made the spacious suite feel somewhat crowded. Yet, Ezekiel obviously did not mind. He was indeed cautious and meticulous in everything he did.

Moreover, his martial arts skills were rumored to be a rare talent for Sorya. Within Sorya, aside from some old veterans, he was pretty much unrivaled. Andrew scanned every corner of the room below, noting numerous boxes and two safes. He would need further confirmation of where the Blackstar Crystal was hidden. At that moment, he heard Isabelle whispering in his ear. "Who would have thought that Ezekiel's junk is actually pretty big?" ---- Andrew's face darkened as he turned to look. Somehow, Isabelle had started peeping into Ezekiel's room below just like him. The source of this content is Find★Novel

Ezekiel's pose while waiting for his subordinates to serve him was very exposed, revealing his most private part. Andrew coughed. "Belle, you're still young. You shouldn't be looking at this kind of scene. Turn your head away!" Isabelle looked up and replied somewhat disdainfully, "Andrew, I only look young. But I already told you my age. I'm not a kid anymore. I've seen things you wouldn't expect, and honestly, it's no big deal." Andrew was stunned.

"You've even touched it?" Isabelle nodded and said, "Yeah, when I was playing in Teialan, I went to those specialty performance nightclubs and touched it several times. Honestly, it's just so-so." Andrew took a deep breath and said solemnly, "Alright. I was wrong to underestimate you!" Isabelle was indeed quite devilish. Andrew needed to change his mindset and stop viewing her with ordinary eyes. Just then, the sound of a keycard at the room door echoed. ---- Immediately after, the room's owner returned.

Along with him came the sound of a woman's heavy breathing. Both Andrew and Isabelle were startled, silently cursing their bad luck. They turned around, not daring to make a sound, and rushed toward any place in the room where they could hide. They finally realized there was nowhere to hide except the closet, which looked like it might work.

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Chapter 2288

---- Chapter 2288 Andrew did not hesitate and immediately pulled the closet open and slipped inside. Isabelle rushed in right after him and bumped straight into his chest. She cried out, "Ouch! Andrew, move over a little, you're squishing me!" Outside the closet, embarrassingly passionate moans and screams sounded. No matter who heard it, they could tell exactly what was going on. "Oh, baby, come on!" "Oh yeah! Okay, yeah, yeah, yeah!" Andrew was speechless. The space inside the closet was ridiculously cramped, so he and Isabelle had to press tightly against each other just to hide.

As his eyes shifted, Andrew noticed that Isabelle was also staring at him, her face flushed red. "Andrew, are they... doing that?" she whispered in his ear. Andrew gave a dry laugh. "Well, most likely, yeah." Isabelle fell quiet. Although she was usually bold and rebellious, ---- she felt shy and embarrassed by the live broadcast happening right outside. After all, she was still just a young lady. Gradually, Andrew noticed her body heating up. He could not help but ask, "What's wrong with you?" Her voice was so soft it was almost inaudible. "Me? I'm fine!" However, her tone sounded guilty.

Andrew froze. Immediately after, he realized his hand was resting right on her chest. She was so flat that he had not even noticed at first. Nonetheless, Isabelle definitely felt it. Her eyes turned watery with a mix of shame and anger as she glared at him. "Andrew, your hand. If you don't move it, I'll chop it off." He looked mortified and tried to carefully pull back. Yet, in such a cramped space, he was too tall and broad-shouldered, and his arm was stuck. Isabelle grew even more flustered. "If you keep touching me, I'll tell Zion." Andrew's scalp tingled, and he silently prayed for mercy.

What on earth was he doing? Isabelle practically had nothing. She was flat, short, and not the least bit romantic. Moreover, she was a few years younger than he was. If word ever got out that ---- he had been this close to her, he would drown in public ridicule. With no choice, Andrew twisted his body and tried to force his arm free. Isabelle's small hand moved and grabbed his, her breathing gradually becoming more heated. "Don't! Andrew, keep touching. I think it feels pretty good." Andrew was utterly stunned.

He turned and saw Isabelle's dazed, feverish eyes, her lips parted as warm breath spilled out in waves. She was clearly slipping into a confused, dizzy state. Andrew stared in disbelief, and he wondered if she was actually turned on. Noticing his horrified stare, Isabelle bit her lip and whispered, " This is the first time I've ever been this close to a guy. This feeling is so... strange. Andrew, could you... maybe use a little more strength?" Andrew's mind buzzed. Was this flat-chested girl secretly a fiend for it? Like a squirrel stealing forbidden fruit.

Once she got a taste, she became addicted. One word summed it up: terrifying. Fortunately, at that moment, after a final explosive roar from ---- outside, the room's owner stopped his uncontrollable exclamations of, "Oh, yeah!" and began snoring heavily, apparently exhausted from his activities. Andrew quietly pushed open the closet door and fled with Isabelle in tow. Before leaving, he glanced down at Ezekiel's room below. Ezekiel was no longer there, with only a few bodyguards left standing watch. It was time to make his move.

Isabelle followed close behind, her face burning as she snapped, "Andrew, you're such a jerk!" Andrew glanced back at her, feeling a little guilty. "Belle, that was just a misunderstanding just now." THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY

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Chapter 2289

---- Chapter 2289 Isabelle glared at him with wide eyes. She snapped, "What misunderstanding? I don't care! Either way, you messed with me, and I can't guarantee I won't spread the word about this." With that, she grabbed her skirt and bolted like lightning. Andrew shook his head and cursed his bad luck under his breath. Then, he pushed aside his distracting thoughts and headed straight to Ezekiel's suite door. He knocked hard on the door, but there was no response from inside. Andrew knocked again, this time louder and more insistent.

Suddenly, the door swung open to reveal a bearded face, followed immediately by the dark barrel of a gun pointed straight at him. Andrew's face showed genuine terror as he threw up his hands. In an exaggerated Eastonian accent, he said, "Sorry, sorry!" The bearded man was caught off guard and blurted out in Soryan, "What the hell! We're Soryan, not Eastonian, you idiot!" Suddenly, Andrew's fist shot out like lightning and slammed into the man's forehead. ---- The bearded guard looked stunned before collapsing to the floor. Chapters first released on

His fall made quite a commotion, and immediately the rest of the black-suited bodyguards came charging out of the room, shouting angrily. Andrew spun around and ran as most of Ezekiel's security team split off to chase him. They kept yelling Soryan curses as they pursued him through the hallway. Andrew did not look back, focused only on leading the bodyguards in the opposite direction. Then, he glanced at his watch. It was time for Aspen to make her move. However, time was running short; only two minutes remained.

If she could not succeed within that window, either the experts downstairs in the main hall or these diverted guards would notice something was wrong and return. Meanwhile, Aspen appeared in her striking red dress at the first opportunity. Without hesitation, she delivered a powerful high kick that sent the door flying into the room. As soon as she stepped inside, a vicious punch came roaring toward her face. Even so, her expression did not change as she shouted and dodged to the side, then her high heel shot upward - --- to connect squarely with the black-suited guard's groin.

There was a sickening crack, and the man's face turned purple as he collapsed motionless to the floor. Aspen headed straight for the bedroom, following the locations Andrew had sent her where the Blackstar Crystal might be hidden. However, the bedroom contained a black briefcase and a safe. The safe was locked and clearly required a key to open. Moreover, one black-suited bodyguard was still stationed inside. When the guard spotted Aspen, he roared and raised his gun to fire. However, her graceful form dodged continuously until she moved like a red phantom behind the bodyguard.

Aspen's delicate feet in high heels touched the ground with a crisp sound, and somehow, a dagger appeared in her right hand, now stained with fresh blood. The black-suited guard's face went rigid. He wanted to turn and look at Aspen, but he had lost all strength and collapsed to the floor. A gruesome wound on the back of his neck had ended his life instantly. Aspen's assassination skills had reached perfection and been proven in real combat. She bit down on the bloody dagger and ---- began searching the two corpses, but aside from their weapons, neither bodyguard carried any keys.

Aspen remained calm, silently reciting the killer's principles Andrew had taught her. "As an assassin, the first rule is to stay cool. The second rule is still to stay cool. The third rule is to be fast, and the fourth is to escape above all else... That's what matters most." She opened the black briefcase first but found only documents inside, no Blackstar Crystal. That meant the crystal was most likely hidden in the safe. Aspen's slender fingers moved toward the combination lock. However, at the last moment, she suddenly froze.

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Chapter 2290

---- Chapter 2290 Aspen recalled Andrew's warning. "High-end safes and lockboxes can't just be tampered with. Unless you know the exact code, the moment you mess with it, you'll likely trip an alarm and give yourself away." She studied the safe in front of her and immediately saw it was top-of-the-line. The digital screen flashed the Tristars Group logo, and next to it was a set of physical buttons. Aspen had come prepared. She pulled out a UV flashlight and scanned the keypad, but her heart sank. Ezekiel had clearly anticipated this because there was not a single fingerprint mark.

It was as if no one had ever pressed it with bare hands. That could only mean he always wore gloves when entering the code. Aspen slipped two thin hairpins from her pinned-up hair. The ends were bent into hooks, perfect for lockpicking. She went to work on the safe, but it was no use. The material was rock-solid, and no matter how hard she tried, the door did not budge. Just then, her phone buzzed against her side. She pulled it out and saw Andrew's message. [Get out now!] ---- It was just those three words. Aspen's chest tightened. Read full story at [Find~Novel](#)

She hated to leave empty-handed, because failing to get the Blackstar Crystal felt like letting down her dear husband. Gritting her teeth, she was about to reach for the keypad to try entering a code, but at the last moment, she controlled herself and shook her head while muttering under her breath. "Stay calm, Aspen. You have to stay calm! Andrew taught you never to be reckless in situations like this and never to gamble everything on a desperate move. You think the enemy is stupid, but the real fool would be you." Without the password, how could she possibly get the Blackstar Crystal?

In a flash of inspiration, her bright eyes suddenly lit up. She had an idea! She grabbed the entire safe and decided to make off with it. But immediately, she cried out in dismay, Her high heel had snapped under the weight! The safe in her arms weighed at least 250 pounds. For someone with her martial arts skills, the weight itself was not the problem, but her beloved shoes had paid the price. ---- However, this was not the time to worry about such details. She could already hear chaotic footsteps outside Undoubtedly, Ezekiel's remaining bodyguards were rushing back.

Taking a deep breath, she clutched the safe and leaped straight down from the fifth-floor balcony. Within moments, she had vanished outside the Grand Hall. Andrew's beat-up car shot out from the intersection like a runaway stallion, pulling up just in time to intercept Aspen. She was overjoyed to see him. The passenger door swung open, and she dove inside headfirst.

She said excitedly, "Honey, I didn't see the Blackstar Crystal, but I managed to grab this whole safe!" Andrew floored the accelerator and spoke calmly, "Let's get as far away from here as possible first!" His old clunker roared to life, and he drove it like it was a Lamborghini. They did not stop until they were well clear of the Grand Hall and had

found a secluded spot When Andrew parked, someone was already waiting for them Brielle stepped down from a black SUV, wearing a purple veil and smiling. "Impressive work!

You actually managed to walk out with Ezekiel's entire safe." ---- Andrew grinned and replied, "I can't take credit for that. It was my partner who pulled it off. Madam Baxter, the rest is up to you now. You'd better get someone to crack it open immediately and then ditch the safe, or Ezekiel might track us down through GPS." Brielle waved her hand, and her people immediately stepped forward to take the safe.

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Chapter 2291

---- Chapter 2291 "Don't worry, I'll handle the rest," Brielle said confidently. She looked Aspen up and down, then nodded with approval. " She's got potential, and more importantly, she's absolutely gorgeous. Andrew, you've always had quite a bit of luck with women. I'd even say you've got it better than your playboy father ever did!" Aspen's cheeks turned pink as she said politely, "I'm Aspen Stevens. It's a pleasure to meet you, Madam Baxter." She already knew this woman was the owner of Chetvine Sovereign's Apothecary and a truly powerful figure behind the scenes.

Brielle nodded approvingly. "Alright then, we'll be heading out now. Tomorrow I'll deliver the Blackstar Crystal directly to you, Andrew." Andrew did not say another word and headed back to the Lloyd family estate with Aspen. Back at the Grand Hall, a completely different scene was unfolding. In the main lobby, Ezekiel's appearance had captured everyone's attention. ---- Countless eyes were focused on this heir to the Sorya Tristars Group empire. Guests also whispered among themselves.

"Handsome, wealthy, incredibly skilled in martial arts, absolutely talented, and his background is beyond reproach. Mr. Beckett is in a league of his own worldwide!" "What makes it even better is that this corporate prince is supposedly looking to partner with some of Holtrien's most prestigious families." "I wonder which family will get lucky. Whoever it is will definitely hit the jackpot!" another added "Ezekiel is even more handsome than those Soryan drama leading men! I'm totally smitten!" All the VIP guests could not stop praising Ezekiel.

Meanwhile, Mikayla and Isabelle stood side by side on the second floor, watching the lively scene below. "Belle, I'm heading downstairs now. You stay here and enjoy yourself!" Mikayla said, trying to sound casual despite the obvious excitement burning in her eyes. Isabelle made a small sound of acknowledgment and asked, " Mikayla, what

are you going to do down there?" Mikayla coughed lightly and replied, "Well, I should at least go ---- say hello to him." Isabelle blinked at her. "But noisy crowds like this? Don't you usually hate them?"

Why so eager today?" A flicker of frustration crossed Mikayla's face, though she forced herself to stay calm. "Ha, I still don't like noisy crowds. But I have no choice, since I'm the only one representing the Owens family tonight. At the very least, I should greet Mr. Beckett so people don't think our name lacks class." Isabelle teased, "Come on, Mikayla. You're not just there to say hello. You want to get closer to Mr. Beckett, right? But look at the crowd, there are at least 25 ladies already circling him. Do you really think you have a shot?" Mikayla snorted coldly.

"I'm nothing like those shallow, attention- seeking women! Like I said, I'm just going to say hello so he doesn't think the Owens family is rude. Once I've greeted him properly, I'm leaving. I'm not going to grovel for his attention!" "Okay then, I'll wait for you here!" Isabelle replied, though her face showed an amused expression. Mikayla was clearly dying for Ezekiel to notice her, yet she was pretending she did not want to go downstairs. Women like that were just so fake and pretentious, and Isabelle definitely did not want to be like that. this chapter is updated by find[N]ovel

---- Looking around with boredom, Isabelle muttered quietly to herself, "Andrew should have succeeded by now. That bastard even groped my chest. That rush of embarrassment... it actually felt kind of good. Honestly, it almost makes me want him to keep touching me. Could it be that deep down, I'm no different from Mikayla and the others? Cold on the surface but a slut inside?" She quickly denied it and chuckled. "No way! I'm not like Mikayla. She hides it, but I say whatever I want. Next time, I'll just let Andrew keep going..."

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Chapter 2292

---- Chapter 2292 Mikayla lifted the hem of her white dress and glanced at Ezekiel, who was surrounded by a crowd like the star of the night, her eyes shimmering with both hesitation and desire. Ezekiel's status was comparable to Holtrien's royal bloodline. No, it was even more intimidating than that. If one really had to compare, perhaps only the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince could rival Ezekiel's background, yet the Dragon Prince was already history. However, Ezekiel was still untouchably noble and right before her. Mikayla looked to the side and snapped her fingers.

A waiter hurried over with a tray. "Good evening, miss!" Mikayla picked up a glass of champagne and waved for him to leave. Getting close to Ezekiel now was impossible. At least dozens of people were blocking the way, fangirls shrieking his name, and Chetvine elites waiting for a chance to strike up a conversation. Forcing her way through would never work, and besides, that would only look cheap and undignified. Mikayla stepped on the hem of her gown with her heel. Then, she raised her glass and walked forward.

At once, she let out a ---- delicate cry as the motion tugged at her dress, sending the champagne flying from her hand. She toppled forward in a graceful fall, landing flat on the floor. However, her fall was perfectly calculated. Her low neckline was angled perfectly in Ezekiel's direction, revealing just enough to catch attention. At a high-society ball, nothing drew more stares than a beauty tumbling to the ground. And Mikayla was not just any beauty. In Chetvine, she was a household name. Instantly, dozens of eyes turned toward her with concern. "Oh no, it's Ms. Owens!

Step aside, let me help her up!" "Out of the way, everyone, I'll take care of her!" Various young men rushed forward, competing to display their gentlemanly behavior. Mikayla's face showed pain, as if she'd been hurt badly in the fall. Despite her apparent distress, her strong character shone through as she politely declined everyone's help. She said gracefully, "It's fine, everyone. I was just clumsy. Thank you all, but I can get up myself." She politely declined every hand, smoothed her dress, revealed ---- her slender ankles, and rose slowly but steadily.

That single moment earned her a wave of applause. Other young ladies would have cried and needed support, but Mikayla was different. She stood up on her own, full of grace. Ezekiel observed the entire performance, a hint of amusement flickering in his eyes. Nevertheless, he stepped forward quickly and approached Mikayla, saying, "Miss, please be careful." Mikayla smoothly placed her arm in Ezekiel's palm and looked up at him with pitiful eyes. "Thank you, Mr. Beckett." Ezekiel smiled charmingly. "It's nothing.

This is what any gentleman should do." The crowd around them burst into applause, impressed by Ezekiel's chivalry. Up on the second floor, Isabelle covered her forehead with her hand. "Mikayla, your acting skills are absolutely flawless. I really have to hand it to you." While others could not see through the act, Isabelle knew exactly what was going on. Mikayla was an advanced-level martial saint, so there was no way a simple fall would actually hurt her. It was ridiculous, but those men below were eating it up ---- completely. Then again, there was no helping it.

Mikayla's face really was the kind that made men's minds wander. It was like people who knew roses had thorns but still could not resist reaching out to smell their fragrance. "May I ask your name, Miss? I'd like to get to know you better," Ezekiel said as he and Mikayla began chatting. Countless other socialites looked on with envious, jealous expressions. Mikayla took in all their reactions with satisfaction, feeling even more pleased with herself. She was about to coyly reveal her name when suddenly, Ezekiel's bodyguards appeared. Check latest chapters at find-novel.net

His faces were covered in bruises, pushing through the crowd and striding toward them. He said urgently, "Sir, the safe containing the Blackstar Crystal has been stolen!" Ezekiel's brow furrowed as he demanded, "What did you just say? Stolen?"

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Chapter 2293

---- Chapter 2293 The bodyguard, who was his head of security, nodded grimly. " That's right, sir. It was stolen. The thieves were a woman and a man working together." A flash of cold fury passed through Ezekiel's eyes, though his expression remained calm. "I'm sorry, but I have to excuse myself," he said hurriedly to Mikayla before striding away from the scene. Mikayla stared in stunned silence. She could not believe he was just leaving like that. She had not even given her name or introduced herself properly, and she certainly had not achieved her goal.

She gritted her teeth in frustration, absolutely furious. Some bastard had caused trouble behind the scenes, and now she was the one who ended up suffering for it. Ezekiel's sudden departure left the other guests sighing in disappointment. With the star of the evening gone, the night's mingling was officially over. Mikayla returned to Isabelle's side, looking completely dejected. She said flatly, "Let's go." Hearing the defeated tone in her voice, Isabelle smiled and ---- asked, "Mikayla, what's wrong?"

You look really upset." Mikayla replied coldly, "It's nothing, I just wonder what kind of emergency Ezekiel had to deal with." Isabelle secretly chuckled. She knew exactly what had happened, but she had no intention of telling Mikayla! Back in his suite, Ezekiel stormed into the master bedroom and immediately clenched his jaw. "With all of you here, you couldn't stop a couple of thieves?" His bodyguard trembled as he explained, "Mr. Beckett, the man and woman worked as a team.

The guy led most of us away first, then the woman made her move, injured two of our men, and made off with the safe." Ezekiel's eyes turned ice-cold as he raised his hand to slap the man. But ultimately, he lowered it and said coldly, "Contact the Holtrien military immediately. My property was stolen on their watch, so they're responsible! Also, pull all the surveillance footage from the area and find that man and woman." Soon, Kyrie, who was in charge of the Grand Hall's security, appeared once again. He apologized repeatedly, "I'm truly sorry.

I should have been here sooner." He had immediately arranged for his people to check the ---- surveillance cameras and look for clues. Meanwhile, Ezekiel stood in the ransacked room and sneered, " Is Chetvine some kind of den of thieves? My property is

missing, so tell me... How are you going to take responsibility?" Kyrie smiled awkwardly. "Don't worry, I'll definitely get it back for you! This was my oversight, and I'll give you a satisfactory answer." Shortly after, one of his subordinates returned with a report. Official source is

" General, the fifth-floor surveillance cameras at the Grand Hall have been destroyed. There are virtually no usable clues." Kyrie's face darkened. "Keep searching and hurry up about it!" However, Ezekiel raised his hand dismissively. "Don't bother. Holtrien's military is useless, so I'll handle this myself. If you can't recover what I've lost, considering how valuable it is, your military will compensate me." Kyrie frowned. "That's going too far! It's your stuff. Your men were supposed to watch it... And now that it's gone, you're blaming us?"

If anyone's to blame, shouldn't it be your own men?" Ezekiel laughed coldly. "I came to Holtrien in good faith to discuss business, and I lost my property on your turf. Shouldn't your military be responsible for that? Or are you admitting that you are completely useless and can't even handle basic ---- security? Are all the Hardings just a bunch of idiots?!" Kyrie's eyes suddenly turned bloodshot as he roared, "Watch your damn mouth! Don't think I won't take you down right here and now. You're some Soryan piece of trash trying to act tough in Holtrien.

Who the hell gave you that kind of nerve?" Ezekiel smiled coldly. "You've got quite the temper, don't you? Tell you what... Since I'm feeling generous, if you're not satisfied, we can settle this with a little sparring match. As it happens, I came here partly hoping to experience what the Holtrien military has to offer!"

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Chapter 2294

---- Chapter 2294 Kyrie's eyes narrowed as he grinned. "Fine then, I'll be happy to spar with you. Let's see what the Polar Tigers are really made of." Just then, Luna arrived in a hurry. "General Harding, you don't need to handle this anymore! I'll take responsibility for Mr. Beckett's situation." Kyrie frowned in confusion. "Luna, what are you doing?" Luna replied coldly, "What am I doing? Who told you to pick a fight with our guest and threaten him with violence?"

General Turman is on his way here right now, so if you don't want to get chewed out, you'd better leave." Kyrie's eye twitched as he walked out with a dark expression, but not before saying to Ezekiel, "We'll have plenty of opportunities to test each other. If I'm afraid of you, then I'm not a real man." When Ezekiel faced Luna, his demeanor

improved considerably. However, he still spoke with righteous indignation. "General Phelan, my safe was stolen. Shouldn't the military give me some kind of explanation?" Luna nodded professionally. "Don't worry, Mr. Beckett.

If something was stolen on our turf, we'll definitely give you an answer." ---- Ezekiel was surprised by how reasonable Luna seemed to be. Then, Luna spoke with pride and authority. "Mr. Beckett, you can look down on anyone you want, but you absolutely cannot look down on the Holtrien military. Our ancestors once fought in your country too, so you should know exactly what that was like." Ezekiel's face darkened immediately. "General Phelan, what do you mean by bringing up old history? Are you trying to provoke tensions between our two nations?" Luna snorted coldly. "It's not a provocation.

It's just a warning. Holtrien will compensate you for what was lost, but if you dare to underestimate our military with your arrogant words, then I'll be the first to step up and teach you a lesson you won't forget." Ezekiel's expression became extremely ugly, but he held his tongue and said nothing. That idiot Kyrie had been easy to provoke with just a few words, and he was not worth worrying about. However, Luna was a different kind of opponent entirely. Especially in front of her, it would be best not to mention the Holtrien military again, or this trip might become much more complicated.

"Fine. General Phelan, I'll wait for your answer," he said curtly before walking out of the room. Luna remained behind, ---- examining every inch of the room with a furrowed brow. Afterward, she went to another location and pushed open a door. Inside, a foreign man and woman were lying naked together. When they saw Luna enter, they immediately started screaming in protest. Luna showed her credentials and said coldly, "Military business. You two can continue as if I'm not here, or I can invite you both for a chat at headquarters." The foreigner and his companion immediately fell silent. Latest content published on find{n}ovel

From where Luna stood, she could look down and see directly into Ezekiel's room. This was exactly the same position Andrew had occupied earlier. Next, Luna found Ezekiel's bodyguards and questioned them thoroughly. Then, she pulled up the first-floor lobby surveillance footage and pointed at a frozen frame. "Find this woman in the red dress... She should be our culprit," Luna declared with finality. Her subordinate looked puzzled and asked, "General, how can you be so certain it's her?" Luna replied calmly, "Her name is Aspen Stevens, and she's someone I know well.

Even though the fifth-floor surveillance was destroyed, her presence means that person was here too. ---- "That person never leaves traces when he works, but he's also the only one capable of pulling this off. So we don't need to waste effort looking elsewhere. I'm 100% certain the culprits were Aspen and her man." When Luna said the words "her man", she spoke through gritted teeth with obvious irritation and frustration.

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Chapter 2295

---- Chapter 2295 The next day, Andrew received the Blackstar Crystal that Brielle had sent over. It was about the size of his palm and looked more like an amethyst than anything else. When he held it in his hand, it felt ice-cold to the touch. When something was black to the extreme, it became purple. This crystal seemed to have some kind of mystical energy flowing within it.

Aspen looked at it curiously and asked, "Honey, is this thing actually going to help you?" Andrew smiled and said, "Only one way to find out." Sheena walked over, pursing her lips as she said, "The Blackstar Crystal leans toward dark energy. For martial artists, it does more harm than good. If you use it directly, at best it's a waste, and at worst it could damage your body." Andrew nodded slightly. "That may be true, but my body can handle it." Sheena rolled her eyes even harder and said, "Last night, you guys made quite a commotion at the Grand Hall.

I heard even General Turman was furious about it. His prized student, Luna, claims she knows who was behind it." Andrew replied calmly, "So what if she knows? I don't care." ---- Sheena replied, "This morning, the military already sent people to question you, but I turned them away. No one dared to step foot inside. But remember, while you're safe within the Lloyd family's walls, the outside world isn't so forgiving. I just came to remind you to watch yourself." With that, she flipped her high ponytail and strode off Andrew chuckled. For all her attitude, she really had his back.

Gripping the Blackstar Crystal, he began channeling his energy. Then, visibly, the palm-sized Blackstar Crystal began melting like a candle. However, the melted liquid did not fall to the ground. Instead, it gathered in the air, forming a mass. Within it, the substance seemed alive, consuming itself and bubbling audibly. Aspen watched with curiosity and could not help but move closer. Andrew shouted, "Don't move! If even a drop of that touches you, the consequences could be unpredictable!" Aspen's face went pale, and she quickly stepped back.

Andrew carefully reached out his hand to touch the black substance floating in the air. The substance instantly clung to his palm like it had come alive. The mass lifted its tip like a ---- serpent raising its head, then morphed into a sharp spike that suddenly drilled into his flesh. Andrew let out a muffled groan, his face losing all color. In just a few moments, all the energy from the Blackstar Crystal had entered his body. Suddenly, he felt his vision go black, and excruciating pain shot through his energy core. However, his mind remained crystal clear.

Fighting through the intense pain, he began channeling his energy, circulating it through his meridians. The energy from the Blackstar Crystal began battling with the true energy

in his energy core. This was exactly the effect Andrew wanted. Only this way could he create an impact on the seal around his energy core. When he felt the seemingly unbreakable seal beginning to waver, Andrew was delighted. There was hope! So, he focused even more intently, continuing to guide the Blackstar Crystal's energy to assault the barriers around his energy core.

Time gradually passed, and Andrew's expression slowly changed from initial agony to calm. After more than an hour, he opened his eyes, deeply disappointed. ---- Both Aspen and Natasha looked at him with great concern. "Honey, how do you feel? Are you hurt anywhere?" Andrew shook his head and said, "Don't worry, I'm fine. It's just that this Blackstar Crystal was barely useful to me. The effect was so minimal it's practically negligible." Natasha comforted him, "Darling, take it slow. There must be other ways." Aspen said with concern, "Honey, whatever you need, we can search for it.

As long as you need it, I'll find it for you without hesitation!" Andrew smiled, but suddenly his expression changed. He pulled open his shirt and looked down. The Blood-Eyed Black Dragon totem now seemed ignited, becoming scorching hot. The dragon's twin horns twitched under his skin, writhing as if the beast itself was awakening inside him Aspen gasped, her face filled with shock. Andrew, too, had no idea what was happening. At the critical moment, a low shout rang out. "Foolish boy, don't just stand there dazed!

Quickly center your energy in your core and focus on feeling the black dragon on your chest. This is your first step toward awakening the totem. It's crucial!" ---- Andrew did not need to look up to know who this voice belonged to. The current head of the Lloyd family, Donovan, had arrived Following his advice, Andrew sat cross-legged and closed his eyes again. After a long while, the burning sensation in his chest faded, and the original Blood-Eyed Black Dragon totem looked somewhat different. The two dragon horns were much more lustrous than the other areas, appearing more lifelike.

"Greetings, Patriarch Donovan!" Andrew stood up and bowed respectfully. Donovan looked at his chest and made appreciative sounds. "I never expected you to awaken your totem earlier than Reginald did. It's truly unbelievable!" Andrew asked curiously, "Patriarch Donovan, what exactly is happening here?" Donovan smiled knowingly. "Andy, fate is clearly on your side. Every member of the Lloyd family is born with a totem. Most people think it's just a royal insignia, but few realize the power it contains. Unfortunately, almost none can unlock it.

Many carry the mark their whole lives without ever awakening it." He continued, "The last one to light his totem was your father, Reginald. And now, thanks to the Blackstar Crystal, fate has ---- given you the same chance." Andrew frowned slightly. "And this totem power... What exactly does it do?" Donovan smiled and said, "The specific uses can only be known 'once the entire totem is awakened. But one thing is certain: your combat ability will become much stronger. Don't underestimate the power of the Lloyd family totem.

"With your natural talent plus this awakened totem, you can boldly declare that below the martial emperor level, you are unrivaled." Laughing heartily, Donovan was in great spirits as he turned and walked away. Andrew murmured to himself, "I'm unrivaled among those below the martial emperor level? Is that really true?"

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Chapter 2296

---- Chapter 2296 A priceless Blackstar Crystal had been consumed just like that, and Andrew could only sigh helplessly. Ezekiel had brought this Blackstar Crystal to Chetvine with clear intentions. It was either meant as a valuable gift for someone or for some other important purpose. But now, Andrew had gotten the benefit for nothing. Despite that, Andrew's problem still remained unsolved. The Blackstar Crystal had been completely useless against the seal on his energy core. It seemed he would still need to make a trip to the Grand Auction House under the Reyes family.

Then, he could find the mysterious person who had sealed his energy core years ago. Alternatively, he could contact the Eastern Wanderer from the Umbral Peak Sect and ask for guidance. However, both of these paths were extremely troublesome and difficult. Even with Andrew's intelligence and abilities, he found them quite challenging. First, the Reyes family was not easy to mess with, and the Eastern Wanderer was a behind-the-scenes expert of the Umbral Peak Sect. Hence, meeting him would definitely involve many complications.

---- Second, the relationship between the Reyes family and the Lloyd family was not exactly good. If Andrew went directly to their door, he would definitely be refused outright. Worse yet, it might even trigger a conflict. Andrew was not afraid of conflicts. At worst, he could just tear off all pretenses and act with ruthless determination. But right now, making enemies for no reason in Chetvine would be harmful and pointless. At the very least, it would not help with the final seal on Andrew's energy core.

After thinking it over repeatedly, Andrew could not find a suitable solution and could only take things one step at a time. Perhaps he could contact Reginald. As soon as this thought occurred to him, Andrew did not hesitate and went straight to find Sheena. "Sheena, you have my dad's phone number, right?" Sheena was sitting with her legs dangling outside the pavilion, swinging them back and forth while eating an orange.

She glanced sideways at Andrew and asked, "Why do you want Uncle Reginald's number?" She added, "You know perfectly well that he is a busy man right now, running

for his life all over the world. He doesn't have time ---- to deal with you." Andrew frowned and said, "My dad is still running for his life? That seems unlikely. With his strength, who would dare mess with him once he leaves Chetvine?" Sheena pursed her lips and replied, "Uncle Reginald is naturally the kind of existence that's unbeatable anywhere in the world. But he's fought through dragon dens and lion's jaws.

Over the years, he's stirred up terrifying figures while searching for a way to deal with your energy core seal. Andrew didn't show the slightest worry. He waved a hand. "Just give me his number. I'll call him myself." Sheena thought for a moment and then gave him a number, saying, "This is it. Go ahead and call. But he's overseas, so he might not be able to answer." Andrew said nothing and dialed out, but he got a message that it was a dead number. Sheena immediately gave him another number. Andrew called again, but still no one picked up. Newest update provided by findnovel

Finally, Sheena spread her hands and said, "The last time Uncle Reginald contacted home was half a year ago. You know how it is, He changes numbers constantly to avoid enemies and various troubles. Usually, only he contacts us. It's very hard for ---- us to reach him proactively." Andrew nodded in understanding and turned to leave. Sheena suddenly called out, "Wait, Andrew, you know he recently married into a family in Vestra, right?" Andrew's face darkened as he said, "I've heard something about it" The fact that Reginald had married into a family in Vestra left him somewhat bewildered.

He did not know if it was because he had run out of money and could only sell himself, or if there was some other reason. Nonetheless, Andrew was certain that Reginald had done it willingly. If he had not wanted to, no force in the world could have made him. Sheena giggled behind her hand. "Uncle Reginald didn't just marry into any family. He married into Vestra's richest royal household. That's all I'll say, but Grandpa was the last one to speak with him."

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Chapter 2297

---- Chapter 2297 Sheena said, "Uncle Reginald mentioned that he already built a new estate for you over in Vestra. If things ever get too tough for you here, you can go there. Oh, and he even found you a few blonde, blue-eyed ladies. If you like one of them, you can marry her." Andrew chuckled. "Is that so? Well, thank you for letting me know, but I won't be needing it for now." As Andrew started to walk off, Sheena hopped down from the pavilion. "Hold it. Didn't you just ignite the Blood-Eyed Black Dragon mark?

Perfect timing, because I want to see for myself if that 'unrivaled to below the martial emperor level' talk about you is true." Andrew waved a hand behind him. "Make it another day. I've got business to handle right now." Sheena watched his back disappear into the distance, then rubbed her chin and muttered, "This isn't good. The moment he came home, he stumbled into such a huge opportunity. Igniting the family totem is no small matter. "What if he can keep igniting more... even all of them? Then where would that leave me? Second place? That's as good as being nothing.

No way, I can't let that happen. I have to keep up, ---- or I'll be crushed beneath him." Meanwhile, Natasha and Aspen were at a local farmers' market picking up groceries. "The Lloyd family cafeteria is honestly terrible," Natasha said as she picked through vegetables. "We might as well cook for darling ourselves, At least it will taste good and be healthy." Aspen smiled. "I don't mind at all. Whatever you decide, Natasha, I'll go along with it. Cooking together for Andrew in our little family? Just thinking about it makes me happy." Natasha laughed. "Exactly!

But Aspen, we'll need to tell him to expand the house soon. Otherwise, when Lauren, Fran, Chantelle, and Rowan come over, we won't have enough room." Aspen nodded quickly. "You're right. Our family keeps growing without us even realizing it." Natasha covered her mouth and giggled. "We didn't change... The change is on his side. He just keeps bringing people home." Aspen pouted. "The worst part is, he keeps sneaking around, adding more behind our backs. If it keeps going like this... Natasha, do you think he'll end up with over ten women one day?" Natasha tapped her chin in thought. "Ten?

That's nothing. I'd say ---- 50 at the very least, with no limit on top." Aspen burst out laughing, and Natasha followed, realizing how impossible that sounded. Still, if it did happen, what would that make their man? Some kind of king? Suddenly, three SUVs with government plates screeched to a stop at the curb. Two men in black suits jumped out and marched over aggressively as if to seize them Aspen's eyes narrowed as killing intent flickered across her gaze. "What do you think you're doing?

This is a public street, and snatching people here doesn't make sense, does it?" The men's faces stayed cold and silent. A few more men got out of the other two vehicles, each radiating a heavy, dangerous presence. Natasha grew slightly uneasy, but Aspen remained calm. "We belong to the Lloyd family. Before you act, you'd better think this through." The men exchanged tense glances, then stepped aside. A tall figure in a full military uniform climbed out slowly. He removed his sunglasses with a mocking smile. It was Kyrie. ---- "Miss, you still remember me, don't you?"

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Chapter 2298

---- Chapter 2298 Aspen gave a cold snort. "Sorry, I have no idea who you are." Kyrie slapped her with rage in his eyes. "Bitch, you tried to trap me last night at the Grand Hall, and now you say you don't know me? Do you think I'm some kind of fool?" To his shock, Aspen dodged his vicious slap. Her hand flipped, and a dagger appeared in her grip. "Try that again and I won't hold back," she said with an icy glare Kyrie let out a furious laugh. "You're the first to pull a blade on me in Chetvine. Fine, let's see what you've really got." He lunged forward like a storm.

Aspen had only reached martial king level, so against Kyrie, she had no chance to react. Pain ripped through her stomach as she spat a mouthful of blood. Natasha, furious, struck out with her palm. However, Kyrie sneered and swatted her aside with a backhand. Aspen's dagger clattered to the ground. Kyrie smirked. "What now? Getting scared? Ready to give in?" Aspen glanced at Natasha's injuries and said coldly, "General ---- Harding, you'll regret this. We are Andrew's women, and we live inside the Lloyd family estate. You know Andrew's temper.

He wont overlook this." Kyrie gave a twisted grin. "So now you're threatening me, huh? Fine, then I'll show you just what Andrew means to me!" His eyes flared red as energy surged in his hand, and he reached for Aspen's throat. However, Aspen did not flinch, She just stood there, waiting for him to act. Her look of disdain only fueled his rage. "General, stop!" Noah rushed forward at the last second. "Get out of my way, this doesn't concern you!" Kyrie roared. Noah's voice was firm. "Sir, have you forgotten? We were only ordered to take them in. Official source is

The higher-ups made it clear: no harming them." Kyrie's tone turned icy. "I'm a major general. So what if I hurt them? Hell, even if I kill them, who's going to stop me?" Noah pressed quickly, "But these two aren't ordinary women. They're Andrew's. If you really kill them, have you thought about how he will respond?" ---- Kyrie pointed at himself and snapped, "So you're saying I'm supposed to fear Andrew, that piece of trash? You think I came here for his women without considering him? These bitches and Andrew robbed Mr. Beckett.

Once that sticks, Andrew won't be able to talk his way out of it." Noah shook his head. "That hasn't been proven. General Phelan only asked us to escort the ladies, nothing more. But you came in swinging, and you know she won't like that." He added, "More importantly, General Turman told us to handle this appropriately and avoid conflict with the Lloyd family. Yet you've already crossed that line by attacking them. But that's not what worries me most. I know Andrew's temper. If you actually hurt these two, he might really do something you won't expect." Kyrie's fury boiled over.

"So that's it? You're saying I should be scared of Andrew, too? Even you, a worthless underling, think that way? Fine then, I'll stir this hornet's nest myself! What is Andrew, anyway? A god?"

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Chapter 2299

---- Chapter 2299 Kyrie hissed, "I'll just kill Andrew's women first and see if he cries about it." He slapped Noah aside with one strike, sending him flying. His aura roared like a beast as his hand reached straight for Aspen's neck, making it clear he wanted her dead. However, right when his claws were about to touch her, he froze. He asked, "What the hell are you laughing at?" Aspen, at death's door, was still chuckling. "I'm laughing at you, General Harding, for showing off your big, bad authority. You'd better kill me right now. [Google search findnovel](#)

That way, Andrew will have every reason to avenge me." Her voice sharpened. "Believe me, General Harding, if anything happens to me or Natasha, and he doesn't kill you himself, then justice is dead." Kyrie ground his teeth. "Bitch!" He raised his hand for a slap, but her mocking eyes held him back again. He snapped, "Take them away!" Back in his vehicle, his face darkened. Killing Aspen and Natasha should have been no different than ---- crushing two ants. However, as the rage drained, he remembered the shadow Andrew had cast on him ten years ago.

If he really killed Andrew's women, how would that devil respond? A shiver ran down Kyrie's spine against his will. He was not afraid, yet the nightmare of the past still haunted him, so he chose restraint. "Once it's confirmed that Andrew stole the Blackstar Crystal and he can't talk his way out of it, I'll torture those bitches to death right in front of him," Kyrie muttered, slamming his fist into the wheel. His grin turned vicious. "No... Before killing them, I'll make sure to play with them for three days and nights.

Watching Andrew break under my feet will be the greatest pleasure of all." Soon, Aspen and Natasha were dragged into the military headquarters. Luna was already waiting, and the moment she saw their bruised faces, her brows furrowed in fury. "What happened here? I gave strict orders that they were not to be harmed. Who did this?" Her voice was ice-cold. Noah stammered, "General Phelan, there was a misunderstanding, it was..." ---- Kyrie stepped down from his car slowly, unconcerned. "Luna, stop making a big deal. I hit them, and frankly, they deserved it.

If I hadn't held back, they'd already be stripped of their skin." However, Luna's fury did not fade. She exploded and yelled, "Kyrie! Do you realize how badly you've messed this

up?" Kyrie scowled at being shouted at. "Luna, aren't you overreacting? Do you really think I was wrong? I'm a major general, a commanding officer. What's the crime in slapping around two nobodies?" Luna clenched her jaw. "I'll deal with you later!" She turned to Natasha with concern. "Madam Vostokoff, are you alright?" Natasha shook her head.

"It's not too serious, but Aspen is hurt." Luna rushed to Aspen and saw her pale, pained expression. Her heart sank. "Ms. Stevens, let me get you treated right away." She reached for Aspen's hand, but Aspen pulled back with a cold voice. "I wouldn't dare trouble you, General Phelan." Luna narrowed her eyes. "Ms. Stevens, what's that supposed to mean?"

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Chapter 2300

---- Chapter 2230 Aspen said flatly, "It doesn't mean anything. I just want to wait for death. I don't need any treatment. You people in the military are so powerful, deciding who lives or dies whenever you feel like it, dragging people off as you please." She lowered her eyes. "Poor Natasha and I... we just got to Chetvine, and we have no one to rely on. The only one we have is Andrew, and right now, he doesn't even know if we're dead or alive.

If we really die here, I don't know how he's supposed to go on, and even thinking about it makes me feel sad for him." Her eyes reddened as she spoke. Luna knew Aspen was angry and throwing a tantrum, but she had no choice but to endure it. After all, she understood Andrew's personality. Kyrie had pushed things too far. If Andrew learned his women had been hurt, he would storm the military headquarters without hesitation, and even Philip might not be able to contain the fallout. Kyrie grew impatient. "Luna, why waste time talking to them? They're just two shameless women.

We'll use them to pressure Andrew to hand over the Blackstar Crystal. If he refuses, we kill them, so he'll learn our military isn't to be messed with." ---- Aspen chuckled, blood seeping from the corner of her mouth. " Yes, General Harding is right. So why don't you just do as he says, General Phelan? Kill us now. That way, when Andrew shows up and sees our corpses, I'm sure he'll do whatever you want." Luna took a deep breath and pressed down her fury. "Ms. Stevens, you should know that I only deal with matters, not personal grudges. I have no feud with you, so why would I want you dead?

Besides, this military isn't some place that bullies women for sport. We brought you here only to investigate..." Aspen cut her off with a cold laugh. "Investigate? Then what was

General Harding's assault supposed to be? I'll be honest, I hate you. I hate you more than anyone. Back in Gabo Creek, you looked down on Andrew and acted all high and mighty. "Now that you know he's the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince, you fawn and play the part of some generous ally. Sure, you're a genius, and your family has power and prestige.

You're a female general in Holtrien's military, which sounds amazing, outshining countless men." Aspen sneered, biting her lip until it bled. "But Luna, stop pretending. When Andrew was at his lowest, you did nothing but look down on him. Now that we're in Chetvine, you act all compassionate because you see something to gain. Don't bother sparing us. If you have the guts, kill Natasha and me right ---- now. Let's see how Andrew reacts when he finds out." Luna froze for a moment, staring at Aspen in disbelief. "As Andrew's woman, that's how you see me?" Aspen snorted. "That's right. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON

I am a petty woman, a loudmouth. Call me whatever you want, but this is how I see you, and I can't stand you. I remember everything... Your arrogance, your disdain, the way you treated him. I can be insulted, beaten, or looked down on, but Andrew is my husband, the man I care about most. Whoever wronged him, I'll never forget it." Aspen's eyes burned as she continued. "Because in my heart, Andrew is above everything else. He's easily worth a thousand times over my value. And you, Luna... What are your feelings toward him?

You think of yourself as a good person who wants to be close to him, but have you ever shown sincerity? Did you sacrifice anything? "No, you didn't. You're nothing. All you ever thought about was yourself, and that's why Andrew will never hold a place for you in his heart. You refuse to face that reality, so today, I'll be the one to show it to you."

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