

# **Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)**

## **Chapter 2301**

---- Chapter 2301 Luna froze in place. Her entire body became rigid, as if her soul had suddenly left her body. "Take them away and treat their injuries," she finally said, waving her hand with a cold voice. "If anyone else dares to hurt them again, then I will send them straight to hell!" Kyrie let out a mocking laugh. "Luna, I really don't get you. That little bitch just now, why didn't you slap her across the face?"

What makes her think she's even qualified to question you?" Luna glanced at him and said flatly, "Kyrie, from now on, you have no right to ask about my business." She turned around and walked out without another word. Kyrie's expression instantly darkened. It was the first time Luna had ever tured on him like that, and all of it happened because of Andrew. He was not stupid. From Aspen's words earlier, he had already caught a whiff of something unusual.

It almost seemed like Luna had some kind of messy feelings toward Andrew, while Aspen, being Andrew's woman, openly despised Luna and attacked her outright. Kyrie's fists cracked as he clenched them tight. "In that case, ---- Andrew, you deserve to die even more! Luna can only be mine!" Half an hour later, Andrew arrived at the military headquarters. Mr. Lloyd, you're under suspicion of armed robbery..." Noah started announcing the charges the moment Andrew stepped inside. Yet, before he could even finish, Andrew's foot slammed into his stomach.

With a dull thud, Noah, a martial king at his peak, spewed blood and collapsed. He raised a trembling finger at Andrew, terror flashing in his eyes, before they rolled back and he passed out cold. The room erupted as seven soldiers lunged at Andrew in fury. However, Andrew struck first, slapping them down one after another. Blood gushed out of their mouths as they screamed in agony, collapsing to the floor in heaps. With a sharp crack, Andrew yanked a shotgun off the wall. His face was expressionless as he loaded it and flicked off the safety.

The gaping barrel pointed straight at a colonel on the floor. Andrew growled, "You have one minute to bring my people here. If you're even one second late, I swear I'll smash every head in this room. Now get out!" ---- His roar was vicious, filled with pure rage. The colonel, half-dead and terrified, staggered to his feet and stumbled out the door. The moment he hit the hall, he screamed at the top of his lungs. "Help! Somebody help!" The sound of pounding boots echoed as soldiers rushed in from every direction, sealing off the entire place within seconds. Luna and Kyrie walked into the room.

"Andrew, put the gun down. Do you even realize what pulling a weapon inside the military headquarters means?" Kyrie barked, his eyes first landing on the shotgun in Andrew's hands. Then, he noticed Noah lying on the ground, half-dead. His fury

exploded at once. Luna, however, pressed her lips together, her face paling for just an instant. She knew Andrew would blow up once he came, but she had not expected him to go this far. Looking at him now, he was only one step away from unleashing a massacre. Andrew raised the shotgun, pointing it straight at Kyrie's head.

He said coldly, "You've got some guts, going after my people. If those two women have even a scratch on them, Kyrie, I'll blow your brains out right here." Kyrie's body gave an involuntary shudder because Andrew's ---- voice carried no warmth, only the chilling whisper of a devil READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT [find\\*\\*novel](#)

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## Chapter 2302

---- Chapter 2302 Andrew shot her a cold grin. "General Phelan, impressive work. Just from a few scraps of clues, you already pinned this on me. Not only that, you went ahead and grabbed my people without so much as a heads-up. "So all those past camaraderies were just for show, nothing but fake courtesy. If that's how it is, then let me make this clear, Luna. You want to track down the Blackstar Crystal? I'm telling you straight up: look for it in hell! And bring out Aspen and Natasha for me!

If you can't bring them out, I'll kill all of you!" By his last words, Andrew's face was completely savage. A flash of pain flickered through Luna's eyes. She had not expected Andrew to treat her like this. That vicious look was like he was facing an enemy. Maybe he was so furious because he was worried about his lovers, or maybe because she had gone after his beloved women, he now saw her and Kyrie as birds of a feather, which led him to say such heartless words. Luna experienced a taste she had never felt before. Jealousy, bitterness, and hurt.

These emotions had never existed in her before. ---- She was Luna Phelan. Her greatest defining trait was her unmatched, absolute pride. Everything in the world was beneath her, and no one was ever worthy of her gaze. She only looked toward the top, never down at mortals. But now, she was wounded all over by the emotions and feelings of ordinary people. "Bring them over and return them to Mr. Lloyd." Luna's voice was hoarse as she ordered the people behind her. Without realizing it, she no longer called him Andrew, and she was no longer gentle. Instead, she addressed him as Mr.

Lloyd, being polite but distant. Kyrie roared, "We're not returning them! Luna, let's work together and kill this bastard first. Does he really think he can walk all over us in our own base?" Andrew sneered viciously. "Go ahead and try! I can guarantee you that the one who dies will definitely be you, you piece of trash!" Kyrie was fuming with rage. Just

then, he heard Luna beside him say flatly, "Mr. Beckett is on his way over. He wants to question you about the Blackstar Crystal matter. What our military headquarters did was just following protocol. The rest is between you and Mr.

Beckett, Mr. ---- Lloyd." Andrew lowered the shotgun and said flatly, "Fine. Then let's take it to the table. But if you can't produce the Blackstar Crystal or any evidence, don't think I'll just sit back. I, Andrew Lloyd, am not someone you can push around." Luna's voice turned icy. "Mr. Beckett already said that anyone who touched the Blackstar Crystal can be identified within a month. So, Mr. Lloyd, you'd better prepare yourself." Andrew smirked. "Prepare myself for what? Let's not pretend here. We all know the Blackstar Crystal is in my hands.

I robbed Sorya on purpose, just to screw with that bastard Ezekiel. What's wrong? Does the military have nothing better to do than run errands for outsiders and play hero?" Luna's chest tightened with anger. "You..." From that moment on, the delicate balance between her and Andrew flipped upside down. She had always been the one in control, towering above him, but now Andrew had seized the upper hand, leaving her powerless and suffocated: Kyrie sneered. "Good, so you admit it. His things aren't that easy to take." Andrew shrugged. "I didn't take it; I stole it outright.

Send him here, and I'll talk to him myself. You think I care? I stole it, and he ---- can't do a damn thing to me." Kyrie laughed angrily. "We'll see how long that tough talk lasts! Ezekiel is the heir to Tristars Group and carries a mission bigger than you. If he really wants you gone, Andrew, what can you do to fight back? "You think you're still the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince? Do you think the Lloyd family royal armory is still backing you up? Without that, you're just a clown to Ezekiel, and you won't even know how you died." Andrew glanced at him. "Yeah, maybe I am a clown.

But at least I'm better than you, a complete waste of space." kyrie's eyes burned red with fury. "Fine. You just wait. You damn well wait!" Before long, the heavy sound of boots echoed through the hall. Ezekiel entered with his bodyguards, two glamorous women clinging to his side. The moment he stepped in, his eyes locked on Andrew, and he grinned. "Well, I'd heard you were dead. Didn't think you'd still be alive and haunting me like a ghost. No need to guess. The one who stole my Blackstar Crystal last night was you, the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince.

Because I know damn well, nobody else had the guts or the strength." ---- He added, "So, Andrew, let's settle both our old grudge and this new one together." His grin faded bit by bit, until only hatred remained in his eyes.

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## Chapter 2303

---- Chapter 2303 Andrew smiled faintly. "Ezekiel, long time no see. If I remember correctly, that was years ago in South Meurico, wasn't it? Your elite Sorya squad was completely wiped out, every single one of them dead. "But one rat slipped through the cracks, running for his life. I couldn't catch you then because South Meurico was crawling with your allies, and they were damn tough to deal with. Funny though... I never thought you'd be doing this well now, nothing like the coward who pissed himself back then." Ezekiel's eyes turned sharp and cold, but his lips curved into a mocking smirk. This update is available on

"Andrew, real men don't brag about old victories. Sure, I may have suffered at your hands once, but what about you? What great achievements do you have to show for yourself? "You're a disgraced commander, a traitor who walked out of Holtrien, that monstrous organization that terrifies the world. Your record is littered with stains, and I won't even bother listing them." Luna cut in coldly. "Mr. Beckett, let's stick to business. You came here to track down your Blackstar Crystal, not to sling insults. Mr.

Lloyd was once a soldier of Holtrien, and your words just now crossed the line into slander. I'm a soldier too, and I can't stand hearing it. So I'd advise you to rein it in, for everyone's sake." ---- Even though she and Andrew had already clashed, hearing Ezekiel attack him still made Luna's chest tighten in defense. Ezekiel snorted. Then, took a scanner handed to him by one of his men. He started sweeping it over Andrew and said, "The Blackstar Crystal is a unique substance, formed from refined dark energy.

Dark energy doesn't mix with ordinary air at all, so anyone who comes into contact with it will carry traces, no matter what. Andrew, I hope you can still laugh once you're exposed." Andrew shrugged indifferently. "Blackstar Crystal? Yeah, I stole it. I'll say it straight to your face. Ezekiel, you and I both know what our relationship is. If anything, I've been polite by only robbing you. If I followed my instincts, I would have killed you outright and sent your head back to your Blue House as a gift." Ezekiel's grin turned into a savage sneer. "Don't worry, Andrew.

There'll come a day when one of us lives and the other dies." The two women flanking him also flashed cruel smirks, their eyes filled with murderous intent as they stared Andrew down. Kyrie jumped in eagerly. "Mr. Beckett, well? The scan should confirm it, right? Once you've got your evidence, we can hand this bastard over to you to deal with however you lik Ezekiel chuckled darkly. "No rush. Since he admitted it himself, ---- that only means he's run out of options and is bluffing." However, after scanning for quite a while, he frowned. The device showed nothing.

Refusing to believe it, he scanned Aspen and Natasha one by one, yet the machine remained silent, not a single reaction. He did not know that Andrew had already fully

absorbed the Blackstar Crystal, fusing it into his body. It was no longer a crystal at all, but a part of him. Hence, no device could possibly detect it now, and since Aspen and Natasha had never touched it, there was nothing to find on them either. "What the hell? Ezekiel, don't tell me your fancy toy is broken!" Kyrie shouted again, desperate to see Andrew fall.

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## Chapter 2304

---- Chapter 2304 Ezekiel said nothing, but his face gradually darkened. Without making it obvious, he glanced at the beautiful woman beside him. The Soryan woman was Ezekiel's personal bodyguard and technical specialist. She shook her head at Ezekiel. This meant she was telling Ezekiel that the device was working fine. So, there was no way to prove that Andrew had stolen the Blackstar Crystal. "Alright, enough with all this scanning. Does this thing even work?" Finally, Andrew made his move and slapped the device away with one hand. Ezekiel suppressed his rage and laughed coldly.

"Andrew, you've got some real skills, managing to slip past this." Andrew looked disdainful as he replied, "I already told you that I stole it. Too bad you don't have proof, so what can you do about it? Anyway, goodbye!" He pushed past Ezekiel and Kyrie and walked away with big strides, taking Aspen and Natasha with him. The two Soryan women beside Ezekiel were about to make their deadly move. ---- "Don't move... At least not now. It's not the right time," Ezekiel ordered in Soryan. Kyrie could not believe it. "Are we just going to let him walk away like that?"

"You're really going to let him go?" Ezekiel sneered. "If I don't let him go, then I'd appreciate it if you, General, could keep him here for me. Can you do that?" Kyrie frowned. "What do you mean? Are you mocking me?" Ezekiel looked contemptuous. "I'm not mocking you. I'm looking down on you! If you've got what it takes, then go take him down yourself. My grudge with him can be settled separately. "But if you don't have the skills and can't touch Andrew, then please crawl away and stay out of the way!"

There's a saying you Holtrien people like to use: a true man walks openly, a petty man lives in constant fear. Kyrie, you're just a useless petty man, you know that?" He mocked, "You are just a useless petty person, got it? You want to watch me and him destroy each other so you can pick up the pieces. Damn it, what the hell are you?" Being insulted like this, Kyrie threw a punch. "You bastard, I was trying to help you out, and you turn around and trash-talk me. Ezekiel, screw you. I am going to kill you!" ---- This was already the second conflict with Ezekiel. Read complete version only at

Honestly, Kyrie really could not stand Ezekiel. He did not treat him like a brigadier general at all, which was something Kyrie could not tolerate. Ezekiel stood perfectly still. "Kyrie, you don't need to rush. The time for us to make our move is coming soon." Kyrie's fist stopped just short of Ezekiel's nose, the force sending a gust of wind across his face. "Not dodging or flinching, huh? Guess you've got some guts after all. Fine, why wait for another day?

How about we step outside right now and settle this?" Days of pent-up frustration and anger pushed Kyrie to the edge, and he was itching to carve Ezekiel up. Of course, he was not stupid either. He had another thought brewing. If he beat Ezekiel head-on, right here in Chetvine, then his reputation would skyrocket within Holtrien itself. Ezekiel said coldly, "Kyrie, I told you, don't rush. On my way here, I already spoke to General Turman. I will be submitting an official declaration, and in my nation's name, I'm formally challenging Holtrien's Martial Tower. To the death... nothing less.

The words hit like thunder. Luna and Kyrie both stiffened, their ---- faces tightening with shock Luna spoke firmly. "Mr. Beckett, a duel between nations is not child's play. Don't you dare joke about this."

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## **- Chapter 2305**

### **Chapter 2305**

---- Chapter 2305 Ezekiel put one hand behind his back and said proudly, "I never joke around. I want to challenge Holtrien in my country's sacred name, specifically the



Martial Tower that's known as the Eastern Arsenal. "Martial Tower was built with 100 floors, representing the pinnacle of Holtrien's martial arts. I may be unworthy, but I want to prove to your entire nation that there's still more beyond 100. Standing on the peak of Martial Tower's 100th floor and trampling everything underfoot? That view must be magnificent." These words were extremely insulting. Kyrie exploded with rage.

"Fine, you've got guts, Ezekiel! Since you want to die, I will be the first to accept your challenge." Luna shouted angrily, "Wait, Kyrie! This is a matter of national importance. It's not something you alone can decide. I'll contact General Turman now and ask what's going on." Just then, Philip's voice was already coming from outside. There's no need for that. Mr. Beckett has indeed submitted official documents to challenge our military's Martial Tower! We have no reason to retreat or cower. So, Mr. Beckett, I accept your challenge." ---- Ezekiel laughed loudly.

"So, we meet at last, General Turman! But let me make myself clear: I am challenging the Martial Tower, not you, the War God of Holtrien. If I did that, Tristars Group's chairman and my nation's ruler would accuse me of being disrespectful to my elders and ignorant of proper ranks." Philip looked calm. "I'm an old acquaintance of your Tristars Group's chairman. Your country producing such a shining star as yourself is indeed a blessing for your country. But when you keep bringing up your chairman and ruler, I don't think you're worried about showing respect.

You're afraid that if I sit at the Martial Tower, you won't make it an inch." Ezekiel only smiled, tacitly admitting it. Philip snorted coldly. "Don't worry, I won't make a move against you, as that would be against protocol! It would also go against Holtrien's dignity as a great nation! Feel free to challenge the Martial Tower. If Holtrien's soldiers lose, it just means our skills are inferior! "If you prove more skilled and steal the show, then whatever demands or conditions you have, just name them!

Holtrien isn't afraid of people coveting us; we're only afraid that the incompetent won't dare come and cause trouble!" Ezekiel laughed heartily, "General Turman, you're exactly as the rumors say: domineering and iron-blooded!" ---- His smile faded as he said coldly, "General, if I follow the rules, I'm afraid these trash like Kyrie aren't even enough to warm me up unless your old monsters step in." This time, Philip did not answer. Instead, he turned his eyes toward Kyrie and then shifted his gaze to Luna. Finally, he ordered flatly, "Notify the Martial Tower immediately. Mr.

Beckett will begin at the first level and fight his way up to the 100th. "Whether this brings glory to our nation or disgrace upon it... It's all in your generation's hands. His words left us with no room to deny the challenge, and I cannot fight him myself, so the outcome rests on your shoulders." Kyrie thumped his chest hard, the sound echoing, and bellowed, " I'll go first! That bastard dared to insult the head of Holtrien's military. If I don't smash him bloody, then I'm no man!" The source of this content is find[[n](#)]ovel

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## Chapter 2306

---- Chapter 2306 Ezekiel did not hesitate and charged straight into the first floor of the Martial Tower. What surprised him was that there was no 'one guarding it, allowing him to pass through unobstructed. Frowning, he headed straight for the second floor. Looking around, no one was guarding it; the passage was wide open. 'What the hell is that old fox Philip up to?' Ezekiel wondered, feeling something ominous stir in his heart. Nonetheless, his overwhelming confidence and deep-seated schemes kept him calm and collected.

His trip to Holtrien was to retrieve a national treasure belonging to Sorya. Before departing, the chairman of the Tristars Group had already asked Sorya's strongest martial artist to provide comprehensive strategic planning for him. As long as the old monsters from Holtrien's military did not get involved, he could crush the younger generation of Holtrien's military without trouble. National power often spread like wildfire; one spark could set an entire plain ablaze.

If Ezekiel could tear through the Martial Tower and trample Holtrien's young elites beneath his feet, then in the eyes of the ambitious Tristars Group's chairman, this would mark the ---- beginning of Sorya's rise to dominance in the East. For decades, Sorya had never given up competing with Holtrien. Its small land and limited resources kept it from standing out, but underestimating the nation was a grave mistake. At least Andrew had never looked down on Sorya.

He knew their Polar Tigers special ops unit was among the best in the world, and it was just their bad luck that they had once faced Andrew himself. Just as Ezekiel was advancing triumphantly up the higher floors of the Martial Tower, the military



headquarters was also sending notifications to all the major elite families and power brokers in Chetvine. All soldiers belonging to the military were to proceed to the Martial Tower on their own to participate in its defense. If they failed, then mighty Holtrien would be deemed inferior in skill, crushed by a foreign upstart.

It would be an endless humiliation! Towering rage and public indignation immediately exploded in the hearts of countless martial artists in Chetvine. The first to act were the soldiers in Chetvine Plaza beneath the Martial Tower. They rushed into the Martial Tower one after another to compete with Ezekiel. ---- After careful consideration, the major elite families and power brokers also made their arrangements. Isabelle was one of them, but Vernon, the head of the Robertson family, did not want her to go. However, this aloof girl ignored him completely.

"I can't stand an outsider running wild on our own turf! Who does he think he is? He doesn't deserve it!" Isabelle was rarely this furious. Upon hearing this, Vernon fell silent. Finally, he compromised. "Alright, go ahead. When we fight among ourselves behind closed doors, that's our own business. But if we let some foreign punk humiliate us, that would be a disgrace to our ancestors and make us unworthy of being Holtrien descendants!" On the Harding family's side, Kyrie was at the forefront, making a tremendous commotion with explosive momentum.

Sergio repeatedly questioned Kyrie, "How confident are you? If you can't handle it, don't force yourself. Our family would rather not make a move than embarrass ourselves!" Kyrie said urgently, "Grandpa, don't you trust me?" Sergio's eyes were deep and thoughtful. "It's not that I don't trust you. I'm more wary of Ezekiel. He is a martial arts prodigy that Sorya cultivated with their entire nation's resources."

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## Chapter 2307

---- Chapter 2307 Sergio said, "The Blood-Eye Chairman of Tristars Group, and Sorya's top fighter, the invincible Waylon Sloan... These two are prominent figures on the world stage. Their combined force: Waylon's Aether Balance martial path and the Blood-Eye's financial storms, has swept across the globe, leaving countless victims in its wake. "Although you're a promising talent in the Harding family, in my eyes... Kyrie, you're nowhere near Ezekiel's level!" Kyrie's anger flared as he shot back, "Grandpa, among all the families and factions in Chetvine, you've always ranked me dead last!"

This time, I will prove to you that I am second to none!" Sergio waved dismissively and said, "Go then. Talking won't change anything! I only have one requirement: keep yourself alive and don't throw your life away recklessly!" Kyrie felt bitter resentment as he headed toward the Martial Tower with a dark expression. Despite Sergio's small stature, he seemed as imposing and unmovable as a mountain itself at that moment. He mused, ' Compared to the Robertson family, the Cunningham family, the Reyes family, and the royal Lloyd family, our family's rising generation is clearly inferior...

It wouldn't be wrong to say we're ---- experiencing a shortage of talent!' However, his eyes hardened with resolve. 'But just because my son is worthless doesn't mean I am. As long as I remain standing, the Harding family will continue to stand tall and unstoppable!' It was worth noting that among Chetvine's five great clans, Sergio ranked first in power among the family heads and was known as the "Pseudo-Invincible". The title of "True Invincible" belonged to Sorya's strongest warrior, Waylon. Sergio had once fought Waylon in an overseas battle and suffered a narrow defeat.

Nonetheless, whether pseudo or true invincible, Sergio's invincible status was undeniable. After all, he was just one step away from becoming a martial god. Meanwhile, over at the Cunningham residence, Conrad opened his eyes in the harsh, frozen wasteland of the far north. His upper body was bare, and he wore only shorts below. Yet, the freezing environment had no effect on him. His meridians were visible beneath his skin, true power surging through them. Clearly, he was in peak condition with abundant energy and maximum battle readiness. Google search Find~Novel

Conrad muttered, "Ezekiel Beckett, a Soryan and Waylon's prized ---- student. If I face him head-on, what are my odds of victory?" Conrad was not like Kyrie, blindly confident, because he had already clashed with Ezekiel before and had suffered a loss. Their encounter had not been a straight-up fight but a skirmish, yet it was still a defeat Conrad preferred not to mention. His brows furrowed as he contacted the Cunningham family headquarters in Chetvine. "Conrad!" came Otto's voice, the family patriarch, Conrad nodded.

"Grandpa, should I return to Chetvine to stop Ezekiel?" Otto shook his head. "No need. Philip's troubles are not ours to clean up." Conrad pressed firmly. "But besides being a Cunningham, I am also a soldier. Ezekiel openly challenging the Martial Tower is just as much an insult to me." Otto replied calmly, "And what of it? Philip's command is full of talent, and they do not lack one more man. Besides, Andrew is also a soldier. One way or another, it is about time he gave his life for the country."

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## Chapter 2308

---- Chapter 2308 Conrad could not help but argue back, "Grandpa, this is a confrontation between nations. Even though it's just a challenge, how can we allow our great nation of Holtrien to suffer such an insult? Bringing up old grudges with the Lloyd family at a time like this doesn't seem honorable or something to be proud of! As for Andrew, I don't trust him!" Otto sneered coldly and asked, "Are you questioning his abilities or doubting whether he'll even act?" Conrad replied honestly, "Both. He has lost all loyalty to the military.

He even harbors hatred toward General Turman, which is common knowledge to many. What I fear is that he'll just sit back and watch Ezekiel publicly humiliate the military!" Otto chuckled with amusement and said, "That would actually be the best outcome for our family! This is a death trap with no escape, and I want that cursed dragon to hover on the edge of death and destruction." He continued, "If he doesn't die this time, then I'll set up a second trap, then a third. Eventually, he'll meet his end!" Conrad gasped in shock and blurted out, "Wait...

Did you orchestrate Ezekiel's challenge to the Martial Tower?" ---- Otto remained silent, but his silence spoke volumes. It was as good as a confession. "Grandpa, why would you do this? How can our grudges with Andrew, his father, and the royal Lloyd family take precedence over our country? I can't support what you're doing!" Conrad's fury erupted, though he still maintained some restraint in Otto's presence. Otto's face twisted with a menacing expression as he snarled, " Fool! Do you think I'm orchestrating this for some petty personal vendetta?

The Cunningham family is already at the point of no return, and we have no choice but to strike! Only one of us can survive; either the Cunningham family or the royal Lloyd family." He added, "Andrew and Reginald, that father-son pair of cursed dragons, are our family's greatest enemies. Eliminating either one of them would mean rebirth and a breakthrough for our family. Your mercy at this moment is nothing but false compassion and cowardice, do you understand?" Conrad replied coldly, "I have never been a coward! Death isn't an ending for me... It's a beginning.

But Grandpa, I equally despise your arrangements this time. At the very least, if I were leading the Cunningham family, I would never stoop to such tactics." ---- Otto sneered dismissively and said, "You're still so useless, my dear grandson! Beyond martial arts, you have a very long way to go. Someday you'll discover that there are far too many things in this world that martial arts can't solve. Yet, with political maneuvering, nothing is impossible! "Whether Andrew acts or not, he has no real choice.

If he doesn't act, the military will suffer a crushing defeat, and he'll be held accountable. Plenty of people will settle scores with him. If he does act, do you think Ezekiel will spare him? Will Waylon show mercy? I want to kill him, and Waylon sees him as a thorn

in his side, too. So he'll face yet another trial by death!" Otto's cold laughter filled the air as he abruptly ended the call. Conrad stood silently in the snow, saying nothing for a long moment. Finally, he did nothing and returned to his original position, sitting cross-legged in meditation.

"What goes around comes around, Andrew. All the tribulations you face today are of your own making." Clenching his fists tightly, Conrad's voice was filled with both hatred and anguish as he spoke those painful words.

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## Chapter 2309

---- Chapter 2309 Ezekiel was unstoppable inside the Martial Tower. By this point, he had already stormed straight to the 30th floor. Along the way, three groups had tried to block his path, but without exception, all had been defeated. However, Ezekiel showed restraint in his attacks and did not kill anyone. The reason was simple: he did not bother wasting effort on these insignificant military soldiers. If he were going to kill anyone, it would at least be someone like Kyrie from the great families. If Andrew showed up, that would be even better.

A faint smile played on his face, though his eyes remained cold as steel. "Mr. Beckett, this is as far as you'll ever reach!" On the 35th floor, Kyrie sat with commanding presence, clad in battle armor. His eyes burned with a fierce fighting spirit. "Either you wisely retreat on your own, or we settle this once and for all!" Ezekiel stepped forward slowly, his smile growing wider with each step. Finally, he stopped five meters in front of Kyrie, placing one hand behind his back and one in front. He declared arrogantly, "Kyrie, please begin. To deal with you, I'll only use one hand.

But let me be clear upfront. I really can't ---- stand you. So even though I'm only using one hand, I might just kill you outright!" Ezekiel shouted the last three words so loudly that Kyrie felt his mind buzz. Ezekiel's body had already lunged forward like a bulldozer, reaching his face in an instant. His single hand formed a strange gesture as it struck directly at Kyrie's chest. The scene shifted to show their battle displayed on the large screen in the military command center. Philip was monitoring every movement inside the Martial Tower in real time. Get full chapters from

"General, based on Ezekiel's techniques so far, he is at least an advanced-level martial saint," the technical analyst reported with a grave expression. Philip remained silent, simply watching the large screen where Kyrie and Ezekiel had begun their deadly

combat. The Harding family's martial arts emphasized deception and variation, focusing on vicious and cunning techniques. Meanwhile, Ezekiel's speed and striking angles were equally unexpected and remarkably surprising. As a result, the two martial artists were evenly matched, making it impossible to predict the outcome in the short term.

---- Luna remarked in her ice-cold voice, "Ezekiel is using the most common combat techniques from Sorya's military. There are only subtle variations in his palm work... It's most likely Waylon's The Dragon's Cyclone. Philip nodded with a faint smile. "Exactly. He condensed Waylon's signature move into his hand, turning the ocean into a stream, seamless and natural, yet carrying the force of thunder. Truly a martial prodigy." Luna frowned. "But Kyrie isn't some pushover.

If Ezekiel sticks to using only one hand, the fight could still go either way." However, Philip replied calmly, "There's nothing uncertain about it. Kyrie's defeat was sealed the moment he stepped into the ring. Sergio sent his grandson into battle so easily... It's the Harding family's classic play of 'I don't care if I lose, because no one can shame me anyway.'" A smirk crossed his face. "It fits their style perfectly." Luna asked, "Then if Kyrie falls, who's up next?" Philip chuckled. "Whoever is next goes next, The Holtrien military is massive, filled with people.

Ezekiel can't be allowed to run wild." Luna nodded. "Fine, then I'll prepare. But if I lose here, the only option left will be to send Conrad." ---- Philip snorted. "Don't bother waiting on him. Conrad isn't coming. Luna was stunned. "Why not? At such a crucial time, how can the Cunningham family just stand by?" Philip's tone was flat. "The Harding family has no shame, and losing means nothing to them. The Cunningham family, though... That's a very different story."

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## Chapter 2310

---- Chapter 2310 Philip said, "Otto's scheme is far more deadly. He doesn't care whether the military wins or loses. In fact, he's hoping for our complete defeat! Ultimately, he wants to force out that one specific person. "You all think this battle is about national glory, where we can only win and never lose! But some people couldn't care less about national honor and disgrace.

The only thing they care about is their own interests!" Luna's lips trembled as she asked, "Surely the Cunningham family wouldn't go that far, would they?" Philip waved dismissively and replied, "Luna, just focus on yourself, Holtrien is like a chariot riding the

skies, and when everyone pulls together, we can fight the heavens and go against the world itself.

"But if some people drag the wheels, some pull the horses the wrong way, and some just lie down without helping, then it is no longer a chariot but a collapsing castle in the sky." Luna's eyes filled with sorrow as she asked, "Even so, I still want to know why." Philip shook his head. "There is no why, only facts and ---- outcomes. Go on, Kyrie can't hold out much longer, and soon it'll be your turn to fight.

I estimate you have a fair chance of stopping Ezekiel, but nobody knows what kind of stakes Waylon has placed on him, so we still need a backup plan." Luna nodded and marched toward the Martial Tower in her tall military boots. Her heart felt unbearably heavy. She was not worried about Ezekiel actually conquering all 100 floors of the Martial Tower, because Philip was not one to sit back and do nothing. With this pillar of strength leading the military, she saw no reason for defeat. Yet at the same time, she still could not see the light of victory.

Was the "only choice" Philip mentioned referring to Conrad, or was it someone else? She shook her head, unable to figure it out. In truth, plenty of people in Chetvine were capable of stopping Ezekiel. For example, Sheena, the royal star of the Lloyd family. Despite all her pride, Luna believed Sheena was Ezekiel's natural nemesis. The problem, however, was that Sheena did not belong to the military. She had no obligation to step in and save their honor. ---- Inside the Martial Tower, Kyrie was drenched in sweat and already running out of strength.

His eyes flashed with urgency because at this pace, he would be completely exhausted and suffer a crushing defeat. In contrast, Ezekiel was not even winded. He hammered away with one hand as raw force exploded around him, as if he could fight forever. 'No... can't keep dragging this out. I can only go all in for one last strike!' Kyrie thought, He let out a low roar as every ounce of energy inside his core surged forth. A walnut-sized mark at his brow suddenly lit up, and his aura skyrocketed as his fists clashed together with the force of thunder. Ezekiel's figure blurred as he chuckled.

"So this is the Harding family's Thunderstorm Force? Seems pretty underwhelming to me." Kyrie roared back, "Bastard! You keep belittling the Harding family, but this time you're dead!" The energy around his fists transformed into pure lightning, However, the thunder did not extend to his arms, head, or body; it only covered his fists. Still, Kyrie was confident this was enough to defeat Ezekiel. ---- If he were lucky, he might even land the killing blow and end this Soryan prodigy right here. Originally, this hidden technique was meant to be reserved for Andrew. Read full story at

But now, Ezekiel would have to take the brunt of it. With a thunderous shout, the two lightning-formed fists swelled in size, then came crashing down like a storm to engulf Ezekiel. That single strike drained Kyrie completely, leaving him drenched in sweat, panting, and collapsing to his knees, unable to stand Yet, his eyes remained locked onto Ezekiel, unblinking, as he waited for the final outcome.



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## Chapter 2311

---- Chapter 2311 A violent tremor shook the entire Martial Tower. In the clash, Kyrie missed the sneer of contempt at the corner of Ezekiel's mouth. 'The Harding family specializes in Thunderstorm Force. It has a devastating attack power, but the most lethal part lies in the mental and spiritual shock it inflicted! 'This kind of damage is invisible and intangible, sinister and impossible to guard against! But Ezekiel, with your talent, just one technique I teach you will be enough to resist it!' Ezekiel's mind echoed with his mentor Waylon's parting words.

His eyes gleamed as he thrust one hand directly into the thunderstorm before him. His other hand pressed firmly against the tower's inner wall. The wall was forged from reinforced steel, and immediately sparks erupted in a crackling series. Ezekiel felt secretly delighted. Sure enough, the technique Waylon taught him had worked wonders. Using the human body as a conduit, he could channel the Thunderstorm Force directly into other materials, thereby neutralizing it. Trying to resist Thunderstorm Force head-on was pure stupidity.

---- Only by redirecting and transferring it could one employ a superior combat strategy. The only factor to consider in this was the human body's limits. If one could not withstand the impact of Thunderstorm Force flooding through the body, it could result in a serious injury or even death in battle. Nonetheless, Ezekiel was Sorya's number one prodigy. Hence, he naturally had an exceptional physical constitution. He kept his mind sharp and endured the crushing mental pressure. In less than two seconds, Kyrie's attack was already neutralized.

Ezekiel then lunged forward like a streak of lightning, his body snapping into a brutal axe kick midair. With a sickening thud, Kyrie's head smashed into the ground as Ezekiel stomped him into the floor. Ezekiel's eyes darkened with murderous intent. He planned to kill Kyrie, giving Holtrien, Chetvine, and the Harding family a harsh lesson. "Bastard, go ahead and kill me if you've got the guts!" Though Kyrie was pinned underground and nearly unconscious, especially with his head about to split open, his mouth remained as stubborn as ever. He did not believe Ezekiel would dare kill him. Follow current novels on

This was Holtrien's Chetvine, not Sorya's Keolwick. ---- "Kyrie, rest in peace. Sorry, I just couldn't control myself. Worst case, I'll personally visit your family afterward to apologize and make amends!" Ezekiel applied more pressure with his foot, laughing wickedly. kyrie finally panicked, his tongue extending far out of his mouth as he tried to

beg for mercy. However, it was already too late. Ezekiel's knee bent slightly as he prepared to crush Kyrie's skull. Suddenly, the pendant on Kyrie's chest exploded.

A vast protective energy barrier enveloped Kyrie while simultaneously shoving Ezekiel away instantly. Right then, Luna arrived on the scene. Her eyes swept over Kyrie. He was alive, but only barely. She barked coldly, "Mr. Beckett, this was supposed to be a challenge, not a deathmatch! If you take a life, we won't treat this as a simple duel anymore. Especially when the person you're trying to kill is one of our own majors!" If Kyrie had died, it would have been truly difficult to explain to Philip and the Harding family. Disappointment flashed briefly in Ezekiel's eyes.

With Luna's arrival, his chance to kill was gone, and forcing a kill in front of her was not advisable. ---- "General Phelan, you're here. Kyrie and I were just sparring, keeping it friendly! Kill him? That's not happening. I wouldn't have the guts to offend the Harding family!" Ezekiel's face showed complete innocence as he laughed it off. Luna did not bother addressing his blatant lie and had someone carry Kyrie away. Then, the two of them headed upstairs. Ezekiel followed close behind, smiling as he asked, "General Phelan, there's something I don't understand.

Why did your military not set up any guards on the lower floors, letting me march straight through?" Luna replied flatly, "General Turman said that challenging Holtrien's military on your own shows commendable courage! As hosts, we should demonstrate grace. If we had someone fight you on every floor, that would be too unfair to you." Ezekiel nodded. "That's fair. I like fairness. Holtrien truly lives up to being a great nation: fair, magnanimous, and embodying the spirit of a superpower.

But if I reach the top floor of this Martial Tower without ever meeting a worthy opponent, then General Phelan, I'll have no choice but to think of this so-called great nation as just a sham." Luna took a deep breath and extended her hand in a welcoming gesture. "Mr. Beckett, I'll face you this round. If you want a ---- worthy fight, you'll have one. In a nation this vast, I guarantee there are plenty who can push you to your limits. Not only will we give you a fight to remember, but we'll make sure you're so satisfied that you'll never want to come back again." Ezekiel shook his head.

"General Phelan, I don't want to hurt you or see anything happen to you. So this round, I think there's no need for us to fight. Let me pass, and we can both walk away peacefully." Luna said coldly, "Let you pass? That's absolutely impossible. The uniform I wear and the blood in my veins won't allow me to back down." Ezekiel flashed a charming smile as he nodded. "I know you're strong. General Turman has two students. One is you, and the other is Conrad Cunningham. If I dared come here, then I had already prepared for this. I knew I'd face at least one of you.

Whether Conrad shows up or not doesn't matter. Since you're here, I can honestly tell you that you won't stop me." Luna struck first, her hands blazing with two different colors of energy. One blue, one violet, dazzling and deadly. Ezekiel slid backward across the floor as if skating on ice, still grinning. "General Phelan, dual-element

energy? Such a rare sight! General Turman trained you well. You may even reach the martial god level one day. But sadly, I am no ordinary opponent. I hope you can forgive me!" ---- The two clashed, and the battle erupted instantly.

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## Chapter 2312

---- Chapter 2312 "Andrew, the military is in full-blown panic right now." Sheena was crunching sunflower seeds, spitting the shells right onto the dirt outside Andrew's shabby little house. She cracked another one and said lazily, "Aren't you worried the military is going to embarrass themselves? What if Ezekiel really takes over Martial Tower?" Andrew glanced down at the shells scattered at his doorstep. With one kick, he sent them flying back toward Sheena before replying calmly, "And how is that my problem? I'm no longer part of the military.

Besides, with all the talent they've got, you think one rookie from Sorya can mess things up?" Sheena snorted and spat another shell at him. "That's not a great attitude. With Conrad sitting out, there's basically no one in the military who can match Ezekiel. The only one with a shot is Philip's student, that stone-faced major named Luna Phelan. She might face him, but winning? Not likely." Andrew's face darkened. "Sheena, that's enough. You're making such a mess in front of my house. How am I supposed to have visitors?" Sheena laughed. "Sorry about that, but that's just how I am. The source of this content is

I ---- can't control my mouth. No worries, though, I'll get someone to clean it up for you later. But honestly, with this dump of yours, who are you expecting to see anyway? What blind fool would actually come visit you?" From inside the house, Aspen had had enough. She stormed out, broom in hand, and swept a pile of dust straight toward Sheena. Sheena jumped aside, surprised. "You've got some nerve! How dare you act so brazenly? Believe it or not, I could have you violated and killed right here." Aspen sneered. "Being an elder and stooping this low? I'm embarrassed for you.

Fine, go ahead, your family rules the place. Kill me if you want. But if something were to happen to me and I couldn't give the Lloyd family any children, well, you can't blame anyone for that. Patriarch Donovan would stand up for me, wouldn't he?" The surprise on Sheena's face vanished instantly. She stared at Aspen, looking her up and down. Then, she said thoughtfully, " Well, well... Turns out you're a real schemer. That little power- play was slick. To me, you're still nothing more than a bug, but you played your card right. If Grandpa's in the picture, I can't just mess around.

"And if you actually can give the Lloyd family children... Then, without a second thought, I'll consider you as my senior." ---- Aspen's cheeks flushed. She had only thrown those words out to disgust Sheena, but seeing her take it so seriously left her embarrassed. She argued, "Give your Lloyd family children? Sorry, but I've changed my mind about that. If you're so capable, go have them yourself." Sheena grew irritated. "Little brat, you're really pushing your luck, aren't you? Let me tell you, the only reason I'm ranked below Andrew in this life is because he's got a dick and I don't!

If I were a male, he wouldn't even be here anymore!" Aspen laughed sweetly, her smile almost charming. "See? That's exactly the point. But, dearest Sheena, are you a man? No. You're just like me, a woman. And as women, why pretend to be tough? "Why not take care of our men, like Natasha and I do with Andrew? Wouldn't life be better that way? Instead of running around like a gossip, stirring up trouble, and making everyone hate you? Aren't you afraid no one will ever marry you?" Sheena's face went cold. "Andrew, your woman's fiercer than you are!

You came back to Chetvine knowing you couldn't win against me, so you dragged this sly little fox along to disgust me, didn't you?" ---- Andrew had already set up a little stool outside, shelling sunflower seeds while watching the show. With a grin, he replied, "Sheena, Aspen's your sister-in-law. She doesn't know any better. "But to be fair, she isn't wrong. Look at me, I've already brought back girlfriends... More than one, too! When are you going to sort yourself out? Or are you planning to let Patriarch Donovan worry about arranging a marriage for you?"

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## Chapter 2313

---- Chapter 2313 Sheena sneered. "Mind your own business! I'm leaving. Screw you and your wives! I hope your kids are troublemakers and give you endless headaches. Anyway, if the military can't hold the line, they'll come begging you sooner or later. "Whether you go or not is up to you, but Grandpa's wish is that you step in. Personal grudges are nothing in the grand scheme of things. National duty comes first. You can throw a tantrum, Andrew, but we all know you'll always see yourself as a soldier." Aspen scoffed proudly. "Natasha, you don't need to be afraid of Sheena anymore!

Look, I've only been here two days and I've already figured her out. She's a tomboy, sloppy, and spends all day doing nothing. With people like her, you've got to hit back and make her suffer, so next time she won't dare bully you." Natasha looked impressed. "Aspen, you're amazing! She's a martial emperor, and you still dared to argue with her. If it were me, I'd never have the guts." Aspen's face went pale. "Wait, hold on a second.

What did you say Sheena's strength level is? She's a martial emperor?" Natasha nodded. "Yeah, that's right. Hard to believe, isn't it?"

Back in Gabo Creek, our entire province didn't have a single person that strong. But Sheena's level is higher than Darling's." ---- Aspen waved her hands, her smile collapsing into near tears. "I had no idea she was a martial emperor! Oh my goodness, honey, I thought she was just some bully trying to steal your inheritance. "And look at her! She's so plain-looking that I didn't even bother taking her seriously. If I'd known, I would've gladly washed her feet and obeyed her every word. What do I do now? I've gotten us into trouble!" Seeing her panicked reaction, Andrew found it amusing.

"Relax, nothing's going to happen. Sheena has many faults, but if there's 'one thing that's great about her, it's that she'll settle any grievances she has with you right there and then. "If she left, it means she didn't take it to heart at all. But from now on, don't ever mention her not being married. That's the one thing that hurts her more than death." Aspen finally let out a huge sigh of relief. The Lloyd family was wild enough as it was, but to think a gossiping lady could also be a martial emperor? That was too much for her to handle.

Natasha asked curiously, "Darling, Luna knows you, doesn't she? If she falls behind in her fight against Ezekiel, will you step in?" Andrew shook his head. "No. I don't feel like it." Aspen clenched her fists. "But Ezekiel is unbearable! We welcomed him politely when he came to Chetvine, yet he turned ---- around and challenged the Martial Tower. Isn't that just slapping our nation in the face?" Andrew laughed lightly. "Slapping Holtien in the face? Ezekiel doesn't even qualify... He's nowhere close. What he's really after is something else.

Showing off at Martial Tower is just a way to intimidate and establish himself." Aspen shook her head. "But we can't just stand by and let him take Martial Tower! I can't stand Luna, with her arrogance and holier-than-thou attitude, but if even she loses, then no one will be able to stop Ezekiel." Andrew's eyes turned sharp. "Luna's got plenty of potential and tricks up her sleeve. But Ezekiel isn't just fighting for himself; he carries the weight of Sorya's entire martial destiny. Plus, he's backed by the Tristars Group's Blood-Eye Chairman and Waylon pushing him from behind. For more chapters visit

"If Luna tries to stop him on her own, she's probably not going to succeed. But again, what does any of this have to do with me?" Natasha and Aspen quietly exchanged glances. Both women were perceptive and could see that their man, though acting indifferent with his words, actually cared deeply inside. If Ezekiel stomped all over the military's pride, could Andrew, who once wore the uniform and swore an oath, really sit back and stomach it? Not a chance.

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## Chapter 2314

---- Chapter 2314 Ezekiel stepped back as Waylon's words echoed in his mind. 'Luna has the makings of a martial god. To deal with her, there are no shortcuts; you can only fight head-on. Philip is Holtrien's strongest pillar, and the students he trained are never weak. Luna and Conrad are definitely no pushovers. 'Ezekiel, life is like this. Only when you face stronger opponents can you climb the peak of martial arts. Otherwise, once you hit your limit, you fall.' A subtle dragon's roar sounded as Ezekiel unleashed his ultimate technique, The Dragon's Cyclone.

It was Waylon's signature skill that dominated martial arts across the globe. Meanwhile, Luna relied on her dual-element energy; one for offense and one for defense, an impenetrable wall. However, her face slowly paled Ezekiel's energy, combat awareness, and even killing moves were no worse than hers. So at this point, only two uncertain factors remained to be tested. First, willpower, and second, luck. ---- This was the Martial Tower, and Luna believed luck would be on her side. As for willpower, she felt that even if her body were shattered into pieces, she would not surrender. Newest update provided by

Therefore, possessing both advantages, she did not believe Ezekiel could succeed in this battle. Green and violet energy clashed together, swirling like a storm yet beautiful to behold. The power inside could shatter stone and split mountains. Luna moved like a panther, graceful and quick, and each kick from her heavy boots made Ezekiel's chest churn with blood. However, once The Dragon's Cyclone came out, everything shifted. This was Waylon's personal creation, inspired by Holtrien's ancient octagonal formation techniques, yet taken to another level in his hands.

Luna instantly felt as though she had sunk into a swamp, surrounded by twisting currents where Ezekiel's figure flickered in and out like a ghost. Even so, she did not show any panic as she had anticipated all of this. She knew well that to defeat her opponent, she must first understand them. So, she had studied The Dragon's Cyclone carefully. Her hands wove together, and two walls of energy immediately spread around her body, protecting both sides. Then, her body slammed backward, crashing into the illusory ---- octagonal formation surrounding her.

With a thud and the sensation of hard impact bouncing back, Luna used the momentum to reverse direction and land on the ground. At that moment, a dragon-like phantom shadow was already plummeting straight down toward her head from above. She gave a light shout, her delicate hands reversing as blue and purple flashed like lightning and frost, meeting the attack head- on. The next moment, she silently cursed her luck. The dragon above shattered instantly, and she realized it was just a feint. The real killing move was still nowhere to be seen! Luna's expression tightened slightly.



This was her first time encountering a high-level opponent. While Ezekiel's combat power has not advanced to the martial emperor level, becoming a martial arts giant who could break through situations with pure force, his combat style was masterful, calm, and layered with trickery. Immediately after his feint came a needle-like sting at her lower back. Without thinking, Luna spun and lashed out with a kick. A crescent blade of energy sliced through the air. Yet again, it struck only another phantom. ---- Ezekiel's real attack was still nowhere to be found.

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## Chapter 2315

---- Chapter 2315 Luna's brow furrowed as her body half-turned. Suddenly, her instincts screamed, and she kicked off the ground, trying to launch upward. However, her movement was still half a beat too slow. Only the strongest of masters could move faster than thought, and she had not yet stepped into the rank of martial emperor. An incredible force surged up from beneath her feet, but Luna felt she was not being knocked away. On the contrary, it was pulling and dragging her down, giving her an impulse to faint! Right at that moment, Ezekiel's figure abruptly appeared before her.

A palm strike came straight at her face, transforming into a roaring dragon. Having no choice, she raised both arms and struck repeatedly in front of her. In the blink of an eye, over 1000 attacks piled up before her. Though she neutralized the Dragon Palm's power to the maximum extent, the last trace of palm force still penetrated Luna's meridians. With a muffled grunt, blood trickled from the corner of her mouth as she was sent flying backward. Her body seemed to ---- drift lightly, but in reality, she crashed straight into the reinforced steel wall, creating a huge crater.

Yet, she shrugged it off as if nothing had happened, suddenly shooting out and pouncing back along the same path. The blue energy on her right hand crackled and transformed into an energy whip. Then, aiming at the empty space ahead, she lashed out. Through some mysterious sense, the feeling of striking something solid came through. Along with that sensation came Ezekiel's pained grunt. The two pulled apart, entering a standoff. On Ezekiel's face, a long, bloody mark looked terrifyingly gruesome. Despite that, he showed no reaction whatsoever, his expression calm as still water.

Meanwhile, Luna stared at him, feeling sweat forming in her palms. The Dragon's Cyclone had only unleashed one palm strike, and she was already finding it so difficult to handle. She still had at least three more to endure. Could she withstand them? She did not know. Perhaps in terms of cultivation and head-on strength, she was not weaker than Ezekiel. However, The Dragon's Cyclone was Waylon's personal masterpiece, and

Luna simply did not have a ---- technique of that level to back her up. "If only you had been born in my country!" Ezekiel suddenly shouted.

Then, he darted left, though his true form appeared on the right, and Luna's eyes flickered as she lost track of his position. Their movements tore through the air, sparks and bursts of energy flying everywhere. They clashed at blinding speed, faster than the eye could follow. Luna's body stiffened as she was pulled back into the illusion of the mystical octagonal formation. This was the deadliest part of The Dragon's Cyclone, trapping its target like a beast in a cage while the user circled outside, waiting for the perfect strike. [READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT](#)

One side was forced, the other in control; the outcome was clear. She knew she could not drag this out. The longer she stayed trapped, the weaker she became, while Ezekiel would only gain more openings. Her twin streams of energy erupted like an untamed machine gun, hammering in every direction as her figure blurred and flashed in impossible angles. Yet, after two long minutes, her heart sank when she realized the illusion remained unbroken, not even a crack appearing in the walls that held her. ---- Ezekiel's laugh drifted from outside. "It's useless."

It's because of The Dragon's Cyclone that I dared challenge the Martial Tower. Without it, I wouldn't have had the guts to come to Holtrien and throw my life away. General Phelan, it's your loss!"

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## Chapter 2316

---- Chapter 2316 The illusion around Luna collapsed inward, pressing hard from all directions. Her body jerked uncontrollably as she was thrown into the air, then slammed heavily onto the ground. A massive black-and-white palm print came crashing down from above, aiming straight for her head. She looked up and spat a mouthful of blood, anger flashing in her eyes as she twisted her body and narrowly dodged the strike. Even so, the shockwave hurled her across the arena. Struggling to her feet, Luna wiped the blood from her mouth. Content originally comes from Find[N]ovel

Despite the pain, her expression carried a grim, almost beautiful fierceness. Ezekiel smiled and was about to speak when he too coughed up a mouthful of blood. He staggered back two steps, nearly losing his balance. His composed demeanor vanished instantly as he cursed under his breath, "Damn it!" Luna said coldly, "Looks like maintaining The Dragon's Cyclone puts quite a burden on you, too! You can't use The

Dragon's Cyclone freely yet, can you? While you did gain the upper hand by relying on Mr. Sloan's secret techniques. But life and death ---- between us?

That remains to be seen." Ezekiel gave a harsh snort. "What, Luna, do you really want a fight to the death? If so, then your Holtrien military would be ganging up on one man. That wouldn't be a challenge anymore, it'd just be dishonorable." Luna turned and walked away. "Congratulations, you've passed. I concede! You're right, the Holtrien military won't gang up on you! Ezekiel, you have the ability and you've earned my acknowledgment!" Ezekiel secretly breathed a sigh of relief and immediately sat cross-legged on the spot to meditate and recover.

Strictly speaking, their clash had ended in mutual damage, but with Luna conceding first, it was exactly what he wanted. Meanwhile, Luna's face was pale. Instead of resting immediately, she went straight to find Philip! "General Turman, I lost. I'm sorry for embarrassing you!" The usually stern Philip was in unexpectedly high spirits. "Silly girl, who said you lost? Ezekiel is Sorya's future number one, and he was even using Waylon's The Dragon's Cyclone. "Luna, you didn't lose... On the contrary, I'm very pleased to witness another step in your growth!

Only by seeing the mountain can you know how high it is and eventually surpass it!" ---- Luna's eyes were dazed. "But I still couldn't stop Ezekiel! What do we do next? Do we just watch him..." Philip raised his hand to cut her off. "Silly girl, you think your mentor sits here like a dead man? That brat thinks he can cause trouble under my watch? He's biting off more than he can chew. Go rest now. As for handling Ezekiel, I already have someone in mind. After this fight, your progress will be obvious to everyone." Luna shook her head. "I don't want to rest yet.

I want to know who's going to stop Ezekiel? Is it Conrad? Or... Andrew?" Philip rubbed his temples and pointed at the office phone beside him. "See? I'm already calling in favors. That brat never gives me any respect. Out of all the lunatics in Chetvine, he's the only one who dared tell me to get lost!" Luna froze, her eyes widening. Someone told Philip to get lost? Even Conrad would not dare say that. There was only one person reckless enough to do it: Andrew.

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## Chapter 2317

---- Chapter 2317 "General, Ezekiel's already made it to the 60th floor!" "General, Ezekiel just hit the 80th floor!" "General, Ezekiel's on the 85th floor, and he's encountered Isabelle Robertson. They've started fighting!" Reports kept flooding in like

sheets, and Luna's face had gone deathly pale, tension written all over her features. "General Turman, Isabelle won't be able to hold off Ezekiel for long. We need to get someone over there right now!" Philip's expression darkened as he dialed the phone again.

The line rang briefly before the other party hung up without hesitation, not giving him even a shred of respect. "Andrew, you little bastard. I don't care when you throw your tantrums normally, but right now, when we actually need you, you better not screw around with me!" Cursing under his breath, Philip refused to give up and dialed again. This time, the call connected. "Are you ever going to stop? Damn it, I already told you I'm not fighting! Are you deaf or something?" ---- Andrew's voice came through the phone, cursing without any pretense of politeness.

Philip, a decorated general, now wore a pleading expression on his face. "Andrew, just wait a second and calm down, okay? You've seen the situation... I don't have anyone else available. If this keeps up, we're going to let Ezekiel get exactly what he wants." Andrew scoffed coldly. "So what's that got to do with me? The military's crawling with talent. Just pull a few heavy hitters back and you'll take care of him easily enough." Philip quickly interjected, "The problem is I don't have anyone on hand right now! Even if I call people back, that takes time.

And Ezekiel's already almost at the top of the Martial Tower!" Andrew asked, "What about Luna? She couldn't stop Ezekiel either?" Philip glanced at his beloved student and shook his head. "She did injure Ezekiel, but they both held back. There's no point in them going all out against each other. Stop being stubborn with me. Just tell me what it's going to take for you to help out?" Andrew replied coldly, "Sorry, I'm not available." A vein bulged on Philip's forehead. "Andrew, that's enough! I'm not asking you to help for free, you know. Ezekiel's about to ---- reach the top.

For the sake of my friendship with your old man, just fight once. If you do, the military will owe you a big favor!" On the other end of the line, Andrew's voice dripped with mockery. "I knew you'd shamelessly bring up my dad. Fine, I'll fight once. But remember this: just this once! I cut ties with the military a long time ago. I don't need any favor you're talking about. Ezekiel does need to be taken down a peg. I'll handle that much." Philip finally let out a long sigh of relief, When the call ended, he turned to Luna with a smile. "It's settled! Looks like my reputation is safe after all.

Turn on the live broadcast, I want to see Waylon's prized student get his head bashed in." By now, the general's grin had twisted into a cold smirk. However, Luna hesitated. "General Turman, are you really that confident in Andrew? I'm not questioning the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince, but Ezekiel is terrifying. I'm worried Andrew might fall to the Dragon's Cyclone too." This update is available on

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## Chapter 2318

---- Chapter 2318 Philip scoffed. "Just wait and see! I wouldn't have saved Andrew for the grand finale if I wasn't sure. You saw how I practically begged him on my knees. If Ezekiel had any chance of winning, I wouldn't have gone that far." Luna hesitated before asking, "General Turman, why do you have such unwavering faith in Andrew?" Philip smiled. "Because he's never let me down, never let the military down, and never let Holtrien down. Luna, if I were you, I'd spend more time around Andrew. The more you get to know him, the more you'll realize he's not even human.

Only someone who's walked through fire and blades can be forged into unbreakable steel." Luna's lips twitched. Philip's comment about Andrew not being human was not an insult. In fact, it was the highest form of praise imaginable. Deep down, she was proud and confident in her own abilities. Seeing her most respected mentor give Andrew such lofty praise made her a little unwilling to accept it. Nonetheless, that feeling quickly vanished. After all, she had already lost to Ezekiel, and Andrew was the one chosen for the final showdown. Besides, she had never actually fought him.

---- The moment Luna learned Andrews true identity, she knew she would never again feel that burning drive to surpass him. Gradually, she had discovered that all those competitive feelings had been replaced by something called tenderness. It was a feeling strange to her, yet one she could not control. At that moment, the big screen in the command room switched again. Ezekiel and the stoic Isabelle were locked in fierce combat, their battle reaching a fever pitch. Philip remarked admiringly, "Isabelle is going to go far." Luna's expression remained grave.

"But right now, she still isn't a match for Ezekiel." Inside the Martial Tower, Isabelle had activated the Robertson family's ultimate technique, the Awakened Reaper's Wrath. Her arms and neck had turned crimson and black, with demonic energy swirling around her like a living aura of war. Her petite frame darted through the air with lightning speed, and every strike landed with overwhelming force Ezekiel let out muffled grunts as he continuously retreated. Yet somehow, he remained undefeated, holding his ground through sheer defensive skill. ---- Isabelle's assault had caught him off guard.

She was the only opponent Waylon had not briefed him about before he left, so his lack of knowledge about her fighting style was clearly hampering his performance. Despite that, he still had not unleashed The Dragon's Cyclone. Meanwhile, Isabelle was already fighting at full strength. Her body twisted through the air with multiple direction changes. Her strikes targeted his head, neck, and lower body in rapid succession, hammering him with brutal precision. Ezekiel was drenched in sweat, but his eyes remained resolute as he maintained an impenetrable defense.

Occasionally, he used the natural defensive advantages of The Dragon's Cyclone to create obstacles for Isabelle's attacks, which meant the killing power of the Awakened Reaper's Wrath had limited effect on him. "You're so annoying! Hiding and dodging like a damn coward. What kind of man are you?" Isabelle suddenly stopped, her face full of frustration. "Fine, I'm done. You win!" Ezekiel remained on high alert. No one dared let their guard down when Isabelle could strike without warning at any moment "That's enough.

Even if you keep fighting, you're not going to beat him." ---- A lazy voice drifted from below along with approaching footsteps. Andrew had arrived! He added, "Besides, the guy just fought General Phelan and is still nursing injuries. Running into a stubborn martial artist like you? Of course, he had to play defense and wear you out."

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## Chapter 2319

---- Chapter 2319 When Isabelle saw Andrew, she exclaimed with delight, " Andrew, you're here! Perfect! I'll leave the rest to you! I've already worn Ezekiel down pretty good." She scoffed and added, "! never planned on beating him anyway. I just wanted to weaken him. Now you can finish him off without breaking a sweat!" Ezekiel sneered coldly. "I knew you wouldn't be able to resist showing up in the end, Andrew. Come on then, don't use my weakened state as an excuse! Even if I'm half dead, I carry my nation's sacred mission. Why would I fear the likes of you?" Andrew shrugged. "Let's go.

I'll head upstairs with you." Ezekiel froze, frowning. "What trick are you pulling? Your mind games won't work on me!" Andrew replied impatiently, "Don't you want to conquer the Martial Tower and reach the top? I know your real goal is to get the Octogram stored on the highest floor. "Soryan martial arts originally came from Holtrien anyway, and Waylon's martial arts evolved directly from Holtrien's octagonal formation!

He's stuck at a bottleneck, so this whole trip is really about you retrieving The Octogram to help him break through, ---- isn't it?" Seeing the dismissive, casual expression on Andrew's face, Ezekiel's eyes flickered. He said coldly, "Fine, I'll admit you've figured out my intentions! But Andrew, you can't stop me! Since you're here, let's settle all our old and new grudges together!" Andrew waved his hand. "No rush. If we're going to fight, we'll do it on the top floor. And I'll wait for you to recover from your injuries fully." Ezekiel sneered. [Google search find★novel](#)



"You say that, but do you really think I'd trust a snake like you?" Andrew curled his lip and flicked his hand, sending a pill flying toward Ezekiel. When Ezekiel caught it, he exclaimed in shock, "Andrew, what the hell are you playing at?" Isabelle's mouth hung open in disbelief. "An eighth-grade Spirit- Anchor Pill! After taking it and meditating for three cycles, his energy core and vital energy will be completely restored! Andrew, what are you doing? Committing treason?" Andrew had already started walking toward the upper floors. " Come on, Ezekiel. Don't say I didn't give you a chance.

Whether you can make use of it is up to you!" In the military's live broadcast room, Philip stayed silent, but ---- Luna was visibly furious. "What he's doing is reckless beyond belief!" Over at the Harding residence, Kyrie had regained consciousness. "Damn it! Where the hell does he get the confidence to hand Ezekiel a chance? And giving him an eighth- grade Spirit-Anchor Pill on top of that? Does he seriously want to die by Ezekiel's hand?" Only Conrad, stationed in the far northern ice fields, saw it differently. He had also received the live feed from inside the Martial Tower.

Although the signal was spotty, he had clearly seen Andrew toss the pill. He muttered, "Give the enemy hope, then crush that hope into dust... Back in the Organization, the boss always told me I wasn't as ruthless as you. I never believed it. I thought I was the one merciless one, but now I see clearly that you're the real cold- blooded one. You haven't changed a bit, Andrew, still as merciless as ever." Then his voice softened. "But aren't you afraid?

If you keep playing with fire, you're going to get burned." Even Conrad, who had walked in blood for years, admitted he could not understand Andrew's move. If it were him, he would ---- never dare to take that gamble.

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## Chapter 2320

---- Chapter 2320 On the 99th floor of the Martial Tower, Andrew stood calmly at the entrance to the final level. He said, "Behind me is the last floor. The Octogram is Holtrien's treasure. Ezekiel, if you want it, all you have to do is step over my dead body." Ezekiel remained silent. Gripping the Spirit-Anchor Pill in his hand with a stormy look. Isabelle followed close behind and stuck out her tongue. "I'd advise you not to take it. Andrew is sly as a fox, and no one ever knows what he's really planning. For all you know, that pill could be poison.

The second you swallow it, you'd drop dead on the spot." Ezekiel let out a cold laugh. "If that were true, then Holtrien would lose all credibility. What great power poisons their

opponents and calls it honor?" Isabelle giggled. "Fine, if you don't believe me, go ahead and take it. Either way, I'm confident Andrew can take you down without breaking a sweat." Ezekiel snapped, "Andrew, have you thought about the consequences of poisoning me? Mr. Sloan and Tristars Group's chairman would never let you off the hook!" ---- Andrew smiled faintly. "Why are you rambling on about useless stuff?

You're just stalling for time to recover your strength. But natural recovery won't be nearly as effective as taking the pill. I'll give you three more hours; that's exactly enough time to complete three meditation cycles." With that, he sat down on the floor and closed his eyes, entering a meditative state. Isabelle bounced over to him, gritting her teeth. "Andrew, are you serious about this?" Andrew kept his eyes closed. "Stop trying to scare him. I like the real deal, not half-measures." Isabelle sighed. "Alright, then. I'll just wait to see how this ends.

And if you've bitten off more than you can chew, I'll be even more entertained." Ezekiel glared at Andrew, fuming as the man casually meditated in front of him. How dare this bastard treat him like nothing? He lowered his gaze to the pill in his hand, then threw his head back and swallowed it in one go. immediately, the medicinal power of the eighth-grade divine pill spread through his body like a flooding stream. ---- He thought, 'It really is an eighth-grade Spirit-Anchor Pill.

Why would he do this?' If he did not know who Andrew was, Ezekiel would almost suspect that Andrew was a Soryan spy planted deep within Holtrien to help him succeed. However, that notion was more absurd than the world's biggest joke. In Waylon's assessment, Andrew was considered one of Sorya's greatest enemies. He ranked just below Holtrien's National Advisor, Reginald, and a handful of other towering pillars of the nation. In short, Waylon saw Andrew as a thorn in his side, a constant threat. Discover more novels at [findnovel](#)

He had even bluntly stated that for Ezekiel, Sorya's rising star, Andrew would be his biggest obstacle. Cross that hurdle, and the sky was the limit. Fail to cross it, and he would collapse, reduced to fodder. It was like two mountains pressing against each other: one was destined to fall, while the other would tower above all peaks. 'Whatever his scheme is, letting me recover to full strength is the beginning of his downfall!' A cold smirk crept across Ezekiel's lips. He focused intently, channeling the pill's medicinal power with everything he had to accelerate his recovery.

---- Time ticked away slowly. Isabelle waited, her nerves growing more frayed by the minute. Normally, she did not care about national affairs, honor, or disgrace. The only thing she cared about was when her breasts would finally develop. However, watching these two just sit there without fighting was driving her crazy. One seemed utterly carefree, as if nothing mattered, while the other was steadily recovering his strength, his aura growing thicker and more powerful by the moment. Anyone with half a brain knew to kick someone when they were at their lowest.

Moreover, Ezekiel's challenge was an affront to Holtrien's dignity and the military's reputation. It would be better to bully him with superior force than to take careless risks. At this critical juncture, anyone should understand that basic principle. Yet, Andrew did the exact opposite. He not only allowed Ezekiel to rest, but he also gave him an eighth-grade divine pill to aid his recovery. If that was not insane, it was the closest thing to it. "Sometimes, I really don't understand him at all," Luna admitted through gritted teeth at military headquarters.

Her irritation simmered as she forced herself to stay calm. ---- She added, "I first met him at Gabo Creek. Back then, I barely noticed him and never bothered to respect him. Even so, he let it slide with that calm, almost indifferent air of his. But now, with the nation's honor on the line, when everything is at stake, instead of standing firm, he decides to go completely off the rails."

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## Chapter 2321

---- Chapter 2321 Luna said, "Andrew's toying with an opponent like Ezekiel, like he was playing with a fool. I really don't know if he's genuinely got nerves of steel hidden beneath that calm exterior, or if he's just putting on a brave front, secretly terrified but hiding his panic with a clever act?" Hearing this, Philip could not help but chuckle, then suddenly asked, "Luna, take a look at Andrew's complexion. Notice anything unusual?" Luna froze, unsure what Philip was getting at. Nonetheless, she did as instructed, turning her gaze to the large screen where Andrew sat cross-legged. Follow current NOVELS on find·novel·net

She finally said, "His face doesn't show anything unusual. It's not pale or flushed, which means his blood and energy aren't surging at all." Philip hummed in acknowledgment, then continued, "Now take a look at Ezekiel's." Luna obeyed again and said, "After Ezekiel got the Spirit-Anchor Pill and let go of his worries, he restored his strength and energy with no reservations. So his complexion grew healthier, and his whole aura began to shine. That means his body, energy, and spirit are about to hit their peak. ---- "Especially since Andrew provoked him, Ezekiel didn't retreat.

Instead, his fighting spirit only grew stronger. You can see it in the glow flickering faintly between his brows. Honestly, Andrew's move didn't scare him. If anything, it boosted Ezekiel's mindset. You could even say it backfired on Andrew." Philip chuckled. "You're right. Ezekiel thrives on tough opponents, and his will to fight is burning brighter. He's a rare natural genius.

Once he shakes off his nerves and hesitation, he throws caution aside and channels everything into restoring his strength "Ordinary people can't do that because they're always afraid of being ambushed, tricked, or schemed against. In harsh circumstances, being able to clear your mind is a crucial lesson for anyone striving to reach the pinnacle of strength. Waylon's top disciple has achieved this. So you could say Ezekiel isn't inferior to you or Conrad in the slightest." Luna nodded, waiting quietly for Philip to continue.

She knew that since he had mentioned Ezekiel, he would definitely have corresponding comments about Andrew. Philip flashed a strange grin as he said, "There's a line in an old book on warfare that I find very interesting. It says a flushed face shows hot-blooded courage, a gray face shows deep- veined courage, and a bone-white face shows courage that goes right down to the skeleton. Those three are considered the ---- world's top three grades of true martial artists." He paused and looked directly at Luna.

"But do you know what the final grade is, girl?" Luna felt an inexplicable tension, her mouth going dry as she replied, "I do not know, General Turman." Philip smiled. "The final grade is also the highest. It is the one whose face shows no change at all, for that is divine courage." The words struck Luna's mind like a thunderbolt. Her whole body jolted, and her eyes widened in shock. Andrew's complexion had shown absolutely no change from beginning to end. Forget his complexion, even the blood and energy inside his body had not fluctuated in the slightest. And what did that mean?

It meant he never considered Ezekiel a threat at all. It was like someone walking down the street who suddenly notices an ant at their feet. Would they be startled or scared by the ant? Of course not. They would simply ignore it. With a buzzing explosion, a wave of powerful energy exploded. On the screen, Ezekiel's eyes burned with fury as he lunged straight at Andrew. ---- "Come on, Dragon Prince of the Lloyd family! Today, we'll not only decide who's superior, but also who lives and who dies!" Unlike his previous challenges, where Ezekiel always held back without any intent to kill.

This time, it was clear to everyone, including Philip, Luna, and Isabelle, that Ezekiel wanted Andrew dead. His entire stance radiated the determination to tear his opponent to pieces. That was why he declared it was not just about victory, but life and death. And as everyone knew, once a battle carried the weight of life and death, it instantly turned into the most brutal, the most merciless kind of fight. Because life was above everything else, and stripping it away was the ultimate execution.

"Now this is starting to get interesting." Like Ezekiel, a cruel smile appeared on Andrew's face too. He enjoyed this kind of fight, where both sides threw their lives to the wind. At last, he could release all the frustration he had bottled up since arriving in Chetvine. Without warning, the two of them crashed together. Inside the 99th floor, the violent energy stormed through the air. Their figures were impossible to see, only their voices bursting ---- out at the same time in perfect unison "Die!"

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## Chapter 2322

---- Chapter 2322 Isabelle's delicate face turned grave as she raised her hand to shield her eyes, squinting. She had already pulled back a good distance, but still felt waves of stinging pain across her skin. "Battles between men really are so much more savage," she muttered, unable to look away for even a second Ezekiel and Andrew bounced backward at the same time. Then, without a pause, they shot forward again. Andrew's fist slammed into Ezekiel's head, while Ezekiel's fist likewise crashed into Andrew's face. Blood mixed with teeth sprayed through the air. This chapter is updated by Find1Novel

Ezekiel burst into manic laughter. "Come again!" Andrew, on the other hand, maintained virtually no change in his expression throughout, just wearing a slight smile. But if one watched him closely enough, they would realize he was not actually smiling at all. The smile on his face was like a painted portrait hung on a wall: fixed, eternal, unchanging. It was as if no matter how brutal the killing became, he would remain exactly the same. Two cracking sounds echoed as both men twisted midair at the ---- same time, unleashing reverse roundhouse kicks.

Their muscles groaned as if tearing apart, and their leg bones collided with bone-shattering force. Just from two exchanges, half their legs were fractured, their faces drenched in blood. Yet neither of them seemed to feel pain, and without hesitation, they lunged at each other again. At the military headquarters, Philip had quietly adjusted his posture, now sitting upright. Anyone familiar with him knew that this key figure of the military was now taking things seriously. Why? Because even the Martial Tower battle had caught Philip's full attention.

"Between the two, Ezekiel's level is slightly higher," he explained while keeping his eyes fixed on the screen. "You could say he is already a pseudo-martial emperor. "This was only because Waylon deliberately suppressed Ezekiel's advancement. If he hadn't, and Ezekiel was allowed to break through freely, then he'd be close enough in level to rival Sheena of the Lloyd royal family." Luna's palms were drenched in sweat, her gaze locked on the screen. "General Turman, if that's the case, doesn't that put Andrew at a disadvantage?" Philip shook his head.

"In most cases, higher levels are decisive. ---- But for Andrew, it doesn't matter nearly as much. Right now, he can only be considered an advanced-level martial saint. "But with him, no one can predict when he might suddenly close his eyes, open them again, and step straight into the martial emperor rank. And from there, he could explode upward like a balloon pumped too hard, all the way to the level of a martial god!" Luna

gasped in disbelief. 'Why? Breaking into the martial emperor is already impossibly difficult.

Why is it so easy for Andrew, and why could he keep going straight to martial god?" Philip's tone turned ice cold. "Because originally, he was already a martial emperor. Someone forcibly compressed his energy core, forcing his level to regress. It's like a pipe filled completely with water. "If you press down from above with a compressor, the water level has no choice but to drop. But once the compressor is removed, the water level will shoot straight up, even spray out." Luna turned her head, incredulous. 'He originally already had martial emperor combat power?

When did this happen?" Philip shook his head. "There's not much point in discussing this right now. You just need to know that everything you've experienced, he has experienced too. And things you haven't experienced, he's also been through. That's why I'm having you ---- spend more time with him." Luna fell silent, her gaze returning once more to the large screen.

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## Chapter 2323

---- Chapter 2323 Philip muttered under his breath, "With a fight this intense, one slip could cost them everything, even their lives. Andrew is using Ezekiel to sharpen his martial path. He knows breaking through his energy core is almost impossible, so he's pushing his current stage to its absolute limit. "You almost have to pity the kid. He has the talent to tower over his generation, yet he's shackled by that sealed core, unable to unleash his full strength. But Ezekiel isn't one to waste the chance either.

"He's using Andrew to fuel his own breakthrough, and if he succeeds, he'll become the youngest martial emperor in Sorya's history, with the whole world watching him." A wave of scorching heat surged toward Ezekiel, making him flinch. He thrust both palms forward, blocking the torrent like a crashing tide, and his body shot backward like an arrow off a bowstring. Andrew struck out in all directions, his palms releasing streams of flame that rolled across the battlefield. The waves of firestorm energy filled the air, pressing down like the sky itself was collapsing.

---- Ezekiel steadied himself after pulling back and exhaled loudly as he clashed head-on with Andrew's Inferno Strike. The first palm left his hands burning, and the second crushed his chest with suffocating pressure. By the third, his energy core felt like it was on fire, his blood boiling in his veins. And then, the fourth strike came roaring in. Not



daring to take it lightly, Ezekiel unleashed his signature move, The Dragon's Cyclone. A whirl of pale-blue energy spun before him, faintly forming the shape of a circle.

Andrew's fourth strike slammed into it, rippling like waves across a pond before the surface calmed again. Andrew leaned forward, closing the distance in a blink, and rained down a storm of Inferno Strikes on the spinning shield. His attacks flowed like water, effortless and unrelenting. One attacked, the other defended. For a while, neither could overpower the other. Ezekiel roared, "Get lost!" He shoved the shield forward, then twisted it into the most troublesome form of The Dragon's Cyclone, The Mirage of Shifting Truths. ---- In an instant, Andrew lost sight of his real opponent.

Shadows of Ezekiel flickered all around him. His palms struck over and over, shattering phantom after phantom, but none of them were the actual body. Suddenly, three shadows merged in front of him, forming Ezekiel's real form. Before Andrew could react, a palm slammed into his chest. Andrew spat out blood uncontrollably with a harsh sound, his body jerking from the impact. Yet, Ezekiel did not press forward. Instead, he melted back into The Mirage of Shifting Truths, vanishing once again. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY Find-Novel

"Andrew, no matter how strong you are, today you'll die by my hand!" Ezekiel's laugh echoed, sharp and deafening. Andrew heard him but gave no reply. He only frowned slightly, realizing that even though he had vomited blood, he felt no pain at all. His body was far stronger than before, and it had to be thanks to that Blackstar Crystall. Suddenly, Donovan's words echoed in his mind. "You're already unrivaled against those below martial emperor level..." ---- With a low growl, Andrew thrust his right palm skyward, striking into the air.

Ezekiel, who had planned to reform his body and attack again, was forced to shift directions and dissolved back into the Mirage. Andrew slowly closed his eyes. In the depths of his consciousness, he grasped a thread of opportunity. Inferno Strike showed signs of breaking through. After Volcano Smash came Tides of Hellfire. Andrew followed that mysterious feeling in his heart. He did not even need to look and simply slashed palm after palm wildly around him. Gradually, the streams of fire he struck formed a continuous mass.

From Isabelle's perspective, she could see that a sea of flames now surrounded Andrew. This sea of fire burned fiercely, the result of true energy released outward and transformed into destructive flame power. Even from over 70 feet away, Isabelle felt an indescribable stuffiness and suffocation. ---- "Andrew, what kind of technique is this? It's incredible!" she gasped, her lips parted in awe and excitement

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## Chapter 2324

---- Chapter 2324 At this moment, the one suffering most was none other than Ezekiel. He was hiding within The Mirage of Shifting Truths, able to conceal his actual body at will. However, Andrew had transformed the surrounding illusion into a raging sea of fire. With this move, Ezekiel's Mirage of Shifting Truths became useless. Scorching heat and streams of flame were everywhere, the wide-range attack leaving him nowhere to strike from. With a cold snort, he endured the burning heat and chose to attack head-on.

At the center of the sea of fire, a trace of disdainful smile appeared at the corner of Andrew's mouth. His eyes remained closed, but the flames were his eyes. He struck out with a palm, and Ezekiel appeared right in the path to get hammered, as if he had walked right into it. Once, twice, Ezekiel narrowly dodged. However, he was not as lucky the third time. Andrew's palm slammed into Ezekiel's shoulder. With a muffled grunt, he was sent flying like a torn rag doll, crashing out of the illusion and not stopping until he slammed into the outer wall.

---- "Damn it!" he hissed, clutching his chest against the explosive heat inside. His face flushed red, veins bulged at his temples, and his eyes twisted with fury. He thought darkly, 'His Inferno Strike actually broke through just now... That Holtrien technique is ruthless and wild, and if it's a battle of pure force, I may not be able to match him. Looks like I'll have to use my last move.' He stomped the ground and leapt high into the air. For a brief moment, his body seemed frozen midair, then he pressed down with one palm, unleashing a crushing aura that spread across the tower.

"This is the Dragon's Cyclone, the strongest move of them all, Dragon's Might!" Philip's posture shifted once more, but this time he no longer sat in the chair. He rose to his feet, and Luna instantly understood what that meant: Andrew and Ezekiel's clash inside the Martial Tower was reaching its end. Win or lose, live or die, the outcome was about to be decided. With a deafening boom, Andrew's upper clothes ripped apart in an instant. Dragon's Might lived up to its name as it carried the overwhelming pressure of a dragon.

Andrew raised his head, his eyes glowing blood-red, and ---- unleashed Inferno Strike at its third stage, Tides of Hellfire, sending pillars of flame surging skyward. Yet, Ezekiel's Dragon's Might still pierced through and slammed straight into Andrew's body. What no one saw was the black dragon tattoo etched on Andrew's chest. For just an instant, the eye of the dragon glowed blood-red, shining like the purest drop of crimson tear in the world.

Lines of blood split across Andrew's body as his veins burst under the crushing weight of Dragon's Might "Andrew!" Isabelle shouted in panic from outside. Still suspended midair, Ezekiel laughed viciously. "Andrew, today is the day you fall. Die for me!" Pain flickered across Andrew's face, yet his voice remained as calm as still water. "You

celebrate too soon. There is only one true dragon in this world, and that is the Divine Dragon of Etharia. The Dragon's Cyclone, created by Mr. Sloan, originated from the Holtrien octagonal formation. New novel chapters are published on Find-Novel

"He may have innovated and forged something deadly, but at the end of the day, the old ways still reign supreme. No matter how the younger ones twist it or flaunt it, they always end up bowing to their ancestors." ---- "Break!" With a roaring shout, endless streams of energy around Andrew's body surged wildly backward, shooting upward. These streams all turned blood-colored, crimson, and black Flames burned across the surface of these energy streams. Andrew looked like a demon god rising from the depths of hell. He said casually, "Sorry to tell you this, Ezekiel..."

Against anyone below the level of martial emperor, I'm invincible! Even if you have The Dragon's Cyclone backing you up, even if you know Dragon's Might. I still don't take you seriously."

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## Chapter 2325

---- Chapter 2325 Ezekiel felt as if two massive hammers had smashed straight into his chest. Endless streams of black fire surged from Andrew's body and slammed into him from every direction. He curled his body, his face frozen in disbelief. "What the..." The next second, he opened his mouth and let out a howl of agony that shook the tower. It felt like waves upon waves of a raging sea were crashing against his body, tearing him apart. Andrew's hair stood on end before slowly drifting back down, while the air around him caught fire the instant it left his body. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY FindNOvel

His physical strength at that moment had reached something beyond human. The Dragon's Cyclone's strongest move, Dragon's Might, was blocked effortlessly by the totem on his chest, but the backlash was brutal. That was why Andrew said there was only one true dragon in this world, the Divine Dragon of Etharia. Waylon had made his name as a legendary master, no doubt among the best of his generation. However, his martial roots could never erase their origin from Holtrien.

In truth, he had been the one with the deepest understanding of Holtrien martial arts, and his genius led him to create something remarkable. ---- Yet, no matter how impressive, a branch could never overpower its source, and the offshoot always came from the original. "Ezekiel, Mr. Sloan probably never told you that the Dragon's. Cyclone carries both life and death." Andrew lunged forward, appearing right in front of Ezekiel

as he flew backward. He slammed a palm into his stomach. "No!" Ezekiel's scream tore from his throat, his eyes bulging with both hatred and terror.

In that instant, Andrew shattered his energy core, destroying any chance of a future as a martial artist. "Why? Why were you able to break through my Dragon's Cyclone? You shouldn't have been able to get close to me!" he wailed as he plummeted from the air. He raised a trembling hand toward Andrew's face, but no strength remained in him. With his core destroyed, he was nothing more than a cripple. Blood streamed down from his eyes like crimson tears. Ezekiel roared, "Andrew, I will never forgive you! If you have the guts, kill me!

Kill me, you beast!" Andrew's lips curled into a grim smile, his expression twisted with savagery. "You were the one who said this fight was to decide life and death, weren't you? I gave you your chance, but ---- you couldn't take it. So why should I spare you? To let you harm my people in the future?" He brought his foot down hard, crushing Ezekiel's head into the ground. At that moment, whether he lived or died became uncertain. The surveillance camera suspended above finally burst apart under the pressure, and the military command center's live feed went black.

The entire operations room fell into silence until one major, 'trembling all over, whispered, "He killed him... He really killed him! The Tristars Group and Waylon are going to lose their minds! What do we do, General?" Even Luna stared in disbelief, her face pale. Andrew had actually killed Ezekiel, and the consequences of that were dire. Only Philip remained calm as he said flatly, "This was Ezekiel's own doing. And you should know that Andrew has gone blood- crazed now. He can't even control himself anymore.

When two tigers fight, one must die; there's no other path." Luna hesitated before speaking, her voice low. "But that last strike... it wasn't necessary. Ezekiel's core was already shattered; he had lost the ability to fight."

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## Chapter 2326

---- Chapter 2326 Philip's mouth twitched slightly. "I know it wasn't necessary. However, I mentioned earlier that their strengths were too evenly matched. Once they fought to the death, there was never going to be any mercy left. Andrew himself couldn't control it, so Ezekiel's path was doomed." Inside the Martial Tower, the entire 99th floor was already destroyed. Smoke filled the air while steel walls were cracked and shattered

beyond recognition. Andrew sat on the ground, coughing violently. Each cough sent blood spraying from his lips, and his face quickly turned pale.

Isabelle rushed to his side, holding him anxiously. "Andrew, how are you feeling? Come on, I'll take you to get treated right now." Andrew stayed seated, showing no intention of moving. "I'm fine. Just move me over a bit." Isabelle looked confused. "Huh?" Andrew pointed with difficulty at what was under him. "This guy's still breathing, not dead yet. But if you don't move me, he really is going to kick the bucket. Ezekiel barely qualifies as an opponent. For a challenge like this, killing him would make it seem like we're bullying him." ---- Isabelle frowned, reluctant.

"But he was the one who demanded a fight to the death. He didn't hold back against you just now..." Despite saying this, she still followed Andrew's instructions and moved him aside. Half of Ezekiel's head was buried in the ground, with only one eyeball glaring outward. He looked incredibly pitiful and terrifying. Military personnel arrived at that moment and dragged him away for treatment. Ezekiel, who was already more dead than alive, leaned on others for support as he looked at Andrew and asked weakly, "How... did you..."

break the illusion of The Dragon's Cyclone?" Andrew chuckled, even though the motion tugged at his wounds. "I already told you. The octagonal formation came from our ancestors. Just because Mr. Sloan knows how to use it doesn't mean we don't know how to use it ourselves. The Gates of Life and Death are the key to breaking The Dragon's Cyclone. I only needed to locate your Gate of Death, and everything else fell into place." Ezekiel's entire body had been beaten to a pulp, and he smiled bitterly. "One last question, why didn't you kill me?" Andrew shrugged. "I don't really know why either. Check latest chapters at [find\\*~novel](#)

If you absolutely need an answer, maybe it's just that you're not worth ---- it" Ezekiel did not make a sound because he passed out cold. Isabelle was very dissatisfied. "Andrew, why didn't you kill him? He's Waylon's top disciple. If he goes back and recovers, he'll be a huge problem again!" Andrew forced a smile. "Killing one Ezekiel would certainly be easy. But Belle, this is our own turf. If we bullied him and just killed him like that, it would make Holtrien look completely lacking in grace and class.

More importantly, you'll learn in the future that there are many methods in this world that destroy a person far more effectively than killing them." Isabelle looked thoughtful. "So, like what you did... Shatter his energy core, crush his spirit, trample his pride, and make him wish he were dead?" Andrew replied, "Something like that. Alright, I need to rest for a bit" Isabelle's small mouth pouted. "Then rest against my lap, I'll be your pillow. Or you can lean against my chest if you want." Andrew was already exhausted beyond measure, mainly because his entire body ached.

It was the kind of pain that could make you pass out. Yet, she was still pulling something like this. For a moment, he could not even muster the energy to refuse or ---- object. Meanwhile, Isabelle had an evil smile on her face, staring at Andrew, unable to

resist licking her lips. Fortunately, in the end, she did not do anything too outrageous. After that, Andrew did not really remember what happened. He only felt himself being carried away by military personnel. Then, he was sent back home.

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## Chapter 2327

---- Chapter 2327 "Ezekiel suffered a crushing defeat, his energy core shattered." This simple sentence was sent from the Cunningham family to Conrad in the frozen wasteland. "Unexpected, yet it makes sense," Conrad murmured to himself as he stood in the frozen wilderness. He soon went back to his training, clearing his mind of distractions. He had promised to face Andrew in a life-or-death duel and end the grudge between them, so he would give it everything he had. Conrad believed he would not share Ezekiel's fate because Ezekiel was simply not as strong as he was.

Meanwhile, Kyrie became invisible for quite some time, unwilling to show his face after watching the livestream where Ezekiel was beaten to a crippled state. He mumbled, "This bastard is still that strong... I definitely let my guard down. Luckily, I didn't act on impulse." The hair on his arms stood up as his back prickled with unease. His heart felt heavy with discomfort. If Andrew had faced him ---- instead of Ezekiel, Kyrie did not even want to imagine how miserable the outcome would have been.

If he slipped up for even a moment and Andrew killed him, Kyrie knew he would die full of regret, unwilling to rest even in the afterlife. It was not just Kyrie or Conrad who were shaken. Many others who had wished for Andrew's death also struggled to comprehend what had happened "Waylon's top disciple, at his full strength no less, couldn't even finish off someone already half-dead? What a joke!" "Philip bet right again this time. This cursed dragon of the Lloyd family is trouble... Absolute trouble!" "I argued years ago we should have hunted them down to the ends of the earth...

Andrew and Reginald both. But you were all too cowardly and indecisive. Now look, we fed the tiger and let it grow, and this is what we get. Serves us right, damn it." "Don't be so worked up. Fed the tiger? Weren't father and son already tigers back then? And who could've guessed he'd be this strong with his energy core sealed? Losing your temper is the stupidest, most useless way to handle this." ---- Andrew knew nothing of the fury boiling behind the scenes. For the next several days, he stayed shut inside the Lloyd family estate, resting and recovering. The source of this content is FindN()vel

On one hand, his injuries were serious and he needed to heal. On the other hand, staying inside kept him safe from hidden schemes and assassins. Hiding there was



safer than anywhere else. Even if a world war broke out, Andrew would remain untouchable at home. This was the kind of deep-rooted power the Lloyd family had carried since ancient times. Aspen and Natasha lived their days as usual. In the mornings, they trained martial arts with the Lloyd disciples, and in their spare time, they bought groceries, cooked meals, and looked after Andrew.

Sheena showed up at the small cabin one day, putting in considerable effort just to get past Aspen's 'no entry' barrier. "Aspen, you annoying brat. I'm really sick of you! Andrew, you should break up with her already." Andrew lay in bed and chuckled at her words. "Break up with her? I can barely shower her with enough love as it is. That's impossible." Sheena snorted coldly. "I knew you were whipped. Useless man. Tell me, when Ezekiel used the Dragon's Cyclone, how did you ---- find the flaw?" Andrew replied directly. "Each side of the octagonal formation corresponds to eight gates.

I just needed to find his Gates of Life and Death, then strike at the Death Gate." Sheena nodded, then shook her head. "Your method was certainly the best approach. But before that, how did you withstand Ezekiel's strongest strike, the Dragon's Might?" Andrew recalled the process, frowning slightly. "It seemed like my body reacted naturally. The family totem on my chest changed at that moment. When it sensed the Dragon's Might Ezekiel unleashed, it immediately felt a powerful urge and fury.

After that, I struck his Death Gate with devastating force, and Ezekiel immediately collapsed." Sheena looked thoughtful. "Wow, you're progressing pretty fast. The Blood-Eye Black Dragon Mark really is more mystical than my Crimson-Eye White Dragon mark. Alright, I don't have anything else. I just came by to check on things. Get some good rest." Seeing her about to leave, Andrew quickly asked, "Sheena, your totem has activated too, hasn't it?"

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## Chapter 2328

---- Chapter 2328 Sheena shrugged. "It's mostly lit up, and now it's just the dragon's body left to finish! But the problem is, I haven't been able to unleash its power even once. So I'm frustrated, because what's ahead of me is going to be a draining fight." Andrew grew curious. "Who are you going up against this time?" Sheena grinned. "The head of Swordhaven Keep, Alfredo Topsfield, third on the Titan List!" Andrew was genuinely surprised. "Was it Patriarch Donovan who. asked you to fight Alfredo Topsfield?" Sheena shook her head. "Not Grandpa. It's my own decision.

Alfredo has been dodging fights, refusing to face me. But this has been going on for almost a year now. If he thinks he can keep running, I'll make sure he has nowhere left to hide." Seeing her aggressive demeanor, Andrew frowned. "You're not exactly a match for him, are you? Third on the Titan List, and he's a swordsman at that. Plus, Swordhaven Keep guards the borders of the nation with an overwhelming presence. What exactly are you planning to use against Alfredo right now?" Sheena replied coldly, "What else? I'll fight with everything I've got.

In martial arts, if you don't advance, you fall behind. I've ---- been stuck at the first stage of the martial emperor for almost two years now. If I don't break through soon, I'm going to be in serious trouble." Andrew said nothing more. Even he admired Sheena's talent. Once you stepped into the level of martial emperor, there were five levels to climb. These five represented the true stages of mastery. And beyond the fifth, one could ascend to the heavens themselves. That meant becoming a martial god, the ultimate peak of martial arts.

As for how strong a martial god really was, Andrew honestly had no clear idea. Even at his peak as a martial emperor, he had never faced one head-on. At that level, martial gods had long become reclusive, hidden from the world. Of the few alive today, the one who shook Andrew the most was the one sitting in Chetvine at this very moment: The National Advisor of Holtrien! Thinking of him, Andrew's eyes tuned cold. The National Advisor had never treated him or Reginald kindly. Andrew was sure that many of the hidden schemes against them carried that old man's shadow.

But right now, he was ---- nowhere near strong enough to face the National Advisor directly and demand answers. Two days later, Andrew's injuries had healed enough that they no longer affected his daily activities. At that moment, news spread that Ezekiel was preparing to return home. Ezekiel's attendants, two cold and beautiful Soryan women, came to the Lloyd family estate to find Andrew. "Mr. Beckett wishes to see you one last time, Mr. Lloyd." Andrew smiled faintly. "What's left to see?

Just tell him that I wish him a safe journey home." The two women shot him a look filled with fury and hate. Ezekiel was already crippled, so what 'safe journey' was he even talking about? However, Andrew ignored their anger completely. One of the women said coldly, "Mr. Lloyd, there is always someone stronger, and a higher sky above the sky! You humiliated Mr. Beckett, but mark my words, one day my country will produce someone who will see you ruined beyond ---- redemption!" Andrew simply waved his hand.

"Go on then, I won't be seeing you out." He could not even be bothered to waste words on them. The two women left the Lloyd family estate in a hurry. Outside, a motorcade had been waiting. They pulled open the door of one car and slipped inside. Seated in the center was Ezekiel, leaning weakly against the cushions. His face was deathly pale, his entire being like a withered flower. "Mr. Beckett, he refused to see you," one of them whispered. Hearing this, Ezekiel slowly closed his eyes. "Drive," he ordered softly. The

Sorya convoy immediately pulled away from Chetvine. READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT [find{n}ovel](#)

Ezekiel remained silent in the car. It was not until they had driven beyond Chetvine's borders that he suddenly coughed up a mouthful of blood. The entire interior of the car was splattered with blood and bloody foam ---- The two Soryan women were horrified and screamed in unison, " Mr. Beckett!" Ezekiel coughed violently, his body convulsing as if his organs were about to tear themselves apart. After a while, his breathing gradually steadied, and then he laughed. His laughter was shrill, filled with hatred and despair. "Why didn't you kill me?"

Andrew, why didn't you just kill me?" The two Soryan women sobbed in grief, clutching their young master. Ezekiel straightened his back, his teeth clenched, blood slowly trickling from the corner of his mouth. "Once I return home, I'll request execution!"

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## Chapter 2329

---- Chapter 2329 At Sovereign's Apothecary, Isabelle was talking animatedly, describing everything with vivid expressions. "Mikayla, that's what happened. Andrew shattered Ezekiel's energy core. He's living a fate worse than death. Andrew could have ended his life, but he didn't. He said sometimes killing a man isn't the smartest move... Leaving him broken and wishing for death is far scarier." Mikayla listened in silence, her expression growing darker with every word. Finally, she snapped. "Enough, Belle. You don't need to go on." Isabelle blinked innocently.

"But Mikayla, you asked me to tell you. So why are you mad now that I'm saying it?" Mikayla sneered. "Since when did his name roll so easily off your tongue? And Belle, you sound like you're getting a little too close to him. Have you forgotten who you really are?" Isabelle looked completely innocent. "Of course not. I know who I am. My family is Andrew's mortal enemy. Years ago, we even sent people to hunt him down, but he killed them all." Mikayla was furious. "Since you know all this so well, then why are you still hanging around with him? Belle, you're too young.

---- You can't see what kind of person Andrew really is. He's been hiding his true skills so deeply. He even dared to cripple Mr. Beckett from Tristars Group. Mark my words, he's going to face endless punishment for this." Isabelle pouted. "So what? Mikayla, I'm telling you, Andrew's fight with Ezekiel was seriously epic! The way they clashed head-on, blood flying everywhere... It was pure adrenaline. I think I might actually be crushing

on him." Mikayla's face twitched as she raised her voice. "Isabelle, don't be an idiot, okay? Some things are not funny to joke about.

Do you even know what liking someone means? You're one of the top three prodigies of the Robertson family, and your family won't tolerate this nonsense." Isabelle shrugged, completely unfazed. "Relax, my family can't control me." Mikayla snorted coldly. "So you're just not going to listen? You think being rebellious is fun? Isabelle, from now on, I forbid you from getting too close to Andrew." Isabelle stayed quiet, but she leaned in, her small face scrutinizing Mikayla from side to side. Mikayla took a step back. "What are you doing?" Isabelle's expression turned peculiar.

"Mikayla, don't tell me ---- you're jealous? No, wait, not jealous. You're just upset that Andrew came back to Chetvine and stole the spotlight. Everyone thought he was crawling back like a beaten dog, and who would've thought he'd still be this powerful? So everyone's unhappy about it, including you, right?" Mikayla laughed coldly. "You think I'd be jealous of him? Given my own status and abilities, do I really need to lower myself like that?" Isabelle nodded and said, "Well, as long as you're not jealous, Mikayla.

Oh, by the way, Mikayla, let me tell you another secret!" Mikayla was in a foul mood and responded half-heartedly. "Go ahead! But make it quick. I have alchemy class in a bit." Isabelle smiled mischievously. "Don't worry, this won't take long. I found out who Mr. Goodman's senior is!" Mikayla's heart skipped a beat, and she asked urgently, "Who is it? Belle, hurry up and tell me, who is it?" Isabelle giggled mischievously, keeping her in suspense. " Mikayla, you're so eager to know... Could it be that you're planning to find Mr. Goodman's senior and ask to become his student?" This update is available on

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## Chapter 2330

---- Chapter 2330 Having her intentions exposed, Mikayla felt somewhat embarrassed and annoyed, but she still tried to cover it up. "So what if I am? Mr. Goodman has already cut ties with me. If he won't teach me, then I'll just have to find another mentor. "Come on, hurry up and tell me who Mr. Goodman's senior is! If you know where he lives, that would be even better. That way, I can go back to my family and have the elders come with me, bringing expensive gifts to pay him a visit." Isabelle pursed her lips. "Mikayla, you really know how to work the angles.

Fine, since you want to know so badly, I'll tell you. Mr. Goodman's senior brother is Andrew." Mikayla shook her head and gritted her teeth. "You little brat, I don't want to

listen to your nonsense anymore. That's it. Go home and stop hanging around Andrew." As Mikayla rose to leave, Isabelle's eyes gleamed with amusement. She bit her rosy lips with a playful smile as she muttered, "I told you, but you refuse to believe me. Now I finally understand why some women are so manipulative. But the more tricks they have, the dumber they actually are." She sighed.

"Mikayla, your image in my eyes is crumbling, because I'm starting to realize you really are kind of stupid." ---- Meanwhile, Mikayla had no idea what Isabelle was thinking. She just felt annoyed Ezekiel had been someone she could latch onto. He was Sorya's future heir, the prince of Tristars Group, Waylon's prized student. Any one of these credentials would have been enough to make him her perfect match, someone who could elevate both her and the Owens family to fame and prominence in Chetvine. But now, Ezekiel was completely ruined.

His energy core shattered, and he was reduced to a useless wreck who had not even accomplished anything in Holtrien before heading back home to Sorya. Moreover, Mikayla had only just gotten close to Ezekiel. Yet, before she could make any further moves, everything had gone up in smoke. The loss left her deeply unsettled, and the one to blame for it all was Andrew! 'No matter how strong you are, you'll never earn my recognition, she thought bitterly, her heart burning with resentment as she stormed forward. Right then, she bumped into a young alchemist.

She was about to curse him out, but she held herself back in time, not daring to ---- expose her true nature. After all, that would destroy the perfect image she had carefully built all this time. The alchemist who had bumped into her was just from an ordinary background, and he quickly apologized, "I'm so sorry, Ms. Owens." Mikayla smiled. "It's fine. By the way, where is everyone rushing off to? You all look like you're in a hurry." The young alchemist replied excitedly, "Ms. Owens, you haven't heard? Mr.

Goodman's senior, who's supposedly a ninth-grade supreme alchemist, is about to perform alchemy at Sovereign's Apothecary!" Mikayla's whole body trembled as she gasped, "Really?" The young alchemist nodded. "It's true! Even Madam Baxter has gone over! But our ranks are too low, so we probably won't get to watch it up close. Still, just catching a glimpse from afar would be worth it!" With that, he hurried off, looking extremely eager. Mikayla turned around, wanting to follow as well. But then, a thought struck her, and she slipped into the nearby restroom instead.

Standing in front of the mirror, she carefully touched up her makeup until she confirmed everything was flawless, and only ---- then was she satisfied. She muttered coldly to her reflection, "Amari is already one foot in the grave. So, his senior is probably even older than him. But that doesn't matter. No matter how old a manis, he can't resist a beautiful woman. I'm talented, brilliant, and stunning, and there's no way he won't remember me.

As long as he remembers me, everything else will fall into place." Feeling pleased with herself, Mikayla quickly joined the crowd of alchemists heading out to meet the mysterious figure. The latest\_episodes are on\_the Find-Novel

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## Chapter 2331

---- Chapter 2331 Earlier, Andrew had promised to craft a ninth-grade Soul- Restoring Pill for Sovereign's Apothecary. Brielle, unable to wait any longer, pushed him to fulfill his promise since she had already given him the Blackstar Crystal. Andrew did not mind at all. The original deal required Sovereign's Apothecary to provide him with three items, and the Blackstar Crystal was only one of them. But since he was dealing with someone as influential as Brielle, there was no need to be petty. Whatever he gave now, he would get back eventually.

For example, while refining the Soul-Restoring Pill for them, he could also make a few high-grade pills for himself. After all, the materials were right there, so why waste them? Driving his beat-up car alone, he arrived at Sovereign's Apothecary and found Amari. Amari smiled. "Andrew, make sure to put on a good show later. And let me learn a thing or two while you're at it!" Andrew smiled. "That won't be a problem. But I haven't refined anything in a while, so I need to get back into the groove first." ---- Amari waved a hand, unconcerned. "Then take a moment to relax.

I'll get everything ready for you." Andrew nodded and casually walked to the sink to wash his hands. Refining a ninth-grade Soul-Restoring Pill was a challenge even for him. Everyone knew that the higher the grade, the harder it became, and preparing for high-tier alchemy was always a complex process. For example, at places like Mistveil Peak, where traditional alchemy was practiced, some would fast, bathe, and meditate for days beforehand. Andrew, however, did not bother with all that. Instead, he preferred to just dive in.

Still, he believed that adjusting his mindset beforehand was necessary. Meanwhile, Amari left his small courtyard with a spring in his step. The thought of Andrew showing off his skills in Sovereign's Apothecary filled him with pride, and his excitement was written all over his face. "Well, well, Amari, you look like you're on cloud nine," said a mocking voice laced with sarcasm. Amari's expression darkened, and he turned toward the sound. A gray-haired old man with a long face strutted over, surrounded by a crowd of disciples. ---- The display of prestige was hard to miss. Amari snorted.

"Oh, I should have known it's you, Theon." The elder was Theon Orben, another well-known alchemy master in Sovereign's Apothecary. With his skills and his many disciples, even Brielle usually treated him with respect. Theon said, "Amari, who exactly is this senior of yours? Don't think you can fool Madam Baxter with some phony. If I find out you dragged in a fraud, trust me, she won't let you off easy." Hearing the hostility in



his tone, Amari sneered. "Theon, aren't you worried about biting your own tongue with such big talk?"

You only thrive in Chetvine because you can talk fast and shamelessly flatter people. But let me tell you, in my senior's eyes, your little tricks are nothing." Theon's narrow eyes narrowed even more. "Amari, you useless old fool. If your senior is so great, then name him! There isn't a single master in Holtrien's alchemy world that I don't know. I bet this so-called senior of yours is nothing more than a con artist." Amari's anger flared. "You old bastard, what did you just say?" Theon smirked. "Oh? Struck a nerve already?"

I said your senior is a fraud, someone who's here to deceive Madam Baxter. What, you don't like the truth?" ---- Amari's tongue was never as sharp as Theon's, but he could not stand hearing Andrew belittled. His fists clenched, and he looked ready to strike. "Enough, both of you. You're masters under the same roof. Why spoil the peace?" A gentle voice drifted over, and Brielle appeared, draped in a light violet veil. A faint fragrance followed her into the courtyard. Amari's anger melted away, and he quickly bowed. "Madam Baxter, you're here." Brielle smiled softly. "Mr.

Goodman, is he here already?" Amari nodded eagerly. "Yes, he's resting inside. We'll begin shortly." Theon's eyes flickered, and he spoke up. "Madam Baxter, I don't think Amari's so-called senior can be trusted. I was just gone for a few days, and suddenly, Sovereign's Apothecary is entertaining a fraud. Think about it... Every ninth-grade master in Holtrien is famous and commands respect. Yet this one? I've never even heard of him!" Brielle waved her hand dismissively. "There's no need for suspicion. I already know Mr. Goodman's senior. In fact, you should know him too. This chapter is updated by find{n}ovel

He's the same one who once competed against you for the Golden Elixir." ---- Theon froze, then his face darkened, and his teeth clenched. "That arrogant brat from the Lloyd family? He's back in Chetvine?"

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## Chapter 2332

---- Chapter 2332 Brielle smiled. "Not only did he return, but he also crippled Sorya's Ezekiel Beckett from the Tristars Group and sent him back home. Mr. Orben, it seems your time studying with the Divine Alchemists left you a little out of touch with the news." Theon's face turned sour. "Madam Baxter, you're right. I haven't kept up with what's been happening in Chetvine. I just got back and heard that someone here at

Sovereign's Apothecary was about to refine a ninth-grade supreme elixir, and my first thought was simple: fraud, 100% fraud." Brielle shook her head. "Mr. Lloyd is no fraud.

He's the treasure of Sovereign's Apothecary. With him here, we'll be producing high-grade pills that people will fight to get their hands on." Theon snorted. "I refuse to believe his skills have truly reached the ninth grade. Madam Baxter, you should always be cautious. That brat has been running around like an outlaw for years, and who knows what kind of scheme he's planning now that he's back. If we get fooled, the loss would be beyond repair." Amari's fury boiled over. "Theon, screw you. You come back here running your mouth like you've got crap for brains!

Back then, even at your age, Andrew crushed you under his foot. Yet here you are, still bitter and petty, never moving forward. With that attitude, your so-called alchemy will never amount to ---- anything. I suggest you just go ahead and dig yourself a grave!" Theon's temper exploded, and he roared, "Amari, you useless old fool! Do you actually think I wouldn't dare kill you?" Brielle frowned. "Enough, both of you! Or are you telling me my word counts for nothing here?" The two men finally backed down, though the hatred in their eyes was unmistakable.

Everyone in Sovereign's Apothecary knew the two had never gotten along. They despised each other on sight. However, Theon was skilled at gathering followers and currying favor with Chetvine's elites, which gave him wealth and influence. Amari, on the other hand, had excellent alchemy skills but no sense for politics. He either drank or shut himself away with his cauldron, never socializing, never networking. Over time, his influence and connections fell far behind Theon's. Brielle said calmly, "Mr. Lloyd's true abilities will be revealed soon enough. There's no need for more arguments.

Especially you, Mr. Orben. Since I've chosen to believe in Mr. Lloyd, you shouldn't keep questioning and undermining my decision. You know very well I don't like people second-guessing my decisions. ---- Theon quickly backed down. "Madam Baxter, I didn't mean it that way. If you trust him, then I have nothing more to say." He turned with his students and stormed off. Amari spat on the ground. "That old bastard thinks he's something special. All he's got going for him is sucking up to the elites in Chetvine and the Divine Alchemists to buy himself some glory." Brielle's voice turned cold.

"Amari, you should watch your mouth, too. You know full well you don't have his kind of influence, so why provoke him head-on? Sovereign's Apothecary leans toward you only because I'm here. If Theon gains the Divine Alchemists' full support and outranks me, then everything you have now will vanish. Do you understand?" Amari's lips trembled. "T-That's not very likely, right? Madam Baxter, you've managed Sovereign's Apothecary flawlessly. Why would the Divine Alchemists bother favoring Theon?" Brielle shook her head. "When it comes to those higher powers, nothing is clear-cut.

Theon's contact with the Divine Alchemists is growing deeper and more frequent. I know he wants to split Sovereign's Apothecary with me, to share control. But there's no point talking about it now. Come, let's meet Andrew. It's time to begin." ---- Amari hurried to

respond. "Of course. But first, I need to gather 'the materials Andrew will need.'" On the other side, Mikayla had seen the entire clash between Amari and Theon. A thoughtful look spread across her face before it twisted into a cold smile. She mumbled, "So, Mr. Orben is back. Mr.

Goodman, if you keep pushing me away, I can always find another person. But there's no rush to switch over to Mr. Orben just yet. I should see for myself what kind of person Mr. Goodman's senior really is. If his skills are the real deal, then no matter what, I'll make sure to become his student!" Mikayla was clever, ambitious, and deeply calculating. Every step she took was carefully planned, leaving no room for error. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON [find\\*\\*novel](#)

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## Chapter 2333

---- Chapter 2333 Amari delivered the ingredients for the Soul-Restoring Pill, and Andrew immediately got to work. The ninth-grade Soul-Restoring Pill was notoriously complex, and it required more than 100 different herbs. Each one was rare and precious, either having been aged for centuries or being worth a fortune. "Here we go. Is that Mr. Goodman's senior?" someone whispered. "if only we could get a little closer and watch up close... It's too bad that we can only see his back." "Forget it. That's impossible.

There are thousands of alchemists from Sovereign's Apothecary here, and only those ranked at least sixth-grade are allowed to watch up close. The rest of us can only dream." Outside Amari's garden, the crowd packed in layer after layer, leaving no room to move. Originally, Brielle had planned for Andrew to show off his skills in public, but Andrew had refused. He did not need an audience when refining pills, nor did he have any desire to show off.

His ties to Sovereign's Apothecary were purely cooperative, nothing ---- At that moment, Andrew was facing away from the crowd, so no one, not even Mikayla, could see his face. Nonetheless, Mikayla knew Andrew all too well, and the more she stared at his back, the more uneasy she felt. Could it really be him? Her face darkened as she shook her head, telling herself it had to be a coincidence. Amari's senior should have been well into his 70s. There was no way it could be Andrew. Besides, just because someone looked similar from the back did not mean it was actually him.

"He's been annoying enough lately," she muttered under her breath, blaming herself for wasting time thinking about him. Andrew was no longer worth her attention, and she

refused to let him bother her anymore. The refinement of the Soul-Restoring Pill dragged on, lasting well over an hour. Yet none of the alchemists watching grew tired, because seeing a master at work was an opportunity that came once in a lifetime. "Look at his fire control, his timing, his techniques... It's breathtaking," someone murmured.

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People like this only exist in legends." "But doesn't it seem strange? He doesn't look very old." "Don't jump to conclusions. High-ranking alchemy masters are often powerful martial artists as well, so they know how to preserve their youth. You can't judge anyone's age just by looking at their back." While the crowd speculated, Mikayla's suspicion only grew stronger. She had told herself again and again that it could not be Andrew, but the words of those around her shook her resolve. "Excuse me, let me through," she said, squeezing further along. Follow current novels on [findnovel](#)

Mikayla had made up her mind, and she had to know for sure. Otherwise, she would never be able to sleep in peace.

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## Chapter 2334

---- Chapter 2334 At last, Mikayla found the perfect angle. From here, she could finally see the supreme alchemist's side profile. In an instant, her face went pale. From that angle, there was no mistaking it: the man looked just like Andrew. Her thoughts spun into chaos, and she felt as if thousands of ants were gnawing at her heart, leaving her unbearably restless. 'It can't be him. If he were truly a ninth-grade supreme alchemist,

then he wouldn't be so obscure. Every eighth-grade alchemist in the country is famous, praised, and talked about everywhere.

But Andrew's name has never been heard in those circles, so it's impossible it's him.' After reasoning with herself, Mikayla felt a little better. Yet when her eyes drifted back, the resemblance was undeniable. If Andrew really was this ninth-grade supreme alchemist, then how was she supposed to face him? Her heart thudded like a drum. 'It's impossible, absolutely impossible...' Mikayla kept forcing herself to believe that. Just then, a sudden boom echoed through the garden. The lid of Andrew's furnace flew open, and a fragrant smoke spread into ---- the air.

Andrew rose slowly from his mat and turned to Brielle with a calm smile. "Madam, the Soul-Restoring Pill is complete. Once it cools down, you can have someone collect it." Brielle's face lit up as she nodded quickly. "Of course, of course! Mr. Lloyd, since you've already shown your skill, why not keep the momentum going and refine a few more high-grade pills? Don't worry, I'll make sure you're well compensated." Andrew nodded. "Fine. Since I'm already here, I'll refine two more. But clear out the people outside.

I don't like the noise." Brielle immediately ordered the junior alchemists back to their stations. She told them to stop loitering and get back to their work. Although disappointed, none of them dared to complain and quickly retreated. One by one, they left, excitedly replaying the process in their minds. Someone commented, "A ninth-grade supreme alchemist makes pill refining look as easy as ABC." Another replied, "It only looks easy. The truth is, it takes countless years of honing to reach that level of mastery. What an incredible man." "It's a pity we were chased off.

If only we could have spoken ---- with him and learned something, that would have been a once-in- allifetime opportunity." Soon, the crowd had dispersed. However, one person stood frozen like a statue, unable to move. Mikayla's body stiffened as she stared at Andrew, who was now chatting casually with Brielle. When Andrew finished just moments ago, she finally saw his face clearly. It was him, the Dragon Prince of the Lloyd family, freshly returned. Mikayla had believed that the Dragon Prince was long past his. prime. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON findnovel

Because of that, she had chosen to sever her old ties of affection and friendship with him. She had even let the distance between her and Andrew widen until they were nearly strangers. By doing so, she thought she had proven her loyalty to the Chetvine elites. Ambitious and hungry for status, she had wanted to step on Andrew's fall to boost her own rise to fame. Yet, retribution had come far quicker than she expected. The Dragon Prince of the Lloyd family had not declined in the slightest. He was still as fierce and untouchable as ever. ---- Moreover, he had just defeated Ezekiel.

Yet, here he was at Sovereign's Apothecary, casually refining a ninth-grade supreme elixir. He was not only a genius in martial arts but also a prodigy in alchemy. Either path alone was full of challenges, demanding a lifetime of effort from ordinary men. However,

Andrew had mastered both, climbing higher and higher until he stood above everyone else. He had walked paths that left no room for others to follow.

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## Chapter 2335

---- Chapter 2335 Just as the thought appeared in Mikayla's mind, she quickly denied it. She realized that Andrew was the kind of man who carved his own path, leaving everyone else with nowhere to go. They were close in age, and she had spent years building her perfect image, trying to become a prodigy in both medicine and martial arts. Her combat skills were decent, her alchemy talent was solid, and she had already reached the level of a sixth-grade alchemist. Yet, compared to Andrew, she was nothing but a clown.

Just then, a senior alchemist walked over and reminded her, " Mikayla, Madam Baxter has ordered the junior alchemists to return to their duties. You may be special, but you still cannot go against her command. You need to leave." Mikayla glanced one last time toward Andrew. She was certain he had noticed her presence because she was the only one left lingering nearby. Moreover, wherever she went, she was always the center of attention. However, Andrew showed no reaction at all. He only continued chatting with Brielle and Amari, laughing with them, never sparing her so much as a glance.

---- "Andrew, I know you did that on purpose. You saw me, but you refused to even look my way. That was your way of humiliating me, of acting like I didn't exist," she muttered darkly. Her face clouded over with anger, but then a sly smile crept across her lips. "But your deliberate grudge and your intentional silence also prove that you still can't let me go. Somewhere in your heart, you still think about me. "After all, men always want beautiful women. Now that you're back in Chetvine, you need power, fame, and women to prove yourself.

I don't believe for a second that you won't want to conquer me and make me yours, just to prove your worth." Mikayla convinced herself she knew Andrew well, or rather, she knew all men well. She was beautiful, dazzling, and the Owens family's treasured daughter. If she threw herself into Andrew's arms, she refused to believe he would not be tempted. Men needed fame, and women needed to validate themselves and build their legacy. Now that it was undeniable that Andrew was a ninth-grade supreme alchemist, Mikayla's jealousy left her disheartened, but her pragmatic side quickly took over.



Continuing to belittle him, mock him, or oppose him was no longer an option. She needed a new strategy, one that would stir ---- Andrew's sympathy and soften his heart toward her. Only then could she get close, learn high-level alchemy from him, and elevate her own future. It had to be said, Mikayla was a dangerous woman. Her calculating heart, her sharp mind, her respectable martial talent, and her stunning beauty, when combined, made her a force to be reckoned with. Sometimes, those very traits allowed her to thrive. But before that, she needed to track down Isabelle. The link to the origin of this information rests in find ♦ novel

She questioned why she had never mentioned that Andrew was. Amari's senior, the ninth-grade supreme alchemist. Because of that, Mikayla had blundered again and again, letting her rift with Andrew grow wider and wider. She had always dismissed Isabelle as nothing more than a silly, innocent tagalong, never worth her concern. Yet now, suspicion crept into her heart. Maybe Isabelle was not as simple as she looked. Women could sense these things, and Mikayla trusted her instincts. With Andrew's return, Isabelle's heart and intentions were probably shifting in ways hard to guess.

That ability was something women were born with. No matter how pure their hearts appeared, a woman's thoughts could ---- always change in an instant

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## Chapter 2336

---- Chapter 2336 Andrew continued working with the cauldron, crafting several more batches of high-grade elixirs. Then, without the slightest hesitation, he kept half of them for himself. The other master alchemists watching twitched at the corners of their mouths, their faces filled with envy. Yet, none of them dared to say a word. Even though most of them were already in their 70s, with snow-white hair, they still had to address Andrew as a senior. And as juniors, they had no right to criticize the way he did things.

Amari chuckled and said, "Andrew, your habit of skimming a cut is just as polished as ever." What he really meant was that even with Brielle standing right there, Andrew taking half the loot for himself seemed a little ruthless. However, Andrew showed no reaction at all, as if he had not even heard. "Whatever Mr. Lloyd takes, he fully deserves," Brielle said instead, nodding her approval without the slightest care. ---- Meanwhile, Mikayla had spent quite some time searching before she finally found Isabelle. "Belle, what are you doing here?" she demanded the moment she saw her.

Isabelle was carrying bags of all sizes in her hands. "I'm buying some good supplements for Andrew. Mikayla, give me a second. I still need to look around and see

if there's any century- old Root of Resilience... A thousand-year-old would be best." Mikayla's face darkened as she snapped, "Hold on a minute. A thousand-year-old Root of Resilience? Do you think it's something you can just find lying around like candy? The rightful source is find·novel·net

And more importantly, who told you to buy supplements for Andrew?" Already boiling with frustration, she had not expected Isabelle to go behind her back and openly shower Andrew with kindness. To her, it felt like betrayal, and she was at her breaking point. "No one told me to. I just wanted to do it," Isabelle said innocently in her soft voice. Looking at Isabelle's blank little face, Mikayla felt a wave of exhaustion wash over her. "Belle, don't tell me you actually have feelings for Andrew.

Have you forgotten that your Robertson family is his sworn enemy?" Isabelle nodded and said, "Yes, of course... My family and ---- Andrew are enemies, but I'm not the same as my family. My feelings for him are different and have nothing to do with them." The first part still sounded reasonable to Mikayla. But the second half turned everything upside down, and her anger shot straight to the surface. "Isabelle, are you out of your mind? Aren't you afraid your father will punish you for going against the family's mission? And do you even know who Andrew really is?

Naive girls like you are the easiest to trick. "I don't know what he did or said to you, but as your senior, I'm telling you right now to stop seeing him immediately. And these things you're carrying, I'm confiscating them." As she spoke, Mikayla reached forward to snatch the gift boxes from Isabelle's hands. If it had been before, Isabelle would have obediently let go, then timidly said, "Mikayla, please don't be mad. I won't do it again." But this time, Isabelle acted completely differently.

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## **- Chapter 2337**

### **Chapter 2337**

---- Chapter 2337 Isabelle took a step back, shaking her head firmly at Mikayla with an icy expression. "Mikayla, I'm grown now, not a little kid anymore! I know what I'm doing, and I don't need you to teach me. "And I don't like how you act so bossy, trying to snatch things out of my hands just because we're friends. Even if we're close and even if our families are allies, you still have to respect me!" Mikayla stared at her in disbelief, as if she were looking at a stranger.

She could hardly recognize this version of Isabelle, and anger immediately surged through her chest until she felt like she would explode. "Isabelle, what did you just say? Say that again! Repeat what you just said to me! You're saying I don't respect you? And you're willing to turn on me over Andrew?" Never in her life had she expected Isabelle to react like this, and it was all Andrew's fault. Isabelle had always been so simple-minded, so pure. Yet now, she seemed like a completely different person.

She was protecting Andrew, defending him at every turn, and even snapping at her own friend because of him. ---- Mikayla gritted her teeth in fury, tempted to slap Isabelle across the face. However, what she wanted even more was to drag Andrew out and demand to know exactly what he had done to Isabelle. "Mikayla, I didn't mean it like that. I just hope you won't be like my dad, being so strict with me and trying to make all my decisions for me!" Isabelle kept her head down, her small body tense, and it was clear she felt just as upset.

She continued, "You all treat me like a child, like some naive idiot who doesn't know or understand anything. But in truth, I've seen more than you think, and I've understood plenty. It's just that most of it never interested me, and I simply didn't care. I'll say it one more time: I'm not a kid anymore. I know what I'm doing." Mikayla said coldly, "Fine, I can't control you anymore... You're so high and mighty now. Then answer me this: do you know that Andrew is Mr. Goodman's senior? That he's that ninth-grade supreme alchemist. You know all that, right?" Isabelle looked surprised.

"Of course I know. Not only do I know, but I told you before. I told you I knew who that ninth-grade supreme alchemist was, and it was Andrew. But you didn't believe me. You

thought I was messing with you, joking around, and then you stopped listening and just walked away. You can't really blame me for that, can you?" ---- Seeing Isabelle's innocent expression, Mikayla ground her teeth in frustration. "Fine, I was blind before and didn't listen to you, treating your words like garbage. One last question. Between me and Andrew, who do you choose?" Isabelle frowned. This chapter is updated by Find~Novel

"Mikayla, what do you mean by that?" Mikayla replied coldly, "Exactly what it sounds like. You've been secretly doing all these things for Andrew, and who knows how far things have already gone between you two. Belle, we're friends, and I've never once mistreated you. But seeing you like this... it really breaks my heart." Isabella shouted back, "Mikayla, what have I done to you? Haven't I always treated you well enough? I even shared the complete cultivation method for Awakened Reaper's Wrath with you. What more do you want from me?"

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## Chapter 2338

---- Chapter 2338 Isabelle herself was also a spoiled little princess in her own family. However, she had always respected Mikayla greatly. She had always thought Mikayla was the best among the older girls and wanted to learn from her. That was why she had been content to play the role of the younger one. But now, with Mikayla being so aggressive and even doing things that Isabelle despised, she no longer wanted to put up with it. After all, they were both heiresses, so why should she keep giving in? Andrew was someone she had wanted to kill before.

However, he never had bad intentions toward her and had won her over with his character. Isabelle had not even noticed that, as she had been dealing with Andrew, she had developed a sense of disgust and rejection toward Mikayla. Mikayla's face flushed red with anger. "Oh, so now you want to settle scores with me over Andrew? Isabelle, if that's how it is, then we're no longer friends. Sure, I know the secret training methods for Awakened Reaper's Wrath, but I've never practiced them. And I'll tell you everything about my own technique as compensation." ---- Isabelle's face was expressionless.

"Mikayla, you need to calm down. I don't think we need to take this to the point where we can't be friends anymore. And you don't need to tell me about your technique, because I'm not saying all this to get something from you. I just wanted to tell you that you're a friend I acknowledge, that's all." With that, she grabbed her things and headed to the luxury car that had been following behind. The Robertson family's driver had to be available 24/7 for this little princess. New novel chapters are published on

Having just witnessed the falling out between Isabelle and Mikayla, the driver was sweating bullets and did not dare make a sound. "Drive! Take me home!" Isabelle sat in the back seat and ordered coldly, her mood absolutely terrible. Watching Isabelle drive away, Mikayla calmed down as well. She mumbled, "I was such an idiot. Isabelle's personality is pure and blank, like a blank canvas. Being on good terms with her means building a foundation with the Robertson family. "Even though that little bitch is foolish, pathetic, and seems brainless.

But the Robertson family is her backing, so I should've been sweet-talking her no matter what. Breaking things off like this is not worth it." ---- Mikayla blamed herself harshly. However, the reason she blamed herself was that she did not want to lose her connection with the Robertson family. Toward Isabelle herself, she felt no guilt whatsoever. On the contrary, Mikayla thought the girl was just a shameless little tramp. She had actually gone off to mess around with Andrew. It was disgusting. Looking at the time, Mikayla turned and headed back into Sovereign's Apothecary.

While she thought Isabelle was shameless, she did not believe for a second that she herself was just the same. She planned to find Andrew and apologize to him. She would ask Andrew to teach her alchemy. Before this, it was her foolish younger self who had made mistakes, and she hoped he would not hold it against her. With a cunning smile, Mikayla was confident that as long as her apology was sincere enough, Andrew would not refuse her. After all, they had a history together from before. Moreover, things had not completely reached the point of being enemies yet.

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## Chapter 2339

---- Chapter 2339 Inside Sovereign's Apothecary, Andrew had already finished what he was working on. Once Brielle got her hands on the Soul- Restoring Pill, she treasured it and immediately placed it in the vault. With nothing else to do, Andrew figured it was time to leave. He could finally spare some time to head over to Chetvine Grand Auction House and investigate Amari grinned shamelessly. "Andrew, do you have time for a little chat?" Andrew smiled. "You want to ask me how I became a ninth- grade supreme alchemist, right?" Amari looked a bit embarrassed, chuckling awkwardly. "Well...

something like that. Come on, you won't be stingy with your experience, will you?" Andrew smiled warmly. "What's there to hide? Whatever you want to know, I'll tell you. We're fellow disciples, and I wouldn't hold anything back." Amari beamed with joy and nodded repeatedly. "Ever since Mr. Maverick Zeroual disappeared, honestly, I've been pretty uneasy about it. Now that you're back in Chetvine and we've reunited, ---- besides handling our current business, we should also keep an eye out for news about Mr. Zeroual." Andrew nodded solemnly at this. "Don't worry. Mr.

Zeroual is incredibly capable, and ordinary people can't touch him. Besides, you know he's not interested in worldly affairs. He loves exploring famous mountains and rivers, going on adventures. For all we know, he might be in some hidden paradise right now." Amari said, "I hope so. The martial arts world in Holtrien is pretty chaotic these days. Down south, I heard Mr. Thornton was chased out and forced to step down from the Southern Martial Union. And the northern martial arts scene here in Chetvine is even more chaotic. UPDATE FROM find[N]ovel

"Not only are there heavy grudges between the martial arts factions, but the major local families, wealthy clans, and even the powerful houses in Chetvine are all meddling, stirring things up behind the scenes." Andrew remained calm. "Don't worry about all that. Just focus on your alchemy at Sovereign's Apothecary. By the way, Amari, I remember Mr. Zeroual mentioned you had a marriage atrangement in Chetvine, right?" Amari's face flushed red as he snapped, "Marriage? What marriage? Andrew, stop teasing me. I'm old enough to be a great -grandfather. What marriage are you talking about?

People would laugh at me." ---- Andrew's expression was serious. "I won't pry into your business. It's your life, and I won't interfere. But with Mr. Zeroual gone, I'll have to look out for you as your senior. If you're ever struggling, you can tell me. I'll help however I can. You've spent your life alone. If love found you in your later years, I'd honestly be happy for you." Amari actually looked shy for a moment before stomping his foot. "Enough! You don't even have a partner yourself, yet you're worrying about me? I'm an old man! Whether I have someone or not doesn't matter.



But you, you're not even 30 yet, young and talented with a bright future. If I had your looks and charm, I'd have women on each arm living the good life." Andrew smirked, a trace of roguishness slipping out. "And how do you know I don't already? To be honest, I've already found a few ladies myself. When they come to Chetvine, I'll bring them to meet you." Amari was stunned. "Several? In these ten years you spent wandering, you were still that impressive, huh?" Andrew laughed heartily and patted his shoulder. "Not that impressive at all...

Just average, really." Amari's expression was complicated as he ground his teeth. "Damn it, so you really were out there finding partners behind my back? What happened to growing old and lonely together? ---- Andrew, you're a traitor. You're not playing fair." Even though he knew Amari was joking, Andrew could still sense some regret and envy mixed into his joke. The reason behind it probably had to do with Amari's marriage arrangement here in Chetvine. However, Andrew actually didn't know much about Amari's private affairs. So it was not convenient to ask more right now.

He could only wait and see if Amari brought it up himself later. "Alright then, I'm heading home." With that, Andrew prepared to leave Sovereign's Apothecary. "Hold it!" A voice, old but still sharp and commanding, rang out behind him. Andrew turned his head, and his lips curled into a smile. "Old bastard Theon, long time no see." It was none other than Theon. "Did you refine a ninth-grade Soul- Restoring Pill just now?" Andrew shrugged. "Whether I did or not, why don't you go ask Madam Baxter yourself?" Theon snorted. "Andrew, you shouldn't have come back here.

There's no place for you in Sovereign's Apothecary anymore." ---- Andrew remained as calm as ever. "I know you don't want me back. You're afraid I'll compete with you for the chief alchemist position. But Theon, you underestimate me. I only returned because I needed something from Sovereign's Apothecary. As for that chief alchemist title or any of that nonsense, I'm not interested."

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## Chapter 2340

---- Chapter 2340 Theon sneered. "You think I'd believe that nonsense? Ten years ago, you were just another brat, but because you trained under Mr. Zeroual, everyone was terrified of your background. People lined up to call you a genius alchemist." He continued, "I didn't buy into it. Yet my alchemy still couldn't compare to yours, and I was humiliated. But Andrew, what goes around comes around. Ten years have passed. You boast about having ninth-grade supreme alchemist skills, but in my eyes, you're nothing." Andrew winced. "Theon, could you at least have some shame?

You're, what, 80 years old now? And you're still saying things like that? Honestly, I feel embarrassed for you. If you're going to act cool, at least change it to 'don't underestimate me', and then tack on 'let me rest in peace'." Hearing this, Amari burst out laughing. "Andrew, your tongue is as sharp as ever!" He could not match Theon in verbal sparring, but Andrew was different. He could verbally beat him. Theon's face darkened. "Brat, clever words mean nothing. I came here for one reason: to tell you to get the hell out of Sovereign's Apothecary and disappear for good.

There's no ---- place for you here, and certainly not for that useless junior of yours. This place will belong to me. I know Madam Baxter favors you, but times have changed. She won't be able to protect you forever." Amari's expression shifted. "Old bastard Theon, looks like you've been kissing ass over at the Divine Alchemists, and it's finally paying off" Theon smirked with pride, fixing his gaze on Andrew. "The Sovereign's Apothecary is nothing. The Divine Alchemists are the real power behind it. Andrew, even if your skills are incredible, it doesn't matter.

Without a platform, you're nothing." With a cold snort, he strutted away with his followers, arrogance written all over him. Andrew shook his head as he watched him go. "I wasn't even coming after you, yet you came to threaten me. Theon, ten years ago, I was still young, hot-blooded, and unwilling to let anything slide. But I'm not the same man anymore. Originally, we could've just stayed out of each other's way; out of sight, out of mind, everyone doing their own thing. "But you just had to come and pick a fight with me. Official source is

So I'll make 'sure you understand that ten years ago, I only gave you a defeat. Now, if you push too hard, I might give you death instead." He didn't bother to hide it from Amari, saying it openly. ---- The single man who had lived alone for over 70 years shuddered and muttered, "Andrew, you sound a little too murderous these days." Andrew chuckled. "Can't help it. Sometimes, when you try to reason with people and they won't listen, you have to let your fists do the talking. Alright, I'm taking off. Stay here at Sovereign's Apothecary without worry.

If Theon dares to make a move on you, I'll skin him alive." Amari snorted coldly. "Even if he's gained favor with the Divine Alchemists, I'm no pushover. I'm not afraid of him one bit." Carrying several bottles of premium elixirs, Andrew left Sovereign's Apothecary and headed toward the parking lot in back. "Andrew, wait!" A clear, crisp voice called from behind him. Andrew blinked in surprise. "Belle? What are you doing here?" But when he turned, it was not Isabelle. Instead, it was Mikayla. His brows drew together as he said flatly, "My mistake.

I thought you were Belle." Mikayla's eyes flashed with anger and shame. Damn it, had he just mistaken her for Isabelle? Or worse, did he ---- actually wish she were Isabelle? Could those two really have something going on? Her mind spiraled with suspicion. Yet, she still wore a bright, pleasant smile. "Andrew, I'm not Belle. I'm your Mikayla." Andrew caught the subtle undertone in her words and gave a crooked smile. "Mine? I wouldn't

dare say that. So tell me, what do you want?" She blurted out, "First, Andrew, I want to sincerely apologize to you.

Second, I'd like to ask you to be my alchemy mentor and train me. For that, I'm willing to bow my head and admit I was wrong." With a sweet, almost pleading tone, Mikayla stepped closer, her eyes wide and glistening as she gazed up at him. She looked exactly like a girl who had made a mistake and was trying to ask for his forgiveness.

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## Chapter 2341

---- Chapter 2341 Andrew did not say anything. Instead, he just looked down at the woman before him. Mikayla's eyes lit up with joy, thinking she had a chance. By closing the distance, apologizing earnestly, and adding her incomparable beauty to the mix, it was an unbeatable trump card. She believed that Andrew clearly could not resist her. Ten years ago, she had been just a young girl. People could already tell she would grow into a beauty, but she hadn't yet come into her own, and her allure had not fully bloomed. Now, though, Mikayla was at the peak of her womanhood.

Even some of the most elite heirs in Chetvine had publicly pursued her, but she had politely turned them all down. After all, there were plenty of fish in the sea, and she was not ready to settle with one just yet Andrew suddenly said, "Mikayla, you know something? Right now, you look exactly like a woman I used to know." 1 Mikayla froze, then blushed. "Andrew, I'm guessing this woman... she was someone you used to be with, right?" Andrew smiled. "That's right. We were together once." ---- Mikayla interrupted eagerly. "Wait, Andrew, don't say any more. Let me keep guessing!

I'm guessing she left you, and to this day, you still can't let it go. You feel deep regret, don't you?" Before Andrew could answer, she pressed on. "So you see her shadow in me, don't you? Even though that hurts me so much, I just want you to be happy. If being with me fills the gap in your heart, then I'm willing to be the stand-in." She played the part of the tender, understanding woman perfectly. However, Andrew was left completely speechless. "You're wrong, Mikayla. I only see her shadow in you. But she was never my regret, and you'll never be her substitute. Because... Official source is Find★Novel

I don't need one." 'Don't need one?' Mikayla blinked in shock, and then her face burned scarlet. Humiliation swept through her like fire. She had just made a complete fool of herself. She had thought her appearance had stirred Andrew's memories of some woman from his past, that by leveraging those feelings she could move him. Instead,

she had only embarrassed herself. "Alright. I guess I overthought things," she said, chuckling awkwardly as she tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. ---- She forced a smile and said, "Andrew, I just want to learn alchemy from you.

So are you going to teach me or not?" Andrew raised an eyebrow. "Why come to me?" Mikayla said, "Because you're Mr. Goodman's senior. Today I saw you refine a ninth-grade Soul-Restoring Pill with my own eyes. Andrew, whether it's martial arts or alchemy, you're my idol, my role model. That's why I came to you. That's all there is to it." Andrew smiled faintly. "Funny, because from the moment I arrived in Chetvine, our relationship hasn't exactly been great. Mikayla, I know you've grown up over the years.

You've taken on your family's responsibilities and learned the cost of reputation and gain. "Society's a giant mixing pot, and Chetvine is a stage for power and profit. Because of your position, your choices, and the needs of the Owens family, you decided to draw a line between us. I understood that. But now, all of a sudden, you're trying to cozy up to me, and that's what I can't understand."

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## Chapter 2342

---- Chapter 2342 Mikayla secretly gritted her teeth. Andrew was really something. She had already lowered herself, yet he still kept nitpicking. Did he really think she had no pride? If it were any other young man in Chetvine, they would have already bent over backwards to please her. They would have laughed and flattered her, never daring to make things so difficult. Nonetheless, Mikayla had a deep mind and never revealed her true feelings. Instead, she put on a pitiful expression and sighed softly. "Andrew, since you understand me, you should know I had no choice in what I did.

For the Owens family to become a powerful house, we still have a long way to go. The burden of the family and the expectations of the elders, and I can't let any of it down "Yes, I admit I've changed a lot over the years. When you arrived in Chetvine that day, my attitude wasn't great either. But there are reasons behind all of this. If I still acted toward you the way I did years ago, like an obedient little follower who didn't think for myself, then people with ulterior motives would target the Owens family. ---- "You know, Andrew, the Owens family isn't a first-tier power in Chetvine. For original chapters go to Find-Novel

Only by navigating carefully and making connections on all sides can our family survive and rise." Andrew nodded and smiled. "That was perfect. Almost flawless. Mikayla, you're becoming more and more like the woman I once knew. Aside from martial arts,

which you two differ in, the rest, especially your minds and calculations, are practically a perfect match." Mikayla suppressed her frustration and said with a bitter smile, "Andrew, even now, you still don't believe me? You still think I'm full of empty words?" Andrew shook his head. "No, you're not full of empty words.

A woman like you is beyond help." Mikayla's expression stiffened instantly. Andrews voice was calm as he went on, "Not only hopeless, but self-righteous and smug. Mikayla, did you really think I'm just like other men, so easily manipulated by you?" The expression on Mikayla's face unconsciously turned cold as she just stared icily at Andrew. Andrew's gaze toward her also became completely devoid of warmth.

"I really don't like self-righteous women, especially the kind who show off in front of me, thinking they're so smart and ---- that everyone should pamper and worship them "Mikayla, if only you were a bit more honest and realistic, and didn't play so many mind games or use so many little tricks in front of me. If only you were like Belle, straightforward about what you love and hate... "Before this, she followed her family's orders and came to kill me; she just did it without hesitation. Afterward, she became my friend and let go of our past grudges easily, without any baggage.

See, that's what being open-minded is, that's genuine emotion; love when you love, hate when you hate, no fakeness "If you were that kind of person, I wouldn't even need to think about it today. I'd teach you alchemy." Andrew stopped there. Mikayla said flatly, "If you don't want to teach me, just say so. What's the point of saying all this?" Andrew smiled. "No point at all. You should go. I won't teach you anything about alchemy. Not only will I not teach you, but many people at Sovereign's Apothecary won't teach you either." Mikayla's face darkened. "Andrew, what are you trying to do?

You don't really think I'm going to submit to you, do you?"

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## Chapter 2343

---- Chapter 2343 Andrew's lips curled into a cold, dismissive smile. "Submit? Ha, do you really think you're worthy? Do you think I care about your submission? Mikayla, what I despise most about you is your crooked heart. "You honestly believe that all your little schemes and manipulations are hidden from me? In these ten years in Chetvine, you're adored and showered with vanity. So now you think my return has ruined that, that I remind you of the past and make you feel ashamed, right?" He added, "But the truth is, my return has nothing to do with you.

You and your family, in my eyes, are nothing at all. Let me be blunt... You and the Owens family are nothing more than weeds by the roadside to me. If I ever want to crush you, all it takes is lifting my foot." Mikayla's heart trembled for no reason. The look in Andrew's eyes made her feel a kind of fear she had never known, one that felt utterly foreign. Yet the very next second, she burst out laughing in anger. " Andrew, since you've said it like this, then let's draw the line right here. You walk your road, and I'll walk mine. Content originally comes from

We'll see in the end who climbs higher and farther!" ---- Andrew shook his head. "No need, because honestly, you're not even qualified to compete on the same stage as me. Originally, if you hadn't come to cause trouble, I would've just treated you like you were invisible. "But you just had to come in front of me and play your games. Mainly, you remind me of a woman named Christina Stevens from my past. She was just like you, equally ungrateful. And in the end, her fate was miserable beyond words." "There is only one difference between you and her.

Christina had already tasted the bitterness of life, the cruelty of reality, and the pain of being used and betrayed. But you are still living in a greenhouse, with no idea what disaster and suffering truly mean. He continued, "So let me give you one last piece of advice: cherish what you have and mind your own business. The greatest strength a woman can have is knowing her place and not blindly thinking she's more powerful than she is.

There are beasts out there, predators who could tear you apart in an instant without even a second thought." Mikayla's shame turned into fury, and she shouted, "I don't need you to lecture me on how to live! Andrew, the humiliation you gave me today, one day I will return it a hundredfold, a thousandfold! ---- "And let me make one thing clear, I am not that foolish woman you keep mentioning. Because I am Mikayla Owens. I am only myself. No other woman is even qualified to compare with me.

"And you, don't think that just because you're riding high for now, that you're safe forever or that you're still the Dragon Prince of the Lloyd family. Chetvine isn't what it was back then. And I am no longer the little girl who followed behind you ten years ago. Andrew, one day, I will make you kneel on the ground and look up at me. You just wait. Those last three words were spat through clenched teeth, as if she was about to shatter them. She spun around and stormed away, her chest burning with anger and resentment that tangled together until it became unbearable.

If he refused to appreciate her sincerity, then he would have no one but himself to blame for the cruelty she would unleash. Did he really think she was still that little girl who once looked up to him with worship in her eyes? She was the chosen one. She would control her own destiny, and she would also control the fate of others. Andrew left the Sovereign's Apothecary without a second thought, and his impression of Mikayla could be summed up in just two words: dumb bitch!

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## Chapter 2344

---- Chapter 2344. "Honey, you're back!" Andrew had been held up at Sovereign's Apothecary for the entire day. By the time he returned to the Lloyd family residence, it was already dinnertime. Aspen and Natasha had already prepared dinner and were waiting for Andrew to come home. Judging by their expressions, something seemed off. Andrew was puzzled and asked, "What's wrong?" Aspen pouted and huffed. "Some woman invited herself over and wanted to mooch a meal off us. Well, I didn't make any for her." Andrew walked into the small, run-down cabin, took one look, and could not help but laugh. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON [findnovel](#)

"Sheena, what are you doing here?" Sheena sat at the table, eyes gleaming as she stared at the spread of dishes. "Andrew, you're finally back! Well, what are we waiting for? Let's eat. I'm starving to death." With that, she grabbed a plate and started eating. Aspen looked furious. She had only set out three place settings, and Sheena had taken one, the one she had prepared for ---- Andrew, no less. What was her darling Andrew supposed to eat with now? Seeing her about to blow up, Andrew raised his hand to stop her and smiled. "It's fine. We'll all eat together." Aspen was reluctant.

"But we don't have enough silverware." Natasha smiled bitterly. "We only bought three sets. We didn't prepare any extras." Andrew looked around and laughed. "No problem. I'll use a plate and this little spoon." Everyone sat down and began eating. Sheena kept helping herself to dishes while singing praises. "Oh, Andrew! Your women are just so thoughtful. My goodness, the food they make is way better than the cafeteria back home. Just look at this bourbon-glazed pork belly!

It's mouth-watering just looking at it." She continued, "The cafeteria ladies' cooking skills are, not to put it too harshly, absolutely terrible. If they hadn't been working for our family for so many years, I'd fire every single one of them Andrew said, "You don't have the authority to fire them. The cafeteria falls under the family's domestic department. And you ---- don't have clearance for that area." Sheena grumbled resentfully, "Exactly. Grandpa manages all the domestic stuff. He's too sentimental, always protecting those old-timers, and it makes us suffer for it.

Every day, the food is so tasteless I can barely choke it down." With that, she helped herself to two more servings, eating with such an appetite that Aspen and Natasha were both stunned. Even if she were a martial artist, a woman should not be eating 'that much. Andrew smiled. "Sheena's body requires this much energy. Once you reach her level in martial arts, you'll understand naturally." Sheena chuckled. "Don't make things

hard on your two sweet women. They'll never reach my level anyway." The comment was not pleasant to hear, but Natasha just smiled and let it pass.

Aspen, however, was not having it and sneered coldly. "You're so amazing, nobody can compare to you. If you're so great, don't eat our food then." Sheena just hummed twice without turning her head. "It's just one meal. Why do women have to make things difficult for other women? How about this... I'll eat your cooking, and from now on in Chetvine, I'll look after you. I guarantee nobody will be able to ---- touch you." Aspen was about to retort, but Andrew quickly gave her meaningful looks. Getting Sheena's promise was no small matter.

Chetvine was huge, but this wild woman from the Lloyd family royal line was absolutely in a league of her own, having reached a level where nobody dared provoke her. People like Conrad, Kyrie, and other military prodigies, as well as the three talents of the Robertson family, all had to obediently respect Sheena. This woman was, aside from Andrew, the only terrifying figure in Chetvine who dared to paint the streets red with blood. "Sheena, if you fought Alfredo, what would your odds be?" Andrew remembered the earlier incident and asked. Sheena drank a spoonful of soup and smacked her lips.

"Odds? Only about 20%. Maybe not even 20%. Just 10%." Andrew nodded, not finding one-in-ten odds particularly exaggerated or low.

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## Chapter 2345

---- Chapter 2345 Alfredo was Holtrien's Sword Saint, ranked third on the Titan List. With nothing but himself and his blade, he was powerful enough to single-handedly guard the border. That was not even all. Ten years ago, Alfredo, wielding his deadly sword, had publicly announced to the world that his martial arts had reached the third stage of martial emperor. And in these past ten years, who knew if Alfredo had reached the fourth stage, or even maxed out at the fifth stage of martial emperor. For Sheena to have even a 10% chance against him was already incredibly fortunate. Read full story at Find★Novel

"Does Patriarch Donovan also approve of you challenging Alfredo?" Andrew asked again. Sheena was considered the future of the Lloyd family royal line, and to a certain extent, her importance was no less than Andrew's. Donovan was the current head of the Lloyds, and Andrew could not imagine him allowing Sheena to face Alfredo. Alfredo was notorious for his pride. If she angered him and he crippled her beyond healing, it would

be a disaster. ---- Sheena replied, "Grandpa initially didn't recommend I do this. But you know me... Once I've made up my mind, no one can control me.

My battle with Alfredo is inevitable." Andrew nodded. "Alright then. When you go to Swordhaven Keep, I'll go with you." Sheena turned to look at him. "Don't. Swordhaven Keep is a death trap for you." Andrew smiled. "It's not that bad! First, I have no grudge with Swordhaven Keep. Second, I'm just there to back you up. What's there to be afraid of?" Sheena casually dropped a bombshell. "Alfredo's first wife died many years ago during a sword duel with someone. For the next 30 years, he never looked for anyone else.

Just when everyone thought this sword genius would remain alone forever, a beautiful woman appeared. He loved this woman even more than his first wife. He even built a stargazing tower for her at Swordhaven Keep." Andrew made a sound of acknowledgment. "So? What does that have to do with me?" Sheena was blunt. "Nothing to do with you, but everything to do with Uncle Reginald. Alfredo's second wife is an old flame Uncle Reginald abandoned. Because Uncle Reginald abandoned her, --- - she hates him to the bone. "So much so that Alfredo wants to defend his beloved wife's honor.

Whether it's you or your father, if he sees either of you, he'll strike you down with one sword." Andrew frowned. "Alright then, I won't go when the time comes." He believed in himself and was not afraid of anyone. However, Alfredo of Swordhaven Keep was ranked third on the Titan List. Moreover, his father had done that kind of thing to the man's second wife. Just thinking about it gave Andrew a headache He could understand why Sheena said not to go, that Swordhaven Keep was a death trap for him. If he were in Alfredo's position, he would angrily draw his sword and start stabbing wildly, too.

At this point, Aspen asked with great interest, "Sheena, is Andrew's father really that incredible?" Natasha also perked up her ears, waiting for the answer. They had only heard Reginald's thunderous reputation but had never seen him. Sheena chuckled and deliberately dragged it out. "You want to know about your future father-in-law's past, huh? Alright, I'm in a ---- good mood today, so I'll tell you a few things. "In Chetvine, they say there are the Ten Great Beauties, the Ten Great Ladies, the Ten Great Temptresses... You name it.

Gorgeous, talented women from the best families, and plenty of them." She continued, "Just among the noble ladies from the five great clans, there were at least 20 who got tangled up with Uncle Reginald. And outside Chetvine, across Holtrien? Easily 100 women he once charmed, and every one of them fell head over heels for him." Natasha's eyes widened in disbelief. "T-That can't be possible. He's supposed to be the core of the Lloyd royal family. And he raised a son like Andrew, so how could he... how could he..."

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## Chapter 2346

---- Chapter 2346 Sheena smirked. "You're thinking, how could anyone be such a jerk, right?" Natasha's cheeks flushed. She really was thinking that, but she did not dare say it out loud. Andrew sat there with a headache, silently listening as Sheena bragged about Reginald. He could not even find anything to argue with because that was exactly Reginald's personality. Sheena explained, "You're wrong. Uncle Reginald wasn't a jerk. He was just too damn charming, plus he used to be the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince. Back then, our royal house was at its peak.

"Whether it was inside Holtrien or abroad, we were a powerhouse on another level. When Uncle Reginald traveled overseas, his treatment was no different from that of a crown prince. And that's not even half of it. Once you meet him in person, you'll understand what true charisma truly means. "Countless women threw themselves at him, expecting nothing in return, risking everything just to be near him. And since our Lloyd royal family had the wealth and power, the family expected Uncle Reginald to spread his bloodline and make us stronger.

Naturally, over time, women were all around him." ---- Sheena grinned and pointed at Andrew. "Just look at him now. Doesn't he seem to be charming women left and right?" Andrew was speechless. "Hey, why are you dragging me into this out of nowhere?" Aspen said softly, "Andrew doesn't chase women; it's just that women can't help falling for him. And honestly, we end up liking the women he brings to us, too." Sheena slapped her forehead and shook her head. "See? Her reaction right now is exactly identical to how those infatuated ladies reacted to Uncle Reginald back in the day.

"Speaking of which, Uncle Reginald and Andrew are both troublemakers. Both father and son are cut from the exact same cloth. But this is a wonderful thing! You should have lots of babies for him. The more the better! "The Lloyd family royal line lacks everything except money, resources, and methods. As long as you can bear them, the family will step in directly and fully cultivate them into super geniuses." Natasha's face flushed with embarrassment. Aspen's eyes darted away shyly. However, she found Sheena surprisingly less annoying at this moment.

Truth be told, she really did want to bear Andrew's children. ---- "Alright, I'm stuffed. I'm heading back to rest." Standing up, Sheena walked toward the door, not forgetting to pat Andrew's shoulder. "Andrew, keep up the good work. Everything I just said counts. Hurry up and produce some heirs for the family. Also, if you don't have enough lady friends, I'll take you matchmaking tomorrow." She added, "Chetvine has 99 prestigious families, and among them, the five great clans have unrivaled prestige. Royal families on par with our Lloyd family are a bit trickier, but not too difficult.

"As long as you want, with your strength and achievements, plus me as your matchmaker, I guarantee I'll bring back a dozen good wives for you. Think about it.. You have so many enemies in Chetvine. Maybe you could change your approach and attack from a different angle." Her eyes gleamed as she continued, "Since they want to kill you, just marry their daughters or sisters. That way, let's see what they can do about it!" Sheena burst into laughter as she spoke. Hearing the crazy woman speak more and more outrageously, Andrew walked over, gave her a push, and locked the door behind her. IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT [Find1Novel](#)

When he turned back, he caught Natasha and Aspen staring at ---- him with unreadable looks. Andrew sighed. "What are you two looking at me like that for?" Natasha smiled. "Aspen dear, I'll clear the dishes and wash them. You go warm the bed first, then invite our darling to join us, okay?" Aspen giggled. "Sounds good! After I'm done here, hurry and join us. Tonight, we're going all out." Andrew shook his head. He could not handle this. He absolutely could not take it.

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## Chapter 2347

---- Chapter 2347 That night, Luna barely slept. She tossed and turned, restless and sleepless. It had been a long time since she last had insomnia. The last time was many years ago when she learned that the Lloyd family had met with disaster. The Lloyd family Dragon Prince's whereabouts were unknown, his fate uncertain. Back then, she had not slept the entire night and had run through the streets of Chetvine searching everywhere. In the end, she found nothing. Even by dawn, Luna still had no desire to sleep whatsoever. So, she simply got up and started a new day.

Her aide Leslie had been waiting outside her quarters. "General, the things you requested are ready." Luna had always lived in the military dormitory in Chetvine, maintaining a very simple lifestyle. "Good, give them to me. You're dismissed for now." Taking the items, Luna gathered her things and prepared to leave. Leslie hesitated. "General, are you going to the Lloyd family estate to visit Andrew?" ---- Luna nodded, not denying it. Leslie smiled.

"General, I don't think it's quite appropriate for you to go dressed like that." Luna, who had already taken several steps, stopped and turned around. "Not appropriate? Do you think I look ugly right now?" Leslie quickly waved her hands. "N-No way! I wouldn't dare think that! What I mean is wearing your military uniform to visit someone is a bit too formal. You're not meeting in an official setting that requires formal attire. "Your beauty

is unparalleled in the world... At least in Chetvine, you're no less stunning than those young ladies from prestigious families.

Why not change into something more casual? A dress would be lovely and would suit your figure perfectly." Luna was somewhat surprised. "Change into a dress? Are you sure?" After joining the military, she had lived almost entirely on base. Although her family was not lacking in money and had strong connections, her military life had always been simple. Over time, she had developed the habit of wearing her uniform everywhere. It was simple and commanding. Leslie covered her mouth and giggled. "I'm 100% sure. When ---- you wear your uniform, you're a heroic warrior woman.

But if you took off your uniform and put on a red dress, you'd absolutely be a goddess. I can guarantee that any man would be captivated." For once, Luna's cheeks flushed, and she smiled. "I guess it wouldn't be impossible. But I don't own any dresses here in Chetvine." Leslie checked the time and smiled. "What's so difficult about that? Come on, let's go buy one. Or better yet, if you so much as hint at it, General Harding and his people will probably send you a whole collection right away." Luna shook her head. "I don't need people delivering me things Fine, we'll do it your way.

We'll go buy a dress. But nothing too short... I'd feel uncomfortable, and it would look improper." Leslie chuckled mischievously. "The shorter, the more tempting, General. I'm kidding, I'm kidding. We'll go with whatever suits your taste." So they went out, and Luna picked up a long, elegant dress, pairing it with a beige Louis Vuitton trench coat. She looked refined and urban, completely different from her usual image Only then did she grab a large stack of gifts and head for the Lloyd family estate. She hesitated for a long while outside the gate before finally stepping in. Discover more novels at FindN0vel

---- To her surprise, the vast estate did not even have a guard at the entrance. The gates were wide open, as if anyone could walk in at any time of the day. That did not seem like the style of one of Chetvine's top royal houses at all. Inside, the estate was filled with twisting paths. People rushed about with their heads down, carrying stacks of documents in their hands. Luna had no idea where Andrew lived. She wanted to stop someone and ask, but her shyness held her back.

She might have been a young major general, but here, on the grounds of Chetvine's most famous family, even she felt out of place.

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## Chapter 2348



---- Chapter 2348 Here in the Lloyd family estate, Luna's presence seemed to shrink a little. Since she had come uninvited, she felt awkward, even nervous. "General Phelan, what a rare guest! This must be your first time visiting our home, right?" With a laugh, Sheena appeared. Luna straightened immediately and greeted her politely. "Ms. Lloyd, hello!" Sheena waved her hand cheerfully. "Hello to you too! Oh my, carrying so many things... Are you here to visit someone?"

Let me guess, it wouldn't be the good-for-nothing Andrew, would it?" Luna's face flushed, but she remained relatively composed. "Oh, yes, I'm here to check on Andrew. He helped our military department tremendously before, and Mr. Turman instructed me to come and express our gratitude." Sheena pointed in a direction. "Look, it's over there. Walk in and turn left, and you'll find it." Luna hurried to thank her. "Thank you." Then, she quickly walked away. Facing Sheena always made her feel uncomfortable. ---- The reason was obvious.

Sheena's presence was too overwhelming, Following Sheena's directions, she arrived in front of a small, rundown house. Natasha and Aspen happened to be away, having gone for morning training with the Lloyd family disciples. Only Andrew was there, shirtless, changing his bandages. Previously, he had been severely injured by Ezekiel, and his wound had not completely healed yet. Luna suddenly felt at a loss. Of all the bad timing, she had arrived just when Andrew was not wearing a shirt.

Although she was a soldier and should not be so prudish, Andrew's upper body with its defined muscle lines still made her feel somewhat embarrassed. Moreover, she could not believe that the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince lived in such a shabby house. Luna was completely dumbfounded. Was the Lloyd family internally mistreating Andrew? At that moment, Andrew noticed her presence. Turning his head, he looked surprised.

"General Phelan, what brings you here?" Luna took a deep breath, stepped forward, set down the items, and said, "Andrew, I'm here on behalf of the military to thank you ---- And also to check on how your injuries are healing." Andrew waved his hand with a smile. "It's a small matter. As for thanking me, that's not necessary. I told Philip that my intervention wasn't because of him, so the military doesn't owe me anything." Luna shook her head. "You can't say that. Without you, Martial Tower might not have been able to hold. The link to the origin of this information rests in Find[N]ovel

Whether you acknowledge it or not is one thing, but we must show our gratitude." Andrew did not dwell on it further and pointed to a stool nearby. "Have a seat then. I don't have any tea or coffee here, so please excuse the poor hospitality." Luna said awkwardly, "That's not necessary. I'm just here to see you. You don't need to be so polite. How about I help you?" If she did not find something to do, she was afraid she would not be able to stay. Having such a polite and formal conversation with Andrew was unbearable for her. The relationship between them was sometimes good, sometimes not.

It was truly torturous. Andrew chuckled. "No need, I can handle it." Luna bit her lower lip. Without saying more, she stepped forward 'on her own, took the other end of the bandage, and skillfully ---- helped Andrew tie it. When her slender fingers accidentally touched Andrew's chest muscles, she could not help but tremble slightly. Andrew coughed, also noticing the second young lady's unusual behavior. Even so, he said nothing, much less asked any probing questions. "Alright, thanks!" While thanking her, Andrew put his shirt back on.

Luna walked back to the chair, straightened her dress, and sat down demurely. She wanted to find something to talk about, but discovered that for a moment, she had no idea what to say.

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## Chapter 2349

---- Chapter 2349 Andrew sat on another, rather short stool. Calling it a stool was generous, as it was really just a tree stump. Looking up at the sky, Andrew laughed heartily. "Well, the weather's pretty nice today." Luna made a sound of agreement. "It is pretty nice. Chetvine has severe smog problems, so days like this aren't exactly common. Then, silence fell between them. Andrew scratched his head, genuinely not knowing what to say to Luna. The two of them could not really be called enemies or friends.

More often than not, it was Luna being assertive while Andrew accommodated her somewhat. However, that had only been back in Gabo Creek. Now, Andrew's identity was completely exposed, and Luna knew he was the Lloyd family Dragon Prince. So, Luna no longer dared to make demands of him like before. And Andrew no longer indulged her. This invisibly widened the gulf between them for normal communication. "May I call you by your name?" After a long while, Luna could not help but speak first.

---- Andrew replied, "Call me whatever you want, whatever feels natural to you." Luna nodded and looked at him curiously. "Mr. Turman said your martial level hasn't reached martial emperor level yet, but you still managed to defeat Ezekiel, and even had the power to kill him. "Ezekiel had The Dragon's Cyclone protecting him, which was strong enough to fight a martial emperor head-on. So if I compare the two, Andrew, even though your level isn't there yet, your strength already is." Andrew did not bother hiding it. "It is indeed sufficient.

Patriarch Donovan told me that I'm invincible to those below the martial emperor level." Luna was somewhat shocked. "Patriarch Donovan said that? No wonder... If it's him

saying so, then it must be true. Invincible to those below martial emperor... Wow, you really are impressive." Andrew looked at her in surprise. "General Phelan, as far as I know, you've never been the type to praise anyone. In fact, you once thought I was a lost cause, wasting my life away. So why the sudden change in attitude today?" Luna opened her mouth, then hesitated. Latest content published on find•novel

She lowered her head and muttered shyly, "Well, back then, I didn't know you were the --- Dragon Prince of the Lloyd family. And you tricked me, saying you knew about the Dragon Prince but never admitting you were him." Andrew looked innocent. "I never denied it. I remember telling you straight out that I was the Dragon Prince, but you refused to believe me." Luna's face flushed. "I thought you were joking. Besides, the way you acted didn't really seem..." Andrew cut in with a faint smile. "Didn't seem like the Dragon Prince you imagined, right?"

In your mind, the Dragon Prince should've been cold, untouchable, always surrounded by followers, with a whole parade wherever he went. Maybe I used to be that way once, but now I hate that kind of life. I don't want it anymore." Luna nodded softly. "I get it. You just look approachable, but deep down you've got a whole different world inside you that most people can't see." Andrew chuckled. "General Phelan, you don't need to be that careful with me. You're making it sound like I'm hiding some grand wisdom or secret when in reality, I'm just an ordinary guy. Nothing special at all."

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## Chapter 2350

---- Chapter 2350 Luna shook her head. "If you're a nobody, then the rest of us don't even count. Mr. Turman said your energy core issue is really serious. Andrew, is there anything I can do to help?" Andrew immediately shook his head. "No, there's nothing you can do." Luna did not press further because she could tell Andrew did not want to talk about it. "Then I'll take my leave." After another long silence, Luna felt so uncomfortable she just stood up, ready to go. At the same time, she was angry at herself for not being able to say anything meaningful, feeling completely useless.

"Oh, leaving already? Alright, let me walk you out." Andrew stood up quickly and insisted on seeing her off. When they reached the gates, Luna could not hold back any longer. "Andrew, didn't you notice something different about me today?" Andrew gave her a quick look, clearly puzzled. "Different? Sorry, maybe my eyes aren't sharp enough, but I don't see it." Luna's chest tightened with frustration. "You seriously didn't notice I'm wearing a dress?" ---- Andrew's eyes glimmered with amusement as he nodded. "I noticed, General Phelan. You look beautiful, absolutely beautiful."

In uniform, you're commanding, but in a dress, you're ethereal, like a snow lotus blooming on a mountaintop. "Honestly, I think you should wear dresses or jeans more often, especially the fitted kind. With those long legs of yours, you'd have people breaking their necks staring at you." Luna's heart filled with indescribable joy. On her face, however, she pretended to remain calm. "Thank you. I'll be going now." Andrew smiled. "Alright, take care." But right when she was about to leave, Luna stopped again. Andrew kept smiling at her, waiting.

Luna lowered her head, her voice soft as a whisper. "One last thing, Andrew. Between us, you don't need to call me General Phelan so formally. We're already familiar enough, so why don't you just call me Luna? Mr. Turman and my colleagues all do." Andrew tilted his head with a grin. "Sure thing, General Phelan." Luna's body stiffened. Once she realized he was teasing her, her eyes flashed with a mix of embarrassment and annoyance. But instead of snapping back, she simply got into the military jeep by the roadside and drove off.

--- Andrew watched the vehicle disappear into the distance and muttered to himself. "What's with this woman?" Sheena had appeared beside him without him noticing. "You really didn't see it? Some ladies' man you are. It's obvious that the proud General Phelan has feelings for you. You get that, right? "Funny thing is, the Robertson family, the Reyes family, even our oh-so-lofty National Advisor all tried to win her over. The young heir of the Reyes family even wanted to marry her, but she turned them all down without a second thought.

And yet here she is, practically falling into your lap." She teased, "Andrew, you're starting to remind me more and more of Uncle Reginald. You're both legendary!" Andrew's face darkened. "Don't even joke about that. I'm nothing like my old man." Sheena smirked. "You're right, you're not. You're worse. At this rate, you'll have so many women in your life that your little house won't be able to hold them all."

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