

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 2351

---- Chapter 2351 Andrew did not want to keep arguing with Sheena, so he turned to head back. "Andrew! Were you waiting at the gate just for me?" A black Mercedes pulled up, and Isabelle hopped out, practically bouncing with excitement. Her driver followed behind, arms full of bags and packages, struggling to carry all of them. Andrew was stunned the moment he saw Isabelle and everything she had brought with her. "What's all this supposed to be?" Isabelle blinked her bright eyes. "I came to see you! At first, I had planned to just show up, but then I looked it up online.

It said if you're visiting someone you care about, you should bring gifts. So yesterday I went shopping, then added a few more things last night, and today I rushed over right away." Andrew looked at her innocent, beaming smile and felt his head throb even more. "Does your family know you're here?" Isabelle shook her head. "No. I didn't tell them. If I had, they definitely wouldn't have let me come." Sheena clicked her tongue. "Everyone says the Robertson family has this airhead daughter who's completely clueless. But looking ---- at you now, you're not brainless at all..."

You're just clever in your own way. Isabelle, sneaking off behind your family's back just to meddle with Andrew? Don't tell me you've fallen for him." Originally, Sheena was just being her usual mischievous self, teasing for fun. But the moment the words left her mouth, Isabelle's petite face flushed red. She mumbled, "Sheena, I-I don't know what you mean." Sheena scoffed. "Don't call me by my name. I don't like anyone from the Robertson family, and you're not welcome here. You've got some nerve showing up at our family's doorstep.

Aren't you afraid I'll take you out right here?" Isabelle shook her head. "I'm scared! But I believe that with Andrew here, you won't do anything to me." Sheena was even more annoyed and said mockingly, "If you want to play some underground romance thing, that's your business. But you and Andrew? Not gonna happen, got it? As long as I'm around, you don't stand a chance." Isabelle looked wounded, tears welling up in her eyes Andrew frowned. "Sheena, that's enough. She's just a kid. What you said was too harsh." Sheena snorted. "I was too harsh?

Andrew, don't underestimate this little brat in front of you. When it comes to being vicious, ---- she's probably worse than me. And why should I be nice to anyone from the Robertson family?" Isabelle said pitifully, "My family is my family, and I'm me. At least this time, I came to see Andrew with genuine sincerity. Otherwise, knowing you were here, I wouldn't have dared to come at all." Sheena laughed coldly. "I suppose you're right about that. I doubt you've got the guts to cause trouble at the Lloyd family estate. Not just you...

Even your brother, Zion, the Robertson family's golden boy, would take a detour to avoid me." She glanced at Andrew with a half-smile, then turned and walked away. Andrew looked at Isabelle's anxious, frightened expression and said gruffly, "Come on, let's go to my place." [READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT FINDNOVEL](#)

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2352

---- Chapter 2352 Isabelle quickly nodded. "Okay, okay. Andrew, if we're going to your place, you can't let Sheena hurt me." Andrew raised an eyebrow. "You're really that scared of her?" Isabelle's face went pale. "You heard it yourself. Not only am I scared of her, but even Zion is scared of her. In Chetvine, there's no one who isn't afraid of Sheena." Soon, Andrew brought Isabelle back to his shabby little cabin. He said, "Don't bother unloading all that stuff. Take it back. You can see for yourself, I don't need any of it." Isabelle's eyes went wide. "Your place is way too rundown.

How about I call someone to renovate it right now? Actually, forget that, I've got several villas under my name. Andrew, I'll give you two of them." Andrew laughed. "Thanks for the offer, but I don't need them. Living here is fine." Isabelle ignored him and had the driver drop off the bags anyway. Then, she turned and said, "Go wait in the car. And you know what to say about today, right?" The driver's face turned pale. "Yes, Miss. Don't worry, I didn't see anything, I won't say anything." ---- Isabelle gave a satisfied nod and waved him off. Andrew silently watched, then shook his head. Updates are released by [find-novel.net](#)

"You're clearly not as innocent as you look. Anyone who takes you for some sweet, clueless girl is doomed." Isabelle smirked proudly. "I've never been some clueless airhead. And I'm definitely not a helpless little bunny. To be honest, Andrew, I've killed people more than once." Andrew waved his hand. "That's not something you should brag about. You're still a girl, and that's a path you'd be better off avoiding. But since you came here making such a big deal out of it, you must have another reason, right?" Her face flushed red, and she gathered her courage.

"You promised you'd help me with my chest, remember? Andrew, I can't wait any longer." Andrew frowned. "You've managed all these years already, what's the rush? Don't tell me you want to change your body just to date someone?" Isabelle huffed in embarrassment. "Date? With who? I don't care about other guys. I just don't want to look so flat. I want curves; front and back." Andrew gave her a quick once-over, then shook his head." Curves like that aren't going to happen. Your body's build is set, ---- and you can't change the foundation.

But if you want to go up a cup size, I can help with that. Come inside and lie down. I'll take a look." Isabelle darted her eyes around, then nodded eagerly like a little bird pecking grain. "Okay, show me. But there aren't any creeps lurking around here, right? I don't want anyone seeing my body." Andrew gave her a look. "Relax. This place is safer than a vault. Even nukes couldn't break in." Isabelle hurried over to the bed and lay down. Andrew did not waste time.

He pulled out a set of golden acupuncture needles and said quietly, "Bear with it, this might hurt a little." Then, he began the treatment. Isabelle's cheeks flushed red, and though her mind seemed to wander, she followed all of Andrew's instructions without complaint. Andrew said as he worked, "Belle, breast enhancement isn't rare, There are plenty of ways to do it. Most people just go for implants or fillers, making them as big as they want. But I don't think you'd want that, would you?"

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2353

---- Chapter 2353 Isabelle quickly said, "No! If it takes implants, I'd rather stay flat." Andrew nodded. "Alright, then I'll stimulate your body's natural potential and hormones. I'll help the tissues in your chest area focus on growing. Also, your martial arts lean toward toxic energy, and that has caused a lot of damage. So when you're training, you need to keep yourself balanced, or your body will keep suffering." Isabelle nodded sweetly. "Okay, Andrew, I'll listen to you." Andrew said, "Unbutton your shirt." Isabelle blinked. "Unbutton? How many?

One button, or two?" "All of them." "All of them? That... doesn't seem right, does it?" "It's fine. I'm a doctor, just do as I say." Before long, Isabelle revealed her flat chest. Andrew gave it a quick glance and said seriously, "You're really flat." Isabelle flushed in embarrassment. "Andrew, if you can't speak nicely, then just don't say anything." ---- Andrew stopped teasing her and began massaging her directly Isabelle's chubby face turned scarlet, her eyes widened, and she looked completely shocked. "Andrew, you... You're just..." Andrew said, "Be quiet.

My technique is unique and helps clear the meridians in this area." Isabelle mumbled, "Uh... okay, I won't talk... But could you press harder? It actually feels pretty good." So, Andrew added more pressure. Isabelle looked like a little doll, but that did not mean she was weak. Her martial artist's body could smash a car apart. Andrew continued massaging for over half an hour before finally finishing the treatment. Isabelle quickly rolled off the bed, buttoned her shirt, and her face was bright red. She asked, "Andrew, you touched me. Follow current novels on [find◎novel](#)

Doesn't that mean you have to take responsibility?" Andrew laughed. "Take responsibility for what? I was treating you, not touching you in that kind of way." Isabelle let out a small 'oh' and sounded a little disappointed. "Then... when's the next time you'll touch me?" ---- Andrew corrected her. "Don't say it like that. It makes it sound like I'm trying something indecent. Let's just say next time will be in two weeks." He pulled out two special pills. "Here, these are rare elixirs. They'll help with beauty and skin, and they can also stimulate a woman's natural development.

Take them, they'll be good for you." Isabelle looked thrilled, like she had just received a treasure. She clutched the pills and thanked him again and again. "Thank you, Andrew, really, thank you." Then, she ran out of the estate, beaming with joy. Andrew shook his head. Isabelle was reckless and stubborn, but at times she was also sharp and calculating. He truly could not tell what her real side was. He then took out two more golden pills, and his face turned cold. They were eighth-grade supreme elixirs, treasures so rare that even the Sovereign's Apothecary would consider them masterpieces.

With a flick of his hand, Andrew held the pills in his palm. He straightened his clothes and walked out. His destination was the Chetvine Grand Auction House. He planned to use two eighth-grade supreme elixirs as bait. And ---- if he was lucky, he might just catch the big fish in the pond

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2354

---- Chapter 2354 Isabelle left Andrew's place in an incredibly good mood. Sitting in the back seat of the Mercedes, she narrowed her round eyes and giggled to herself. Replaying the treatment session Andrew had just given her, her pretty, round face could not help but flush red. In all her years, no one had ever touched her like that. Moreover, Andrew had just gone ahead and done it without any warning, The strange thing was, she was not angry about it at all. Just then, Isabelle's phone rang, interrupting her daydream. "Belle, where are you? I want to apologize to you.

Yesterday I was impulsive and said some things I shouldn't have." It was Mikayla calling, her tone full of guilt. Isabelle laughed. "Mikayla, it's fine. I didn't take it to heart. Tell you what, I'll come see you." Mikayla said, "Great, come over right away." Soon enough, Isabelle arrived at the Owens residence to meet Mikayla. "Belle, you're here! Come, sit down, have some fruit." Mikayla was all smiles, very attentive. ---- Isabelle sat down and glanced to the side. A young guy with a pockmarked face sat nearby. The moment Isabelle arrived, he stared at her nonstop with burning eyes.

Suppressing her disgust, Isabelle asked, "Mikayla, did you need something?" Mikayla chided playfully, "Belle, can't I see you without a reason? You haven't been to our place in ages, you know? Ever since Andrew came back to Chetvine, you've been nowhere to be found, always chasing after him. Seems like in your heart, Andrew is more important than me, huh?" Isabelle chuckled. "It's not like that, you both matter in your own ways." Mikayla took a sip of water, then glanced at the young man beside her. "Belle, this is my cousin, Zayden Owens. He runs his own trading company.

Plus, he's also the head of the Black Tide Crew, the biggest gang on the outskirts of Chetvine." Isabelle was about to give a dismissive "oh" as a response. However, considering her relationship with Mikayla, she said reluctantly, "Is that so? That's nice." Mikayla smiled and shot Zayden a look. He immediately stood up, came over to Isabelle, and said ingratiatingly, "Ms. Robertson, it's nice to finally meet you. I've heard of your beauty ---- for along time, and today I see it's true...

You really are stunning." Isabelle said coldly, "Do you really think I'm stunning?" Zayden hesitated, embarrassed. "Of course. You're from the Robertson family, so you could never be anything less." Isabelle did not bother hiding her disdain. "Are you done talking? If you are, then get lost." Zayden's face turned red with anger. He had not expected Isabelle to dismiss him so rudely. Mikayla frowned. "Zayden, since Belle doesn't like you, step aside for now." Zayden sneered. "Fine, I'll step aside. Who'd want some flat- chested, expressionless girl anyway? UPDATE FROM

Not me." Mikayla shot to her feet, furious. "You bastard, what did you just say? Do you have a death wish? Who gave you the right to talk like that?" Zayden brushed her off with a smirk. "Mikayla, I'm leaving That's it." Then, he swaggered out. Mikayla was furious, but she quietly observed Isabelle's expression. She found that Isabelle's face remained ---- expressionless, showing no signs of anger whatsoever. She secretly breathed a sigh of relief, believing that the silly girl did not care much. As long as she did not care, their relationship would not be affected.

"Belle, this is all my fault. Zayden is one of the more accomplished young men in our family, so I thought I'd introduce you two. I didn't expect him to be so ungrateful and disrespectful to you. Don't worry, I'll definitely deal with him later. Though she did not really care, Mikayla apologized earnestly on the surface. Isabelle sat there, giving a small nod to let Mikayla know she was fine. Mikayla smiled. "Belle, last time Zion told me to introduce you to some promising young men. You may be young, but you're definitely old enough to date now."

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2355

---- Chapter 2355 Isabelle shook her head. "Mikayla, don't set up this kind of thing for me anymore. I don't like it." Mikayla scolded, "That won't do. This task was something Zion asked me to handle. Besides, our families are so close. I can't just stand by and do nothing." Isabelle took a deep breath and suddenly said, "Fine, you can introduce me. But could you stop sending that kind of disgusting trash from your family to meet me again?" Mikayla froze. She never expected Isabelle's attitude was not casual indifference, but flat-out disdain. For a moment, she was at a loss for words.

Finally, Mikayla gave a bitter smile and said, "Belle, don't take it to heart. If you don't like people from my family, then I won't introduce them to you anymore. But I need to remind you, you're getting too close to Andrew, and that's not good." Isabelle nodded lightly and said, "I know." Mikayla frowned and asked, "Belle, are you brushing me off? Do you think I'm wrong?" Isabelle sighed and said, "Mikayla, why can't you stop bringing up Andrew? I know you don't get along with him and that you ---- resent him, but you don't have to drag his name in out of nowhere.

Whatever relationship I have with him doesn't affect you." She continued, "You used to not be such a petty person." Mikayla's temper flared as she snapped, "You're calling me petty? Belle, everything I say is for your own good. I'm just afraid you'll end up making the wrong choices." She huffed and went on, "Fine, fine, if you don't appreciate my concern, then I won't say anything again. Just remember, don't come crying to me when you regret it later. I'm telling you, Andrew has serious character issues. "Not only that, but in Chetvine, nobody really likes him.

You're the Robertson family's little princess, yet you choose to entertain him. Belle, don't you think you're lowering yourself?" Isabelle's delicate brows drew together, and she lifted her chin to stare at Mikayla with sudden sharpness. "Mikayla, you'd better have proof for what you're saying. How exactly is Andrew such a terrible person? Did he harass you? Did he pester you? Did he gossip about you behind your back? "In fact, it's been you who keeps badmouthing him nonstop. I know what you're really after.

You only care that I'm close to him, because that means your Owens family won't benefit. ---- "You want to control me, to keep me under your thumb, so you can keep using my Robertson family connections and resources. But Mikayla, did it ever occur to you that just because I'm not flashy, that doesn't mean I'm stupid?" She hissed, "You really think I can't see through your little schemes? The only reason I kept quiet was because we're friends, and I respect you for being a woman who's accomplished so much.

But just because I never spoke up doesn't mean you can keep pushing me." She added, "Like just now. Why did you try to introduce me to one of the Owens family's losers? You know I'm the Robertson family's little princess. What does Zayden even

count as? What makes him worthy of meeting me? "Didn't you notice that disgusting look in his eyes? He couldn't stop staring at my legs. Mikayla, do you think I'm that easy to deal with? That I won't have a temper?" Mikayla fell completely silent. She was struck speechless, staring at Isabelle as if seeing her for the very first time.

She never imagined this quiet girl would be so sharp, catching every detail and seeing straight through her own intentions.

The rightful source is Find★Novel

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2356

---- Chapter 2356 Mikayla really panicked this time. Isabelle had always seemed like such a pure and simple girl, yet Mikayla had already laid out her plans long ago. If the Owens family could tie Isabelle down, then their family and the Robertson family would be bound together like iron, unshakable and secure. For the Owens family, that would be the ultimate reassurance, a guarantee that their position would be unthreatened. But unfortunately, Isabelle had such a peculiar personality. Apart from Mikayla, she rarely gave anyone from the Owens family the time of day, let alone their men.

Mikayla had originally planned to take things slow, to move piece by piece without rushing. But then Andrew showed up, and Isabelle inexplicably started showing signs of favor toward him. That alone threw Mikayla completely off balance. What if Isabelle grew close to Andrew? Worse, what if she went so far as to become his woman? If so, everything Mikayla had been building for so long would crumble to nothing. She would have gained absolutely nothing, only to watch someone else reap the rewards.

That was why she called ---- Zayden back without telling Isabelle, planning to spring him on her and force the situation. Yet, who would have thought Zayden would be so useless, blowing up in anger instead of impressing her. Isabelle did not bother to hide her disgust either, brushing him off completely. That only made things awkward. So, Mikayla decided to try a different approach. If she could not push Isabelle toward Zayden, then she would at least drive a wedge between Isabelle and Andrew. Yet instead of working, it was like lighting a fuse. [READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT](#)

Isabelle not only refused to listen but even fought back, and their argument escalated until their friendship visibly cracked. "Fine, I admit it. My mouth ran off, I meddled, I was being petty!" Mikayla snapped coldly. "I know you don't see me as your friend anymore. Belle, your heart has changed. "Because you lean toward Andrew, you think everything

I say is wrong, like I'm just stirring up trouble. If that's the case, then there's nothing I can do.

Even if you don't see me as your friend, my feelings for you won't change." Isabelle shook her head lightly and said, "Only you know what those feelings truly are, whether they change or not. But I don't want to question it, and I don't want to care. I just want to live ---- like before, carefree and simple. "That's it, I'm going. And Mikayla, you should know my temper well enough. Don't ever pull something like this again. Putting some idiot in a room to wait for me without even telling me? That kind of move disgusted me." Mikayla's face darkened, and she shut her mouth, saying nothing.

Isabelle's words showed she had truly grown disgusted with her tactics, and Mikayla could not refute it. After all, she really had tried to corner her without giving her the chance to refuse. Just then, Isabelle stopped at the door. "By the way, these two pills were given to me by Andrew. Mikayla, can you tell me what grade they are?" She turned, holding them out with a smile. Mikayla gave a cold snort, ready to dismiss them as trash. However, as her eyes fell on the pills, she froze in shock. She exclaimed, "Bone-Mending Pills... They work directly on the human skeletal and meridian systems!

These are premium seven -grade pills. Each one costs at least a million dollars or more. And most high-level alchemists can't even produce these. You're saying Andrew gave these to you?"

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2357

---- Chapter 2357 Seeing the greedy, covetous look in Mikayla's eyes, Isabelle was quite satisfied. She carefully put the pills away and nodded. " That's right, Andrew gave them to me. I asked him to help. improve my current figure. "He didn't even ask me for payment; he just helped me. You saw it yourself. These are top-tier seventh-grade pills worth millions, and even then, you can't just buy them. So tell me, would someone like that ever have bad intentions toward me? Would he ever try to harm me?" With that, she walked straight out without caring about Mikayla's reaction.

Alone in the room, Mikayla's expression twisted little by little. " Andrew, you're willing to help that little brat selflessly, but you won't even accept my kindness. Fine. Since you want to stand against me, don't blame me for being ruthless." Meanwhile, Isabelle had only made it halfway out of the Owens residence when she suddenly turned. She stopped one of the servants and asked, "Where's that mutt named Zayden Owens?" ----

The servant paled in shock. "Ms. Robertson, he's, uh... over there." Without another word, Isabelle strode in that direction. Soon, she spotted Zayden.

He was sitting there watching some provocative livestream, grinning like an idiot. She walked straight over and stopped in front of him. Zayden looked up and immediately smirked. "Well, if it isn't the Robertson family's little princess. What's this? Changed your mind? Think I'm good enough now?" Isabelle's eyes were lifeless, devoid of any warmth. She kicked out with the force of thunder. With a crack, Zayden's manhood, along with the chair beneath him, shattered into pieces in an instant. His agonized scream immediately echoed throughout the area. The source of this content is Find~Novel

Zayden's phone fell to the ground as both his hands clutched his crotch. His entire face contorted in pain so severe it was as if he were dying. Isabelle looked down at him from above. "If it weren't for Mikayla, an insect like you would never have been worthy of appearing before me." She raised her foot again and slammed it down on his head. A dull thud echoed as blood splattered, and his body went limp. ---- His eyes rolled back, and he passed out cold. The Owens family servants were the first to rush in, but they froze in horror, none daring to utter a single word.

Isabelle did not spare them a glance as she strode out of the place. Moments later, the head of the Owens family, Lorenzo Owens, arrived with a group of men. He trembled with fury, yet he did not dare shout a word until Isabelle was gone. Only then did his face twitch violently as he barked, "Go! Check on Zayden immediately, then call a top doctor to examine his condition." One of the Owens family's fighters knelt by Zayden and checked on his condition. His face drained of color in an instant, and blood coated his fingers. "Sir, Mr. Owens is ruined." Lorenzo's eyes blazed. "Ruined?"

What do you mean by 'ruined'? Speak clearly!" The man swallowed hard and stammered, "Ruined means crushed, Completely crushed. Nothing left but a bloody mess." Lorenzo froze stiff on the spot. Mikayla, who had rushed over in panic, stood there in stunned silence. She had never imagined her scheme would end up crippling her own cousin so badly.

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2358

---- Chapter 2358 Three days every week, the Chetvine Grand Auction house would be buzzing. For the wealthy, it was the perfect stage to flaunt their status, show off their wealth, and chase prestige. In a city as rich and extravagant as Chetvine, there was no

better destination than the Grand Auction House. Not only did high society gather here, but people could spend freely to display their wealth. Most importantly, it was the largest and most influential auction house in all of Chetvine and even across Holtrien.

The treasures that flowed through this place were endless, enough to make even seasoned collectors drool. Some of the rare herbs Andrew needed were difficult to find elsewhere, often requiring endless trouble and time. But here, as long as you had the money, you could buy them in bulk without breaking a sweat. Entering the Chetvine Grand Auction House required verification of funds. Unless you held one of their VIP cards, everyone had to go through financial verification. Andrew did not have a VIP card here because he had never had much dealings with the Reyes family.

Among Chetvine's major powerhouses, the Reyes family was the most secretive and --- sinister, making them difficult for ordinary people to approach. Behind the Reyes family was the evil Umbral Peak Sect. This. made most factions and individuals wary of getting too involved with the Reyes family. Nonetheless, that did not diminish the Reyes family's power. They were capable of handling the kind of dirty work no one else dared to touch. At the Grand Auction House entrance, Daphne Braine, the hostess, inquired politely, "Hello, sir.

Are you here to observe or to participate in the bidding?" Andrew replied flatly, "Depends on my mood. However, I have some pills I'd like to auction here. Can you arrange that?" Daphne smiled. "Ordinary pills won't work, I'm afraid. We have entry-level requirements. At a minimum, they must be sixth- grade or higher." Andrew produced two exquisite small boxes and placed them on the counter. "These are what I want to auction. Take a look." Daphne had not expected Andrew to actually have items to auction.

Normally, anyone wanting to auction something here would have already contacted customer service for in-home pickup. Yet, Andrew had just shown up on the spot to do this. It ---- suggested that he was very unfamiliar with the Grand Auction House, possibly even a first-time attendee. Secondly, whatever he had brought was probably nothing special. With this preconception, Daphne's attitude toward Andrew became somewhat casual. However, when she opened the small box and saw the pills inside, her eyes immediately narrowed as she gasped, "These are..." Andrew's expression remained bland.

"Find someone who knows their stuff to authenticate them. I don't have much time, and I don't like waiting." Daphne's demeanor unconsciously became more respectful. " Sir, this way please. I'll take you to see our appraiser right away." Immediately, Andrew proceeded down the VIP corridor into the interior of the auction house. Joaquin Briggs, an elderly man wearing traditional attire and with a ruddy complexion, greeted him.

He laughed and said, "Sir, let me authenticate the grade of your pills, As long as they meet our standards, we'll arrange the auction process immediately." Andrew said nothing, waiting for him to continue. Joaquin carefully took the box, opened it, and

examined it closely. He gently removed a pill and brought it to his nose to sniff. Finally, he snapped the box shut with a click, his face ---- twitching He said in disbelief, "Two eighth-grade divine pills. One of them is even the rare Breakthrough Pill. Google search

For senior grandmasters, martial kings, and even martial saints, these have excellent breakthrough effects." He looked at Andrew with excitement and asked without hesitation, "May I have your full name, sir? Our auction house will gladly take these pills." "My name is Andrew, from the Lloyd royal family," Andrew replied without the slightest attempt to hide it. He even emphasized that he was from the royal line of the Lloyds. Joaquin's expression changed, and Daphne blinked quickly, her eyes flickering with surprise. Andrew smirked to himself and sank comfortably into the luxurious sofa.

"Now, can you start arranging the auction process? I'm short on cash at the moment, and I'm counting on these pills to give me some breathing room." Joaquin's expression wavered. "Mr. Lloyd, please wait a moment. This is beyond our authority to decide." Andrew said flatly, "Then go fetch someone who can make the decision." Joaquin hurried off. A few minutes later, he returned with a tall, ---- brooding young man at his side. He introduced, "Mr. Lloyd, this is our auction house manager, Mr. Enzo Reyes." 2

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2359

---- Chapter 2359 Andrew lifted his gaze and looked at Enzo. Anyone carrying that surname could only be from the Reyes family. If he was not part of the main bloodline, then at the very least, he was from one of their branches. Enzo's face carried an unfriendly sharpness, and there was a predatory air about him. Narrowing his eyes, he sneered at Andrew. "Well, well, what a rare guest! I never thought the famous Dragon Prince of the Lloyd family would step foot into our family's auction house." Andrew waved dismissively. "Cut the nonsense.

Just tell me if you're taking my business or not." Enzo let out a cold laugh. "Not a chance. And not only are we not taking it, but I'm asking you to get the hell out of here." Joaquin gasped in shock. "Sir, you..." Enzo whipped his head around and snapped, "Shut up, old man. Since when do I need your input in my decisions?" Joaquin trembled, and he dared not say another word. Andrew chuckled softly, showing not the slightest anger. " Chetvne Grand Auction House, such a fine place, such a fine ---- establishment.

I never thought the Reyes family would actually hand it over to a coward like you to manage. If someone like you existed in the Lloyd family, he'd have been stomped to

death and fed to the dogs long ago." Still smiling, Andrew rose to his feet and leisurely adjusted the buttons on his tailored suit. Enzo's expression turned dark and sinister. "Andrew, you'd better watch yourself. This isn't the Lloyd family's territory, and it sure as hell isn't Martial Tower, where you can run wild. This is under the Reyes family's control.

If you act arrogantly here, I can make sure you never walk out alive." Andrew strode forward without hesitation, looking him straight in the eye. "Go ahead, take a shot. I want to see exactly how you're going to make sure I don't walk out." Enzo smirked. "I know I can't beat you. I'm no match. Kyrie's humiliation was proof enough of that. But Andrew, even if I can't fight you, I can still refuse your business. You're short on cash, right? Then scram.

I don't care if you brought something valuable; I'm shutting the door on you." He burst into laughter, clearly enjoying himself and acting like he had Andrew cornered. Andrew remained unfazed. Suddenly, he pulled out another box. Unlike the two before, this one was smaller and far more ---- exquisite, its surface gleaming like crystal, almost too perfect to touch. With a soft click, Andrew opened it. At once, the rich fragrance of the pill filled the air. Just one breath made the mind clear and the body feel light, as if the world itself had turned refreshing and serene.

Joaquin's face shifted instantly, his eyes filled with hunger. " Good Lord, that's a ninth-grade supreme elixir. And this scent... It's the Marble Essence Pill!" Even Enzo's expression faltered, and his voice came out sharp. " Aninth-grade supreme elixir? Are you sure?" Joaquin glanced at Andrew in awe, lowering his voice with absolute certainty. "No mistake, Mr. Reyes. It's definitely a ninth- grade supreme elixir. It's been six months since anyone offered one at auction. "This pill is rarer than life itself. And it's not just any pill...

It's the Marble Essence Pill, one that strengthens a warrior's spirit and consciousness. Its effects are leagues above anything made at Mistveil Peak. We shouldn't even bother putting this up for auction. It should go directly to the family. Offering it would be a contribution of the highest honor." Greed and desire instantly replaced the cold hostility in Enzo's ---- eyes. Yet, before either of them could act, there was a sharp snap. Andrew had already closed the crystal box in one hand, tucked it away, and turned toward the door. Joaquin froze for a moment, then rushed after him in panic. The source of this content is

"Mr. Lloyd, please wait! Our auction house is willing to buy it from you directly for 300 million!" Andrew's tone was flat as stone. "Bad business isn't worth doing, and I'm not doing business with the Reyes family." The reversal hit like a slap, and the words cut deeper than any blade.

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2360

---- Chapter 2360 "Mr. Lloyd, please... wait!" Joaquin panicked when he saw Andrew refusing to budge. He wanted to stop him but did not dare, and he could only watch helplessly as Andrew walked away. Grinding his teeth, he turned to Enzo and urged, "Mr. Reyes, we can't let this slip away!" Enzo was already tempted. He hated Andrew and wanted to put him in his place, but his dislike did not extend to the ninth-grade supreme elixir Andrew had revealed. Everyone knew such pills were priceless.

In the Reyes family's auction house, even with their reach and wealth, a ninth-grade elixir was a once-in-a-lifetime treasure. Only Sovereign's Apothecary could produce them in Chetvine, and they never brought their pills here to sell. No one that smart would hand such treasures over to the Reyes family. Clenching his jaw, Enzo rushed forward and blocked Andrew's path. "Fine, leave the pills here and let our auction house handle the rest. But let me be clear: the house takes at least half the cut."

And as for that ninth-grade Marble Essence Pill, we'll buy it directly." His tone carried no hint of negotiation; it was a command. ---- In Enzo's mind, there was nothing wrong with this. The Grand Auction House was under his control. Even patriarchs and martial saints treated him with respect here, so why should he compromise? However, Joaquin shook his head furiously. The manager sent from the family headquarters was young and clearly had no experience in business. With his arrogant posture, why would Andrew ever agree?

And more importantly, this was not just anyone; this was the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince, a figure whose status was untouchable in Chetvine. Andrew chuckled. "Half the cut? And you want my ninth-grade elixir? Why don't you pull down your pants and take a piss on your own reflection, see if that ugly mug of yours has the right to even ask?" Enzo flushed bright red, rage boiling over. "Bastard, don't push your luck! If it weren't for that ninth-grade elixir, I'd have thrown you out already. This is the Reyes family's turf, not yours.

And just because others fear the Dragon Prince doesn't mean the Reyes family fears you "You came here, which means you need me. So I back down a little, you back down a little, and we both make money. Otherwise, we both lose. What can you gain then?" -- Andrew nodded lightly and suddenly asked, "Enzo... That's your name, right?" Enzo puffed his chest, arrogance brimming. "That's right, it's mine. This entire auction house is under my command. You should know how much power I hold. And let's be real... You're carrying a treasure that paints a target on your back.

If I decide to leak word that you have a ninth-grade elixir, how many reckless lunatics do you think will come hunting you down?" Just as he said that, Andrew's palm cracked across his face. His head rang, blood sprayed from his nose, and he was sent flying across the floor. "Mr. Reyes!" Daphne and Joaquin both gasped in shock, their voices

shaking. Enzo scrambled on the ground, wiping at his bloody face, ready to explode in fury. However, before he could even rise, Andrew stepped forward and slammed a boot down on his chest, pinning him flat. Andrew said coldly, "Don't flatter yourself.

You're just a manager. Even if you were the Reyes family's heir, you'd still be nothing but dog shit in my eyes. You don't believe me? Go ask him about my temper back when I ran through Chetvine." His voice turned sharper, and his eyes burned like ice. "Trash like ---- you thinks you can threaten me, or covet what's mine? Even if I handed it to you on a silver platter, do you think you'd dare take it" Enzo's body convulsed as Andrew pressed harder, forcing another mouthful of blood to spew from him. 'You...' His eyes bulged with fury, words trembling on his lips.

He wanted to curse, to threaten again. Yet, one look at Andrew's killing gaze, and the words died in his throat, swallowed with terror.

NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2361

---- Chapter 2361 Enzo's anger was replaced with a deep sense of fear. He hissed, "Andrew, you actually hit me on our family's territory? I'm telling you, this can be a small deal or a huge one. Hitting me might be nothing, but humiliating the Reyes family's reputation? That's a massive problem." Looking down at the cowardly fool at his feet, Andrew laughed. He slowly pulled his leg back and said dismissively, "The Reyes family's reputation is indeed a big deal, but I came here today without giving a damn about any of that.

I'm just here to do business, yet the Reyes Grand Auction House not only made things difficult for a customer but also threatened me." He mocked, "Oh my, I'm so scared! And when I get scared, I tend to do impulsive things... like killing people!" Enzo gritted his teeth in hatred. He knew Andrew was mocking him, but there was nothing he could do, as he no longer dared to act arrogantly. He was afraid Andrew might actually lose control and cripple him on the spot. Suddenly, a sultry voice rang out, chuckling. "Mr. Lloyd, you just got back to Chetvine, and your temper's already blazing hot.

First, you beat up Sorya's Tristars Group heir, and now you've rushed over to the Reyes family's territory and hurt our man. If word of this gets out, your reputation will shake the city even ---- more. "People will think the Reyes family is completely useless. People might start saying the Reyes family has gone soft, letting you step on us the moment

you return to Chetvine. Some might even think our family's power is all smoke and mirrors...

that anyone can walk in and humiliate us." By the end of her words, her voice had lost its musical sweetness and turned ice-cold, chilling the air around them. Joaquin looked toward the speaker and immediately bowed his head respectfully. "Ms. Reyes!" Enzo scrambled up from the ground, ignoring his pain. He said with a forced smile, "Valerie, what brings you here? Didn't you say you'd rest upstairs and wait for the opening?" The woman wore a sleek, tailored suit, her fair skin glowing under the light.

The polished leather heels on her feet gleamed sharply, and just standing there, her figure drew every eye in the room. Her face was stunning, sharp yet sensual, carrying a trace of wicked charm. Her eyes, in particular, flickered faintly with a golden hue, indicating her extraordinary mastery of the martial arts. She was Valerie Reyes, the seventh daughter of the Reyes ---- family. In Holtrien's military, she was known as the Withering Flower. She was as famous as Luna, who was called the Frost Lily. Both held the rank of Major General.

Unlike Luna, who was always in uniform and all business, Valerie hated wearing her military attire. She even ignored military orders whenever she felt like it. Usually, she preferred to do as she pleased and act however she wanted. With her status as a top-tier fighter holding the rank of Major General and the massive backing of the Reyes family, Valerie frequented all sorts of venues. Wherever she appeared, conflict and bloodshed inevitably followed. "Move aside!" Glancing at the fawning Enzo, she smiled sweetly, but her words were merciless.

She hissed, "You disgraceful waste of space, I'll report this to the family head later. If you can't handle the Grand Auction House, then go back home to do menial tasks. Don't embarrass us any further." Enzo's face changed dramatically, and he became utterly terrified Valerie said coldly, "Why are you still standing in front of me? Get lost and do your job. I don't need you meddling in this." ---- Enzo wiped the sweat from his forehead and quickly retreated. But before leaving, he shot Andrew a glare full of hatred. "Mr. Lloyd, I've taken a liking to your Marble Essence Pill.

Name your price." Valerie changed her tone quickly. One second, she was cold as ice and aloof; the next, she flashed Andrew a devastatingly beautiful smile. Unfortunately, Andrew was not falling for any of it. "Sorry, I don't know you. If you want the Marble Essence Pill, fine. In a bit, go through the auction process and compete with the other Chetvine elites for it." The smile on Valerie's face instantly froze. Then, her expression darkened considerably. Making her compete with other Chetvine elites meant she would have to pay a ridiculous price. New NOVEL chapters are published on Find-Novel

More importantly, she had personally asked for it, but Andrew still refused. Valerie could not tolerate this. She could not understand why Andrew, knowing full well she was the lady of the Reyes family, still dared to disrespect her so blatantly and dismiss her so bluntly.

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2362

---- Chapter 2362 Joaquin turned toward Andrew. He cleared his throat and said respectfully, "Mr. Lloyd, allow me to introduce her properly. This is Ms. Valerie Reyes from our main family. She's also a major general in the military. She's only here today to enjoy the auction, so I hope you'll give her some courtesy." Valerie's face remained calm as she stared at Andrew. She was sure that this time, he would show some respect. But to her surprise, his expression did not change at all. He replied, "Sorry, like I said, I don't know her and haven't heard of her.

Reyes Grand Auction House can either arrange the auction for me and follow proper procedures, or we can forget the whole thing. I'll just consider this a wasted trip. "Though calling it wasted is a bit of an overstatement. These three pills of mine are pretty easy to sell elsewhere. Worst case scenario, I'll just take them straight to the Sovereign's Apothecary and hand them over to the professionals there." As soon as those words left his mouth, Joaquin's expression changed drastically. He panicked, afraid Andrew might actually leave and ignore even Valerie's presence.

Losing a client like him would be a disaster, especially when everyone wanted the ninth-grade Marble Essence Pill he possessed. ---- "Alright then, we'll proceed with the auction process," Valerie said suddenly, her tone calm and composed. It was as if the earlier embarrassment had never happened. That unexpected poise made Andrew glance at her in mild surprise. His attitude softened slightly as he asked, "A major general, huh? Valerie Reyes? When I dealt with the military before, I don't recall hearing your name. But Enrique Reyes is your brother, right?

The head of your family?" Valerie replied calmly, "That's correct. Enrique is our eldest brother. As the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince, you naturally wouldn't know a nobody like me. But I've been hearing about your reputation since I was young. "Honestly, I'm sick of it. Even Luna, that tight-lipped ice queen, has mentioned you to me before. Mr. Lloyd, your charm really does shake all of Chetvane, doesn't it?" Andrew smiled casually, seemingly not catching the mockery in her words. "Alright, since someone capable of making decisions has arrived, let's arrange the auction as soon as possible.

"I'm willing to sell all three of these pills. However, for the last ninth-grade Marble Essence Pill, I won't sell it for less than 500 million." ---- Valerie's fleeting plan died on the spot. She had even considered offering a slightly higher internal price to secure the pill before the auction. However, Andrew's words crushed that idea completely. No less than 500 million? That was no small amount; it was astronomical. Of course, a ninth-

grade supreme elixir was something money could not easily measure. Sometimes, a price tag of 500 million was not actually that shocking.

Still, Valerie's hopes of scoring a bargain were now pure fantasy. "Mr. Briggs, make the arrangements," she said coldly, turning to Joaquin. Without another glance at Andrew, she walked off. She could not profit from Andrew, so she did not want to waste any more time. Mainly, she was seething with anger inside. If it were not for Andrew producing a ninth-grade supreme elixir, Enzo getting beaten alone would be enough reason for her to pursue this matter. "Take care, Miss," Joaquin said respectfully. Afterward, he handled the auction procedures for Andrew.

He handed Andrew a platinum-gold membership card and said, "Mr. Lloyd, you're now one of our top-tier guests. This card grants ---- you access anytime you visit." Andrew did not refuse and smiled. "Thanks. By the way, let me ask you something... is your Ms. Reyes married?" Joaquin's expression froze, and he laughed awkwardly. "Mr. Lloyd, are you..." Andrew waved his hand. "Relax, I'm just asking around. I noticed Ms. Reyes has pretty nice skin and decent looks, though her hips are a bit on the small side. But mainly, being from the Reyes family, her background is impressive enough.

"I happen to have someone at home who's single and needs to get married. I'm thinking of introducing her so the two can get to know each other." Chapters first released on find——novel

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2363

---- Chapter 2363 Joaquin's expression darkened. "I thought you were asking for yourself... Turns out, you were asking on behalf of someone in your family. Still, that's not something we can decide. We're just staff here. "But I can tell you that Ms. Reyes is like a goddess among mortals. Ordinary men could never be worthy of her. She's at the prime of her career, unmarried for now." Andrew let out a short hum and smiled. "Alright then, I'll take my seat first. Tell Ms. Reyes that if she's interested, she's welcome to come talk to me.

I really do want to find someone good for my family." Joaquin's lips twitched, and he forced a stiff smile while silently thinking that hardly anyone could ever hope to match Valerie. Andrew followed the attendant into the massive underground auction hall. With his platinum-gold card, he was guided by an elegant young attendant to a top-tier private suite with the best view. It read 'Suite No. 3', which meant he ranked as the third most important guest present that day.

For someone who brought in a ninth-grade supreme elixir and still ranked only third, it showed just how many powerful people had come to the Reyes Grand ---- Auction House. Nonetheless, Andrew was not particularly interested in such superficial matters. After entering the box, he propped up his legs and closed his eyes to rest. The sweet-faced young attendant, seeing his distinguished air, automatically approached with a blushing face and extended her delicate hands to give him a massage. This attendant definitely knew how to please.

As soon as she started, she went straight for Andrew's inner thighs. Andrew was completely speechless and waved his hand dismissively. "You can go. I don't need anything here." The attendant said timidly, "Mr. Lloyd, I'm not busy. For our top ten VIP guests, we offer personalized service. I'll be exclusively attending to you until the auction ends. And if you desire, you can take me with you for just one million dollars." Andrew looked shocked. "One million? The Reyes family really knows how to rob people blind.

Even a celebrity wouldn't cost that much." The attendant's face turned even redder as she lowered her head silently. Andrew felt around in his pockets, found a few hundred dollars in loose bills, tossed them over, and sent her away. He said, " ---- You can leave now. You don't need to worry about me here." The attendant picked up the bills, not daring to pester him further. Then, she reluctantly left the box. Andrew did not mean to look down on or mock her. He knew that she was just doing her job.

It was just that the Reyes family's shameless profiteering was absolutely disgusting. They arranged these beautiful young women to serve in the boxes. Then, guests could bid at auctions, their blood pumping with the thrill of showing off, while simultaneously enjoying the women's pampering. It truly was a first-class experience. However, charging one million dollars was a service fee that was no different from daylight robbery.

Still, Andrew knew that even if he was not willing to pay that money, there were plenty of show-offs who would throw money around like it was nothing. The Reyes family, as the host, would skim right off the top. Of that million-dollar service fee, probably only a few thousand would end up in the attendant's hands. The rest would all go straight to the auction house. At that moment, other VIP guests began entering their boxes one after another. There were a total of 100 premium VIP boxes at the highest level. Below those were the open VIP seats.

---- Compared to the premium boxes, they were several notches lower. However, the advantage was that they could still participate in the auction. Aside from lacking prestige, there really was not much loss otherwise. Valerie, accompanied by two subordinates, quickly took her seat in Suite No. 2. The auction house belonged to her family, so naturally she had to be near the front. Joaquin, who had verified the pills, respectfully came to the box entrance to request an audience. Valerie said, "Come in!" Joaquin entered and immediately reported, "Ms. Reyes, we've arranged for Mr. Original content can be found at [findnovel](#)

Lloyd in Suite No. 3." Valerie looked through the one-way glass toward the adjacent box, a cold smile appearing at the corner of her mouth. "Got it." Joaquin hesitated for a moment, then said with an awkward smile, "Mr. Lloyd asked me to pass along a message to you, Miss. He wants to know if you have any interest in getting married. He would like to have a chat with you about it." Valerie's flawless face instantly froze, and then she laughed in furious disbelief. "Did he really ask that?"

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2364

---- Chapter 2364 Joaquin spoke awkwardly. "Mr. Lloyd asked that question himself, Miss. And honestly, he didn't look like he was joking." Valerie pressed her rosy lips together, muttering in a low, annoyed tone. "That shameless bastard. Everyone keeps saying he's all-powerful and never touches women, but apparently, that's all nonsense. I actually have to admire his nerve... He even dares to make a move on me?" Joaquin did not dare to say another word. When he saw Valerie stop responding, he quietly backed out of the room. Valerie turned toward the direction of Suite No. 3 and sneered.

" You may have the arrogance to back it up, but sorry, I won't let that slide so easily. If you want to get your hands on me, you'll have to pay a really heavy price!" Before long, the entire auction hall was filled. When the lights dimmed, a single spotlight lit up the stage at the center. The auction had officially begun. A stunning figure in high heels walked to the center. The spotlight's soft, bright glow made everyone's eyes light up. ---- As expected, there were no ugly women working under the Reyes family. This young woman in charge of the auction was truly captivating.

She said, "Distinguished guests and attendees, welcome. "I'm the host for this auction session, Elsie Santana. It's wonderful to see everyone again!" In Suite No. 3, Andrew had been resting with his eyes closed. When he heard the name, his eyes snapped open in surprise. When he looked down, he recognized the woman immediately. She was the antique appraiser who used to work under Silas Vaughn at Radiant Group back in Jayrodale. It looked like she had made quite the leap in her career, now working under the Reyes family here in Chetvine.

Andrew could not help but look at her with newfound respect. Elsie announced, "Alright, without further ado, let's present today's first auction item: the Crimson Dynasty Celadon Vase, with a five-star collector's rating. Starting bid: two million." Andrew leaned back in his seat, watching her open the night's first round of bidding. He was not particularly interested in the items being auctioned and simply observed the wealthy guests as they started making their offers. Two million for the first item alone.

It was clear that the rest ---- would only go higher, likely reaching tens of millions or even hundreds of millions. Andrew's ninth-grade supreme elixir would definitely go for over 100 million, maybe even 500 million, before he would consider it fair. Still, he paid casual attention to the rest of the auction. There might be something worthwhile among the items, something that could help him. But deep down, his focus was not on the treasures. It was on the people inside the first ten suites. After all, the purpose of this trip was to gather valuable intelligence.

Ideally, he could find the person Amari mentioned, the one who leaked information. As long as he found that person, he could trace who had sealed his core. Thinking about this dark chapter of his past, Andrew's face darkened. To this day, he had no idea who attacked him. When he escaped from Chetvine years ago, a single palm strike to his abdomen had sealed his energy core, leaving behind a curse-like imprint of divine power. Without question, that person had to be at the martial god level, or possibly even beyond. Official source is Find★Novel

If it were an ordinary person, they would have long given up and buried this matter deep in their heart, not daring to investigate. ---- Sometimes, swallowing your pride and suffering in silence was the wisest way to stay alive. However, Andrew was not that kind of person, and he could not claim to be wise either. No matter how powerful the opponent was, he had to confront them. At the very least, he would not be content to just ignore it and let it go. Even if it meant going up against the gods themselves, he would still test if they could bleed.

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2365

---- Chapter 2365 The bidding below remained lukewarm throughout. The earlier auction items were all quality pieces, but none of the prices really stood out. Yet for the kind of crowd gathered in Chetvine tonight, money was never the issue. Most of the guests here were powerhouses in their own right, so the auction atmosphere felt oddly dull and lifeless. This put pressure on Elsie on the center stage. Her job was to maximize profits for the auction house as much as possible.

To put it bluntly, taking an item worth 100 dollars and hyping it up to 10,000 dollars was what she was supposed to do. However, the atmosphere in Chetvine was completely different from small places like Jayrodale. These people were not just rich; they had sharp eyes, too. If you wanted to treat them like fools and empty their wallets, it was impossible without genuine goods to back it up. Meanwhile, Andrew, watching from

Suite No. 3, noticed Elsie's predicament. The item currently up for bidding was a martial arts manual.

It was not particularly rare, and in the ranking system, it was only an Obscure-tier item. "Eight million going twice... Are there any other guests who'd like ---- to bid?" Elsie asked as she scanned the entire venue. Disappointment gradually filled her eyes. She had initially thought it would at least reach ten million. If it sold for eight million, the auction house would not make much profit. That would mean her performance was just mediocre. At that moment, a laughing voice forcefully interrupted the bidding. "Ten million. Come on, people, stop pretending you're hotshots. Bid or go home.

Don't embarrass yourselves trying to look rich." The tone was so arrogant that the entire room stirred in disbelief. "Who the hell is that guy?" someone muttered. "He's from Suite No. 3! Of course, he's cocky." "Suite No. 3? So what! I'm in Suite No. 5, and I'm not acting like an idiot," someone else scoffed. "This is Chetvne, not some backwater village. The real elites here keep it low-key and classy," another added "Yeah, this guy sounds like a nouveau riche trying to show off. Let's teach him a lesson... 11 million! Buddy, you've had your fun.

"What makes you think you're important enough to call me' ---- buddy'? 15 million! If you can't afford to keep up, shut your mouth and stay in your lane." The person who just bid immediately flew into a rage. He yanked open the front panel of Suite No. 5 with a dark expression and said, "I'm Benny from the Murphy family, a northern martial arts clan. May I ask who you are? Why don't you give us your name so we can settle this?" Suite No. 3 remained silent for a few seconds before Andrew's voice drifted out again. He said, "Never heard of the Murphy family.

If you've got guts, keep bidding, If not, go back to your farm and stop pretending to be someone you're not." Benny bared his teeth in a vicious grin. "Alright, let's play, you arrogant prick. But you'd better pray I don't find out who you are. If I find out who you are, I'll make sure you can't survive up north." Andrew's voice came again, smooth and taunting. "Whatever, dude." Benny's expression darkened. "20 million! I'm taking you down today." He had already shown his face publicly, so if he withdrew or backed out now, it would be a public humiliation.

Moreover, many people were watching, including Valerie in Suite No. 2. She was the very woman Benny had been infatuated with for ---- years. He absolutely would not embarrass himself right in front of her. "Alright, Mr. Murphy. You've got guts. You win... I'm out!" The room went quiet. No one had expected him to just let go that easily.

Get full chapters from [find•novel](#)

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2366

---- Chapter 2366 Benny chuckled, his face dark with disdain. "Coward!" From the stage, Elsie frowned slightly and glanced toward Suite No. 3, where Andrew sat. However, the glass was one-way, and she could not see anything. She could only announce, "Congratulations to Mr. Murphy for winning the Shadow-Flame Art." Then, she moved on to the next item up for auction. When the bidding reached 30 million, it looked like the gavel was about to fall. That was when Andrew suddenly chimed in from his suite, "35 million. I'm determined to have this chainmail armor.

If you don't have the money to back it up, you should keep your mouth shut. Don't you all agree, folks?" The entire room suddenly felt a collective pain. Everyone was visibly irritated by his arrogance. "For crying out loud, this bastard in Suite No. 3 thinks this is funny?" someone muttered. "What a jerk! He bids and then runs his mouth like he owns the place. Is this kid out of his mind?" another voice grumbled. ---- "Mr. Murphy, take him down. If I were you, I'd crush this guy in front of everyone," a third person called out. Benny's face turned cold as ice. "37 million!"

You've got guts Let's see if you can actually back them up." Andrew replied smoothly, "40 million." Benny sneered, "Oh, now you're getting interested? 45 million." Andrew simply smiled. "Congratulations, Mr. Murphy. You got the second round." Something clicked in Benny's mind, and he suddenly felt something was off. That bastard had driven the price up just to drop out at the last second. Could he be a plant hired by the auction house? But then again, the Reyes family would never stoop that low. After all, it would ruin their reputation. With their status, they did not need such cheap tricks.

Besides, the guy was a VIP guest in Suite No. 3, which meant he had serious connections. The more Benny thought about it, the more uneasy he became. His voice dropped low. "Buddy, what exactly are you playing at? Do you actually have the guts to compete with me?" ---- Andrew completely ignored him. His objective was already accomplished, and he had no interest in wasting more words. At the auction block, Elsie's eyes widened slightly. Her gaze shifted back toward Suite No. 3, filled with confusion. She made a mental note to visit the VIP in Suite No. 3 after the auction ended.

This guy was clearly helping her out, and she wanted to understand why. Yet as the possibilities began to form in her mind, Elsie's expression shifted, and a wave of unease washed over her. What if he was interested in her? What if this was his way of showing interest, a prelude to claiming her as his own? The more she thought about it, the more plausible it seemed. In Chetvine's high society, wealthy men constantly threw money around just to catch a beautiful woman's attention. Elsie felt a chill run through her. She had not been in Chetvine long, and she had no one backing her up here.

Everything depended on her alone. If someone powerful really did set their sights on her, she would have no way to resist and would end up with no choice but to surrender to them. This was the brutal reality of the glamour world. What looked like a powerful man's favor was really just a setup for her own ---- downfall. In Suite No. 2, Valerie watched with pure disdain. She muttered, " What a pathetic, money-throwing pervert. This guy's clearly got his eyes on our auctioneer.

"Well, he's not getting her if I have anything to say about it." Andrew had no idea that he had just been labeled as a money- throwing pervert by the woman in the adjoining suite. His only intention had been to help out Elsie, someone he actually knew. They had a history, after all, however brief that was. Over the next three auctions, Andrew bid on every single item. But without exception, he dropped out halfway through each bidding war. By that point, the entire auction house had written him off as a troublemaker, a common enemy. "This guy's just here to stir up shit," someone complained.

"Damnit! He's causing problems at a high-class event like this. He's got a death wish," another voice added darkly. "Don't worry about him. Once the auction's over, we'll have people waiting for him at the exit. If we don't mess him up, I won't be able to sleep tonight."

THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2367

---- Chapter 2367 The room buzzed with curses, but Andrew tuned them all out. Elsie, however, grew increasingly anxious. She was almost certain now that the guest in Suite No. 3 wanted her for himself. In Chetvine, she was just a lowly auctioneer, and this city was crawling with powerful men. If one of them set his sights on her, escaping his grasp would be nearly impossible. She took a deep breath, forcing herself to stay calm. No matter what happened, she would not give in. If she only had to smile or say something flattering, she could swallow her pride for the sake of her career.

However, if it meant offering herself or being dragged to a hotel, she would never agree. Finally, the three premium pills that Andrew had submitted began to be brought out. The first two to come up were a pair of eighth-grade Divine Pills. The two Divine Pills were being auctioned off as a bundle. The starting price alone made Andrew raise an eyebrow. "Ladies and gentlemen, please take a look," Elsie announced with a confident smile. "These are two eight-tier Divine Pills of exceptional quality.

Their type and effects are all listed clearly on the big screen." ---- Most of the guests, who had seemed rather disinterested moments before, suddenly perked up. As they glanced at the large screen in the center, their eyes immediately lit up with desire. It was the perfect moment for Elsie to announce the opening bid. "The starting price is one hundred million. Each subsequent bid must be no less than ten million." There was no hesitation, no questions asked. Almost instantly, a rough, booming voice called out from Suite No. 8. Dallas Rutledge introduced himself before saying, "150 million.

These pills are useful to me, so I'd appreciate everyone's courtesy." Andrew did not recognize Dallas, but the fact that he announced himself so boldly suggested he was someone of considerable importance. By trying to intimidate others with his status, he made it clear he was used to getting his way. From Suite No. 5, Benny responded with a cold chuckle and placed the second bid. "Mr. Rutledge, you might get away with pulling rank on normal days, but not tonight. Everyone can see the quality of these pills. You want them, but so do we. This text is hosted at

No offense, but I'm bidding 180 million." Dallas refused to back down. "200 million dollars! Since Mr. ---- Murphy insists, I'll see just how much he can handle." Tension crackled invisibly between the two men. Andrew found the whole situation somewhat frustrating. Benny really had no respect for anyone and just bulldozed through everything. It was becoming clear that this martial family had serious money behind them. Benny had already spent close to 100 million across multiple items. "230 million," came another voice. It was commanding, measured, and calm. "Gentlemen, that's enough.

Do me a favor and let this one go. I'll stay out of the rest of the bidding." The moment this person spoke, Benny went completely silent, as if someone had clamped his throat shut. Dallas let out a cold grunt. "The Harding family doesn't even lack eight-tier Divine Pills. But since Mr. Harding Senior is interested, I'll let it go this time." Andrew raised an eyebrow and glanced toward Suite No. 4, right beside his. So it was Sergio Harding, the patriarch of the Harding family himself, That man was one of Chetvines's deadliest figures.

Rumor had it that ten years ago, he had already been on the brink of reaching the level of a martial god. No one knew how far he had ---- advanced since, but his power was unquestionable. Even a real martial god would struggle to defeat him. Reginald had once mentioned that the Harding family's entire influence rested on Sergio's shoulders alone. If Sergio died, the Harding family would drop at least two tiers in power. At best, they would be reduced to a top-tier wealthy family. Nevertheless, as long as Sergio lived, the Harding family deserved to be called a dynasty.

The entire auction house fell silent instantly. With Sergio's identity now revealed, not a single other bidder dared to continue competing. Elsie felt a flutter of concern. If the two Divine Pills sold for only 230 million, it would not be a loss, but the auction house would still take a hit. They had deliberately placed these items near the end, aiming for at least

300 million. At this rate, they were falling significantly short of that goal. Yet, Elsie was only the auctioneer, and she had no power to influence the bidding price.

Moreover, there was absolutely no way she could try any tricks in front of someone like Sergio.

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2368

---- Chapter 2368 "230 million, going once. Is there anyone else willing to bid?" Elsie braced herself and pressed forward with the question despite her nervousness. Sergio let out a cold snort from Suite No. 4. "Miss, there's nothing more to ask here. You must be new to the Reyes Grand Auction House, aren't you? Well, let me make something clear for you. Once I've stated what I want, remember this: no one else will ever dare to bid against me again." Elsie's face went slightly pale as she bowed respectfully. "Welcome, Mr. Harding Senior.

It's an honor to have you here." His tone was not loud or arrogant, yet the quiet confidence in his voice carried undeniable weight and authority. Elsie's face went pale as she bowed politely. "Yes, Mr. Harding Senior. It's an honor to have you here." Back in Suite No. 2, Valerie's expression shifted for the first time, showing clear displeasure. She gritted her teeth and could not help but call out sarcastically, "Fine, let's just move on to the next item then. Mr. Harding Senior has introduced himself, and we're all just small-time players here.

Even if we wanted those pills, none of us would dare compete with him." ---- She continued, "I have to admit, you really know how to work the room. One announcement of your name and suddenly you're getting special treatment everywhere you go!" Sergio chuckled. "Valerie, don't be so petty about it. I was just using my position to get a better deal in your establishment. It's nothing personal." Valerie let out a cold huff in response. "Of course not. I wouldn't dare be upset with you.

I just don't enjoy watching our business struggle." Elsie was worried about her performance, and Valerie shared the same concern. As arrogant and flippant as she was, she still understood how valuable those two Divine Pills were. They could have made a real profit tonight, but Sergio's sheer reputation scared off every competitor. That was no different from robbing them in broad daylight, and it meant the auction house would take a massive hit. "300 million." Right in the middle of Sergio's smug laughter, a calm voice suddenly broke through the air.

The entire room froze in shock, eyes widening in disbelief. Everyone exchanged confused glances. Who in their right mind would dare place a bid at this exact moment? ---- Did they not realize what Sergio's name represented in Chetvine? Benny was the first to react, turning his gaze toward Suite No. 3. Puzzled, he could not help but mutter, "Wait, is that the same guy from before? Does this idiot really have the nerve to challenge the Harding family?" Valerie was momentarily taken aback as well, frowning slightly in confusion. "What on earth is this guy trying to pull?"

There's no way he doesn't know who Sergio is, yet he still raised the bid. Could it be that he doesn't care about the Hardings at all? No, that's impossible." Just as she said that, Sergio let out an angry, cold snort and immediately countered the bid. "You certainly have guts. Since you're so eager to disrespect me, I suppose I'll play along... 350 million dollars!" Andrew did not hesitate for a second. "400 million. Actually, let's just go straight to 450 million. That's more fitting for your status as a family head, don't you think?" The entire auction house erupted in chaos at his words.

The troublemaker in Suite No. 3 was absolutely fearless and completely unhinged. Not only had he raised the bid by another 100 million in one shot, but he was also subtly, or perhaps not so subtly, taunting Sergio with his words. ---- This was no longer just a simple bidding war between two parties; this was a direct challenge, a blatant refusal to show respect to the Harding family. It was the kind of thing you might only witness once every few years in Chetvine. The reason was simple: the status of a family head in this city was practically untouchable, like a living god.

Their influence, power, and the martial force beneath their command made them one of the most dangerous men in the city. If Sergio so much as stomped his foot, the whole city would shake. Yet, here was Andrew directly confronting this legendary figure and openly provoking him. Even someone as bold and reckless as Valerie knew better than to challenge him. Whispers spread through the hall as people began to speculate. Maybe the guest in Suite No. 3 was someone extraordinary, someone even Sergio could not afford to offend.

Meanwhile, Elsie's initial excitement at seeing the price rise dramatically transformed into pure terror. Anyone who had the courage to stand up to Sergio could not possibly be an ordinary person. If this stranger was powerful enough to challenge a family head, then she was definitely finished. It did not matter whether he was the leader of some other major family or just an extremely powerful individual; either way, she was completely trapped by the 300-million bid. ---- At the end of the night, she would inevitably find herself in his bed. Follow current [NOVELS](#) on [findnovel](#)

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2369

---- Chapter 2369 Even Valerie could not figure out what Andrew was up to at this point, muttering, "What the hell is this bastard trying to do?" Sergio's voice turned ice cold. "Not bad. Fine then, let me see just how deep your pockets go... 500 million dollars! Do you still have the guts to bid against me?" Inside Suite No. 3, Andrew just laughed. He cleared his throat and replied, "I'm afraid my wallet has reached its limit. Congratulations, Mr. Harding Senior.

I don't dare bid any further." Sergio's bidding price was actually very reasonable for two eighth-grade Divine Pills, and Andrew knew when to quit while he was ahead. He understood that Sergio was not someone easily fooled. If he kept pushing the bidding higher, there was a real risk that Sergio would simply drop out, which would completely backfire on his plan. From the beginning, Andrew's only goal had never been to antagonize anyone. He simply wanted to ensure his pills sold for as high a price as possible so he could walk away with more money. Follow current NOVELS on

Elsie confirmed the bid multiple times before finally smiling. " Congratulations, Mr. Harding Senior. These two eight-grade Divine Pills are now yours." ---- However, Sergio's face showed no signs of satisfaction. Instead, his brow furrowed deeply, and his eyes flickered with a dangerous glint. He muttered coldly, "That ungrateful brat just played me for a fool. Fine. Once this auction's over, we'll see just how many lives he's got." Sergio had quickly realized what had happened.

He had been deliberately manipulated into bidding higher, and the other party had essentially strong-armed him into overpaying, While 500 million meant nothing to him financially, he still felt the sting of being outmaneuvered. More importantly, after he had already revealed his identity and status, this person still refused to show him proper respect. That was something he simply could not tolerate. If every Tom, Dick, and Harry

could come along and disrespect a family head whenever they pleased, then what was the point of his position?

The next two items up for auction were both exceptional pieces. The first was a combat sword crafted using a special technique, clearly marked as requiring at least the level of a martial saint to wield properly. The second item was a cultivation manual of Earthly-tier quality. ---- Andrew was not particularly interested in the combat sword since he did not engage in actual warfare. While it was certainly a fine weapon, he had no use for it, so he remained silent. In the end, Dallas acquired the combat sword for 200 million.

As for the Earthly-tier cultivation manual, the starting bid was already 280 million, approaching 300 million. Cultivation manuals were rare commodities that only martial practitioners could truly appreciate. Among the skilled fighters present, those who could recognize its value did not necessarily have the financial resources to purchase it, while those with the money could not care less about spending it on a technique they could not use. Andrew, however, felt a spark of genuine interest for the first time. "290 million!" he called out, adding just ten million to the bid.

Manuals like that were like alien spacecrafts. If you knew how to operate them, you could soar beyond imagination. However, if you did not, even the best one would end up as nothing more than a book collecting dust. "Hal! I thought this punk had real money, and he only added ten million? What a broke loser," Benny sneered before shouting, " 320 million! I'm playing with you tonight." ---- Dallas chuckled. "Suite No. 3, what's wrong? Keep going. Don't stop now." Andrew felt a headache coming on. It seemed his earlier actions had stirred up considerable resentment among the crowd.

Looking back at how the auction had unfolded, it was clear that nearly everyone's hostility was now directed at him. Still, that was fine. "350 million," Andrew said calmly. Benny snorted. "380 million. If you've got the guts, keep going!" Andrew leaned back and replied coolly, "400 million. But if you raise it again, I'm out."

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2370

---- Chapter 2370 Benny let out a cold laugh. "Well, since you admitted defeat, I'll spare your life this time. You messed with me earlier, so now I'm returning the favor. 400 million for such a useless manual? Let's see if you can go home without getting chewed out for it." Andrew did not even bother acknowledging this idiot's taunts, Elsie's voice rang out from the auction block below. Congratulations to our guest in Suite No. 3 on winning this Earthly-tier cultivation manual." Shortly after, a female attendant brought the manual over to Andrew's suite.

He opened the beautifully packaged box and carefully unrolled the ancient parchment containing the cultivation technique, studying it intently. Gradually, a satisfied smile spread across his face. "Now this is something special!" The manual was fascinating. It had miraculous effects for those with fire-type energy. However, if someone without that affinity tried to train with it, it would backfire badly. For instance, anyone with water-type energy who attempted to master it would suffer internal backlash, their energy core collapsing from within.

---- Andrew rolled up the parchment and pursed his lips thoughtfully. "This technique is actually perfect for Lauren to practice. She's fiery by nature, and her energy is fire-type. It's a perfect match." Earlier, Andrew had not been bidding blindly. He was not about to spend 400 million just to be played for a fool. What he had been targeting was the unique property of this particular cultivation manual. Generally speaking, a martial artist's constitution tended to be quite mixed and complex. Only a rare few possessed a pure, singular constitution type.

Lauren was one of those rare individuals, a natural-born fire type. While others might not have recognized this, Andrew's deep expertise in medicine and martial arts enabled him to see through such things easily. Furthermore, Lauren was his intimate companion, and he had experienced firsthand just how fiery and passionate she truly was. Hence, there was no better match for this Earthly-tier cultivation manual. All things considered, spending 400 million on this purchase was far from wasteful.

Once Andrew provided some proper guidance, Lauren's martial progress would undoubtedly accelerate dramatically. After a brief intermission, the final item of the auction was brought out to the stage. ---- Elsie's face glowed with enthusiasm as she glanced around the room before speaking with an air of mystery. "I'm sure some of our regular clientele and our most distinguished guests already know what our grand finale item is today." She pulled back the velvet cloth with a flourish, and her smile became even more radiant. The source of this content is

"Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you a ninth-grade supreme elixir: the Marble Essence Pill. This is truly a rare treasure, and its benefits are straightforward enough that all high-level martial practitioners and senior martial masters already understand what it can do. "However, our auction house strongly advises lower-tier martial artists or ordinary individuals not to attempt bidding on this item.

You see, while we can guarantee your personal safety within our auction house premises, once you leave our establishment, we take no responsibility for what might happen to you or your purchase." Andrew nodded in agreement. Anyone with real knowledge understood this principle perfectly. It all came down to one thing: having treasure invites disaster. If some nouveau riche businessman actually had the audacity to win this supreme elixir at auction, the consequences would not be what he expected.

He would not get to bring it home and display it like a family heirloom, nor would he experience a sudden surge in power after consuming this ninth-grade ---- supreme elixir that very night. Instead, the moment he stepped out of the auction house, he would likely end up bleeding on the streets, murdered by someone who wanted what he had.

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2371

---- Chapter 2371 In theory, such things seemed impossible in this modern era of peace. Among martial artists, the rule was simple: strength justified everything. If someone with a bulletproof body and monstrous power caught wind of a treasure like this sitting unguarded, they would not hesitate. Telling them to 'stay calm' or 'do the right thing' would only earn you a laugh and maybe a punch to the face. Then, relying on their martial prowess, they would simply kill the person, take the treasure, and disappear without a trace. That was the true law of the world.

Even though Elsie had issued her warning, the moment the ninth- grade supreme elixir, the Marble Essence Pill, was revealed, Andrew clearly felt the entire atmosphere of the auction house shift dramatically. The eyes of everyone present burned with an intensity that screamed desire, filled with barely concealed greed. Audible gulps could be heard, and the sound of heavy breathing filled the room. "Come on, announce the starting bid already! How much are we talking here?" someone called out impatiently. ---- "Yes, give us the opening price!

This Marble Essence Pill is something the Lake family absolutely must have!" another voice chimed in eagerly. "Aninth-grade supreme elixir? You won't find these things in Sovereign's Apothecary even if you offered them your head on a platter! Who would be

foolish enough to put something this valuable up for public sale?" Someone exclaimed, "These kinds of treasures are only traded privately or kept for personal use!" "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm asking for one more favor from everyone here. This pill is something that the Harding family truly desires..." Sergio's voice suddenly cut through.

Everyone was shocked. Earlier, Sergio had declared he wouldn't participate in the final bidding if they gave him face. Yet now, he was pretending those words never left his mouth, stepping right back into the spotlight as if nothing happened. Andrew had been prepared for Sergio to use his authority to suppress the bidding, which would likely keep the pill's price artificially low. He was already gearing up to voice his frustration when someone beat him to it. "Mr. Harding Senior, that's enough. You're too old to be this shameless! Discover more novels at

You gave everyone your word earlier that you ---- wouldn't compete anymore. Now you're pulling this stunt again. Sorry, but this time we're not backing down. Let's see who's got the real skill!" Another voice, even rougher and more direct, joined in without hesitation. "Mr. Harding Senior, while others might be intimidated by you, I'm not one of them. You want the Marble Essence Pill, and so do I. Why don't we all stop arguing and settle this the old-fashioned way? Whoever's strong enough can have this supreme elixir.

Let's fight for it!" This brash individual had even suggested they forget about money entirely and decide the winner through combat instead. Sergio's reputation as a nearly unbeatable martial master was well-known throughout Chetvine, yet this man was still dismissing him without concern. That told Andrew that this person had to be someone of equally terrifying strength, almost certainly a martial emperor-level expert. This was what made Chetvine different from other places. Martial emperors were not mythical creatures. They were real, walking among everyone.

And one wrong move could mean getting turned to dust before you even realize what happened. At that moment, Andrew heard Valerie's voice cutting through the chaos. "Well, everyone certainly seems excited! The bidding hasn't even started, and you're all already fighting over each other. In that case, I won't hold back either. The Reyes family ---- wants this ninth-grade supreme elixir for ourselves as well. Please feel free to bid, everyone. Don't worry about me... We'll all compete fairly!" While her words sounded gracious enough, many people groaned inwardly.

Valerie was saying all the right things, but she was also making her intentions clear: her own auction house had its own interest in this item. Now, everyone had to decide whether they should give her face and hold back, or compete openly. If they did not show respect to the Reyes family, how would future dealings with them go? Elsie announced the starting bid. "300 million as the opening price! Ladies and gentlemen, please proceed. The highest bid takes the treasure." Andrew leaned back in his suite with a relaxed expression, content to wait and see how this all played out.

It seemed he would no longer need to stir the pot, as these people would tear each other apart on their own

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2372

---- Chapter 2372 Someone called out from one of the suites, "350 million dollars! Since everyone seems so interested, let's all have some fun with this." Another chuckled and chimed in, "Sure! 400 million is just pocket change!" "500 million..." The bidding continued to escalate, and the price climbed so rapidly that even Andrew could not help but raise his eyebrows slightly. It seemed like there were quite a few people who desperately wanted the Marble Essence Pill Still, when he thought about it more carefully, a ninth-grade supreme elixir represented the absolute peak.

Once you reached a certain level of wealth and power, money became nothing more than a number on a screen. What truly mattered were things money could not buy, like this ninth-grade supreme elixir. After the bidding reached a certain plateau, Valerie finally made her move. She shouted firmly, "600 million!" Internally, however, she was cursing Andrew. If she could have negotiated privately with Andrew to purchase this Marble ---- Essence Pill, she would not have had to bleed this much money.

And judging by how the auction was progressing, it seemed unlikely that 600 million would secure the item. Sergio sneered. "As always, Valerie is as aggressive as ever. But as your elder, I can't let a junior look down on me. 700 million! I'll say this now: anyone who dares to bid higher, I'll match it. The Harding family may lack many things, but money isn't one of them." In her suite, Valerie's sharp brows furrowed tightly. She took a deep breath and said coldly, "One billion. Mr.

Harding Senior, you may have deep pockets, but my family isn't short on cash either." Benny and the others, who were far less wealthy, had initially wanted to join in. But when the bidding jumped to a billion, even those wealthy heirs had to back off. At this point, the duel between Valerie and Sergio left no room for anyone else. These two were not people to be trifled with. Even if someone had the financial means to continue bidding, it was not worth making enemies. At this level, money alone was no longer the deciding factor.

One needed both wealth and family backing to be considered truly powerful Clearly, the representatives of these two major families embodied that top tier of influence. ---- Sergio's voice dropped lower. "1.2 billion. Let me be clear about something, Valerie. My absolute limit is two billion dollars. Let's see just how far your confidence goes, my dear

niece." Inside Suite No. 2, Valerie gritted her teeth and cursed under her breath. "Old bastard." The Reyes family might be rich, but that did not mean she could throw money around freely.

One billion had already drained nearly all her available funds. She could keep bidding, but she was not the head of the Reyes family, nor their biggest tycoon. In a battle of wealth, she was definitely no match for Sergio, that pompous old elite. Just as Valerie was hesitating, a low, magnetic chuckle spread through the entire auction hall. The voice said calmly, "Sergio, Valerie, why don't you both step back. I've taken quite a liking to this Marble Essence Pill. In exchange, I'll consider myself indebted to both of you... Consider it a personal favor.

So please, let me have this one without any further bidding." Both Sergio and Valerie fell into stunned silence. Meanwhile, Benny and the other young martial family members who held suites could not help but exchange nervous glances, their eyes widening with respect as they stared toward the ---- source of that commanding voice. They all fell completely silent, not daring to utter another word. Andrew's brow furrowed. He turned his head to look toward the highest position in the auction house, the most exclusive and special location of all: Suite No. 1.

Throughout the entire auction, the occupant of that suite had remained completely silent, never participating in any bidding. Now, with just one spoken statement, this mysterious person had effectively commanded both Valerie and Sergio to back down. It was not mere arrogance or a simple display of status. Instead, it carried an air of absolute certainty, as if the decision had already been made and was simply being announced rather than requested. Valerie was the first to respond, her voice now unmistakably tinged with respect.

"Since you have taken an interest in it, sir, I'll naturally withdraw from the bidding."

this chapter is updated by

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2373

---- Chapter 2373 Sergio chuckled. "Mr. Vazquez, please go ahead. I'm satisfied with what I've acquired tonight, and I certainly wouldn't dream of competing with you for something you desire." Just moments ago, he had been determined to win, yet now his tone flipped without hesitation. The change was swift and decisive, leaving no room for doubt. And for someone like him to back down so easily, it could only mean one thing

The man in Suite No. 1 was none other than Guillermo Vazquez, the National Advisor of Holtrien. He was an influential figure whose very name could shake nations.

Without realizing it, Andrew's eyes grew cold. He had not expected to run into this man here, the one whose ties to him and Reginald were both mysterious and complicated. Guillermo was a name that struck fear in anyone who heard it. Within Chetvine, there were five great clans, three royal families, and dozens of elite houses. Surrounding Chetvine and extending throughout the entire northern region were countless gang networks, martial sects, and families both large and small.

But among them all, if anyone held the title of most influential, most renowned, and most untouchable, it was unquestionably Guillermo. ---- Even Andrew recognized that this was an extraordinarily dangerous existence. Many of the events from their past, including the complete annihilation of the Iron Cavalry and Reginald's desperate escape from Chetvine, were all shrouded in Guillermo's shadow. No one knew his true face, only his influence. Chapters first released on [findnovel](#)

What made it even more interesting was that Guillermo was not ranked first on the Titan List, the definitive ranking of the world's most powerful martial artists. However, no one in their right mind believed that Guillermo could not defeat whoever held that top position. The difference was that the Titan List focused purely on martial combat within the martial world itself. Guillermo, by contrast, was someone who could manipulate both the martial underworld and the halls of government, reshaping global power dynamics with a single move.

In essence, he was a chess master that even Andrew could not fully comprehend. Wherever Guillermo appeared, everyone else became potential pawns, including Andrew himself. Hence, he made the wise choice to remain silent and made no move to bid against him. It was not out of fear, but rather from understanding that raising ---- his bid would be utterly pointless. At Guillermo's level, he could simply take whatever caught his interest. Money had nothing to do with it. Even if the Marble Essence Pill had gone to Sergio or Valerie, all Guillermo had to do was say, "That pill looks nice."

I happen to like it too." Then, both Sergio and Valerie would have offered it up without the slightest hesitation, That was true power and status. In other words, absolute dominance. Elsie's voice became hesitant as she struggled to find her words. "In that case, congratulations to the owner of Suite No. 1 on acquiring the Marble Essence Pill. Congratulations, sir!" She did not actually know who occupied Suite No. 1, but she did not need to.

The fact that even Valerie, the head of the auction house, showed such obvious deference meant that a simple auctioneer like her was better off not knowing. With the final item sold, the auction came to an end. Guests and other attendees began filing out one by one. Andrew gathered his things and prepared to leave as well. However, just as he was about to depart, Guillermo's smooth laughter echoed from Suite No. 1. ----

"Young man from Suite No. 3, would you perhaps have time for a brief conversation?" Guillermo's voice called out warmly. Andrew paid no attention to the invitation.

He walked straight through the exclusive corridor reserved for Suite No. 3 and exited the venue without hesitation. From inside Suite No. 1, a cold laugh rang out. However, it was not from Guillermo. It came from another voice, someone clearly irritated.

"Interesting. So he dares to ignore us? What a fool. Does he really think he could escape if we decided to keep him here?" Andrew continued walking through the private corridor, his expression completely blank. He remained deaf to the threat, as if he had not heard anything at all. The air in Suite No.

1 began to shift ominously, and it appeared that the occupants were preparing to make a move. However, Guillermo's calm voice cut through it, warm yet firm Enough. Since he doesn't wish to meet, we'll let it be. Let's go."

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2374

---- Chapter 2374 The unexpected turn of events caused quite a stir among the more observant onlookers, who exchanged knowing glances and speculated quietly among themselves. "That guy in Suite No. 3 is incredibly unlucky," someone muttered "Getting caught in Mr. Vazquez's sights is about the worst thing that could happen to anyone," another voice added. "And the stupidity of it all... Mr. Vazquez extends an invitation, and instead of feeling honored, this brat just ignores him completely. I don't know who in this world has the audacity to pull something like that," a third person scoffed.

"At least Mr. Vazquez is easygoing and doesn't take things too seriously," someone else chimed in. 'Otherwise, with this kid's brazen disrespect, he'd be in serious trouble.' Andrew made his way to the private reception room and waited quietly for Valerie's arrival. He was completely unaware of the gossip and mockery circulating among the other guests. Even if he had been, he would not have cared in the slightest. After a short while, Valerie walked in wearing a sharp business. ---- suit that exuded confidence and sophistication. NEW novel chapters are published on FindN()vel

Her porcelain- white face carried a playful smirk as she looked down at him. She said with a mocking voice, "Wow, you certainly move fast. The National Advisor invited you over, and you just bolted. What's wrong? Did you get scared?" Andrew dismissed her teasing with complete indifference. He extended his hand and spoke calmly, "Let's settle up." Valerie let out a cold snort and immediately had her staff transfer all the

auction proceeds to Andrew. Three pills in total, two eight-grade Divine Pills and one ninth-grade supreme elixir.

When everything was tallied up, the total amount reached a staggering figure. After deducting the auction house's commission, Andrew's final deposit came to a total of 1.3 billion dollars. Once Andrew confirmed the numbers were correct, he pocketed the card with satisfaction. Seeing how pleased he looked, Valerie's expression darkened noticeably. "You might want to pay for that Earthly-tier cultivation manual you won, don't you think?" Andrew shook his head. "Not happening." Valerie's eyes narrowed dangerously, and a cold smile played at her lips. "Oh?

So you're planning to just take it?" ---- Andrew chuckled. "Take it? Please. You're seriously underestimating me. It's just one Earthly-tier cultivation manual. It's not like I can't afford it. The real reason is that I'm giving the Reyes Grand Auction House an opportunity to earn my favor. Consider the manual a gift, a welcome present for me." Valerie's temper flared instantly. "You really think that's going to happen? And right in front of me?" Andrew held up a hand. "Hold on, let me finish.

Later on, if I'm in a good mood, I might bring out eighth-grade or even ninth-grade Divine Pills for auction again. Think about the money you'd make, the attention it would generate. "I'm sure you can imagine the possibilities without me spelling it out. If I were you, I wouldn't hesitate to accept my proposal. In fact, I'd also call over your auctioneer to meet with me." Valerie was so stunned by his self-assured words that she actually laughed, pointing at herself in disbelief. "Andrew, have you completely lost your mind?

You want us to let you walk away without paying, and to butter you up on top of that?" Her voice dropped to a dangerous whisper, and killing intent flickered across her features. "And now you want to see our auctioneer, too? Are you planning something inappropriate? How shameless and reckless can you get?" ---- However, Andrew remained completely unfazed. "Talking to a man capable of refining a ninth-grade supreme elixir that way... Ms. Reyes, you've got guts. But honestly? Not much sense." His presence suddenly intensified, pressing down on her like a storm. Valerie froze, visibly shaken.

"What did you just say? Ninth-grade supreme alchemist? You?" Andrew let out a low scoff. "Who else did you think made that Marble Essence Pill?"

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2375

---- Chapter 2375 Valerie scoffed dismissively. "Andrew, cut the act. You need to at least make your lies believable. Do you really expect me to believe you're a ninth-grade supreme alchemist? I know every single person in this country who holds that title. Your story is too transparent and poorly constructed." Andrew simply shrugged. "Believe it or don't. Either way, it doesn't matter to me. If your fancy auction house can't impress me, then fine. I'll just pay for the cultivation manual myself." Valerie crossed her arms and watched him coldly with a mocking smile, saying nothing.

However, at that exact moment, an urgent voice cut through the air. "Wait!" The auction house's chief appraiser, Joaquin, came rushing in. Valerie looked annoyed at the interruption. "Mr. Briggs, what are you doing?" Joaquin's eye twitched nervously as he leaned in close to Valerie and whispered urgently in her ear. "Ms. Reyes, you're making a mistake. Mr. Lloyd might actually be a supreme alchemist. At the very least, he's an eighth-grade divine alchemist." Valerie's eyes widened in shock. "Are you certain?" ---- Joaquin gave a wry smile and explained, "Ms.

Reyes, you remember we have contacts at Sovereign's Apothecary, correct? Well, just recently, Mr. Lloyd crafted a Soul-Restoring Pill for Madam Baxter. Not many people know about this, but our contact there witnessed the entire process firsthand." Valerie's face went dark as she turned to look at Andrew again, her teeth clenched so hard you could hear them grinding. At the same time, her eyes betrayed a shock she desperately tried to hide from Andrew. This man was actually an alchemist, and not just any low-level one, but at least an eighth-grade divine alchemist.

The implications were staggering. An eighth-grade divine alchemist who publicly announced their allegiance would have royal families in Chetvine scrambling to extend olive branches. The Reyes family and the Harding family would likely be willing to spend enormous sums to bring such a person under their banner. No matter how proud Valerie normally was, she had no choice but to swallow her pride now. Joaquin immediately turned to Andrew with a warm smile. "Mr. Lloyd, please accept this cultivation manual as a small token of our appreciation from the Reyes Grand Auction House.

Think ---- nothing of payment... That's not important at all. We simply hope that the next time you decide to sell high-grade alchemical pills, you'll consider consigning them with us." Andrew's expression was unreadable as he glanced between them. "Ms. Reyes, so you've had a change of heart? Maybe I should just pay after all. That way, we're even. Next time I decide to sell pills, I can choose whoever I want without the obligation to pick you." Joaquin's smile never wavered. "That's perfectly fine, absolutely fine! Please keep the manual, Mr. Lloyd. We won't accept a single dollar from you.

As for whether you bring your pills to us next time, that's entirely up to you. The Reyes Grand Auction House will always hold guests of your caliber in the highest regard." Andrew let out a genuine laugh. "You certainly know how to run a business. Unlike some people around here, who frankly have the brains of a pig." Valerie gritted her teeth and forced herself to stay composed. " Andrew, take your win and go. Pushing things

too far can cause trouble." Had he really just called her dumb? Valerie had no idea where she was finding the patience.

Under normal circumstances, blood would have already been spilled. ---- This infuriating man had done nothing but irritate her since he first arrived at the Reyes Grand Auction House. Andrew shrugged with exaggerated casualness. "Yes, pushing too far can cause problems. I'm absolutely terrified, as you can see. Anyway, I'm done wasting time here. Now, about that auctioneer... Have her brought to me." Valerie's expression turned icy cold. "You should know that the Reyes family doesn't engage in petty schemes or underhanded dealings."

This chapter is updated by Find_Novel(.)net

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2376

---- Chapter 2376 Andrew looked stunned. "What do you mean? I just asked you to call her over so I can say hello, that's all." Valerie scoffed. "Oh, please, drop the act. You just want to get close to her, don't you? The Lloyd family's Dragon Prince is supposed to be impressive. But now, you just look like another lowlife." Andrew's expression turned cold. "Valerie, are you out of your mind? Who told you I wanted to get close to her like that? Ms. Santana and I are old acquaintances, that's all." Valerie did not believe a word of it.

She crossed her arms and stood still, her eyes sharp with doubt. Eventually, Joaquin decided to step in and said, "Mr. Lloyd, please wait a moment. I'll have her brought here right away." To him, there was no point in clashing with someone like Andrew. An eighth-grade divine alchemist was a walking goldmine. As for an auctioneer? Barely worth mentioning. If the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince wanted her, they would just make the arrangements. Hell, they would probably hand her over as a personal attendant if he asked. ---- Before long, Elsie was brought in.

She looked anxious, her head lowered and her slender frame trembling slightly. Seeing Valerie there, she gathered her courage and said, "Ms. Reyes, I can leave if you want me to, but I won't sell myself." Valerie's tone was harsh but steady. "Relax. With me here, no 'one's going to hurt you. We're both women, and besides, you're under the Reyes family. I'd like to see who dares touch you today. Elsie's face lit up with relief. She quickly bowed her head in gratitude as the weight on her chest finally lifted. Then, mustering her courage, she glanced at Andrew.

She instantly froze in shock and blurted out, "Mr. Lloyd? It's you?" Andrew smiled, teasing lightly. "It's me. But Ms. Santana, you look like you've seen a ghost. What's with the animosity? Anyone watching would think I'm taking advantage of you." Elsie waved her hands in a panic, stumbling over her words. "N- No! It's not that! If I'd known it was you helping me, Mr. Lloyd, I'd never have misunderstood. I'd have trusted you completely and followed whatever you arranged." Valerie blinked, confused. "Wait, what? You two actually know each other?" ---- Elsie blushed and nodded shyly.

"Yes, I've known Mr. Lloyd for quite some time. Thank you for standing up for me just now, Ms. Reyes, but you don't have to worry anymore. If Mr. Lloyd wants to take me with him, I'll go." Valerie froze, her mind going blank. "What did you just say? You want to go with him? You'd better think this through. I only stepped in because I pitied you, but if you really know him, you should know what he's like. Do you honestly think you'll still keep your innocence if you leave with him?" Elsie's cheeks burned crimson as she lowered her head. "As long as Mr. The source of this content is

Lloyd is willing to take me, I'm willing to go." Valerie said nothing. She closed her eyes, her fists clenching so tightly her knuckles cracked. It felt like the air itself was pressing down on her from every direction. One word came to mind: annoying. Damn it, this Andrew really had a way of getting under her skin. Elsie was one of their prized auctioneers, someone the Reyes family had gone out of their way to recruit. Her looks alone were stunning, but her professional skills were even more remarkable. Now, she was volunteering to leave with him? What kind of joke was that?

---- Did the Reyes family have no pride left? Andrew gave a small, helpless laugh. It seemed Elsie had completely misunderstood his intentions. "Uh, actually... Ms. Santana, I only asked for you because I wanted to catch up, that's all."

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2377

---- Chapter 2377 Andrew said, "I didn't mean anything else by it. I just thought it couldn't have been easy for you to make it here to Chetvne on your own, so I just wanted to..." Before he could finish, Elsie interrupted softly. "Mr. Lloyd, I came here of my own choice. I didn't expect to run into someone familiar in a foreign city, and I'm really happy about it. Back in Suite No. 3, you helped me so much. If you ever gave me an order, I'd follow it without hesitation..." Her voice grew quieter, laced with shy nervousness. Elsie was not new to this world.

As an auctioneer, she worked in a service industry that was not so different from being a flight attendant: glamorous on the outside, but designed to charm and please the wealthy. Ultimately, it was still about transactions. However, they often came with an unspoken price and a certain social status attached. To her, Andrew's restraint seemed like deliberate modesty, a gentleman's pretense before giving in to desire. However, she did not mind. After all, she was single, and back when she was in Jayrodale, she had already harbored some interest in him.

---- Now that fate had brought them together again in Chetvine, why overthink it? If Andrew truly wanted something to happen between them, she was not going to resist it. After all, a wealthy, powerful heir like him was not someone you came across twice in a lifetime. Why not go with the flow? "Uh..." Andrew finally spoke, looking awkward. "Actually, Ms. Santana, I just asked you to come by so I could say hello. I didn't mean anything else." Elsie let out a small, disappointed gasp but forced a polite smile.

She looked at him pitifully, her eyes silently asking for something he could not give. Valerie frowned, completely baffled. "So she basically throws herself at you, and now you're rejecting her? Andrew, I swear, you've taken being a heartbreaker to a whole new level. You're not pulling that online dating stunt, are you? Acting like you're not interested just to make her chase you harder?" Before Andrew could say a word, Elsie quickly added, "Even if that's the case, if Mr. Lloyd is willing, I'm... fine with it." Valerie's eyes widened in fury. "You're fine with it?

Elsie, what are you even thinking? We're both women! Don't you see how degrading that looks?" ---- Elsie shook her head calmly. "Ms. Reyes, this isn't about lowering myself. If you truly knew Mr. Lloyd, you'd understand that he's one of the rare good men left in this world." Valerie was fuming, though she was not even sure why. Maybe it just bothered her to see Elsie idolize Andrew like that. "Mr. Lloyd..." Elsie said shyly, glancing up at him, "Back in that suite, you helped me even when it meant offending the other guests. I-I thought it was because you were interested in me.

I was scared someone would notice and take it the wrong way. If I'd known sooner that it was you, I would've been overjoyed." Andrew could only rub his temples, utterly speechless. He had not expected a simple good deed to spiral into this, misunderstanding. Clearing his throat, he said, "Ms. Santana. This seems to be a misunderstanding. The Reyes Grand Auction House is indeed a great place, and I truly congratulate you on making your way here. If you keep it up, I'm sure you'll shine even brighter in your career. And if you ever run into trouble in Chetvine, you can always reach out.

If I can help, I will." With that string of polite remarks, Andrew was already preparing to make his exit.

Read full story at find-novel.net

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2378

---- Chapter 2378 Elsie nodded quickly, her eyes bright with surprise. "Mr. Lloyd, does that mean we'll see each other again?" Andrew smiled. "If I have the time, of course, we'll meet again. It's just that I've been pretty busy lately." Elsie nodded understandingly. "I know, you've always been a busy man. Well, then, Mr. Lloyd and Ms. Reyes, I'll get back to work. When you have time, please come visit again." Andrew chuckled lightly. "Definitely." Once Elsie left, Valerie crossed her arms, her face dark. "What the hell did you feed her? She's practically hypnotized by you." Andrew shrugged.

"Can't help it. Some people are just naturally charming." Valerie let out a cold laugh and turned to leave. She felt like she had been played, and she was not the kind of woman who ever got played. "Hold on." Andrew's calm voice stopped her just as she reached the door. Valerie turned around, her tone sharp. "What now?" ---- Andrew smiled easily. "Ms. Reyes, no need to be so hostile. That attitude doesn't really suit someone speaking to an eighth-grade Divine Alchemist." Valerie did not respond. The most update novels are published on

Even with her pride, she could not help but lower her stance a little now that she knew who he really was. "There are two things," Andrew said slowly, as if her impatience did not bother him at all. "First, I want access to your private trading event. Second, I want to know who was inside Suite No. 1 earlier." Valerie's lips curled into a mocking smile. "No problem. Anyone who bids over a billion automatically qualifies for the private trading event. But that second question of yours is quite interesting. You really don't know who was in Suite No. 1?

Or are you just pretending not to?" Andrew's expression stayed calm. "I know Mr. Vazquez was in there. But I'm asking about someone else." Valerie frowned. "You mean the one who spoke out against you earlier?" Andrew nodded, a dangerous glint flashing in his eyes. "Exactly. That guy seemed even more agitated than Mr. Vazquez. Some dogs bark louder than their masters, and sometimes, they need to be reminded of their place." ---- Valerie scoffed. "Andrew, don't go looking for trouble. Mr. Vazquez doesn't keep dogs under him. He keeps tigers, real Killers." Andrew waved a hand casually. "I

don't care if they're dogs or tigers. Just tell me who he is." Valerie's smile turned cold. "His name's Jaden Horton. He's ranked seventh on the Titan List. A lone martial artist with a terrifying reputation. He may not have reached the martial emperor level, but he's gone toe-to-toe with one and held his ground. "Mr. Vazquez keeps him close because he's useful. But among his followers, Jaden is only considered mid-tier. Think carefully before you do anything. Maybe you can handle Jaden, but the rest of Mr. Vazquez's circle? They'll crush you." Andrew just shrugged. "Thanks for the warning.

Whether I want to pick that fight or not, that's my business. No need for you to worry, Ms. Reyes." Valerie froze for a moment before laughing coldly. She did not believe for a second that Andrew would dare to cross anyone in Guillermo's ranks. Forget Guillermo, just Jaden alone was enough to make most people back off. From Valerie's point of view, he was far more ---- terrifying than Ezekiel, the Tristars Group's golden heir.

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2379

---- Chapter 2379 Moreover, the fact that Jaden was not even a Martial Emperor yet could fight one evenly said everything that needed to be said Joaquin walked over and bowed slightly. "Mr. Lloyd, the private trading event has already started. If you wish to attend, please come this way." Andrew nodded and followed Joaquin out, while Valerie left the main auction hall entirely. She had not managed to get the Marble Essence Pill, and the frustration in her chest was burning hot. Right now, all she wanted was to find somewhere to vent.

Outside the auction hall, several pairs of eyes were watching closely. The moment Valerie appeared, Benny stepped forward with a grin. "Ms. Reyes, a pleasure to see you." Valerie frowned with clear irritation. "Mr. Murphy, what do you want? If it's nothing important, please don't block my way." Benny chuckled lightly. "I wouldn't dare stand in your way. I just want to ask about someone, specifically that troublemaker from ---- Suite No. 3." His expression darkened as he spoke. Valerie narrowed her eyes. "And what exactly do you plan to do?" Benny sneered. "What do you think?

I'm going to skin that bastard alive! I'm close with all the top heirs and wealthy scions in Chetvine, even the royal ones. Even if they don't care about me, they'd still give some face to my family. But that little punk? He's been pushing my limit over and over again. Ms. Reyes, do you really think I can swallow this insult?" Valerie smirked. "Benny, don't dig your own grave. Your family has been single-heir for generations, and you're their one useless playboy son. If you end up dead, all your family's wealth and power will go to waste." Benny's face turned red with anger. "Ms.

Reyes, are you looking down on me? Or are you giving that guy from Suite No. 3 way too much credit? Damn it, who does he think he is? Aside from 'the few real young nobles and royals in Chetvine, do you think I care about anyone else?" Valerie opened her car door and sat down, clearly done with him. "If you're looking to die, that's your business. But take my advice: you really shouldn't mess with that man. Just treat this as bad luck.

If you weren't one of the auction's regulars, I wouldn't have bothered warning you at all."
---- Her car drove off, leaving Benny standing there with a stormy expression. He clenched his fists, furious. One of his men stepped forward carefully. "Sir, should we leave or stay?" Benny gritted his teeth. "We're staying. That bitch Valerie actually dared to look down on me. Fine, I'll see for myself who that bastard really is." He knew most of the guests who attended today's auction. For those he did not, he could easily find someone who did. Follow current novels on [find•novel](#)

There was no way that with the power of his family, he could not figure out who that troublemaker was. Meanwhile, Andrew had no idea that people were already planning to ambush him. He followed Joaquin into a massive underground chamber. The air inside was icy and filled with a thin layer of mist. Joaquin handed him a black mask. "Mr. Lloyd, this is part of the rule, Please put it on." Andrew looked at the mask and frowned. "Is that really necessary?" Joaquin nodded seriously. "Yes. The private trading event operates in a legal gray area.

The auction house doesn't interfere, but that means some people might bring in restricted ---- or contraband items "Wearing the mask hides your identity and makes everyone feel safer. Otherwise, no one would dare bring out the things that aren't meant to see the light of day."

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2380

---- Chapter 2380 Andrew nodded in understanding and waited for Joaquin to continue while casually taking the mask from him. Joaquin went on, "Secondly, at a private trading event like this, anonymity helps when you're buying or selling. Once you've made your deal, you can leave anytime, and even if someone tries to follow or target you later, they won't know who you are." Andrew slipped the mask on, his entire face now hidden except for his eyes. "I understand, Mr. Briggs. You can head back now. I'll take it from here." Joaquin nodded and quietly left.

Andrew pushed through the curtain ahead and stepped into a dimly lit room where several figures sat scattered around in no particular order. Two of them were already trading something wrapped in a black cloth, though it was impossible to tell what it was. The rest were either chatting in low tones, zoning out, or clearly waiting for someone to arrive. Without drawing attention, Andrew found a spot near the center and sat down. The two trading voices were hoarse, altered to hide their real tones. Clearly, they were being careful. "This is what you wanted," one of them said.

---- Another replied, 'No rush. Once I check and confirm it's real, you'll get the rest of the payment.' "You'd better keep your word. I work clean and fast, but if someone tries to play me for a fool, the one who dies won't be me. It'll be his entire family." "Don't threaten me. I don't take well to threats. If I get pissed off, I might just kill you right now. Who would you even complain to?" "Kill me now? Go ahead, try it," the first one taunted. Andrew shook his head with a sigh. What a circus!

They had already agreed on a deal, yet they were acting like they were ready to kill each other. Anyone walking in might have thought they had stumbled into a den of assassins. However, real assassins were not like this. They valued professionalism and trust, not this kind of childish posturing. These two were acting more like bandits fighting over loot. Fortunately, the fight did not actually break out. Once they were both satisfied with the exchange, they packed up and left quickly. ---- Everyone in the room wore masks, so Andrew could not tell who. was who. Still, he was not in a rush.

Based on what Amari had told him, the private trading event typically drew a large crowd. With only about five people there now, more were bound to show up. Sure enough, after a short wait, more masked figures began trickling in, each with different builds and postures. Many came with a purpose, heading straight to specific trading partners. Some bartered item for item, while others whispered in corners, negotiating quietly. A few just sat alone, either waiting or pretending not to care. After that, a heavy, lumbering figure, definitely a fat man, raised his voice, his tone sharp and cold.

"Ladies and gentlemen! I have a job available and would like to see if any of you are interested. If not, that's fine. Maybe you can pass it along to someone who might be." Everyone turned to look at him, waiting for him to explain. The man took his time, pulling out a photo the size of a poster and hanging it on the wall. His raspy voice echoed across the room. "Whoever can capture this woman alive will be rewarded with control over a massive overseas mining deal that's worth at least 100 billion in profit.

But if you bring her in dead, you'll get two eight-grade Divine Pills as compensation instead." ---- In an instant, everyone's eyes locked on the photo. The offer was beyond tempting, the kind of bounty that could make even the most disciplined person's pulse quicken. This man was not just offering a deal; he was throwing a fortune onto the table.

READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2381

---- Chapter 2381 Andrew's curiosity was piqued as well, so he leaned forward to get a better look. It seemed that the Reyes Grand Auction House truly catered to all kinds of clientele, operating in both legitimate and shady circles. No wonder Joaquin had emphasized the importance of wearing amask. The massive photograph displayed showed a figure in a military uniform descending from an armored vehicle. Although only the side profile was visible, her sharp posture and striking beauty were enough for Andrew to recognize her instantly. It was Luna, the female major general from the military. This chapter is updated by FindN()vel

Someone immediately said, "You must be joking! She's a military officer, and a general at that. Setting aside everything else, her combat strength alone is nothing to scoff at. What are you thinking, trying to kidnap a military general? You've got a death wish?" The fat man holding the photograph remained unfazed by these objections. He simply replied flatly, "Alright, the deal stands. If not, we call it off. Of course, we know she's a military general and a tough target. But the compensation we're offering is substantial as well." ---- Another voice, sharp and shrill, chimed in.

"This is a terrible idea! It's absolutely insane. I'm giving you all a heads up: this woman is Luna Phelan, and she's Philip Turman's student. He's the military's supreme commander! "If she were just an ordinary general, I might consider testing the waters myself. But touching his student? That old beast will rip your guts out." The fat man seemed displeased now. He let out a cold snort. " Yes, Luna is Philip's student. But we're the shadows that move in the dark. If we can't beat her, we can always disappear." That statement brought a heavy silence to the room.

Then, a low chuckle broke through it. "Kidnapping a female general and not even caring whether she's dead or alive? What kind of group are you guys? You really think you can take on an entire national military? Do you even realize what would happen if a general ended up dead?" The masked fat man's head snapped toward the source of the voice, and dangerous gleams flickered in his eyes. "Interesting Your voice, your build, the way you speak... It all seems quite unique. This is your first time visiting us, I take it? If you're here for the first time, you could simply say so.

Why the need to undermine my operation?" ---- Everyone else also turned to look at the person who had just spoken. It was Andrew. Andrew's brow furrowed slightly. He could not figure out how his simple observation had somehow revealed that he was a first-time visitor. He gave up trying to understand and simply shrugged in response to the fat man's increasingly aggressive tone. "It's not that I'm trying to undermine you. It's just that this job you're proposing is genuinely terrifying. Kidnapping Luna, the female general?

You're basically asking people to commit suicide." The fat man's gaze shifted, and his tone softened just a little. " We know this mission isn't easy. But that's exactly why we're posting it here. Anyone interested can take it. The organization behind me always rewards handsomely." Andrew smiled faintly. "Alright, but I've got to ask... Why go after Luna? From what I've heard, she's just got a bad temper and a bit of an ego. She's not

exactly someone who goes around picking fights." The fat man let out a cold snort. "She doesn't know her place.

She's been interfering with our operations, getting in the way of ---- our profits. There aren't many like her in the military, as most know better. So anyone who dares block our path gets erased. Simple as that."

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2382

---- Chapter 2382 Andrew said simply, "Understood. So you're looking to eliminate an obstacle? If you don't mind me asking, which group do you belong to?" The fat man sneered. "Do I look like an idiot who'd tell you that?" Everyone else shook their heads. They all thought Andrew was being naive for asking such a dumb question. Yet, Andrew did not care. He chuckled and said, "Since you don't want to say, I won't press it. But if I had to guess, I could probably figure out who you are.

Luna is one of the military's most capable officers, and she's known for her unwavering stance and strong sense of justice. "If you're trying to eliminate her because she's interfering with your interests, then you're either sworn enemies of the military itself, or you're part of an opposing faction within the military itself. Removing Luna would simply be a way to eliminate the competition. Am I right?" The fat man's shoulders tensed, and his entire body's aura suddenly surged out of control. "How do you know all this? Tell me..."

Who exactly are you?" Andrew let out a cold chuckle at his reaction. This fat man was -- more transparent than he had initially thought. With just a few well-chosen words, Andrew had forced him to reveal the true nature of his background. The fat man immediately realized his mistake. His overreaction was essentially a confession that Andrew had guessed correctly. He tore the photograph off the display in one sharp motion and spun around to leave. Andrew did not pursue the matter further.

He had only been seeking confirmation of his suspicions anyway. An elderly voice cut through the air, carrying a cold edge of warning. "Since you're new here, I'd advise you to keep a lower profile. This place is full of clever people, schemers who think they're smarter than everyone else. "But having a sharp mind doesn't mean you'll live long. One wrong move, and you'll lose that clever little life of yours. This content belongs to

Then what good is that brain?" Andrew replied coldly, "Coincidentally, I happen to think my mind is quite sharp, and I'm equally confident that my lifespan will be quite lengthy."

The elderly man responded with a contemptuous laugh and said nothing more. He dismissed Andrew as a naive newcomer who talked too much and would not survive long in such a dangerous environment. ---- The exchange continued, After observing a few more transactions, Andrew decided it was. time to make his move. "Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to inquire about some information.

The payment is modest, just one ninth- grade supreme elixir." The moment those words left his mouth, the dozen or so people in the room, who had been whispering quietly to each other, immediately fell silent. All eyes turned toward him. Andrew could clearly hear several people's breathing becoming heavier. A smile played beneath his mask as he registered their reaction. The power of a ninth-grade supreme elixir was truly remarkable; just hearing about it was enough to ignite greed and desire in these people. The elderly man from before was the first to speak.

"You're willing to put out a ninth-grade supreme elixir for trade information? That's generous. Go ahead then. What information do you want?" Andrew deliberately paused for effect. Then, he shook his head as if struggling with a difficult decision. "To be completely honest, the information I'm seeking is extremely sensitive, and the matter it concerns has far-reaching implications. So I'm ---- going to warn you all in advance: if you don't want to bring trouble upon yourselves, you should either leave now or keep silent when I ask my question." The elderly man grew impatient.

"Stop wasting time with all these warnings. Just tell me what information you are after." Andrew glanced at him, noting the bear mask the old man wore. His actual appearance remained a mystery. "Very well then. Here it is: Ten years ago, in Chetvine, the Dragon Prince of the Lloyd family royal dynasty had his energy core sealed by someone. I want to know if this is true or false, and more importantly, who was the master who placed that seal?" Silence. The moment he said it, Andrew could feel the entire room freeze. Not a single sound remained

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2383

---- Chapter 2383 Finally, someone spoke up hesitantly. "We don't know anything about this. We wouldn't dare speak carelessly about such matters. You should try asking elsewhere, though I can assure you with absolute certainty that you won't find anything. It's a shame, really. That ninth-grade supreme elixir would've been perfect, but this question you're asking is simply unsolvable." Another voice chimed in with resignation. "I've had my eye on you since earlier. Not only did you come in here acting so boldly on your first visit, but now you're asking something this heavy.

Listen, whoever you are, don't even think about stirring up trouble here." Most people sighed in disappointment, and some even began to openly display hostility toward Andrew. It was as if inquiring about the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince was a violation of some forbidden law. Behind his mask, Andrew's expression darkened noticeably. He had not anticipated that these people would resist the temptation of a ninth-grade supreme elixir so completely. They were clearly terrified, unwilling to say a single word even in an environment where no one knew each other's true identities. The source of this content is find{n}ovel

Could the person who had acted back then really be that terrifying? So frightening that even a whisper of information was ---- forbidden? They all turned into a bunch of scared little mice. Even at this private trading event, where everyone was anonymous, nobody dared to make a sound. Just when Andrew thought his effort had been wasted, the elderly man from before spoke up again, his voice raspy but deliberate. "Perhaps I can provide you with some clues. But not here.

If you want to know the truth, come with me." With that, he turned and disappeared into an adjacent corridor, leaving a trail of white mist in his wake that quickly filled the passage. Andrew did not hesitate for a moment. He immediately followed the old man into the mist. The instant he left, the remaining people began to exchange knowing looks. Some were smirking coldly, others shaking their heads in disdain, while a few wore expressions of pity. "Another fool who actually dared to follow that old bastard alone, someone muttered darkly.

"He's dead for sure, and probably won't even have a body left to bury. Serves him right!" another added with a bitter laugh. "Well then, let's continue with our transactions. I suspect that the young man's remains will never see the light of day again!" ---- The underground trading event resumed as if nothing had happened Up ahead, the old man's silhouette moved quickly, his steps stirring up mist that drifted and dispersed through the air. A faint, unreadable smile tugged at Andrew's lips beneath his mask. He followed at a steady distance, not too close, not too far.

He wanted to see if this man truly knew something, or if he was just playing games. If it was the latter, then Andrew promised he would give him one hell of a surprise along with a big payback. "This should do," the old man said. Andrew stopped as well and glanced around. He could not quite determine where they were, but he could safely assume they were somewhere beneath the auction house. The old man extended his hand toward Andrew in what seemed like a relatively courteous gesture. "Show me that ninth-grade supreme elixir of yours. Let me take a look at it first.

Once I've verified that you genuinely possess such a treasure, I'll share with you the secret from back then." Behind his mask, Andrew's expression remained unmoved. He --- reached into his coat pocket and pulled out a white moonstone box. He was just about to open it, but stopped halfway. The old man's eyes locked onto the box, and it was clear from his sudden displeasure that Andrew's hesitation had frustrated him. "Go on, open it.

Once I've verified its authenticity, I'll tell you everything you want to know about what happened back then." In his excitement, the old man's carefully maintained disguise slipped, and his true voice began to emerge. From this slip, Andrew could tell the man was indeed quite elderly. He said calmly, "A ninth-grade supreme elixir is extremely valuable, and I don't think I need to explain that. Why don't you tell me the basics of what happened back then first? Then I'll hand over the elixir." The old man let out a strange, cackling laugh. "Clever for someone on their first visit.

You certainly know how to be cautious. So you want to know who placed that seal on the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince, right? It was none other than Mr. Guillermo Vazquez, the National Advisor himself."

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2384

---- Chapter 2384 Andrew sneered. "That's it? That's the big secret?" The old man urged, "That's all there is. Now you know what happened back then, so hand over what's in your hand." Andrew took a step back with a faint laugh. "You expect me to buy that? One sentence, and I'm supposed to hand you a fortune? Come on. From what I know, when the Lloyd father and son escaped from Chetvne, Mr. Vazquez wasn't even there." The old man's tone turned icy. "So, you knew that much? You were testing me, weren't you? Look around, kid. It's just the two of us here.

This is the most hidden chamber in the auction hall. Even if you scream, it'll take a full minute before anyone gets here, and that's more than enough time for me to kill you a dozen times." By the end of his sentence, his killing intent was fully exposed. "Hand over the supreme elixir, and maybe I'll let you live. You're naive, too damn naive. Walking in here alone with something that valuable? Ha! Running into me was just your bad luck. Hand it over, or..." He left the threat hanging in the air. Andrew's mouth twitched slightly.

This old bastard was exactly ---- as cunning as he had suspected. Clearly, even experienced operatives could be caught off guard and make mistakes. Too bad he wasn't the kind of rookie this man thought he was. Andrew was the kind who knew he might be walking into a trap, but did not care. If someone dared to trick him, he would make sure they regretted it. "Alright, I can give you the supreme elixir," Andrew said, affecting a look of panic and fear as he continued backing away. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON [noveFind](#)

"But at the very least, you need to tell me who actually placed that seal on the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince back then. Otherwise, when I return empty-handed, my boss will have me killed directly." The old man's smugness intensified, and he burst into satisfied laughter. "Ah, so you're working for someone else! No wonder you're such an inexperienced fool who doesn't know anything, just cannon fodder, really. But since you're being honest with me, I don't mind sharing a bit more information." He continued eagerly.

"The person who actually placed that seal on the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince wasn't Mr. Vazquez himself. However, that person was brought in by Mr. Vazquez. Back then in Chetvine, quite a few people turned out to welcome this individual's arrival. Sergio was one of them." The old man's voice dripped with disdain. "That so-called nearly unbeatable old bastard who throws his weight around Chetvine, ---- acting superior and lording his age over everyone? In front of this person, he was nothing but a groveling bitch, bowing and scraping. That should be enough information for you..."

Now, hand over the elixir. Don't make me resort to violence." Andrew's brow furrowed deeply. This old bastard had talked for a long time but still refused to reveal who actually carried out the deed. However, the mention that even Sergio would grovel before this person suggested the attacker was likely at least a martial god level expert. Andrew could not quite determine which martial god from Holtrien it was, or whether it might be some overseas master instead. "Stop daydreaming, boy," the old man snapped impatiently.

" Hand over the goods now, or I'll take both the supreme elixir and your pathetic life." Andrew smiled and held the moonstone box high above his head before letting it slip from his fingers. "Here you go. Just make sure you catch it carefully, though. If it breaks, that's not my fault." The insult was more effective than any physical blow. The old man's rage erupted instantly. "You insolent brat! You're asking for death!" ---- His foot slammed against the ground, sending a surge of violent energy outward.

He lunged forward simultaneously, claws extended to snatch the falling box while his eyes blazed with murderous intent. Then, his other hand raked toward Andrew's throat with lethal force. It was a full-on killing move, one meant to take both the man and his treasure in one strike.

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2385

---- Chapter 2385 A blazing explosion erupted underground, the heat so intense that the surrounding mist evaporated instantly. "You..." the old man's face drained of all color as he realized the young man before him possessed terrifying power. In the next instant, his arm shattered with a sickening crack. Andrew's Inferno Strike had reached the pinnacle stage of Tides of Hellfire mastery. With a full-force palm strike, he unleashed devastating power that swept across everything in its path. The old man, however, was only at the high tier of martial saint level. The latest_episodes are on_the findnovel

He had not even reached the peak stage. While he might have withstood several of Andrew's attacks in times past, he was now facing someone who could effortlessly crush anyone below the martial emperor realm. For Andrew, killing a high-tier martial saint was as easy as crushing an insect. The old man let out a piercing shriek of agony and coughed up massive amounts of blood. His mask shattered into dust from the impact. An instant later, his body was hurled backward like it had been struck by a speeding truck, smashing violently against the nearby wall before crashing to the ground in a heap.

---- When the dust finally settled, the old man had lost all ability to move. His face was covered in blood, his eyes wide with terror, and he could only crawl pathetically on the ground while crying out in anguish. "Don't kill me! Don't kill me! Do you know who I am? I'm Dallas Rutledge, Kirian Seaver's junior. He's also known as Stormblade. If you dare touch me, he will tear you limb from limb!" Andrew remained completely unmoved by Dallas' desperate pleas and threats. He walked over calmly and picked up the box, then slipped it into his pocket. Dallas continued wailing.

"Who the hell are you? I've got no grudge against you, so why are you doing this to me?" Andrew let out a cold chuckle. "Why am I doing this? I think you've got it wrong. You're the one consumed by greed, trying to play tricks on me and lure me here to rob and kill me. And now you're trying to play the victim?" He clicked his tongue and added, "You're not being very fair." As Andrew looked closer, realization hit him. This was the same man from the auction earlier. No wonder his voice had sounded familiar. Now that the mask was gone, there was no doubt.

Andrew said coldly, "I'm going to give you one opportunity. So, choose wisely if you want to live or die. Tell me: who exactly ---- placed that seal on the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince back then?" Dallas clutched at what remained of his right side, his face twisted in agony. "I don't know! I really don't know!" Andrew's eyes narrowed dangerously. "If that's the case, then you're useless to me. You'll die here." "Wait! I know some things... It's not much, but it's still something! Dallas suddenly gasped out, desperately backtracking.

Andrew simply waited for him to continue, watching with cold eyes. Dallas took several ragged breaths before speaking. "Here's what I know. I heard from Kirian. Back then, when the Lloyd family father and son fought their way out of Chetvine, it shocked the entire nation of Holtrien. The Dragon Prince of the Lloyd family, in particular, was so extraordinarily talented that he threatened the future plans of several major powers,

both in the martial world and in other spheres of influence. "So the greatest player in the world, Mr. Vazquez, made a ruthless move.

He brought in a special individual to seal the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince. The goal was to suppress the Lloyd family's continued growth and control the father and son's development, preventing them from becoming the dual tyrants of the Lloyd family dynasty. ---- "Reginald is already terrifying enough, but this Dragon Prince was even more unsettling to those who sit atop the world. That's all I know. Even if you torture me further, I can't tell you anything more."

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2386

---- Chapter 2386 Andrew nodded and asked, "So, who the hell is Kirian?" Dallas' face went pale with horror. "What are you planning? You're not thinking of going after him, are you? He might know who actually placed that seal, but if you dare seek him out, you're signing your own death warrant. Kirian is ranked sixth on the Titan List, a true master swordsman." Andrew removed his mask and smiled without warmth. "Kiran being sixth on the Titan List is certainly impressive.

But do you honestly think I'd be afraid of him?" Dallas' blood-stained eyes widened in recognition, and his entire body began to tremble violently. "I-It's you! I should have known, from the start. You're asking about the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince because you are the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince." "No... P-Please, don't..." Dallas managed to stammer before his plea was cut short by a final, terrified scream. The light faded from Dallas' eyes as Andrew withdrew his hand from the old man's skull. In a single strike, his energy had shredded Dallas' brain from the inside.

When Andrew struck, he never hesitated, never softened, and never let emotion cloud his judgment. That was what made him ---- truly dangerous. It was also precisely why only Andrew could lead the Iron Cavalry team. Dallas had sealed his fate the moment he planned to kill Andrew and steal his treasure. Andrew was no saint. If someone was already plotting to commit murder and robbery, there was no reason to show them mercy. That would be foolish. Furthermore, his inquiry about past events carried a significant risk.

There was a real possibility that Guillermo would find out, which would prompt him to take immediate action. Andrew had already experienced Guillermo's terrifying ability to manipulate events from the shadows. Once that man began orchestrating events, the complications would only multiply, leaving Andrew with no room to maneuver. The best

approach was to proceed quietly and in secret. This made Dallas a liability who absolutely had to die.

If Andrew let him live, Dallas' cunning nature meant he would inevitably spread word of Andrew's identity, even with the incentive of a ninth-grade supreme elixir. Besides, the moonstone box Andrew was carrying did not actually contain a ninth-grade Divine Pill in the first place. ---- Dallas had tried to outsmart Andrew, but Andrew had anticipated this and prepared accordingly. He had already searched Dallas' body thoroughly and found various miscellaneous items, along with a rare ancient medicinal herb that Dallas had won at the auction.

Finding nothing else of value, Andrew dusted off his hands and left. As he approached the exit of the auction house, he removed his mask and walked out as if nothing had happened, leaving the Reyes Grand Auction House behind. Even if Dallas' body was discovered later, as long as Andrew left no evidence or clues at the scene, he could simply claim ignorance. Of course, if someone sharp like Valerie decided to dig deeper, it would not be hard for her to suspect Andrew. However, the thing was, Andrew never feared the trouble that came after he had already acted.

If he was bold enough to kill, he was ready for the consequences. "Well, look who finally decided to show his damn face. Took you long enough, asshole. I've been waiting so long, my patience's gone cold," a mocking voice suddenly called out. Just as Andrew was about to step out of the auction house, he froze. Trouble had arrived sooner than he expected. He smiled ---- faintly, though the smile never reached his eyes, and looked up at the group blocking his path. Standing at the front was Benny. His eyes narrowed dangerously as he glared at Andrew, his expression twisting with rage.

"Come here and get on your knees," Benny growled. Andrew's grin widened, sharp as a blade. "Get lost. I'm not in the best mood right now, so don't make me kill you." Benny barked out a laugh, eyes flashing with malice. He had not even done anything yet, and this guy was already acting tough. The audacity made his blood boil. "You're dead!" he spat, his smile turning vicious as he lunged forward and slammed a palm straight at Andrew's chest.

READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT [find●novel](#)

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2387

---- Chapter 2387 At the same time, Benny's other hand moved with a hidden trick. A steel spike, hidden in his palm, shot forward in a sneaky strike aimed at Andrew's arm,

following right behind his first attack. The two martial experts from the Murphy family stood behind them, watching coldly without intervening. In their minds, Andrew was doomed. Benny was the scion of the Murphy family, someone accustomed to throwing his weight around Chetvne. He was a ridiculously wealthy and privileged heir, frequently bullying and preying on others.

So, they believed Andrew would likely follow the same pattern as all the others who had crossed him before. Without a doubt, this would end in bloodshed. Benny's sneak attack would connect, and then Andrew would be beaten within an inch of his life. Eventually, Andrew would find himself on his knees, at Benny's mercy to do with as he pleased. The two martial experts regarded the scene with cold indifference, even finding satisfaction in Benny's tyrannical display. Yet, in the next instant, everything changed. Andrew caught Benny's palm strike directly in his hand, stopping it cold.

Then, a violent surge of power erupted outward. Benny's face turned blood-red instantly as he let out a scream of pain. ---- Benny barely qualified as a martial saint, and that was only because the Murphy family's patriarch had expended enormous resources to artificially boost his incompetent son to that level. Nonetheless, martial strength could not be purchased with money alone. In the presence of someone as powerful as Andrew, Benny's life could be ruined in a heartbeat if Andrew so desired. "My hand, you bastard!" Benny shrieked as excruciating pain consumed him.

In desperation, he redirected his steel spike toward Andrew's face. Andrew's expression remained completely blank, though a hint of mockery flickered in his eyes. He raised his other hand and positioned it in front of his brow. The spike struck his palm with a dull metallic sound. Then, Andrew's hand closed, gripping the spike and crushing it until it warped completely out of shape. Benny gasped in horror, his face draining of all color as if he were staring at a ghost. [READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT](#)

The two bodyguards behind him immediately rushed forward, their energy surging violently "Please, show mercy!" "Don't harm Mr. Murphy!" ---- Andrew's voice was calm and cold. "Too late." He drove his foot forward. The kick landed with a deep, echoing boom, like a hammer against stone. Benny's face went from blood-red to deathly pale in an instant, and blood burst from his mouth as he flew backward. "You monster!" the two bodyguards roared as they finally reached Andrew, their fury absolute. Two sharp surges of overwhelming force came crashing down from both sides.

Andrew's lips curved into a cold smile. Releasing his grip, he let Benny collapse backward. In that brief opening, without even glancing to either side, he unleashed two devastating palm strikes. Fighting two opponents at once, Andrew did not move an inch from his position. The two Murphy family experts, both martial saints who represented the family's standing, were caught completely off guard. They both grunted in unison before their feet began sliding backward across the ground. With each step they retreated, their feet left half-inch-deep impressions in the floor.

Only after backing up five full steps did the two martial saint experts finally manage to stabilize themselves. ---- One of them raised a trembling finger toward Andrew, trying to speak. "You..." Before he could finish, he coughed up a mouthful of blood and dropped to one knee. The other guard followed suit, spitting out blood just to ease the crushing pressure on his chest. "I told you," Andrew said as he shook his head, stepping forward slowly, "I'm not in a good mood right now. But you just wouldn't listen." Benny's face had gone completely white with terror. "Please forgive me!"

I'm so sorry! I was blind and foolish earlier. Please don't hold it against someone as insignificant as me!"

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2388

---- Chapter 2388 Andrew grinned, not bothering to waste more words on Benny. The two Murphy family experts felt their scalps tingling and instinctively wanted to flee. However, Benny was their employer. If they abandoned him now, there was no way he would survive. Besides, how would they ever explain themselves to the Murphy family patriarch when they returned? The two had no choice but to force down their fear and trembling. "Please stop!" one of them called out desperately. "We apologize! Please don't strike again!" With a sharp snap, Andrew flicked his finger.

The twisted steel spike in his hand shot out at a speed too fast for the eye to follow. Both Murphy experts immediately cursed in their hearts; certain death was next. But after a second of stunned silence, they glanced at each other, realizing that they were completely fine. There were no holes in their chests, no heads blown apart. The pain never came. ---- Then, they heard a raspy groan behind them. Both froze as their necks stiffened, and they slowly turned around Benny was lying on his back staring upward with eyes wide open, dead and unblinking. The source of this content is find~novel~net

The fatal wound was obvious: a hole punched clean through his chest where his heart had been. Andrew's flick had been perfectly lethal. "What..." The two bodyguards stood there, completely blank, as if their souls had been ripped out. Andrew, showing no hesitation after the kill, simply walked past the two paralyzed men and disappeared into the street moments later. He did not even bother harassing them further. The moment Andrew left, chaos erupted outside the auction house doors, "Mr. Murphy was killed right here in the street!"

This is absolutely insane!" "Holy hell, even two martial saints couldn't protect him? Are we sure this isn't some god-tier assassin?" "Whoever that guy was, he's terrifying! This

is Chetvine... Even here, people usually show some damn respect!" "Wait... that guy looked familiar, didn't he?" ---- "IL remember now! That was the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince! The one who just returned to Chetvine and broke through all the blockades set by the Cunningham family, the Robertson family, and countless other powers!" "Benny really did it this time. He pissed off the wrong guy!

That's the biggest monster in Chetvine. Man, that's rarer than winning the lottery!" After a long while, the two Murphy family experts finally regained their senses. Their first instinct was to run, but they immediately abandoned that thought in the next second. Running was pointless. Whether it was the ruthless Murphy family patriarch or the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince, they were both far beyond their ability to escape from. If they fled, they would spend the rest of their lives consumed by fear, living in a personal hell from which they could never recover.

The two men made their final decision. They carefully lifted Benny's corpse and returned to the Murphy family estate to await the patriarch's judgment. Back inside the auction house, Enzo, the auction manager who had previously clashed with Andrew, was drenched in cold sweat. He was so terrified that he nearly fainted from fear. Enzo had actually been partially responsible for Benny's ambush ---- at the doors. It was he who had instigated the whole thing, wanting to watch Benny teach Andrew a lesson as payback for the humiliation Andrew had inflicted on him earlier.

However, he had never expected Benny to crumble so fast. Rather than drawing blood from Andrew, the blade had shattered entirely in his hand. What shocked Enzo most of all was that Andrew had actually dared to commit murder so openly. And the victim was no ordinary person; it was the heir of the Murphy family, one of Chetvine's major powers.

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2389

---- Chapter 2389 Within the Northern Martial Union, the Murphy family patriarch held a position of considerable prestige and power. The family's patriarch was himself a martial emperor. He was new to the rank, sure, and not as brutal as someone like Sergio, but a martial emperor was still a force, like a rampaging bear you could not just bluff. Yet, Andrew had just murdered Benny without hesitation. This was essentially a direct declaration that he did not view the Murphy family as worthy of respect. Enzo trembled uncontrollably as he considered the implications.

What if it had been him instead? What if Andrew had decided to kill him rather than Benny? Would he even be breathing right now? The more Enzo thought about it, the more terrified he became. "Mr. Reyes, we have a serious problem!" Joaquin's urgent voice cut through Enzo's anxious spiral at that moment. Enzo's irritation flared immediately as he spun around. "What now? Mr. Briggs, you're getting on in years. Can't you deliver news without causing such a commotion?" ---- Joaquin's face had turned ashen. "Mr. Reyes, this isn't about causing a commotion. We're facing a major crisis.

Someone died in the underground private trading event." Enzo's eyelid twitched violently. "What? Someone died? Who? Have you determined who it was?" Joaquin gritted his teeth. "We've confirmed it. It was Dallas Rutledge, that greedy and cunning old bastard. While Dallas himself isn't particularly significant, the problem is that he was Kirian Seaver's junior. Given Kirian's temperament, he'll almost certainly come here and cause a scene." Enzo's throat tightened as he muttered in despair. "It's over. We're done for. Why am I cursed with such rotten luck?

I've barely started managing this auction house and haven't even accumulated much profit before this disaster strikes. Why is the universe so determined to torment me?" Joaquin remained relatively composed despite the crisis. "Mr. Reyes, it's not the universe tormenting you; it's someone else entirely. Dallas was a notable figure by any measure. His death on our premises will undoubtedly provoke Kirian's fury. I suggest that you immediately notify the main family and let them make a decision." Enzo looked helpless and disoriented. "Notify the main family? Yes, that's right...

I should contact the family. But there's a ---- problem: we don't even know who the murderer is. When the family finds out, they'll definitely blame me, too. What should I do? Mr. Briggs, what should I do?" Joaquin appeared stumped, his expression complicated. "I'm not sure what to do either. We can only take things one step at a time. Dallas was a regular customer here, so many people knew him. The fact that someone was still willing to kill him suggests this person either has tremendous confidence or deliberately wanted to cause trouble here." Enzo's brow furrowed as he gestured rapidly.

"Wait, hold on just a moment. Could the person who killed Dallas be Andrew?" Joaquin's eyes widened in surprise. "That's... unlikely, isn't it? He was a first-time visitor here. Would someone really commit murder so brutally on their first visit?" Enzo clenched his teeth. "It was him. It has to be him. Regardless of whether it actually was, when we report to the main family and if Kirian asks, we'll say Andrew was responsible. Joaquin sighed heavily. "We can't just make something up like that. Without evidence, Mr. Lloyd isn't someone you can easily provoke. Even Ms.

Reyes couldn't get the better of him. So, Mr. Reyes, I'm advising you against acting rashly. Let's notify the main family first and see what they decide." ---- Enzo's face darkened with frustration. "That idiot Dallas... Of all the places in Chetvine, he just had

to die on the Reyes family's premises. Fine, we'll do it your way. Let's notify the main family first." New novel chapters are published on Find-Novel

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2390

---- Chapter 2390 Back at the Lloyd family estate, in his small, shabby house, Andrew clapped his hands, realizing there was still one thing he had forgotten. He had not yet asked Valerie whether she was willing to marry his junior, Amari. Yes, Valerie. She was the one Andrew thought might actually be worthy of Amari. Sure, she was still young and a bit naive. Her skills were not exactly impressive. Decent, maybe, but her background made up for it. Born into the Reyes family, her family's influence and status were solid. And that, above all else, was what Andrew valued most.

Amari, on the other hand, had no family, no connections, and his martial skills were only average. His only real asset was his mastery of alchemy. With his eighth-grade divine alchemist status, marrying Valerie could still be considered a decent match. Of course, his greatest backing was not his alchemy, it was Andrew himself. He had mentioned Amari's lack of a wife before, and now, he ---- figured it was about time to arrange something for his junior. That evening, after dinner with the beautiful Aspen and Natasha, the three of them washed up early and got ready for bed.

"Honey, are we doing it tonight?" Aspen asked shyly, her cheeks pink. Natasha's eyes glowed with expectation, clearly waiting for Andrew's cue. Seeing their faces, Andrew could only rub his temples helplessly. "Not tonight. Let's talk about something else instead. Sex can wait." Aspen giggled. "Fine by me! I'm not in a hurry anyway. It's Natasha who's eager!" Natasha, lying on the other side of Andrew with Aspen between them, immediately protested. "Aspen! What nonsense are you talking about? You're the one thirsting for it, not me! Darling, don't listen to her..."

I'm innocent!" Andrew chuckled. "Alright, alright. None of you is needy, and you're both pure angels. Happy? I actually wanted to ask you ladies something. My junior is 70 this year and is considering getting married. Do you think it'd be appropriate if I matched him with a young lady from one of the five great clans?" Aspen's eyes went wide in disbelief. "Wait... What? Your junior? ---- 70? T-That's grandpa age! You mean to tell me this old bachelor's gone 70 years without a woman? He's way too old! "Let's be real..."

He's already got one foot in the grave, and you're out here trying to find him a young miss from the five great clans? Can he even handle it? Since when did the five great clans 'daughters become so cheap that anyone can just pick one up like fruit in the

market?" Natasha nodded in agreement. "She's right. From a woman's perspective, darling, if you told us to marry a 70-year-old grandpa, we'd rather jump off a cliff." Andrew's face darkened. "Come on, besides being a little older, he's basically perfect. You two don't understand." Aspen folded her arms. "Oh yeah? Then enlighten us. Follow current NOVELS on Find★Novel

What exactly makes him so 'perfect'?" Andrew cleared his throat. "First off, he's a divine alchemist of the Sovereign's Apothecary, eighth-grade level. If word gets out, every noble and royal house would be scrambling to get him on their side "Second, he's spent a lifetime refining pills... His wealth is beyond counting. But most importantly, he's my junior. I'm his senior. That alone gives him enough reputation. Whoever marries him gets to enjoy my influence and connections. Isn't that a solid deal?"

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2391

---- Chapter 2391 Natasha giggled when she saw Andrew's serious expression. She said, "Darling, don't get so worked up. It's not that we have a problem with your junior... At his age, it's really hard to find someone." She suggested, "You could still approach this differently if you want. What if we just found someone around his age?" Andrew shook his head without hesitation. "No, absolutely not. My women are all breathtaking ladies. All of them are real knockouts. How could I possibly find someone old for him? "At the very least, she has to come from a powerful or influential family.

Ideally, she should be from one of the elite houses. That way, Amari will have some prestige, and I can rest easy knowing he won't be taken advantage of." Aspen chimed in, "Well, with your connections, you could definitely pull that off for him. Sure, even if a woman thought he was too old, she might overlook that because of you. But let's be realistic, there's no chance a young heiress would be interested in him. The only options left are the older ones... Maybe a widow, or someone divorced with kids or grandkids." Natasha nodded in agreement. "Exactly, that's how it is.

In today's world, once you hit a certain age, finding a wife ---- becomes really tough. Especially for someone like Amari who's already in his 70s..." Andrew frowned and rubbed his temples. "Fine. I guess I was being pretty naive about this whole thing. But there's no way I'm setting him up with a divorcee or a widow with kids, or worse, someone with grandchildren already. "Even if he were interested, which he's not, I'd never approve. Do you know who Amari and I are? With our prestige, if Amari marries someone divorced with kids, or grandkids, even has grandkids... How would that look?

How would we face the other big names after that?" Aspen laughed. "You know, you're kind of adorable right now. Here you are, worried sick about this guy who's so much older than you, like you're his father or something." Andrew looked thoughtful and said, "Let me tell you about the person I've been considering. There's a woman named Valerie from the Reyes family. Now, she can be a bit much sometimes... You know, arrogant and dismissive. But overall, she's got the looks, the charm, and a solid career. You both know Luna Phelans, right? The source of this content is find•novel

Well, Valerie is considered her equal in terms of status and presence." Aspen's eyes went wide in shock. "Hold on... The Reyes family is one of the five great clans, isn't it? And if Valerie is on the same level as Luna, she's got to be absolutely stunning. There's no ---- way Amari even stands a chance." Natasha shook her head firmly. "No way, that's impossible. We all know Luna... She's genuinely one of a kind, a true prodigy. Between her looks, her accomplishments, and her position as a general in the military, she's someone I honestly look up to as a woman.

"And if you're saying Valerie is Luna's equal, then she's bound to have suitors lining up for miles. There's just no way you could make that happen for Amari. I don't see any realistic chance here." Andrew nodded in understanding. "That's exactly why I'm considering her for Amari. She's someone with real standing and prestige. If she weren't worth pursuing, I wouldn't even be thinking about her for Amari. "Look, let me sleep on it for now. Tomorrow, I'm going to sit down with Amari personally and discuss this whole situation. Then we'll figure out the best way to move forward."

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2392

---- Chapter 2392 The night passed quietly. The next morning, Andrew headed straight to Sovereign's Apothecary. Amari greeted him with a grin. "Andrew, this is a surprise. What brings you here so early?" Andrew waved him over. "Come on, let's talk in your courtyard." Amari's eyes lit up, and he chuckled mischievously. "Did you bring me some wine? I know it's work hours, but Madam Baxter's not around. No one's going to stop me from having a little drink." Andrew shot him a glare. "That's all you ever think about! It's early morning, and instead of working, you just want to booze. This content belongs to

Come on, I'm here because we need to discuss something important." Amari's face fell with disappointment. "Fine. Let's talk business first." Soon, the two men settled into comfortable chairs in the courtyard. Amari poured Andrew a cup of tea and asked, "So what's on your ---- mind?" Andrew paused thoughtfully before speaking. "Amari, I've

been thinking about arranging a marriage for you. Since I'm here in Chetvine and Mr. Zeroual is not here, I figured I should look after your future. You're my junior, after all." Amari's neck tensed as he immediately shook his head. " Absolutely not!

Let's forget about this. I'm doing just fine on my own these days. Besides, at my age, what kind of marriage are we even talking about? Am I supposed to find an old lady my age? Let me be clear! I'm not interested. I've been a bachelor all my life, and that's how it'll stay!" Andrew looked genuinely surprised. "You're still a virgin? Are you serious?" Amari's face flushed red with embarrassment and anger. "Yes, completely serious. I was abandoned on the side of the road when I was born. Some farmers found me and raised me randomly until I was about five years old, then they passed away.

"I spent the next seven years working odd jobs at a small sect just to survive and eat. Then I met Mr. Zeroual, and he saw something in me. He thought I was clever, so he took me on as his assistant in herbal medicine. I didn't even get officially recognized as his official apprentice until I was 55 years old." He continued, "Unlike you, who came from a prestigious family ---- in Chetvine, your handsome father brought you to meet Mr. Zeroual as a child.

He didn't even put on his shoes; he just said he'd rather die without a piece of him intact than pass up the chance to take you as his student. Do you see the difference between us? How could our paths be so different?" Andrew smiled gently and waved his hand dismissively. "Alright, alright, stop with all the emotional talk. Let's focus on what matters. I've found someone for you, and she's actually quite suitable. I wanted to come see what you think about it today." Amari looked skeptical. "Fine, who is she? But if she's a widow, divorced, or a loudmouth, I'm not interested." Andrew sighed.

"Come on, you know me. I'm Andrew Lloyd. Would I ever set you up with someone like that?" Amari finally smiled, his tone lighter. "Alright then, tell me. Which family is she from?" Andrew crossed his arms proudly. "She's from the Reyes family. What do you think?" Amari frowned. "The Reyes family? That clan's reputation isn't exactly spotless. Their backing, the Umbral Peak Sect, is known for walking a darker path. I'm not a fan of that crowd." Andrew waved dismissively. "Forget all that. What matters is whether this woman suits you or not." ---- Amari nodded slowly.

"Alright, then tell me about her." Andrew leaned in. "Her name's Valerie. She's about my age, maybe a little younger or older, hardly any difference."

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2393

---- Chapter 2393 Amari's jaw dropped. "Andrew, you've got to be joking with me. Valerie is one of Chetvine's most beautiful women, and she's famous for being ruthless and cutthroat. She holds the rank of major general in the military, and I've heard that even General Turman can't always get her to comply with orders. He continued, You're setting me up with someone like that? Do you really think she'd agree to this, and more importantly, do you think I could handle her?" Andrew gave a cold smirk. "You're really something, Amari. You haven't even tried, and you're already scared off.

Tell me honestly, do you think I'm impressive enough?" Amari nodded emphatically without hesitation. "You're absolutely impressive. There are countless talented young people in Chetvine, but the most impressive one? It's not bragging or favoritism, but Andrew, you're genuinely in a class of your own. Even Madam Baxter has said the same thing about you." Andrew scoffed coldly. "Then what's the problem? If you already know that I'm capable enough to handle things, why are you scared about me arranging a marriage with Valerie? There's nothing we can't do.

I'll handle whatever comes our way." ---- Amari's eyes flickered with uncertainty. "Andrew, are you being serious about this?" Andrew nodded firmly. "Dead serious. I couldn't be more serious if I tried. What I need now is to find someone who has strong connections to the Reyes family, carries enough weight, and can serve as a matchmaker. I could do it myself, truthfully. However, arranging a marriage proposal isn't really something a man should handle directly, especially one like me. "Beyond that, there's significant tension between the Reyes family and me already.

So I need to find someone influential enough to act as an intermediary and command respect in the process." Amari nodded, then shook his head. "Andrew, I know you mean well for me. But having me marry someone like Valerie, someone so much younger, just feels wrong, you know?" Andrew waved his concern away. "That uncomfortable feeling is exactly the point, because you'd be robbing the cradle. But listen to me before you object further. The reason you can pull off this relationship is that you have the strength and resources to back it up.

"First, marrying into the Reyes family would solve your main weakness: military power and combat strength. With a family that powerful behind you, nobody in Chetvine would dare cross ---- you "Second, you and I are both well-established here in Chetvine, so together we have enough standing to negotiate with the Reyes family on equal footing. In other words, the basic requirements for you to marry Valerie are solid; there's nothing wrong with it. The only real question now is whether Valerie herself will have a problem with your age." Amari groaned, shaking his head. "Of course she'll mind.

No doubt about it. I mean, sure, it wouldn't be a bad deal for me, but Valerie? A woman like her? You think she'd go for that?" Andrew let out a harsh laugh. "Whether she accepts it or not isn't really her choice to make. Marriages in elite families are decided by the family itself; that's how these high-society families have always operated. I couldn't care less what Valerie thinks about it; what matters is that she gives you

healthy sons. Anyway, we'll need to prepare something impressive so the Reyes family won't reject you outright." Amari sighed.

"Other than alchemy, I don't have any real advantages. Money isn't a problem, but the Reyes family and Valerie are definitely not short on cash." Andrew waved him off.

"That's a small issue. Leave that to me. First, you're going to refine ten ninth-grade supreme elixirs. Their value alone could buy out half a noble estate. We'll use them as the wedding gift, and trust me... In all of Chetvine, nothing will ---- top that." Amari gawked in disbelief. "Ten ninth-grade supreme elixirs? Andrew, that's insane! We'd be bleeding ourselves dry!"

I can't believe I'm saying this, but even for a woman like Valerie, that's overkill. She's extraordinary, sure, but not worth that much!"

This text is hosted at [find~novel~net](http://find-novel.net)

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2394

---- Chapter 2394 Andrew shook his head firmly. "Don't worry about the cost, as I'm willing to pay for this. Besides, this is only the beginning of what I'm planning. I'm going to find additional ways to sweeten the deal for the Reyes family... I'll give them a reason they simply cannot refuse." Without another word, he got to work. Andrew immediately set up a cauldron right there in Amari's courtyard and began crafting elixirs with total focus. He had not forgotten that Brielle still owed him two items.

Previously, he had obtained the Blackstar Crystal and had already created the Soul-Restoring Pill, which he had given to Sovereign's Apothecary in return. However, besides the Blackstar Crystal, there were two other things Andrew had requested that Sovereign's Apothecary still could not provide. Since they could not deliver, Andrew saw no reason to hold back. Sovereign's Apothecary was essentially his personal playground to draw from as he pleased. While Andrew was focused on refining, Luna arrived at the Sovereign's Apothecary with her aide, Leslie.

The reception staff greeted her immediately with professional ---- courtesy. "General Phelan, welcome." Luna walked past them with a measured pace, nodding slightly, her tone formal. "Thank you for having me. I'll probably be coming here quite often for a while, so I hope Madam Baxter won't find it troublesome." The staff member was Caden, the skilled alchemist who happened to be on friendly terms with Mikayla. As he stood near Luna and took in her striking features up close, he could not help but feel genuinely captivated by her presence. The source of this content is [find●novel](http://find-novel.net)

"It's no trouble at all, absolutely no trouble whatsoever. Having you come to our apothecary to study alchemy is truly an honor for us. If I may ask, do you already have a teacher in mind, or would you like a recommendation?" Luna shook her head calmly. "I haven't decided yet." Caden's face lit up with opportunity. "Well, that simplifies things considerably. Given your rank and status, General, the least we can offer is a mentor at the eighth-grade divine alchemist level. I'd recommend my own teacher, Mr. Theon Orben.

How does that sound, General?" Luna's sharp eyebrows drew together slightly, but she remained silent. Leslie spoke up on her behalf. "Our General wants to be sure if ---- Mr. Orben is truly an eighth-grade divine alchemist." Caden lifted his chin proudly. "Of course! In fact, he just returned from advanced training at the Divine Alchemists Academy. Right now, no one in the Sovereign's Apothecary can surpass him. He's the best of the best." Leslie gave a cold chuckle. "Oh, really? What about Mr. Amari Goodman? From what I've heard, he's not exactly a novice." Caden gave an awkward laugh. "Mr.

Goodman is indeed an eighth-grade divine alchemist too. But honestly, compared to Mr. Orben, he's on a different level." Leslie was about to argue, but Luna raised a hand to stop her. "For now, I'll observe for a couple of days before deciding. I'd like to discuss my mentorship directly with Madam Baxter." Caden was a bit disappointed but had no choice except to agree. Luna was a major general in the military, and her presence here symbolized a strong alliance between the military and the Sovereign's Apothecary.

Someone at his level could only make suggestions, and the final decision was far above his pay grade. With that, Luna began wandering through the Apothecary grounds. Each eighth-grade divine alchemist had their own private courtyard, and the entire facility housed nearly ten of them in total. ---- Even Luna, who had seen her share of power, was quietly impressed. "Ten divine alchemists under one roof... That's enough expertise to support an entire military unit of advanced combatants." Leslie smiled. "Exactly.

An eighth-grade divine alchemist is someone even the royal houses and major families fight to recruit. Though I do wonder if the Sovereign's Apothecary has anyone above the eighth grade?"

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2395

---- Chapter 2395, Luna chuckled softly. "Let's not get ahead of ourselves. After the eighth-grade comes the ninth-grade supreme alchemist. From what I know, there are

only a handful in the entire country who've reached that level. Most of them belong to ancient sects, not modern academies. "Sovereign's Apothecary is based in Chetvine City, so they don't have one. But the organization behind them, the Divine Alchemists, does have a few ninth-grade masters." Leslie nodded and asked, "General, we've been walking around all morning.

Have you decided which alchemy master you want to learn from?" Luna shook her head. "I won't be taking a mentor. I'll just seek some guidance." Leslie smiled. "Makes sense. With your status, General, even though these experts at Sovereign's Apothecary are incredibly skilled, none of them are really qualified to take you as a disciple. "But still, even if you're only picking someone to learn from, you'll need to decide soon. If Madam Baxter returns and finds out we've been hesitating, she might think you're being arrogant." Luna nodded in agreement. "You're right about that.

Madam ---- Baxter is someone whom even General Turman treats with respect. Since we're asking for her help, we can't afford to seem ungrateful or too particular." Her beautiful, flawless face showed genuine uncertainty for once. "I'm trying to decide between studying under Mr. Goodman or Mr. Orben. Within Sovereign's Apothecary, Mr. Goodman has a reputation as a genuinely good person. He's kind -hearted, not driven by ambition, and exceptionally skilled in his craft. "Mr. Orben, on the other hand, is quite calculating and ambitious.

I've heard he's even been making moves to challenge Madam Baxter's authority. While his alchemy skills are equally impressive, I've never been comfortable working closely with people who are overly manipulative and self-serving." Leslie grinned. "Well, that settles it then. Let's just go meet with Mr. Goodman directly and work something out with him." Luna smiled in return. "Good idea." Meanwhile, Caden hurried over to find Theon, who was meditating in his courtyard. "What is it?" Theon asked, opening his eyes with a hint of annoyance. ---- Caden spoke carefully. "Mr.

Orben, Major General Luna Phelans has come to Sovereign's Apothecary to study alchemy. I recommended you as her mentor." Theon's expression instantly brightened. "Excellent. Very good. All that effort I've put into training you finally paid off. Luna is Philip's prized student. If I can get her to take me as her mentor, it'll be a huge boost for my standing here." He rose to his feet at once. "Call the other apprentices, and bring Mikayla too. Let's make this grand. We'll personally invite General Phelan to join our ranks." Caden nodded eagerly. "Yes, sir.

I'll get everyone right away." He rushed off and soon found Mikayla in the alchemy chamber, practicing her craft. After explaining the situation, she looked genuinely surprised. "Luna's here to study alchemy? I didn't expect her to have an interest in that. I wonder how talented she actually is." Caden grinned. "Come on, Mikayla, Luna's a rare beauty and a genius in martial arts... Everyone in Chetvine knows that. Even Valerie Reyes is often compared to her. With such high talent in combat, I doubt her potential in alchemy will be bad." Mikayla frowned, unimpressed.

"That doesn't necessarily mean anything. Martial arts and alchemy are two completely different ---- worlds." Chapters first released on

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2396

---- Chapter 2396 Caden immediately understood what was happening and recognized that Mikayla did not appreciate him praising another woman in front of her, so he quickly switched tactics with a flattering grin. "You're absolutely right, Mikayla. You can't have your cake and eat it too. Maybe God opened one window for Luna but closed all the other doors. To be as exceptional as you are, mastering both alchemy and martial arts at the highest level... Well, girls like that are practically extinct." Mikayla's vanity was clearly satisfied, though she kept her expression serious.

"I wouldn't say all that. General Phelan is definitely not your average person. Anyway, as hosts here, we should meet her. If she chooses to join us, that would be ideal." Caden beamed. "Absolutely! If General Phelan and you both end up studying under Mr. Orben, we would become the most talked- about section of Sovereign's Apothecary. Two beautiful, exceptionally talented women in one group? Nobody could compete with that." Mikayla shook her head dismissively. "Don't bother with that kind of thinking. She's the type of woman who stays above everyone else, and you should just accept that.

Don't waste your energy fantasizing about it." ---- Caden felt embarrassed by the rebuke. Mikayla certainly had a way of reading his thoughts accurately, he had to admit. By midday, Andrew had finished his morning work crafting elixirs and headed to the cafeteria with Amari. While it was called a cafeteria, it was actually the most upscale restaurant at Sovereign's Apothecary. The profit margins in the alchemy business far exceeded those of gold, weapons manufacturing, or even some of the shadiest underground enterprises. In other words, the returns were almost incomprehensibly massive.

That was precisely why the Divine Alchemists were reputed to be the wealthiest faction in all of Holtrien, wealthy enough to rival entire nations. Amari shook his head and said in awe, "Andrew, you're absolutely incredible. You just made two ninth-grade supreme elixirs this morning. I've only ever seen Mr. Zeroual pull that off." Andrew smiled modestly. "I wouldn't call it impressive, honestly. I'm nowhere near Mr. Zeroual's level. Besides, the elixirs I made aren't rare. They're among the most common ninth-grade formulas, so they're easier to refine." Amari sighed with genuine appreciation.

"Even if they're the ---- most basic ones, ninth-grade is ninth-grade. That's something few could even comprehend. Honestly, even if you stopped pursuing martial arts, your skill in alchemy alone could let you rule any corner of the world." Andrew replied flatly, "Alchemy is valuable, sure. It can save lives and preserve them. But it can't address the root causes of suffering. Only martial strength can provide real solutions in this chaotic, mad world we live in." Amari looked puzzled. "What do you mean by real solutions?" Andrew smiled slightly.

"Using force to stop force." Amari's eye twitched noticeably, and his expression became complicated. "Andrew, sometimes you're honestly terrifying. No wonder so many people in Chetvine can't stand you." Andrew waved his hand dismissively. "So what if they can't stand me? Can they actually kill me?" Amari laughed. "No way!" Sovereign's Apothecary's dining hall had three floors, each divided by rank. In the alchemy world, hierarchy was absolute. Low-tier alchemists could only dine on the first floor unless they were under the patronage of a higher-ranked mentor.

Mid-tier alchemists, like Caden and Mikayla, were seated on the second floor. The third floor, however, was reserved for the highest ---- authorities, like Brielle and masters like Amari and Theon.

The rightful source is [findnovel](#)

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2397

---- Chapter 2397 Andrew and Amari made their way up to the third floor together. As they passed the second level, they happened to encounter Mikayla and Caden dining with several other admirers of Mikayla's. When Mikayla spotted Andrew walking past, her expression darkened for just a moment before she quickly composed herself. However, Andrew completely ignored her presence. His indifferent demeanor only made Mikayla feel worse, as though invisible insects were crawling all over her skin. Did he look down on her? What right did he have to treat her that way? Read complete version only at

The more Mikayla thought about it, the more uncomfortable she became. She set down her utensils abruptly and said, "You all go ahead and eat. I'm going to head upstairs to find Mr. Orben." Being the heiress of the Owens family, she had no trouble accessing the third floor. On the third floor of the restaurant, Theon was in the middle of showing off to Luna and Leslie, boasting extensively about his accomplishments in alchemy and his standing in the field. He ---- mentioned his long-standing friendship with Philip, casually dropping the name to establish his credentials.

Finally, he extended his invitation. "Come study under me, General Phelan. I can promise you that I'll teach you everything I've learned over my lifetime. Moreover, I'll instruct you as one of my select inner disciples. "There's only one condition I ask: If you accept me as your mentor and we establish a formal mentor-apprentice relationship, then we'll be bound by that commitment." He gazed at Luna expectantly, hoping she would agree. Luna considered her words carefully before responding. "Thank you very much for the honor, Mr. Orben.

However, since I've only just arrived at Sovereign's Apothecary, I'd like to spend more time learning about the place first. Additionally, I already have a mentor, and I don't feel comfortable taking on another one formally." Theon chuckled dismissively. "That's not necessarily a conflict, is it? General Turman is your martial mentor; we all know and respect that. I could be your alchemy mentor instead. Martial training and alchemy are completely separate disciplines, after all." Luna frowned slightly.

She thought Theon was being too pushy for her taste, and she disliked having her decisions pressured by ---- others. Just as she was about to politely decline, a familiar voice broke through the air with a teasing laugh. "General Phelan, are you here to find a mentor and study alchemy? If so, I have someone I'd like to recommend. My junior, Amari Goodman." The moment Luna heard that voice, her body stiffened involuntarily. She suppressed the joy and surprise that threatened to show in her eyes and turned to look.

Andrew and Amari had just sat down at a table beside them and were in the process of ordering their meal. Leslie's eyes widened with recognition. "General, it's him!" Before Luna could respond, one of Theon's apprentices spoke up coldly. "What do you mean by that? Mr. Orben is in the middle of accepting a student. It's rude to interrupt!" Theon's expression darkened, though he did not speak yet. Andrew looked up lazily and said, "What's wrong? Is Sovereign's Apothecary your private property? Or Mr. Orben's?

Since when do I need your permission to speak?" The student flushed bright red, caught completely off guard. "Mr. Orben, they..." ---- Theon raised a hand sharply, cutting him off. "Enough. You're not qualified to speak here." He turned back toward Andrew and Amari, his voice cold and dripping with disdain. "You two again. I don't go looking for trouble with you, yet here you are bringing it to me. Especially you, Andrew. What's that supposed to mean?" He sneered. "Do you really think General Phelan would even consider your drunkard of a junior, Amari?"

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2398

---- Chapter 2398 Amari was furious and snapped, "Theon, you're no saint yourself. I might love my drink, but at least I'm not a scheming fraud pretending to be a proper alchemist." Theon sneered. "Scheming or not, my alchemy is no worse than yours. Doesn't that piss you off?" Amari slammed the table. "Fine! Then how about we find out?" Theon chuckled. "Ignorant brute. Sure, let's see what you've got. You think I'm afraid of you?" The tension between them shot up instantly, both looking ready to throw down.

Andrew tapped his spoon lightly against his plate, the sound sharp in the air, "Amari, sit down. Why waste your energy on someone irrelevant?" Then, he turned toward Theon with a faint smile. "You want a match? How about you try me instead?" Theon's face darkened as he let out a cold snort. "Don't get cocky. There'll be plenty of chances." He had confirmed multiple times that Andrew was indeed a ninth-grade supreme master alchemist, which filled him with both ---- jealousy and shock.

However, with Luna present, if he agreed to a competition and lost, or worse, suffered a humiliating defeat, he would be shooting himself in the foot. The consequences would far outweigh any benefit, so he had no intention of accepting the challenge. Andrew looked at him with clear contempt. "Since you don't have the guts, then stay out of my way. Theon, I don't care what you're planning or what tricks you have up your sleeve. But I'm telling you this one time: if you try anything underhanded, I can take you down whenever I feel like it." Theon's face turned purple with rage.

He roared, "You arrogant brat! What did you just say? Don't push your luck!" They were in a public place, yet Andrew showed him no respect at all. It was a direct slap to his face, and everyone watching could feel it. Meanwhile, Luna and Leslie, who had been observing the exchange, began to understand the situation more clearly. Both women were genuinely shocked. First of all, Andrew was actually the senior of an eighth-grade master alchemist, Amari. The rank alone seemed absolutely absurd. Additionally, he appeared to be remarkably arrogant, showing no respect whatsoever to Theon. Content originally comes from [find{n}ovel](#)

---- Did that mean Andrew's alchemy skills actually surpassed Theon's? Leslie's mouth fell slightly open as she considered whether such a thing was even possible. Luna, however, felt her heart racing as her mind churned with questions and realizations. When it came to Andrew, she realized she could not see through him at all. Just when she thought she understood the limits of his abilities, there was always another layer beneath the surface. She thought she had seen the mountain's peak, but what she saw was merely the tip above the clouds.

The rest of him was vast, terrifying, and deep; all hidden far below the surface. Leslie finally could not contain her curiosity and spoke up. "Mr. Goodman, is Mr. Lloyd really your senior? If I may be frank, the age difference between you two seems rather significant." Amari answered with unmistakable pride. "Age difference is irrelevant. Andrew is gifted beyond measure. He's the sole disciple of the greatest alchemist in the

world, the legendary God of Medicine himself "Before reaching 30 years old, he already achieved the rank of a ninth-grade supreme alchemist.

Even compared to the founding masters of the Divine Alchemists, he's not inferior in the ---- slightest. So, yes... Calling him my senior isn't just right; it's an honor. He's more than worthy to stand as the ruler of the entire alchemy world." Leslie was stunned speechless, her eyes wide with disbelief. Luna's expression softened, her gaze flickering with emotion as her heart began to race. Back when they were in Gabo Creek's capital, she had asked Andrew to teach her alchemy. He had refused, which had left both of them feeling somewhat displeased with each other.

Now, by pure chance, she had found her way to Chetvine and encountered him again, this time through alchemy. Luna now fully understood that his alchemical skills had reached the absolute pinnacle. He was not just a martial genius who had defeated Ezekiel and dominated the world of martial arts. His mastery of alchemy was equally, if not more, transcendent. Did that mean Andrew had essentially mastered both martial arts and alchemy, with no one left to challenge him?

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2399

---- Chapter 2399 Theon's face darkened. "Andrew, you'd better wise up. Even if your alchemy is superior, I'm hardly lacking in skill myself. General Phelan didn't come here just to learn alchemy. "She'll need to interact with various professionals in the alchemy field and deal with the Divine Alchemists. I would be her guide, the most suitable mentor for her. You, on the other hand, only know how to shut yourself away and craft elixirs; you have nothing else to offer." Andrew curled his lip dismissively. "Alchemy is alchemy. Why complicate it with extras?

Theon, that's exactly why your skills are second-rate and your mind is scattered in too many directions." Luna suddenly spoke up with hopeful anticipation. "Mr. Lloyd, would you possibly be willing to teach me alchemy?" Andrew shook his head directly. "I'm afraid not." Everyone at the table was caught off guard by his blunt refusal. Even Theon had not expected this. He actually rejected Luna? She was someone every alchemist would fight to take under their wing. 'This arrogant fool just made a huge mistake!' Theon thought ---- with an internal smirk. For original chapters go to [Find1Novel](#)

By putting on airs and acting superior, Andrew had handed him the perfect opportunity on a silver platter. Leslie's voice rose with indignation. "Mr. Lloyd, what do you mean by that? General Phelan graciously asked you, and you rejected her. At least give us a

reason." Andrew snorted coldly. "There's no reason to give. I don't want to; it's too much trouble, I'm not in the mood, I'm not bothered, and I lack the patience. Do those reasons suffice for you?" Leslie opened her mouth to respond, but found herself completely silenced.

Under normal circumstances, she would have been furious and responded with sharp sarcasm. However, now that she had come to Chetvine and learned that Andrew was the Dragon Prince of the Lloyd family, she did not dare challenge him. He was far beyond her reach, the kind of man who could humble her a hundred times over. Luna's face flushed slightly with embarrassment. She was rarely refused by anyone, let alone by someone whose favor she was actively seeking. As she looked at Andrew, anger and hurt welled up inside her simultaneously, and her expression turned noticeably colder.

"Leslie, that's enough. If I can't reach Mr. Lloyd's standards no ---- matter how hard I try, then there's no point in pursuing it further." Mikayla seized the perfect moment to interject. "Well, General Phelan, it's nice to meet you. I'm Mikayla Owens. I'd like to recommend Mr. Orben as your teacher. He's really the most suitable choice for you." Luna turned to look at the newcomer and nodded politely. "Ms. Owens, hello." Mikayla smiled sweetly, walking over to stand beside Theon. "Mr. Orben," she greeted, her tone dripping with warmth. Theon nodded, his expression easing.

"Mikayla, you're here," he said approvingly. Mikayla took a seat beside him and looked at Luna again. "General Phelan, I came to study at Sovereign's Apothecary before you did. I'm now a sixth-grade potion master. Frankly, the best mentor here is Mr. Orben. Others might have talent, but when it comes to actual teaching, no one compares to him." Luna seemed intrigued by this information. "Ms. Owens, you've already reached sixth-grade status?" Mikayla smiled confidently. "That's right.

General Phelan, we're both women, and we're both gifted, so there's no need for excessive explanations between us. You should be able to see from my progress exactly which mentor would accelerate your ---- own growth in alchemy the fastest."

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 2400

---- Chapter 2400 Amari could no longer hold back his frustration. "Mikayla, do you have any shame at all? I taught you everything you know about alchemy in the first place. How dare you claim that Theon was the one who taught you?" Mikayla remained perfectly calm and smiled sweetly. "Mr. Goodman, I'm not sure what you're referring to.

As I recall, I was actually expelled from your instruction. After I began studying under Mr. Orbem, my alchemy skills progressed remarkably fast.

If you're trying to take credit for my growth, I'm afraid I can't agree with that." Amari's chest heaved with renewed anger. This version of Mikayla disgusted him more than ever. How had he not seen through her manipulative nature earlier? Here he was, at his age, being played like a fool by her games. The burning frustration in his chest felt nearly unbearable, Andrew, however, had already returned his full attention to his meal. "Amari, finish eating, and let's head back.

This afternoon, we still need to refine three more ninth-grade supreme elixirs to finish the job." He waved dismissively. "Don't waste time on other people. If ---- they want a mentor, that's their business. Everyone should mind their own business, and some people just aren't worth arguing with." Amari nodded repeatedly. "You're right, Andrew." He moved quickly, and within minutes, he finished eating. After that, they cleaned up and left. Theon's expression churned with unease; he had just heard that those two were going to refine ninth-grade supreme elixirs He wanted those too.

Mikayla ground her teeth silently. If she could attach herself to Andrew, then maybe, with a little charm or scheming, she could secure a ninth-grade supreme elixir to boost her standing or use as the Owens family's secret trump card. 1 The more she thought about it, the more she hated Andrew. If she could not have what he had, she vowed to try to ruin him. At that moment, Luna stood and walked after Andrew. Theon was startled. "General Phelan, what are you doing?" Mikayla also rushed up. "General Phelan, please wait." Luna didn't even glance back. "I appreciate both of your kindness, truly.

However, I've already made my decision ---- regarding who will teach me." She did not specify who had earned her choice, but it was obvious to everyone what her actions implied. By following Andrew, she was making her intention unmistakably clear. Theon's face flushed with rage as he shot to his feet abruptly. "It seems I'll have to make arrangements. Those two can't be allowed to stay at Sovereign's Apothecary any longer, especially that brat Andrew." Mikayla's eyes lit up with interest as she picked up on his meaning. "Mr. Orben, what are you planning?" Theon smiled coldly.

"Direct confrontation won't work. That brat is fearless and far too strong. We'll need to apply external pressure instead through outside forces." Mikayla's eyes brightened as she understood his implication. "I see... You're talking about the Divine Alchemists." Theon remained silent, but his cold smirk spoke volumes. Back at the courtyard, Amari had just turned to close the gate behind them when he noticed Luna and Leslie following closely behind. They appeared ready to step inside. ---- Leslie smiled apologetically as she approached. "Mr. Goodman, if you could wait just a moment.

General Phelan would like to come in."

Chapters first released on

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.