

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 2501

---- Chapter 2501 Valerie sighed in boredom. "You're really no fun, you know that? Dad's body can barely handle anything these days, and yet you're still so loyal. I honestly don't know how you keep yourself from exploding." Elaine's face turned red. "Watch your mouth. Let's talk about something serious now. Andrew saw you naked and even touched your chest. That's not a small matter. Finnegan's already back and talking privately with Mr. Vazquez. He'll be home soon." She continued, "Valerie, what exactly do you want? If you tell him everything, Finnegan will make sure you get justice. The link to the origin of this information rests in

No matter the reason, Andrew definitely crossed the line. You're not just anyone... You're a woman and the heiress of our family. Even though Andrew earned our partnership, we still have every right to hold him accountable." Valerie's expression shifted, her mood flickering between anger and restraint. She suddenly clenched her fist. "If it were up to me, I'd tear him apart piece by piece. That bastard has way too many women orbiting around him, and he's absolutely shameless. You probably don't know this, but even Luna has a thing for him." Elaine's eyes widened. "Luna? Mr. Turman's student?

The young ---- general from the military? She's brilliant, and not to mention, stunningly beautiful. With her looks and status, she could easily marry into a noble family or even the royalty. I never thought she'd fall for Andrew." Valerie smirked. "Falling for him? Not yet. That idiot Andrew probably has no clue how she feels. But I know Luna too well. She's the kind of woman who keeps everything bottled up and never says what she really feels." She added, "I used to think Andrew wasn't worth my attention, but now I've changed my mind.

I'll make him fall for me first, deeply and completely, just so I can torture Luna by making her jealous and miserable. That'll be fun. "But that's just the bonus. Once Andrew's head over heels for me, I'll dump him. That bastard needs to know what it feels like to be slowly cut to pieces emotionally, not physically." Elaine shook her head. "I'm warning you, don't play with fire. You won't win if you play games with Andrew. Valerie, focus on improving your skills and securing a good alliance. That's the only real future for a woman like you.

Everything else is just a waste of time." Valerie folded her arms and said coolly, "You don't have to worry about me. As for what happened between me and Andrew, don't tell Dad. If he finds out, he'll probably storm over there and kill him. ---- Elaine let out a long sigh. "Fine. Handle it your way. I can't control you anymore, just don't cause a disaster." As soon as Elaine left, Valerie's mind replayed the image of Andrew leaning in to kiss

Rowan. Her lips curled into a sharp, hateful smile. She hissed, "Bastard. Eating what's on your plate while eyeing someone else's."

Andrew, if you'd just been a little gentler with me, maybe I wouldn't hate you this much. Just wait. I'll win your heart first. The game's only just begun."

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Chapter 2502

---- Chapter 2502 "Andrew, this is our chance!" Inside the Medicine God's Covenant, Amari excitedly approached Andrew. "Slow down," Andrew said calmly, his tone steady as ever. His body still ached from his injuries, and he could not move too much. Amari leaned in eagerly. "The Sovereign's Apothecary will be negotiating with their major clients in the next few days. The outcome will decide whether they can keep those big contracts. I had heard that their first round of talks had already failed, and sure enough, this morning, Theon himself showed up.

Looks like they're in serious trouble sealing those deals." Andrew's eyes lit up as he nodded. "You're right. Their trouble could be our opportunity. But we'll need a proper plan to seize it. Do you know which clients Sovereign's Apothecary is negotiating with?" Amari nodded. "Of course I do. I've worked at the Sovereign's Apothecary for years, and I was part of several of those deals myself. First is the Robertson family. They've been frustrated with Sovereign's Apothecary's pricing for years.

Every year, they place nearly half a billion dollars in orders, and this time, they've ---- had enough of the markup. The deal's been stalled for months. "The second one is the Iron Sword Sect, one of the biggest factions under the Northern Martial Union. And the last is the influential Webster family from Chetvine. None of those three contracts has been finalized yet. Andrew, I think we should go for it." Andrew thought for a moment, then a confident smile spread across his face. "You're right. We've got this." Amari looked startled. "Andrew, don't get ahead of yourself.

Those three have been Sovereign's loyal partners for years. We're newcomers with no reputation. Why would they trust us? "My plan is simple. I have strong ties with the Webster family. As for the Iron Sword Sect and the Robertson family, we can forget about those for now. If we can just win over the Webster family, that'll be enough for Medicine God's Covenant to take its first step forward." Andrew shook his head, "One client isn't enough. Here's what we'll do: you'll handle the Webster family, and I'll go after the Robertsons and Iron Sword Sect. We'll split up." Amari hesitated.

"You're really going to the Robertsons? They were the ones who tried to kill you back then. If you show up, it'll just stir up old hatred. I say let it go." ---- Andrew smiled faintly. "Old enemies can become allies. Times change. Besides, the Robertsons only acted under pressure back then as they were manipulated by others. My dad explained all that to me long ago. Otherwise, I wouldn't have treated Isabelle so kindly afterward. Enough talk. Let's move. This time, I'll make Theon learn what defeat tastes like." Amari grinned. "Alright then, I'll head to the Webster family. Read full story at

Oh, by the way, Theon's currently with the Iron Sword Sect. You might want to avoid him and go to the Robertsons first." Andrew gave a cold smirk. "Avoid him? Why would I? If he's with Iron Sword Sect, that's exactly where I'm going. I'll go head-to-head with him." The Iron Sword Sect was one of the most renowned martial orders under the Northern Martial Union. Its leader, Devin Kaplan, ranked among the top on the Titan List. Iron Sword Sect specialized in high-end security services. Its disciples were trained in martial arts from childhood, much like the northern monks.

After graduating, they were sent all over the world. Some became mercenaries, but most worked as personal bodyguards for high-profile clients under the sect's name. Because of that, the Iron Sword Sect consumed an enormous amount of medicinal resources every year. It was no wonder Sovereign's Apothecary was desperate to keep them as a client. ---- Half an hour later, Andrew's beat-up car rolled out of Chetvine City and stopped at the mountain gate of Iron Sword Sect.

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Chapter 2503

---- Chapter 2503 Unlike in the old days, modern sects like this no longer hide from the world. Many had integrated with society, working in industries that matched their strengths. Only by moving with the times could they continue to thrive. Clearly, Iron Sword Sect's leaders understood that perfectly. "Stop right there." Two massive iron swords, each over 20 meters tall, stood upright to form the grand gates of the Iron Sword Sect. As expected, Andrew's old beat-up car was stopped at the entrance. He smiled faintly and parked.

"Hello, could you please let them know that Andrew Lloyd from Chetvine is here to see them?" The two gatekeepers exchanged puzzled looks. One frowned and asked, "Chetvine's Andrew Lloyd? You mean the Andrew Lloyd from the royal Lloyd family?" Andrew's smile deepened. "The very same." The guards immediately straightened up, their attitudes changing completely. ---- One of them hurriedly said, "Mr. Lloyd, please

wait here. I'll inform them right away." Andrew chuckled. "No rush." Two minutes later, the guard returned, slightly out of breath. "Mr. Lloyd, Mr.

Kaplan has invited you in." Andrew grinned. "Thank you. Next time you're in Chetvine, drinks are on me." The young man was overwhelmed. He was a mere gatekeeper, barely a martial king. Yet, he was being personally invited by the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince. It was almost unreal. Inside the Iron Sword Sect's council hall, Devin was hosting Theon and his team from Sovereign's Apothecary. The leader of the sect was a towering man, built like a grizzly bear. Besides Theon, two senior alchemists had come along, along with his prized disciple, Mikayla.

Her graceful, almost ethereal beauty immediately captivated the young disciples of the Iron Sword Sect. They could not peel their eyes away, and some ---- even swallowed hard, utterly mesmerized. Mikayla met their hungry looks with graceful ease, smiling charmingly and occasionally tucking a strand of hair behind her ear to reveal her delicate, jewel-studded earring. The small gesture sent waves of excitement through the crowd, and her smile only grew more dazzling. She knew exactly what she was doing. Manipulating rough, impulsive men like them was child's play for her.

Theon cleared his throat and said, "Mr. Kaplan, what do you think about my proposal just now?" He did not forget to shoot Mikayla a warning glance to tone it down. Devin's stern face showed no emotion as he shook his head. "Mr. Orben, we definitely need the elixirs the Sovereign's Apothecary provides, but like I said, the price is too steep. This year's been tight for us, and we can't afford to spend recklessly." Theon smiled. "Come now, Mr. Kaplan, that's hard to believe. The Iron Sword Sect's growth has been impressive over the past few years. Tight budget? You're pulling my leg.

In fact, our prices are already very reasonable." Devin still shook his head. "No deal. Sovereign's Apothecary needs to lower the price further, period." ---- Theon frowned slightly. This brute of a man had no sense for negotiation; coming straight out with a demand like that made things difficult for him. Thinking fast, Theon leaned forward. "How about this, Mr. Kaplan? We'll keep the price as it is, but this year, Sovereign's Apothecary will throw in an extra batch: 100 third-grade elixirs as a token of good faith. 100 of those, Mr. Theon. The most update novels are published on

Kaplan, that's no small gesture, is it?" Devin's expression softened, a hint of interest flickering in his eyes. He glanced toward the seated elders and senior members on both sides of the hall. One of the younger men nodded. "Mr. Kaplan, that seems fair enough." An elder chimed in. "Yes, those 100 third-grade elixirs would cover our junior disciples' training needs for months. I think we should agree." Devin gave a slow nod and turned back to Theon. He was about to seal the deal when a bold voice suddenly echoed from outside the hall. "100 third-grade elixirs? That's barely worth mentioning.

Iron Sword Sect is a top-tier organization, and yet you're swayed by such a petty offer? I can't tell if Sovereign's Apothecary is stingy, ---- or if the Iron Sword Sect has simply lost its standards." The words were dripping with arrogance. "How dare you!" "Who the hell

do you think you are, barging in here and running your mouth?" Instantly, the hall erupted with angry shouts from Iron Sword Sect disciples. Then, under dozens of shocked and furious gazes, Andrew strode in casually, completely unfazed. A few elders frowned in confusion since most of them did not recognize him.

However, Theon, Mikayla, and the rest of Sovereign's group felt their stomachs drop. Mikayla reacted first, letting out a cold laugh. "Andrew, do you even know where you are? You think you can just interrupt like this? If you offend Mr. Kaplan, you might not walk out of here alive."

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Chapter 2504

---- Chapter 2504 Theon did not even bother to respond, his face full of disdain. In his eyes, whatever Andrew was doing here did not matter at all. At this moment, he represented Sovereign's Apothecary, and a small fry like Andrew was not worth his time. While real power players were negotiating, someone as insignificant as Andrew could not possibly make a difference. The young man from before, Augustin Jarvis, stood up with a frown. "You must be Andrew Lloyd from the royal Lloyd family, right?" Andrew smiled politely.

"I wouldn't dare claim such formality, but yes, I'm Andrew Lloyd." Augustin's tone turned sharp. "You come here and immediately start criticizing how the Iron Sword Sect conducts its affairs. Anyone listening would think you look down on us completely. Anyway, please leave. We're not accepting visitors right now." However, Andrew did not move. Instead, he strode right into the middle of the hall. "I'm afraid leaving isn't an option. Mr. Kaplan, your men should've already informed you of my visit, right?" He turned to face Devin, the towering master of the Iron Sword Sect. IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT

---- Andrew had done his homework before coming. He knew this sect had great potential. Unlike the old-fashioned martial orders that clung to outdated traditions, the Iron Sword Sect had adapted to the modern world and embraced progress. Though Devin appeared silent and stoic, Andrew knew better. Beneath that rugged exterior was a mind both sharp and deep. That was exactly the kind of person Andrew needed, someone with vision and the ability to think beyond old rules. What he feared most were stubborn men with closed minds; with those, persuasion was impossible.

"Reginald's son, the Dragon Prince of the Lloyd family," Devin said at last, a rare smile touching his lips. He continued, "I visited him ten years ago and met you then. Andrew,

have a seat. I did receive word of your visit. In fact, I've been waiting for you." Andrew returned the smile and glanced around before taking an open seat. Augustin looked confused. "Mr. Kaplan, what's this about?" Devin raised his hand slightly. "Didn't I just ask for everyone's opinion earlier? Now it's time I share mine." Augustin froze, unsure what Devin meant by that.

---- The elder sitting beside him, Iron Sword Sect's second-in-command, Franco McClure, realized something was off. "Mr. Kaplan, you can't seriously be planning to let this boy speak here, can you? This is an official negotiation between the Iron Sword Sect and Sovereign's Apothecary. Letting an outsider join us is completely inappropriate." Devin gave him a cool glance. "Who said Andrew is an outsider? He's here to discuss a partnership as well. Since both parties are here to talk business, Iron Sword Sect naturally won't turn anyone away.

After all, comparing offers is the only way to make the best deal." Theon's team immediately understood that Andrew had not come for a casual visit. He was here to compete. However, what shocked them even more was that Devin had figured it out before Andrew even said a word. Everything Devin said earlier about budget and prices had just been stalling tactics. Now it was clear that Andrew's arrival was exactly what Devin had been waiting for. Theon's voice turned icy. "Then allow me to ask, Mr. Kaplan.

Are you saying Iron Sword Sect no longer intends to renew its contract with Sovereign's Apothecary?"

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Chapter 2505

---- Chapter 2505 Devin chuckled calmly. "Who said I won't renew the contract? Of course, if you, Mr. Orben, feel uncomfortable working with us or think the Iron Sword Sect isn't worth your time, then I'll have no choice but to take my business elsewhere and find another partner." Theon's face went pale. He quickly said, "Mr. Kaplan, you know that's not what I meant. I just got a little too worked up earlier. Iron Sword Sect is one of our must-have partners at Sovereign's Apothecary." Andrew did not say a word. He simply listened quietly, though he could not help but shake his head.

Every time something happened, that old fool Theon would lose his temper like his pants were on fire. He completely forgot who was chasing whom in this negotiation. Right now, it was the Sovereign's Apothecary who needed the Iron Sword Sect, not the other way around. Moreover, Devin was no ordinary man. He was sharp, one of those

rare types who could read a room before anyone else even realized they were being watched. In front of someone like him, talking too much would only make you look like an idiot. ---- The only thing that could impress Devin was real substance.

Without real offers or benefits, it did not matter how persuasive you sounded; he would not even look your way. Devin scanned the room and paused on Andrew for a moment longer than usual before finally speaking. "Let's cut to the chase. Earlier, Sovereign's Apothecary offered to keep the same pricing but add 100 more third-grade pills. That's your show of sincerity, and I appreciate that. But Andrew here also has something to say." He added, "I've always believed in fairness and open discussion. Whether it's Sovereign's Apothecary or Andrew here, I don't intend to offend either side.

So, I'll leave the decision to both of you; whichever offer makes the most sense for Iron Sword Sect, that's the one we'll go with." The room fell silent. Augustin glanced between Andrew and Devin but stayed quiet. He was smart enough to notice that Devin's tone toward Andrew carried a trace of interest. Speaking up against it now would only make him look foolish, especially since he hoped to one day call Devin his father-in-law. Meanwhile, Franco showed a flicker of irritation across his face. Mr.

Kaplan, from the way you're talking, it sounds like you actually plan to give this kid a chance?" ---- He snapped, "I think that's absolutely ridiculous. Do you even realize the scale of what we're negotiating here? We're talking about deals worth billions, and this punk thinks he can just show. up and get a seat at the table?" Devin smiled faintly, clearly amused by the rising tension. He was not being kind to Andrew out of sentimentality, despite mentioning Reginald and calling Andrew him so fondly. It was all about leveraging and seizing opportunities.

Being polite cost him nothing, but gaining more bargaining power cost plenty All Devin wanted was the best possible deal for Iron Sword Sect, and whether Andrew or Sovereign's Apothecary won the fight, that was their problem, not his. That was when Mikayla jumped in with a cold laugh. "You heard him, Andrew. Mr. McClure just asked what gives you the right to even be here. Or did you show up just to embarrass yourself?" Franco narrowed his eyes, a faint gleam of power flashing through them.

His strength was no joke; he was a high-ranking Martial Saint, just one step away from the level of a martial emperor. Andrew finally spoke, his tone calm. "You want to know what gives me the right, Mikayla? What kind of question is that? It's truly beneath you. I am here as a representative of the Medicine ---- God's Covenant, and you ask me what qualifications I have? You are merely a second-generation alchemist from the Sovereign's Apothecary." He added, "Meanwhile, Theon is only an eighth-grade divine alchemist.

In my eyes, he's nothing more than a bottom-feeder, not even worth mentioning."

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Chapter 2506

---- Chapter 2506 Theon trembled as he tried to suppress his rage. Deep down, he knew Andrew's alchemy skills truly did qualify him to look down on him. Andrew said calmly, "Secondly, smart men, like Mr. Kaplan here, have already figured out why I came. Since I'm here, obviously, I came to bring Iron Sword Sect some real medicine. Otherwise, why would I bother showing up to disturb anyone?" He smirked. "Unlike certain people who nickel-and-dime every deal they make with Mr. Kaplan, fussing over scraps of profit.

Honestly, we're all respectable people here, and I can't stand that kind of petty behavior. No class, no generosity at all." Mikayla's face darkened, and Theon's expression grew even uglier. Devin burst into hearty laughter. "Andrew, you've got guts, I'll give you that. Alright then, let's hear it. What are you offering?" Andrew smiled slightly. "It's simple. Whatever Sovereign's Apothecary offered, Medicine God's Covenant will lower the price by one-third. And every year, I'll personally gift Iron Sword Sect one eighth-grade divine pill.

Of course, if our profits are good that year, I might even throw in a ninth-grade supreme elixir." ---- Devin's eyebrows twitched twice in disbelief. "What did you just say? You're offering an eighth-grade divine pill, and possibly a ninth-grade supreme elixir, for free?" Andrew swept his gaze around the hall, meeting every stunned face before nodding with satisfaction. "That's right. I said it's a gift, an eighth-grade, or even a ninth-grade supreme elixir. You can have someone record my words if you like." Theon finally snapped and roared, "Bullshit! Andrew, do you really think Mr.

Kaplan would believe your nonsense? A ninth-grade supreme elixir? As if you can just hand one out! No one here is dumb enough to fall for that crap!" Andrew shrugged. "If you don't believe me, that's your problem. But Mr. Kaplan hasn't said a word yet, has he?" Franco's tone turned sharp and cold. "It's not just Mr. Orben who doesn't believe you; I don't either. Are you done putting on your little show? If so, kindly get the hell out of my sight." Unbothered, Andrew flipped his hand over and revealed a small, crystal box. With a light click, he opened the lid.

Instantly, a white, pearl-like pill shimmered inside, and a strong, intoxicating fragrance filled the air. Theon, being an eighth-grade divine alchemist, reacted first." ---- That's a ninth-grade Starlight Elixir! It's used to help martial saints ascend to the level of martial emperors! Damn it, this bastard actually brought something like that?" Mikayla's eyes gleamed with greed, her breath quickening. "Mr. Orben, are you sure it's really a ninth-

grade Starlight Elixir? What if it's fake? I heard this kind of pill is incredibly hard to make. For original chapters go to find~novel~net

Even if he has the skill, there's no way he could've gotten the ingredients." Theon snapped, his voice icy. "Are you questioning my expertise? There's no mistake that it's a genuine Starlight Elixir. That distinct scent, ethereal and pure, there's no confusing it. That brat is clearly willing to bleed money just to sabotage Sovereign's Apothecary." Franco looked like he could barely hold himself back from lunging forward. He was only one step away from reaching the level of martial emperor, and that elixir was exactly what he needed. He laughed. "So you've been hiding something, huh?"

Well then, bring it over. If you're that sincere, I'll let Mr. Kaplan decide how to proceed."

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Chapter 2507

---- Chapter 2507 Franco's attitude toward Andrew did a complete change. In any other situation, if Andrew told him to bark, Franco probably would not even hesitate. Instead of rewarding his sudden enthusiasm, Andrew snapped the crystal box shut with a crisp click. The sweet fragrance in the air vanished instantly, He said coldly, "Sorry, but this is mine. And you, Mr. McClure... mind telling me who the hell you think you are?" The blatant insult made Franco's face flush red with rage.

"You little..." Before he could finish, Devin raised a hand to silence him Devin looked at Andrew, his eyes gleaming with interest. " Andrew, were you serious about what you said just now? You're really offering to cut the total price by one-third and gift the Iron Sword Sect at least one eighth-grade divine pill every year?" Andrew smiled easily. "A man's word is his bond, Mr. Kaplan. You knew my father... Do you really think his son would go back on his word?" Devin took a deep breath, then broke into hearty laughter. "Good. ---- Very good. Then it's settled.

Iron Sword Sect's annual order will go to Medicine God's Covenant from now on. Franco, send over a congratulatory gift for their grand opening, something we should've done earlier." With just a few words, he not only sealed the deal but also made sure Medicine God's Covenant received formal recognition. Devin was known for acting decisively and leaving no loose ends. Franco's expression soured. "Mr. Kaplan, I think we should reconsider..." Devin shot him a cold glare. "Franco, tell me, is the Iron Sword Sect run by me or by you?"

I won't embarrass you in front of guests, but I suggest you remember who you represent. You're part of the Iron Sword Sect, not some petty backroom faction." The warning was sharp, and the threat behind it was clear. Franco's face drained of color, and he quickly bowed his head. " Understood, sir." Across the table, Sovereign's Apothecary's envoy was falling apart. Mikayla asked anxiously, "Mr. Orben, what do we do? Andrew just stole the entire deal right from under us!" ---- Theon's glare could've cut through steel. "Wait, Mr.

Kaplan, I still have something to say!" However, Devin was already rising to his feet. "There's nothing left to discuss, is there, Mr. Orben? Unless Sovereign's Apothecary can match the offer from Medicine God's Covenant?" Theon shouted in frustration. "Of course we can't, and neither can that brat's Medicine God's Covenant! A one-third price cut? Who would still make a profit? Not to mention gifting an eighth- grade divine pill every year! Mr. Kaplan, you're a seasoned businessman, can't you see through this obvious scam?" Devin grinned, his gaze meaningful as he looked back at Andrew.

"Andrew's already proven his capability in front of everyone. It's hard for me not to believe him. Besides, I trust him; he wouldn't lie to me. And even if he did, Iron Sword Sect isn't some back-alley gang. Anyone foolish enough to deceive us wouldn't live long enough to try again." Andrew's expression stayed calm, though inside, he was quietly amused. Devin's warning was meant to keep him honest, but he had not taken it personally. After all, technically speaking, he was not really lying. He was just bending the truth a little. Follow current novels on find~novel~net

It would be easier to ask for forgiveness than to ask for permission.

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Chapter 2508

---- Chapter 2508 Pointing a trembling finger at Andrew, Theon said furiously, " Andrew, the Medicine God's Covenant was just established. Forget about supplying Iron Sword Sect, I doubt you can even handle orders from small-time clients!" He scoffed coldly. "This is pure fraud. You might fool Mr Kaplan, but you can't fool me. I'm an expert in this field." Mikayla quickly stepped forward and said to Devin with a serious expression, "Mr. Kaplan, my father is Lorenzo Owens. On behalf of the Owens family, I can assure you that Andrew is full of empty promises.

He's selling you air." Devin did not look angry, but his eyes flicked toward Andrew with a half-smile. "Andrew, what do you have to say for yourself?" Andrew just shrugged. "Nothing, really. They're my competitors, so of course, they'll try to discredit me. Sure,

Medicine God's Covenant is still small, but saying we can't meet the Iron Sword Sect's needs is ridiculous. If we couldn't handle it, would I even be standing here? I'd never dare deceive you, Mr. Kaplan." Devin nodded slowly. "Alright then. That's enough for now. Andrew, come with me.

We'll discuss the details privately." Andrew smiled. "Of course." ---- Mikayla and Theon stood frozen in place. "Mr. Orben, it's over. Mr. Kaplan actually believes him," Mikayla whispered. "Shut up," Theon snapped. His face darkened. "Damn it. That little punk is going to pay for this. Let's see how he explains himself to Mr. Kaplan later. Once the Iron Sword Sect realizes he can't deliver, they'll detain him to make an example out of him. When that happens, Mr. Kaplan will come crawling back to us." Mikayla's eyes lit up. "You're right. Mr.

Kaplan called him over, which means he's going to test Andrew's claims. He's as good as dead now." With that glimmer of hope, the people from Sovereign's Apothecary left. However, they did not return to Chetvine City. Instead, they lingered outside, waiting to hear the news of Andrew's downfall. Andrew followed Devin into the main hall. The place had a rugged but luxurious style. Devin took the seat at the head of the hall as usual, then gestured for Andrew to sit. "Have a seat, Andrew." Andrew sat down and noticed two other people already there: ---- Augustin and Franco. For more chapters visit

As soon as Andrew was seated, Augustin leaned forward eagerly. "Andrew, I owe you an apology for my earlier behavior. I was out of line. I'm Augustin Jarvis, Mr. Kaplan's top disciple." Andrew waved his hand and smiled. "Come on, Augustin, it's fine. You were just doing your job and standing by your people. I understand that. But now, we're on the same side, aren't we?" Augustin chuckled. "Now that's what I like to hear. Honestly, I thought a man of your status, the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince, the darling of Chetvine, would look down on martial artists like us.

I didn't expect you to be so down-to-earth. I like that. Consider us friends from now on." Andrew smiled politely but secretly rolled his eyes, knowing this guy was just another opportunist. The moment Devin's attitude toward him changed, Augustin switched sides without hesitation. None of these sect disciples were easy to deal with, and the ones who could not read the room were probably long gone by now. A cold snort came from Franco, whose expression was still sour. "Andrew, looks like you finally got the Iron Sword Sect's contract. Since there are no outsiders here, I'll ask straight.

Can your tiny Medicine God's Covenant really supply us with the massive amount of pills we need every year? ---- "Do you even realize that we've been paying Sovereign's Apothecary nearly one and a half billion a year for our supply? You want that kind of money, but can your company actually handle the scale?" Andrew did not reply right away. Instead, he turned toward Devin, who sat silently sipping his tea like a mountain of calm authority. The man's face was unreadable.

Andrew cursed inwardly, 'This old fox is clearly testing me...' Then, he turned back to Franco and said flatly, "To be honest, Medicine God's Covenant can't yet produce the full amount Iron Sword Sect requires."

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Chapter 2509

---- Chapter 2509 Andrew said calmly, "We only have fewer than five alchemists in total, including myself. So, at this stage, fulfilling Iron Sword Sect's entire order would be impossible." Franco froze on the spot, completely dumbfounded. Andrew had just admitted it outright, no excuses, no dodging, and no attempt to soften the blow. "You... you little punk! If you knew you didn't have the ability, then why the hell did you agree to it earlier?" His rage exploded, and with one strike of his palm, the marble table beside him shattered into pieces.

Augustin was stunned for a moment before his face twisted into a mocking grin. "Andrew, I can't believe I trusted you just now. Turns out you really are a liar. You think you can scam Iron Sword Sect and walk out of here alive? Dream on." Despite the two men shouting at him, Andrew stayed completely calm. "Are you both done yelling? Good. Then it's my turn to speak. Besides, Mr. Kaplan hasn't said a word yet, so what's the point of all your shouting?" With just a few sentences, Andrew managed to quiet both men. They exchanged uneasy looks, realizing Devin was still silently sipping his tea.

---- What the hell was he doing? Was he not angry? Was he in shock? Augustin finally lost his patience. "Mr. Kaplan, this bastard..." Devin set his cup down with a soft clink and said, "I heard everything he said. You don't need to repeat it. In fact, I already knew from the start that Medicine God's Covenant didn't have the capacity for our order. And yes, I knew Andrew was lying to me." He added, "Right, Andrew?" His gaze turned cold as he continued, "Andrew, did you really think I invited you in here for a friendly chat? I wanted to see what trick you were trying to pull.

If this deal falls apart, I can just bring Sovereign's Apothecary back in. "Iron Sword Sect will never lack for suppliers. But you do realize, don't you, that even if I decide to spare you for the Lloyd family's sake, your business won't survive long in Chetvine once word gets out? Running Medicine God's Covenant after crossing me won't be easy." Andrew nodded inwardly. Devin was sharp. Beneath that rugged, no-nonsense exterior was as sly and calculating as they came. His words were a perfect mix of threat and temptation, pressure and promise. ---- Nonetheless, Andrew was not rattled.

He smiled faintly and looked Devin straight in the eye. "You're right, Mr. Kaplan. For now, Medicine God's Covenant doesn't have the production capacity to meet the Iron Sword Sect's full demand. But that's only for now, it doesn't mean we can't in the near future. "Besides, I already agreed to lower prices by one-third. You know what that means... We'd basically be operating at a loss, working for you for free. So tell me, how could you bring yourself to punish me for a little exaggeration when my goal was mutual benefit?" Devin gave a short laugh. "Mutual benefit?"

Sounds more like you're trying to play me for a fool. Enough wordplay, Andrew. Just tell me what your real plan is." Andrew's expression turned serious. "It's simple. I'll still give Iron Sword Sect the one-third discount, meaning Medicine God's Covenant won't make a profit from this deal. "But the materials for refining pills will have to be provided by the Iron Sword Sect. In return, I would like the Iron Sword Sect to publicly announce our partnership and help promote us. Discover more novels at

That'll attract more alchemists to join Medicine God's Covenant." Devin paused, thinking for a moment before chuckling darkly. "What a clever kid. So not only do you want to get something for nothing, but you also want to take advantage of us while ---- pretending it's a favor. "Andrew, do you realize I have every reason to crush you right here and now? And even if I did, Patriarch Donovan wouldn't be able to say a damn thing. Because honestly, you're asking for it."

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Chapter 2510

---- Chapter 2510 Andrew smiled and said, "Mr. Kaplan, then what are you waiting for? Go ahead and make your move. I promise I won't fight back. But maybe you've forgotten that I happen to be a ninth-grade supreme alchemist. "Even if I can't produce all the pills Iron Sword Sect needs, I can still whip up a few ninth-grade supreme elixirs when I'm in the mood, So if I decided to sell a few of those to you, Mr. Kaplan, tell me, wouldn't that still be a pretty good deal?" Devin's brow twitched as he locked his gaze on Andrew.

After a long silence, he asked cautiously, "That Starlight Elixir you showed earlier... Did you refine it yourself? It wasn't from someone else?" Andrew chuckled. "Mr. Kaplan, I've already fallen out with Sovereign's Apothecary. You really think any of the other ninth-grade alchemists would bother selling to me now? All the high-tier alchemists out there are basically their lapdogs. So, unless I work for myself, what other choice do I have?" Devin froze for a moment, then broke into laughter. "Andrew, you've got guts. Fine. Since you've laid it all out, you've earned this deal."

But first, hand over that Starlight Elixir." Andrew immediately shook his head. "I'm afraid that's not going ---- to happen." Devin's expression darkened. He looked genuinely offended, as if Andrew had just spit in his face. After all, he had already been generous enough to compromise. However, Andrew only smiled wider, casually tossing the crystal case in his hand. "Mr. Kaplan, have you ever heard the story of the lions on the Aclania Plains? When the caretaker comes every day, pushing carts of meat to feed them, those lions always act so tame, so friendly.

One day, the visitors became curious and asked why these powerful beasts had ever attacked him. He's right there, all juicy and delicious, how can they resist?" Andrew paused for effect, his eyes glinting. "Then the caretaker told them the truth. He said those lions know the difference. They know the choice between having one bloody feast today and starving tomorrow, or being fed every single day without worry. Lions are smart, Mr. Kaplan. They know which choice keeps them alive and comfortable. Franco frowned and muttered to Augustin beside him, "What the hell does that mean?

I don't get it." Augustin scratched his head and whispered back, "I think... I think he's saying something deeper... But I'm not totally sure." ---- Devin, however, understood immediately. He fell silent for a few seconds, then suddenly burst into hearty laughter that echoed through the hall. After a long moment, he stopped, his eyes gleaming with admiration as he looked at Andrew. "You're just like Reginald... The apple doesn't fall far from the tree. Andrew, you've got real balls. What you just said is a warning, isn't it?

You're asking me to decide whether I want one full meal today, or a lifetime of full meals tomorrow." He leaned back, smiling faintly. "If I gave in to my greed and tried to take that Starlight Elixir from you, I'd make an enemy out of an ninth-grade supreme alchemist for life. But if I hold myself back, then I'll have a friend for life instead. And a friend like that ... is worth more than any treasure." Andrew grinned and snapped his fingers. "Exactly. Mr. Kaplan, you're not just good-looking, but you're smart too." This chapter is updated by

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Chapter 2511

---- Chapter 2511 Andrew smiled and praised him. "Mr. Kaplan, I truly admire you. You have my deepest respect." Devin was in an excellent mood. "Alright then, let's leave it at that. Iron Sword Sect doesn't have a massive supply of alchemy materials, but we've got enough. We'll send them straight to the Medicine God's Covenant. You'd better get to work refining the pills we need. Don't slack off, because my students are counting on

those elixirs to boost their strength." He added, "And I'll remember what you said about keeping us well-fed.

As for those eighth-grade divine pills, or even ninth- grade supreme elixirs... I hope one day you'll actually deliver on that promise." Andrew assured him, "As long as I have the materials, and with Iron Sword Sect's support and friendship, it won't just be one elixir. I'll make sure to send you three every year, without fail." Devin clapped his hands. "Good, it's settled then! Augustin, Franco, escort Andrew out. From now on, he's our number-one honored guest." Augustin still looked dazed and stammered, "Y-Yes, Mr. Kaplan," before getting up to escort Andrew.

---- However, Franco was completely lost by how Andrew had won Devin over so easily. He was still puzzled about the story of the zookeeper and the lion. He honestly did not get it His eyes landed on the crystal box in Andrew's hand, and he licked his lips. "Andrew, I'm this close to breaking through to the martial emperor level. How about selling me that Starlight Elixir?" Andrew shook his head with a small smile. "Mr. McClure, I've got a story for you." Franco frowned. "Go on, I'm listening." Andrew chuckled. "It's a story about money and women, but it fits us just fine.

You see, many men have money but don't spend it on the women around them. Instead, they let the women see it. That way, the beauties just keep coming, and the man never really loses a dime. You know what I mean?" Franco snorted. "Nonsense. If you don't spend money, how will women like you? You're dreaming too big, trying to get something for nothing." Andrew lifted a finger and wagged it. "No. You're the one who. doesn't get it. Let me be blunt: money isn't meant to be spent on women; it's meant to be shown to them. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY

And my ninth-grade supreme elixir isn't for you to use, it's for you to look at." ---- Franco's beard trembled with anger. "You!" Andrew just chuckled, ignoring him as he followed Augustin out first. When they reached the staircase leading out of the Iron Sword Sect, Augustin finally spoke, sounding genuinely impressed. " Andrew, you're incredible. You're the first person I've ever seen who dared to act so cocky in front of Mr. Kaplan." Andrew smiled faintly. "That wasn't arrogance. I was just prepared." Augustin shook his head, his expression complicated.

"Prepared or arrogant, or maybe both... I know what I saw. Andrew, you've got guts. But honestly, I respect your brains even more." He hesitated for a second before adding, "I almost understood that first story you told, but the second one lost me. If aman doesn't spend money on women, how would they even stay? That makes no sense at all."

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Chapter 2512

---- Chapter 2512 Andrew studied him carefully for a moment before asking, "Augustin, are you dealing with some kind of romantic trouble? Or are you currently operating as a total simp?" Augustin's face flushed red, clearly embarrassed. "A simp? Andrew, I'm not as pathetic as you're making me sound, I don't think I'm a simp... I haven't fallen that far. I just happen to like Mr. Kaplan's daughter, but she has really high standards for me, and I haven't met them yet." Andrew picked up the thread. "Does she tell you that once you meet her conditions, she'll consider being with you?"

And in the meantime, she occasionally shows you a little interest, but not much. Most of the time, she's pretty indifferent toward you, hot and cold, keeping you at arm's length?" Augustin's eyes lit up. "Yeah! Andrew, how did you know? That's exactly what it's like, down to the last detail." Andrew shook his head and sighed. "You're not just a simp... This is way more serious. You're basically the ultimate simp. Can't you see it? She's stringing you along. To some extent, she's even keeping you as a backup plan, a toy to play with.

When she's in a good mood, she messes with you for entertainment. When she's not, she ignores you completely." ---- Augustin's expression dimmed. "Okay, I'll admit there's some truth to what you're saying. But I really like her. She's also Mr. Kaplan's daughter, and winning her over would also benefit me tremendously. Either way, I have to try." Andrew patted his shoulder. "No need to sound so defeated. I'm just pointing out the problem. Even though it's a rough situation, that doesn't mean there's no hope. Remember what I just said: money is meant to be shown to women, not spent on them.

So here's what you do: follow my advice, and if she doesn't come to you on her own within three months, I'll give you a divine pill How's that?" Augustin was thrilled. "You're serious?" Andrew nodded. "Dead serious. But you also have to promise me one thing. From now on, we're friends, so if there's any trouble brewing at the Iron Sword Sect, you need to give me a heads-up. And you absolutely cannot keep pursuing Ms. Kaplan anymore." He added, "What you need to do is focus on improving your martial arts and building up your position in the Iron Sword Sect.

When you have time, casually show off your daily earnings and achievements. Then, when she reaches out to you, act totally calm about it. Over time, she'll fall into your trap instead of you being her simp with nothing to show for it." ---- Augustin nodded firmly. "I've got it. But now that you mention it, Andrew, how do you have so much experience with this stuff?" Andrew stroked his chin, thought for a moment, and said, "Because I've got one, two, three, four... Wait... five, six... Yeah, six girlfriends.

All of this wisdom comes from experience, the purest kind of fieldwork." Augustin froze, staring at him in awe. "Andrew, you're seriously... incredible!"

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Chapter 2513

---- Chapter 2513 "Andrew's out! Look, it's him!" From the side of the road, Theon and Mikayla, who had been waiting in the car, leaned toward the window and waved for the others to look. They watched as Andrew walked out of the Iron Sword Sect's main gate with Augustin beside him, both laughing and chatting like old friends. At one point, Andrew even patted Augustin's shoulder. Instead of getting annoyed, Augustin smiled back and nodded along, looking completely agreeable. "Mr.

Orben, does this mean the Iron Sword Sect isn't going to hold Andrew accountable for his trick?" Mikayla was confused and turned to ask Theon, who was sitting in the back seat. Theon did not respond, his expression frighteningly grim. "Mr. Orben!" Mikayla turned around and called out again. Theon suddenly exploded. "Stop staring and drive! We're going to meet with the Robertson family. Damn it, what the hell was the Iron Sword Sect thinking? Looks like they bought into that punk's lies." Mikayla was dumbfounded. She asked in disbelief, "Wait, Mr.

Orben, are you saying the Iron Sword Sect, our major client, was ---- stolen by Andrew?" Theon's face twitched, but he said nothing. The facts were right in front of him, and saying anything more would just be slapping himself in the face. Mikayla was pretty good at reading the room. Seeing Theon's expression, she immediately understood that even he was out of options. The Iron Sword Sect had actually been convinced by Andrew. This was a contract worth over a billion dollars a year. Watching it slip away felt completely surreal to Mikayla. What did Andrew have that she did not? The rightful source is

What made him so special? "Mr. Orben, don't worry. The Owens family and the Robertson family go way back. The Iron Sword Sect might not know what's good for them, but we'll definitely be able to close the deal with the Robertson family," Mikayla said, trying to comfort Theon. Theon's face darkened as he said coldly, "Cut the crap and just get us to the Robertson residence. That little bastard is actually becoming a real threat to Sovereign's Apothecary now.

Looks like we'll have to get rid of him." ---- Securing the Iron Sword Sect had been somewhat nerve- wracking, but it was still within Andrew's expectations Originally, his chances were not that slim. All he needed to do was reveal his identity as a ninth-grade supreme alchemist. With that, someone like Devin from the Iron Sword Sect could not help but be tempted. Medicine God's Covenant might not be worthy of being mentioned

in the same breath as Sovereign's Apothecary right now, but Andrew was different because he was a ninth-grade supreme alchemist who could crush Sovereign's Apothecary.

In this era, a ninth-grade supreme alchemist was the absolute peak. In the path of alchemy, he had already reached the throne. Forget Sovereign's Apothecary, even compared to the Divine Alchemists, Andrew had nothing to fear when it came to alchemy. "It's time to head over to the Robertson residence..." Andrew muttered, feeling somewhat annoyed. The Robertson family was one of Chetvine's five great clans, and Andrew really did not want to deal with them. If it came to a fight, he would prefer to settle things directly and cleanly. That would be the most satisfying.

---- Now he had to interact with the Robertson family, and even humble himself to do business with them. For someone with Andrew's personality, this felt somewhat masochistic. Yet, there was no helping it. Sometimes you just had to play the game. When the day finally came that he could do whatever he wanted, life might actually lose some of its fun. Pulling out his phone, Andrew called Isabelle. "Belle, are you home?"

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Chapter 2514

---- Chapter 2514 Isabelle whispered, "I'm home. Andrew, now's not a good time. We're expecting important guests at my place today, and my dad has called all of us younger family members together to receive them." Andrew replied, "Oh? Well, I'm planning to come to your house right now. Is that going to be a problem?" Isabelle was shocked. "What? Andrew, you're coming to my house? W-Why would you come here? My father and my two brothers don't exactly welcome you. If you come, it could be dangerous." Andrew laughed. "Don't worry, I know what I'm doing. That's all.

I just wanted to give you a heads-up. I'll see you in a bit." With that, Andrew hung up the phone and drove toward the Robertson residence. Meanwhile, Theon and Mikayla, along with other members of Sovereign's Apothecary, had already arrived at the Robertson residence. "Mr. Robertson Senior, sorry to intrude on such short notice," Theon said politely. ---- The man before him was one of Chetvine's power players, Saul, the head of the Robertson family. The Robertsons were notorious not just because of Saul, but also because of their elder patriarch, Vernon.

It was said that ten years ago, Vernon had already reached the fifth tier of martial emperor, just a step away from becoming a martial god, a level only legends could dream of. However, unfortunately, a decade had passed, and Vernon's progress had

come to a complete halt. Everyone could see that while the Robertson family remained influential, their pillar of strength was fading with age. He was still powerful, but too old to advance further, and in the world of martial arts, that meant waiting for death. "Mr. Orben, Mikayla, and all the other masters... Please, have a seat," Saul replied. Newest update provided by

He was dignified and strikingly handsome, clearly a heartthrob in his younger years. He made a welcoming gesture and was quite courteous. Theon sat down with his people and took a couple of sips of tea. Then, he finally spoke. "Mr. Robertson Senior, I'm sure you already know why I'm here today?" Saul nodded. "I do. But Mr. Orben, I'll repeat what I said before. ---- This year, the Robertson family plans to partner with another ancient sect for our potion trade.

We've worked with Sovereign's Apothecary for nearly 20 years now, and in those 20 years, we've spent an immeasurable amount of money." He continued, "Yet your elixirs haven't produced any remarkable results among our disciples. So, we've decided as a family to switch partners." Theon nearly rolled his eyes. Inwardly, he thought, 'You're the ones who refuse to pay for the high-grade elixirs. How do you expect your people to improve?' He kept his composure and said thoughtfully, "Mr. Robertson Senior, that's not quite fair. We've been long-time partners.

If you're looking for change, shouldn't you trust us to bring it? This year's been hard for everyone, and I understand that. That's why I came on behalf of Mr. Sterling, to make sure we reach a good deal today." Saul smiled faintly but said nothing, clearly unimpressed by Theon's sales pitch. Since he stayed silent, the rest of the Robertson family did not bother holding back. Isabelle's second brother, Emir Robertson, said coldly, "Mr. Orben, if I may speak frankly. Your prices are simply too high, and that's only part of the problem.

Not only are they expensive, but the quality of your potions has been getting worse every year.

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Chapter 2515

---- Chapter 2515 Emir said, "I heard that the leader of the Divine Alchemists, Mr. Julius Bowen, spends all his time obsessed with martial arts instead of studying the alchemy traditions passed down by the sect's founder. When the leader goes astray, the whole line falters. From the looks of it, Sovereign's Apothecary seems to be heading downhill, too." He continued, "Meanwhile, my family is at a point where we're ready to soar.

Sovereign's Apothecary's elixirs' quality and inflated prices can't keep up with our family's needs.

So frankly, we'd rather not do this business at all." His words were sharp and confrontational. Theon suppressed his rising anger and glared coldly at Emir. The latter stared right back at Theon, refusing to back down. Emir had a refined, almost feminine look, but he did not seem weak. His eyes were dark and unreadable, giving off a quiet sense of danger. Among the Robertson family's three prodigies, Emir ranked second. His martial skills and intelligence far surpassed Isabelle's. In terms of strategy, he was even more cunning than his older brother, Mylo Robertson.

---- Theon knew that if he wanted to secure the Robertson family's contract, he had to get past Emir first. He said, "You must be Emir, right? Mr. Robertson Senior is truly blessed, having two talented sons and a brilliant daughter. The next generation's already strong enough to hold up half the family's empire." He decided to sidestep Emir's accusations for now, trying to ease the tension with small talk. However, Emir did not play along. He said flatly, "Mr. Orben, let's stay on topic. New NOVEL chapters are published on

If Sovereign's Apothecary can't solve the two problems I just raised, then the Robertson family has no intention of continuing this business. Also, if you have nothing else to say, please leave. The Robertson family's next distinguished guest should be on their way here right now." Theon's expression changed as he snorted coldly. "Emir, are you trying to kick me out? And who exactly is this next guest you're talking about? Don't tell me the Robertson family already found another supplier and has no intention of working with us anymore?" Emir smirked faintly.

"In this world, everyone looks out for themselves, Mr. Orben. It's not that we're disrespecting Sovereign's Apothecary; it's that your products can no longer keep up with us. You know how it goes: you compare the ---- options before making a purchase. "Our family's money doesn't grow on trees, so why should we stay loyal to a supplier that's lagging behind? As for the other options I mentioned, there are plenty.

Sovereign's Apothecary isn't the only alchemy guild in Chetvine." He added, "For instance, that new group called Medicine God's Covenant, and they seem to have some real potential." Theon scoffed loudly, full of disdain. "Emir, let me educate you on something. You can say what you want about the competition, but Medicine God's Covenant? They're nothing but amateurs. Are you truly unaware that Andrew is the man behind that group? Are you seriously saying the Robertson family would work with him?" Emir replied calmly, "Of course not. The Robertson family would never cooperate with that traitor.

But aside from Medicine God's Covenant, there are plenty of others we could turn to. And to be frank, Sovereign's Apothecary's attitude has become rather... unpleasant over the years. Even if partnering with Medicine God's Covenant isn't ideal, it wouldn't be any worse than sticking with you."

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Chapter 2516

---- Chapter 2516 Theon's expression darkened. He slammed his hand on the table, about to curse at Emir for being a little bastard. Fortunately, Mikayla stopped him at the last second. With a gentle smile, she turned toward Emir and bowed slightly. "Emir, hello. I was wondering if we could talk for a moment." Emir said indifferently, "Go ahead." Mikayla was delighted, believing her connection with the Robertson family was paying off. If even someone as proud as Emir was willing to listen, she had a chance. She began carefully, "Here's the thing, Emir.

Although I am currently with Sovereign's Apothecary, I still believe the Robertson family's proposal is negotiable. Sovereign's Apothecary isn't so rigid that nothing can be changed." Emir raised an eyebrow. "Oh? Tell me more. How would we negotiate?" Mikayla glanced at Theon and said through gritted teeth, "How about this, Emir? Sovereign's Apothecary will continue with last year's pricing for our agreement with the Robertson family. But the difference is, this year, Sovereign's Apothecary will provide higher-quality pills to the Robertson family.

That way, the ---- Robertson family's concerns would be completely resolved. What do you think, Emir?" Emir shook his head. "Not interested." Mikayla was momentarily stunned, unsure what to say next. Emir sneered. "Mikayla, it seems you're not being very sincere after all. If you really respected me, you wouldn't have made such an empty proposal just now. I expected more from the Owens family's prized daughter." He added, "You're offering the same price while simply promising better quality. Tell me, Mikayla. Do you think I'm a three-year-old? Find the newest release on

You say you'll improve the quality, but how am I supposed to confirm that? When the deal's done, you'll just send over the same stuff and claim it's top-tier again." Mikayla hurried to defend herself. "Emir, when I say we'll improve the quality, I mean it. We'll raise the elixir grade for the Robertson family." She did not dare make too many promises. After all, Theon was the one who had to approve everything. Moreover, improving elixir quality was essentially a money-losing proposition, so she could only hint at it vaguely. Emir was a master negotiator and smiled. "Wonderful!

If you're improving quality, how about we do it my way? All the elixirs you ---- deliver must be grade five or above, with the same price and quantity as last year. If you agree to that, I think we can continue negotiating." Mikayla looked troubled. "All grade five or above? Emir, that's... that's just unfair. Theon laughed bitterly. "Emir, if everything's

grade five or above, why doesn't the Robertson family just buy out Sovereign's Apothecary entirely?

That way, it'll be your own business and you can run it however you want." To his surprise, Emir said casually, "Sure, buyout sounds fine to me. The Robertson family isn't short on money. Why don't you name your price? How much would it cost to bring Sovereign's Apothecary under our family's wing?" Theon was completely stumped. The little brat! He only made that remark out of sarcasm, never expecting Emir to actually take it seriously. Did Emir really not catch his tone, or was he just pretending not to?

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Chapter 2517

---- Chapter 2517 In the end, it was Saul who spoke up and stopped Emir from continuing. "Emir, that's enough." Mikayla's eyes flickered as she noticed Isabelle secretly giving Emir a thumbs-up. Emir, despite his aloof and proud demeanor, widened his eyes slightly in response to Isabelle. 'Emir is really annoying... He's just like Andrew! The thought came out of nowhere and made her chest tighten in frustration. To her, Emir and Andrew were exactly the same, both sharp-tongued, clever in all the wrong ways, and always taking advantage whenever they could.

Mikayla really wished she already had martial emperor strength. That way, she could use her strength to beat the crap out of both those insufferable men. "Mr. Orben, please don't take offense at what my son said," Saul said with a faint smile. "But the truth is, his opinion represents the Robertson family's stance." He did not bother sugarcoating it and added, "To be frank, a collaboration with Sovereign's Apothecary probably won't happen this year. The Robertson family has already been in ---- contact with Mount Lorneau.

If the negotiations go well, all of our purchases will be made through them instead. As for Sovereign's Apothecary... I'm afraid I can only say that I'm very sorry." Theon grew tense. "Sir, the products from Mount Lorneau aren't necessarily better than what we offer. And when it comes to production capacity, how could Mount Lorneau ever compete with us?" "Everyone knows that Sovereign's Apothecary, under the Divine Alchemists, leads the market in quality and output." Theon grew tense. "Sir, the products from Mount Lorneau aren't necessarily better than what we offer.

And when it comes to production capacity, how could Mount Lorneau ever compete with us?" He continued, "Everyone knows that Sovereign's Apothecary, under the Divine Alchemists, leads the market in quality and output." Saul waved his hand dismissively. It was clear he had already made up his mind. "Even if your production is

higher, my family can't possibly consume it all. Mount Lorneau can meet our needs just fine, and that's all that matters. "So, Master Theon, there's no need to drag this out or argue further.

The Robertson family has already made its decision, and ---- there's no point wasting your breath. Let's just enjoy this fine tea and keep the mood pleasant." Theon's face tightened. Saul's words left no room for discussion. It seemed that the Robertson family had finally finalized their deal with Mount Lorneau. No matter how much he tried to persuade them, it would all be pointless. The veins on his arm pulsed as frustration and anger swelled in his chest, but he could not afford to show it. He could only lift his teacup and take two deep gulps to swallow it down.

He had promised Titus that he would personally secure these three major contracts for Sovereign's Apothecary. However, things had gone wrong right from the start. At the Iron Sword Sect, Andrew had beaten him to the punch. Here, the Robertson family had already found another partner. Mikayla's expression was also indescribably grim. After hesitating for a moment, she said with a smile, "Belle, can we talk privately?

You haven't come to my place in so long, and I've been so busy lately that I've been neglecting you." Isabelle was across from her, next to Emir, and remained unmoved by her words. Mikayla forced a laugh. "Belle, are you still mad at me? I'll ---- apologize... Will that work?" Isabelle said flatly, "No need." Saul chuckled from his seat. "Belle, Mikayla's calling for you. Don't be so stubborn. Go on, show her around. You're the host here, after all." Isabelle shook her head. "No. Our sisterhood is over." Saul's smile faded.

"What did you just say?" Mikayla panicked, afraid Isabelle would run her mouth and ruin her image in front of the Robertson elders. She quickly interjected with a strained laugh. "Sir, it's fine. Belle's just upset with me. It's really my fault... I started it. I'll apologize later, and I'm sure we'll make up soon." Saul sighed, rubbing his temples. "You young people and your drama. I won't get involved. Belle has been spoiled since young, Mikayla, so don't take it to heart."

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Chapter 2518

---- Chapter 2518 Mikayla smiled politely. "Mr. Robertson Senior, you're too kind. I'm the older one here, of course, I wouldn't hold a grudge against her." But inside, she was cursing nonstop. She had initially planned to work through Isabelle to see if she could

sway the Robertson family's position. However, Isabelle had turned out to be so ruthless that she would not even acknowledge her anymore. So much for that! This meeting was officially a failure. However, Mikayla was unwilling to accept this. In the past, Isabelle would have stood by her without question, no matter what. New novel chapters are published on

But now, that loyalty was gone. It was all because of that bastard that today's situation had slipped further and further out of her control. After a few more minutes of awkward small talk, Theon could not stand it anymore. His expression hardened as he said, "In that case, Mr. Robertson Senior, we'll take our leave." Saul did not bother trying to keep them and smiled. "I won't see you out, Mr. Orben." ---- Theon stood up, ready to leave. At that moment, the Robertson family's butler, Alonso Hinton, hurried forward to Saul's side. "Sir, someone is requesting an audience." Saul smiled.

"Feel free to speak. There are no outsiders here." Alonso hesitated before saying, "It's the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince, Andrew." Saul's hand shook as he held his teacup, his voice rising several notches. "Andrew? Are you certain?" Before Alonso could respond, Isabelle had already spoken up with a smile. "Dad, it is Andrew! Dad. No doubt about it." Saul gave his daughter a sharp look but said nothing for a moment. Then, he turned to Alonso and ordered, "Our family does not welcome him. Tell him to leave immediately." Alonso gave a strained smile. "Sir, he's already inside.

He's waiting in the main hall, saying he has urgent business to discuss with the Robertson family. He won't leave unless he meets you." Saul let out a cold laugh. "What a childish stunt. Fine, take a few men and throw him out." ---- Isabelle protested loudly, "Dad, you can't! Andrew's here to see me. You can't just kick him out! If you do, I won't stay quiet about it!" "Enough!" Saul's voice thundered through the room. "I've tolerated your nonsense long enough, but not this time. Andrew is our family's enemy.

Don't you dare forget that." Before the tension could rise further, Emir suddenly spoke up." Dad, this is our territory. Are we really afraid of him? Let him come in. I'd like to hear what Andrew has to say. If he can't justify himself, then we can deal with him afterward. No rush." Saul considered it for a moment before nodding slowly. "Fine. You handle it. But remember: this man is now the top threat in Chetvine. Mr. Vazquez already has his eyes on him, so don't get too involved. And don't forget, the matter from back then still isn't settled.

The Robertson family won't be dragged into this mess." Emir's eyes gleamed with cold excitement as he licked the corner of his lip. "Don't worry, Dad. I just want to meet this infamous man everyone's talking about. Whether it's in strength or skill, I'll make sure to see what he's really made of." Isabelle rolled her eyes and muttered, "Emir, don't embarrass yourself." ---- Emir's face flushed bright red. "You think I'm not good enough to take on Andrew?" She looked at him like he was an idiot. "Do I really need to answer that?" That hit him hard, and his pride took a blow straight to the gut.

He clenched his jaw. "Fine. You'll see soon enough. Just wait and watch what I can do." On the other side of the room, Theon and Mikayla had both paused. Neither of them was in a hurry to leave anymore. They exchanged glances and saw the same dark, knowing look in each other's eyes. Andrew showing up at this moment? That could only mean one thing: he was walking straight into trouble.

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Chapter 2519

---- Chapter 2519 "Mr. Robertson Senior, it's an honor to meet you," Andrew said calmly as he stepped into the grand hall and bowed slightly. Saul's tone was cold. "No need for formalities. Tell me, what brings you to my home?" Andrew smiled faintly. "Then I'll get straight to the point. I came to discuss a potential supply deal for elixirs." Saul frowned. "Elixirs? What kind of game are you playing, Andrew? Don't tell me you actually want to do business with my family?" Andrew nodded. "That's exactly what I mean." Saul let out a sharp laugh. "Do you even have the capability for that?"

Do you know the level of people my family works with? Not to mention the obvious bad blood between us. Don't you think you're being a bit delusional? Or is it that life in Chetvine's getting too hard for you?" His words were highly aggressive, but Andrew remained calm and composed throughout. "Mr. Robertson Senior, if I didn't have the confidence, I wouldn't have come here. You might not know this, but Medicine God's Covenant is my company. Right now, it's growing fast, and the ---- Robertson family needs premium elixirs. I see a win-win opportunity here.

So I thought it was time to let go of old grudges and talk business." Saul studied him quietly, uncertain of how to respond. Isabelle was quite pleased and said proudly to Emir, "See? Like I said, Andrew is eloquent, brilliant, and has it all. You might be the brains of the Robertson family's three prodigies, but you're still a ways behind Andrew." Emir shot Andrew a disdainful look. "Bullshit. So, you're Andrew. Let me introduce myself. I'm Emir Robertson, the second son of the Robertson family. You've probably heard of me." Andrew turned to him with a polite smile. "Mr.

Robertson, I've heard a lot about you." Emir frowned. "Oh? So you have heard of me? Though back when you were making waves in Chetvine, I wasn't exactly famous yet." Andrew looked a bit awkward. "Since you're being so straightforward, I'll be honest too. I was just being polite. Truth is, 've never actually heard of you." Emir blinked. "What the hell..." He did not even know how to respond. ---- So much for honesty! He would have preferred it if Andrew just lied. Emir snapped, "Andrew, enough nonsense. Let's make this clear: you're not getting what you came for.

So pack it up and leave." Andrew raised an eyebrow. "Oh? So you're the one calling the shots for the Robertson family now? I didn't realize you had more authority than your father." That hit a nerve, and Emir's face turned red. "Don't be ridiculous! My dad's the head of the family. I just happen to be the one handling this matter." Saul nodded slightly. "That's right. If you've got business to discuss, talk to Emir. He speaks for me." When it came to debates, Emir was sharper than most. Emir smirked. "You heard him, Andrew. I do have the power to make decisions." Andrew smiled lightly.

"Then congratulations, Mr. Robertson. Since you're in charge, how about we discuss a potential partnership?" Emir snorted. "Why the hell would I partner with you? Are you kidding me?" ---- Andrew shook his head. "Turning down easy money would be stupid. You're staring at a golden opportunity, and you're just going to throw it away? Come on, Mr. Robertson. You're not really that dumb, are you?" Emir's expression darkened. "Don't try that slick talk with me. Your so-called Medicine God's Covenant is practically unknown. You really think the Robertson family is blind enough to take you seriously?"

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Chapter 2520

---- Chapter 2520 Andrew said, "Medicine God's Covenant being unknown is only for now. Besides, let's talk business. The Robertson family needs high-grade elixirs, and Medicine God's Covenant can provide them. Our prices and quality are far superior, and you can compare us with anyone. So tell me, Mr. Robertson, if you refuse to cooperate, are you not being foolish?" Emir was completely thrown off and quickly raised his hand. "Wait, hold on. You're saying the Medicine God's Covenant has advantages in both pricing and quality. Nonsense! What advantage are you talking about?"

You just expect me to take your word for it?" Mikayla and the others smirked coldly. Finally, Andrew had met someone just as sharp-tongued as himself. No matter how clever he was, going against Emir was bound to end badly. However, Andrew seemed oblivious to Emir's condescending gaze. He replied, "If I dare to claim that our elixirs have an edge, then I obviously have the confidence to back it up. Besides, this is the Robertson residence. Even if I were fearless, I wouldn't dare lie to Mr.

Robertson Senior." He added, "To be honest, the Reyes family and Iron Sword Sect are already working with us." ---- Emir's eyes widened before he burst out laughing. "Andrew, you must be dreaming! The Iron Sword Sect and the Reyes family are some of the top powers in Chetvine. You really think they'd trust a small-time group like Medicine God's Covenant?" 1 He laughed even louder. "Come on, if you're going to

make up a story, at least make it believable." Andrew shook his head slowly. "Looks like you're not as bright as I thought.

I haven't even finished speaking, and you've already decided I'm lying. Honestly, Mr. Robertson, I'm starting to think there's something wrong with your brain." Emir's face twisted in anger as he let out a bitter laugh. "Andrew, don't think I won't slap that smug look off your face. You might be the Dragon Prince of the Lloyd family out there, but in my house, you're nothing but a worm." Andrew raised his hands in mock surrender. "Alright, alright, whatever you say. This is the Robertson residence, and you're the boss here. And since I'm close to Belle, I'll let you have this one.

Emir nearly lost his composure. 'Damn it, this guy is infuriating! He was just as mouthy as he was, maybe even worse. After all that back-and-forth, he had not managed to gain the upper hand and was now boiling inside. ---- 'No, he told himself, 'I can't lose my temper. I need to stay calm if I want to deal with him properly.' While Emir tried to calm down, Andrew shifted his focus toward Theon, Mikayla, and the others. "Since the Robertson family doesn't believe that I've already secured a deal with the Iron Sword Sect, that's fine. The witnesses are right here. Mr.

Robertson Senior, you can ask Mr. Orben yourself whether I'm telling the truth." Saul turned to Theon immediately, waiting for his answer. Theon opened his mouth, wanting to say that Andrew was lying, but the words caught in his throat. The facts were already set in motion, and denying them now would only make him look worse. If he refused to admit it, Andrew could easily call someone from the Iron Sword Sect to prove him wrong, and that would make him look like a petty man. So, after clearing his throat, Theon reluctantly said, "He did make some progress with the Iron Sword Sect.

But clearly, those people must've been misled. Medicine God's Covenant isn't nearly capable of handling large-scale orders from major factions." Andrew raised his hand, cutting him off mid-sentence. "Mr. Orben, I only asked whether it's true or not. I didn't ask for your ---- biased opinion. If you're calling Medicine God's Covenant a scam, then you're saying the Iron Sword Sects leader, Mr. Kaplan, is an idiot too. If you've got the guts, say that out loud, and I'll tell him myself." Theon's face turned red with fury. "You insolent brat, you..." This chapter is updated by find~novel~net

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Chapter 2521

---- Chapter 2521 Andrew scoffed. "What? What about me? I already let you off the hook before when you tried to meddle. But now, I'm done. Get as far away from me as

you can. The Robertson family already made it clear they're not working with Sovereign's Apothecary anymore, but you're still hanging around here putting on that face. Don't you feel ridiculous?" Theon was so furious he nearly screamed, looking like he wanted to swallow Andrew whole. Emir, on the other hand, was stunned. He thought Andrew really had some guts to confront someone like Theon head-on.

Sure, he was old-fashioned, but he was still Sovereign's Apothecary's chief alchemist, a renowned figure in Chetvine, and a respected guest among countless influential families. What he did not know was that Andrew viewed Theon as nothing more than a small-time player, hardly worth mentioning. "Now then, Mr. Robertson, do you believe what I said earlier?" Andrew turned to Emir with a smile. Emir hesitated for a moment before reluctantly admitting, "Fine. With Mr. Orben and the others backing up your story, I do believe what you're saying.

But Andrew, no matter how impressive your conditions sound, the Robertson family has already made ---- progress with Mount Lorneau. Plus, our families don't exactly have a great relationship." He continued, "And as for you and your father, well, that goes without saying. You coming here looking for a partnership is really just a waste of effort and honestly kind of embarrassing for you." Andrew shrugged. "I'm just being objective here, purely looking to create a win-win situation with the Robertson family. I can honestly say I'm not bringing any personal grudges into this.

But even so, you're still being so short-sighted and closed-minded. If that's how it is, then I don't have anything else to say." Emir let out a cold laugh, secretly pleased with himself. He thought he had finally shut Andrew down, and that he was not so impressive after all. Meanwhile, Mikayla and Theon could barely contain their laughter. They had not gotten what they wanted from the Robertson family, and now Andrew had shown up only to come away empty-handed too. Their wounded pride finally felt somewhat soothed. However, at that moment, Andrew turned to Isabelle with a smile.

"Belle, you mentioned to me last time that you wanted to find out if a Life-Sustaining Elixir could be made and where you could get one. Well, I've got some news for you." --- - Isabelle's eyes lit up with excitement. "Andrew, what is it? Tell me quickly!" Andrew responded, "I can tell you, but you should know that the Life-Sustaining Elixir is a peak ninth-grade elixir. Just from the name alone, you can tell how miraculous it is. So I need to ask you, what do you need this elixir for?" Isabelle hesitated before saying quietly, "I want to use it for Grandpa. UPDATE FROM

He's getting old, and Saul suddenly roared, "That's enough, you foolish girl! Who told you to bring up Grandpa's business in a place like this? Stop talking. From now on, you are not to mention anything about Grandpa anywhere, do you understand?" Isabelle looked hurt. "Okay, I understand." However, Andrew had already figured it out. He said, "I can make the Life-Sustaining Elixir. However, the chances aren't great, and the materials needed are extremely difficult to find Belle, we're good friends, so I can help you this once.

So whenever you have time, just come find me." With that, Andrew turned to leave. Emir and the others had not expected him to be so casual about it. They had thought Andrew would continue pestering them and arguing with the Robertson family. ---- Theon sneered. "Didn't get a damn thing out of this, huh? Serves you right." "Wait!" Just as Andrew was about to leave the room, Saul suddenly called out. Looking at Andrew with uncertainty and surprise, he asked, "Andrew, did you just tell Belle that you can make the Life- Sustaining Elixir?" Andrew nodded calmly. "That's right, I can make it.

I wonder if Belle mentioned to you that I'm actually a ninth-grade supreme alchemist?" Saul's eyes widened in shock, his jaw dropping. Seeing this reaction, Andrew could not help but chuckle. "I can tell Belle didn't mention it to you, Mr. Robertson Senior. That's right, I'm now a ninth-grade supreme alchemist. Otherwise, where do you think I got the confidence to establish Medicine God's Covenant? "Since the Robertson family doesn't want this opportunity, I'll just go find other partners.

Medicine God's Covenant will undoubtedly dominate the alchemy world in the future; there's no question about that. If the Robertsons don't want to get on board, that's their loss. If it weren't for Belle, I wouldn't have wasted my breath with your family at all." ---- Saul's face twitched, annoyed at how cocky Andrew was getting. He said, "Hold on a second, That Life-Sustaining Elixir you just mentioned... When you said you could help Belle, is that true?" Andrew replied, "Of course it's true. I consider Belle like a baby sister, so helping her once is no problem.

However, she will need to provide the materials and meet the other conditions. I don't have them on hand."

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Chapter 2522

---- Chapter 2522 A spark of excitement flashed in Saul's eyes. "That's not a big issue. As long as you're willing to make the elixir for the Robertson family, that's all that matters." Andrew corrected him immediately. "Mr. Robertson Senior, you've got it wrong. I'm helping Belle, not the Robertson family. I'm not some self-sacrificing fool. After the way Mr. Robertson treated me, you think I'd still help the Robertsons? You've got to be kidding me. Anyway, bye, Belle." Seeing that Andrew was really about to leave, Saul quickly shot a meaningful look at Emir. Emir understood what that meant.

Though he looked conflicted for a moment, he hurried forward and called out, "Andrew, wait a second. We can talk this out." Andrew did not even turn around. "There's nothing to talk about. I don't like you, and I don't feel like wasting my breath." Emir cursed under

his breath, "This bastard's getting full of himself!" But out loud, he forced a grin. "What happened earlier was just a misunderstanding. Andrew, hey Andrew, hold on! Sit down and have some tea first. We argued so intensely just now, going ---- back and forth. At least have a drink to smooth things over.

It's not every day I get to meet someone of your level." Andrew brushed him off. "Get your hands off me. Don't touch me. Emir's veins bulged with anger. The arrogant brat was not even pretending to be polite anymore. And just like that, Andrew really walked out. Andrew shook off his hand. "Let go. Don't touch me." Saul panicked, but as the head of the family, he could not bring himself to chase after him personally. Instead, he urged Isabelle, "Belle, go stop Andrew. Tell him I have something to say." Isabelle immediately rushed over to invite Andrew back.

Once he returned to the room, he crossed his legs casually and said lazily, "So, Mr. Robertson Senior, what is it you want to discuss?" Andrew's tone was now completely different. Earlier, he had been polite and accommodating. Now, he sat like a king on his throne, full of confidence and attitude. Saul sighed, both impressed and exasperated. "I can't believe it. Your martial path was sealed off, but you managed to carve out another route in alchemy and make a name for yourself again." ---- Then, he said directly, "Andrew, let's be honest. The Robertson family needs your Life-Sustaining Elixir.

Name your price." Andrew chuckled. "Sorry, but even though the Robertson family needs it, I don't want to give it to the Robertson family. What I said earlier was just a promise to Belle to make it for her. But without the right materials, I can't do it. If I'm not in the right mood, I can't do it either. Google search

And there's also the fact that certain people in the Robertson family disgust me with their attitudes, so I still can't do it." Isabelle cleverly ran over and started massaging Andrew's shoulders, cooing sweetly, "Andrew, let me give you a massage so you can relax properly." Andrew glanced at Emir and said, "Mr. Robertson, come over here and take off my shoes. Give me a foot massage too." Emir froze. "What did you just say? Take off your shoes? Do you think you're some kind of emperor or something? You want me to serve you like you're royalty?" Andrew waved impatiently. "Whatever.

I'm laying it out clearly today. Are you going to do it or not?" Emir was seething with rage and roared, "No way! I'd rather die than let you have your way. Damn it, Andrew, you must've lost your mind asking me to take off your shoes and massage you." ---- Andrew made a move to leave. "Fine then, I'm out of here. This time, no matter who from the Robertson family asks me, the answer is no." Saul barked, "Emir, do as he says." Emir looked utterly incredulous. "Dad, w-what did you just say? How can you..." Saul's expression darkened. "Grandpa desperately needs this Life -Sustaining Elixir.

Everything you do right now is for the sake of the family. Do you really think you have the right to refuse?" Emir fell silent, fists clenched so tightly his knuckles turned white. Rage burned in his eyes. Andrew was shameless, truly beneath contempt! "Well?" Andrew asked, raising an eyebrow. "If you're not doing it, I'm walking. I told you before:

don't try to challenge me. When I was making waves in Chetvine, you were probably still playing in a sandbox somewhere." Emir's hands trembled as he obediently took off Andrew's shoes.

Andrew immediately stretched his foot out and rested it right in Emir's lap without hesitation. Emir's face twisted in disgust as he turned his head away and ---- shouted, "What the hell is that smell?"

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Chapter 2523

---- Chapter 2523 Andrew's smile was radiant. "Same old formula, same old smell. Go ahead and massage. I've been pretty tired lately. If you do a good job and make me feel comfortable, I'll arrange for that Life- Sustaining Elixir for your grandpa." Emir exploded. "In your dreams!" Saul roared, "Do as he says, right now!" He felt bad for his son, but not enough to stop him. Smelling someone's feet was a small price compared to the Life- Sustaining Elixir. Isabelle tried to comfort him. "Emir, just give Andrew a foot massage. He can make the Life-Sustaining Elixir for Grandpa... That's huge!

You're not really losing anything. Besides, your temper's always been too fiery. Maybe this'll help you cool down a little." Emir was speechless at her reasoning. Eventually, he still forced a smile and said, "Wow, you're so thoughtful, Belle." He grabbed Andrew's foot and began pressing down. In his mind, he imagined the foot as two soft stress balls. He squeezed, then squeezed harder. If only he could crush them both. ---- Mikayla and Theon were completely stunned. What the hell? Did Andrew just dominate the entire Robertson family like that? New novel chapters are published on

While enjoying the massage, Andrew peeled an orange, tossed the whole piece into his mouth, and mumbled, "So, Mr. Robertson Senior, about what I mentioned earlier... The Robertson family's order... Why don't you let Medicine God's Covenant handle it instead? Our price will be lower than that of Sovereign's Apothecary. How about that?" Saul snorted. "You're still thinking about that? And what about the Life-Sustaining Elixir? Can you guarantee the Robertson family will actually get it?" Andrew nodded. "Of course.

As long as we finalize everything between us and sign the contracts and guarantees, and then the Robertson family provides the materials and meets the other conditions, I can produce the Life-Sustaining Elixir within two weeks." Saul's eyes showed hesitation. Finally, he said, "Alright, we'll do as you say. But Andrew, if we don't get that Life-Sustaining Elixir, you're as good as dead. I guarantee you that as the head of this

family." Andrew waved dismissively. "Don't worry, Mr. Robertson Senior. ---- I value my life greatly.

Without absolute confidence, I wouldn't have come to you to stir things up." Suddenly, chaos erupted nearby. People gasped and shouted. Isabelle rushed over, panicked. "Emir!" Andrew turned around and was speechless. Emir, the self-proclaimed tough guy, had fainted on the spot. He was even foaming at the mouth. Andrew thought, 'Seriously? Was the massage that intense?' He could not understand what exactly Emir had suffered. Isabelle looked distraught. "I forgot to mention that Emir's allergic to strong odors. It must've been your foot smell that knocked him out cold." Andrew's lips twitched.

"That's got nothing to do with me!" Mikayla and Theon could not watch any longer. They stormed out, fuming. "That bastard!" "That damn crook!" Theon cursed furiously the moment he stepped outside. Mikayla did not even bother to calm him down this time ---- because her heart felt just as heavy. "Mr. Orben, first it was Iron Sword Sect, and now it's the Robertson family. Andrew's Medicine God's Covenant is actually securing such major partners. This is definitely not good news for Sovereign's Apothecary." Theon's face was dark as fury blazed in his eyes. "Let's go back Once we report to Mr.

Sterling, Andrew won't live to see another day. If he wants to play dirty, then Sovereign's Apothecary will show him what dirty really means."

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Chapter 2524

---- Chapter 2524 By the time Andrew left the Robertson residence, it was already evening. After running around all day, he first went to Iron Sword Sect, where he spent half the day talking in circles and taking all kinds of risks. Then, he dealt with the Robertson family. That part, at least, was not too bad. Once he understood what they needed, it was not hard to get a grip on the situation Vernon had hit a bottleneck in his cultivation and was getting old. That meant he was practically waiting for death. The latest_epi_sodes are on_the

It was a closely guarded secret within the Robertson family, but Isabelle clearly did not treat Andrew as an outsider since she had mentioned it to him a while ago. She had been worried sick about Vernon and came to beg Andrew for help. He did not make things difficult for her and told her straight up that only the highest-grade Life-Sustaining Elixir could help someone at Vernon's level. Low-tier pills, tonics, or rare herbs were all useless. However, even for Andrew, the Life-Sustaining Elixir was not easy to make.

The ingredients were hard to find, and the failure rate was terrifyingly high. After all, a pill that could extend life was not something the heavens would allow to be crafted easily. ---- Even so, Andrew had no choice but to push through. Luckily, the Robertson family had been well-prepared and had gathered enough materials for several attempts, giving him a margin for error. At least now, he had secured another big client. However, truthfully, Andrew did not feel a strong sense of achievement.

Medicine God's Covenant had already reached its limit with the Iron Sword Sect, the Reyes Grand Auction House, and its own production and distribution. Adding the Robertson family meant they would have to tighten their belt and recruit more alchemists to increase output. Otherwise, they would never be able to meet the demand. Still, Andrew brought the Robertson family into the fold mainly because of their influence and power. Once they were tied to him, they would have no choice but to cooperate. If something happened to him, it would hurt them too.

The Robertsons were not stupid, and they understood that perfectly well. There was another reason too: competition. By securing the Robertson family's contract, he had just dealt a serious blow to Sovereign's Apothecary. Medicine God's Covenant might not have reached its full strength yet, but Andrew had already started planning how to ---- crush Sovereign's Apothecary. It was not personal; it was business. The rise of Medicine God's Covenant could not coexist with another major force in the same field. One had to fall, and Andrew had no intention of being the one buried.

Besides, with the grudges between Reginald and Julius, a conflict was inevitable anyway. So, Andrew figured it was better to bring the fight out into the open early. Starting up his beat-up car, Andrew began driving back to the Lloyd family estate. The Robertson residence was situated on the outskirts of Chetvine City, far from the bustling downtown area. As he passed by the foot of a mountain, Andrew caught the strong scent of blood in the wind. He frowned, realizing this was the smell of human blood. However, he did not plan to stick his nose into other people's business.

In Chetvine, things like this happened in the dark almost every night. None of it had anything to do with him, and he did not have the mood to play hero. However, after driving just a few dozen meters more, his car screeched to a stop. Up ahead, a military vehicle had flipped onto its side by the ---- roadside. The vehicle was completely wrecked, as if it had been sliced clean in half by a single strike. Just a glance made Andrew's skin prickle; the slash carried the sharpness of a martial emperor's aura.

Beside the mangled vehicle sat a wounded woman, clutching her bleeding abdomen with trembling hands. However, blood still seeped through her fingers. Andrew quickly got out of the car and hurried toward her. When the woman saw him, her eyes widened with a mix of relief and disbelief. "Andrew, what are you doing here? Hurry... Down. in the woods below, General Phelan is surrounded! A martial emperor is leading the ambush to kill her. You have to save her!" Leslie's eyes welled with tears as she cried out desperately. 2

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Chapter 2525

---- Chapter 2525 Andrew's expression was terrifyingly calm. "Don't move. You've lost too much blood, and you might die. I'll save you first, then we'll talk about everything else." Leslie raised her blood-stained hand and shouted hoarsely, " Forget me, go help General Phelan! Hurry! There's a martial emperor among them. If you're too late, General Phelan... she'll die! Please, go!" Andrew paid no attention and used his strong yet steady hands to bandage the wound on her abdomen. Then, he sprinkled some medicinal powder on it, and the bleeding quickly stopped.

After that, Andrew forcibly pried open Leslie's mouth and fed her a pill. "Your life is saved now. I'm going to find Ms. Phelan. But whether she lives or dies depends on her fate." Leslie nodded frantically as tears streamed down her face. Andrew walked to the roadside and looked down to see a dark, dense forest below. At that moment, he could clearly see a trail of destruction cutting through the forest. It must have been left behind from Luna's fight with the assassins. Taking one step forward, Andrew leaped straight down the 70- ---- foot cliff. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY

The wind roared past his ears as he followed the trail of the battle, shooting forward like the wind. Though he was not as frantic as Leslie, his heart was already filled with worry. He did not want to see anything happen to Luna. In his mind, Andrew could not help but recall the time long ago in the underground of the Reyes Grand Auction House when someone had put a bounty on Luna. The ones making their move tonight were most likely that same group. Luna's strength was formidable, but the enemy side actually had a martial emperor among them That changed everything. Andrew's pace quickened.

He did not bother avoiding fallen trees or obstacles; he bulldozed through them like a machine. After running for nearly two miles, the dense woods suddenly opened up. A massive waterfall loomed ahead, thundering so loud that the air trembled There, at the cliffside, Luna was cornered. Her clothes were soaked in blood, and her usually calm, elegant face showed no fear or panic, only quiet exhaustion. For a moment, the sight of her made something ache deep in ---- Andrew's chest. This woman, who had always stood proud and untouchable, looked fragile for the first time in her life.

"General Phelan, put down your weapon and come with us." A group of men in black advanced slowly. The one in front had his face covered, but his tall frame and the violent aura pouring off him made it obvious that he was the Martial Emperor. Luna wiped the blood from her lips and shook her head. "I'm not going anywhere with you. The only thing you're taking tonight is my corpse." The Martial Emperor sneered. "You

really think we don't dare kill you? Luna, you're a smart woman. You've probably figured out who we are by now. You should also know that you're not walking away alive.

I've waited years for this night." Luna's voice was calm, almost icy. "Of course, I know who you are. You're the scum from the Northern Martial Union, aren't you? You'd better kill me tonight, because if I survive, I'll wipe your entire group off the map." The martial emperor's eyes blazed with fury. "Fine. If you insist on being stubborn, then I'll take your corpse back instead." His blade lifted, its dark steel glowing with murderous energy. When he swung it, the force of the strike roared through the air, ---- louder than the crashing waterfall itself.

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Chapter 2526

---- Chapter 2526 Luna tilted her head up, staring at the blade of energy crashing down from above. For a brief second, her eyes showed confusion and fear. Was this really how she was going to die tonight? She still had so many things left undone. She wanted to honor Philip and fulfill his last wish, to reach the peak of martial arts and finally live freely, and to ask Andrew what he truly felt about her. There were so many things she still wanted to do. Memories of the past rippled through her mind like flowing water. Then, she suddenly loosened her grip on her short sword and let it fall. [READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT](#)

She no longer cared about the descending blade. Her inner energy had been completely drained; there was nothing left to fight with. Any resistance now was meaningless. She closed her eyes and let her body fall backward into the rushing waterfall behind her. She whispered, "Goodbye... Andrew" As those words left her lips, a sharp pain struck her heart. She and Andrew had grown closer, yet somehow, they had never truly moved forward. ---- What was wrong with her? When had she become so sentimental? Nonetheless, Luna knew she had changed. However, Andrew seemed exactly the same.

Her changes felt completely meaningless to him, and that thought filled her heart with quiet sorrow. In that fleeting moment between life and death, Luna's emotions turned fragile. She felt unbearably cold, the kind that pierced her bones. No matter how strong she was, she could not pretend she was not afraid. Everyone feared death when it came to it. And for once, she was truly terrified, not of dying, but of never seeing him again. "Andrew..." she murmured weakly, her lips trembling. Then, she heard a warm voice. "Ms. Phelan, I'm here." Luna's body trembled violently.

She opened her eyes, and disbelief filled her face as she saw that familiar, handsome face right above her. Andrew had suddenly leaped up from below the waterfall and caught Luna in his arms. Then, with a light shout, he stepped on the water's surface and rushed toward the opposite shore like a swallow. ---- The massive blade energy crashed into the large boulder at the waterfall's edge, creating a tremendous noise. The masked martial emperor roared in fury. "You think you can escape? Die!" Raising his blade, he charged straight down from the boulder, seemingly flying through the air.

Roaring furiously, he gripped the blade with both hands, raised it high above his head, and brought it crashing down toward Andrew and Luna once more. Lying in Andrew's arms, Luna struggled to get up. "Put me down quickly, or you'll get dragged into this too." Andrew's main focus was on the masked martial emperor, so he said urgently, "Don't move. I know what I'm doing." Luna would not listen and struggled even more violently. "Let go! Put me down. Don't worry about me, fight him first." Andrew grew somewhat impatient and gave her a firm smack on her backside. "I told you not to move!

If I put you down, you're dead for sure. The other assassins are still waiting for you to walk right into their trap." Luna froze. Her mind went blank. Did he just smack her? The strange, unexpected touch left her stunned. ---- For a moment, she forgot how to think or move. Andrew raised one hand and unleashed a massive energy strike toward the sky. However, it was of no use as the martial emperor's blade tore through it instantly, shattering it apart. Even before the blade reached them, the force of its killing intent slammed into Andrew like a storm, knocking him off balance.

His body faltered midair and began falling toward the roaring river below. "Put the woman down, and I'll spare you. Otherwise, you'll be going down the same dead-end road as her tonight." The blade-wielding martial emperor's momentum was overwhelming as he stomped across the water waves, charging toward Andrew.

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Chapter 2527

---- Chapter 2527 From earlier, Andrew had already sensed that this martial emperor was at least at the third stage, far stronger than Wilder, who had only reached the first. The difference in power was massive, and right now, Andrew was not even close to being a match. He was still wounded, and it had only been a day since his fight with Wilder, so forcing another battle now would be pointless. While suspended midair, Andrew struck out several times in quick succession before deciding that retreat was the best strategy.

However, every time he tried to land on the riverbank, he saw more than a dozen assassins dressed in black already waiting, ready to strike. Behind him, the martial emperor was advancing at terrifying speed, each step spanning several yards. Within two seconds, he was already almost on top of Andrew. On Luna's pale face, a bitter smile appeared. "I already called for help. But it'll take at least ten minutes for Mr. Turman to get here. Andrew, put me down. You should be able to escape on your own without any problem." Andrew's gaze was icy cold.

Hearing this, he said calmly, "Do you really think I'm the kind of person who abandons his comrades to save himself?" ---- Luna was immediately stumped by that question. Her lips trembled as she asked, "Y-You consider me a comrade?" Andrew smiled. "Of course. General Phelan, come to think of it, we've never fought side by side before, have we?" In that instant, Luna was somewhat mesmerized. Even in such a desperate situation, this man could still smile. From this alone, she could see that just as Philip had said, he truly was an extraordinary man. It seemed like no danger ever fazed him.

"Andrew, I'm serious. If you leave me behind and escape by yourself, you actually could survive." Luna tried to persuade him. At this moment between life and death, she suddenly felt relaxed. At least Andrew had come and given her a chance to say goodbye. She thought perhaps this was heaven's final gift to her. But then she heard Andrew's annoyed voice. "What's wrong with you? You've got no fighting spirit at all. This is just a minor crisis, and you're already acting like it's the end."

If this were back in my old days, soldiers like you would've gotten a beating from me." Luna blinked, dumbfounded. A minor crisis? ---- The man chasing them was a martial emperor, and his killing intent alone could crush anyone! How could Andrew possibly call this a 'minor crisis'? Andrew took a deep breath, his expression hardening. "Looks like there's only one way for us to stay alive. It might be a bit rough, but if you want to survive, you'll have to bear with it." Luna instinctively clutched Andrew's clothes tighter and asked nervously, "What are you planning to do?"

"I can't move right now." Andrew held her tightly and smiled. "It's best that you can't move. That way, I can do whatever I want without you thrashing around and messing up my escape." His playful tone, oddly enough, did not bother her. Instead, it filled her with an unexpected sense of calm. This guy was really something else. After all, no ordinary person could joke at a time like this. Andrew darted across the water, weaving left and right as the martial emperor closed in. The gap between them shrank fast: 60 feet, then 30 "You think you can escape me? Fresh chapters posted on [find~novel~net](#)

Dream on!" the masked martial emperor roared ---- He stomped on the surface of the river, and his massive sword rose again, surrounded by violent energy that crackled like lightning. A fighter of that level was no longer human. At the final moment, Andrew grinned and shouted, "See you on the other side, everyone!"

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Chapter 2528

---- Chapter 2528 Andrew's body relaxed as he held Luna and plunged into the river. The waterfall's current was fierce, carrying an enormous surge of water that crashed and foamed like waves in a storm. The moment they hit the water, both of them vanished beneath the churning surface. The masked martial emperor slashed down at the river with his massive blade, and a towering column of water erupted several yards high. But his cold, sharp eyes darkened because he could tell his strike had missed.

He stood on the surface where Andrew had been moments ago, scanning the surroundings with an icy glare. Across the riverbank, his subordinates were already waiting, their eyes sharp and restless. They waited for a while, but there was no sign of movement, no splash, nothing. It was as if Andrew and Luna had vanished into thin air. "Chase them downstream. Even if it leads all the way to the ocean, I want their bodies found," the martial emperor growled. He was gradually losing his temper, and with a burst of speed, he sprinted across the water, chasing after the river's flow.

---- Meanwhile, under the surface, Andrew and Luna were being dragged through the water by the powerful undercurrent. Their bodies spun and tumbled, completely at the mercy of the river's force. Even so, Andrew forced himself to stay conscious and focused, holding his breath and keeping them both submerged. He knew they had to stay hidden for a while longer if they wanted to survive. If they surfaced now, they would most likely die before taking a single breath. When he looked down at Luna, he saw that her eyes were half-open and unfocused, her face contorted in pain.

She was clearly struggling to hold her breath. Andrew's heart sank as he realized Luna probably could not hold her breath much longer. Under normal circumstances, holding her breath for this long would not be a problem. But right now, her energy was nearly depleted, and she could not last long underwater. Just as Andrew was considering whether to surface for a breath of air, the water's surface above their heads began rippling. A figure could vaguely be seen rapidly skimming across the water. ---- Andrew quickly held his breath and did not dare move, afraid of being detected.

Any thought of surfacing disappeared instantly. He forced himself to stay calm, even as his lungs burned. Moments later, Luna's grip on his hand weakened. Her strength was fading fast, and her face twisted in pain as her body began to go limp. Andrew's eyes widened. He knew he could not wait any longer. If he did not do something now, Luna would die before their pursuers even found them. With no other choice, he pulled her closer, wrapping his arms around her. Then, without hesitation, he pressed his lips against hers. Her lips were soft and cold, trembling slightly as he breathed into her. New novel chapters are published on

Luna's foggy consciousness slowly cleared. She felt air entering her mouth, warmth flowing into her chest. When her mind finally snapped awake, she opened her eyes and froze. Andrew's face was right in front of hers, their mouths locked together underwater. She could not speak, but she swore she let out a silent gasp. Andrew was kissing her. -- For a moment, her mind went completely blank. She did not push him away because she did not even know how to react. However, Andrew did not stop. In fact, it almost felt like he was getting carried away. Luna's thoughts turned chaotic.

She realized she did not exactly dislike it, but another part of her screamed that she should. She gathered what little strength she had left and pushed at his chest. Andrew did not budge. Instead, his mouth pressed even harder against hers, as if trying to give her more air or maybe something more. Luna could not take it anymore. Her pulse raced as she struggled in his arms, twisting and turning beneath the water.

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Chapter 2529

---- Chapter 2529 Andrew finally realized that Luna had regained consciousness. He pulled away slightly and gestured toward the surface above them. Luna nodded, understanding that their pursuers were still nearby, so they both held their breath and stayed hidden underwater. Another two minutes passed, and Luna's head started spinning again. Andrew signaled that he could help her, but Luna quickly shook her head, refusing him. That tingling, breathless sensation from before still lingered in her chest, both uncomfortable and strangely intoxicating. However, her air was running out fast.

Her chest ached, and her body trembled from lack of oxygen. Just as her consciousness began to fade again, Andrew leaned forward and pressed his lips to hers once more. Underwater, Luna's eyes widened in shock. Embarrassment, anger, and confusion all flooded through her. She wanted to ask why he needed his tongue for a simple breath exchange, but she could not speak. All she felt was the heat in her face. Meanwhile, Andrew was not enjoying any of this. The freezing ---- water and the danger above kept his entire focus sharp. Google search

As tempting as Luna's lips were, staying alive mattered far more to him than anything else. After a while, Andrew noticed the current slowing down. It meant they had entered a calmer stretch of the river. It was time to move before the water stopped helping them hide. If the current died out, they would be sitting ducks. Sensing that the coast above was clear, he tightened his hold on Luna and shot upward through the water. By now,

both his strength and energy were nearly drained. Even for a fighter of his level, holding his breath underwater while carrying someone else was exhausting.

The moment they surfaced, Andrew staggered onto the muddy riverbank, nearly falling. However, he did not stop to rest and just kept running with Luna in his arms. He did not even care which direction he went, as long as it was away from the river. Luna gasped for air, her face pale but filled with relief. She was not afraid of dying, but now that she had a real chance to live, she desperately wanted to hold onto it. Suddenly, Andrew pushed her down into a patch of tall reeds and whispered, "Shh. Don't move.

Someone's coming." Luna instantly obeyed, curling up beside him as quietly as she ---- could. His body pressed lightly against hers, and the warmth of his skin calmed her nerves. She looked up at his sharp jawline and straight nose, her cheeks flushing red. He really was handsome, especially when he looked that serious. The sound of footsteps rustled through the grass nearby. Then, they heard the martial emperor's roar. "Check the opposite shore! They couldn't have gotten far. Hurry!" Soon, the sounds faded into the distance.

Luna, pinned beneath him, felt somewhat uncomfortable and reminded him, "They're gone. Let's keep running." Andrew did not move. Instead, he pressed her down even more tightly. Luna stiffened in alarm. "What are you... doing?" "Don't make a sound. That guy's cautious. He's probably still nearby," Andrew murmured. They waited in tense silence for a few more seconds. Then, sure enough, the reeds rustled again. Luna peered through a small gap in the stalks and saw the black-clad martial emperor standing at the riverbank, scanning the surface with cold eyes.

He looked around for several long ---- moments before finally storming off in frustration. "That was close!" Luna breathed out, her heart still pounding. Then, she looked at Andrew, asking, "How did you know he'd come back?"

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- Chapter 2530

Chapter 2530

---- Chapter 2530 Andrew smiled and pulled her up, and the two continued their escape. He explained, "That guy's name is Jahmir Robles, a notorious lone wolf from the Northern Martial Union. Among the powerhouses at the martial emperor level, most have retired or semi-retired, prioritizing reputation and seniority. But this man? He's like a vulture, ruthless and shameless." He continued, "Even after all these years, he's still greedy as hell and would do anything for profit."

My father and I once crossed paths with him, but back then, he acted like a well-trained dog in front of my dad, and he didn't even dare to misbehave. "At the time, the Lloyd family needed his help tracking someone down, and that was when I saw through his tricks. He's paranoid and likes to double back. That's exactly the kind of stunt he'd pull. The things he said earlier? He wasn't talking to himself; he was baiting us, trying to lure us out in case we were hiding nearby." Luna looked at him, visibly impressed. "Good thing you caught that. I didn't even think about it."

If we'd made a move earlier, we probably would've been caught." Andrew smirked. "Didn't think you knew how to give compliments." ---- Luna said seriously, "When someone's better than me, I'll admit it. And you are." Half an hour later, they finally reached the outskirts of Chetvine, which meant they were finally safe. Luna exhaled. "The military's already on their way to pick me up. They'll be here soon. Andrew... Thank you for tonight." Seeing her hesitate, Andrew waved it off with a grin. "Don't mention it. You helped me before, and I saved you this time. So, I guess we're even now."

But you should still be careful moving forward." Luna's tone turned cold. "I don't need to be careful. Once I recover at the Martial Tower, I'll hunt Jahmir down across the entire North. I know some of the people backing him, too, and I'll make sure they all pay." Andrew nodded. "If you need my help, just say the word. I'll be there. Anyway, I'll get going." As he turned to leave, Luna's heartbeat quickened. "Wait!" Andrew stopped and looked back curiously. Luna bit her lip. "Earlier... when we were underwater, that thing we you know... ---- Andrew suddenly got it. "Oh, you mean the kiss?"

Yeah, I didn't mean anything by it. I just wanted to save you." Luna lowered her gaze and murmured, "Then... goodbye, Andrew. He smiled. "Goodbye." Just as he took two steps, Luna called again. "Wait, one more thing!" Andrew turned around, puzzled by her strange behavior. He could not help wondering if she was going to pull a Valerie on him and make him take responsibility or something. Heaven knew he really had not been thinking about anything else at the time. But then Luna smiled at him, her eyes sparkling in a way that made him freeze. For a second, she was breathtaking.

And what came next stunned him even more. Luna said softly, " Andrew, what you did... I didn't hate it. Actually, I kind of liked it." Liked it? Andrew stood there, completely thrown off. What did she mean by that? Did she mean she liked him kissing ---- her? She liked it? His expression grew complicated as he stared at her. For the first time, he realized Luna seemed different. She was not as cold or detached as before. Now, there was something softer about her, something warm, almost feminine. "Well," Andrew muttered to himself with a small smile, "I kind of liked it too." NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON

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Chapter 2531

---- Chapter 2531 The blinding headlights cut through the still night as a convoy of armored military trucks rolled in one after another. "General, are you alright?" Leslie, ignoring her own wounds, rushed to Luna with tears in her eyes. Luna brushed back her slightly messy hair and shook her head. " I'm fine. What about your injuries?" Leslie wiped away her tears. "I'm okay. Andrew bandaged me up earlier. Plus, he gave me some kind of pill that worked really well." A medic chimed in. "Sounds like an eighth-grade Health- Restoration Pill. Those are extremely rare.

But the effects are nothing short of miraculous." Leslie looked shocked. "An eighth-grade divine pill? He just gave that to me?" Luna felt a warmth spread through her chest. Due to the entire situation with Valerie, she had always had mixed feelings about Andrew. But from what she was seeing now, the man had not changed at all. This was the person she had always known, someone whose light never stopped shining on those around him. ---- By Luna's assessment, Leslie's injuries back then could have been life-threatening.

She said, "When you get a chance, you should thank him personally." Leslie nodded firmly. "Yes, General. I know. I owe him my life, and that's something I can never repay." The other soldiers parted, and two men stepped forward. One had medals on his shoulder identifying him as a lieutenant general. He gave Luna a slight nod and said coldly, "Luna, don't worry. Our people have already gone after them. Whether we catch them or not, we'll give you answers." The other man raised his hand dismissively. "No need to chase them.

It's a waste of time." The lieutenant general, who outranked and outclassed Luna in both position and power, paused. Then, he obediently replied, "Understood, sir." No one dared argue because the man who had spoken was none other than Philip, the top commander of the military. Philip studied Luna for a long moment before slowly nodding. "Either way, you're back safe. That's what matters most. Where's Andrew?" --- - Luna answered, "He already headed back to Chetvine." Philip smiled. "That sounds like him. Come on, let's go. What you need most right now is rest.

Leave everything else to me." Luna asked, "Mr. Turman, you know who was behind this, don't you?" Philip's expression darkened. "Of course I do. Jahmir was just the hitman. The real problem is the organization behind him." His tone turned sharp. "Those bastards dared to lay a hand on my student? Fine. If that's how they want to play it, then we'll paint the streets red. Give me three days. If Jahmir's head isn't rolling by then, I don't deserve to be your mentor. It's time to settle a lot of old debts." Just then, murmurs rippled through the crowd behind them.

Luna looked over and saw a figure slowly approaching. Philip glanced back at the man and snorted. "That useless brat insisted on tagging along. Whatever. I'll handle the rest. Why don't you have a word with him?" Philip left with his team, and Luna pressed her lips together as she watched the man approach. Conrad, dressed in uniform and standing tall, walked up to her. "---- Luna, I heard what happened and came straight here from home. How are you feeling?" Luna smiled faintly. "Conrad, I'm fine. When did you get back to Chetvine?" Conrad replied, "Two days ago. UPDATE FROM

I was planning to come see you, but Mr. Turman called me in and told me not to bother you, so Luna shook her head. "Conrad, I don't want to get involved in whatever's going on between you and Mr. Turman. That's not my business. But there's one thing I'd like you to listen to, just this once."

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Chapter 2532

---- Chapter 2532 Conrad was silent for a moment before saying coldly, "You're talking about Andrew, aren't you? Sorry, Luna, but I can't agree to that. He has to die. If I let him live, the scar he left in my heart will keep burning and tearing at me forever." Luna quickly protested, "That was years ago, Conrad. Why can't you just let it go?" Conrad clenched his jaw. "Not until he tells the truth about the Iron Cavalry incident. As a soldier, Andrew's survival alone is a disgrace to himself, to the military, and to me." Luna's temper flared, and her tone turned sharp.

"But you're wrong about what happened to the Iron Cavalry. Andrew didn't abandon them; he fought his way back alone." Conrad shook his head. "That's what Mr. Turman told me, too, but I don't buy it. I confronted Andrew myself and gave him the chance to explain, but he avoided it, refusing to say a word." He continued, "Besides, Luna, you might not know this, but the Cunningham family has its own internal records. I won't go into detail, but let me tell you this: Andrew isn't the man you think he is. He's cunning, ungrateful, and completely heartless.

He's no longer the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince everyone once admired. ---- "Keeping him alive might not affect us much, but I can't tolerate the sight of him. He made mistakes, and he'll have to pay for them; one way or another." Luna snapped, "You're not Andrew. How can you be so sure of what you think you know? So what if your family has internal records? Don't you realize Mr. Cunningham Senior is one of the people in Chetvine who most wants Andrew dead?" Conrad shook his head. "Enough, Luna. You don't understand. There are things you simply don't know.

You're still young and too idealistic. Andrew is a man who crawled out of a pile of corpses. Do you really think someone like that survived on integrity and kindness? He's alive because of betrayal and darkness. That's all that's left of him." He added, "I know he saved you, and that created a bond between you two... And I know you, Luna. You don't fall easily, but once you do, you bur yourself to ashes for it. Listen to me, Andrew isn't worth it." Luna cut him off coldly. "And what, you are?" Conrad froze, staring at her in shock. She had always been calm, almost detached.

Yet now, for the first time, she was furious. Luna said icily, "I know what kind of man Andrew is. You trust your family's so-called records, but I trust my own eyes. I don't ---- believe he's the monster you say he is. And even if he were, I still wouldn't let you hurt him." Conrad's voice dropped. "You care about him that much? Luna, don't you see? You're walking straight into the abyss." Luna pressed her lips together and gazed at the

night sky, then farther out at the bright lights of downtown Chetvine. She mumbled, "I don't know... For original chapters go to

But even if he is the abyss, I'm willing to fall." Conrad fell silent. Or rather, he had nothing left to say. His eyes filled with complicated emotions as he looked at her and murmured, "Luna, you've changed."

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Chapter 2533

---- Chapter 2533 "Conrad, this might be the last time I regard you as my senior. Take care of yourself. I'll keep an eye on Andrew. If you move against him, I'll stand against you." Luna tossed a cold farewell and climbed into the car, ordering them to drive back to the city. In the endless darkness of night, Conrad stood alone for a long while. Then, veins bulged on his face, making him look utterly savage. "Andrew, you bastard! You think taking away the people I care about means you've beaten me?

You're despicable, but I'll cut you to pieces even if it breaks Luna." Andrew was still recovering from his old wounds, and new ones were already piling up. He had no idea if this turn of events was a blessing or a curse. The next day, he continued enjoying the devoted care of his girlfriends. After Rowan arrived at the Lloyd family estate, she unsurprisingly joined the training as well.

The Lloyd family's morning drills were mandatory for all disciples, and the head ---- instructor was none other than the fierce Sheena Rowan's martial arts foundation and skill level were better than Aspen and Chantelle's, allowing her to improve quickly within the Lloyd family. "Northern Martial Union's overall strength still outmatches the Southern Martial Union," Tiana said, and then turned to Andrew, "You escaping tonight was no small feat." Victoria chimed in and nodded, "Yes. Jahmir is definitely a true martial emperor, and both you and Ms.

Phelan were injured Thank goodness you were smart enough to hide in the river, or the consequences would've been unthinkable." Andrew said nothing and instead felt the changes within his body carefully. The final seal still showed no sign of budging, like it had never moved at all, but he sensed a subtle difference. At least the Blood-Eyed Black Dragon on his chest had brightened slightly at the dragon's head "Looks like I still need to find a way to break that final seal," he murmured with resignation. Victoria frowned.

"Have you considered a different approach to increase your power?" Andrew smiled, "Tell me." ---- Victoria's mature beauty lit her face as she explained, "Right now, you can't handle martial emperors and stronger foes. So boosting your strength is urgent, but that last seal is as immovable as a mountain, and even the royal family can't figure it out. If the usual channels won't work, you'll have to try another path." Andrew nodded. "I get what you mean." Tiana smirked, "Andrew, even if that last seal won't crack easily, someone like you has plenty of unconventional ways to grow stronger.

For example, your family totem is itself a mysterious source of power. Your Blood-Eyed Black Dragon tattoo has helped you more than once, so why not try lighting it all up? Then you wouldn't lose to a martial emperor." Andrew grinned, "That's exactly what I had in mind." Victoria said, "For now, there's little Tiana and I can do to help you directly. Mostly it's on you, but if you need anything, tell us." Tiana laughed flirtatiously and winked, "Yes, don't be shy! Ask us for favors anytime. Victoria still has charm to spare and plenty of free time for romance, so she's all yours if you want." Original content can be found at find-novel-net

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Chapter 2534

---- Chapter 2534 Victoria blushed, and she shot Tiana a glare. "Tiana, if you've got nothing useful to say, then shut your mouth. No one here thinks you're a mute, alright?" Andrew rubbed his nose awkwardly and could only give a dry laugh. He did not dare interrupt when the two bickered. After all, it was not his place as the younger one, especially when both women were far from being 'proper elders' "Andrew, I'm heading east tomorrow," Sheena said, walking up and patting his shoulder. Andrew brushed off her hand since her strength was no joke, and it actually hurt.

He analyzed, "Sheena, you're a second-tier martial emperor, and Swordhaven Keep's master, Alfredo, ranks third on the Titan List. He's already at the final stage of the martial emperor level. In other words, he's just one step away from becoming a martial god, the kind that never loses. I'll say this one last time: maybe you should reconsider." He added, "Sure, we're not afraid of death, but there's no need to deliberately provoke someone this dangerous." Sheena scoffed. "I already told you that this fight is happening ---- no matter what. This chapter is updated by find-novel-net

If I don't fight, I won't be able to break through to the third tier of martial emperor anytime soon. Alfredo knows I'm using him to sharpen my skills, so he's definitely not going to be happy about it. Which means when we fight, he'll probably try to kill me. But there's nothing I can do about it. That's the risk I'm taking, and I've accepted it." Andrew

waved his hand dismissively. "This isn't going to work. Tomorrow, I'm going with you to the Eastern Stronghold." Sheena looked surprised. "What are you going there for? Don't tell me you think you can change how this goes?"

Andrew, as long as the final seal in your energy core remains intact, you're not qualified to challenge me. Unless you remove that last layer of seal, there's no way you can pin me down." Andrew gave a wry smile. "When did you start making such dirty jokes?" Sheena grinned proudly. "Just these last couple of days, especially after hanging around Madam Sanchez and Mrs. Rhodes... Those two ladies are amazing. You can learn all kinds of fun things from them. And guess what? Both of them used to be Uncle Reginald's old flames! Andrew, you and your dad really are treasures to the Lloyd family.

Every woman you bring home is a knockout. I swear, I love it." Andrew shook his head. "They're our elders, Sheena. That's not appropriate." ---- Sheena did not care at all. "They don't mind. They were smiling and joking the whole time, so why are you acting so uptight? Anyway, that's that. You stay here in Chetvine and take care of your business. I'll handle Swordhaven Keep and let you know what happens." Andrew watched her ponytail sway as she walked away, a flicker of worry tightening his chest. Alfredo was no ordinary man; even Reginald himself had never truly defeated him.

If Sheena went to challenge him now, her chances were not great. However, from her tone, it was clear she did not want Andrew to come along. Did she have her own plan? Or was she worried he would get caught in the crossfire? Andrew's expression darkened. Either way, tomorrow he was going to Swordhaven Keep with her. Meanwhile, the Medicine God's Covenant was severely understaffed. Only two alchemists were available, and Amari was under extreme pressure, working overtime with a few junior alchemists just to keep up.

Andrew had recently secured massive contracts from Iron Sword Sect and the Robertson family, and if they could not ---- deliver the elixirs on time, things would blow up fast. There was also the Webster family, whom Andrew had instructed Amari to negotiate with yesterday. But unexpectedly, Amari failed. The Webster family showed strong resistance toward the Medicine God's Covenant. "What exactly happened?" Andrew asked.

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Chapter 2535

---- Chapter 2535 Amari looked troubled and admitted, "They just refused flat out. They said they won't work with us. But Andrew, if the Webster family won't play ball, it's fine; we don't need them that badly." Andrew waved a hand. "Tell me exactly what happened. The Webster family was part of my plan, and we had to win them over. Right now, we have the Reyes family, the Iron Sword Sect, and the Robertson family, so we already have a foothold. Those clients alone were enough for us to stand on." He added, "Still, that wasn't nearly enough.

If I left Chetvine or got tied up with other matters and couldn't run Medicine God's Covenant, you'd be handling it alone, and that would be rough." Amari's eyes widened. "You mean you'd leave Medicine God's Covenant to me?" Andrew grinned. "Your name's on the deed as the owner, so of course, it's yours." Amari looked touched, but then shook his head. "No way. I can't accept that. This is an enterprise the two of us built together, and I can't shoulder it alone. You need to be the head, while I can be the deputy master and handle all the dirty work." Andrew scoffed. "You with that beer belly?

Don't tell me you ---- can't handle it. Amari, take my advice and drink less. I've been trying to arrange a marriage for you, haven't I? But Valerie has been difficult "I was thinking maybe we should find you someone else. But from what I can tell, she probably won't dare act out anymore. So once I get some time, I'll knock on the Reyes family's door and have a word with Ms. Theron. They already accepted all those high-grade divine pills. When is she going to marry her daughter off to you?" Amari quickly interjected, "Andrew, I don't like Valerie. Original content can be found at

Why don't you just take that woman for yourself instead? I'm being serious. Even though Valerie is young and beautiful, I really don't want her." Andrew frowned. "Now you tell me you don't like her? Amari, what are you playing at? I went to all this trouble, and you're going to waste my effort?" Amari laughed awkwardly, hesitating, and finally confessed, " Actually, I already like someone else. So there's no way I could ever be interested in Valerie." Andrew was shocked. "You have someone you like? Which family's old lady is she from? Is she 80 years old by now?

Don't tell me she's one of those grandmas brisk walking in the park?" Amari looked deeply wounded, clutching his chest. "Andrew, ---- that's going too far. The woman I like is indeed older. But if you're suggesting she's some random lady from the park, you're really underestimating me." Andrew laughed heartily. "I'm kidding! I was just messing with you. So tell me, who is it? Since you already have someone you like, you should've said so earlier.

I could've gone straight to her family to propose on your behalf." Amari sighed theatrically and stared up at the ceiling like a man dying to confess. He said, "To be honest, it's the same Webster family you just asked me to approach. The family is currently headed by its matriarch, who has two sons and one daughter. That daughter was my childhood sweetheart. She's the same age as me, so she's pretty old now, too." He continued, "For my sake, she never married and has stayed in the Webster residence her whole life.

I had given up on her because the Webster family always looked down on me and never gave me a chance. "But after you returned to Chetvine, I had hope again because you could be the face to help make the match. I snuck over to the Webster residence, but the matriarch said she wouldn't give her daughter away. She said it would be a disgrace for the Webster family, and if only I'd become an eighth-grade divine alchemist sooner, there might have been a chance." He sighed and added, "Too bad I didn't start studying under Mr. ---- Zeroual until late in life.

Now I'm late blooming and missed my shot." Andrew raised a hand. "Hold on. So you're saying she's still single, and she stayed that way for so long for you?" Amari's face fell. "Yes. We met sometimes and talked in secret, but it was always behind closed doors. When I went to the Webster residence to discuss cooperation, the two brothers verbally abused me and nearly beat me out of the house." Andrew said coldly, "If the Webster family dares to do that, I'll wipe them out. Come on, I've got nothing better to do anyway. Let's go to the Webster residence right now." Amari hesitated.

"Maybe we should just forget it. I heard Theon is also going to the Webster residence today. Sovereign's Apothecary has been negotiating with the Webster family for a while without closing the deal, and Theon has already lost to you twice. He's definitely going to pull out all the stops to seal the deal. If we go and just witness his success, we'll only be humiliating ourselves." Andrew sneered. "Who's humiliating whom? Amari, man up. Don't worry! With me here, if the Webster family dares lay a hand 'on you, I'll personally take responsibility.

You shouldn't waste the devotion that woman gave up her life for." Amari's eyes flickered twice before he gritted his teeth. "Alright. ---- I'll follow you into madness one more time. No matter what happens, I want to declare my feelings to Maddie." Andrew grinned, "Maddie? That's her name, right?" Amari blushed, "Her name is Madeline Webster. She's from the same generation as Patriarch Donovan." Andrew raised his thumb. "Amari, you're incredible. Loving someone for that long takes real guts. If I'd been you, I'd have had grandkids by now."

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Chapter 2536

---- Chapter 2536 The Webster family was not part of the five great clans, but their standing in Chetvine was unique. That was mostly of their matriarch, Helda Cooke's eldest son, Melvin Webster. He was the current head of the family and one of Holtrien's key figures. Even compared to Guillermo, he was not far behind, which contributed to

the remarkable influence of the Webster family. Overall, the Websters were a well-disciplined and respectable family.

Their second and third generations were not exceptionally gifted or as extraordinary as people like Isabelle or Valerie, but they were steady and consistent. They did not have any prodigies, yet they also did not produce any fools or troublemakers. In fact, the family was filled with capable, level-headed people who were intelligent, diligent, and dependable. That kind of balance created a household known for integrity and composure, with a strong sense of justice and a grounded, methodical style.

Most powers in Chetvine knew that out of everyone they could negotiate with, the Websters were the hardest to move. They were not just stubborn; they were impossibly principled, always speaking in moral absolutes and lofty ideals, leaving others frustrated and helpless. ---- Right now, the Webster family was hosting guests: Theon, Mikayla, and their group, who had returned empty-handed the day before. They had lost their chances with the Iron Sword Sect and the Robertson family, so they were putting everything into this visit.

If they failed to secure a deal with the Websters, their annual revenue would drop by at least a quarter. And that missing quarter was a big deal because it meant losing billions in profit. "The Webster family only has one person we need to win over: Mrs. Webster Senior. Once she's on our side, the rest will follow easily," Theon instructed Mikayla. He explained, "Even though Melvin is the family's pillar, he's famous for his devotion to his mother. If Mrs. Webster Senior is happy, Melvin won't care about anything else." Mikayla smiled confidently. "Don't worry, Mr. Orben.

I've visited the Webster family many times with my father, so Mrs. Webster Senior knows me well. In fact, one of the Websters once tried to pursue me." Theon's eyes lit up. "Really? Excellent. Very, very good. In times like this, beauty can be a powerful weapon. Mikayla, if you help me win this negotiation with the Websters, it'll be a huge merit for you." ---- Mikayla quickly responded, "Mr. Orben, as long as you teach me high-grade alchemy without holding anything back, I'll do everything in my power to help you." Theon waved grandly. "It's a deal, then.

This time, I won't allow any mistakes. I must secure this agreement." Mikayla sneered. "Mr. Orben, did you know that Amari visited the Webster family yesterday? But they gave him the cold shoulder and basically told him to get lost." Theon felt deeply satisfied and said through gritted teeth, "Serves him right. I never thought that old fool Amari would see a day like this. The Webster family doesn't buy into the brotherhood act between him and Andrew. Going there was nothing but asking for humiliation." Soon after, the Webster family welcomed Sovereign's Apothecary into their grand hall. Chapters first released on

Helda, now over 100 years old, sat upright in her chair, leaning on her cane. Theon bowed respectfully. "Nice to meet you, Mrs. Webster Senior." Mikayla followed, bowing gracefully. "Pleased to see you again, Mrs. Webster Senior." Helda chuckled warmly.

"Mr. Orben, Mikayla, there's no need for formality. Please, have a seat." ---- Mikayla, elegant and poised, curtsied once more before sitting down, exuding the air of perfect etiquette and grace. The Webster family's young men could not help but stare, utterly captivated.

When Mikayla's eyes swept across the room, they quickly turned away, blushing furiously.

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Chapter 2537

---- Chapter 2537 Mikayla smiled smugly. The younger generation of the Webster family was all guys with wandering eyes but no guts. Compared to the scions from other elite families who were bold and brazen with expert flirting skills, only the Webster family stuck to their old-fashioned ways, with all the men acting shy and reserved. The younger men of the Webster family were so conservative that it felt like stepping into an old aristocratic house from centuries ago; dull, uptight, and absolutely no fun. Nonetheless, that only made it the perfect stage for Mikayla to perform.

Once those sheltered boys caught sight of her grace, she knew they would be utterly captivated, and the rest of her act would go smoothly. Once everyone was seated, Theon went straight to business. "Mrs. Webster Senior, I'm sure you already know why we came today. So, I won't waste your time. Sovereign's Apothecary is here with full sincerity, hoping the Webster family will grant us this year's alchemy supply quota. What do you think?" Helda replied, "The Webster family doesn't require many potions, so whether we work with Sovereign's Apothecary or another supplier doesn't really matter.

The change this year is simply because our family has its own considerations." ---- Theon frowned slightly. "May I ask what those considerations are?" Helda chuckled. "There's nothing to hide. This year, my daughter, Maddie, will handle the family's alchemy orders. She plans to source everything through her own circle of connections. To be honest, Mr. Orben, your products haven't changed much over the years, and your prices have become rather high. So Maddie decided to help lighten the family's load." Theon's eyes widened. "Maddie? Do you mean Ms. Madeline Webster?

She's been in seclusion all these years, devoted entirely to her alchemy studies. Is she finally coming out?" Helda sighed softly. "If only it were that simple. Rather than calling it research, I'd say she's been avoiding responsibility. I'm her mother, so I've let her be, but Melvin can't keep watching her waste away like that. So under some pressure, she finally agreed to take on something for the family." Theon fell silent, thinking. At that

moment, Melvin, who sat beside his mother, gave a helpless smile. "Mom, that's our family matter. There's no need to share it with outsiders.

And I wasn't forcing her; I only wanted her to start engaging with life again. Otherwise, if she grows old with nothing to hold onto, how could we possibly bear to see that?" ---- Helda exhaled softly. "You're the head of the family now, and we all depend on you. So whatever you say goes." Melvin nodded, then turned to Theon with a polite but firm look. " Mr. Orben, I'll be frank. The Webster family won't be needing Sovereign's Apothecary's potions this year. However, there is one thing I'd like to ask of you.

Maddie has spent her life pursuing alchemy, yet after so many wasted years, she's now in her later days and still can't let go of that obsession. As her brother and head of this family, I want to help her in some way. So I'd like to send her to Sovereign's Apothecary to continue her studies. Would that be possible, Mr. Orben?" Theon smiled. "Oh, that's hardly an inconvenience at all. Since you've spoken personally, Mr. Webster, I'll make sure everything is arranged perfectly. However..." His tone suddenly shifted, as if something weighed on his mind.

Melvin and the others exchanged questioning looks, wondering what he meant. Inside, Theon was secretly pleased. If the Webster family wanted to send Madeline to Sovereign's Apothecary, then gaining leverage over them would be child's play. He thought, if they were trying to bypass the Apothecary or reject the deal, they could forget about it now. ---- Since the Websters clearly needed something from him, he would play along and be respectful for now. But in return, he fully intended to make them pay a proper price later. The source of this content is

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Chapter 2538

---- Chapter 2538 "But what is it, Mr. Orben? Please speak freely," Melvin said. Theon pretended to hesitate. Then, he explained, "It's just that Sovereign's Apothecary is now under the authority of Mr. Titus Sterling from the Divine Alchemists. While I'm the chief alchemist and hold considerable influence, Mr. Sterling's opinion carries greater weight. Whatever happens, I'll still need his approval first." Melvin frowned. "Titus Sterling? I've heard of him. He's the one managing Sovereign's Apothecary on behalf of the Divine Alchemists, right?

I've also heard he's quite the stubborn man, unyielding once he's made a decision." Theon nodded. "Exactly. If the Webster family decides not to renew the contract with Sovereign's Apothecary, then Ms. Webster might face some... complications in joining

us. That's just the reality." Melvin's brows furrowed slightly, while Helda spoke calmly, "Melvin, maybe we should just continue working with Sovereign's Apothecary this year for Maddie's sake." Melvin shook his head. "Mom, I originally agreed to renew the partnership too.

But Maddie insisted she could handle the family's potion supply through her own channels and at a much ---- lower cost. That's why I listened to her." Theon immediately seized the moment. "Oh no, Mr. Webster, that's not quite right. You yourself said Ms. Webster hasn't been involved in worldly affairs for years. How could she possibly know the current market? "Right now, Sovereign's Apothecary dominates the entire Chetvine region. Many of the noble houses and even royal families work exclusively with us. So really, there's no need for the Webster family to exhaust itself.

Our prices and quality will absolutely satisfy you." Melvin hesitated, clearly torn. Helda finally said, "Someone, go call Maddie. I want to hear her opinion." A younger member of the family immediately stood and went to fetch Madeline. Theon and Mikayla exchanged a quick, excited glance. They both knew the Webster family was still open to negotiation. At least they were not as suspicious and guarded as the Iron Sword Sect or the Robertson family. Soon, Madeline arrived. She greeted, "Mom.

Melvin." Her hair was silvery white, yet despite being in her 70s, her skin was smooth and radiant, making her look closer to 40. ---- Theon could not help being stunned. He had not expected Madeline to look so youthful. Back in the day, she had been known for her beauty. However, she was aloof, quiet, and never fond of socializing. At the time, he was just a nameless alchemist with no standing, so all he could do was admire her from afar, never daring to speak to her. But now things were different. IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT

He was famous, respected, and a master of his craft, while she had long faded into obscurity within her family residence. The thought filled Theon with a strange excitement, his old admiration sparking back to life. Seeing his youthful crush again when he finally had power and prestige stirred something deep inside him, like a second spring waiting to bloom. Helda smiled warmly. "Maddie, meet Mr. Theon Orben. You two. share the same craft, after all." Melvin added with a grin, "Yes, Maddie. Mr.

Orben is an eighth- grade divine alchemist and currently the chief alchemist of Sovereign's Apothecary. The Divine Alchemists hold him in high regard." Before Madeline could even bow, Theon waved his hand and chuckled modestly. "Oh, please, you flatter me too much. When Ms. Webster first made her name in the field, I was still a ---- nobody with nothing to show for myself."

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Chapter 2539

---- Chapter 2539 Theon had planned to show off a little, putting on a calm, superior front. Yet, Madeline simply glanced at him and said flatly, "Mr. Theon Orben, was it? Never heard of you. I've only heard of Madam Brielle Baxter and Amari Goodman from Sovereign's Apothecary. Your name doesn't ring a bell." The color rushed to Theon's face until it turned red. "You..." he sputtered, humiliated and furious, wanting to argue back. Madeline ignored him completely, turning around and taking a seat beside Helda. For someone in her 70s, her temper was as fiery as ever.

A spark of anger flared in Theon's chest. He cursed inwardly, ' You old hag! How dare you look down on me like that? Don't you know that I'm now a master alchemist, respected and admired across the continent? Melvin frowned but chose not to scold Madeline in front of their guests. Helda, however, snapped, "Maddie, mind your manners. Mr. Orben is an honored guest of our family." ---- Madeline replied calmly, "I know, Mom. Anyway, where's Amari? I told him yesterday to come by today. I have something important to discuss with him." Melvin's expression hardened. "Discuss what? This text is hosted at

I already warned you not to associate with that man anymore. You do realize Amari was expelled from Sovereign's Apothecary, don't you?" Theon's face lit up, seizing the chance to add fuel to the fire. " That's right, Ms. Webster. Back when Amari worked at Sovereign's Apothecary, he was one of my subordinates. He made mistakes, got kicked out, and frankly, he's not even worth mentioning. You don't know my name, but you know his?" He gave a smug laugh.

"Honestly, I may not be the best, but compared to Amari, I'm leagues ahead." Madeline looked at him for a brief moment, and Theon thought she was finally softening toward him. He straightened up, puffing out his chest with a self-satisfied grin. In that instant, he felt like a young man again, in his 20s, returning home after his first big success. The villagers had lined the streets to greet him, and the local ladies had looked at him with shining eyes, whispering and giggling like he was some kind of movie star. The memory gave him a rush.

Being admired, being seen felt ---- stood beside him. Melvin's fury boiled over. "Who gave you permission to come in? Where are the guards? Someone throw these uninvited guests out immediately!" Theon sneered, his tone dripping with mockery. "Well, well. Andrew, you and your little buddy sure have guts, just barging into someone's home like this. Ever heard of knocking?" Andrew shot him a cold glare. "Shut your mouth, old man. This doesn't concern you." He then turned to Melvin and said calmly, "I'm Andrew Lloyd. Amari and I may not have been invited, Mr.

Webster, but tell me, is this the royal palace? Don't tell me we're not even worthy of setting foot in your home?" Melvin's expression hardened. He had not expected Andrew

to speak so boldly. The nerve of this kid coming into his home and talking like that. He shot to his feet, his finger trembling as he pointed at Andrew. "Ignorant brat. I know exactly who you are, the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince. But don't think that gives you any special treatment here. "You barge into my home and insult me in front of everyone, and I'm supposed to let that slide?"

If I still treat you with respect ---- after this, what would others think of my family?"

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Chapter 2540

---- Chapter 2540 Melvin finally lost his patience and snapped, "Madeline, are you out of your mind again? Do you even realize how childish you sound at your age? Apologize to Mr. Orben, right now!" Madeline's tone stayed icy. "Sorry, but that's not happening." Melvin's anger flared even hotter at being defied in front of everyone. "And what if I insist? If you refuse, then get out of the Webster family!" What was supposed to be a business discussion had now turned into a heated family argument right in front of their guests.

Madeline's eyes reddened as she stared at her brother stubbornly, refusing to back down. Helda sighed softly but chose to stay silent. Melvin pointed at her furiously. "Do you even know how much shame you've brought to this family? You're old enough to know better, yet you still live at home, unmarried. People think the Websters are so poor we can't even afford a proper wedding!" He continued, "But I never held that against you. You've always been difficult and impulsive, but I let it slide because you're family. I've even taken the blame for you countless times.

---- "But look at you now, Maddie! What have you done for this family lately? Instead of helping, you just keep bringing us more trouble. Tell me, have I been too easy on you all these years?" Tears welled up in Madeline's eyes. "Melvin, you've been saying the same thing for decades. If you no longer want me here, that's fine. I'll leave." Melvin gave a cold laugh. "Oh, so now you're standing up to me? Go ahead, then. Let's see how far you make it out there. You're old, Madeline. The world's changing every day.

If you walk out on this family now, do you really think you can survive on your own?" Helda could not bear it anymore and shouted, "Melvin, that's enough! No matter what, she's still your sister!" Melvin's face darkened. "Exactly. And that's the only reason she's still here. If she weren't my sister, I'd have thrown her out long ago. Madeline, you're not young anymore. Keep being this stubborn and you'll ruin yourself." Madeline felt her humiliation burn through her tears. She clenched her fists and turned to leave.

However, before she could step outside, a trembling voice came from the doorway. "Maddie... I'm here." Everyone turned toward the sound. It was Amari, and Andrew ---- stood beside him. Melvin's fury boiled over. "Who gave you permission to come in? Where are the guards? Someone throw these uninvited guests out immediately!" Theon sneered, his tone dripping with mockery. "Well, well. Andrew, you and your little buddy sure have guts, just barging into someone's home like this. Ever heard of knocking?" Andrew shot him a cold glare. "Shut your mouth, old man.

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Chapter 2541

---- Chapter 2541 Andrew sneered, "If the Webster family had any shame, Mr. Webster wouldn't be bullying his own sister. I've heard that the Webster family is powerful and wealthy, with impeccable family values. But I never imagined that Ms. Webster, in her old age, would be kicked out of the family. What's wrong? Can't Mr. Webster even afford to support his own sister? If you can't, I'm more than willing to give her a place to stay." Melvin was so furious that the veins on his neck bulged out.

Andrew's words, for someone like him who prided himself on being capable, were incredibly insulting and deeply humiliating. "You brat, you..." Melvin roared at Andrew, on the verge of exploding. Finally, Helda shouted, "Melvin, sit down! Andrew, Amari, what brings you two to the Webster family? If there's nothing important, please leave. The Webster family doesn't welcome you." Amari stammered, "Mrs. Webster Senior, I..." Helda waved her hand dismissively, "Amari, nothing can happen between you and Maddie. I've already told you this.

Why come back just to embarrass yourself?" ---- Amari's face turned ashen as he lowered his head without saying a word. At that moment, Andrew stepped forward and plopped himself down right in front of Theon and the others. Mikayla shouted, "Andrew, what are you doing?" Andrew completely ignored her, looked at Helda, and smiled, * Mrs, Webster Senior, pardon the intrusion. Today, Amari and I have come to propose a marriage." Helda frowned, "Propose a marriage? What do you mean?" Andrew stated bluntly, "Exactly what I said. Amari wants to marry Ms. Webster.

So, as his senior, I've come to formally propose." Helda was stunned, unable to process what she was hearing for a moment. Melvin, however, sneered, "How shameless. Amari is so old, a worthless good-for-nothing, and that's bad enough. But I never thought you, the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince, would also be such a disgrace. Propose? How dare you even say that out loud?" Theon caught on to what was happening and burst out laughing, "So that's what this is about! The old fool's got his head in the clouds, thinking he has a chance with a goddess like Ms. ---- Webster. Discover more novels at

You both need a serious reality check. Tell him to look at his own reflection; he's not even fit to shine her shoes." Andrew scoffed, "Amari doesn't deserve her? And you do? Theon, while you're insulting others, you should take a look at yourself in the mirror. If Amari is pathetic, then you're worse than pathetic. In my eyes, you're nothing but trash. So why don't you shut your damn mouth?" Ignoring Theon's murderous glare, Andrew turned to Melvin, "Mr. Webster, you just called me shameless. I'd like to know exactly how I'm being shameless." Melvin was still fuming.

"Do you even hear yourself, Andrew? With Amari's age and his status, he's nowhere near good enough for Madeline. You think this is the right time to propose? Don't you see how ridiculous this is?" Andrew let out a cold laugh. "I'm sorry, but I don't find this ridiculous in the least. When two people are truly in love, why should time or circumstance matter? Since when does love have an expiration date or require a certain rank? Amari and Ms. Webster share a genuine connection. What is so wrong with that? He continued, "Mr. Webster, who are you to question our status?

Let me turn that question back on you. What, precisely, is the great status of the Webster family? What makes you, Melvin Webster, so incredibly superior?"

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Chapter 2542

---- Chapter 2542 Melvin had a stubborn and arrogant nature, but he never expected Andrew to be even more forceful than he was. He coughed violently several times,

feeling so enraged by Andrew. He snapped, "You ignorant fool, listen carefully! The Webster family conducts itself with integrity! We don't seek immense wealth, but we demand they be disciplined and upright in every word and action." He continued, "Meanwhile, one of you spent years on the run and only just crawled back, while the other wasted his life in Chetvine and has nothing to show for it.

Yet you still have the audacity to come here asking for marriage? Andrew, are you treating my family like a joke?" Everyone in the Webster family glared at Andrew, their faces burning with outrage. His words had struck right at the family's pride, something they valued above all else. The Webster family had extremely high self-esteem and could not tolerate outsiders saying anything negative about them. Andrew laughed coldly, his expression full of disdain. "Sorry, but I don't look down on the Webster family as a whole. I just look down on you, Mr. Webster.

What, you landed a big government position and suddenly think you're a big deal? You and Mr. ---- Vazquez might be on the same level, but that doesn't mean you get to act so high and mighty." He added, "Then let me ask you, Mr. Webster, do you really think the Lloyd family is beneath you?" Melvin's jaw clenched so tight he could not speak. His face turned red as fury boiled in silence. The Webster family was respectable, sure, but compared to the royal Lloyd family, they were nowhere near the same league. Andrew raised his voice, eyes burning. "And yes, you're right.

I spent ten years on the run. But tell me, Mr. Webster, did I ever cost your family a single penny? I survived those ten years on my own, and when I came back to Chetvine, I was still the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince. Even the great houses and the so-called elite couldn't touch me. So tell me, can you really say that doesn't make you jealous?" "If you've got a problem with it, let's step outside right now and settle this," Andrew added as he rolled up his sleeves, his temper flaring as he prepared to take on Melvin directly. This move shocked everyone in the Webster family.

Melvin was not skilled in martial arts, so if they actually fought, a prodigy like Andrew could probably send Melvin six feet under with just a flick of his hand. ---- Orlando Webster saw his father's furious helplessness and quickly jumped forward. "Andrew, if you want to fight, I'll take you on. My father isn't feeling well and has his reputation to consider, so he can't possibly fight you." Orlando's voice was deep and menacing as he glared at Andrew. Andrew waved dismissively, "I don't want to fight. Today was supposed to be a good day. But honestly, it's Mr.

Webster who's been going too far. And let me be even more blunt: if we really fought, I wouldn't think twice about anyone in the Webster family. Orlando felt deeply insulted, "You bastard! Let me teach you a lesson first." Andrew smirked, simply ignoring him. If they really fought, one kick from him would easily crippled Orlando. Helda spoke up then, pounding her cane forcefully on the ground. "Everyone, be quiet! What exactly do you think you're doing, Andrew? You come here as guests, and now you're acting like you own the place? You dare to stir trouble in my house?

If you really go through with this, I'll march straight to the Lloyd family myself and demand justice from Patriarch Donovan!" Andrew chuckled awkwardly. "Come on now, ma'am, don't say that. I wouldn't dare raise a hand here. I just lost my temper a bit ---- Young people get heated sometimes. I'm sorry you had to see that. With you here, even if I had ten times the courage, I'd never dare act out." Helda's expression finally softened, and she nodded. "At least you still have some manners left." The link to the origin of this information rests in

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Chapter 2543

---- Chapter 2543 Melvin finally found a way to step down without losing face. He gave a sharp snort, flicked his sleeve, and said nothing more. Theon sneered at Andrew. "Coward," he muttered, thinking Andrew had actually backed down. He had expected Andrew to strike against the Webster family. Honestly, he had been hoping for it. That way, the Websters would have every reason to ban him forever. But seeing Andrew yield was unexpected, almost disappointing. Only Mikayla seemed to notice something different. IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT

She realized Andrew had done it on purpose to give the Webster family a way to save face. Since he was thick-skinned enough not to care about embarrassment, he had actually handed them a favor in disguise. 'That damn man! He really knows how to play the game,' she thought bitterly. Helda finally spoke up. "Andrew, you said you came to propose on Amari's behalf. Do you even realize how foolish that is?" Andrew shook his head calmly. "Mrs. Webster Senior, I don't think it's foolish at all. First of all, the two of them already have ---- feelings for each other.

Secondly, we came here with complete sincerity. Whatever the Webster family requires, we're capable of meeting it." He went on smoothly, "Lastly, I may not be much, but I can vouch for Amari. The Webster family may have a grand reputation, but I am not exactly insignificant either. So why not just agree and let them have their happiness?" Before Helda could respond, Melvin's voice thundered again. Never! Absolutely not! Amari had this foolish idea when he was young. I didn't approve back then, and now that he's this old, I'll never approve.

So both of you might as well give up on that dream." He pointed at Amari, his voice turning cold and cruel. "Especially you, Amari. You're old enough to know better. If you had even a shred of self-respect, you'd know when to keep your mouth shut. Otherwise, I'll say things that'll make you regret it for the rest of your life." Amari's face turned pale, and his voice trembled. "You're right, Mr. Webster. I was being foolish." Tears welled up

in Madeline's eyes. "Melvin, didn't you say you wanted me gone anyway? Fine then, I'll leave with Amari.

That way, you won't have to look at me anymore." Melvin's expression darkened. "You're not going anywhere. Even ---- if no one wants you, no one from the Webster family will ever lower themselves enough to be handed off like that. From now on, you'll stay here forever. You won't take a single step outside this house." Madeline's body trembled, clearly terrified. Melvin's words struck her like a threat from which there was no escape. Amari glanced at Andrew, his shoulders slumping. "Let's go... I expected this before we came." Theon burst out laughing, his voice dripping with mockery.

" Andrew, you two really are delusional! What a ridiculous pair. Didn't you hear Mr. Webster? Get out already. Amari is worthless, and he still wants to get his hands on Ms. Webster? Dream on." The veins on Andrew's forehead twitched twice. It was rare for him to lose his temper, but this time, he was furious. If someone insulted him, he could shrug it off. However, seeing his own junior humiliated like that, at his age, being treated so miserably, Andrew's heart erupted with unstoppable fury.

That was who he was; he did not care about his own pride, but he could never stand seeing his loved ones bullied. With a loud crack, he slammed his hand against the nearest table, shattering it to pieces. Everyone in the room froze, staring in shock. ---- Then, before anyone could react, Andrew stepped forward in a flash, grabbed Melvin by the collar, and yanked him up, "What do you think you're doing?" someone shouted as the room erupted in panic. The entire Webster household tensed.

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Chapter 2544

---- Chapter 2544 Melvin raised his hand and sneered. "Everyone, step back. I want to see what he's going to do. Andrew, if you've got the guts, then kill me right now." Andrew's lips curled into a cold grin. "Killing you wouldn't be hard. But today, I don't feel like it. Everything you said comes down to one thing: your arrogance. You look down on Amari, don't you? But Amari isn't who he used to be. And with me as his senior, what gives you the right to look down on him?" Melvin replied, "So what if you're here? What difference does that make?" Andrew lifted Melvin off the ground.

Staring into his terrified eyes, he growled, "Listen carefully. You're sitting in that position today partly because of me. When Mr. Vazquez called for a vote to decide who would take that seat, Philip from the military, my father, and I all voted for you. "But the major families and several of Mr. Vazquez's people were strongly against it. You've spent

years trying to figure out who helped you back then, haven't you? You even went to the military yourself, asking around, but found nothing, right?" Melvin froze, his body trembling. "No, that's impossible.

Andrew, you were just a kid when that vote happened. I can understand ---- Mr. Lloyd Senior's support since he was Mr. Vazquez's chosen successor. But you? You were barely grown. How could you have helped me?" Andrew scoffed and threw him aside. His smirk was taunting. " The three decisive votes came from my father, Philip, and one more from that mysterious organization. You haven't forgotten about them, have you? Well, it's time you knew that the final vote from the organization was mine." He added, "And do you know why I voted for you?

Back when you first arrived in Chetvine, you were a nobody, a joke, really. But you had dreams. You said, 'For the sake of the world, for the people, to inherit the wisdom of the past and create peace for the future.' "You were struggling, frustrated, and your career was going nowhere. As for me? I was already in a position to make almost every decision within that organization. So tell me, Melvin, what right do you have to act high and mighty in front of me? You look down on Amari and me, but honestly, I look down on you too. Check latest chapters at

You once spoke about ideals and justice, yet now you've sold your soul for power and fame. Don't you think that makes you a hypocrite?" Orlando suddenly shouted, "Andrew! Don't you dare insult my father, or I'll fight you!" Andrew did not even glance at him. He kept his eyes on Melvin ---- and said, "Whether it's an insult or the truth, ask your father. Oh, and let me remind you of something else... After you started climbing the ladder in Chetvine, your family, all 30 or so of them, moved from your remote hometown to join you.

On the way, they were ambushed more than once, weren't they?" Melvin's face went pale. "Y-You know about that too?" Andrew, are you telling me you really were part of that organization?"

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Chapter 2545

---- Chapter 2545 Andrew spoke coldly. "Why keep fooling yourself? Not only was I part of that organization, but I was also the one who led the team that protected your entire family on their way to Chetvine. "So, to me, you're nothing. And that's not an insult; it's the truth. If I ever wanted to destroy you, whether it was back then or now, no amount of power or position could've saved you." All the color drained from Melvin's face. His

knees gave out, and he fell to the floor, trembling. Then, with a loud thud, he slammed his forehead to the ground.

"So the young man who saved us on that road back then... that was you. It was you all along... I was blind, truly blind! Mr. Lloyd, the Webster family has owed you for years, and today..." Andrew lifted his hand, cutting him off. "I wasn't planning to bring up the past. I left that organization long ago. But your arrogance and stubbornness are hard to stomach. Now that everything's in the open, do what you think is right. And don't say I bullied you "If what I've said isn't enough for you, then fine. The Medicine God's Covenant can provide benefits to your family.

Even my family can step in on your behalf. The point is, I'm telling you that Amari is in no way inferior. Your family may be prestigious, ---- but we can absolutely reach that level. Understand?" Helda suddenly burst into tears. "Melvin, you've made a terrible mistake! So it was Andrew who saved our family all those years ago... You fool, how could you be so blind?" Melvin remained on his knees, his body trembling with emotion. He could hardly believe that Andrew was the same mysterious young man with unmatched strength who had once saved his family.

He remembered hearing whispers of that organization's name back then, and even the mention of it had terrified him. And now, realizing that Andrew had not only belonged to that organization but had also helped the Webster family countless times afterward, he was overwhelmed with shame. He had become arrogant after rising to power, but compared to Andrew, a man who had yet to reach 30, already reached the pinnacle of influence in Holtrien, his own accomplishments. were nothing but dust. "Mr. Lloyd, the Webster family fully agrees with your proposal. I was wrong before. Please forgive me...

both of you," Melvin said shakily He turned and bowed again to Andrew and Amari. Amari stood frozen, unable to believe what he was seeing. He had always felt small in front of Melvin, crushed by his authority ---- and power. Time after time, he had been humiliated by the Webster family, despite being an eighth-grade divine alchemist. Age and lack of influence had only worsened his inferiority. Meanwhile, Melvin had built a dynasty in Chetvine, his presence like a blade hanging over Amari's head, keeping him bowed for years. But today, Andrew had shattered that shadow for him.

For the first time, Amari could lift his head with pride. "Andrew, no words can ever express how grateful I am to you," Amari said, his eyes red. For the first time in decades, he felt truly vindicated. Andrew laughed heartily. "Amari, congratulations. You've earned it" Helda waved Andrew over, inviting him to sit beside her, while Theon and the others were left awkwardly standing aside. Someone whispered, "What the hell just happened?

How did the Webster family's attitude flip like that in just a few sentences?" "Could it be true that Andrew helped them back then?" Another replied, "It has to be... Look at Mr. Webster crying like a baby. That's not fake." Theon slammed a hand on the table, shouting furiously. But before he could move, Mikayla quickly grabbed his arm. ---- "Mr.

Orben, don't lose your temper. Now's not the time for that! It won't do us any good," she whispered urgently.

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Chapter 2546

---- Chapter 2546 Theon's face twisted with rage. "Did you not see what happened? That bastard Andrew ruined our plans again! He's done it over and over. I've had enough!" Mikayla quickly stepped in. "Mr. Orben, please, let me handle this. Let me try to reason with them." Amari scoffed coldly before finally sitting back down. Mikayla then turned toward Helda and said respectfully, "Mrs. Webster Senior, may I have a word?" Helda smiled warmly. "Go ahead, Mikayla. I'm in a good mood today, and you can say whatever you want." Mikayla nodded. "Mrs. This chapter is updated by

Webster Senior, I think there's been some misunderstanding here. First of all, Andrew's claim that he once helped the Webster family, but there's no actual proof. He could've just heard some rumor and used it to gain your sympathy and gratitude." Helda paused and looked toward Andrew. However, Andrew did not even flinch. He simply said, "Mrs. Webster Senior, she must've been dropped on the head as a child. I don't feel like wasting my breath on her." ---- Melvin interjected firmly. "That's unnecessary, Mikayla. This matter can't possibly be fake. Very few people knew what happened back then.

I believe Mr. Lloyd was indeed that young officer from the organization, the one who held a major's rank." Mikayla's eyes widened. A major from that organization? Damn it, Andrew really had all the luck. "Alright then," she said stubbornly, "even if you believe him, I still think Andrew should at least show some proof." Melvin frowned. "That won't be necessary. We've already cleared the air, and there's no need to dig further." Andrew remained calm and unbothered. "It's fine, Mr. Webster.

Since Mikayla insists, I might as well clear your family's doubts once and for all." He reached into his coat and pulled out a dark iron token, tossing it across the room. It was not fancy, just a heavy, worn piece of metal with faded engravings. Mikayla scoffed. "Seriously? You think that thing's enough to fool us? What a joke." However, Melvin's expression instantly changed. His eyes widened in disbelief as he mumbled, "T-This is the Obsidian Mandate?" ---- He rushed forward, picking up the token with trembling hands. His whole body was shaking as he looked up at Andrew in awe. Mr.

Lloyd, with this token in your possession... that means the next leader is already decided... It's you. The significance of this Mandate is unmatched anywhere in Holtrien."

Melvin's reaction left everyone speechless. Theon and the others froze as they all wondered if a single piece of metal could really hold that much power. Was this real or a setup? Mikayla swallowed hard, her throat dry. She tried to step closer to take a look, but Melvin clutched the token tightly against his chest. He barked, "You'd better not get any stupid idea.

In Holtrien's system, even touching this Mandate without authorization could get you killed. And not just you, even your father, Lorenzo, if he were here, would be on his knees right now." Mikayla's mouth fell open, and she did not dare move another inch. Andrew watched the entire scene unfold, a faint smirk tugging at his lips. Then, he retrieved the token and said casually, "The Mandate may still be in my hands, but everything from back then has changed. Mr. Webster, I've long severed ties with that --- organization. He added, "Let's leave it at that. As for Amari and Ms.

Webster's engagement, I hope you won't go back on your word." Melvin straightened up, his tone solemn. "You have my word, Mr. Lloyd. Since I've already agreed, I'll make sure it's done. And now that you've revealed your identity, I wouldn't dare betray my promise, not even if I had ten thousand lives to spare."

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Chapter 2547

---- Chapter 2547 Amari and Madeline were finally together. Seeing how hard it had been for them to get there, both of them broke down in tears. Andrew could tell Amari had suffered a lot while living with the Webster family, yet he never said a word about it. Maybe every adult had their own pain they could not talk about, and Amari, being older now, was even less willing to open up-even to his senior. Mikayla couldn't take it anymore and turned to Theon. "Mr. Orben, there's no point staying here any longer. Why don't we just leave?" Theon's face twisted in rage. "Leave?"

You want me to walk away after being humiliated and trampled on by Andrew again?" Mikayla gritted her teeth. "There's nothing we can do. The moment he showed that token, the Webster family's stance became unshakable. That token must mean something serious, so there's no need for us to stick around and embarrass ourselves." Theon's eyes turned dark. "Embarrass ourselves? I don't think so. ---- Mikayla noticed the strange look in his eyes and panicked. "Mr. Orben, what are you planning to do?" Theon sneered. "What am I planning?"

You'll find out soon enough." He suddenly stood up, took two big strides into the center of the hall, and shouted, "Mrs. Webster Senior, Mr. Webster, everyone, please listen to

me!" In an instant, the once noisy room went silent. Helda frowned. "Mr. Orben, what else do you have to say? Things have gone far enough. If you're here to talk about the business deal, then I'm sorry, it's off the table. Madeline will handle it from here." Theon chuckled. "No, Mrs. Webster Senior, you've misunderstood. I'm not here to talk about business anymore.

What I want to say is that I'm also unmarried and without a partner." That made quite a few people frown, some trying not to laugh Andrew barely held back a grin. "Theon, don't tell me you're feeling lonely and planning to propose to someone from the Webster family? That's not impossible, but maybe save it for your next life." ---- A few young women from the Webster family could not help but laugh out loud. Their eyes sparkled as they looked at Andrew, utterly charmed by his wit and confidence.

He was at that perfect age when men were most magnetic, and the fact that he had just made the entire Webster family bow to him only made him even more dazzling. Right now, he was the absolute star of the moment. Theon was furious. "How dare you mock me, you brat? Don't I have the right to pursue happiness too? And if you think I'm too old, then what about Amari? He's not that young either." Andrew shrugged. "Amari already has someone. He's won Ms. Webster's heart. But you, Theon? Ever wonder why you're still single?

Probably because you're a pain in everyone's ass and no one can stand you." Theon's chest heaved with anger, ready to explode. "You little bastard! Don't you dare slander me! Mrs. Webster Senior, as the chief alchemist of Sovereign's Apothecary, I'd like to formally propose marriage to your family." Helda was stunned. "Propose marriage? Mr. Orben, what are you talking about?" Theon's tone was firm. "That's right, a proposal. And the one I wish to marry isn't anyone else, it's Ms. Madeline Webster ---- herself.

We're both in the same field, and truth be told, I've admired her ever since I was young." Madeline, though long past her youth, blushed slightly out of embarrassment. "Sorry, but I'm not interested. Can't you see that Amari and I already have feelings for each other?" Theon smirked coldly. "That's fine, Ms. Webster. I'll just take you from that old man myself." At that moment, Theon felt young again. His blood boiled with excitement as if he had returned to his prime, full of fire and arrogance. For once, he wanted to show Andrew and Amari that he was still a force to be reckoned with.

"Idiot," Andrew muttered, summing up the situation in one word. Amari crossed his arms smugly. "Theon, stop embarrassing yourself. Trying to steal Maddie from me? Please, take a look at yourself first."

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Chapter 2548

---- Chapter 2548 Melvin frowned. "Mr. Orben, why are you acting out as well? The Webster family is a respected household, so I suggest you take back what you just said." Theon straightened his posture and said seriously, "Mr. Webster, I wasn't joking. I truly wish to marry Ms. Webster, and you should know that I'm more than qualified for it." Melvin gave a short, cold laugh. "You may be qualified, but my sister already has feelings for Amari. I'm afraid there's nothing I can do to help you." Still refusing to give up, Theon frowned. "Mr.

Webster, in most cases, a lady's marriage is decided by her family. Shouldn't it be up to you and Mrs. Webster Senior to decide who Ms. Webster marries?" Melvin replied calmly, "Exactly. And I've already decided that she will marry Amari." Helda smiled and added, "I couldn't be happier to see my children blessed with this kind of fate. I fully support it; it's a joyful match for everyone." Theon stomped his foot. "Hold on! Mr. Webster, Mrs. Webster Senior, don't you think I'm ten times... no, a hundred times better ---- than Amari? If Ms.

Webster marries me, it'll only bring more benefits to the Webster family." Melvin shook his head. "Theon, you still don't understand the situation. Mr. Lloyd has already made things clear, and the Webster family will follow his direction." Andrew raised his voice. "That's right! Theon, whatever tricks you're thinking of pulling, I'll be here to handle them. But if you're trying to compete with Amari for love, you're way out of your league." Theon snapped. "Andrew, you're shameless! You only act this arrogantly because no one dares to rein you in.

But sooner or later, someone in Chetvine will take you down." Andrew sneered. "Really? Then do you believe I can take you down today?" Theon's anger boiled over. "What? You're actually threatening to fight me?" Andrew narrowed his eyes, his voice dropping low. "Yes, I am. What, you think I wouldn't dare? Or maybe you think I'm not capable? Theon, when it comes to alchemy, you've already lost to me. And if we're talking combat, you're not even fit to polish my boots." Theon's face turned red with rage, his chest heaving violently.

"Y- ---- Y-You..." Before he could finish, he suddenly tilted his head back and spat out a mouthful of blood. His eyes rolled, and he collapsed on the spot, completely unconscious. "Someone help him!" Mikayla and the others panicked and rushed forward, creating instant chaos. Melvin sighed and ordered his men to carry Theon away to be checked, to make sure he was still breathing. Helda looked at Andrew helplessly. "Andrew, you little troublemaker. I've heard of your reputation, but seeing you today, I finally understand that you really are a menace." Andrew laughed heartily. "Mrs.

Webster Senior, you flatter me. I've already held back quite a bit." Helda chuckled in disbelief. "If this is you holding back, then I can only imagine what you're like when you're not. You'd probably blow the roof off this place." Andrew quickly smiled and played humble, earning a few more laughs. By then, the tension had faded, and the atmosphere turned cheerful again. Taking the opportunity, Andrew brought up the Webster family's annual potion order.

---- Madeline turned to him and said gently, "I was already planning for the Webster family to partner with the Medicine God's Covenant for this year's order." Andrew's eyes widened in pleasant surprise, then he smiled. "So you've already thought ahead for me. In that case, I won't say more. Thank you." Madeline stood and bowed slightly. "No, I should be the one thanking you. If it weren't for you, Amari and I wouldn't have ended up together." Amari grinned sheepishly. "That's right. We really owe you big time." Andrew ignored him, though. He just felt a strange sense of discomfort inside.

Madeline was old enough to be his grandmother, yet she was very respectful. It was hard to get used to. Even though she did not look elderly, her actual age spoke for itself, and there was no denying it. Later, the Webster family invited Andrew and Amari to stay for dinner. Amari was glowing with happiness throughout the meal, laughing and drinking more than he should. ---- Andrew, on the other hand, declined every drink, saying he had to drive, which left Melvin a little disappointed. He had been hoping to loosen Andrew up and get him talking about his organization.

When dinner ended, Andrew planned to leave first and let Amari stay a bit longer. However, Madeline stepped out from the crowd and whispered, * Andrew, come with me for a moment. I might have something you need." 2 Andrew's instincts kicked in immediately. His heart stirred, and without hesitation, he followed Madeline. 2

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Chapter 2549

---- Chapter 2549 Inside a small storage room, Madeline carefully handed Andrew a black box as if it were something precious. Andrew raised a brow. "What's this?" Madeline smiled. "Andrew, you might find what's inside very useful. I heard from Amari that you've been looking for Blackstar Crystal and century-old Vampire Fangs, rare ingredients for alchemy. What's in here isn't any less valuable, so I want you to have it. Besides, you're probably the only one bold enough to use it" When Andrew opened the box, his eyes widened instantly. Inside was a blood-red object about the size of his palm.

It looked like a root at first glance, but upon closer inspection, it was not a plant at all. It was actually crystalized, shaped like a small human figure, glowing faintly red under the light. "This must be the legendary Blood Pith, isn't it? A treasure capable of refining tenth-grade elixirs. In terms of value, it's priceless." Madeline nodded, "That's right, it's Blood Pith. According to ancient records, this thing was formed in ancient times when peak martial arts masters died in large numbers and their blood ---- gathered together.

"After hundreds or even thousands of years underground, the earth's energy condensed all of their essence into what you see now, the Blood Pith. But it's extremely dangerous. Anything this powerful carries deadly poison and violent energy. Andrew, you must be cautious if you plan to use it." Andrew gave a wry smile. "Caution isn't even the problem here... It's that even I don't dare use something like this. This is far too valuable. I can't take it, you should keep it." Madeline shook her head. "No. This is my way of thanking you.

You might be young, but you've done a lot for Amari, and he's told me that himself many times. Honestly, I already knew about you back then. The Dragon Prince of the Lloyd family truly lives up to his name." She smiled faintly. "The Blood Pith is far beyond my capabilities. It's useless to me, but in your hands, it'll make a difference. A treasure is wasted if it's not given to the right person." Andrew hesitated, but Madeline continued softly, "To be honest, I feel a little embarrassed. The age gap between us is enormous.

Patriarch Donovan and I are of the same generation, so by right, I should see you as a junior. But in you, I don't see any trace of youthful arrogance. Instead, your decisiveness, wisdom, and courage truly command my respect. So, if anything, I should be the one calling you my senior." ---- Andrew scratched his head, laughing awkwardly. "In that case, I'll accept it, then. It'd be rude not to." He did not ask how Madeline came across something so rare. Everyone had their secrets, and given how long she had lived, it was not that surprising she possessed something this extraordinary.

Besides, Andrew really did need a source of external power to help him advance. Breaking the third seal of his energy core and stepping into the martial emperor realm was not realistic yet, at least, not in the near future. For now, it was smarter to use whatever power he could find to strengthen himself. Nonetheless, that did not mean he was giving up on unlocking the third seal. Once things in Chetvine were settled, he planned to visit the Umbral Peak Sect to seek out the Eastern Wanderer. When he thought of Umbral Peak Sect, a faint smirk tugged at the corner of his lips.

Now that he had ties with the Reyes family, establishing contact with the sect would not be impossible. At least the path was open. After leaving the Webster residence, Andrew planned to stop by the Martial Tower to check on Luna's recovery. However, just as he stepped out of the gates, someone blocked his path. ---- It was Mikayla. "Something you need?" Andrew asked flatly. Theon was so overcome with rage that he passed out, and who knew where they had taken him for treatment. UPDATE FROM

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Chapter 2550

---- Chapter 2550 Aside from Mikayla, none of the other Sovereign's Apothecary members were in sight. "You sure are something! First the Iron Sword Sect, then the Robertson family... And now, you've even stolen the Webster family's contract from Sovereign's Apothecary. Andrew, do you have any idea what you've done? Sooner or later, Sovereign's Apothecary will deal with you in a way you won't forget," Mikayla said coldly, aggressive as ever. Andrew gave it some thought, then asked calmly, "So what?" That made Mikayla's fury boil over. "Oh, you're still being smug now? Fine!

I don't care how badly you and Sovereign's Apothecary are tearing each other apart. Honestly, I only joined them to study alchemy. But because of you, I've been humiliated over and over again! Tell me, how do you plan to settle this?" Andrew narrowed his eyes. "You stopped me just to talk about that?" She replied, "That's right. I don't think there's any reason for you to keep targeting me. We have nothing to do with each other anymore. Yet you keep going out of your way to make my life miserable. Honestly, it disgusts me." ---- Andrew chuckled. "Mikayla, are you out of your mind?

You think I'd waste time picking on you? Don't flatter yourself. You're the one who chose to stand with Sovereign's Apothecary, and now you're knee-deep in their mess. If anything, I've already been polite to you. Otherwise, I wouldn't care who your family is." Mikayla lost control, her voice rising. "Fine, then tell me this, Andrew, how do you explain Isabelle?" Andrew's tone dropped cold, "What's there to explain?" Mikayla clenched her teeth. "Isabelle and I used to be best friends, but now she treats me like an enemy. You must be proud of yourself.

I know you're the one who poisoned her mind against me! Now you've got what you wanted. That naive little idiot's been completely turned by you, hasn't she? She does whatever you say now!" Andrew's gaze turned cold. "Mikayla, watch your mouth. If you can't handle losing, that's your problem. Belle's falling out with you has nothing to do with me. You're the one who pushed her away. Calling her names won't make you any less pathetic. Maybe the real cheap one here is you." Mikayla froze, eyes wide in disbelief. "What did you just say? Did you just call me cheap?

You think I'm low?" Her rage exploded. She swung her hand toward Andrew's face. * --- - You bastard!" In that instant, Andrew's expression turned lethal. This woman was getting out of hand. She could not beat him in skill or strength, so she decided to wait outside the Webster residence just to pick a fight. He had already chosen to let the past go, to keep things civil, but she just had to cross the line. Fine. If she wanted to get hit,

he would make sure she remembered it. Andrew was about to strike back when two crisp slaps cracked through the air.

Before either of them could react, Mikayla's head snapped to the side. First left, then right. Blood streaked the corner of her lip as she stumbled back, too shocked to speak. Andrew turned, startled, only to see Valerie standing beside him, arms crossed, her expression like frost. "Ms. Mikayla Owens, right? Do me a favor and get lost," Valerie stood with her arms crossed, looking down at her with complete superiority. ---- "Who gave you the right to hit my man? Don't you know that I am extremely protective of what's mine?

And since you tried to lay a hand on my man, those two slaps are just a lesson for you." Mikayla was fuming with rage inside, but her voice came out shocked and bewildered. "Did you just say... Andrew is your man?

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