

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 2601

---- Chapter 2601 A deep, resonant chime, like that of a massive bell, echoed from the Aegis of Faith. Then, the golden barrier shattered into shimmering fragments. Sheena coughed up another mouthful of blood, yet the light in her eyes did not dim. Instead, it burned even brighter. The invincible sword energy finally dissipated into the air like faint smoke, and with it, all of Sheena's defenses collapsed completely. Yet, from the ashes, a phoenix rose! For the first time since the fierce battle began, Sheena seized the initiative to attack.

She shot into the air like a launched top, vaulting about seven meters above the ground in an instant. Then, she drove her fist downward like a meteor, aiming directly at the pavilion below, or more precisely, at Alfredo. Alfredo's brows furrowed slightly. "You really are one stubborn little pest that just won't give up." He sent another wave of sword energy her way, but this time, Sheena shattered it with ease. Her body burned with the power of the ninth-grade supreme elixir, every ounce of her potential surging at once like an unleashed flood.

---- She destroyed two more strikes in a row, her momentum carrying her directly above Alfredo. Energy flared around her fist like thunder cracking across the sky. The pavilion around Alfredo exploded into dust, the marble flooring collapsing several feet around him. However, the ground beneath his feet remained untouched. Even so, that was something Alfredo could not accept. "Ignorance is a sin in itself," he said with a cold, mocking laugh. "You think a mere brawler like you can take on a swordsman of my caliber?

How naive!" With a sneer, Alfredo raised his hand and pressed two fingers together, pointing them toward Sheena in midair. "Get out of my way!" she shrieked, her voice raw. Torrential energy erupted from her body like a bursting floodgate. A series of cracking sounds announced that she had actually shattered Alfredo's sword energy, and her iron-hard fists drove relentlessly toward his head. For the first time, a look of pure rage flashed across Alfredo's face. "You're dead!" He vanished from his spot, reappearing high in the air with ghostly speed.

His still-sheathed sword swept downward in a ---- powerful, sweeping arc, like a boatman forcefully rowing through water. A deep gash tore through Sheena's back, spreading toward her chest. It looked like she was about to be split clean in half. Luna and Valerie turned their heads away, unable to watch. However, Andrew's own killing intent surged forth like a tidal wave. He launched himself toward Alfredo's main form with a furious roar. "You old bastard, you're the one who's dying!" He struck the air three times in quick succession, each palm unleashing a blazing arc of fire across the sky.

Using that opening, he dove down, caught Sheena in his arms, and bolted straight for the edge of the crowd without stopping "Stay right where you are!" Alfredo's cold voice thundered from above, laced with uncontrollable rage. Onyx and Ivory both drew their blades, their swordlight closing in on Andrew. Andrew's Infemo Strikes collided with Alfredo's power, only to be snuffed out one by one. However, even Alfredo could not hide his grimace. He muttered, "This kid has guts. In that case, they both can die!" No one had expected Andrew to jump into the fight to save ---- Sheena.

The moment he did, chaos erupted across the entire Oathblade Platform.

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Chapter 2602

---- Chapter 2602 "Andrew, stop running. Put me down," Sheena managed to say, her voice strained as Andrew carried her. Andrew pulled out a handful of elixirs, not even bothering to count them. Then, he fed them all to her. "Sheena, focus on stabilizing your core first. The Lloyd family will come back for revenge another day." Sheena forced a small smile. "Thank you, Andrew. But this is my fight. Let me go... What will be, will be. I still have something to say to Alfredo." Andrew helped her stand, supporting her weight. His gaze, however, shifted to the approaching Onyx and Ivory.

He said, "Feel free to make a move, you two, but at least wait until Sheena has said her piece." Onyx and Ivory replied flatly, "You're already standing at death's door. Do you really think you have the right to negotiate with us?" Andrew gave a short, harsh laugh. "Then go ahead, start the fight. That way, I can take my time cutting off Jericho and his brothers' heads one by one afterward." The two swordsmen hesitated, their brows furrowing as they instinctively held back. ---- Alfredo descended from the air, every step carrying the weight of authority. "Enough. This content belongs to [find·novel·net](#)

Let them say their last words. Sheena, what is it you want to tell me?" Coughing up blood, Sheena managed a faint smile. "Mr. Topsfield Senior, you truly live up to the name of a martial god. I gave everything I had, yet I couldn't even touch the hem of your coat. I have to admit that I'm impressed." Alfredo's tone was icy. "If you're just wasting my time with useless talk, then don't bother." Sheena shook her head. "Of course, that's not it. I just want you to know something, Mr. Topsfield Senior. You might be stronger, but I still forced you to draw your sword.

And because of that, I don't consider myself defeated. A martial god, even one as legendary as you, doesn't seem so untouchable after all." Alfredo said nothing, but his

face darkened. He growled, "You foolish girl, you really don't know when to stop, do you? Yes, you forced me to draw my sword and step out of that pavilion, but killing you is still easy." Sheena smirked. "Sure, it's easy for you to kill me now. But the day I reach the rank of martial god, my fists will crush your sword ...and your skull along with it. That's my martial faith." Alfredo's composure was shattered.

"Kill both of them! Wipe ---- 'them out!" The outburst stunned everyone. No one had expected him to lose his temper so completely, but the fury burning in his eyes said it all: Sheena's words had hit their mark. Everyone could see that Sheena was no match for him. After all, Alfredo was a Sword Saint, a martial god standing at the very peak, while Sheena was only a martial emperor, a full realm below him. It was like the gap between heaven and earth. Yet, as Sheena had said, she had forced Alfredo to draw his sword.

For someone at his level, being forced to that point was a loss, a profound blow to his pride Luna and Valerie landed beside Andrew and Sheena, blocking their path. Luna said sharply, "Mr. Topsfield Senior, this was supposed to be a sparring match. Don't you think you've gone too far?" Alfredo turned his cold eyes toward her. "What's this, General Phelan? Are you planning to interfere? And you, from the Reyes family. Your patriarch and I are on good terms, so I suggest you don't test my patience." Valerie met his gaze, unflinching. "Mr. Topsfield Senior, your reputation commands my respect.

But I can't stand by and agree to murder." ---- Alfredo snorted. "Then get out of my way. Onyx, Ivory... kill them both!" The two swordsmen leapt into the air at once, their blades crossing in a flash of silver as they dove toward Andrew and Sheena, ignoring Luna and Valerie entirely.

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Chapter 2603

---- Chapter 2603 It seemed that if Luna or Valerie dared to interfere, Onyx and Ivory would kill them just the same. The two women were shocked and furious, tensing their bodies as they prepared for a life-or-death battle. At the last second, Andrew lifted Sheena into his arms and shouted, "This may be your Swordhaven Keep, and you can certainly wipe us all out if you want. But what you might not know is that your three sons are already in my hands.

If Sheena and I don't make it out of here alive, your sons will turn into nothing but shriveled corpses." Alfredo's brows twitched, his tone icy. 'What did you just say?" Andrew grinned. "I said, your three sons, including your favorite, Jericho. These three

little mutts are all under my control right now. If you dare give us trouble, I'll make sure they all suffer fates worse than death." Alfredo's grip on his sword suddenly tightened, and he said furiously, "Andrew, you're truly Reginald's son. Well, well...

You played the preemptive move well, but did you really think that'd make me let you go? This is Swordhaven Keep. Do you really think you can threaten me here?" The longsword in his hand began to vibrate with a humming ---- sound, ready to be drawn at any moment Andrew's focus became razor-sharp and intense. Alfredo's sword would undoubtedly strike with lightning speed once drawn, and it was controlled by his willpower. One moment of inattention could cost Andrew his life. "It looks like you don't care whether your sons live or die.

In that case, let's see who's more ruthless," Andrew said with a laugh, his expression growing even more vicious. Onyx and Ivory pulled back their attacks, and one of them said to Alfredo, "Mr. Topsfield Senior, the three have indeed disappeared." Alfredo fell silent for a moment, then gritted his teeth, "Those useless fools. Always ruining things at the worst time." The other chimed in quickly, "Even Mr. Jericho has fallen into Andrews hand... Mr.

Topsfield Senior, I believe we should rescue them first before doing anything else." Everyone present, including those from Swordhaven Keep, was utterly shocked. None of them had expected Alfredo to be cornered like this. The Dragon Prince from the Lloyd family of Chetvine really lived up to his name. ---- The two martial emperors who had come to observe the battle exchanged glances. One shook his head, while the other fell silent, waiting to see what Alfredo would do next. Under everyone's gaze, Alfredo simply uttered, "kill them." Onyx and Ivory froze in shock. "Mr.

Topsfield Senior, what about Mr. Jericho and the others?" Alfredo's expression didn't waver. "No one in this world can threaten me. Remember that... No one! So, kill them. I want every last member of the Lloyd royal bloodline wiped out under the Topsfield family's sword. Three dead sons in exchange for those two? That's a fair trade." Onyx and Ivory dared not disobey. They raised their swords and lunged toward Andrew. Andrew clutched Sheena tightly and backflipped, landing hard enough for cracks to split through the marble floor. His only focus now was escape. Discover more novels at

With that, he dashed toward the crowd, hoping to lose them in the chaos. "Damn it, move! He's using us as cover, that coward!" "Get out of the way before you get dragged into this!" People scattered in panic, cursing as they ran. ---- Andrew broke through the crowd and leaped onto the rooftop in 'one swift motion. However, Onyx and Ivory, both martial emperors, were not about to let him get away. They slashed at him midair, two powerful sword arcs crashing down. Andrew countered one strike with a single arm, while Luna and Sheena joined forces to block the other.

However, both women's faces turned crimson as blood surged up their throats. Andrew, weighed down by Sheena, could not fight back freely. He managed to block the blow, but blood burst from his lips as he fell back to the ground. Onyx and Ivory floated above

him, their swords raised again, the air around them thick and trembling. Seeing the tide turn, Sheena struggled in his arms and cried out, "Andrew, go! Leave me and run!" Half of Andrew's shirt was torn to shreds, and his arm holding Sheena was shaking uncontrollably. Bloody gashes ran across his skin, the wounds visible.

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Chapter 2604

---- Chapter 2604 Ignoring Sheena's struggles, Andrew said coldly, "No matter what, I won't leave you behind." As he spoke, he flashed forward and launched a relentless assault on one of the sword retainers. Onyx's robes billowed as his sword moved in a dense, defensive pattern. Under Andrew's fierce attack, blood flew freely, and his arm sustained several deep wounds where bone was visible. He bore a massive crimson handprint on his chest and felt his throat go dry. "To break through my sword net in your condition...

even in death, you can be proud of that," he gritted out, a mix of anger and shaken respect in his voice. He raised his sword and poured all his strength into a decisive strike against Andrew. Andrew's figure blurred into afterimages as he evaded, while explosions tore through the ground behind him. Onyx's blade, amplified by his energy, manifested a phantom greatsword over five meters long that shattered everything in its path. ---- Andrew roared, his face contorted with ferocity. He met the assault head-on with a continuous barrage of Inferno Strikes.

The energy core within him churned like boiling water as he expended his energy recklessly. "You're both pathetic!" Alfredo's voice cut through the chaos like ice. "I'll handle this myself. Move!" Onyx and Ivory broke out in a cold sweat. One of them was busy suppressing Luna and Valerie, and though he had the upper hand, he could not disengage. Onyx, despite his lethal skill, found Andrew to be a stubborn opponent he could not quickly overpower. This delay was unacceptable to Alfredo. In Swordhaven Keep, no one he wanted dead should still be standing after five minutes.

With a palm strike that forced Onyx back, Andrew himself staggered three steps, his face twisted in pain. A thunderous roar erupted from his chest. "Alfredo, you heartless old bastard! You don't even care about your own sons' lives! But what about the Godslayer? Don't you want that?" The name 'Godslayer' made Alfredo freeze, his hand stopping just as he was about to draw his sword. ---- "The Godslayer? Andrew, how do you know that name? Are you telling me the divine sword of Swordhaven Keep is in your possession?" By the end, Alfredo's voice trembled with barely contained rage and shock.

The reaction was not his alone; the other powerful experts who had come to Swordhaven Keep perked up, their eyes turning greedy as they stared at Andrew. Andrew flicked the blood from his arm, ignoring everyone else, and asked Sheena softly, "Sheena, how are you holding up?" Sheena's face was pale with pain, but she managed a strained smile. "I'll be fine. I can last long enough to watch you beat this old bastard to death." Andrew laughed. "Don't worry. We'll have plenty of chances to settle this score later." He then turned his gaze back to Alfredo, a taunting smile on his lips.

"Whether the Godslayer is with me or not isn't the point. What I know is that you want it. You want that divine sword to help you dominate the entire martial world, don't you?" Alfredo roared, "I'll give you one chance! Tell me where it is!" Andrew deliberately let the silence hang, drawing out the moment before replying with venomous intensity. "Where is it? I could tell you. But who the hell do you think you are? You want ---- the divine sword? Fine. Get down on your knees right now and beg me... Maybe then I'll consider it." Gasps filled the entire hall. Original content can be found at

Every single person stared at Andrew in disbelief, as if he had lost his mind. Even Luna and Valerie looked at him like he was insane. How could he dare to say something like that? Alfredo froze in place, staring at Andrew as if truly seeing him for the first time. The two locked eyes, neither backing down. At that moment, Andrew was not afraid of anything anymore. Things could not possibly get worse, could they? The fight had already gone beyond reason. Since Alfredo was determined to kill them both, Andrew saw no reason to show any respect.

To hell with Swordhaven Keep To hell with being ranked third on the Titan List.

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Chapter 2605

---- Chapter 2605 Alfredo hissed, "Looks like you really have a death wish. Do you think running your mouth before you die will make your death any easier? Ridiculous!" With a sharp clang, he drew his sword. Firefly hummed excitedly in his grasp, and everyone present could hear its high-pitched keening. A collective gasp swept through the crowd. Even Luna and Valerie froze in horror. The sheer force of Alfredo's strike was beyond human comprehension, so overwhelming that even the two martial emperors watching from below felt the urge to kneel in fear.

Alfredo's strength was terrifying, divine, even. Andrew could feel Sheena trembling beside him, no doubt terrified beyond words. However, for some reason, he was not afraid. He knew he could not beat Alfredo and that the sword energy could obliterate

him in an instant. Even so, he decided to gamble because he believed Alfredo would not dare to kill him. A thunderous hum filled the air as the crushing beam of energy plummeted toward him. Yet, at the very last moment, it halted ---- midair.

It dispersed into a roaring gust, sweeping over Andrew and Sheena so violently that he had to hold onto her to stay upright. Everyone stared in disbelief, unable to understand why Alfredo. had pulled back. Luna's voice trembled as she called out, "Mr. Topsfield Senior, please stop. If you keep this up, I'll have no choice but to go against you." In a flash, Alfredo appeared beside Luna as if he had teleported He did not even look at her. Original content can be found at

"The Military Department is a pillar of Holtrien, but here in the Eastern Regions, my will is higher than the heavens themselves." Luna bit her lower lip, not daring to say another word. But in her heart, she resolved that if Alfredo truly intended to kill Andrew, she would have to fight to the death alongside him. As she took a step forward, Alfredo's body blurred into a trail of afterimages. In just seconds, he was already standing right in front of Andrew, towering over him He said with a mocking smile, "Such devotion between you two.

But Andrew, do you know what's truly real in this world? All emotions are illusions. There's only one thing that's real: power. Power that stands above everything else. When you possess supreme power, you can do whatever you want. Your will ---- becomes the law of heaven itself." Andrew laughed. It was a low, hoarse, and utterly scornful sound. "Heaven's law? You seriously think you're its equal? Do you think you're worthy? You're right about one thing: feelings are illusions. I can admit that. But even illusions have value. She's my family, and no matter what, I'll stand with her.

If you try to kill her, or us, then I'll make damn sure you suffer too." Alfredo smirked, unfazed. "The rage of an ant means nothing to the boot. The more vicious you act, the more pathetic you look in my eyes." Andrew's grin widened. "Then tell me, why didn't you crush me into dust when you had the chance? Crushing an ant like me should be easy for you."

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Chapter 2606

---- Chapter 2606 Alfredo stood with his hands clasped behind his back, his expression darkening. "You know exactly why I've let you keep your miserable life until now. The Sword Pool in the back mountains was left in disarray. The Godslayer, buried deep within, was stolen. You're the thieving rat who took it, aren't you?" Andrew tilted his

head. "A thief? Do you really think someone could just steal a divine blade like Godslayer?"

If I were a thief, then why didn't you keep such a priceless weapon with you at all times?" Alfredo's jaw muscles twitched, a clear sign of his fury and his desire to tear Andrew apart. Andrew, however, was past caring and pressed his advantage. You want the Godslayer. You're dreaming of it, aren't you? With that sword empowering Swordhaven Keep, you wouldn't be just the leader of Swordhaven Keep anymore. You'd make a bid to become the overlord of the entire northern and southern martial world. "You'd even challenge the Military Department, aiming to become a giant like Mr. Vazquez.

That's your ambition. Don't bother denying it. It's written all over your face." Alfredo snorted coldly. "So what if you've figured it out? Hand ---- over the sword, and I'll grant you and Sheena the mercy of intact corpses." Andrew laughed scornfully. "I can hand over the sword. But intact corpses? Do you really think that's all I'm asking for?" A cold light flickered in Alfredo's eyes. "You don't actually think you're walking away from this alive?" Andrew met his gaze directly. "Why wouldn't I? I plan on living, and Sheena is coming with me. You didn't even care about your own three sons.

I underestimated how heartless a tyrant you could be. But you can't refuse the Godslayer. So let us go; me, Sheena, and my two friends. The sword is yours. Otherwise, you will never lay hands on the Godslayer." Alfredo stood still, silent for a moment. Then, slowly, his lips curled into a smile before breaking into laughter, as if he had heard the most absurd things in the world. "You've got guts, I'll give you that. You people from Chetvine's Lloyd family... all of you are the same. First, Reginald, and now you! Fine. I'll let you go. Now hand over the sword." Andrew scoffed.

"Do you take me for a three-year-old? If I give it to you now, do you honestly think Sheena and I still have a chance to live?" Alfredo's expression turned blank as he spat out a single word. " ---- Get lost. Onyx, Ivory, follow them. If they leave Swordhaven Keep and I still don't see the Godslayer, kill them all." Onyx and Ivory immediately fixed their sights on Andrew. Andrew wasted no time. He lifted Sheena into his arms and sprinted at full speed out of Swordhaven Keep. Luna and Valerie followed right behind. Alfredo stood motionless, watching Andrew's figure fade into the distance.

Slowly, a cruel smirk spread across his face. He muttered, "How naive. Do you really think you can escape my grasp that easily?" Then, he declared, "Anyone who wants the heads of Chetvine's Lloyd brats, go ahead. Once they leave my land, I don't care how you kill them or where you find them." At that command, the two martial emperors from the Eastern Regions launched into pursuit, their energy tearing through the night. Dozens of others exchanged knowing looks, then quietly withdrew from Swordhaven Keep. New NOVEL chapters are published on

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Chapter 2607

---- Chapter 2607 As they moved quickly, Luna spoke to Andrew, her voice low and urgent. "Andrew, the people following us aren't just from Swordhaven Keep. There are other factions mixed in with them." Andrew replied calmly, "Alfredo would never let us leave. What's happening now is just for show. As long as we're still in the Eastern Regions, he'll make sure Sheena and I die." Valerie looked shocked. "But didn't he just agree to let you go?" Andrew scoffed. "Words mean nothing. A man like Alfredo never allows anyone to defy him.

He might smile on the surface, but deep down, the only way he feels his pride is intact is when he kills those who cross him." Valerie cursed angrily. "That bastard! If this wasn't the Eastern Regions, I'd love to see who'd still fear him." Luna cut in, her tone sharp. "Enough. We just need to get out of Swordhaven Keep's territory first. Once we reach the outer regions, Alfredo's reach won't be as strong, and we'll have a better chance." However, Andrew suddenly stopped and shoved Sheena into Luna's arms. Luna instinctively caught her, startled.

"What are you doing?" ---- Andrew spoke quickly. "Take Sheena and go. The three of you should leave together. Alfredo's targets are the Godslayer and me. Everything I did before has already put me on his kill list. He won't rest until I'm dead. He doesn't tolerate being defiled. So if we split up, you'll have a better chance of getting away." Luna shook her head hard. "No! I'm not leaving you behind!" Valerie yelled too. "Andrew, this is insane! If you go alone, you'll die for sure!" Andrew roared, "Enough! Do as I say! It's the only plan that makes sense right now.

Protect Sheena's life, and I'll owe you both one. When we make it back to Chetvine, I'll repay the favor. Alfredo is a martial god. In the entire Eastern Regions, his word carries absolute power. If we stay together, it's over. Onyx and Ivory alone could crush us. But if I draw their attention, our odds increase." Luna's voice trembled, though she tried to hold it back. "But if you do this... You might die." Andrew grinned. "Die? Please. Plenty of people have wanted me dead, but somehow, I've always survived. I'll make it through this, too.

As long as I keep the Godslayer with me, Alfredo won't dare kill me outright. He needs it too much." 2 With that, Andrew gave Luna and Valerie a push, urging them to ---- move. Then, he turned back and charged toward Swordhaven Keep. Valerie shouted after him, furious. "Andrew, you idiot! If you die here, I swear I'll never forgive you!" Andrew looked back and laughed. "Ms. Reyes, I admit that I did touch you that night. But I swear, I didn't mean it in that way. Don't hate me for it. Honestly, we could've been friends." Valerie froze, her mouth open, lost for words. "Get lost.

I can't deal with you being nice all of a sudden," she snapped, half angry, half amused. Luna spoke quietly beside her. "Andrew, you accidentally touched her, fine. But you've kissed me, squeezed me, and grabbed me more than once. My chest, my butt, my waist... You've taken advantage of everything but the last step. So don't forget, I came first." From a distance, Andrew laughed. "I'll remember that, Ms. Phelan. Next time, we'll explore that topic more deeply." Luna's face flushed, her eyes flashing between embarrassment and irritation. Valerie gave her a side glance and snorted.

"You really have to compete with me on everything, huh? You're ahead, fine! But Luna, you weren't like this before. Is it really worth it?" ---- Luna tightened her grip on Sheena and started moving again without looking back. "You're not scared, so why should I be? I like Andrew, and that's the truth. One day, I'll be his woman. So what's the big deal about a little touching?"

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Chapter 2608

---- Chapter 2608 Valerie caught up to her, furious. "Anything you can do, I can do too. Don't you dare look so smug." Luna shot back with a cold smirk, "I know you can. But I was first, and that just kills you, doesn't it?" Valerie was left sputtering. "G-Go to hell!" The wind whistled loudly in their ears as they raced on. Andrew stopped his headlong rush and slowly turned, scanning his surroundings. Onyx and Ivory stood nearby, swords in hand, flanking him on either side. Further out, figures were moving to encircle him. Andrew let out a cold laugh. "Go on then.

Make your move." Onyx stepped forward. "Where's the Godslayer? Hand it over, and you might just walk away alive." Andrew sneered. "Hand it over and live? Then what are all those people out there for?" Ivory's tone was flat. "They're not from Swordhaven Keep. You can ask them why they're here." ---- Andrew shook his head. "Why should I ask? I can give up the Godslayer, but I've got one condition." Both Onyx and Ivory's voices hardened. "You've got too many conditions. Keep pushing, and you'll die ugly." Andrew gave a mocking smile. "Go ahead, try it. If Mr.

Topsfield Senior doesn't want the Godslayer, then you're free to attack." The two went silent. From behind, a gritted voice broke the tension. "Andrew, you really are a pain in the ass, aren't you? Today, you're handing over that sword. And if you want to walk out of the Eastern Regions in one piece, you'll pay a little price for it. Like, say... your manhood." He emphasized the last word with hatred. Andrew turned, and a crooked

smile spread across his face. " Jericho! Look at you, back from the dead?" It was Jericho and his two brothers.

All three glared at Andrew with bloodshot eyes, ready to tear him apart. "Andrew," Jericho growled, "you should've finished us off. That would've saved everyone a lot of trouble. Too bad you didn't. My father's no fool. He knew you couldn't smuggle anyone out of Swordhaven Keep. You must've dumped us somewhere on the ---- estate. And now we're free. Surprise?" Landon grinned at him, his face filled with smug satisfaction. Andrew drew a deep breath. Three martial emperors stood before him, not counting the others lurking beyond the trees. "Fine," he said calmly.

"I'll hand over the Godslayer." Jericho roared, "Do it! Then die!" Andrew's eyes glinted with mockery. "Why don't you come get it yourself? Let's see who dies first." Jericho froze, rage boiling so hot it nearly lifted him off the ground. He spat, "Andrew, if it weren't for your cheap sneak attacks, I could kill you in seconds. But now's not the time. I know what you're doing: stalling so Luna, Valerie, and Sheena can escape, right?" Andrew was quiet for a moment, then nodded. "Didn't expect you to actually have a brain. Impressive." Jericho gave a cruel grin. "Oh, I've got more than a brain.

My men are already on their way to hunt them down. None of them will get far." Andrew chuckled darkly. "Go ahead, send them. I'll die here in Swordhaven Keep then. And when that happens, your father can forget about ever getting his hands on the Godslayer." ---- Jericho's brow furrowed. His hand, hidden behind his back, clenched and loosened again and again, the urge to kill nearly overwhelming him. Andrew knew he could not stall any longer. He had already bought Luna and the others some time, but not enough. Swordhaven's people were not stupid.

"Alright," he said at last, "the Godslayer's hidden at..." At once, Onyx, Ivory, and Jericho's brothers all leaned forward, ears straining for the rest. However, Andrew did not finish. Jericho's face twisted with fury. "Say it, damn you! Still trying to play games?" Andrew grinned. "Relax, man. Can't take a joke? Come here, I'll tell you... Just you." NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON

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Chapter 2609

---- Chapter 2609 Jericho's tone turned cold. "What kind of dirty trick are you trying to pull now? Andrew, I'd suggest you stop digging your own grave." Andrew frowned impatiently. "So what, you want me to shout it out loud? If someone else hears and gets there first, don't come crying to me when Swordhaven Keep loses it." Jericho was

irritated, but he knew Andrew was not wrong. Onyx and Ivory said calmly, "Sir, go ahead. If he dares to try anything funny, we'll cut him down before he even moves." Jericho took a deep breath and stepped closer to Andrew. Andrew smirked.

"So you are afraid of dying, huh? If I'd known you were such a coward, I wouldn't have bothered with you earlier." Jericho sneered. "Don't worry. You'll pay for that sharp tongue soon enough." When he got close, Andrew lowered his voice. "The sword is... actually, forget it. I'll take you there myself." Jericho's face turned red. "You!" ---- Rage boiled inside him. He wanted to tear Andrew apart piece by piece. Andrew chuckled, patted his shoulder, and said, "Relax, man. I was just kidding with you. Come on." Without waiting for a reply, he headed straight back toward Swordhaven Keep.

Onyx and Ivory exchanged puzzled looks before glancing at Jericho. Jericho's face was dark as he growled, "Follow him. He wants to lead the way himself." They turned and silently followed Andrew, though both of them looked uneasy. Jericho could feel his blood boiling; Andrew was playing him like a fool. When they returned to Swordhaven Keep, Andrew walked straight toward his quarters. Jericho snorted. "I've already torn your place apart. Whatever trick you're trying to pull now, it's useless." Andrew's voice was icy. "Oh yeah?

"Then I wonder if you checked the roof." ---- Jericho froze for a second, then said nothing. He had not checked the roof. Andrew leaped up, pried off a few tiles, and pulled out a massive sword. Everyone watching, Onyx, Ivory, Jericho, and his brothers, and even the keep's men, instantly held their breath. Alfredo's laughter echoed from above. "That was easier than I thought! Hand it over, and you can die afterward." Andrew gripped the sword tightly, feeling the pulse of excitement radiating from it. It wanted to fight, and it wanted blood. Just like him.

He ran a finger along the blade and whispered, "Buddy, it's your time to shine." Then, to everyone's shock, Andrew turned and dropped to one knee. "Mr. Topsfield Senior, please, take the sword," he said. Alfredo landed on the roof, surprised. "Huh, looks like you finally know your place. Fine, like I said, I'll let you die with your body intact." ---- He laughed loudly and reached for the sword, completely confident that Andrew could not pull anything off against his overwhelming power. Alfredo did not notice the sudden flash of murder in Andrew's lowered eyes.

In one swift motion, Andrew swung the sword upward. Alfredo's image shattered in midair, only to reform high above. "I knew you wouldn't surrender that easily, but you're still way too green to play games with me." Andrew gripped the sword and leaped off the roof. Before he even landed, he swung twice, the air exploding as the strikes crashed toward Onyx and Ivory. The two elders did not yet know the full extent of the Godslayer's terror. With a furious roar, they crossed their blades, weaving a dense net of steel to block his attack. Check latest chapters at find-novel.net

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Chapter 2610

---- Chapter 2610 Unfortunately, Onyx and Ivory's swords instantly shattered under Godslayer's overwhelming power, snapping into massive halves. The impact made their chests tighten and their breaths hitch in discomfort. Onyx and Ivory looked as if their souls had fled. The swords they held were forged by Alfredo himself, top-tier weapons. While not legendary swords of old, they were still among the sharpest, deadliest blades one could hope to wield. And yet, in a single strike, they were destroyed.

Even Andrew was taken aback by Godslayer's power, though the shock quickly turned to exhilaration. He gripped the sword with both hands and shouted coldly, "If you don't want to die, get out of my way!" The shout roared like thunder, forcing the Swordhaven Keep disciples in front of him to instinctively step aside, fearing they would share Onyx and Ivory's fate. Jericho screamed, "You bastard!" and leaped high, aiming a kick at the back of Andrew's head. Andrew did not even look and swung the sword in a wide arc. A shockwave of invisible energy surged outward with a roar.

---- Jericho screamed in pain as half of his lower leg was instantly severed. He fell to the ground, clutching his broken limb and howling in agony. Kairo and Landon froze, stunned, before shouting toward Alfredo, "Dad! Save him!" Alfredo looked down indifferently. "Weaklings." He unleashed Firefly, swinging the sword wildly toward Andrew. The massive shockwaves seemed capable of splitting Swordhaven Keep in half. Andrew felt his blood surge and gritted his teeth, using Godslayer's massive blade like a shield to withstand the assault.

With a loud thud, he was thrown across the ground, blood spewing from his mouth. However, as soon as he hit, he bounced up like lightning. Within moments, he dashed out of Swordhaven Keep, racing toward the distance. Alfredo laughed from above. "Godslayer has truly leveled you up, kid. You can deflect even half of my strikes now. That's one fine sword, no wonder it's a world-class weapon. With that power, I can't let anyone touch it." Alfredo soared through the air, randomly swinging Firefly downward, creating explosions all around. Follow current novels on

---- Andrew dodged where he could, biting down on his teeth when he could not. Normally, a single strike from Alfredo would have crippled him, and he would've lost his life in a single second. Yet, Godslayer allowed him to survive. Whenever Andrew struggled, the sword's energy would erupt, helping him fend off even the strongest attacks. "You little brat." Alfredo had lost his patience. No one had ever survived three consecutive attacks from him, especially not since he became a martial god. Martial god-level swordmasters were synonymous with despair.

And yet, this lowly human had already endured five blows Alfredo's patience broke completely. He raised Firefly and vanished, only to reappear right in front of Andrew. Without thinking, Andrew swung his sword. Alfredo's face twisted into a look of utter disdain, but when Godslayer struck him, his body slowly dissipated and then reappeared at Andrew's side. One palm slammed into Andrew's shoulder with the force of a bulldozer, almost splitting him apart.

Even as he tumbled, Andrew's sword never stopped, sweeping fiercely toward Alfredo's head ---- Alfredo moved with terrifying mastery, only evading when Andrew's blade struck. This was the true horror of a martial god: the ability to dominate the space around them and move at will wherever their mind commanded. 4

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Chapter 2611

---- Chapter 2611 Andrew pushed himself off the ground and bolted, desperate to survive. His eyes were streaked with red, and his vision was blurring. However, his instinct to live and that last flicker of clarity in his mind refused to let him stop. Behind him, Alfredo appeared once more. He did not rush to chase but stood there, face dark with irritation. He muttered coldly, "Such unbelievable willpower... Chetvine's Lloyd family has such an outstanding descendant, yet Swordhaven Keep has none." He thought of Jericho, the son he favored, who had howled in agony over a broken leg.

Alfredo felt an inexplicable irritation. He hissed, "Enough playing around. It's time for you to die." However, the more relentless Andrew became, the more intense Alfredo's killing intent grew. Alfredo smirked. His motion froze in midair before he vanished again. He was not here to kill. At least, not yet. His real goal was to seize Godslayer first. Then, he would take his time executing this stubborn little brat. He would never feel secure until Godslayer was in his grasp. ---- Andrew had already lifted his arm, channeling everything he had left for one final strike.

Yet, that fleeting moment between his actions was all Alfredo needed. In a blink, Alfredo's figure solidified once more, this time on Andrew's other side. His hand darted out and caught the sword's edge directly. He grabbed Godslayer with his bare fingers, feeling its deadly sharpness. For one intoxicating instant, he felt as if the entire world belonged to him. Swordhaven Keep's greatest treasure, forged from generations of sacrifice, was finally his. Yet, just as a proud smile began to form on his lips, he noticed something strange: Andrew was smiling too.

That wild, desperate face suddenly wore a faint, triumphant grin. Alfredo's gut twisted. Something was wrong, though he could not figure out what. He was a martial god, a Sword Saint, so what danger could possibly threaten him? Then, Andrew suddenly released the sword. For a moment, Alfredo thought he had given up, surrendering to despair. But almost instantly, he realized something was off. After all, Reginald's son was not someone who would simply let ---- go. A sharp hum rang out, and a jolt of numbing energy shot through Alfredo's entire body. His eyes widened in disbelief.

It was rejection, a phenomenon that only occurred when a divine weapon possessed its own will. Godslayer was rejecting him! The numbing sensation hit again, this time laced with burning pain. Blood began to seep from his palm as the sword had cut him. Snarling, Alfredo unleashed his full power, divine energy surging through his veins as he tried to subdue Godslayer. Even a divine weapon had to bow to him. After all, he was the Sword Saint, the true master of the blade. Unfortunately, he did not notice the fist that was already closing in. Andrew's punch slammed toward his chest.

Alfredo's eyes twitched, and he let out a furious laugh. "You're overestimating yourself!" His body erupted with blinding energy, forming an aura of protection around him. Yet the next second, he froze. With a guttural yell, Andrew bellowed, "Break!" ---- Andrew's roar shattered the air. His fist smashed through the protective shield with raw force. A crack split through the energy barrier, and his fist landed square on Alfredo's chest. Blood splattered across Alfredo's white clothes, leaving a deep crimson mark.

He glanced down, shock flashing through his eyes before he turned his head toward Andrew. Andrew grinned, breath ragged, before collapsing onto the ground. His strength was gone, completely spent. He lay sprawled out, gasping between breaths and laughing maniacally. "Sword Saint... The almighty Sword Saint. So what if you're a martial god? Today, I still punched the hell out of you. If I were at your level, your chest would've burst open like a damn watermelon." Alfredo nodded. "Are you done talking? If so, I'll send you on your way." Andrew lay there, staring up at the blue sky.

"Go ahead, but before you do, I've got one more thing to say." Andrew turned his head, glancing at the forest around them. Tall trees surrounded Swordhaven Keep, their branches swaying gently in the wind. ---- He grumbled, "Dad, if you don't show up now, I'm going to be screwed for real. I know you're here somewhere. I'm done fighting, so stop stalling, or you're going to lose your only son." The words made Alfredo pause, confusion flickering across his face. The forest stayed silent, but Andrew looked utterly relaxed. The latest_episodes are on_the

It was as if he had handed over all responsibility and did not care anymore. Alfredo snorted. "Still trying to bluff your way out of this? Pathetic. But fine. Let's say Reginald really is here. Even then, I'd kill him just the same." Andrew did not respond. He just lay there, comfortable as ever. Just as Alfredo lifted his foot to crush Andrew, the forest suddenly stirred. Wind swept through the trees, carrying a deep, amused voice. "Alfredo, you're a renowned powerhouse in your own right. Picking on someone so much younger is just... tasteless. You like fighting that much? Fine.

Come on then, I'll play with you. Should I let you have three free moves? Or perhaps 300? You name it. As your senior, I'll gladly spoil you with that privilege!" Alfredo's foot froze midair. His eyes snapped wide open as rage and disbelief twisted his face. ---- "Reginald Lloyd!" he growled through clenched teeth, each syllable dripping with venom. He would never forget this man's voice as long as he lived.

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Chapter 2612

---- Chapter 2612 The rustling in the surrounding woods grew more frantic and wild. Alfredo's eyes swept the area with fierce intensity, but he saw nothing. Yet, the voice he had just heard was as clear as if it had been spoken right beside his ear. There was no mistaking it. His lifelong rival was here, in the Eastern Regions, right on his home turf of Swordhaven Keep, yet he had received no intelligence about it whatsoever. With a furious glare, Alfredo swung his sword down, its tip pointing straight at Andrew as he shouted into the forest. "Reginald, come out!"

Or I'll tear your son apart right now!" The wind suddenly died down, and the forest fell silent. Then, the sound of slow footsteps echoed across the leaves. From between the trees, a tall man stepped out, calm and steady, a faint smile on his face. He stopped about 30 yards away, his presence commanding but relaxed. Reginald called out with a teasing tone, "Andrew, you little brat. Get up and apologize to Mr. Topsfield Senior. How could a kid like you slap a man like him? You not only stole Swordhaven Keep's century-old divine blade but also broke the man's ---- defensive aura.

If I'd come any later, you might've taken the old man apart entirely." His tone sounded like mild scolding, but anyone could tell there was not a shred of real blame in it. Andrew groaned and forced himself upright, still aching all over. Seeing Alfredo's sword pressed against his throat made him scowl, so he swatted it aside without hesitation. Alfredo's eyes flashed coldly, but he did not move. He could feel Reginald's energy locked onto him. For a martial artist of Reginald's caliber, 30 yards might as well have been point-blank range.

If Alfredo dared strike Andrew down, Reginald's counterattack would hit him before he could even blink. "Alright, Dad," Andrew said casually, brushing the dirt from his clothes. Despite his injuries, he carried himself with a carefree arrogance. "You and this sword freak can catch up. I'm out of here." Reginald's expression darkened. "I rushed back across the ocean just for this, and you're not even gonna talk to me? We haven't had a real father-son talk in ages." Andrew rolled his eyes. "Yeah, no thanks. Not the right time for heart-to-hearts. Look around, Dad.

If Sheena's in trouble ---- I'm stuck here talking to you, we're both gonna have hell to pay when we get back to Chetvine." Reginald chuckled. "Fair point. If something happens to Sheena, Patriarch Donovan will chew me out again. Go on then, protect them. That's what men are supposed to do: protect their women, Got it?" Andrew snorted. "Oh, so that's why you kept introducing me to all those 'wonderful ladies', huh?" Reginald scratched his head awkwardly and laughed. "Ah, so you did get along well with Victoria and Tiana, huh? But hey, you're not so innocent yourself.

I heard the ladies you've been bringing home aren't exactly few either." 2 Andrew waved him off and started limping away. "Drop by home sometime. Or maybe don't. You'll probably get it worse than I did. If you hear anything from Mom, tell me right away. That's all. Reginald watched with a faint smile as Andrew disappeared into the forest. However, the warm expression slowly faded from his face, replaced by something colder. He stepped forward a few more paces toward Alfredo, who immediately raised his sword in warning. "Stop right there. Content originally comes from

Reginald, one more step, and I'll start killing," ---- Alfredo barked. Reginald ignored him, continuing forward until only ten yards separated them. Then, he smiled faintly and said, "You've got guts, I'll give you that, laying a hand on my son. This whole game between us has been played fairly. The young ones fight their battles, and we old men handle ours." He continued, "But Alfredo, you broke the rules. You went after a kid. And you know me; I'm a man of principle. When someone crosses that line, I don't let it slide." Alfredo sneered. "Don't give me that righteous crap.

What I want to know is how you even dared to set foot in Holtrien." Reginald's voice was light but cutting. "If your own son were in danger and you did nothing, would you still call yourself a man? Besides, you remember Andrew's mother, don't you? She was right there watching when I beat the hell out of you all those years ago. She said you looked like some farm boy with blood and snot all over your face." +

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Chapter 2613

---- Chapter 2613 Alfredo roared, "Shut up! Reginald, our battle back then was just the beginning. Do you want to see if Firefly's gotten rusty or useless after all these years?" Reginald waved him off lazily. "Relax. I'll beat the crap out of you soon enough. That's a promise, not something I'm rushing. You picking on my son is one thing. But Sheena grew up under my watch. She's my brother's daughter, the only girl left in the Lloyd family." He added, "She came to the Eastern Regions to challenge you, to sharpen her skills, remember?

You agreed to that years ago, right before I pounded your face into the ground. Did you forget?" Alfredo stayed silent. Reginald looked up at the sky, then back at him. He sighed and continued, "Alfredo, you've got talent, I'll give you that. But you never keep your word. Sheena's training here wasn't some random whim. Guillermo himself approved the plan. It was part of the royal Chetvine family's agreement with you; a win - win situation.

"You were supposed to help her advance beyond the martial emperor's third level, and in return, Swordhaven Keep would ---- naturally earn the right to claim Godslayer. That sword isn't meant for ordinary hands, and its hunger for blood fits you perfectly. Anyone else who wields it would end up killing themselves with it. Yet instead of letting things unfold as. planned, you just had to stir up trouble with the Cunningham family." Alfredo's eyelid twitched. "I don't know what you're talking about. Reginald snorted. "Whether you know or not doesn't matter.

You'll understand why I'm here soon enough. Otto's been itching to tear down my family. But on paper, the Cunningham family doesn't have the strength to go head-to-head with the Lloyds. "Three-tenths of Holtrien's entire national power lies within the three great Chetvine royal houses. Sure, Guillermo and the others dislike my family, but they'd never risk weakening Holtrien itself. But you and Otto...

You both decided to defy logic and go against the balance of power." He growled, "Otto used you to assassinate two young heirs from the Lloyd family, draining two-thirds of our family's fortune and strength. In return, you got Godslayer, and the Cunninghams. helped Swordhaven Keep secure a place in Chetvine's territory. Tell me I'm wrong." Alfredo was silent for a long moment, then suddenly laughed. " You're not wrong at all. In fact, you're completely right.

Reginald, ---- I knew you'd come." He tossed Firefly aside and gripped Godslayer with both hands The air around him began to twist as a violent storm of sword energy spiraled skyward like a tornado. Thunder exploded across the clouds. The skies above Swordhaven Keep darkened instantly, swallowed by storm clouds. Alfredo shouted, "You were plotting against me, but I was plotting against you, too. And just so you know, you're not the only one who expected you to show up here today. But I won't need anyone else's help.

Godslayer is in my hands now, and everything, the old grudges, the new revolution rising across Holtrien, it all begins and ends with me." Reginald's face stayed calm, his voice steady. "As expected of Godslayer... With that sword, Swordhaven Keep really does stand unbeatable. Our strength might be about the same, but with that blade in your hand, I'll be honest, I can't take you down head-on." Alfredo burst into wild laughter, his clothes whipping violently in the wind. "Not just you, Reginald. Even Guillermo himself wouldn't dare stand before me now.

With Godslayer, I am the true god of martial arts!" His aura surged again, power rising like a tidal wave that shook ---- the earth However, Reginald only yawned, looking

unimpressed. "Man, I rushed here too fast and barely got any sleep. I hate dealing with jet lag. So, where were we again? Oh, right... You said you're the god of martial arts? That's cute. Then, tell me, Alfredo, what does that make me?" The moment he finished speaking, Reginald blurred into motion, his figure vanishing into a storm of afterimages as he lunged forward.

Alfredo's veins bulged across his face, his expression feral. " Reginald! No matter how damn monstrous you are, you'll still die by my hand! Die!" The last word echoed even through the forest. The Godslayer in Alfredo's hands descended like a falling pillar of heaven, a torrent of pure destruction aimed at the space before him. At that moment, all sound vanished. An absolute, profound silence fell over everything

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Chapter 2614

---- Chapter 2614 An explosion sounded in the distance, and it felt like the entire ground shook at that moment. As Andrew ran forward, he turned to look behind him. The sky in the distance was covered in thickening black clouds, and a column of energy surged upward like a raging storm He mumbled, "It looks like Dad and Alfredo have started their fight." He was not worried about Reginald's safety at all; he did not need to be. As Donovan once said, "The Lloyd family now has someone who can shoulder any burden. Even if the sky falls, he can hold it up.

So, Andrew, Sheena, you can feel free to charge ahead and grow without restraint. Even if you break the heavens, the Lloyd family will handle the mess." At this point, Reginald truly was the Lloyd family's guardian. Yet, Andrew felt the weight on his own shoulders grow heavy. He knew that in the not-too-distant future, he would have to take over the burden his father currently carried. He stopped paying attention to the commotion from the battle behind him and picked up his pace. ---- About ten minutes later, Andrew caught up with Luna, Valerie, and Sheena. He let out a huge sigh of relief.

Fortunately, all three of them were unharmed Sheena had even recovered enough to walk on her own, albeit weakly. When she saw Andrew, her eyes lit up. "Where's Uncle Reginald?" Andrew smiled. "Dad's still back there, dealing with Alfredo." Sheena clenched her fist, but the movement tugged at her wounds, and she hissed in pain. Even so, she did not care at all. "With Uncle Reginald back, Swordhaven Keep doesn't stand a chance. Alfredo can call himself a god all he wants, but he's going down." Luna stepped closer with a look of concern in her eyes. "Are you hurt?" Andrew gave a wry grin. Chapters first released on

"Yeah, but nothing serious. Let's move. We need to leave the Eastern Regions while we still can. Oh, and after you split up, did anyone come after you?" Valerie nodded. "They did, but we drove them off." Andrew was shocked. "You drove them off? There were two martial emperors among them from the Eastern Regions!" ---- Valerie just gave a cold smirk and stayed silent, her eyes fixed on him Andrew frowned. "What? Why are you staring at me like that? Just tell me what happened." Luna finally spoke. "It was that woman, Shiloh. She showed up and helped us.

The Eastern warriors seemed terrified of her. Even those two martial emperors turned pale and backed off the second they saw her." Andrew froze in disbelief. "Shiloh came and helped you?" Luna nodded. "Yes, she did. She helped us escape, and before leaving, she told us to pass you a message." Andrew's gut tightened. 'What message?' Luna replied, "She said to tell you to stay ready, because she doesn't know when, but someday, she's going to stab you in the back to settle her score." Andrew groaned. "Wait, what? She actually said that?" Valerie let out a mocking laugh. "Word for word.

Andrew, I'd really love to know what you did to her? Don't tell me it's something like what you did to me?" Andrew waved his hands. "You're overthinking. Shiloh's already -- at the martial emperor level. I couldn't possibly mess with her." Valerie arched a brow. "Then what's her deal? I can tell that she's torn between hating you and... something else." Andrew stayed quiet for a moment before sighing. "I honestly don't know. But it makes sense for her to hate me. I did go too far back then." He shook his head. "Enough talk. We need to get back to Chetvine right now." Luna frowned.

"Aren't you going to wait for your father?" Andrew's voice turned firm. "We can't. It's already hard enough for him to be here in Holtrien. Once the fight with Alfredo ends, he'll have to leave immediately. Too many people don't want him to set foot on this land. Unless..." Luna tensed. "Unless what?" Andrew took a deep breath. "Unless my dad breaks through the barrier of the martial god and ascends beyond the limits of man." Valerie looked shocked. "Beyond man? There's a level beyond martial god?" Andrew smiled faintly. "Of course there is.

'Beyond man' that means becoming a true god." ---- Sheena uttered coldly, "Let's go, Andrew. We can't drag Uncle Reginald down. 'Beyond man', huh... most people wouldn't even dare to dream of that, but I believe Uncle Reginald can do it." Andrew grinned. "Yeah. I believe Dad can, too."

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Chapter 2615

---- Chapter 2615 Luna and Valerie exchanged a glance. Both of them were obsessed with martial arts, but the phrase "beyond man" after the martial god level was something neither of them had ever heard before. The words themselves sounded simple, yet the weight of them was suffocating. After Andrew helped Sheena along while leading Luna and Valerie away, another group soon appeared where they had just been. "Saintess, why are you so fixated on that boy?" asked Davion Pittman, an old man wrapped in a black cloak. Shiloh had already changed back into her usual black dress.

Her presence was sharp and cold, yet her beauty still outshone everything around her. "Why? Honestly, I... don't know either." Her expression was complex as she looked in the direction Andrew's group had departed. She continued, "It's not that I'm obsessed with him... It's just that I can't find a good enough reason to kill him and feel at peace about it." Davion snorted. "Killing a kid who's not even a martial emperor ---- yet shouldn't be that hard. I can take care of it for you, Saintes." Shiloh's voice turned faint. "Forget it. Leave him be.

Our trip to Swordhaven Keep was a waste anyway, but the Greene family's work must continue. We have real business to handle." Davion bowed slightly. "Understood." Then, he added, "Saintess, Mr. Driscoll has already arrived in the Eastern Regions." Shiloh's eyes flickered. "Where is he?" Davion smiled. "Right behind us." Shiloh turned around and saw a handsome man walking toward her, a faint smile on his face. "Ms. Greene," he greeted warmly. He had a light trace of stubble that gave his refined features a touch of maturity. Shiloh nodded calmly.

"I'm glad you made it here safely." His smile faltered as hesitation clouded his face. "Ms. Greene, you met Andrew, didn't you?" Shiloh gave a slight hum in reply but said nothing else. His voice grew rough. "Mr. Pittman told me you were trapped in Swordhaven Keep overnight with Andrew. Is that true?" ---- Shiloh's eyes turned cold. "Joe, what are you trying to say?" The man was none other than Joe from Gabo Creek's Driscoll family. He had pledged his full allegiance to the Greene family Saintess. "I don't want to ask anything specific. I just hope you are careful and don't..."

get taken advantage of," Joe said. Shiloh snorted. "There's no one in this world who can take advantage of me. How has your martial arts training been progressing lately?" Joe puffed up slightly, eager to report his progress. "I've been progressing very quickly, Ms. Greene. I've already reached the peak of the martial saint level. I believe that in three years at most, I can attempt a breakthrough to martial emperor." Shiloh let out an uninterested sigh. "Not bad. It's just... a bit slow. This chapter is updated by

Andrew could probably kill you with one hand right now." Joe stood frozen, a deeply wounded expression on his face. He argued stubbornly, "I don't believe that. If we fought now, I wouldn't go down so easily. My training hasn't been for nothing." Shiloh did not even bother to respond to his pride. "Let's go. Whatever makes you happy. You're growing, and Andrew is chasing even higher realms. You two aren't on the same level, so stop trying to compare yourself to him. You'll likely never even ---- cross paths again. "You chose to follow me, so focus on your growth.

Someday, you'll settle down, start a family, and build a legacy of your own. That wouldn't be such a bad life, would i Joe's voice dropped. "Maybe... but I still want to fight him one day, when the time is right." Shiloh gave him a sharp, amused look. "Oh? Sounds like you've grown tired of living, huh?" Joe blinked, completely thrown off.

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Chapter 2616

---- Chapter 2616 At that moment, the entire Swordhaven Keep gathered near the battlefield. Onyx and Ivory stood among the crowd, along with Jericho and the others, all here to witness the clash between Reginald and Alfredo. Jericho's broken leg had been treated, but he refused to stay home. He forced himself to come, unwilling to miss even a second of a fight like this, Besides, watching two of the strongest warriors go head-to-head was a rare lesson he could not afford to skip. Onyx and Ivory, being the strongest of the rest, stood at the front.

Even then, they were several hundred meters from the center of the battleground. The air pressure alone was so fierce that it whipped their hair and brows back, making it hard to keep their eyes open. "Mr. Topsfield Senior's sword feels different today. It's like he's become someone else, stronger than ever!" Onyx shouted over the wind. Ivory chimed in, "True. But the pillar of the Lloyd royal family isn't yielding an inch, and that barrier around him... is that an Absolute Domain? I didn't think that legendary power truly existed. If not for Godslayer, the Mr. This update is available on

Topsfield Senior would probably..." ---- He left the sentence hanging, knowing some things were better left unsaid. Voicing them would only bring a sense of despair. "Reginald, even if you're the reincarnation of the God of War..." Alfredo said coldly as he stepped across the air, moving effortlessly with the Godslayer in his hand. Every swing of his blade shook the earth and split the sky. "Today, you'll still fall before me!" A blinding sphere of energy surrounded Reginald, shielding him from the countless sword strikes raining down from every direction.

The blades formed endlessly from the air itself, hammering against his barrier like a storm that refused to end. "With that sword, you certainly have the right to show off," Reginald said calmly, raising his palm toward the sky. His expression was composed but serious. Alfredo immediately grew cautious, his grip tightening. Then, he sneered, 'I'm not the same man I was back then.

Your Dragon- Slaying Palm's ultimate form, Solar Ascension, might've defeated me once, but now it's barely enough to keep up!" Reginald smiled faintly, though there was

no warmth in his eyes; only a deep, deadly stillness. "You're right, I didn't finish my sentence earlier. The Godslayer does hold divine power, but just ---- because you're holding it doesn't mean it belongs to you." Alfredo scoffed. "The sword's in my hand. If it's not mine, then whose is it? Andrew's? Don't make me laugh. I'm the greatest swordsman alive, the only true Sword Saint!" With that, he swung again.

The Godslayer blazed as it came crashing down on Reginald. Reginald let out a low shout. He turned his raised hand downward, gathering his energy before striking upward with a single palm. A ball of light burst from his hand and soared into the sky. In an instant, it expanded into a blinding sphere that burned like a miniature sun before exploding. The ground shook violently, and within a 500-meter radius, every tree was uprooted as a massive shockwave tore through the field.

The storm's eye centered on Alfredo and Reginald: Onyx and Ivory's faces went pale as they were thrown backward by the blast. They coughed up blood but barely managed to stay alive, thanks to their endurance as martial emperors. Those farther behind were not so lucky. Several of Swordhaven's disciples were killed instantly by the force of the explosion. Jericho, still limping and barely standing, was flung head over heels by the impact, screaming as he hit the ground. ---- When the dust finally cleared, Reginald was standing on the ground, calm and unshaken.

He still wore that faint, confident smile. Alfredo, however, hovered in the air with the Godslayer gripped tightly in his hands. Suddenly, he burst into laughter. "Reginald, look at you! Your Solar Ascension couldn't even finish me off! What else do you have?" Reginald shook his head. "Solar Ascension is the peak of Dragon- Slaying Palm, but it's not my peak. Maybe I can't kill you instantly, but crippling you? Even with the Godslayer's help, that won't be hard. And like I said, the sword isn't yours." Alfredo sneered and prepared to strike again, too enraged to waste any more words.

The only way to silence his fury was to defeat the man who once overshadowed him. Once Reginald fell, he would become not just the legend of the Eastern Regions, but of the entire continent. But just as he raised his sword, a strange numbness spread through his hand. His arm began to tremble uncontrollably, and before his eyes, the Godslayer started shaking violently, as if rejecting him. "What the..." Alfredo's face twisted in shock. He shouted and forced his energy into the sword, trying to suppress its rebellion. ---- Yet this time, his energy did not take hold.

It bounced back, surging through his meridians like a backlash A cold, deadly force from within the Godslayer crept into his arm, seeping through his veins and freezing his blood from the inside out.

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Chapter 2617

---- Chapter 2617 Alfredo's entire body convulsed. In that instant, his arm felt like it was about to split apart from the strain. He could not hold back a deep grunt of pain as the shock hit him. Before Alfredo could recover, Reginald had already taken a step forward and vanished, reappearing right in front of his face. He raised his hand and aimed straight for Alfredo's head. With bloodshot eyes, Alfredo roared, "Get the hell away from me! He tried to lift his sword for a counterattack, but Godslayer's resistance suddenly peaked.

Instead of obeying him, the sword trembled violently, and he let out a pained scream as it slipped from his grasp and fell from the sky. Reginald's palm, glowing with raw energy, pressed hard against Alfredo's forehead Alfredo's head jerked back, his hair flying wildly as his eyes bulged wide in agony. A guttural scream tore from his throat before a mouthful of blood burst out, scattering through the air like crimson rain. "Mr. Topsfield Senior!" Onyx and Ivory shouted, their faces twisted in disbelief. Furious, they drew their swords and charged ---- toward Reginald from both sides.

Reginald did not even bother to look. With one hand, he waved casually behind him, sending a surge of force outward before flashing forward again toward Alfredo. The shockwave struck Onyx and Ivory like a freight train. They both spat blood midair, their newly forged swords shattering into pieces that shot across their faces and necks. The sight was brutal. Reginald said, "Step into my reach and you're finished." Alfredo no longer looked anything like the graceful Sword Saint he once was. His face twisted with madness, his eyes filled with pain, hatred, and seething rage.

"Reginald, so you really haven't been idle all these years... Beyond men, beneath gods... You actually reached that realm!" Reginald's voice echoed through the air as he darted like a phantom. "I told you, Alfredo, you can't take my hits. It was true back then, and it's even truer now. Do you think swinging a sword makes you impressive? Sword Saint? Please. You just dazzle amateurs with flashy moves. Honestly, I think it's worthless. Real men fight with their fists... Like me!" Once more, Reginald's palm shot toward Alfredo's head.

---- Alfredo, who had been falling through the air, suddenly jerked upright midair. His spine tensed, and a feral grin twisted across his face. "I don't think so!" he growled, his aura flaring as his body stabilized in midair. "Come to me!" he shouted. In an instant, Firefly flashed through the air like a bolt of lightning and landed in his hand. Without hesitation, Alfredo swung three times in rapid succession, sending three massive ares of swordlight crashing down on Reginald. The strikes ripped through the air like thunderbolts, crisscrossing and sealing off every path around Reginald. Follow current novels on

"Turning willpower into blades... not bad. But to me, that's all it is, " Reginald said flatly. He reached out, grabbed one of the sword auras midair, and crushed it in his fist. The light writhed in his grip, struggling like a living thing before shattering into mist. Onyx and Ivory stared in shock, their mouths dry as their hearts pounded. "He just tore Mr. Topsfield Senior's sword aura apart with his bare hands," Ivory whispered. "Could he actually be... beyond human now? Like a god?" ---- Alfredo, still in the air, was equally unable to believe it.

His eyes were a toxic mix of jealousy, hatred, and pure venom. He screamed, "Reginald, die already!" Firefly unleashed a storm of swordlight, raining down in every direction. Alfredo poured every drop of his energy into the sword, turning the sky into a flood of blinding blades. Reginald's figure disappeared within the endless downpour of sword energy, like a lone leaf swallowed by a lightning storm. Then, something impossible happened.

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- Chapter 2618

Chapter 2618

---- Chapter 2618 Protected by the energy barrier around him, Reginald rose steadily into the air. He ascended powerfully through the endless storm of sword energy until he came to a stop directly in front of Alfredo. That same, soul-crushing motion appeared once more. Reginald extended a hand, his palm aimed squarely at Alfredo. "Time to lie down, Alfredo," he stated flatly. An unseen force pierced through the void. Alfredo did

not even know how to resist. His body suddenly shook violently, and his entire frame exploded with crackling sounds. Endless blood mist rose into the air. "Mr.

Topsfield Senior!" Onyx and Ivory screamed, their voices full of despair. Yet, it was useless. Alfredo's face was already blank with shock as his stiff body plummeted straight down, crashing into the ground. Firefly followed, embedding itself into the dirt beside his head. Alfredo twitched, barely conscious, his fingers trembling as he tried to raise a hand to point at Reginald. "R-Reginald..." he rasped, but no sound came out. ---- Reginald landed next to him and crouched down. Then, two sharp slaps echoed through the air. New NOVEL chapters are published on

He hissed, "You bastard, you really thought the Lloyd family wouldn't fight back? You thought you could just mess with my family like they're nothing? If you'd just roughed up Andrew, I honestly wouldn't have cared that much. I know my own son can take a beating. But you beat up my niece, and that pisses me off. Listening to Reginald's endless scolding, Alfredo's jaw twitched. He wished he could get up and fight Reginald to the death. However, just moments ago, Reginald had shattered his twin core meridians. For a powerhouse like Alfredo, healing was not impossible. Sadly, it would take time.

And before that, he would be utterly powerless. Without even thinking about it, he knew that after this battle, his cultivation level would drop at least two minor stages. Reginald looked at him with a smirk. "Actually, I'm just bullshitting. Forget about Sheena; you can't touch her. Andrew? You damn well can't touch him either. If you dare to lay a hand on them, I'll beat the shit out of you, you spineless bastard." Alfredo coughed up a mouthful of blood and growled viciously, "Reginald, your day will come." ---- Reginald smiled. "You're right, my day will come.

But Alfredo, in this lifetime, you'll never get to fight me again. Every time you try, I'll just grind you into the dirt." He stretched out his hand, and Godslayer from the distance flew into his palm. Just like before, it resisted and struggled. Reginald could not help but laugh in exasperation. "Stop messing around. In a bit, I'll take you back to your true owner. Come to think of it, your owner is my son, so you should call me Grandpa." Godslayer went still, being very obedient.

Then, the next second, the sword's body glowed with a dim red light, and an intense paralyzing shock surged into Reginald's hand. The reaction was stronger than ever before, and cold sweat appeared on Reginald's forehead. "Alright, alright. I was just joking." The red glow on Godslayer faded instantly, and it lay obediently in Reginald's hand. This bizarre scene left Alfredo lying on the ground, looking as if he had seen a ghost. Reginald glanced at him. "See that? Forget about you, even I can't control this sword's spirit.

But somehow, that brat Andrew ---- just has to say its name, and this damn sword becomes meek as a lamb. As for the reason, you should know why, right? It's simple; the kid's just built tougher than both of us." + Muttering to himself, Reginald stood up

and looked toward the Swordhaven Keep crowd, who were too afraid to come closer. He did not say another word but just took a few steps forward and vanished into thin air. Onyx, Ivory, and Jericho rushed to Alfredo's side.

"Dad, are you alright?" Jericho's voice trembled. The strongest man in the Eastern Regions now looked like a beaten beggar lying in the dirt. Alfredo turned his head, spat out a mouthful of blood, and growled one phrase through clenched teeth. "All of you... Get out!"

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Chapter 2619

---- Chapter 2619 Reginald walked alone, silently making his way through the forest. Then, he stopped, turned around, and said flatly, "Alright, you've been following me for a while now. Come on out." Behind a tree, branches and leaves rustled, and a pale, beardless man emerged. Just looking at his face, the man appeared to be somewhere in his mid-40s. He was not particularly handsome, but he had an exceptionally refined and scholarly appearance. However, his eyes were deep and carried an indescribable weariness. They betrayed that his actual age was far more than just 40.

In fact, Guillermo was already 96 years old this year. He had been playing chess with the world as his board for 50 years. As soon as he appeared, he smiled and approached Reginald. Seeing this, Reginald frowned. "Speak. If it's the same old talk, urging me to get lost... Then, rest assured, after I give the sword to Andrew, I'll leave Holtrien." Guillermo clasped his hands behind his back and smiled. "No rush. How about we have a chat?" Reginald hesitated for a moment, then nodded. "Fine." The two

walked side by side through the forest, neither speaking ---- for a while. Official source IS

After a long pause, Guillermo asked, "Why didn't you just kill Alfredo?" Reginald shot back, "Why would I kill him?" Guillermo smiled. "If you hadn't rushed back to Holtrien, the Lloyd family's royal hopes, two of them, in fact, would have been snuffed out in despair. Even so, you still won't kill him?" Reginald sneered. "Oh sure, I kill Alfredo. Then he fights back desperately, using Firefly's self-destruction as the price to wound me.

That way, you could arrange for people to attack me in waves while I'm retreating from Holtrien, ultimately achieving your checkmate, right?" Guillermo nodded, then shook his head. "I did think that way. If you were injured, you'd be easier to eliminate. But killing you outright would be premature. The Lloyd royal line cannot be destroyed; doing so would ripple through Holtrien's power." He added, "Still, the Lloyds shouldn't hoard all that destiny.

I'd like to take a slice of their fortune for other families and powers Balance is my principle, you know that." Reginald paused and said with a wry tone, "Mr. Vazquez, you're nearly a century old now. People say the elderly are usually kind and gentle. After all, in one's twilight years, one should have ---- learned to let things go. "Yet here you are, still bustling about, pulling strings everywhere, managing countless schemes, both overt and covert. Aren't you afraid of tarnishing your legacy in your final years?" Guillermo chuckled.

"Do you think someone like me fears such petty reputation concerns? I would do anything for this country." Reginald snorted. "Do you realize I'm doing it for the country, 00? The Lloyd family has done nothing to deserve to be erased. If you want to share some of their fate with others, fine. But you should know that the Lloyds can give back some of what you've taken." Guillermo nodded in agreement. "Reginald, you were once my most promising student, but in the end, you were fate's joke on me.

I did want to kill you and Andrew because you two can step off my chessboard at any moment and ruin my plans." He said, "A chess piece should be docile and obedient, not biting the hand that moves it. Yet, my games have been long and error-prone. After decades of maneuvers, mistakes happen, and so some pieces escape my board." Reginald answered calmly, "If you know I'm no longer on your board, then you should know you can't control me anymore.

In fact, I've started playing the same game as you, making moves of my own." ---- At that, his smile darkened and tured sharp, giving his expression a colder, harder edge.

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Chapter 2620

---- Chapter 2620 Guillermo stared at him for a long while, then could not help but shake his head. "There's just no dealing with you. Well then, I'll see you off here. While you've fortunately become a player, Andrew is still on my chessboard." Reginald sighed and said, "Andrew's path is ultimately one he has to walk himself. Actually, I don't want to interfere too much. And Mr. Vazquez, you might not believe this, but I'll say it anyway." Guillermo frowned. "What are you trying to say?" Reginald grinned.

"I want to tell you that even though Andrew's energy core is sealed and he seems to still be on the board... He might not be a chess piece anymore." Guillermo snorted coldly. "If he's on the chessboard and not a chess piece, what else could he be?" Reginald shook his head. "I'm not entirely sure, but I know he's not a chess piece. My original plan was to keep him from setting foot in Chetvine until his energy core was fully restored. Yet, his actions greatly exceeded my expectations. He returned to Chetvine, and as you can see now, he's perfectly fine. For original chapters go to

Don't you think that's suspicious?" ---- Guillermo's breath faltered for a moment. Then, he replied, "You think Andrew's survival in Chetvine isn't because you've been secretly protecting him? Every faction there fears your presence. Otherwise, they'd have torn him apart long ago." Reginald laughed heartily. "Saying it's because of me isn't entirely wrong, but it's not entirely right either. Mr. Vazquez, as your former student, let me give you one final warning. Andrew's energy core's third seal isn't a dead end as you originally planned.

His energy core's seal already shows signs of breaking." He continued, "Back then, you, as the mastermind, Andrew's alchemy mentor, Mr. Zeroual, and I, Philip, plus Andrew's mother, all witnessed your grand scheme. Of course, there was also Otto, and those few old bastards who never showed their faces from the beginning. "At that time, I believed the entire world wanted my son dead. So his mother, to protect him, separated from me and entered that, forbidden land, losing all freedom for the rest of her life. I fell from the martial god realm three times, and three times I fought my way back.

All of it was to get her back." He growled, "But you old bastards were too ruthless, and every attempt failed. Defeated and heartbroken, I left abroad." Reginald spoke in a calm voice, recounting the pain he never wanted to remember. When he turned to look at Guillermo, his ---- smile was merciless. "I swore back then that one day, I'd take your head with my own hands. But later, I realized how hard that was even for someone like me. Being unmatched across the world wasn't difficult, but afterward, I faced something ten thousand times harder.

"For the first time in my life, I learned what helplessness and despair truly meant, and I don't want Andrew ever to feel that. Because he and I are different. Andrew is the blood of the Lloyd family, fused with that mysterious force hidden in the mist. He's supposed

to represent the dawn of a new age." He added, "No matter you, or Philip, or the ruler of Holtrien, or even the celestial force his mother belonged to, none of you wanted things to reach this point. But the truth is, it wasn't us who defied you..."

It was fate itself." The faint smile on Guillermo's face had vanished, replaced by something darker and crueler. His voice dropped to a growl. "Tell me! This sign you speak of, that the final seal on Andrew's energy core is loosening... is it true, or is it a lie?"

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Chapter 2621

---- Chapter 2621 Reginald remained unmoved and simply asked, "What's wrong? Are you scared?" Guillermo roared, "Speak! Or I'll bury you right here in Holtrien, right now." Reginald showed nothing but disdain. He even stepped forward personally to straighten Guillermo's collar. He simply said, "Mr. Vazquez, you've always been a meticulous man, demanding perfection in every aspect of yourself. Your collar is a mess. Don't get so worked up, because you're still just human. You're not God. Human power, after all, has its limits.

"No matter how hard people try, no matter how well they present themselves, they can never truly be perfect. Although we're all hypocrites, calling the final realm of martial arts the 'martial god'. He scoffed and added, "Martial god... How fragile must one's heart be, how greedy must one's desires be, to deceive oneself like that? Is a martial god truly a god? No. In fact, sometimes, a martial god is just cattle, just livestock. That's why there's something beyond that. Just reaching that level nearly shattered my soul in endless agony.

---- "Old bastard, that's why your rage and threats don't work on me anymore... Because you can't kill me. There are those who can kill me, sure. But then we won't be playing chess anymore. It'll be mutual destruction, everyone going down together!" When Reginald called him "old bastard", his voice dripped with chilling coldness. His eyes, without him even realizing it, had become ice-cold as he faced off against Guillermo. Guillermo's lips trembled. Finally, he snorted coldly. "You can escape, but Andrew, that child of destiny you believe in, won't be able to move an inch.

With your precedent, there won't be any more rebels on my chessboard." Reginald shook his head. "I already told you, Andrew isn't a chess piece. He's just standing within your chessboard, that's all. I learned from you. Whatever chess-playing skills you have, I have the same. In fact, my skills now might have already surpassed yours. So, Mr.

Vazquez, stop being so stubborn. "The third seal on Andrew's energy core? He will surely break it. And when he does, he'll flip your chessboard over.

Then he'll use this greatsword in my hand to stab it into your heart." He laughed and continued, "Godslayer really is a wicked sword, definitely nothing righteous about it. If it's stabbed into the heart of a powerhouse like you, I guarantee not a single drop of blood will spill out. It'll all be absorbed by the sword." ---- Guillermo paused mid-step, then walked alone toward a side path. The mentor and student were now enemies, parted ways just like that. He said, "You should worry about how you're going to get out of Holtrien first." Reginald chuckled. "Let me guess who you sent.

First off, it's gotta be that snake, Julius Bowen. That damn guy never quits. When I get the chance, I'm not playing any more mind games. I'll rip his energy core right out and crush it in my hands. "As for the second one, probably that old man from Sorya, Waylon Sloani. Persistent bastard. Still dreaming of controlling the world at his age. Too bad that when it's one-on-one, he's scared of death. Two-on-one, he fights like a madman. Three-on-one, he might actually win." Reginald hefted the massive sword and started toward the forest's edge.

Beyond that line lay the chaotic frontier, a no man's land. He knew that waiting for him out there were not just Julius and Waylon. Guillermo was his mentor, after all, and Reginald knew exactly how his mentor's mind worked. Whatever you could imagine, Guillermo would plan for. Whatever you could not imagine, he ---- would prepare for that too. It was like when you got caught misbehaving at school, and you would think you would only get a scolding at home. Instead, your parents would team up on you and ground you. Then, your teacher and the principal would pile on the next day.

That was Guillermo's way of playing chess; always overkill, always ten moves ahead, until his opponent had no way to survive. Nonetheless, Reginald had learned the game too, and now, he was a master. His skill was no less than Guillermo's. "Forget Waylon and Julius... Even if you join them yourself, I can still kill every one of you," he muttered. No one heard those words but the wind. Reginald slung the sword over his shoulder, not in a hurry to leave Holtrien. His first task was to find Andrew and hand over the Godslayer.

The father and son's meeting was brief, mainly because they could not find much to say for the moment. "Take care," they said to each other. ---- Two simple words carried more emotion than a thousand speeches. Valerie frowned. "Andrew, why didn't you talk to Mr. Lloyd Senior alittle more?" Andrew smiled. "There's nothing to say. Sometimes, men don't need sentimental words; they just need trust. Soon, I'll make sure he can walk into Holtrien whenever he wants... and walk out just as freely." Luna smiled softly. "I believe you can." Valerie hesitated, then sighed. This chapter is updated by

"Fine, I believe you too." Andrew laughed. "Well, look at that... You two are actually getting along." A chilling voice cut through the air from behind them. "Still got time for romance, huh? Hand over that sword, leave your head behind, and maybe I'll let you

back to Chetvine!" Luna and Valerie whipped around in alarm. Andrew turned as well, the enormous Godslayer resting on his shoulder. The rest of the Eastern Region's elites had caught up, with two martial emperors leading the pack. Luna tensed. "Protect Sheena first!" ---- Andrew grinned. "No need to rush.

Dad said there'd be a tail following us. He also said it was Mr. Vazquez's test. Perfect. Time to let this beauty taste blood." Then, he swung the sword, and the slaughter began. In that instant, Andrew could feel that Godslayer was thrilled

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Chapter 2622

---- Chapter 2622 On this journey to the Eastern Regions' Swordhaven Keep, Andrew's power had advanced in two major ways. First, he had absorbed Blood Pith, which brought his physical constitution and the density of his true energy to their absolute limits. Even though he was not a martial emperor just yet, his body's strength and energy reserves were already comparable to those of one. Regardless, the third seal of his energy core was still locked. For original chapters go to

If that final seal ever broke, he would undoubtedly experience a terrifying breakthrough, with his power being completely unleashed Nonetheless, for now, that was not possible. The second improvement was that he had obtained an unexpectedly divine weapon, which was the Godslayer he now held in his hands. Whether this greatsword could truly slay gods, Andrew did not know. However, he was certain it could cut down a martial emperor without a problem. Right now, he stood alone against two Martial Emperors from the Eastern Regions. ---- "Fool!"

You're courting death!" Both martial emperors were furious. To them, Andrew's choice to face both of them alone was not courage; it was an insult. They might not be as strong as Alfredo, but compared to most others, they were untouchable. As they attacked, thunder and fire roared through the air. One of them, his hands wreathed in flames, launched scorching streams of energy that burned through the battlefield. His power was violent and overwhelming. The other moved like a phantom, his strikes swift and unpredictable, coming from impossible angles.

Andrew was still carrying injuries, yet he did not need to exert too much effort. All he had to do was swing the Godslayer. The air howled as he swung twice into the empty space ahead of him. The air tore apart, and these two strikes seemed to land on nothing. However, one of the martial emperors, in a twist of terrible luck, appeared right in the greatsword's attack path at the last moment. The martial emperor was utterly

horrified. With a roar, he clapped his hands together violently. Between his palms, terrifying power emerged to clamp down on Andrew's ---- greatsword.

Unfortunately, it was completely useless, and the greatsword crashed down without any obstruction. Then, it cut through the martial emperor's chest and stomach, continuing all the way down. A shrill scream echoed around them. The martial emperor's eyes bulged wide as he looked down in disbelief. He saw the bloody contents of his belly spilling all over the ground before collapsing lifelessly to the ground. Andrew withdrew his sword, momentarily surprised. The Godslayer truly had pushed the limits of sharpness.

The other martial emperor cried out in disbelief, "Johnny!" Then, he unleashed two consecutive explosive palm strikes at Andrew. Andrew grunted, retreating with his sword in hand. But immediately, he caught his breath and charged forward again. That martial emperor, wary of the Godslayer, kept backing away. Meanwhile, the greatsword in Andrew's hands danced with afterimages. First, he wildly slashed three times toward the left. His opponent stumbled and fell to the right, only to discover the ---- Godslayer was already waiting for him on the right.

This remaining Martial Emperor was formidable indeed. Desperate, the Martial Emperor twisted his body at the last second. The blade meant for his neck instead cut through his arm, slicing it clean off. His severed arm spun through the air, followed by a burst of blood that painted the ground crimson. "Retreat!" he shouted. He did not dare fight another second. Calling to his men, he turned and fled. He did not even glance at his severed arm. The pain was unbearable, yet he forced himself to hold it in.

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Chapter 2623

---- Chapter 2623 Andrew leaned on his sword, breathing hard. When he tilted his head, he was stunned to find that the blade of the Godslayer was not stained with a single drop of blood. Instead, it gleamed brightly under the light, almost unreal. Luna ran forward and asked, "How are you feeling?" Andrew shook his head. "I'm fine. Thank goodness for the Godslayer. Otherwise, we would've had to put in a lot more effort. Luna looked at the Godslayer with lingering fear, her expression complex. "This sword truly is a wicked blade.

Andrew, I'm afraid that using it will eventually harm you." Andrew smiled, "Don't worry. I know what I'm doing. If it wanted to hurt me, it could do so anytime. Even Alfredo couldn't control it, so I certainly can't either. But look, it's well-behaved in my hands. Let's go. Welll need this sword to escape safely." Luna said, "Alright, but you need to

stay vigilant at all times." However, Andrew did not share her worry. Godslayer felt almost alive, connected to him through some invisible bond. Every swing came naturally, as if the sword understood his intent.

Maybe it was made for battle, but whether it was evil or not ---- depended on the one holding it. If he ever slaughtered innocents or used it for senseless bloodshed, then the sword being called evil would not matter because the real evil would be him. From that moment on, no one dared to trouble Andrew and his group again. With Sheena safely in tow, the four of them finally made it back to Chetvine. What Andrew did not know was that after he left, Guillermo stepped out from the shadows. At his side stood his number one right-hand man, Jose Castillo, Chetvine's most feared martial artist.

Jose was Guillermo's strongest follower, a martial emperor at the fifth stage, just one step away from reaching martial god status. People called him the pre-martial god. Guillermo said nothing as he looked down at the corpses of the Eastern Region's fallen martial emperor. He crouched to inspect one of the wounds, frowning deeply. Jose, dressed sharply and with handsome features, stood quietly beside him. Only his eyes betrayed his true nature: cold, ruthless, and merciless. "Mr.

Vazquez," Jose asked when Guillermo stood up, "is that sword really that powerful?" Guillermo's expression darkened. "Even I underestimated the ---- Godslayer's power. It is indeed strange... It represents the life's work of several generations of Swordhaven Keep masters, and it should only display great power in the hands of a Swordhaven Keep master, not some kid." Jose's heart stirred, and he asked, "Could it be, as Reginald said, that this sword truly recognizes Andrew as its owner? So, for Andrew as its owner, it's displaying 100% of its strength." Guillermo shook his head.

"That theory sounds too far-fetched to take seriously. Reginald and I are already playing a game of minds. When he speaks, I only believe a small part of it, and even then, I never take it to heart." 1

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Chapter 2624

---- Chapter 2624 Jose frowned. "But just now, Andrew was already seriously injured. Yet he relied solely on the Godslayer to kill one person and severely wound another. Johnny and Bodhi from the Eastern Regions were both Martial Emperors... Sure, they were only at the first stage of martial emperor, but they were still martial emperors, and Andrew is still only at the Martial Saint stage." He continued, "A weapon is useless if

you don't know how to use it. How did he manage to defeat them?" Guillermo snorted coldly. "Perhaps it really is as Reginald said.

That pawn of his might be breaking out of the chessboard and stirring up trouble for me." Jose shook his head. "Mr. Vazquez, the pieces on your board don't just walk off whenever they please. I think Reginald's just messing with our heads. The real problem lies with that sword. If you want, I can handle it myself. I'll take the sword back and teach that brat a lesson." Guillermo shook his head. "Don't do anything reckless. The rules of the game still need to be followed for now.

If we don't play by the rules, then Reginald, along with Andrew's mysterious mother, the Saintess from The Veiled Faction, will cause us major trouble." ---- There was one more thing he did not tell Jose: the final seal within Andrew's energy core was showing signs of breaking. What Guillermo did not tell Jose was that Andrew's energy core showed signs of his final seal beginning to crack. The problem was that he could not pinpoint where it was happening. That seal was not supposed to break. After all, there was no reason, no trigger, and no chance for it to happen. The most update novels are published on

It was like how everyone believed that chess pieces only moved according to the player's hand. But what if, one day, a piece suddenly jumped up and killed the player? Who would ever believe that? No one. Yet Guillermo, who lived his life gambling, scheming, and calculating, feared nothing except that one unpredictable variable in a million that could destroy everything. He stood up, his tone returning to its usual calm. "Let's go. It's time to return to Chetvine.

Reginald has built up quite a power base abroad, and we should strengthen things here as well." Jose smirked slightly, then asked, "Mr. Vazquez, mind if I ask you something? If I activate Hyperburn State and burn through my life force, ignoring everything else... Could I take Reginald on? ---- Guillermo did not even think about it and immediately shook his head. "No." Jose's voice grew heavier. "May I ask why?" Guillermo replied coldly, "Because you'd die a miserable death. Without fully stepping into the martial god level, you're nothing but an insect in Reginald's eyes.

If he's determined to kill you, then you'll die without question. If he doesn't care about you, then you might have a chance to survive. But then again, maybe not, because he could probably kill you accidentally without even trying." Jose took a deep breath and said firmly, "Understood. Before the next time I face Reginald, I'll make sure I reach Martial God." Guillermo grunted. "That would be for the best." Then, Jose added, "By the way, Mr. Vazquez, there's something I never told you. That fool Jaden died at Andrew's hands.

The brat is already stupid enough to take a shot at one of your men, right in the open." Guillermo replied flatly, "I already knew. I just didn't care enough to bother."

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Chapter 2625

---- Chapter 2625 Andrew returned safely to Chetvine, though barely. The first thing he did was head straight to the old little cabin to let everyone know he was okay. Tiana and Victoria, the two stunning women who had been worried sick, finally sighed in relief when they saw him Andrew casually mentioned that Reginald had shown up. Tiana immediately asked, "Did he ask about us?" Andrew opened his mouth, ready to lie and say that Reginald had been concerned about them. However, when he caught Victoria's half-smiling, knowing look, he wisely shut his mouth and stayed quiet.

Lying never worked on a woman as sharp as Victoria. Tiana huffed. "Reggie has probably forgotten alll about us by now. That heartless man... After everything we did for him... We were even willing to die for him." Victoria's tone was calm but firm. "Tiana, that's enough. Saying this in front of Andrew is meaningless. Reggie is his father, and you're not his real mother." Tiana snorted and turned to Andrew with a grin. "Don't get me ---- wrong, Andy. I'm not blaming you. You're nothing like him. Anyway, we didn't really lose anything in the end. Whatever we had with him is over.

But you're still our precious darling." Andrew smiled. "I'm glad you're not angry." Tiana plopped down and sighed. "To say I'm not angry would be a lie. But honestly, it's not just anger, it's more like disappointment. Still, I get it. He's carrying a lot on his shoulders. He's the kind of man who could turn an entire nation against him and still sleep fine at night. Only someone like him could pull that off." Victoria chimed in, "You're overthinking it. Reggie reached this point today entirely because of Andrew's biological mother." Tiana's expression changed.

"Andrew's mother, you mean, that lady?" Victoria nodded. "Tiana, in terms of background, you and I are just common folk compared to Andrew's mother. In terms of martial arts, there's no need to even discuss it. Even Reggie was defeated by her. Of course, that was back then. Who knows about now? But what makes us truly respect Andrew's mother is her character." She added, "When Reginald left the Lloyd family and abandoned her for his dream of becoming unbeatable, she never said a single bad word about him." ---- Tiana gave a small, helpless laugh. The source of this content is

"I used to hate a lot of the women Reginald got involved with. But Andrew's mother? I never dared to hate her. I respected her 100%. Her attitude, her way of handling things. I admired that deeply." Andrew smiled. "You both knew my mother?" Victoria nodded. "I met her once." Tiana chuckled. "I didn't. I was too scared to even meet her. But speaking of her, Andrew, have you ever tried looking for her all these years?" Andrew

nodded. "She left the Lloyd family a long time ago. I know she's still alive. When I was little, I used to cry about wanting to find her.

The elders scolded me harshly, saying my existence would only put her in danger. "after that, I stopped making a fuss and kept quiet. Before I even grew up, I joined the organization and started military training. Over time, I stopped thinking about it. But once I'm strong enough, I'll go find her." Victoria smiled approvingly. "That's the right mindset. Andrew, your mother is one of the greatest women I know. Even if I don't like her much, I'll admit that without hesitation." Andrew nodded. "I know. In my memories, she was always so gentle." ---- Tiana suddenly looked intrigued.

"Speaking of gentle, Andrew, all your lovely ladies seem to be sweet and soft like that. I've decided not to be jealous anymore, so tell me... Out of all your women, who's the most gentle?" Andrew laughed. "Honestly, they all are." Tiana rolled her eyes. "Smooth talker."

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Chapter 2626

---- Chapter 2626 Victoria chuckled. "Don't pressure Andrew to answer that kind of dangerous question." Then, she turned to Andrew and said, "You should go. Patriarch Donovan is looking for you. As for Tiana and me, we're planning to head back to Gabo Creek tomorrow." Andrew frowned. "Why go back? You could both just stay here in Chetvine. Especially you. I promised I'd help you rebuild your energy core. I've already made some progress on that." There was a flicker of warmth in Victoria's eyes, but she quickly shook her head. "You fool. Don't waste your time worrying about me.

You have your own goals, your own path to carve out. As for me, whatever happens, happens." Andrew's expression hardened. "That's not how I see it. I promised I'd help you recover, and I meant it. You've treated me like your own, so even if I have to walk through fire, I'll heal you. You need to believe that." Victoria stared at him for a long time. In her eyes flickered gratitude, joy, and something softer, something she could not quite name. In the end, she simply smiled and said warmly, "Silly boy. Thank ---- you for treating me this way. The most update novels are published on

I'll be waiting for your good news, then." Andrew chatted with them a little longer before leaving to find Donovan. Tiana and Victoria remained alone in the room. Tiana said bluntly, "I really don't get you, Victoria. You fight so hard to restrain yourself around Andrew. Why can't you just admit that you see Reginald in him?" Victoria's face turned slightly red as she gave a cold laugh." Since when can you read my mind?" Tiana

smirked. "Oh, please. Don't kid yourself. You can lie to anyone else, but not me. You've been through hell, your marriage was miserable, and now it's all behind you.

You lost your martial power too, so what's left? Once you finally let go of all that, the feelings that remain are the real ones. You like Andrew, don't you? I mean, sure, it's weird, but you've got real feelings for him romantic ones. Don't think I haven't noticed." Victoria suddenly sat up, instinctively about to slap Tiana. She had forgotten that she had long since lost her martial arts abilities. Her strike was weak, and Tiana easily dodged it. Tiana teased, "Oh, now you're mad? Victoria, you've got nothing ---- to be ashamed of.

You're still breathtaking, even after everything, If you'd just drop the guilt, Andrew would be the luckiest man alive. With your charm, your grace, none of his women, not even Lauren, could compare to you. "You'd be doing him a favor, really. And let's be honest... We're both women of the martial world. Why worry so much about rules and appearances? Andrew's strong enough, respected enough, that no one would dare gossip." Victoria was furious. "Shut up!" Tiana snorted coldly but chose to stop talking. Victoria's chest heaved with anger as she glared. "Don't forget where we are.

This is Chetvine, the Lloyd family estate. If the Lloyd royal family heard these words, how could I ever show my face again?" Tiana smiled. "So you're admitting you have romantic feelings for Andrew?" Victoria was speechless. After a long pause, she said flatly, " Tiana, let's pack up and return to Gabo Creek. Don't bring this up again. We're nobodies. Supporting Andrew from the shadows is fine, but wanting more than that? That's crossing the line. "He'll surpass even Reginald one day. I'm not even sure what this feeling is myself, but some things are better left unspoken.

---- Some secrets should stay buried and die with us." Tiana pursed her lips. "I don't agree with you, but I understand."

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Chapter 2627

---- Chapter 2627 Andrew went to see Donovan. Gesturing him to sit down, Donovan said with a smile, "Andy, have a seat!" However, Andrew did not sit. Instead, he glanced around the room and noticed that more than a dozen elders from the Lloyd family were present. These old-timers had never been particularly kind to Andrew. The Lloyd family could only have one direct heir, and back in the day, everyone, including Reginald, had chosen Sheena for that role. The outdated notion of "sons over daughters" did not exist in the Lloyd family.

According to the previous patriarch's arrangements, Andrew had been groomed to be the family's shadow operative, while Sheena was meant to be the next head of the Lloyd family. One in the light, one in the shadows, working hand in hand. Yet, Andrew had broken that balance. He had walked away from the organization, ignoring both the family's orders and even the pressure and persuasion from Philip and other national leaders. From that moment, the Lloyd family's upper ranks had turned ---- cold toward him.

They all believed that a man who strayed off course had no right to the family's resources or their goodwill. Yet now, things were different. Andrew had returned to Chetvine, and his strength was nothing to scoff at. More importantly, he was not going head-to-head with the Lloyd family anymore. Instead, he kept a low profile, staying in a small old cabin on family grounds. That made it hard for the family's various department heads to criticize him. They wanted to find fault, but they had no reason to do so. As a result, they all felt frustrated and helpless.

Donovan lifted his teacup and took a small sip. He smiled and began, "Your trip to the Eastern Regions was a tremendous service to the family. You practically saved Sheena's life with your own hands. She told me everything you did at Swordhaven Keep. Andy, you possess the decisive judgment, wisdom, and courage that many Lloyd family members lack." An elderly man with a graying beard and eyes like a vulture's coldly interjected, "Patriarch Donovan, I think that's a bit of an exaggeration.

Any Lloyd family member who wouldn't step in when their own kin was being slaughtered would be a spineless coward." Donovan smiled and turned to Andrew. "Andy, do you agree with Merlin's assessment?" ---- Merlin Lloyd was the old man who had just spoken. Clearly, his attitude toward Andrew was not particularly warm. Andrew simply smiled. "He is absolutely right. As a Lloyd family member, and with Sheena being my close relative, saving her, or even risking my life, was only natural. There's nothing praiseworthy about it.

It's simply the dignity and choice that we should uphold." Donovan laughed heartily and looked at Merlin. "See? I told you his temperament has changed dramatically over the years. Now, he's a true gentleman who doesn't squabble over trivial matters!" Merlin stared at Andrew, smirking. "Kid, if this were the old you, you'd never let anyone critique your actions like this. You were arrogant, cocky, and carried yourself with a dismissive attitude toward everyone and everything. It's remarkable, really.

In just ten years, you've completely changed your nature." Andrew plopped down in a chair and said flatly, "Saying I've changed my nature would be a lie. After all, a person's temperament isn't that easy to change. But I've grown up, and I can see that you've gotten older. So it's my turn to give you some respect now, rather than contradicting you like I used to and keeping you up at night." Merlin laughed despite himself. "How do you manage to sound smug and polite at the same time? Damn, just for that, you're ---- already more likable than Reginald." The room burst into laughter.

Andrew's words, without him realizing it, had melted away much of the resentment that had built up against him over the years. In truth, many of the Lloyd elders had barely interacted with Andrew. He had joined the organization when he was just a teenager, then turned his back on the path they had laid out for him. Back then, he was every elder's nightmare: a talented but rebellious youth who would not play by the rules. Merlin and the others often felt he had thrown away an incredible future. Meanwhile, Sheena had always been the family's golden child. [READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT](#)

She was disciplined, gifted, and every bit the leader they wanted. But now that Andrew was back among them, they saw something different. He still had not chosen the path they had hoped for, but he had carved out one entirely his own. And at the end of that road, he might very well become someone who could speak to the Lloyd family as an equal. At that point, a middle-aged man spoke up in a deep voice, "Andrew, that small but famous business in Chetvine, the Medicine God's Covenant... That's yours, isn't it?" Andrew nodded. "Yeah, it's mine."

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Chapter 2628

---- Chapter 2628 Flynn Lloyd, another middle-aged man from the group, nodded. "Alchemy has always been the exclusive domain of the ancient sects. Among them, the Divine Alchemists behind the Sovereign's Apothecary hold absolute control over the field. We all know how profitable and influential alchemy can be. It is powerful enough to establish a royal house on its own." He continued, "But for a family like the Lloyds, an old powerhouse with deep roots, turning the ship around or changing industries is nearly impossible.

Not just us, the other two royal families and the five great clans can't break into the alchemy business either. "You've done something remarkable. Even if your Medicine God's Covenant is still small, your core strength as a ninth-grade supreme alchemist gives you the potential to bring it to the entire Holtrien, and maybe even beyond." Andrew replied calmly, "I'm not interested in dominating the industry. I just can't stand the Sovereign's Apothecary's arrogance. Besides, why should they have all the power?"

The Divine Alchemists' monopoly in the alchemy world needs to end." Merlin looked at Andrew with admiration, studying him deeply before saying a simple word of praise. "Wonderful!" ---- He said nothing more and sat back down in his chair. Donovan considered his words carefully before speaking. "Andy, if there's anything your Medicine God's Covenant needs from the Lloyd family, just ask. You can rest assured that the Lloyd family won't covet your business. That's been our family's principle for a long time.

Every family member who starts something new on their own, we stand behind them fully.

"You can't put all your eggs in one basket. The Lloyd family's true legacy lies in continuity. Someday, when we're gone, and even the royal branch of the Lloyds no longer exists, as long as your teachings and bloodline remain, the Lloyd family still wins." Andrew himself had not thought that far ahead, but Donovan's reasoning truly impressed and earned his respect. Andrew said, "Patriarch Donovan, as things stand now, the only shortcoming at Medicine God's Covenant is alchemists. Everything else, I've pretty much handled." Merlin chuckled. Follow current novels on

"Alchemy is a high-cost business, which means you need high-value clients. You've already secured your major customers in Chetvine, haven't you?" Andrew smiled. "First, the Iron Sword Sect is locked in. Second, my partnership with the Reyes family is progressing smoothly. They're supplying me with both a network of alchemists and a ---- solid market for distributing potions. Lastly, the Robertson family is also somewhat of a business partner." Merlin was shocked. "I can understand you winning over Iron Sword Sect, but connecting with the Reyes family and the Robertson family?

That's truly remarkable talent. Excellent, Andrew. You've passed my test today." Flynn also smiled. "You've passed mine as well." Around them, about seven other Lloyd elders frowned, clearly wanting to speak but holding back Andrew could tell they had something on their minds. Donovan chuckled. "Well, I see no reason not to let him pass." Andrew could not contain his curiosity any longer. "Patriarch Donovan, what's all this really about? You called me here and gathered all the elders. What's the matter?" Donovan hesitated for a moment.

After exchanging nods with the others, he said thoughtfully, "Andy, would you be interested in becoming the next head of the Lloyd family? The Lloyds' massive domestic empire, three overseas mercenary divisions, more than 100 high-profit gray enterprises across Augania, and our parliamentary seats in the Holtrien Congress would be yours to command. "The family's core divisions, seven martial emperors, and nearly ---- 50 martial saints would all be under your leadership.

And even the Lloyd family's three hidden martial god elders, who haven't appeared in decades, would swear their allegiance to you. I want you to think it over because we want you to take the mantle." Andrew was stunned and speechless for a long moment. It turned out that Donovan had called him here to hand over the Lloyd family royal house to him. Although the transfer of power would not occur immediately, they made it clear that they wanted Andrew to become the next helmsman of the family.

What shocked him even more was learning that the Lloyds had three reclusive martial god elders still alive. With them, plus Reginald, a strategic asset operating freely overseas, the Lloyd family's strength was absolute, solid from every angle. Moreover, those three overseas mercenary divisions were also a direct military force. Any ambitious man would have found it nearly impossible to refuse such an offer. Power,

resources, and armed strength? Those were the kind of temptations that could poison a man's soul. Just like beauty was a deadly lure for women, power was a fatal addiction for men.

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Chapter 2629

---- Chapter 2629 Andrew frowned. The Lloyd family elders were not in a hurry, though. Each one remained calm and composed, waiting for his answer. Finally, Andrew shook his head. "Patriarch Donovan, dear elders, thank you for your trust and support. But I still can't accept this." Donovan was not surprised. "Give me a reason." Andrew spoke directly. "Sheena! All of this should belong to her. It's her right to inherit it. From my father's generation and even my grandfather's, our branch has always been the family's external force. The main house has always been Sheena's bloodline.

As for my father and me, by the family's rules, we were destined to be the hidden blade in the dark. The battlefield and the shadows are where we belong." Donovan nodded slowly. "Maybe that's how it's always been. Your father was raised that way, trained from childhood to be unmatched in strength, to become the family's weapon abroad. Every dangerous mission, every sacrifice, every battle soaked in blood fell on his shoulders. And because of that, even now, he lives in exile, unable to come home. But Andrew, things are different with you." Andrew frowned.

"Different how?" ---- Donovan smiled faintly. "Different because someone believes it's unfair to you. She wants to give it all back to you, or share it with you." Andrew's expression grew complicated. "Patriarch Donovan, you mean Sheena, don't you?" Donovan nodded. "Yes, Sheena. After what happened at Swordhaven Keep in the Eastern Regions, her perspective changed completely. She wants you to be the next head of the Lloyd family. She's ready to hand everything she has to you." Andrew shook his head firmly. "That's not right. Those things are hers by right.

And besides, she's a woman, she shouldn't have to live the kind of life I do." Donovan waved a hand dismissively. "Rules are rules, yes... But above every rule is the person who makes them. Sheena is the rightful successor of the Lloyd family. If she wishes to give that Position to you, none of us has the authority to stop her. Not even I can intervene. So you don't need to decide now. In time, you and Sheena will settle it yourselves." Andrew exhaled slowly. "I'm not interested in leading the Lloyd family. I'm not suited for that role. Original content can be found at

"When Sheena takes the helm, I'll stand beside her and support her with everything I've got." Donovan chuckled. "Fair enough. You can discuss it with Sheena ---- later. That's one reason I called you here today. Now, for the second matter. There's an opportunity that could add over a dozen new alchemists to your Sovereign's Apothecary. Are you interested?" Andrew grinned instantly. "Of course! Who wouldn't be? Only an idiot would turn down a deal like that." That made Donovan and Merlin burst into laughter. Merlin smirked. "Oh, this isn't some easy deal. It's dangerous.

The Advanced Medical Institute is currently in chaos. Their master was killed, and the organization is splitting into two factions. The man behind all of it is Mr. Vazquez." He continued, "And the one benefiting the most is the Owens family of Chetvine. Guillermo's been trying to elevate them into the sixth noble house, and we all know why. He can't fully control the existing families in Chetvine, so he's trying to replace the old powers by creating his own loyal dynasty. "Lorenzo, the head of the Owens family, is quite the figure. He and Jose have become Guillermo's right and left hands.

Lorenzo has already arrived at the Advanced Medical Institute, taking charge under official orders. If he manages to seize control, the Owens family will gain over 50 alchemists and a large group of martial experts. That force alone would be enough to officially push the Owens family into the ranks of the great houses." ---- At that, Merlin stopped talking and turned to Andrew with a mysterious look in his eyes.

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Chapter 2630

---- Chapter 2630 Andrew said calmly, "I only have one question. Between the two factions of the Advanced Medical Institute, is there anyone who doesn't bow to the Robertson family?" Merlin nodded. "There is. The late director's top disciple, Koda Dawson, the Demon Hand. He's a top-tier martial saint, just one step away from becoming a martial emperor. His strength might not be extraordinary, but his ambition and cunning are something else entirely.

"We have solid proof that he was the one who killed the director, but instead of being punished, he now commands nearly two- thirds of the Institute's disciples and guest elders." He added, "And opposing him is the Advanced Medical Institute's Grand Elder, Corbin Easton! Lorenzo is Corbin's backer and supporter. Right now, with Lorenzo's support, Corbin is gradually turning defeat into victory and suppressing Koda." Andrew stood up and smiled. "Then that settles it. I'll get going.

I'm not asking for much, just taking away a dozen or so alchemists from the Advanced Medical Institute will be enough." Donovan chuckled. "Hold on. I'd like to hear your plan, if that's alright?" ---- Andrew smiled back. "It's simple. Lorenzo supports Corbin, so I'll have to approach Koda. If I want to take people's alchemists, I'll need to stir things up until the whole Institute turns into complete chaos. When the water gets muddy enough, that's when I can fish freely." Donovan's smile widened in approval. "Not a bad strategy. It makes sense, but Koda isn't an easy man to fool.

He won't trust you, and if you try to kill him outright, you might feel satisfied for a moment, but you'll gain nothing in the long run. So, I'm curious. How do you plan to handle that?" Andrew replied confidently, "Killing is the lowest form of strategy. Only a brute solves everything with violence. The best way to win is through intellect. I'll approach him directly and make it clear that I want to take the Institute's alchemists, and in return, I'll help him seize the director's seat." He continued without hesitation. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY

"From what you said, Koda is ruthless and willing to do anything for power. So, if it means getting what he wants, he won't hesitate to take my deal." Merlin laughed out loud. "Now that's the right mindset. You've got a good read on human nature. But let me tell you this: once you help Koda take over, he'll turn on you in a heartbeat. He'll betray you, maybe even try to kill you himself, and forget all about those alchemists you want. I can guarantee that 100%. ---- He continued, "Sure, you're stronger than him, so his betrayal won't scare you. But in the end, all you'll have is his corpse.

You still won't get those alchemists. In fact, if you kill him publicly, the rest of the Institute will hate you even more. None of them will follow you after that. So, Andrew, no matter how I look at it, your plan won't work." Andrew chuckled. "Come on, that's a bit insulting. When I say I'll support Koda, that doesn't mean I'll do it all the way through. The beauty of schemes lies in the fickleness of human hearts.

I'll help him rise first to earn his trust, then I'll study his inner circle and pick someone from his side, someone ambitious and dissatisfied, to push into position later." He grinned. "Koda's rule will never be legitimate. So, turning one of his trusted allies against him won't be difficult. Eventually, once Koda takes control, the story will end with him getting stabbed in the back by a close friend or a loyal general. And that man will be under my control.

By then, not only will I be able to take a dozen alchemists with me, but if I wanted to, I could even take over the entire Advanced Medical Institute." Merlin fell silent, staring at Andrew for a long moment. Then, with a reluctant sigh, he finally said, "Kid, you can go ahead. With that brain of yours, if World War III ever broke out, you'd probably end up as our commanding general."

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Chapter 2631

---- Chapter 2631 Donovan nodded repeatedly. "Andrew, you're truly more suited than Sheena to lead the family. The crown is heavy, and whoever wishes to wear it must bear its weight. I see that potential in you. Andrew said nothing more, took his leave, and departed. He did not care at all about the Advanced Medical Institute's survival, but those dozen alchemists were a prize worth having. He had to get his hands on them! Medicine God's Covenant absolutely had to rise. This was crucial to Andrew's future influence in Holtrien's martial world.

Medicine God's Covenant did not even need to surpass Sovereign's Apothecary. Just matching them would be enough for him to control half the martial world from behind the scenes. And as luck would have it, good news always comes in waves. When Andrew returned to his small, rundown cabin, Eric was already there waiting for him. The moment he opened his mouth, his tone was as arrogant as ever. "Since you've been dying for me to show up, here I am! Oh, and by the way, Dad's at the Advanced Medical Institute right now. The source of this content is

He told me to tell you that if you need anything, he's ready ---- to follow your lead anytime." Andrew was extremely surprised. "Mr. Thornton has returned from Basoria?" Eric nodded. "Yeah, he's back. The internal chaos at the Advanced Medical Institute has caused quite a stir and impact in the martial world. Dad spotted this as a golden opportunity. He wants you to take charge and strike hard, get involved in the Institute's affairs, and carve out a bloody share for yourself. But if you're not interested, he'll just stand by and wait for your command." Andrew laughed heartily.

"Eric, good job! Especially Mr. Thornton ... I didn't tell him anything, yet he's already thinking ahead for me. I'm so grateful." And he truly meant it. Eric smirked. "You know what Dad said about you? On the outside, you operate like a masterful political strategist, employing all tactics and wielding power. But your core instincts? You've got the makings of a ruler. Dad told me to learn from you, though honestly, I don't see the point. It's not like I'm lacking in anything, right?" He rolled his eyes. "But Dad didn't give me a choice. He ordered me to come north and stick around you.

I really don't get why he's so loyal to you. Anyway, he told me to tell you this: if you ---- ever decide to dominate the world, he'll support you with everything he's got. He said once I told you that, you'd understand his intentions immediately." Andrew laughed again. "Oh, I understand perfectly! Of course I do!" To be fair, dealing with someone like Jerome, an old fox who understood everything without needing a word, was actually pleasant.

The man had already gone ahead to the Advanced Medical Institute and even sent Eric to say he was ready to move on his signal Having someone clever, experienced, and powerful like Jerome on his side was exactly what Andrew needed to rise to absolute dominance in Holtrien's martial world. Naturally, Andrew was not about to refuse. He did not mind letting Jerome see his ambitions. After all, if he were just another aimless noble brat, a proud man like Jerome probably would not have bothered pledging loyalty in the first place.

After resting for a day, Andrew gathered his team and prepared to head for the Advanced Medical Institute. However, Conrad showed up, unable to wait any longer. He said, "Andrew, either we settle this right here on the Lloyd family's turf, or you come with me, and we'll find a place to finish what we started. You decide. I don't want to and won't disrespect the ---- Lloyd royals, but your cowardice and constant dodging have pushed me too far!" The black cloak on his back flared behind him as he spoke, his voice cold. Andrew sighed in irritation. "I've got business to handle.

Once I'm done, we'll deal with this." Conrad sneered. "What, are you scared? I don't care what you've got going on. Our fights long overdue, and you're not walking away this time." Andrew's eyes went cold. "Don't push me, Conrad. I don't want to kill you." Conrad stepped closer, his smirk sharp. "What's the matter? Are you a man or not? I'm asking you... Are you a man? Because if you say you're not, then fine, walk away, and I'll never bother you again." Andrew took a deep breath, tossed his packed bag back to Aspen, and said flatly, "Alright. Let's settle this once and for all.

Conrad, you really think too highly of yourself. The only reason I didn't want to fight you is that you're boring and not worth killing "But since you had to question if I'm a man, I'll tell you straight: I'm more of a man than you'll ever be. And when it comes to fists, I'll beat you so bad your parents won't even recognize you!" ---- Conrad snorted. "Good. I've been waiting for this. But Andrew, maybe you don't know this, but I've already reached martial emperor level.

I know you're talented, but against me, the difference in power means one thing: you're dead." Andrew's tone was dismissive. "Sorry, but martial emperors don't scare me anymore. Maybe they used to, but not now. Just a while ago, I cut one down with a single sword and scared another half to death." With that, both sides stormed out of the Lloyd family estate, the air heavy with killing intent. Across Chetvine, plenty of eyes were already watching. In an instant, hundreds of luxury cars started up quietly and followed from a distance.

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Chapter 2632

---- Chapter 2632 In the Cunningham residence, Otto stood with a gloomy expression, hands clasped behind his back. He stared at the Cunningham family ancestor's portrait on the wall at the far end of the hall. That was the Cunningham family's first peerless martial god. Beside him stood Jose, Guillermo's top aide and most trusted man. Jose smiled politely and said, "Mr. Cunningham Senior, you can rest easy. According to Mr. Vazquez, Conrad still has more than a fair chance in this battle." However, Otto seemed not to hear his words at all.

He continued staring intently at the wall, at the portrait. After a while, he finally spoke. "Mr. Castillo, you know my ancestor once had another identity, don't you?" Jose froze. "I don't. Please enlighten me, Mr. Cunningham Senior." Otto turned around and said calmly, "My ancestor was once a foot soldier. He served as the vanguard to the royal Lloyd family's great general. In other words, my family's founder started as nothing more than a servant, a mere errand boy to the ---- Lloyds." Jose froze, taken aback. The revelation was unexpected, though not entirely shocking. For more chapters visit

Everyone knew how grand and ancient the Lloyd royal bloodline was. There was no need to argue over it. What he could not quite understand was why Otto would tell him this particular story at this particular moment. After all, Conrad and Andrew had probably already started fighting. Otto nodded. "Mr. Castillo, please go back and thank Mr. Vazquez for his guidance. I never expected Conrad to actually kill Andrew. I only want Conrad to return to the Cunningham family alive, with his martial foundation and his heart unbroken." Jose shook his head. "Mr. Vazquez has never been wrong. So, Mr.

Cunningham Senior, there's no need to worry." With that, he bowed respectfully and left the Cunningham residence. The moment he stepped out of the Cunningham residence, a mocking expression immediately appeared on his face. Guillermo's actual words had been, "Conrad will definitely die!" And Jose completely agreed with this assessment. With the Godslayer in Andrews hands, his strange physique, and his energy rivaling that of a martial emperor, Conrad did not ---- stand a chance. He had no reason and no way to survive.

Jose had witnessed with his own eyes how Andrew used Godslayer to cut down a martial emperor. However, Guillermo. did not want to tell Otto the truth right now. Conrad's death would drive Otto mad with grief, forcing him into a desperate rage, and that was exactly what Guillermo wanted. He wanted Reginald, exiled overseas, to know that the Lloyd royal line could still be torn apart by his hand. That even his defiant former pupil was still no match for him. After all, old foxes always knew the sharpest tricks. Meanwhile, inside Martial Tower's military headquarters. Luna said gravely, "Mr.

Turman, they've started fighting." Philip replied calmly, "When Conrad's head hits the ground, make sure to let me know. I'll go home and light fireworks to celebrate." Luna

stared at him, speechless. "What? Conrad's your student. You're not that heartless... I know you're not!" Yet, when she looked closer, she was not so sure anymore. Philip's expression was unreadable, calm to the point of ---- indifference. She asked, "Mr. Turman, aren't you afraid Conrad might actually die at Andrew's hands? Conrad's been blinded by his pride, and Andrew's not someone who tolerates insults in silence.

Andrew may be kind and upright, but he's no saint. Conrad could really die out there."

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Chapter 2633

---- Chapter 2633 Glancing at his anxious and conflicted prized student, Philip asked, "So what do you want me to do? I told Conrad that he and Andrew are not birds of a feather. Andrew looks like a goofy little sparrow, while Conrad thinks he's a phoenix about to take flight. "He imagined his ugly wings would still carry him skyward, but fate doesn't follow anyone's pretty fantasies when it pulls the strings.

Andrew's sparrow feathers would fall away, and Conrad would see he wasn't facing a dumb bird but a massive beast with wings that shaded the sky." He continued, "When Conrad realized he wasn't a phoenix, he started telling himself he was a hawk, but what he actually was didn't matter. Those whose minds stayed immature and were ruled by old obsessions needed to be taught with blood and pain so the lesson would sink in." Luna ground her teeth. "But that lesson shouldn't cost Conrad his life." Philip sneered. "When Andrew was fighting for his life, what was Conrad doing?

I'm not giving Conrad the truth because I want him to rot in the fog of not knowing. Only this way, only through Andrew's brutal beating or even directly taking his life, will he grow." ---- He added, "I feel the same way about you. The world is cruel, and it doesn't forgive fools standing at the center of the storm Either you don't step forward and pretend you'll soar to the heavens, or you brace for the hurricane that'll tear you apart before you can react. Survive that destruction, and then you can truly fly. That's the price of growing up." Luna shook her head, looking distressed.

"Whether it's Conrad or Andrew, I don't want anything to happen to either of them. Sir, since you won't care about Conrad, what about Andrew? If Andrew kills Conrad, aren't you worried about how that will change Andrew?" Philip sneered. "You think Andrew is that fragile? The organization trained him to trample over Conrad, over you, Valerie, even Sheena, and to crush every gifted rival in Chetvne. Then, on the international stage and among the Western dark clans, countless prodigies would fall under his boot, until he built a throne of blood.

"Plus, the international arena and countless geniuses from the Western dark clans. He was supposed to step on them all and build his throne of blood. But we prepared everything except truly understanding him as a person. He flipped the table and quit, and even Reginald, me, and several other old ones couldn't do anything about it!" He added, "So, don't worry. If Andrew kills Conrad, then Conrad's ---- karma catches up with him. As for Andrew, no one can read his fate. Today, he kills Conrad; tomorrow, he might slaughter all living things. That's destiny; unseen, irresistible, and unknowable.

Luna's face turned pale as she bit her lip. She said nothing, turned around, and hurried away. "I won't let Andrew become that kind of monster," she told Philip angrily as she left. Philip was shocked. After all, Luna had never shown him such blatant disrespect. His expression instantly darkened as he grumbled, "You damned brat! Both of my students? One is dead by your hand, the other. cornered, with nowhere to run but into your bed. So, what does that make me, their mentor, the one who poured his heart into training them? Just a stepping stone in your grand plan? [READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT](#)

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Chapter 2634

---- Chapter 2634 The last time Andrew came to Martial Tower, it was to duel with Wilder from the Murphy family. Now he stepped into the same arena once again, but this time, his opponent was someone else: Conrad. Isabelle, Valerie, and Eric all walked into the arena room to watch the battle. "Conrad, I hope you win!" Isabelle said seriously, her eyes locked on him. But then her gaze shifted toward Andrew. She turned her head back to Conrad. "Actually, Conrad... This update is available on

Sorry, but you should probably kneel and admit defeat now." Conrad, who had been meditating with his eyes closed to steady his energy, opened them in irritation. Her words had thrown off his focus. He glanced at Isabelle and scoffed. "I'm afraid that I'm going to disappoint you." Isabelle pouted. "Whatever. I'm supporting Andrew." Valerie said, "I'm supporting you too, Andrew." Isabelle sneered. "No need. There aren't many decent people in ---- the Reyes family anyway. You should cheer for Conrad.

Andrew already has me on his side." Valerie snapped back, "Why don't you go home first and let those two lumps on your chest grow bigger before talking about this? I'm going to support Andrew. I can support whoever I want." Isabelle's anger immediately flared. "Valerie, you just have slightly bigger boobs than I do, that's all! Big boobs, empty head .. That's exactly what they say about women like you. Why don't you have

the guts to let Andrew touch them if you're so proud?" Valerie's face turned red with anger. "Isabelle, are you insane?

"Why don't you let him touch yours, huh?" Isabelle blushed hard but lifted her chin. "That's not something you need to know. All I'll say is... I've gotten more from him than you have." Valerie's face darkened, her expression twisting between irritation and doubt. That girl was starting to sound just like Luna, always bragging about getting more attention. Did that mean both of them had slept with Andrew? Valerie did not believe it, especially not Isabelle. She was just a cute little heiress from the Robertson family; Andrew could not have made a move on her.

If he had, then Valerie had to wonder ---- if Andrew was some kind of legendary womanizer? If so, there would not be a single elite woman left in Chetvine who could escape his grasp, including herself. Just then, a group of technicians entered, carrying camera gear. Conrad frowned. "What the hell are you doing here? Get out if you don't want to di The man leading them hesitated nervously. "Mr. Cunningham, we're... uh, we're here to live-stream the match." Conrad's frown deepened. "Live-stream? You're out of your damn minds.

I'm about to kill someone, and you think this is a show?" The man's face turned red, but he stood his ground. "Sir, there are a lot of big names in Chetvine offering serious money for a live broadcast. Our company also has powerful backers. All you need to do is fight; we're only here to stream it. It won't bother you." Conrad's patience snapped; he was about to tell them to get the hell out or throw them out himself when Andrew grinned and waved them over. "Hey, guys, come here." The crew brightened up and hurried over to Andrew's side with their equipment, eager to please.

---- Valerie and the others watched curiously. Andrew looked at the crew and asked, "So how much are those Chetvine bigshots paying for this stream?" The man hesitated before raising one hand. "About 500 million."

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Chapter 2635

---- Chapter 2635 Andrew nodded. "That's a bit low, but I guess it'll do. Alright then, I'll allow you to livestream. Set up the camera behind my back." The crew leader was overjoyed. "Mr. Lloyd, are you serious?" Andrew glared at him. "Of course, I'm serious. I'm about to kill someone. Do I look like I'm joking? However, out of the 500 million you collected, 300 million needs to go to me. Consider that money as my broadcasting fee.

"Sounds fair?" The man looked at Andrew as if he were staring at the devil himself. Meanwhile, Valerie and the others were in disbelief.

Andrew always found a way to pull something like this at the most ridiculous times. Conrad sneered. "Don't come crying when it backfires. But whatever, if you want to screw around, that's your problem. I just want a clear conscience." Andrew snapped, "Cut the act! I used to ignore you because I was giving you some respect, but you're no longer a kid. If I keep holding back, what does that make me? And that old bastard Otto? One day, I'm going to plant my boot right on his face." Conrad chuckled coldly. "Get past me first, then talk big. Prepare to die!" ---- Andrew raised his hand.

"Hold up." He turned to the crew leader. "You'd better hurry up and decide. If you don't agree, then there's no livestream." The crew leader replied bitterly, "Fine, Mr. Lloyd, we agree! But if you, uh... die, what happens to the money?" Andrew spat on the ground. "Get lost! I'm not the one dying today. The one hitting the floor will be that loser over there." Moments later, the 300 million dollars were transferred into his account. Several cameras were set up around the arena, and the live feed went on air immediately, crystal clear. One of the crew members laughed nervously. "Uh, Mr.

Lloyd, maybe don't make it too bloody? If it's too violent, my channel's getting banned." Andrew grinned. "Not my problem. Unless Conrad gets on his knees and calls me 'Daddy,' there's no way this fight's staying clean." Conrad straightened his jacket and barked, "Enough talking, Andrew! I've been wanting this fight for years. Today, we settle it once and for all!" Andrew did not reply. He focused instead on the power surging inside him. He was still recovering from injuries he suffered in ---- the Eastern Regions, and they were not minor ones. Chapters first released on

But after absorbing the Blood Pith, he had grown stronger, his energy more robust, and his healing faster than ever. Even without Godslayer, he was confident he could crush Conrad. He had not brought the weapon on purpose. This time, he wanted to rely on his own strength, not Godslayer's power. Isabelle raised her voice. "Alright then! Andrew, Conrad... Let the fight begin!" Conrad scoffed and bolted forward. In one step, he was right in front of Andrew, bringing down a vicious strike straight toward his head. Luna burst into the arena just then, shouting, "Take it easy!"

"Don't actually hurt each other!" Conrad attacked without pause. "This man dies today!" Andrew mimicked his tone mockingly. "This man dies today! Oh, come on, Conrad. You really are a softie. Real killers don't announce it to the world first. Besides, who the hell do you think you're killing? Me? Keep dreaming. Get lost!" A storm of rage burned in Andrew's chest. He was not planning to kill Conrad tonight, but he would make damn sure Conrad wished he were dead.

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Chapter 2636

---- Chapter 2636 Inside the arena room, everyone watching held their breath. Eric was shocked. He thought, 'It hasn't been that long, and Andrew has already gotten even stronger. The gap between us has really widened. Damn it!' Isabelle said smugly, "Andrew will definitely win. If he doesn't win, I'll help him! I'll sneak up and finish Conrad off myself!" Valerie's eyes remained fixed on Andrew without blinking for even a moment. He had grown stronger, more formidable. Her hope for revenge was becoming even more distant Was this what it meant to be powerless?

To just lie down and take it like a victim who could not fight back? She clenched her fists, refusing to surrender. She hissed, "No way!" Luna, meanwhile, feared Andrew would get hurt. However, she also worried something would happen to Conrad. Her emotions were incredibly conflicted. Conrad roared, "Andrew! Is dodging all you can do?" ---- At that moment, Conrad's attacks grew more ferocious. The Cunningham family's signature technique was a blend of offense and deception, attacking head-on while hiding a lethal strike in the chaos.

This combat method was originally an advanced technique invented by an ancestor of the Cunningham family on the battlefield, and Conrad had mastered its essence deeply. Unfortunately for him, his opponent was no ordinary fighter; it was Andrew. Facing Conrad's attacks, Andrew mainly relied on defense and evasion. He rarely counterattacked actively. That was why Conrad was so agitated and contemptuous. Andrew said calmly, "Just now, you struck ten times. And I accordingly let you have those ten moves. Remember when I first arrived at the organization and treated you like my senior.

After letting you have those ten moves just now, we're even. From here on out, I'm done holding back, you idiot!" Conrad sneered, but the moment Andrew's Inferno Strike blasted toward him, his eyes widened in shock. He froze for half a breath, then growled, "Fine! Let's see whose body breaks first!" Andrew unleashed Inferno Strike after Inferno Strike, his blows shaking the air. The intense energy output tore at his previously ---- healing injuries to worsen again. His hands and the wounds on his chest began to seep blood, but he paid no attention to any of this.

Conrad stood his ground, his gaze cold and unwavering. With the Cunningham family's combat arts and his battlefield experience, he refused to fall behind. He believed that if the fight dragged on, the odds would be in his favor. After all, he was a martial emperor. His energy, his endurance, and his rank were all higher. Their fists collided with a thunderous crack. Andrew staggered back with a grunt while Conrad barely moved, a mocking smile creeping across his face. Andrew ignored it and charged again, fists swinging.

The two of them clashed in a brutal close-quarters brawl, their movements raw, fast, and merciless. It looked less like a duel and more like a primal fight to the death. Andrew's Dragon-Slaying Palm slipped past Conrad's guard and drove hard between his ribs. His fingers clenched, nearly piercing Conrad's flesh and muscle. Conrad's face flushed red, but he did not make a sound. His endurance was frightening. "Dragon-Slaying Palm... a deadly move indeed," Conrad said ---- through gritted teeth. "But after seeing you use it before, I studied it for years.

"It won't work on me now." He dropped his shoulder, twisting sharply, and with a guttural roar, drove his elbow toward Andrew's head. Andrew bent backward, retreating with a quick roll. Conrad snarled, "You think you can escape? Think again!" He stepped forward, closing the distance instantly, and slammed his knee into Andrew's crossed arms. The block was perfect, but Andrew's wounded arm could not handle the impact. His muscles trembled uncontrollably, and his defense faltered for half a second. Conrad's palm struck straight into his chest.

Andrew spat out blood, skidding backward across the floor until his back slammed into the wall. Only then did he finally stop. UPDATE FROM

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Chapter 2637

---- Chapter 2637 Conrad stood tall, facing Andrew at an angle like a judge delivering a sentence. He raised his voice and said, "Well? Are you convinced now? Have you realized your place?" A low laugh echoed from the corner where Andrew stood. He did not say much, just wiped the blood off his mouth and gestured. "Come on, again!" Conrad frowned. "I hope you can hold out a little longer. I don't want to finish you off too quickly, because if I do, all the anger I've held in for years won't get the release it deserves." Andrew did not reply. He charged forward and attacked again.

Soon, they were locked in another fierce exchange. Isabelle's voice turned cold. "Conrad's hitting too hard." This time, Valerie did not argue with her. "Both of them are fighting for real. So it doesn't matter who's hitting harder. It's just that Andrew's at a disadvantage, and Conrad looks a notch stronger." Luna shook her head, though. "That's not it." She looked conflicted as she watched Andrew attacking with ---- clenched teeth and vicious determination. She murmured, "I imagine he's using this to force Conrad to strike without holding back.

At the end of the day, Conrad still doesn't understand Andrew's intentions. Andrew has never used his full strength." She added, "I can tell, without needing a reason. But I

don't understand why... Why is he still holding back, even now? Why does he sound fierce, but his strikes are still pulling back?" Inside the military headquarters, Philip's initial look of disdain slowly faded as he became focused on the live broadcast displayed on the big screen. He saw Conrad thrust his palm forward with full force, slamming it straight into Andrew's chest. A loud bang exploded across the hall.

The water glass in Philip's hand shattered as he crushed it with his bare grip. Guards outside rushed in, alarmed. "General..." Philip kept his eyes fixed ahead and growled, "Get out!" The two guards flinched and quickly closed the door behind them as they left. Philip's eyes remained glued to the screen as Conrad's attacks grew more aggressive and arrogant by the second. Finally, he ---- gave his grim assessment He muttered, "A cold-blooded fool. You think you're moving toward victory? No, you're just stepping right into the abyss.

You're just trampling on the deep, genuine bond he once had for you!" In a quiet room in Chetvine, Guillermo was also watching the fight inside the Martial Tower, and the smile on his face grew even more obvious. "Now that's more like it!" Jose stood with his arms crossed. Originally, he had had zero interest in this match because he was at the pre-martial god level, the fifth realm of martial emperor. Watching this kind of duel was far too boring and bland for him. However, seeing Guillermo so enthusiastically interested, he could not help but move closer and watch along.

After watching for a bit, Jose snorted coldly. "What's this supposed to be? With Andrew's strength, he could have easily killed Conrad, but right now..." Guillermo smiled. "What? You think something's wrong?" Jose said coldly, "I just want to know why Andrew hasn't used ---- his full strength even now. Someone like Conrad can't see through Andrew's true capabilities, but that doesn't mean we can't. Andrew is clearly suppressing himself and helping Conrad look good!" Guillermo's eyes gleamed with intrigue as he sneered. "To understand this, we have to start with why he left the organization.

It was a den of killers, a playground for bloodshed. The fall of the Iron Cavalry wasn't his fault, but he insisted on taking all the blame himself. He's been carrying the weight of every life lost alone. Can he handle that? Well, no one could, not even someone like Philip." He continued, "And now, the aftermath of that guilt is showing. In the end, it's a weakness. Even though he's strong enough to crush Conrad, even though he has the power to turn the tables completely, he just can't bring himself to use it." THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY

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Chapter 2638

---- Chapter 2638 Guillermo explained, "Because no matter how strong a person is, they could never be stronger than the feelings and softness in their heart. Conrad isn't his enemy, much less his mortal foe. Deep in Andrew's heart, he still holds the recognition and brotherhood he once had for Conrad. As long as he still remembers the bond, he can't truly kill Conrad." He added, "But Conrad doesn't think that way. People who constantly talk about justice and revenge often end up becoming slaves to both. Conrad and Otto were cut from the same cloth.

Maybe they both realized they'd gone too far in their grudges, but that pathetic human weakness made them numb to it. They'd rather keep walking down the wrong road than turn back. "So no matter what, Conrad would fight to the death to kill Andrew. Because he needed to prove that all his hatred, everything he'd felt toward Andrew, had been righteous, had been justified." Jose stayed silent for a moment before shaking his head. "I think people who train to fight shouldn't be that complicated. Whether they're a martial god or just a rookie, it shouldn't matter.

And honestly, people like Conrad, who wrap themselves in fake morals, disgust me! If I ever get the chance, I'd kill him with a single strike without hesitation." ---- Guillermo chuckled and tilted his head toward him. "Oh? You don't agree with how Conrad conducts himself?" Jose scoffed dismissively. "What kind of bullshit conduct is that? There's only one true path to strength: facing your own heart. But like you said, he's numbed himself, living off a false sense of hatred. So when he kills Andrew, what does he actually gain? Honor? Applause?

Status?" Guillermo replied calmly, "That's exactly why humans are such amusing creatures. Controlling the human heart is even more entertaining." Jose sneered. "If I were Andrew, I'd rip Conrad's heart out and let him watch it beat before sending him straight to hell." Guillermo laughed. "That's a shame. Because if you were Andrew, my plans wouldn't work." Jose sighed, rubbing his temple. "You really are terrifying, Mr. Vazquez. No matter who dies between them, your grand scheme moves forward." Guillermo let out a flat, emotionless hum. "Exactly. Either way, the game progresses. Follow current novels on

It's a good move on the board. But honestly, I can't even feel the thrill of manipulating the world like I used to when I was younger. Everything's becoming dull and predictable." ---- Jose gave a faint smirk. 'What about your prized student, Reginald?' Guillermo's expression froze, his tone turning cold. "From now on, you'd better not bring him up around me for no reason." Jose ignored the warning and raised a brow. "Have you ever thought that maybe you're also a slave to your emotions? Sometimes, even you're just another piece on your own chessboard.

Because you still get irritated, afraid, and lose control." Guillermo scoffed. "No one escapes that fate. The only difference is how much we can resist it, and that's what separates the strong from the weak. Reginald was once my student, and I'll always be his teacher. I'll always be able to keep him in line." Jose said nothing. He did not agree or disagree, because saying more might just piss Guillermo off. Guillermo's gaze returned to the screen. "Andrew's fighting back now, and he's finally getting serious. Good.

This is where the real fight begins: kill or be killed." Jose rubbed his forehead, clearly irritated. "Honestly, I've been hoping Andrew would just die already. But not like this, not because he held back. Seriously, it pisses me off. When things ---- reach this level, it's just ridiculous... It's disgusting and meaningless!"

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Chapter 2639

---- Chapter 2639 On the Cunningham family's side, Otto let out a long breath. Then, he looked around and laughed heartily. "Conrad truly hasn't disappointed me. He has the strength to openly crush this cursed dragon from the Lloyd family. No other tactic could compare to taking him down personally. Excellent... Absolutely excellent!" He repeated the word several times, and it was clear he was in an exceptionally good mood. The Cunningham family members around him all looked proud, as if the day itself had turned in their favor. Otto had tried various schemes and failed to eliminate Andrew.

But now, Conrad was killing Andrew through his own direct challenge. This was undoubtedly a moment of tremendous prestige for the Cunningham family! Inside the Martial Tower, Conrad was in high spirits, mocking Andrew, "Andrew, if this is your limit, then I can't wait to send you on your way." His strikes were bold and sweeping, occupying absolute ---- advantage. Andrew said nothing, backed against the wall. Then, he suddenly jerked his head to the side. A loud bang echoed as the Martial Tower's steel wall was directly blasted into a huge crater by Conrad.

This scene made Isabelle and the others watch in shock and horror. Isabelle was furious. She clenched her fists and shouted, " Andrew, fight back and kill him!" Valerie also snorted coldly. "Andrew, you've never been someone who shows mercy. Are you really going to lose your life in a place like this?" Luna shouted angrily, "Conrad, I think you two can stop now. At the very least, you shouldn't strike so viciously!" Conrad sneered. "This isn't vicious. I've been merciful enough. If I were truly vicious, he'd have died countless times already. Luna, stop interfering in this. The latest_epi_sodes are on_the

Grudges between men should be settled with fists." Luna barked, "But can't you see that Andrew is holding back for your sake?" Conrad's right palm, which had been striking out, froze in midair ---- for a moment. Then, it blasted out even more violently. He growled, "I don't think he's holding back for me. I don't think he's letting me. He's barely clinging to life, so how could he possibly afford to hold back? You've all been fooled by his fake kindness, and I'll show you who he really is!" In an instant, Conrad unleashed the Cunningham family's most powerful battle technique.

His attacks poured out in a ruthless storm aimed straight at Andrew. Two streams of blood spurted from Andrew's shoulders again. Conrad roared, "Andrew, is this really all you're capable of? If so, I'll give you a quick end, for old times' sake!" Andrew suddenly stopped moving. He stood still, just three feet away from Conrad, his face distant and lost. "Old times, huh? Yeah... we did have a lot of good memories back then. But no matter how good the past was, no matter how rare the friendship, it all comes to an end eventually. Conrad, I really don't want to kill you.

So this ends here." By the end, his expression had turned ice-cold. "If you think the deaths of our Iron Cavalry brothers need to be honored with blood, then take the blood I've already spilled as their offering." Conrad's eyes burned with fury. "You think that's enough?" ---- Like a wild tiger, he lunged forward, his clawed hand reaching straight for Andrew's skull. "Andrew, what I want... is your life. So go to hell and repent there!" Andrew did not move. He stood there blankly, as if trapped in some loop he could not escape. Valerie gasped. "Damn it!

Someone save him!" Luna bit down hard, drawing blood, and charged forward. But before she could even take a step, a violent surge of energy exploded through the air.

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Chapter 2640

---- Chapter 2640 Andrew's hair began to lift even though there was no wind. Beneath those strands, his eyes slowly turned crimson without him realizing it. At that moment, Andrew looked like a raging beast on the edge of losing control. He said, "I gave you a chance. I even tried to convince myself that our old friendship was reason enough to hold back. But it seems you really don't know when to quit. "You honestly think you're here to play judge and jury, to punish me? No.

To me, you're nothing but a man trapped in the past: weak, cowardly, and completely useless." Conrad's face twisted with fury. "You bastard! What did you just say?" The red light in Andrew's eyes flared. "I said you're pathetic. A coward, through and through!"

The moment he spoke, Luna and the others froze in horror. Andrew tilted his head to dodge Conrad's killing strike, then locked his arms around Conrad's neck. In an instant, the two of them crashed sideways into the steel wall. ---- The impact thundered across the room.

The reinforced wall of the arena actually broke apart, sending both of them tumbling through the hole. They grappled midair as they fell, twisting and struggling. Conrad's face was covered in blood, one hand buried deep in Andrew's flesh. Yet, Andrew did not even flinch as if he could not feel pain anymore. He tightened his grip around Conrad's neck and shoved his head down, ignoring the man's screams. Then, they crashed from the twelfth floor straight into the plaza below. Everyone froze, eyes wide in disbelief.

The crowd in the square, most of them unaware of what was happening, stopped in their tracks as dust spread. In the middle of a newly formed crater lay two bodies. Andrew on top, Conrad beneath him. Andrew's chest had a gaping, bloody hole. However, his eyes showed no trace of emotion, not even pain or anger. He looked like a machine: cold, unfeeling, and merciless. Conrad's head was twisted unnaturally to the side, pinned under Andrew's knee. When his skull met the ground on impact, every ---- tooth in his mouth shattered, and the pain nearly made his eyes pop out of their sockets.

However, the absolute agony came when Andrew twisted his neck farther, nearly snapping it clean off. "Andrew!" Luna cried from above, tears welling in her eyes. Without thinking, she leapt through the hole, and Valerie and Isabelle followed right after. Isabelle's voice trembled with rage. "Conrad, I'll kill you!" Andrew turned toward the three of them, his voice ice-cold. "No one comes any closer." The look in his eyes made all three women stop dead in their tracks. Stunned by his terrifying gaze, a shiver ran through them. Eric's tone was grim as he said, "Stay back. That's just how he is.

Once Andrew gets serious, no one can stop him." Conrad coughed violently, blood splattering from his lips as he glared up from the pit. "This is your usual trick, isn't it? Play weak at first, then strike when no one expects it. Deceitful as always. That's what you really are inside." Andrew's response was a brutal punch straight to Conrad's mouth. Blood sprayed as Conrad's lips split open, revealing half- shattered teeth and a mangled jaw. ---- The pain was excruciating, yet he refused to scream. He rasped, "Andrew, today, it's either you or me. **IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT**

Only one of us walks away." He swung his knee up, smashing it into Andrew's ribs with a crack. Andrew's body jerked as several ribs broke, blood seeping through his shirt. Conrad's heart leapt, thinking this was his chance. Now it was just a matter of who would endure the pain longer, who would break first.

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Chapter 2641

---- Chapter 2641 Andrew's fists came down like a rainstorm, and every hit landed squarely on Conrad's skull. In return, Conrad kept driving his knee into Andrew's side and stomach, and every strike made Andrew cough up more blood. The people around the plaza were horrified, and some finally recognized the two men. The people running the live stream frantically aimed their cameras at the two men in the crater, determined not to miss a single second. This was a brutal, primal display of violence, and they were committed to recording it, even if their stream got shut down. Original content can be found at

The cruel injuries and attacks between them continued. Conrad felt his vision darkening as if the world was slowly fading out, and his eyes burned like someone had poured acid straight into them. He knew it was because the blood vessels were bursting from the pressure. If this kept up, his eyeballs might literally pop. Meanwhile, Andrew's punches kept crashing down on his head. Conrad felt like his skull was splitting. He even began to feel numb, sensing his life force rapidly draining away. His strikes ---- against Andrew gradually weakened.

Finally, using the last bit of vision remaining in his eyes, he looked up at Andrew and gasped out, weak and utterly spent, "H- How can you still... keep going?" Andrew's face was expressionless, deathly pale. Only his eyes remained dead and hollow. Andrew drove two more punches into Conrad's head, and with a buzzing snap inside his mind, Conrad finally blacked out. However, Andrew kept swinging. It looked like Conrad's head was about to turn to mush. Luna cried out in anguish, "No, Andrew!" Andrew's raised fist, with bone fragments already exposed, froze in midair at her words.

Then, he collapsed to the side, staring at the sky with vacant eyes, and mumbled, "How can I still keep going? Because I already told you... You're just a coward, a weakling! I could destroy you anytime, anywhere!" Isabelle rushed over and hugged him tightly, sobbing, "Andrew, does it hurt? Why did you just let him beat you up? Conrad isn't worthy of your friendship... He doesn't deserve it!" Valerie gritted her teeth hard while quickly stopping Andrew's ---- bleeding, saying resentfully, "I'll never understand you men and your twisted pride.

Was killing Conrad really that hard for you?" Andrew let them tend to him and murmured, "Killing him might not have been hard, but getting past that barrier in my heart? That's something I couldn't overcome for years. It's so difficult!" Luna said nothing and helped wipe the blood from Andrew's face. As she wiped, she gently stroked Andrew's blood-stained face with her delicate fingers. His features were stern and chiseled, and no one would guess this iron-blooded man would only turn 30 next year.

Meanwhile, Conrad lay completely ignored beside them, his skull cracked open and half his eyeball nearly hanging out. Even like this, the three women forgot he existed entirely. The Cunningham family stared at the frozen livestream screen showing Conrad's nearly lifeless face. Otto yelled, "Save him! Or bring his body back! Move! Now! You worthless mutts, move!" As he roared, he struck out with his palm. The large livestream screen immediately shattered into pieces. Conrad had been beaten to a pulp, something Otto had never considered possible from the start.

---- Nothing was supposed to end like this, because the tides had been fully in their favor,

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Chapter 2642

---- Chapter 2642 "Turn it off!" Guillermo finally snapped because he could not watch anymore. His order came down instantly, and the livestream shut off at once. Jose gave him a strange look and asked, "Mr. Vazquez, it seems things turned out a little differently than you expected, didn't they?" Guillermo replied coldly, "Yes, you're right. But the difference wasn't that big, was it? Andrew's killing intent just now, that savage burst, that loss of control... He almost killed Conrad, and I mean almost."

Right now, whether the Cunningham family's only heir lives or dies is hanging by a thread." Jose shook his head and said, "He won't die. At the very last moment, Andrew held back. It's clear he wasn't being merciful to Conrad. It's because the Iron Cavalry incident from years ago is still tormenting him. This kid is one of those rare men who actually value loyalty. "And if he ends up walking the same path as Reginald, then one day he'll be the kind of hero millions follow." Guillermo let out a humorless laugh and said, "Yes, a big hero. ---- But heroes aren't so easy to be.

Most of them die halfway down the road. Heroes exist only in the hearts of the weak, but to the strong, being a hero is just a cage." Jose chuckled and nodded. "Honestly, I agree with you. Being a hero is a shackle. Even if I reach the martial god realm, if I see an idiot like Conrad, I'd still crush him in one move. And it's not just Conrad. Even if some random brat pissed me off on the street, I'd kill him, too. Doing whatever I want feels a lot better than playing the hero." Guillermo said flatly, "The show is over. Tell Lorenzo to pick up the pace.

We're not the only ones eyeing the Advanced Medical Institute. The Lloyd royal family could act at any time, but they're still watching from the sidelines. I honestly don't know what they're trying to pull." Jose looked bored. "Politics, power grabs... all of it is so dull.

I don't care what the Lloyds want. Mr. Vazquez, do you think I can go out now and kill Andrew?" Guillermo frowned. "I've already told you, you cannot take action. This is a game between us, the Lloyd royal family, Reginald, and the other two major clans. If you step in personally, then it's no longer a game; it's chaos.

And if chaos starts, the first one to kill you will be Reginald. If he goes all out, even I won't be able to stop him." Jose sighed. "Fine. Then I'll go back and train. Once I break ---- through to the martial god level, I'm flying overseas to challenge him." Guillermo shook his head. "We'll talk about that later. I'll make sure you won't lose instantly, but winning... that's not likely." Jose flashed a carefree smile, yet the defiance in his eyes was obvious. At the base of the Martial Tower, Conrad had already been lifted onto a stretcher. The source of this content is find·novel·net

He was still conscious, but it felt like his entire body was splitting apart. Every inch of him, especially his head, screamed with agony so sharp he wished he could pass out again.

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Chapter 2643

---- Chapter 2643 Conrad was about to be carried away when he suddenly struggled and shouted, his eyes burning with hate. He rasped, " Why didn't you kill me? Andrew, if you have the guts, then kill me! Otherwise, I will never give up avenging Iron Cavalry. Trash like you should pay for what you've done." Andrew pushed Luna and Valerie aside without a word. Isabelle cried out, "Andrew, you can't move yet, you need to wait at least a little longer!" Andrew said flatly, "I'm fine." He tore off the bandage that held his broken arm in place, letting blood leak freely as he limped toward Conrad.

"Put him down," Andrew ordered, his voice quiet but freezing cold One of the Cunningham family's elite guards frowned and asked, "What do you think you're doing?" Andrew shot him a cold glance before suddenly roaring, "I told you to put him down, are you deaf?" The burst of fury made the martial saint flinch, and he instinctively lowered the stretcher. ---- Conrad let out a hoarse, mocking laugh and said, "Fine, put me down. I want to see what he thinks he can do." Andrew said nothing as he stepped forward and grabbed Conrad by the ear. He then ripped downward with brutal force.

Blood sprayed as half the ear was nearly torn off, exposing raw flesh beneath it. Conrad finally screamed, tears forming at the corners of his eyes from the blinding pain. "Andrew, you bastard! Kill me if you're going to kill me! If you don't, then one day I'll return this humiliation to you 100 times over!" The Cunningham family guard also

roared, "Let go of him, let go now or else..." Andrew turned his head slowly and said, "Or else what? Do you have a death wish?" The guard swallowed hard and did not say another word. Andrew kept gripping Conrad's ear and slapped him twice across the face.

Conrad, who had just received basic first aid, looked completely stunned Andrew did not kill him, but ripping his ear and slapping him in public was its own kind of violent humiliation. "You..." Conrad's chest heaved as if he wanted to jump up and ---- tear Andrew apart Andrew said coldly, "I told you, you're a coward. Not killing you isn't because you're important or because anyone gives a damn about you. It's only because you once served in Iron Cavalry. But you were barely even part of it. You never even qualified to join a squad, so Conrad, what right do you have to accuse me?

What ability do you have to lecture me?" Conrad's eyes turned bloodshot as he screamed, "Yes, I wasn't worthy of being one of Iron Cavalry. But Andrew, I was still a soldier, a soldier with honor. And you were nothing but a traitor, a disgraceful traitor." Andrew suddenly laughed, a sharp, mocking sound. "I'm a traitor? You saw it with your own eyes? Did you see me abandon our brothers and run to save my own skin?" Conrad spat, "Isn't that what you did?" Andrew roared back, "I did not! Compared to trash like you, I valued my brothers, my soldiers, more than my own life.

It was because of how much I cared about them, because of the memories, the regret, and everything tied to Iron Cavalry that I let you live today. But next time, if you dare show up in front of me again, I'll kill you on the spot."

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Chapter 2644

---- Chapter 2644 Conrad's throat felt dry as he let out a raspy laugh. "Yeah, you spared my life for the sake of the brothers who died. Andrew, you're so noble, so righteous... but do you really think I'd believe a single word you said?" Andrew clenched his jaw and slapped him twice, each strike cracking through the air. This time, he hit Conrad directly on his skull, and Conrad felt the headache he had barely recovered from split open again. Andrew then grabbed him by the neck, the veins along his arm standing out as he squeezed. UPDATE FROM

Conrad's badly injured throat took the pressure, and blood seeped out drop by drop. The pain was so sharp and hellish that he screamed uncontrollably while his body thrashed on the stretcher, He shouted, "Kill me! If you have the guts, kill me, Andrew!"

However, Andrew suddenly let go. His expression turned cold and disdainful as he said, "That tiny bit of pain is already too much for you? Conrad, I wasn't wrong. You really were weak, absolute garbage." Ignoring the hatred burning in Conrad's eyes, Andrew continued, " ---- Have you even thought about this?

If I really were a traitor, why hasn't the military arrested me? Why would someone like Philip let me walk free, and why would Luna, his prized student, stay by my side?" He continued, "Conrad, you've never had a brain, only brute strength. You've been hiding behind your hatred like a shield, trapping yourself in a cage you built for your own ego. The fact that you're still alive is honestly a miracle, but next time you'd better pray I'm feeling just as merciful." With that, Andrew dragged his battered body away.

Conrad lay on the stretcher in despair before suddenly shouting, " Luna, tell me he's lying. Tell me it's not true! Say something!" Luna shook her head with cold detachment. "Conrad, goodbye. After this, we probably won't even be senior and junior anymore. Mr. Turman doesn't acknowledge you, and I'm sorry... I can't either." She turned and followed after Andrew without hesitation. The light in Conrad's eyes dimmed as he murmured, "Did I really get everything wrong? No... I need to see Mr. Turman. I need answers. Take me to the headquarters right now.

I need to see him!" Before anyone could react, a middle-aged man rushed in and ---- punched him straight in the skull. Conrad blacked out instantly. Right before he lost consciousness, he caught sight of the emblem on the man's shoulder. The man was a Major General. Someone with actual power from the military had arrived on the scene. He ordered the crowd to disperse immediately before turning to the Cunningham family with a cold glare. He said, "Carry him out of here and get lost. General Turman won't see him again.

And from today on, the partnership between the Cunningham family and the military is over. From now on, it's nothing but official business between us." The Cunningham family's elite guard froze, stunned as his stomach dropped. He instantly knew something serious was about to happen.

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Chapter 2645

---- Chapter 2645 "Andrew, where are you going? Rest for a bit first!" Isabelle chased after Andrew, pleading constantly. Behind her, Luna and Valerie followed with furrowed brows. Andrew waved his hand. "Don't follow me anymore. I have things to do." However, Isabelle refused to give up. "But Andrew, you're still bleeding! You need to

rest!" Andrew stumbled into Medicine God's Covenant. Amari saw him and immediately exclaimed in shock, "Andrew, who did this? I'll fight them to the death!" Valerie opened her mouth, habitually ready to make a sarcastic remark.

However, seeing Andrew's expression, she wisely shut her mouth. Andrew's mood was clearly terrible right now, and even Valerie did not dare act out. Andrew said, "Amari, get me some blood-clotting pills. And grab more of whatever helps with blood loss and recovery." ---- Amari hurried off to fetch everything and helped Andrew take 'them. After hearing what happened, he clenched his teeth and growled, "Trash. That little bastard from the Cunningham family is absolute garbage.

He forgot everything the organization and Andrew did for him, and without Andrew, he'd never have become a general." Andrew scolded, "Amari, say less. Everything's in the past." Valerie asked curiously, "Mr. Goodman, are you saying Conrad only became a major general because of Andrew?" Amari snorted coldly. "Of course it was. Back then, Conrad's military merits alone weren't enough to make him a major general. Andrew helped him, especially during their time overseas. Andrew gave him credit for several of his own achievements, registered under Conrad's name.

That's how Conrad got his military rank after returning home." Luna said angrily, "That's completely absurd! According to regulations, that's not allowed." Andrew said calmly, "Like I said, everything's in the past." Valerie snorted coldly. "This matter isn't over. Later, I'm going to report this to General Turman." ---- Andrew looked at her. "Are you trying to go against me?" Valerie became flustered and angry. "Fine. I won't do anything! But why are you being mean to me? I'm not the one who hurt you. Luna shook her head. "I think Valerie's right. Andrew, this matter must be reported to Mr.

Turman." Andrew waved his hand. "It's all in the past. I don't care. Let's leave it at that. I need to go." Luna asked urgently, "Where are you going? With your injuries, you can't go anywhere right now." Andrew smiled. "The injuries are pretty severe, but I can still move. I need to make a trip to the Advanced Medical Institute. I have business there." He did not want to say more. There were some things he did not want to disclose to the military. Valerie said, "You really shouldn't be moving around. Of course, I'm just saying.

If you insist on being reckless, I won't interfere." She was as proud as always. Andrew smiled. "I know you all mean well, but it won't stop me. I'm not going there to fight. Oh, and Valerie, I was harsh with you ---- earlier. I'm sorry about that." Valerie froze. "You're apologizing to me? Saying you're sorry?" Honestly, she was somewhat flattered, Andrew's temperament had never been this gentle toward her before. Andrew nodded with a smile. "Yes, I'm sorry. I know you're all looking out for me, especially you. Content originally comes from

Remember back in the Eastern Regions when I said I'd remember everyone who helped? From now on, if you don't mind, we can be friends." Valerie's face flushed red as she stood up. She huffed. "Hmph, who wants to be friends with you? Whatever, I'm leaving now."

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Chapter 2646

---- Chapter 2646 Isabelle was very disappointed. "Fine!" She huffed angrily, glared at Andrew, and left. Luna also stood up. "Then I... I'll head back now." Andrew nodded. "Yeah, you go ahead. I need to take care of business too." After walking a few steps, Luna turned back around and said seriously, "Andrew, I want to talk to you alone. Mr. Goodman, you don't mind, do you? I'd like to speak with Andrew here for a moment." Amari chuckled. "Not at all, General Phelan. You're one of our 'own, so go ahead." Andrew looked puzzled as he followed Luna into a side room.

As soon as the door closed, Luna bit her lip, hesitating. Andrew stepped forward and asked, "Ms. Phelan, what exactly do you want to say?" Luna shook her head. "Nothing!" Andrew was speechless. "If it's nothing, then why did you call me in here just now?" ---- Luna fidgeted with her slender fingers. Then, she suddenly stepped forward and wrapped her arms around Andrew. She whispered, "My mind is a mess. Andrew, don't say anything and just kiss me." Andrew gasped as she squeezed him. [READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT](#)

He was hurting all over, but Luna's burning gaze and her shy yet restrained expression immediately captivated him. Truth be told, he had already sensed Luna's feelings for him. However, she was a very self-controlled woman. She had always been able to hold herself back, always keeping a distance. "Are you sure?" Andrew asked. Of course, he would not refuse such a wonderful opportunity being offered to him. Luna mumbled, "I-I'm sure. Andrew, seeing you injured, I really..." Before the embarrassed Luna could finish, Andrew lowered his head and kissed her hard.

Her lips were small, and he easily covered them with his own. Luna had that natural, healthy complexion that came from intense training rather than cosmetics, and she carried a faint, natural scent that was soft and comforting. Feeling her clumsy response, Andrew pulled back and looked down at her. ---- Luna tilted her head up, breathless since she was half a head shorter than he was. She asked, "What's wrong? W-Why did you stop?" Andrew smirked. "Ms. Phelan, your kissing skills are quite bad. You never dated before, did you?" Luna's cheeks flushed as she muttered, "No, I haven't.

Unlike you, I'm not an experienced player. Well then, I'll head back now. You can kiss your other lovers... They're surely better at this!" Andrew grabbed her arm, and with a soft gasp from Luna, he sealed her lips again. At the same time, his hand slid boldly toward her chest. The sudden touch made Luna's mind go blank. "You can't..." she managed to say only those words. Andrew had already pressed her back against the

wall and kissed her even harder. Luna melted into it, then wrapped her arms around him and whispered between breaths, "Do whatever you want." Andrew chuckled.

"Do you know what your saliva tastes like?" Luna looked mortified. "I don't know. Does it bother you?" ---- Andrew shook his head. "It doesn't. Actually... It's kind of sweet." Luna blushed even deeper. "Saliva isn't sweet, Andrew. You don't have to say nice things to make me feel better. I just acted on impulse and followed what my heart wanted." Andrew said, "I'm not lying to you, Ms. Phelan. You said I could do anything... So what about sleeping with me?" Luna froze. "Right now? Or should I... go home and get ready somehow?" Andrew let out a laugh. "You don't need to prepare anything."

The only thing you need to get ready is opening your legs." Luna's cheeks and neck flushed hot pink all at once. "Andrew, you shouldn't talk like that. You know I hate it when you're crude, cocky, or act like some street-level flirt."

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Chapter 2647

---- Chapter 2647 Andrew raised a brow. "So you're saying that asking you to spread your legs makes you feel cheap?" As he spoke, he pressed his body against Luna's slender, shapely figure. She had trained for years, stayed single, and kept herself disciplined. Her body was undeniably enticing. Anywhere Andrew touched felt firm and smooth, and some places were soft in ways only a woman could be. The moment he brushed her, Luna practically melted and frowned ever so slightly. Andrew felt like laughing.

Clearly, Luna was enjoying it, but she was forcing herself to endure it, refusing to show any expression of pleasure. This fit Luna's personality perfectly: a cute woman who constantly suppressed herself and was very hard on herself. "I... [just didn't want you to say it like that," Luna murmured. She had intended to frown and show her displeasure. Yet, when she saw the tiny scratches still left on Andrew's cleaned-up face, her heart tightened and she softened, ---- She whispered, "If... if you insist on saying it, then at least say it a little more politely.

Andrew, I like it when you're gentle. Just like that time you saved me and carried me away. Your chest felt so warm." Andrew let her go. Luna immediately adjusted her clothes and tried to act casual, even though disappointment flashed across her face. She asked, "What's wrong? Did I... upset you?" Andrew shook his head with a small smile. "Luna, you're great. Before all this, you never treated me this carefully, right? But now you're gentle with me and you pay attention to everything. You don't even like

some things, but you force yourself not to. The link to the origin of this information rests in

show it, and you even try to respond to me." He lightly pinched her cheek and added, "Honestly, you don't have to make yourself suffer like that. You're an amazing woman, and you have every right to choose what you want and who you love. I won't pretend in front of you either. Everything I did was the real me. "And once you fully understand me, maybe you'll think we're not a good match after all.

So before that day comes, I can't take things any further with you, like pinning you down and forcing those gorgeous legs wide open." ---- A hint of roguish charm crossed his face, making him look like a shameless flirt. Luna suddenly wrapped her arms around his neck and leaned in close. Her eyes softened, warm as rippling water. "Andrew... honestly, I like everything about you. Even when you say something like asking me to spread my legs for you... I wasn't actually offended.

I know exactly what kind of man you are." She continued, "The fact that you could beat Conrad that badly and let him misunderstand everything, yet still chose not to kill him... it says everything. It proves you're a man who cares deeply. "But that's not the only thing I like about you." Her voice trembled with emotion. "I like your roughness, your dirty talk, and the way you push me to my limits." In her excitement, Luna blurted out everything without thinking, pure emotion pouring out of her.

Then, she kissed him hard and boldly slipped her tongue into his mouth, surprising even herself, The feeling was so intoxicating that Andrew nearly gave in. For a moment, he really wanted to turn Luna around, push her down, and take her right from behind. However, they were inside a room in the Medicine God's Covenant facility, with people constantly walking past outside, so it was definitely the wrong place.

---- Yet, what surprised him most was Luna saying she liked him pushing her to her "limits" Could it be that Luna, like Chantelle, Aspen, and the other women, all had this Stockholm syndrome where once they opened their hearts, they wanted to be dominated and tormented? Andrew could not help but fall into thought. It seemed all his women shared this same tendency.

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Chapter 2648

---- Chapter 2648 While driving toward the Advanced Medical Institute, Eric kept one hand on the wheel and turned to glance at Andrew. He asked, "Hey, you and Luna

almost crossed the line in that little room at Medicine God's Covenant, didn't you?" Andrew shot him a look. "Just focus on driving. Grown-up business isn't for kids to gossip about." Eric scoffed. "Andrew, we're both men. I think you're full of it. You clearly have feelings for Luna, so why not just bring her into your little harem already?" Andrew's temper flared. "Please, you're the last person who gets to lecture me about men.

Don't make me laugh. Besides, I don't fully understand what's going on between Luna and me." He paused, lost in thought for a moment because the truth was, Luna surprised him. Only after she opened her heart did he realize how steady, mature, considerate, and incredibly gentle she was. She had the kind of presence successful men usually dreamed of. She had strength and status, but more importantly, once she trusted you, she gave herself wholeheartedly. At the same time, she was not naive or someone who gave endlessly without boundaries.

---- When Andrew tested her, Luna refused and told him it was not right. In the end, he could not bring himself to tease her further. She carried her pride well. However, after a few intimate moments together, especially after Andrew risked his life to save her, her heart had quietly fallen into his grasp. Even earlier, during their heated moment, if Andrew had pushed a little more, he could have taken things all the way. He just needed a different place, somewhere private, and he could have had her. Nonetheless, he held back and forced down the desire racing through him.

Luna was willing, yet he could not take her that casually. After all, Andrew's wounds were still fresh; he could eat, walk, and move, but going full throttle in bed would have killed him. 1 Moreover, with Luna being that kind of intoxicating temptation, Andrew knew he would ignore the pain and go wild, which would only make things worse. But honestly, these were excuses he used to talk himself out of it. Even he could not explain why he did not dare take the final step with her. Maybe she was simply too good, and he did not want to hurt her. Eric snickered beside him. ---- Andrew glanced over. For original chapters go to

"What are you laughing at?" Eric said bluntly, "I'm laughing at how fake you are." Andrew shrugged. "Say whatever you want. The truth is, I really didn't dare cross the final line with Luna." Eric snorted. "What's there to be scared of? She already gave you her whole heart. You have no idea how worried she was during your duel with Conrad. Sure, Valerie and Isabelle were worried too. But Luna's worry was different. She was scared you'd actually kill Conrad." He added, "After all, they're fellow disciples under the same mentor.

If Luna only cared about you and turned a blind eye to Conrad dying, then I'd honestly look down on her. A woman who abandons basic decency just because of a man... that's not loyalty, that's cruelty. "But Luna wasn't like that. She feared for you, but she was also terrified you'd lose control. Andrew, if you killed Conrad, you'd be declaring a blood feud with the Cunningham family." He continued, "And that was only one part of it.

The real issue is that you'd carry the stain of killing a former friend and teammate, and that would ruin your future in ways you can't even imagine."

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Chapter 2649

---- Chapter 2649 Andrew went quiet for a moment before he said calmly, "Back then, I really did think about killing Conrad on the spot. But in the end, I changed my mind. It wasn't because I was afraid of moral backlash. Of all things, misunderstandings and other people's judgments scare me the least. If anything, I'd rather just settle it with my fists, one by one if I have to. The only reason I didn't kill Conrad was because..." Eric cut in first and said, "I know, because of the Iron Cavalry.

They used to be the elite strike force that once served the Holtrien military, operating in the shadows worldwide, right?" Andrew looked surprised. "Didn't expect you to know about Iron Cavalry." Eric scoffed, "Who are you looking down on? I'm the son of the Southern Martial Union's leader, after all. The Holtrien military has dealt with us plenty of times. Hell, Dad even wanted to send me to that mysterious organization that rivals the military." Andrew laughed. "Well, that would've been great. You would've met me a lot earlier, and you would've called me Captain.

I would've kicked your ass and taught you what it really means to be a man." Eric gave a cold chuckle but did not argue. He used to be ---- withdrawn and intense, yet after spending so much time with Andrew, he mellowed out significantly. Andrew asked, "How's your training in the Phantom Mirage coming along?" Eric replied flatly, "Compared to your progress? Not well at all! But I never planned on comparing myself to you anyway. Right now, I've already become a full-fledged martial saint. If the Southern Martial Union leadership were still in Dad's hands...

Then I'd be one of the seniors under him." Andrew nodded. "Actually, you've been progressing pretty fast. What's the matter? Missing the Southern Martial Union headquarters? How about I take the lead and bring some guys to help you fight your way back and make you the leader?" Eric shook his head. "Forget it. After coming to Chetvine, I realized I was pretty narrow-minded before. Fame and status no longer appeal to me. I'll hang around with the Lloyd family for a while longer. Besides, I still haven't had a chance to see Sheena in action." Andrew shook his head. "Don't try her. The source of this content is

She can kill you." Ever since returning from the Eastern Regions, Sheena had gone straight into seclusion. Andrew did not even need to guess; she had definitely broken

through again when she came out. ---- After all, surviving Swordhaven Keep was basically a near-death nightmare. If she did not break through, that entire ordeal would have been for nothing. The Advanced Medical Institute was an ancient, hidden sect located deep in untouched mountains. However, because of the Lloyd royal family's connections, Andrew had already pinpointed the exact location of their mountain gate.

So, after traveling nonstop for a full day and night, Andrew and Eric finally arrived. They stepped out of the car and stood before a towering, imposing gate carved straight into the mountainside, with cliffs on both sides that rose straight into the clouds. Andrew studied it for a moment, then nodded. "Not bad. For a major sect, this place definitely looks the part." Eric put away his phone and said, "Dad will be out to meet us any minute. But things inside the Advanced Medical Institute are messy right now. If you're planning to make a move here, it won't be easy." Andrew shrugged.

"We'll figure it out one step at a time." Eric's eyes sharpened. "They're here." Andrew looked over and saw a group of more than a dozen ---- people emerging from the Advanced Medical Institute's gate. Every single one of them radiated the deep aura of a master. Among them, Andrew spotted Jerome. Jerome hurried forward with a smile. "Andy, we meet again. Come, let me introduce you. This is Mr. Milo Avila, an elder of the Advanced Medical Institute, a seventh-grade alchemist. In the past, Mr.

Avila and I were very close friends." Milo wore luxurious black robes and carried himself with an air of arrogance. Tilting his nose up, he glanced at Andrew and snorted coldly, "So you're Mr. Lloyd from Chetvine that Jerome mentioned? You must be quite capable to claim you can help our sect settle this dispute."

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- Chapter 2650

Chapter 2650

---- Chapter 2650 Andrew did not answer. He simply gave a mysterious, casual smile while glancing at Jerome, who was standing half a step behind Milo. Jerome gave him a slight nod, silently telling him that it was fine to make a move here. Andrew understood immediately. Jerome must have arrived at the Advanced Medical Institute ahead of time and already paved the way for him. This saved Andrew a lot of effort and trouble. And Milo, being a seventh-grade alchemist and an elder of the Institute, clearly held real authority. That made him a perfect stepping stone for Andrew's plan.

If it had been some nameless runner disciple, it would have been useless to him. It showed how meticulous Jerome was and how thoroughly he had arranged things. Andrew had to admire that. Finally, he said, "Mr. Avila, nice to meet you! The Advanced Medical Institute is truly a first-rate major sect. If I claimed I alone could settle your internal conflicts, I'd be bragging." ---- Milo let out two cold laughs, though he did not mock him further. Clearly, Andrew's humility and tone were effective; it was a subtle gesture of respect, and Milo appreciated it.

"Go on," Milo said as he lifted his chin slightly, signaling Andrew to continue. Eric's eyes went cold. He thought Milo acted way too high and mighty. In his mind, Milo was not even worthy of polishing Andrew's boots. A seventh-grade grand alchemist might be a big deal within the Institute, but compared to a ninth-grade supreme alchemist like Andrew, he was basically a beggar digging in the dirt. However, since Andrew was not offended, Eric held himself back and watched to see how Andrew would play this. Andrew said politely, "I came from Chetvine, as I'm sure Mr. Thornton already told you.

Our family isn't that dominant inside Chetvine itself. But outside Chetvine, we still hold some influence. I'm here entirely for your sake, Mr. Avila, as well as Mr. Thornton's. Whatever is happening inside the Advanced Medical Institute and whatever actions need to be taken... My people and I will follow your instructions completely." Milo's expression softened a lot. His gaze toward Andrew even carried a hint of approval. ---- "Good. Very good. I see potential in you. Since you're this humble, then I'll speak plainly. As long as you lend us your support..."

Once everything settles, your family and you won't miss out on any benefits." Andrew pretended to be thrilled. "That's exactly what I was hoping to hear from you, Mr. Avila. So please tell me what you need me to do, Mr. Avila." Milo asked, "Mr. Lloyd, besides yourself, did your family bring any other experts along? If it's just you alone, and I don't mean to be rude, but that won't be much help." Andrew smiled. "To be honest, I brought 20 of our family experts with us. But to avoid drawing too much attention, I've stationed them around the area.

With just one word from me, they can come to the gate at any time and await your orders, Mr. Avila." Milos eyes lit up. "Oh? 20 experts? What level are they? How strong are they?" Andrew put on the trademark arrogance and swagger of a Chetvine young master. "As for their combat ability, that goes without saying. Everyone above the martial king level counts as our family's elite." Milo repeated, "Good, good, very good! In that case, please... Come with me!" ---- He became extremely enthusiastic as he invited Andrew to enter the Institute's mountain gate. Follow current NOVELS on

Andrew smiled and quickly declined politely. "Mr. Avila, you first I'm just a junior, I can't possibly walk ahead of you." Milo looked even more satisfied and stroked his beard as he walked in front. While leading the way, he said, 'To be honest, I've never had a particularly good impression of the big families from Chetvine. For example, the Owens family. They're nothing but Mr. Vazquez's lapdogs. Yet they insisted on interfering with our internal affairs, and that bastard Lorenzo has been stirring up trouble with the Grand Elder." He let out a dull sigh.

"These Chetvine families are all the same... Ambitious and eager to carve up the Advanced Medical Institute for themselves." Andrew widened his eyes in surprise. "Oh? From what you're saying, the Owens family came here too?" Milo shot him a sideways glance and smirked. "What? Just hearing the name Owens family scares you? If you're afraid, then I'd suggest walking back down the mountain right now." Andrew clenched his fist and snarled, "You're misunderstanding me. I'm not scared. It's just that the Owens family has always ---- oppressed my family back in Chetvine.

I didn't expect to run into that disgusting clan here as well." He added sharply, "Let me be upfront. When it comes to the Owens family, I will never show mercy."

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