

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

### **Chapter 2851**

---- Chapter 2851 Gaia shouted, "This guy's on our turf, so whether we kill him or do something else with him is our call! Toby, you think you can waltz in here and boss us around? Are you out of your damn mind?" Toby fixed his gaze on Andrew with undisguised greed in his eyes. "Gaia, you bitch, talk all you want, but I'm not buying your bullshit tonight. Razor Crew's taking this guy, no negotiations!" He turned to Andrew with a sinister grin. "Listen up. You want to live? Come with us. But you're gonna pay a little price for that privilege. For starters, every dollar you've got on you.

And then your family, or whoever you can get in touch with... They're gonna fork over a fat stack of cash to thank me for keeping you breathing!" Behind the bar, Gaia immediately caught on to what was happening. She looked at Andrew and wondered if he had carried serious money into the City of Hope. Or perhaps he was a wealthy young man, someone from a well-off family. Otherwise, there was no way Razor Crew would storm into Night Rose just to snatch him up. The more she thought about it, the more excited Gaia became. A walking cash cow had literally delivered himself to her door.

---- Only a fool would let that go. In the City of Hope, gangs and factions were everywhere. Here, convicted killers outnumbered regular citizens several times over. Every crew was starving for resources and desperate for money. There was no way she would hand this fat lamb over to the Razor Crew. "Toby, this man belongs to Night Rose. You want to take him? Dream on!" Gaia's voice was sharp with warning, but short-tempered Toby was not having it. "You stupid bitch, if you're asking for it. Follow current novels on

Let's settle this the old- fashioned way, with a fight!" The two gangs were seconds away from tearing into each other. That was when Andrew's voice cut through the tension, calm and almost resigned. "Hey, you two. You're both ready to carve me up and split the spoils, but shouldn't you maybe ask the person you're fighting over?" His words stopped Toby dead in his tracks, machete already in hand. Then, he burst out laughing. "Boys, get him! This clown is out of his mind.

Once we drag him back, we'll bleed his family dry, then feed his ass to the dogs!" Gaia shook her head with bitter amusement and sneered. "Idiot! ---- Men like you are supposed to be sharp, calculated, and good at playing the game. But you? You're the first sweet, clueless fool I've seen walk into the City of Hope, acting as if you matter! Still, I like what I see. Once we get our hands on you, I'll have my fun with you first, then squeeze every last drop of value out of you!" She looked like a female bandit ready to pounce.

She ripped a knife from the holster strapped to her thigh, ready to jump into the brawl. That was how the City of Hope operated: one wrong word and all hell broke loose. Nonetheless, the world had a way of proving that things rarely unfolded as anyone expected. Because just when Gaia and Toby were about to go to war over a fat payday, two loud crashes erupted. Two of Night Rose's bouncers went flying backward, slammed into tables, and knocked out half the furniture as they hit the ground, dazed and unable to get back up. Everyone from both gangs froze mid-fight, staring in shock.

Andrew calmly lowered the massive sword wrapped in black cloth. He had only swatted casually with it, yet the two giant men had flown away, and no one even knew if they were alive. ---- Gaia stared at Andrew, stunned by the scene. She choked out, " You... Andrew drew the big sword, which was still sheathed and wrapped in black fabric, and swung it downward with a deafening crack. The entire bar counter split cleanly in half, carving an open path between him and Gaia.

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## Chapter 2852

---- Chapter 2852 Andrew used the greatsword to lift Gaia's trembling chin. He grinned and said, "You know what? You're getting up there in years, and honestly, you're nothing special to look at. And yet here you are, acting all high and mighty!" He continued, "But you got one thing right: a man like me should be sharp and calculating. If I wasn't sharp, would I have the balls to walk into the City of Hope?" Gaia's throat bobbed as she swallowed hard, nearly wetting herself. "S-Sir, please! Have mercy..." Meanwhile, Toby felt his scalp tingle.

He quickly spun around and ordered, "Boys, we're out!" However, he had barely taken a step when Andrew's casual laughter stopped him cold. "Did I say you could leave? You're Toby from the Razor Crew, right? Get over here. I've got questions for you!" Toby ignored him, picking up his pace and bolting for the exit. Suddenly, a sharp whistle cut through the air. The knife in Gaia's hand had somehow ended up in Andrew's grip, and in the next instant, it shot forward with devastating force. ---- It slammed into the bar's metal door, pinning itself there. New novel chapters are published on

The blade missed Toby's head by less than two inches! Toby could see that the knife had punched clean through the bar's two-inch-thick steel door. His soul nearly left his body, and he felt a chill running down his spine. He quickly spun around and dropped to his knees before Andrew. "I was blind! Please, sir, spare my worthless life!" His terror was so obvious that the lackeys around him nearly pissed themselves in fear. After all,

Toby was a mid-level boss in Razor Crew. He was usually ruthless and brutal; murder and arson were just another Tuesday for him.

But right now, he looked pathetic and terrified, like someone had grabbed him by the throat. Andrew still had that smile plastered on his face. He suddenly grabbed a fork from the bar counter, the kind you would use for eating fruit, and tossed it. The fork shot forward like an arrow, burying itself right between the eyes of one of Toby's men standing nearby. The man died with his eyes wide open, disbelief frozen in them, and fell backward. The hand he had slipped into his pocket never managed to pull out the gun.

---- The entire bar fell into a dead silence, filled only with eyes wide with pure terror. Sweat poured down Toby's forehead. That crew member had been one of his most capable men, a master of pulling off surprise gun attacks. But now, his body was already going cold. Only one horrified thought echoed in Toby's mind. 'This guy is a martial artist, and a top-tier powerhouse at that!' In the midst of this oppressive atmosphere, Andrew's laughter sounded almost cheerful. "It's been some years since I last came to the City of Hope. I've never even heard of Night Rose from back when I was around.

The Razor Crew, though... I've heard a little. But back then, it was just a third-rate gang." He continued, "None of that matters now. Toby, right? Take me to meet your gang's boss. And just so we're clear: I mean your top boss, the one in charge." With that, Andrew reached into his pocket. Toby flinched in terror, crying out, "Sir, don't kill me! I'll take you, I swear! Just spare my life!" He thought Andrew was pulling out a weapon to finish him off. However, what Andrew pulled out was a gleaming gold bar. He tossed it lightly and threw it to Toby.

---- "I know you brought your crew here for this thing. Keep it. Consider it payment for taking me to your boss. Use some of it to bury your boy over there, too. When you put him in the ground, remind him not to try cheap shots in his next life. Especially in front of someone who actually knows what they're doing. It tends to get you killed." Toby stared, completely bewildered. He thought Andrew was truly something else. He killed a man without breaking a sweat, then paid for the funeral. He wondered if this was how people from where Andrew came from played the game.

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## Chapter 2853

---- Chapter 2853 Anywhere in the world, strength was the most direct and useful way to express yourself, especially overwhelming strength. Andrew followed Toby through the dirty, winding alleys of the city of Hope. It was getting late, and Andrew needed to find a place to stay for the night. Nonetheless, there was no rush. First, he needed to find someone halfway decent to gather some information. For instance, about Reginald's whereabouts. It was precisely for this purpose that Andrew had lured the Razor Crew members to the bar.

However, he had not expected that the Night Rose bar would also be involved in such shady business. So, he had given them a little wake-up call while he was at it. "Sir, which country are you from?" Toby asked nervously, trying to cozy up to Andrew. "There aren't many Easterners in the City of Hope. But the ones who can survive here are all tough guys. There are several masters from Sorya, Eastonia, and even ancient Holtrien here. These guys are seriously skilled in martial arts." Andrew smiled.

"Have you seen firsthand just how skilled they ---- are?" Toby's expression darkened as he exposed a scar on his chest. "This was from some punk from Eastonia who stabbed me with a sword. That punk's swordplay was razor-sharp. If I hadn't dodged fast enough, my heart would've been toast." Andrew shook his head. Toby was mediocre overall, just at the martial king level. Someone who could hurt him but failed to kill him could only mean one thing: that punk's martial arts skills were nothing special either. Andrew had no interest in such small fry.

What he was looking for were the real big shots in City of Hope, people with actual power and access to information. After about 15 minutes of winding through the streets, a five- story building hidden among the high-rises appeared before Andrew. The building's exterior was incredibly luxurious, and he knew that anyone who could own a building like this in the City of Hope was no ordinary person. Toby said, "Sir, this is Razor Crew's headquarters. Our boss is inside right now." Andrew nodded. "Good. Take me straight to him." Toby hesitated.

"Our boss has over a dozen elite guards ---- protecting him, and they're all packing heavy firepower. Sir, why don't I notify him first and see if he'll meet with you?" Andrew smirked, "Are you looking out for me, or are you trying to tip off your boss? Either way, I don't care. Just lead the way. If your little Razor Crew doesn't know what's good for them, I don't mind wiping you all out." Toby gulped hard. Deep down, he thought Andrew was full of hot air, but the moves he had pulled at the bar earlier still haunted him.

It left Toby uncertain, and he wondered just how strong Andrew truly was. Soon, Andrew followed Toby into Razor Crew's headquarters. They took the elevator straight to the fifth floor. The moment the elevator doors opened, at least a dozen gun barrels pointed straight at Andrew. All of the men were muscular and hostile-looking. Andrew's expression did not change in the slightest, and the smile on his face never faded. Instead, he looked straight ahead. This was an extravagantly luxurious hall.

The floor was laid with gold bricks, and military weapons and glittering diamonds were scattered everywhere. Several scantily clad women in barely-there outfits were attending to a muscular man in a suit.

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## Chapter 2854

---- Chapter 2854 This man's skin was not as tanned as his armed subordinates, and he was actually not that bad looking. He wore a well-tailored suit, looking every bit like a successful businessman. His legs were propped up on a metal table piled high with stacks of cash, and he said, "Interesting! A guy from Holtrien dares to mess with my people in City of Hope. Man, I have to say, you've got some serious guts!" Razor Crew's boss, Jimmy Cornell, looked at Andrew with mockery in his eyes.

Toby, who had been standing next to Andrew, scurried over to Jimmy's side and said nervously, "Sir, this guy's really strong. You need to be careful." Jimmy said coldly, "Useless piece of trash. You've made the Razor Crew look like complete fools." Toby looked embarrassed. He thought to himself that running into a monster like Andrew, he was lucky just to get out alive. Who cared about embarrassing themselves? Jimmy stared at Andrew, his eyes suddenly turning cold. He hissed, "Give me one good reason not to kill you.

Otherwise, this time tomorrow, your organs will be scattered across the globe, ---- except for your head, which my guys will turn into mush. Your liver will be sold to Vestra. A martial artist's heart is powerful, and buyers in Meurico love that stuff and pay top dollar." He continued, "As for your kidneys, they look pretty good. I'll eat them myself. I like to pan-fry them in butter with a little coarse salt for seasoning. It tastes amazing. After I eat them, I can go all night with seven girls." His words made the few blonde women around him giggle flirtatiously.

Hearing his women laugh made Jimmy even more pleased, and he turned to Andrew. "So, tell me... Do you want to die, or do you want to live?" Gun barrels surrounded Andrew's head from almost every direction. He remained completely unfazed, smiling faintly. "Of course I want to live, and I definitely will live. But whether you can survive .» That I don't know." Jimmy froze for a moment, then burst into a vicious laugh. "You bastard! You've got balls, I give you that! How dare you talk to me like that in City of Hope, on my turf? You clearly haven't heard what my name means in this city.

Even the Governor of City of Hope and the top officials have to show me respect, and you're just some Holtrien punk!" ---- The smile on Andrew's face gradually disappeared. "You shouldn't have said that last thing. Of all the stupid things you could've done, you just had to run your mouth. Originally, I just wanted to ask you some questions, but I've changed my mind.

Not only am I going to ask you questions, but I'm also going to borrow something from you." Under Jimmy's furious glare, Andrew said icily, "And that's your life!" The moment those words fell, his greatsword swept out in a devastating arc. At the same time, Jimmy roared, "Kill him!" More than a dozen gunmen simultaneously pulled their triggers. However, what happened next left everyone in the Razor Crew horrified. No gunshots rang out, and there were only broken gun barrels, with gunmen cut at the waist. The source of this content is

With just one spinning slash, the dozen or so gunmen surrounding Andrew were sliced clean through, all dead. The sudden, gruesome carnage made the women around Jimmy scream in terror and scatter in all directions. Jimmy lunged for the Desert Eagle on the table, but Andrew ---- moved faster. He was so fast that Jimmy could not even see him: With a whoosh, Andrew was already in front of him, his sword slashing downward

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## Chapter 2855

---- Chapter 2855 The table exploded into pieces. Moreover, the Desert Eagle Jimmy that had not even been touched was blasted apart along with it. "You're dead!" Jimmy roared. He had not risen to lead the notorious Razor Crew in the City of Hope by being ordinary. He was a Dark Count, which, by Holtrien's martial standards, placed him at the martial saint level, and at the peak of martial saint at that. He was only a thin line away from a martial emperor. The muscles beneath his suit swelled enormously.

With a furious roar, he threw a punch charged with killing intent straight at Andrew's face. At the same time, he shifted his weight back, leaning away to grab the sword hanging on the wall behind him. Andrew chuckled, sounding almost amused as he said, "Not bad reflexes, and your response is textbook perfect. It's just too bad that you're facing an opponent who's beyond the textbook." The Godslayer's blade vibrated within its sheath, letting out a joyful hum. Andrew's sword strike was always with just one move, but that was all it took. Jimmy froze in place, his face filled with shock.



Just a few more ---- inches, and he would have grabbed the weapon on the wall. Unfortunately, he could advance no further. Andrew had cleanly severed both his legs! As for the punch he had thrown at Andrew, it stopped right in front of Andrew's face, unable to advance another inch. "My legs! My legs!" Jimmy, now legless, rolled on the ground, howling like a madman. His body curled up, veins bulging from his face, his blood vessels nearly bursting from the excruciating pain. "W-Who the hell are you? I'm telling you, I've got backing from Chief Petyr Gillen of City of Hope. Newest update provided by

If you mess with Razor Crew, you're signing your own death warrant. Mr. Gillen will have your head!" Andrew looked completely indifferent, pressing his greatsword against Jimmy's chest with a smile. "Originally, I just wanted to ask you some questions, and I would've even thanked you properly afterward. Too bad your mouth is filthy. Don't you think you've been incredibly rude?" Jimmy fought through the agonizing pain that threatened to knock him out and roared, "Even if I said something wrong, you didn't have to go for the kill! Damn it, my legs! My legs!

You bastard, you're going to pay for what you've done!" ---- Andrew sneered. "Why would I need to consider whether bottom- feeding scum like you live or die? We're in City of Hope, after all Everything here is decided by strength. Didn't you expect that after running your mouth countless times, this would be the time you'd finally face the consequences? "Alright, I don't want to waste words with you. There's a man from Holtrien named Reginald Lloyd. Not long ago, at the border outside Holtrien, he was ambushed by a Western Dark Lord.

You know about this, right?" Jimmy shouted, "Almost everyone in the City of Hope knows about that incident! Mr. Soros already killed that legendary warrior." Andrew's heart lurched. Then, he shook his head. There was no way his old man would die that easily. Kaelen was a Dark Lord, and very powerful at that, but he did not believe that Kaelen alone was strong enough to pull that off. That could only mean Jimmy did not have access to core information either. He would still need to find the real big shots in City of Hope or other powerhouses from the border to get firsthand, accurate intel.

Only then could Andrew track down Reginald quickly.

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## Chapter 2856

---- Chapter 2856 "You mentioned Petyr Gillen. How can I meet him?" Andrew pressed on. Jimmy's legs were broken, blood pooling around him. Yet, the man's vitality was

impressive. He was still writhing on the ground. He scoffed. "You? A lowly outsider like you has no right to meet Mr. Gillen. City of Hope has a hundred thousand people. But those who can actually meet him? Less than ten. Especially since you're a disgusting pest from Holtrien... He despises Holtriens the most!" He hissed, "But don't worry. You won't have to wait long. Since you dared lay a hand on me, Mr.

Gillens will have your head mounted on the city gates before you know it!" Andrew smiled. Jimmy still had the nerve to threaten him, even now. Clearly, he had not been ruthless enough since arriving in this place. Otherwise, a crawling insect with broken legs would not still be barking like this. "Are you sure I really can't meet him?" Andrew asked, as if confirming one last time. Jimmy, bleeding out and barely conscious, still managed to ---- crane his neck and snarl, "You're nothing but scum. You'll never be worthy. Death is all that's waiting for you!" Andrew nodded. "Got it.

Thanks for telling me all that. I know it hurts. Let me put you out of your misery." Jimmy thought for a moment that Andrew was going to save him or beg for mercy. Instead, he watched as Andrew's boot came down on his skull. And just like that, Jimmy went to meet the God he claimed to worship. Toby, watching from the side, finally cracked. He let out a shriek and passed out cold. Andrew spat on the ground. Killing these cruel animals did not stir even a shred of guilt in him. Razor Crew had thousands of members, but only a handful were stationed here at headquarters.

Andrew did not have the time or the interest to hunt them all down. He grabbed a couple of decent weapons and headed downstairs, planning to find somewhere to spend the night. Besides, he needed some food. He had not had a meal since leaving Holtrien for the City of Hope. After Andrew left, Razor Crew's five-story headquarters exploded ---- into the sky. The bigger the commotion, the faster Petyr would hear about it, The faster he heard, the faster he would come looking for Andrew. Then, Andrew could get information about Reginald.

What Andrew did not realize was that he had just stirred up a hornet's nest the moment he set foot in the City of Hope. Razor Crew was not exactly the most powerful organization in the city, but they were not nobodies either. First off, Razor Crew was under Petyr's control, and in the City of Hope, there were only three Chief seats in total. Along with the position of City Lord, they formed the four ultimate powers ruling this lawless city. Anyone who could establish a city and enforce order here was no ordinary figure. Cruelty, mass slaughter, and bloody crackdowns were merely the baseline.

A furious voice echoed through the streets. "Search the entire city. Find that damn Holtrien bastard at all costs. Fuck. Holtrien people sure have guts, causing chaos here." "Come to think of it, this is the first time anything like this has happened in the City of Hope." Another voice scoffed. "That guy is dead for sure. This is the ---- City of Hope. Crossing Mr. Gillen? That's worse than meeting the Grim Reaper. Give it a day, and his head'll be hanging from the city gates." "I'll say this, though... The bastard's got guts. He blew Razor Crew's headquarters sky-high! Discover more novels at



That's basically slapping Mr. Gillen in the face and spitting on the higher-ups!" While the entire city was in an uproar over Razor Crew's destruction, Andrew, wrapped in a black cloak with his greatsword strapped to his back, walked through the doors of Night Rose once again.

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## Chapter 2857

---- Chapter 2857 Behind the bar, Gaia flashed a professional smile. "Hey, baby, what can I get you? A cocktail, or maybe something else I've got down below?" Andrew pulled back his hood, revealing a brilliant grin. "Ms. Evans, that line's tacky as hell and old as dirt. Sorry to disappoint you, but I'm not interested in what you've to offer. It probably reeks anyway." Gaia bristled with rage, but when she got a clear look at Andrew's face, she froze like she had been struck by lightning. "It's you! You actually had the nerve to come back? For original chapters go to

Don't you know the entire city's looking for you right now?" Her mind spun, and she instinctively turned to call someone and tip them off. However, Andrew was faster. His greatsword pressed against her ample chest in an instant, his smile still brilliant. "I just want a place to get some sleep and grab a bite to eat. I hope you won't make this difficult for me." Gaia's whole body went cold as ice. She did not even know if the thing in his hands was a sword or a blade. She only knew it was brutally oppressive, and one swing would probably tear her apart.

---- After a brief hesitation, Gaia made the wise choice and decided to save her own skin first. She lowered her voice, hissing through clenched teeth. "Harboring a criminal is a death sentence, too, you know! You bastard, you're going to get me killed." Andrew replied flatly, "Do you really think I care about that? Relax. I'll sleep, eat, and then I'm gone. If you can't handle a simple request like that, then sorry, I'll just have to drag you down with me." Gaia's body trembled violently, fear coursing through her.

Seeing that no one had noticed anything unusual, she quickly vaulted over the bar and told the staff she was clocking out early tonight. Then, she led Andrew toward the back exit of the bar. Silently, she prayed that this devil would leave soon and not actually get her killed. She made a living off other people, but today she had run into someone even more predatory than herself. She cursed at her rotten luck. Before long, Andrew had a reasonably clean room and a steaming plate of food. This was Gaia's own residence. "I can help you with anything, give you anything.

Just please ---- leave quickly and don't get me killed!" she begged Andrew. Then, Gaia started stripping. In moments, a strong, naked body was exposed in front of Andrew without a shred of clothing. Women from her country were notoriously well-endowed, and Gaia, despite being past her prime, had an impressive bosom. She bit her lip and let out a breathy moan. She shot Andrew a coy glance before dropping to her knees at his feet. Andrew was busy digging into his meal, but spared her a glance. He frowned and asked, "What are you doing?" Gaia hummed, then said, "Doing what needs to be done.

I'll take care of you, then you leave, okay? Don't worry, I'll use every skill I've got. This is the best thing I have to offer." In the City of Hope, money and women were the two hottest commodities. Men who came to this lawless zone, risking their lives, were usually after those two things Gaia figured that after Andrew ate his fill, he would want her too. So, she might as well be proactive. That way, once he got his rocks off, he would leave her alone faster. She had been hustling in the City of Hope for over a decade. She knew how this game worked.

---- From above, the City of Hope looked very different. Of the four districts, only the northern sector had organized, well-planned architecture. Among the buildings stood one particularly massive stone palace, lavishly decorated yet ruggedly imposing. It resembled an ancient colosseum, with archways below where luxury vehicles constantly came and went. This was City of Hope's administrative headquarters, also known as the City Lord's Mansion.

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## Chapter 2858

---- Chapter 2858 The bureaucrats and power players of City of Hope all lived here. In the central assembly hall, several figures sat scattered about, making the vast space feel even emptier. Every single one of them looked pissed off. The City Lord, Uriah Gibson, demanded, "Petyr, what the hell happened? How did your people get completely wiped out just like that? And it caused such a massive scene! A whole building was blown sky-high.

You know what I want is prosperity and order, what I need is tax revenue." He shouted, "I don't need gang wars every damn day, bringing negative attention to my city. How am I supposed to maintain control? How is the City of Hope supposed to thrive?" Petyr's face was pale and sinister, though he looked no older than 50. He wore luxurious red silk robes and sat barefoot in a high-backed chair, a glass of crimson liquid before him.

Uriah's complaints did not seem to faze him in the slightest. He lifted his drink, drained it in one gulp, then rose and left the hall.

His cold voice echoed back through the chamber. "I'll have this cleaned up within a day. In this city, anyone who causes trouble, especially anyone who touches my interests, will wash away ---- their sins in blood!" The statement was both a declaration that his authority was not to be challenged and a veiled warning to the others present. After all, the relationships between the City of Hope's three Chiefs and the City Lord were murky at best. Plenty of people would love to see Petyr take a fall. For instance, Augustus Cabrera, another Chief.

Augustus sneered with a smile that did not reach his eyes. "Some damn Holtrien shows up out of nowhere and runs wild on our turf. Doesn't touch anything else, just hits Petyr's territory and crew. Are we supposed to take that as proof that Petyr's washed up? That any random nobody can push him around now." His mocking laughter was completely undisguised. Uriah frowned. "Save the cheap shots. We have a distinguished guest here today." Augustus' green eyes immediately shifted to the figure behind the Uriah. It was a blonde young man who had been standing there in silence the entire time.

He had no idea who this person was, only that he clearly carried significant weight since Uriah seemed unusually deferential toward him. Augustus probed cautiously. "And how should we address you, sir?" ---- The tall, blonde man behind the Uriah had handsome features and stepped forward slowly. At Augustus' question, he smirked with disdain. "My name is far too noble, belonging to an ancient bloodline.

However, you're not qualified to know it, so there's no point in telling you." Ignoring Augustus' suddenly darkening expression, the blonde man walked over to Petyr's seat and picked up the blood-red glass. After sniffing it delicately, the blonde man asked with amusement, "City of Hope actually has a vampire Marquis? Mr. Gibson, that's something you failed to mention beforehand." Uriah's weathered, wrinkled face broke into a slight smile. "Mr. Ludendorff, you truly have a sharp sense of smell. Petyr is indeed a vampire Marquis.

What's in his glass isn't wine, it's blood." Marshall Ludendorff asked with interest, "Human blood, or from some other species?" Uriah replied, "Petyr only drinks human blood, and it must be fresh." Marshall tossed the glass aside and nodded, offering no further comment. ---- Augustus, standing off to the side, paled slightly. 'Ludendorff? Is he from that terrifying bloodline family in the Western Dark Clans?'

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## Chapter 2859

---- Chapter 2859 At Night Rose, Andrew slept soundly through the night. While he rested peacefully, the entire City of Hope was turned upside down, with countless streets and alleys being swept and searched. However, his hideout remained quiet and undisturbed. "Now that you're awake, you need to leave. Right now," Gaia urged the moment she saw him stir. Her face showed lingering fear and anxiety. While Andrew had slept like a baby all night, she had not dared move a muscle. If anyone discovered Andrew was here, she would be dead for sure. Find the newest release on

However, if she had not provided him shelter, that massive sword at his side could have killed her just as easily. So, Gaia had spent the entire night in agony, caught between two deadly choices Andrew smiled and slowly got out of bed. "Here, this is for you. Call it rent for the night," he said, tossing down a gold bar with a clink before heading for the door. Gaia's eyes lit up immediately, and she bit her lip. "You're so. generous... Are you sure you don't want to enjoy yourself a little? Don't worry, I won't charge you. It's on the house." ---- Andrew waved dismissively over his shoulder.

"Sorry, but I'm picky." Gaia's face flushed red, and she immediately cursed at him to get lost. Sure, she was getting older, but in City of Hope, she was still considered premium goods. She thought Andrew was just putting on airs, acting as if he had actually been with high- class women before. Chasing after him, Gaia called out, "Hey! The whole city's looking for you right now. If you just waltz out there like that, you're definitely getting caught." Andrew left the bar and headed down the grimy street. He paid absolutely no attention to Gaia's warning.

After a whole night of this manhunt brewing, he was certain the Chief of the City of Hope had figured out what was going on. Smart people, especially powerful ones, sometimes found it very convenient to communicate this way. He had not gone far when a group of black-clad enforcers appeared in force, surrounding him from all sides. The civilians and troublemakers on the street scattered immediately, disappearing without a trace. In City of Hope, the biggest threat was not the murderous gangs.

It was the City Lord and the three Chiefs' people, as they held ---- absolute power over life and death. "Sir, stop right there! If you take one more step, we'll have no choice but to open fire!" one of the enforcers warned. The group numbered over 100 strong. The man at the front wore a crimson mask and issued Andrew his warning. They never would have guessed in a million years that the guy they had been searching for all night was still inside the City of Hope, right under their noses, no less. Andrew stopped as requested and smiled. "Why don't you have your Chief come out and talk instead?

I'm not interested in dealing with lackeys. Though I suppose it depends on whether you're looking to die or not." The lead enforcer's eyes flashed with fury beneath his crimson mask, but he quickly reined it in. That was what made people in the outer

territories different. They were cruel and bloodthirsty, sure, but never mindlessly stupid. The fact that Andrew dared to stroll down the street so brazenly made things very clear. The team leader could have immediately ordered his entire force to open fire on Andrew. But first, Chief Petyr wanted the target alive.

And second, the leader had spent over 20 years fighting his way through the City of Hope and had seen plenty of dangerous people. ---- But someone as arrogant as Andrew? This was a first. So, the leader chose a cautious, conservative approach. In City of Hope, all the mindless showoffs were already corpses rotting somewhere. Only truly dangerous men had the capital to act so brazenly. Moreover, anyone who could blow Razor Crew's headquarters sky-high and treat Petyr like he was nothing had to be dangerous as hell. "Mr. Gillen, we've found him.

He's demanding that you come out and talk," the leader immediately contacted Petyr. Petyr's cold voice came back. "Do you think he's worthy? If not, just kill him on the spot."

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## Chapter 2860

---- Chapter 2860 The leader fell silent for a moment before answering, "I believe he is worthy. So whatever you decide to do, it's best if you handle this personally, Mr. Gillen." On the other end, Petyr paused, then replied flatly, "Bring him to me." The leader hung up and turned respectfully to Andrew. "Sir, please come with us. Mr. Gillen wants to see you." Andrew smiled. Smart people were so much easier to deal with. A proper show of strength sometimes went a long way. At the very least, it could keep your opponent from getting hot-headed and throwing their life away for nothing.

Ten minutes later, Andrew stepped out of the vehicle. He had arrived at the administrative district in the northern part of the City of Hope. The leader guided him forward while subtly glancing at the massive sword on Andrew's back. He thought anyone who could wield a weapon like that was no ordinary person. Thank goodness Petyr had not lost his mind and ordered an attack on Andrew. Otherwise, he would have had no choice but to start looking for a new employer. At the top of a towering pyramid-like structure, Andrew met ---- Petyr.

The man stood with his back to Andrew, both hands resting on the balcony railing as he gazed out over the entire city. Petyr said casually, "Since you came from far away, my friend, do you find the City of Hope beautiful?" Andrew replied flatly, "It's got nothing to do with beauty. It's filthy, chaotic, and violent. The upper class is crushing everyone below, and the bottom tiers are backstabbing each other in a constant fight to survive."

Petyr, wrapped in red robes and barefoot, seemed to pause for a moment, then laughed. "You've got guts.

But that alone isn't enough to make me spare you." With that, Petyr turned around. When Andrew faced this powerful figure of the City of Hope head-on, he narrowed his eyes slightly. The crimson glow in Petyr's eyes and his vertical pupils sent a bone-deep chill through Andrew in an instant. But that was all it did. "So, you're not even human," Andrew said with a smile. "Interesting. The City of Hope really is inclusive." He mocked, "If this were Holtrien's territory, a creature like you would have been wiped out long ago." ---- Petyr replied coldly, "That was not funny. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY

I am a noble vampire, far superior to humans like you. You arrived in the City of Hope and caused such chaos the moment you stepped in. You could have attacked anyone, yet you chose my forces. "Even if you are exceptional, a powerful Holtrien martial artist, you will still die today. Arrogance requires knowing where you stand and who you stand before. I can smell the sweetness in your blood. So now you have two choices. Kneel and swear loyalty to me, or wait for me to tear your body apart." Andrew looked bored. "You vampires always loved this kind of flashy nonsense.

Putting aside whether I even took you seriously ... You want me to kneel and swear loyalty to you?" He laughed softly. "Do you really think a beast like you was worthy of that?" Petyr's bones began to writhe and shift beneath his skin. The fury and cold malice in his eyes surged to their peak. "I will tear you apart." With a feral roar, he began his transformation right in front of Andrew. His mouth split wide, revealing razor-sharp fangs. The skin around his eyes tore and stretched, turning his gaze long and vicious.

His face no longer looked human, as coarse fur spread across roughened skin. ---- In an instant, Petyr grew nearly half a man taller. His red robe shredded apart, exposing bulging muscles, while his limbs twisted and sharpened into hooked, predatory forms.

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## Chapter 2861

---- Chapter 2861 Andrew did not hesitate and slammed his sword forward in a single, decisive strike. "Idiot," he muttered. The powerful vampire let out a distorted roar. In a flash, it vanished from Andrew's sight. Andrew's expression did not change. Without even turning his head, he thrust his sword straight behind him. A dull impact exploded as the hideous vampire reappeared right at his back. That single thrust sent the creature flying. A furious roar instantly echoed through the air. Andrew shook his head.



Vampires might be at the top of the food chain, but they could never escape their primal impulses. In other words, they were quick to anger and even quicker to charge in recklessly. Suddenly, a barrage of claw strikes ripped toward Andrew's body. Andrew's footwork flowed nonstop, and every attack missed him by inches. He fired a kick straight into the vampire's chest. ---- The creature roared as its tremendous force pushed Andrew backward toward the edge of the balcony.

However, with just a light pull, Andrew swung himself back up like a trained acrobat, flipping effortlessly onto the balcony again. He gripped his sword with both hands, his eyes as cold as starlight. Then, he swung the blade down in a brutal slash. The surging power and boiling sword energy ripped through the black cloth wrapped around the weapon, reducing it to ash. At the moment of danger, the vampire finally realized how vicious and lethal the weapon in Andrew's hands truly was. It roared in panic and leaped backward.

Yet to its shock, Andrew's greatsword followed him closely, and the distance was shrinking quickly. The vampire shrieked and swung both claws wildly, its blood-red aura materializing into two enormous spectral claws in mid-air. Andrew's greatsword shattered the energy claws into nothing. Then, like a meteor, it slashed into the vampire's body. A piercing, agonized howl echoed throughout the entire pyramid. The enforcers below and the Chief's Guard were instantly alerted, panic spreading among them. Andrew smirked as he watched the vampire before him ---- gradually dissolve. Fresh chapters posted on

He lowered his sword and stood motionless once more. In another location, a figure materialized. It was Petyr! His originally pale face had turned deathly white, and he stood naked in front of Andrew. A savage wound across his chest was steadily healing. With his powerful regeneration and the vampire's unique blood energy, the injury was not enough to be fatal. Still, being struck head-on by Andrew was both humiliating and infuriating! He glared at Andrew, his eyes burning with murderous intent.

Andrew remained unmoved and said calmly, "Even if we keep fighting, you won't be able to finish me off. And the thing in my hand might slip and take your head off." Petyr sneered. "You are indeed strong enough to injure my true body, but that was nothing more than a warm-up. Our noble bloodline fears nothing when it comes to slaughter. Meanwhile, your fragile body and slow reactions would let me tear you apart a hundred times over. Still, as you said, this is enough for now. Your strength is enough for me to tolerate all your overstepping.

The City of Hope welcomes someone with real power like you." Andrew shrugged. "I am not interested in joining the City of Hope." ---- Petyr smiled. "But you at least need something from us, do you not? Otherwise, you would have already left the City of Hope and would not have caused such a scene." Andrew replied, "That is right. I need control over all current intel in the outer zones, and I need information on someone, Reginald Lloyd from Holtrien." A sinister smile crept across Petyr's face.

"You are asking for quite a lot, and all of it happens to be top-tier classified information out here. That said, why should I help you?"

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## Chapter 2862

---- Chapter 2862 Andrew replied calmly, "Go ahead and name your price! Of course, you could also choose not to tell me. Worst case, I'll just find someone else, like Mr. Augustus Cabrera, for instance. You're not the only one in the City of Hope who can give me what I need." Petyr's expression darkened immediately. "You seem to know quite a bit about the City of Hope. Augustus and I are bitter rivals, and I'd much rather keep a fighter like you on my side. Help me escort a shipment out of the city and ensure it arrives safely at its destination.

In exchange, I'll provide you with the information you want." Andrew nodded. "Deal." Petyr's face registered obvious surprise. "You're not worried I might be deceiving you? That this could be a trap?" Andrew smiled, though his expression was cold as ice. "Not at all. Because this big guy in my hands will make sure anyone who tries to play games with me loses their head." Petyr snorted and said, "Reginald was ambushed by the werewolf Dark Lord, Kaelan Soros. But Kaelan didn't succeed.

He only managed to seriously wound the legendary warrior from Holtrien." ---- Andrew's heart tightened, though his face remained calm. "Where did the ambush happen, and where did he go after?" Petyr replied, "About 600 miles out, at the Wraith Graveyard. At the time, Reginald had no choice but to retreat deep into the graveyard. That god-forsaken place is a nightmare for all living things. Even vampires can't handle the bone-chilling cold and the death energy that permeates it, let alone the mutated monsters and unknown dark creatures lurking in its depths." Andrew nodded.

"One last question: which faction currently controls the Deadlands?" Petyr frowned. "You're planning to stick your nose into the Deadlands too?" Andrew stared at him without speaking; the meaning was obvious. Petyr sneered. "The three ancient Dark Clans and the Lomuia Grand Cathedral rotate control of the Deadlands. Recently, word got out about some major discovery there, something about a disturbance that could open a path to the last paradise in this world, the Veiled Paradise! "What a bunch of idiots. It's nothing but smoke and mirrors put out by the three Dark Clans.

Take my advice and don't go there looking for death. Countless powerful warriors from the ---- Outlands have ventured there, and they either came back with their tails between their legs or ended up dead on the spot!" Andrew shrugged and turned to

leave. Petyr's expression darkened. "My men leave in two days. I hope you'll be there on time." Andrew replied, "Don't worry. When a Holtrien gives their word, they keep it." Watching Andrew's retreating figure, Petyr's eyes flickered with uncertainty, his thoughts unreadable. The squad leader entered silently.

"Sir, are you alright?" Petyr ordered, "I'm fine! Have someone tail him, and if he tries to leave the City of Hope, notify me immediately." The squad leader nodded. Petyr continued with a cold smile, "He's from Holtrien, asking about the legendary Holtrien warrior Reginald Lloyd's whereabouts. That means he's either with the Holtrien military or the Lloyd royal family. It doesn't really matter, though. He's strong enough to help me get that shipment safely to its destination." The squad leader glanced around and noticed several marble corners had been shattered.

---- It was obvious that there had been a fight, and it had not been a gentle one. Judging from that piercing scream earlier, Petyr must have transformed. He thought Andrew was seriously tough. After all, it was incredibly rare for someone to face Petyr's true vampire form and walk away unscathed. Under normal circumstances, any martial artist who fell into Petyr's hands would be drained dry. The refined blood of martial artists was Petyr's favorite vintage. But this time, his powerful appetite had failed, and there was only one explanation: Andrew was simply too strong. New NOVEL chapters are published on

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## Chapter 2863

---- Chapter 2863 After leaving, Andrew had initially planned to head to Night Rose. However, he changed his mind after thinking it over and walked into a high-end hotel instead. In the City of Hope, anyone who could afford to stay at a hotel was either loaded or powerful. The service here was top-tier in every sense. They would even handle murder, arson, or any outrageous request you could think of, as long as you had enough cash to pay for it. Andrew booked a decent single room and settled in. In two days at most, he would be leaving the City of Hope for the Wraith Graveyard to investigate.

No matter what, he had to confirm whether Reginald was alive or dead first. After that, he would head straight to the Deadlands to search for clues about the Veiled Paradise. Placing his greatsword Godslayer within easy reach, Andrew closed his eyes and sat on the bed. He did not need to actively cultivate right now because the Divine Art of Heaven and Earth's Five Elements was so powerful that it automatically absorbed the surrounding elemental energy at all times. Still, even with that, the progress felt too slow to Andrew.

He needed to move faster, as fast as possible, and reach the martial god level. Only then could he easily handle both the situation in Holtrien and the unpredictable changes in the ---- Outlands. At present, his strength had already reached the second tier of the martial emperor level, and there were no signs of stagnation or slowing down. As time passed, Andrew grew stronger every single day. Even he found this speed shocking. Gradually, he gained a clear understanding of his own physique. The injuries from that massive battle back in Holtrien had completely healed.

What remained was an unprecedented rebirth and renewal. Take the fight with Petyr just now, for instance. If Andrew had wanted to kill him and gone all out, Petyr would have definitely died on the spot. However, Petyr clearly had not realized this. He thought their exchange was evenly matched and that Andrew could not really harm him. Little did he know, Andrew had been holding back the entire time and had not used his full strength at all. Otherwise, he only needed to fully draw Godslayer, and Petyr's vampire head would have been sent flying for sure.

If the situation were different and Andrew did not need to obtain information from Petyr, he would have eliminated the vampire without hesitation. No justification would have been necessary, as warriors from the East and West, along with the Dark Clans, ---- had clashed countless times since ancient times. When the two sides met, drawing blades and killing each other was only natural. Nonetheless, a place like the City of Hope was an exception. It was a melting pot of chaos, filled with all kinds of people. Many were fugitives, bounty hunters, or worse. Latest content published on

Chaos did not need order, but sometimes chaos was exactly what bloodthirsty beings thrived on. Besides, chaos was not always a bad thing. At least for Andrew right now, the Outlands were actually a pretty good place. In the City of Hope's Council Hall, a heated discussion was underway. "Why did you let that man go? Since we've already confirmed he's a martial artist from Holtrien, why not just eliminate him?" Augustus pressed aggressively Petyr's face bore the characteristic pallor unique to vampires as he snorted coldly.

"I do not need you to tell me how to handle my affairs." Augustus sneered, "Could it be that you're scared? That you don't dare touch that Holtrien guy? Here in the Outlands, it's our races who rule. A mere warrior's life is worth less than an ant's. I ---- really don't know what you're thinking. Perhaps sitting in that Chief's seat for so long has dulled your edge. If that's the case, maybe it's time for someone else to take your position!" The red gleam in Petyr's eyes gradually intensified. "You want my position?"

Well, why don't we go to war, hm?" Uriah chimed in in a grave tone, "That's enough, both of you. Were all rulers of the City of Hope. Countless factions out in the wilderness are dying to establish themselves here. The fortress, the tax revenue, the women, and the prestigious status... None of these things came easily. If we start fighting among ourselves, we'll only allow outsiders to strike." Augustus smiled. "Mr. Gibson is right."

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## Chapter 2864

---- Chapter 2864 Petyr looked at Augustus and snorted. "Augustus, I have always known you have a death wish. But remember this, you are still not my match. With your level of strength, I would've torn you apart long ago if not for your family's protection. That Holtrien man is no pushover. I've already fought him, and he's incredibly strong!" He continued, "If he were just some weakling, do you think you would have a chance to spout nonsense in front of me? I would've killed him already and drained him dry. But an opponent that powerful? The City of Hope has no reason to. provoke him.

On the contrary, choosing cooperation is the smartest move. "He's already agreed to help me transport a shipment through the wilderness, and in return, I won't hold him accountable for what he did here in the City of Hope." Uriah frowned. "You're letting a Holtrien man help you transport goods through the wilderness? Are you sure he's reliable?" The red gleam in Petyr's eyes flickered. "Among the foreigners, the Eastonians and Soryans might not keep their word. Find the newest release on find-novel-net

But the Holtrien people have been fighting our forces for so long, and if there's one thing about them, it's that they're trustworthy when it comes to their promises. Besides, this is the City of Hope, the ---- Outlands. I can't think of any reason why he'd screw me over!" Uriah nodded. "Since you've decided not to pursue him for his actions, then I won't say anything more about it. I just hope your trust in him isn't misplaced." A voice laced with amusement suddenly rang out. "When you say the manis strong, just how strong are we talking?" Petyr's expression changed as he looked past Uriah.

Marshall, the young, handsome man with golden hair, slowly emerged from behind. Uriah coughed and introduced him with a smile. "Gentlemen, I forgot to introduce you earlier. This gentleman comes from the ancient and prestigious Ludendorff family. Let's all welcome Mr. Marshall Lundendorff!" Augustus was the first to applaud, his face plastered with a fawning smile. "Welcome to the City of Hope, Mr. Ludendorff! Please convey my respects to the Duke of your noble family." Marshall was young, arrogant, and his strength was unfathomable. So, he completely ignored Augustus' bootlicking.

The smile on Augustus' face froze for a moment. However, his skin was thick enough that he recovered quickly, still grinning away. ---- Petyr looked at Marshall and said gravely, "So you're from the Ludendorff family. I've heard much about you, sir." Marshall waved dismissively with a laugh. "I've heard enough ass -kissing and groveling to make my ears bleed. You still haven't answered me: what level is his strength at exactly?" Petyr replied thoughtfully, "Sir, this person is indeed extraordinarily strong.

At the very least, without going all out and unleashing my vampiric bloodline abilities, I can't take him down. Marshall made a sound of interest. "Oh? So, if you fully unleashed the abilities of a vampire Marquis, he would not escape your fangs?" Petyr replied with pride hidden beneath forced modesty. "That would be the case, yes." Marshall stroked his chin thoughtfully. "In that case, killing this man would be child's play for me.

After all, if a useless vampire waste like you could handle him, then it's even easier for me!" With that, he burst into laughter, nodded to Uriah in acknowledgment, and left without paying any attention to the others. Petyr's face immediately ashened. Marshall's words just now had been a blatant insult to him. However, seeing that Uriah --- remained silent with no intention of defending him, he wisely chose to endure it. Augustus remarked snidely, "Petyr really has gotten much better at controlling his temper." Petyr shot him a cold look.

"Would you dare say no to someone from the Ludendorff family? In my eyes, you are worse than trash." Augustus said, "You..." Uriah slammed the table and stood up. "Enough, both of you. Mr. Ludendorff came with a sacred mission. The only thing the City of Hope needs to do is cooperate fully and unconditionally. The Ludendorff family is absolute royalty on this land, and you two had better understand that!" Augustus asked, "Mr.

Gibson, what exactly does he want?" Uriah paused, then said meaningfully, "Didn't a Holtrien legendary powerhouse, someone beyond the martial god level, disappear near the City of Hope? So, what do you think Mr. Ludendorff is here for?" Augustus' expression changed. "I see. It looks like the Ludendorff family also wants to hunt down Holtrien's Reginald Lloyd." Petyr frowned deeply and suddenly said, "Mr. Gibson, that --- - Holtrien martial artist is also here looking for Reginald." Uriah gasped. "What did you say? Why didn't you mention this earlier? Damn it, Mr.

Ludendorff absolutely needs to know about this! Petyr, whether this becomes a disaster or a great achievement depends on you. Keep that Holtrien man close, because Mr. Ludendorff will definitely need him." Petyr nodded heavily. "Understood."

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## Chapter 2865

---- Chapter 2865 The next day, Andrew received word that Petyr needed him to move out. He had originally thought Petyr would wait another day or two before having him leave the City of Hope, not expecting to be called up the very next day. Looking at the entire row of over a dozen large trucks loaded with supplies, Andrew could not help but



frown and wondered if these supplies had been ready all along, Andrew did not think so. The Outlands wilderness was crawling with bandits and wanderers, all packing serious firepower.

With this much valuable cargo, Petyr would only start preparing once he had reliable escorts lined up. Yet, Andrew had only met with him the day before, and now they were already setting out. The only explanation was that Petyr had made a last-minute decision to depart today. As for the reason behind it, that was worth thinking about. Still, Andrew did not care. If Petyr tried pulling any tricks, he would not mind returning to the City of Hope and wiping out every ruler there.

In fact, he was craving combat right now since getting stronger through battle was the fastest way forward for him at this point. ---- The convoy slowly rolled out of the City of Hope, and Andrew sat in the passenger seat of the lead truck with his eyes closed, resting. He did not need to do anything most of the time. He just needed to step in when danger appeared and help the convoy reach its destination safely. Of course, if nothing went wrong the entire way, that would be even better. However, reality proved otherwise.

Such a massive convoy traveling through a wasteland known for chaos was bound to attract trouble. Half a day after leaving the City of Hope, the convoy was ambushed while passing through a low-lying area. A single armor-piercing round came silently from a dirt mound 300 miles away and instantly blew out the front truck's tire. The driver beside Andrew, a big man with a cigar in his mouth, cursed loudly and got out to check. As a result, a second bullet blew his head clean off. Andrew remained unmoved by this.

There were far too many tragedies and deaths in this world that had nothing to do with him. Besides, this was the Outlands, a lawless zone. Quickly jumping out of the truck, Andrew saw that the convoy's guard detail was getting slightly rattled. However, under the ---- captain's leadership, they had already organized a defensive formation. A faint whistling sound sliced through the air and drilled into Andrew's ears. Without even looking, he raised his greatsword. There was a clanking sound as the attacker's shot struck Godslayer and bounced off harmlessly.

Through the scope, the sniper saw the cold smile at the corner of Andrew's mouth. The man cursed and fired again. To his horror, Andrew swung his sword once more and knocked the bullet aside. He cursed, " Bloody hell." Then, he slung his rifle away, drew a slender blade from his waist, and shouted, "Charge!" He was a peak martial saint fighter and led the assault himself. Bandits from other directions surged forward at the same time. In an instant, the convoy was surrounded. There were at least 200 bandits, and they attacked from every direction, creating an overwhelming spectacle.

Petyr's guards turned pale, their legs going weak. At that moment, the captain rushed to Andrew and said ---- respectfully, "Sir, please help us." Andrew nodded and said nothing. He simply walked slowly toward the sniper who had fired earlier. The two met head-on in the open wasteland. After a single exchange, Andrew slung his greatsword

back onto his back. The bandit leader, a peak martial saint fighter, stared at his chest in disbelief. A long gash had nearly split his abdomen open. With a heavy thud, he collapsed and died on the spot, terror frozen on his face.

The instant death of their leader threw the bandits into panic. After some fighting that left over a dozen corpses behind, the City of Hope guards watched as the bandits scattered. Andrew had already returned to the passenger seat of the lead truck, continuing to rest with his eyes closed. The captain hesitated several times before bringing over a canteen of water, his expression even more cautious than his earlier respectfulness. "Sir, thank you for your help!" Andrew grunted in acknowledgment, waiting for the mechanic to finish changing the tire before they continued on.

He accepted the water the guard captain offered, but did not drink it. ---- When traveling, it was necessary to be cautious. Even though Andrew's constitution made him immune to all poisons, some abilities were better kept hidden. After all, the less your enemies knew about your capabilities, the easier it was to cut them down.

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## Chapter 2866

---- Chapter 2866 The convoy continued forward, and for the next several hours, nothing unexpected happened. A faint smile appeared at the corner of Andrew's mouth. He knew it was not because the bandits of the Outlands had suddenly learned their lesson. It was because his earlier strike had carried overwhelming deterrence. Those with bad intentions now understood what it meant to be able to rob, but not live to enjoy it. By sunset, the convoy arrived at a thriving small town. Andrew resupplied with some dry rations and drinking water. Then, before nightfall, he left the town alone.

The highways in the Outlands were not well-developed. Most of the time, it felt more like a chaotic wilderness. Since there were no permanent rulers here, conflicts and wars could break out at any moment. So, any kind of infrastructure was basically pointless and thankless work. Of course, this was not true everywhere. In territories controlled by powerful factions, such as the lands belonging to the Ludendorff family, one of the Outlands' famous ancient Dark Clans, extensive road networks were established. ---- A pair of combat boots stepped onto a collapsed utility pole.

Marshall, tall and straight-backed, with short golden hair and a tailored suit, gazed into the distance. From his current position, he could see a tiny figure over half a mile away, moving farther and farther off. An ordinary person naturally could not see that far, but

Marshall was different. He was a top-tier powerhouse at the fifth tier of the martial emperor level and one of the twelve Marquises of the Ludendorff family. He only needed to advance one more step to reach the level of a martial god. Then, he would shed his Marquis rank and become a Duke.

Even in an ancient, massive family like the Ludendorffs, a Duke was absolutely elite. "Yana, how much longer until we catch up to this guy?" Marshall asked, turning to look at the attendant beside him. For this outing, he had only brought one person with him: a woman. Like Marshall, she had long golden hair with an alluring and seductive appearance. Especially the pair of formidable assets on her chest, which were particularly arresting. ---- Besides handling all of Marshall's travel arrangements, Yana Carroll was also responsible for satisfying Marshall's physical needs.

But at this moment, her expression was fierce as she lowered her binoculars. "Sir, at our current pace, we can catch up to him in two hours. But if we sprint, it'll only take 20 minutes to bring him within range of our attacks." Marshall shook his head. "No need. He's genuinely skilled, and he's highly alert. With that big weapon of his, if we rush, our intentions will be exposed immediately. Once he notices, he will likely speed up and escape." Yana said dismissively, "With you here, even if he notices, it won't do him much good.

And with me supporting you, there's no way he can escape from your grasp." Marshall smiled. "Killing is the most meaningless goal. Don't you think enjoying the thrill of the hunt is far more interesting? You saw how he took out those bandits earlier. He's got something, and he's here looking for Reginald. That means he's definitely hiding some serious secrets. At the very least, capturing him alive is a better strategic move." Yana nodded. "As you wish, sir!" ---- Marshall stopped hesitating and said decisively, "Let's go. Pick up the pace, but keep it quiet.

Stay on his tail, and in two and a half hours, we'll surround him. After we capture him and extract his secrets and identity, then we'll dispose of him." Yana licked her red lips excitedly. "Understood! When the time comes, I want to cut off his manhood!" Marshall shook his head. "Yana, you play too rough... But I like it!" As darkness deepened, the two quickly pursued Andrew. When the timing was right, Yana split off and sprinted toward a different position. Meanwhile, Marshall charged straight toward Andrew's location.

For warriors above martial saint level traveling through the Outlands, sometimes moving on foot was superior to any vehicle. Of course, if conditions allowed, traveling by car was naturally much more comfortable and saved stamina. 4 Google search

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## Chapter 2867

---- Chapter 2867 Andrew felt the wind blowing against his back suddenly pick up, and it carried a sharp hint of cold. He glanced at the crude map in his hand, and he knew he was already close to Wraith Graveyard. In another three hours, he should have reached it. However, he stopped in place and tilted his head, listening carefully to the wind behind him. Almost immediately, Andrew changed direction and moved away from Wraith Graveyard, heading off toward another route. Ten minutes later, Marshall arrived at the exact spot where Andrew had paused. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON

There were no footprints on the ground, and no visible traces at all. Yet, Marshall's mind perfectly reconstructed Andrew's movements when he had stopped here. He even stepped in the exact same spots Andrew had stepped on. "Interesting. Did he notice me?" With a cold laugh, Marshall shot forward, stirring up a gust of wind as he continued the pursuit. Through his communicator, he notified Yana, "He must have noticed me. Yana, change your direction and flank him from another position." However, Yana responded excitedly, "Sir, that won't be ---- necessary.

That guy seems to be heading straight toward me!" Marshall frowned. "Can you handle him?" Yana made a suggestive moan, mimicking sounds from their intimate moments. Then, she purred, "If I can handle your treasure, then handling some Holtrien warrior is nothing!" Marshall shook his head at this shameless woman. Still, he was not worried. Yana had combat power equivalent to a second-tier martial emperor and had undergone brutal training within the Ludendorff family for years. If she could not kill Andrew, she could at least hold him off without issue.

Besides, it would not take Marshall long to get there. He just needed his plaything of an attendant to stall the opponent for two minutes. Andrew exhaled in a controlled, rhythmic pattern. After over half an hour of sustained high-speed running, he was finally starting to burn through his stamina. Inside his body, each cell and nerve slowly ignited. It was not only from the intense exertion, but also from the growing hunger for battle rising within him. He did not know who was chasing him. He only knew that all he needed to do was swing his sword and kill them.

In the Outlands, every sudden threat had the same solution: take ---- down your opponent and remain standing That was the foolproof strategy. The sound of the wind ahead grew chaotic, and Andrew knew the opponent ahead was about to collide with him. That opponent was also closing in at high speed. Compared to the one chasing him from behind, the one ahead felt slightly weaker. This was a natural instinct, with no clear reason. Back when he led squads in the organization, this instinct had saved Andrew countless times.

After breaking his seal and undergoing a complete transformation, that instinct had grown sharper and more precise. Andrew could even vaguely sense that the opponent

ahead was a woman because the stride and rhythm of her sprint were clearly different from a man's. They were close now, just about 100 yards out. Andrew saw a curvy blonde woman charging toward him with a sharp dagger clenched between her teeth and a grin on her face. Her body was explosive, and she wore only a white button-up shirt, barely containing her chest. On the bottom, she wore olive- green jeans paired with combat boots.

---- Andrew raised an eyebrow, realizing this woman must belong to a significant faction. In the Outlands, drifters and bandits rarely dressed like this. Only members of formal groups carried themselves with this kind of discipline. After a brief pause, Andrew's speed exploded. There was no need for words or probing; just kill first, ask nothing. After all, she was clearly coming to kill him. His greatsword crashed through the air with a thunderous boom, slashing down viciously. Yana's chest bounced violently. She dropped to her knees and slid forward, throwing her head back.

The entire motion flowed in a single, seamless sequence. The dagger in her mouth flipped into her hand as it skimmed past Andrew's greatsword. At the same time, the blade slashed hard toward the gap between Andrew's ribs and waist. If it landed, it would have ripped open a vicious wound in an instant. Of course, Andrew was not about to give her that chance. As Godslayer blasted outward, his entire body rolled into a forward flip. With a sharp shout, Yana's waist snapped with explosive power, ---- and she sprang upright like a lunging predator.

Without even turning her head, she slashed another dagger strike straight at Andrew's neck. Andrew's expression remained cold as he kicked her wrist while Godslayer swept wildly toward Yana. He did not aim for any specific point but simply covered her entire body in the blade's range. Yana snorted coldly and changed tactics, stabbing her dagger hard against Godslayer's blade. However, her expression changed instantly when the blades collided.

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## Chapter 2868

---- Chapter 2868 With Yana's strength and her all-out strike, that weapon should have been pierced straight through. Even hardened steel should have been punctured by her stab. Yet the sensation that traveled back up her arm made her wrist go numb with pain. That alone told her the greatsword was anything but ordinary. Her excitement surged. If it were truly a rare weapon, it would make a fine offering to Marshall Spinning like a top, Yana launched a storm of relentless attacks. Andrew stepped back again and again, retreating with every move.

The massive greatsword in his hands was clearly unwieldy in close combat. It looked as though he could only block, with no chance to counterattack at all. Yana's dagger struck thousands of times, sparks bursting each time it collided with the greatsword. A cold, mocking smile spread across her face as she sneered inwardly that Andrew was nothing special. She drove him back without pause, leaving him unable to strike back. She planned to subdue Andrew by herself before Marshall arrived. If things went well, she would take Andrew's manhood ---- as a trophy once he was captured.

At that moment, Yana noticed the greatsword slip from Andrew's hands and plunge into the sand. Her smile widened. A weapon that large had clearly drained him after so many swings. Abandoning it for close combat was the smartest choice he could make. Unfortunately for him, that meant charging straight into her advantage. She had a dagger, while he was unarmed, which was no different from suicide. Yana drew a sharp arc in front of her chest with the blade, then drove it viciously toward Andrew's heart.

Andrew allowed the dagger to enter his open chest range before suddenly blasting his palm forward toward her head. A loud roar, like a fire dragon bellowing, echoed. Yana was struck with shock, as it felt like a volcano erupted in front of her face. A torrent of blazing force slammed into her like a charging fire dragon. That split second of hesitation made her pull back the dagger to defend instead of continuing the stab. And the line between life and death was often decided in that instant. Inferno Strike!

Andrew unleashed three more explosive palm strikes, each one ---- fiercer than the last. At his current level, he could use Inferno Strike endlessly without any strain on his body. Yana was completely engulfed in a sea of flames, and true fear finally appeared on her face as she screamed, turning to flee. Having sealed her fate, Andrew smirked. With a sweeping kick, he forced the woman back toward him. He closed in instantly, and the Dragon-Slaying Palm erupted as he seized Yana's right arm.

He yanked it hard and twisted. A piercing scream rang out as the dagger fell, and her right arm was snapped apart. Andrew grabbed her slender throat, his voice low and cold as he said, "Talk. Who sent you, and who are you?" Yana's neck was crushed in his grip, veins bulging as her face flushed red. She staggered backward and snarled, "In your dre..." Before she could finish, there was a sharp crack. Andrew crushed her throat outright. Then, he kicked her body away, sending it flying. Lying on the ground with her last trace of life fading, Yana's face was frozen in absolute terror. The source of this content is

She wanted to say something, but not a single sound could escape. She had never imagined that ---- she would die, and even less so on a day so bright, calm, and beautiful. It was like going out to your familiar hunting grounds one day, just to have some fun. You aimed your rifle at a rabbit beneath the trees. Yet the rabbit suddenly leaped up, knocked the gun aside, and bit your throat clean through. Something that absurd had truly happened, and it had happened to her. As the hunter, she would die without ever understanding how.



Yana's eyes remained wide open, but the last flicker of life within them was finally, utterly extinguished. The expression on her face captured her last emotion: despair mixed with disbelief. A gust of wind swept across the wasteland as full darkness fell. Night had arrived, but for someone like Marshall, night and day were no different. If anything, he enjoyed the night more. He crouched beside Yana's corpse, his expression blank. For ten full minutes, he did not move at all. He stared at her body and the terror frozen on her face, examining it carefully.

---- After some time, he finally stood up. He felt nothing about his attendant's death and did not even consider burying her. She was nothing more than a dog of the Ludendorff family, and one he had already used up. Nonetheless, even when killing a dog, one had to consider the owner. He no longer wanted Andrew to be captured alive. He wanted him dead.

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## Chapter 2869

---- Chapter 2869 Daybreak arrived. After running all night, Andrew spotted a decent-sized town ahead. There was a faint trace of exhaustion on his face, but his mood remained good. Even with his dramatically increased strength, non-stop travel through the night would wear anyone down. In the Outlands wasteland, no one was truly in charge. Over time, drifters, fugitives, and all kinds of people ended up settling and multiplying here. Towns like the one in front of Andrew were everywhere across the Outlands. Places like this did not care about laws.

The only order came from a few ruthless figures in town, and whatever weapons they held. And in territory that no one governed, the only real currency was money. Of course, higher-tier goods also worked, such as elixirs that benefited all martial artists, firearms, and women. Andrew restocked his water supply in the small town, enjoyed a hearty meal, and set off again. A stranger showing up usually drew unwanted attention, and several armed men in town casually tailed him for a short ---- distance.

However, when Andrew turned around with a friendly smile and revealed the massive Godslayer on his back, those ill- intentioned men forced out awkward laughs and fled in panic. After all, anyone who could wield such a massive sword was no ordinary person. So, these punks wisely chose to find another target to shake down. Andrew slowed his pace. With one last glance at the portable map he carried, he tossed it aside and trekked toward a specific direction.

Though he had taken a wide detour to shake off his pursuer, he was now close to the Wraith Graveyard Just two more hours, and he would arrive. The map had served its purpose and was no longer needed. Andrew had memorized every place he had passed through. The wasteland scenery was monotonous and dull. Decades, if not centuries, ago, this place did not look like this. However, wars that wiped everything out had drained these places of all vitality. One of the regions Andrew passed through had once been hit by a nuclear strike.

Many years later, and with no one maintaining it, the land remained completely barren. Andrew stayed patient, no matter how boring the journey became. He never grew careless, restless, or irritated ---- A true top-tier hunter always maintained patience and calm Two hours later, Andrew reached a special zone. From the high ground where he stood, he looked out into the distance. As far as the eye could see, the land was painted in gray and black. Thousands upon thousands of tombstones stood across the valley below.

Farther out, the valley stretched into obscurity, shrouded in gray-green mist that felt eerie and unnatural. Even in broad daylight, the sun above looked weak and lifeless here. Andrew felt no warmth on his skin at all. It was as if everything related to life had been driven away from this place. Or more accurately, it had been suppressed and strangled. After pausing for several minutes, Andrew stepped forward without changing expression and walked into the valley. He had arrived at Wraith Graveyard.

After Reginald clashed with Kaelen and was gravely injured, fleeing into a forbidden zone like this had been the smartest option. However, it had also been the most desperate one. Andrew looked calm on the surface, yet there was no denying the urgency in his heart. 'Dad, you have to hold on.' ---- The fate of the father and son duo was strange in its own way. Both of them had fled Holtrien separately and ended up reuniting in the distant Outlands. Life might be hard right now, but when the two of them returned to Holtrien together someday, everything would change.

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## Chapter 2870

---- Chapter 2870 Andrew believed that things would be better once Reginald and he returned. He was also sure that certain people back in Holtrien, such as Guillermo, surely thought the same. That was why Guillermo absolutely wanted Andrew dead in the Outlands. Andrew absolutely intended to return home and ask Guillermo in person whether his head was really made of iron and impossible to cut off. Far more than a

hundred miles away, a small town welcomed another stranger. It was the travel-worn Marshall! His handsome face was rough with stubble after just one night.

His gray eyes had lost much of their shine and looked noticeably dim. The neatly styled hair his attendant usually took care of now hung messily over his forehead. For someone from an ancient noble house like the Ludendorff line, this was the most intolerable, most unbearable thing. However, Marshall could not afford to care at the moment. That ---- damned Holtrien bastard had way too much stamina, Marshall had chased him relentlessly, closing the distance countless times. Yet, Andrew always sensed danger in advance and sped up to escape.

What infuriated Marshall most was that Andrew's speed was genuinely impressive. No matter how hard Marshall tried, he still could not catch up. Of course, he had not gone all out. If he had unleashed his full strength, the chase would have ended already, and the fight would have begun. However, doing so would put Marshall at a disadvantage. He trusted his own power and the absolute dominance of the Ludendorff family in the Outlands, but that did not mean he would let the other man fight while fully rested. If he burned everything at once, his stamina and combat strength would drop sharply.

Starting a fight under those conditions carried real risk. Marshall was arrogant and proud, but he was not stupid. So, he stopped chasing for now. All he needed was to know where Andrew was heading: Wraith Graveyard, for Reginald. Perfect, since that was his goal as well. ---- In the town, Marshall walked into the same diner Andrew had visited earlier. Once seated, he devoured food and drinks without restraint. His restless anger finally eased a little. The death of an attendant meant nothing to him in terms of loss. The source of this content is

Nonetheless, damage to his pride from being forced to travel without anyone attending to him was very real. That alone made Marshall want to capture Andrew and torment him viciously. Several thugs with Desert Eagles tucked into their belts and knives in hand whistled as they walked in. "Hey, hey." "Well damn, look at that, another fat lamb." "and he's alone too, From the looks of him, he's some big shot." "So, boys, are we doing this or what?" "Of course we are. This guy's pretty as hell, popping him would not be a loss." The group surrounded Marshall's table.

Marshall, still chewing on his steak, did not even look up and said coldly, "Get lost." ---- One bearded thug sneered and reached out with a hairy hand toward Marshall's head. "You little punk, you've got an attitude, huh? This is our territory. Just who the hell do you think you are?" A killing chill flashed through Marshall's eyes, and the fork in his hand shot up without warning. The next instant, a scream echoed through the diner. The steak fork was buried deep in the thug's eye socket, bursting his eyeball on the spot. The remaining thugs roared in rage and reached for their weapons.

Then came a series of sharp slicing sounds. Marshall stood calmly where he was. The other three thugs froze mid-motion, hands still half-drawn. The next second, they

collapsed to the floor together. At some point, all their throats had already been cut open by Marshall

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## Chapter 2871

---- Chapter 2871 Everyone inside and outside of the restaurant felt their blood run cold. People from these lawless regions had seen their fair share of violence and bloodshed, but they had never seen someone strike as brutally and as fast as Marshall did. He was clearly a big shot, and his combat skills were absolutely terrifying. Instantly, the townspeople realized just how serious this situation had become. Marshall sat back down, ready to continue his unfinished meal. However, the steak was splattered with streaks of dark red from the blood that had sprayed onto it earlier. New novel chapters are published on

Disgust and contempt flashed across his face. The food was no longer worth eating. What he did not know was that his leftover steak could have bought him a pure, young girl for the night in this town. Out here in the wasteland, food was scarce, and anyone who could afford premium cuts of steak was either rich or powerful. Two men came rushing over, their faces dark with anger. "What's the meaning of this? Why would you kill my men for no reason?" the first man demanded furiously. His right hand stayed tucked under his leather coat, ready to draw at any ---- moment.

Marshall glanced at him dismissively and said flatly, "Who the hell are you?" The man had rough features, and his face twisted with rage. "I'm the mayor of this town, Alec Kent! I don't care who you are or where you're from. You killed my men on my turf, so you're going to pay for it. Give me 200 thousand dollars, or you stay here until your family comes through with ransom money!" Marshall laughed. It was a laugh full of contempt, the kind that came from someone looking down on all living things. Someone daring to extort the Ludendorff family in the wastelands was a rare joke indeed.

It was the first time he had ever encountered something so absurd. Marshall said coldly, "I'm in a bad mood, so you'd better get lost while you still can. Otherwise, you'll end up just like your garbage subordinates: dead." After that, he walked toward the exit, only to suddenly stop and turn back. His indifferent gaze locked onto Alec. "By the way, about two hours before I got here, did a Holtren man pass through your town?" Alec still had not realized how serious the situation was. In his ---- eyes, there was nothing but wounded pride and savage rage.

He could not believe that a punk actually dared to disrespect him on his own turf. Did he really think he was as useless as the dead trash on the floor? "You want information?" Alec growled through gritted teeth, extending his hand with a vicious grin. "Sure! Pay up, and I'll tell you whether any Holtrien man came through. Otherwise, you won't learn a damn thing, and you'll still owe me compensation!" He looked Marshall up and down, his heart racing with greed. He could tell Marshall definitely came from money. If someone like that came to his town, they would have to pay the toll.

Marshall shook his head, wondering if maybe he had been too kind, too easygoing. This pig-headed fool was really pushing his luck now. His entire focus was on tracking down Andrew, so he had zero interest in or patience for outsiders. Yet, this insignificant ant refused to serve him properly, repeatedly defying his demands instead. Marshall's right hand suddenly sliced through the air, and a cold gleam flashed for just an instant. Alec's outstretched hand, still demanding payment, was severed ---- cleanly at the wrist. Blood sprayed everywhere as the severed hand rolled across the floor.

Alec let out an earth-shattering shriek, nearly passing out from the pain. "Kill him! Kill him now!" he roared. Gunfire erupted instantly, but it was useless. Every bullet stopped about an inch from Marshall's body, held in place by an invisible force. Marshall's eyes flashed blood-red for just a moment. In a blur, he flashed through the room repeatedly like a lightning-fast harvesting machine. When his figure finally came to a stop, everything was over. More than a dozen gunmen, the entire armed force of the town, were all dead.

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## Chapter 2872

---- Chapter 2872 Alec was the last one left, drenched in sweat and trembling with terror. He stammered, "P-Please! H-Hold on! Whatever you want to know, I'll tell you everything! Yes, a Holtrien man did pass through, but he looked dirt poor, so we didn't bother with him! He ate a meal and then headed into the wasteland. He..." Marshall did not wait for him to finish. His arm swept through the air, and blue energy formed a blade that sliced cleanly across Alec's throat. Alec's head hit the ground with a thud.

The townspeople finally lost all control, screaming in panic as they scattered in every direction. However, a little girl clutching a doll suddenly rushed in. Tears streamed down her face as she shouted at Marshall, " You're a bad man! You killed my daddy! I'm going to kill you! Go to hell!" The girl was trembling with fear, yet she stared defiantly at Marshall. Crouching down, Marshall smiled brightly and asked, "The mayor was your

daddy, right?" Tears poured from the girl's eyes as she glared at Marshall with ---- pure hatred. "The mayor was my daddy! You killed him! You're evil! I hate you!

Go to hell!" Marshall gently placed his hand on the little girl's head as she charged toward him. "So young, yet already carrying such hatred .. Watching your own father get slaughtered like livestock right before your eyes is tragic, isn't it? But actually, you've got it pretty good compared to most! Because trash like you in the wastelands is worth even less than rats in the sewers, and being killed by me is actually an honor for someone like you." A sickening crack echoed in the room. Marshall had crushed the girl's skull in his hand.

Without another word, he left the place and continued his pursuit into the wasteland. Behind him came a woman's heart-rending screams and curses. It was clearly the girl's mother, unable to hold back her grief any longer. Marshall had only walked a few hundred yards when an inexplicable irritation rose in his chest. A bloodthirsty urge surged through his mind, and he could not shake it. He had already dealt with more trouble than he ever should have while hunting Andrew. The Ludendorff family had ruled these wastelands for generations and had never been reduced to such ---- embarrassment.

Now the target was gone, his attendant was dead, and he had been harassed by worthless wasteland trash who were not even fit to lick his boots. Marshall thought they all deserved to die! Suddenly, he spun around. His golden hair stood on end, and his pupils narrowed, like a furious tiger ready to pounce. In the next instant, his body left behind multiple afterimages as he charged back into the town. What followed were overlapping screams and a series of thunderous explosions. The screaming continued for over half an hour, accompanied by billowing smoke and the sounds of collapsing buildings.

Finally, Marshall stood outside the town, gazing at his handiwork with satisfaction. The entire town had been razed to the ground, and several hundred people lay dead. The rage and frustration that had been building inside him were finally released. He pulled out his communicator, smiling as he spoke into it. "Send reinforcements. I'm hunting down a cockroach, and I need the elite squad, no useless trash! Everyone is to assemble at the ---- outer perimeter of Wraith Graveyard and await my command." The message went straight back to Ludendorff family headquarters. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON

As a Ludendorff heir, Marshall had sufficient authority to deploy the family's elite forces, a 20-man squad where every single member was at least at the Count-level. In other words, they were all equivalent to martial saint-level combatants. He had lost his patience for a one-on-one chase with Andrew. He just wanted to capture Andrew quickly, then tear him apart piece by piece to soothe his exhaustion and fury.

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## Chapter 2873

---- Chapter 2873 The fog rolling straight toward him, along with the chilling wind that seeped into everything, made Andrew deeply uncomfortable. He had already pushed far into Wraith Graveyard. A hundred years earlier, the Western Dark Clans and Eastern martial artists had clashed here in a massive war. Casualties on both sides had reached hundreds of thousands. In the end, both sides were crippled and forced to retreat. What they left behind was a horrifying land where malevolent spirits lingered and restless souls refused to dissipate even after a century.

There were many legends about Wraith Graveyard, but only a few facts were generally accepted as true. First, it was incredibly easy to get lost inside since countless tombstones stood in dense, chaotic rows along both sides of the pathways, stretching as far as the eye could see. Second, the energy here was extremely hostile to the living, and naturally, no one wanted to venture into a place piled high with the dead. In short, Wraith Graveyard was considered a death zone in the Outlands, and no one entered willingly. Even the most reckless ---- adventurers avoided this place like the plague.

Finally, there was one rumor about Wraith Graveyard that people could not help but believe: evil spirits genuinely dwelled within, spirits that devoured the flesh and souls of the living. These malevolent entities were supposedly formed from the accumulated resentment of countless dead, gathering together to consume anyone foolish enough to enter this paradise of the dead. Andrew was skeptical about all of this. Ordinary people who entered this barren wasteland might have only a slim chance of survival, but as for legendary things like evil spirits?

Well, Andrew had not seen them himself, so he would not jump to conclusions. His pace remained steady and unhurried. The graveyard was deathly quiet except for the faint sound of the shifting mist. Apart from that, there was no other noise whatsoever. Spending too long in such oppressive silence could drive a person mad, but Andrew remained constantly alert and focused. As he passed a tombstone, he stopped and examined it closely. The inscription had faded significantly, though he could vaguely make out what appeared to be the deceased's name and life story.

However, he was not actually interested in the identity of ---- 'the tomb owner. What caught Andrew's attention was a corner of the tombstone that had been severely damaged. Over the years, it was natural for tombstones here to deteriorate, but the damage on it looked fresh. More importantly, it appeared to have been knocked off by impact. Andrew closed his eyes briefly, and in his mind, he naturally visualized a figure rushing past this spot at high speed. Due to their unsteady footing, they had collided with the tombstone and knocked off a corner. READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT

Even so, the person had not stopped and had continued fleeing deeper into the graveyard, with pursuers hot on their trail. Andrew opened his eyes, a cold gleam flashing through them. He could no longer afford to move slowly, so he accelerated, heading deeper into the burial grounds. The fog around him grew thicker. As Andrew passed through, he left a trail of swirling mist in his wake. Suddenly, a strange gurgling sound echoed from ahead. It sounded like something was chewing greedily, producing wet, unsettling noises.

Andrew continued forward, his right hand gripping the great sword on his back. A faint green glow appeared in the mist ---- ahead. Though somewhat obscured, Andrew could see it clearly. He frowned and moved forward cautiously. A roar erupted, sounding like a wild beast, and then a dark shadow lunged at him with terrifying speed. However, Andrew's expression remained calm as stone. Godslayer swept upward from below, striking with devastating force. With a dull thud, the attacking creature was split clean in half, letting out a final whimper as the green light in its eyes faded away.

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## **- Chapter 2874**

### **Chapter 2874**

---- Chapter 2874 Andrew moved closer to examine it and found a creature that looked like a wild boar, yet was not quite a boar. Its body was as large as a tiger's, and it was filthy, with patches of corpse rot showing through the skin. Ugly, decaying flesh was covered in coarse black bristles. Those bristles rustled faintly, like the last few strands of dry hair on an old man. In an instant, Andrew realized what it was. In an instant, Andrew

deduced that this must be a wild boar that had mutated from feeding on corpses for an extended period.

Normal boars never grew to this size, but Wraith Graveyard was littered with dead bodies. This boar had gorged itself for so long that it had transformed. Its organs had begun to rot and fall off, its ferocity had intensified, and it had become a mindless killer that attacked anything living on sight. Not far from the dead boar's carcass lay a human body. The corpse was sprawled face-up and had been dead for at least two days, with all its internal organs completely devoured.

Fortunately, the face was relatively intact, and with just a glance, ---- Andrew identified it as a foreign martial artist. The fatal wound had been a single strike that shattered the heart meridian. The victim had not died immediately but had managed to escape some distance before collapsing in the graveyard, ultimately becoming a meal for the mutated boar. Andrew continued forward and discovered several more bodies. Without exception, they had all suffered the same fate. First, they were severely wounded by someone, then died in the graveyard, and were scavenged by the boar.

After a moment's consideration, Andrew concluded that someone else had entered Wraith Graveyard before him. In fact, there appeared to be two opposing groups that had clashed within the graveyard, with one side losing several members who ended up in this state. However, the battle between Reginald and Kaelen had not occurred recently. Their subordinates would never leave enemies merely wounded and alive. At the very least, they would have been erased on the spot. After all, Kaelen was a peak Martial God, and Reginald was even more powerful than Kaelen.

Andrew steadied his mind and continued deeper inside. At the same time, the image of the pursuer behind him surfaced in his thoughts. He was not sure whether that person was connected to these deaths. ---- Nonetheless, it did not matter. If things went south, he would just kill them and be done with it. What followed was another stretch of nauseating, seemingly endless travel. The ground became increasingly muddy, with bones scattered everywhere. Moreover, the muck was crawling with maggots, while an unbearable stench hung in the air.

Near several grave sites, Andrew spotted mutated beasts with blood-red eyes digging into corpses for food. He even saw wolves among them. As they had been feeding on the dead, all the predators here had grown incredibly violent, bloodthirsty, and hideously deformed. Andrew's expression remained blank as he glanced at one of the wolves. The beast arched its back, bared its teeth at him, and let out a warning growl. Andrew showed no reaction, simply staring coldly at the creature.

Perhaps it was animal instinct, or perhaps it sensed that he carried a more terrifying killing intent than even the corpses; either way, the scavenger wolf whimpered, tucked its tail between its legs, and fled. Andrew nodded with satisfaction. No wonder these wasteland beasts managed to survive. They were smart enough to recognize when they faced an overwhelming force and knew ---- that running away was the best strategy,

unlike humans, who. were often blinded by arrogance and died before they knew it. This update is available on

As he passed by the grave site where the wolf had been feeding, Andrew's ears picked up a faint groan.

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## Chapter 2875

---- Chapter 2875 Andrew's eyes narrowed as he looked toward the pit the wolf had dug up. There was nothing visible inside; just a deep, dark opening. Andrew crouched at the edge of the hole and said coldly, "If I were you, I'd crawl out right now. Of course, you can choose not to listen, but then you'll never see daylight again." The moment he finished speaking, the dirt began to shift. Then, a person covered head to toe in grime climbed out, hastily crying, "Hey, wait! This is all a misunderstanding! Don't attack, okay? The source of this content is

I'm coming out right now!" After wiping the dirt off his face, Andrew finally saw him clearly. He was a skinny man with torn combat gear, and blood was still seeping from his shoulder. His appearance was shifty, and his eyes kept darting over Andrew. "You're a wasteland mercenary?" Andrew saw through him and asked directly. The man immediately forced a dry laugh. "Sir, you have sharp eyes. Yes, I am Jeremy Kramer from the Lone Wolf Mercenary Group." ---- Andrew asked again, "Since you are a mercenary, why were you hiding in a grave?

Were you looking for corpses to eat?" Jeremy nearly cursed out loud. His face flushed red as he suppressed his anger and spat, "Ugh! No way! I hid in there to stay alive. This

damn place is terrifying. Especially when the Cerulean Tide surges, people can die anytime, anywhere. I got separated from my captain and the others, so I had no choice but to hide underground to survive." After saying that, his face was full of lingering fear. His eyes darted nervously around as if expecting something to come for his life at any second Andrew frowned. "Cerulean Tide?

What the hell is that?" Jeremy looked shocked. "You don't know about the Cerulean Tide, yet you still dared to come into Wraith Graveyard alone? Are you seriously trying to get yourself killed?" Andrew replied flatly, "Answer my question. Otherwise, before this Cerulean Tide of yours shows up, I'll send you to meet your maker first!" Jeremy glanced warily at the great sword on Andrew's back and quickly responded, "Sir, please do not get angry, I will explain!

The Cerulean Tide is a poisonous blue fog that sweeps through at specific times from deep within Wraith Graveyard, like a ---- raging storm "When the blue completely blankets the entire area, you can't see the road anymore, and worse, all kinds of vengeful spirits come with the fog! When they encounter living people, they attack and kill without mercy. It's absolutely terrifying!" Andrew nodded. "Is that why you buried yourself where the corpses are?" Jeremy looked miserable. "It was the only solution I could think of. Most of my teammates are already dead.

It was all because of our damn captain! If he hadn't been tempted by that insane bounty, we never would've followed him into this hellhole for a manhunt." Andrew's interest was piqued. "The Lone Wolf Mercenary Group came here to find someone? Who?" The mercenary's expression darkened. "Who else could it be? Obviously, the big shot who recently escaped into Wraith Graveyard! The Ludendorff family and the lords of ten nearby major cities have all posted massive bounties. It's not just us, either. Plenty of other mercenary groups and adventurers have shown up, too!" Andrew sneered.

"You insects actually think you can capture that important figure? Even Kaelan, the Dark Lord, failed to get him. Do you really think you'd stand a chance?"

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## Chapter 2876

---- Chapter 2876 Jeremy looked confused. "That important figure is just someone with a prestigious status. As for actual power, she's only at the lower Duke level. Besides, she was already severely wounded by a Ludendorff family expert. Most importantly, she's an angel from Lomuia Grand Cathedral! "If we can capture someone like that and deliver her to the Ludendorff family, the Lone Wolf Mercenary Group will never have to

worry about money again. We'll be set for life with wealth and glory beyond our wildest dreams!" Andrew immediately realized something was off.

"Severely wounded by the Ludendorff family? And she's an angel from Lomuia Grand Cathedral? So you're saying the person you're trying to capture is from Lomuia Grand Cathedral?" Jeremy grinned and winked suggestively. "Of course! Sir, you came all the way into this deep alone... Don't tell me you're not here for Ms. Rosemary Clooney? In the Outlands, the Ivory Seraph of Lomuia Grand Cathedral is every man's dream woman! They say she is literally an angel descended from heaven.

Even if sleeping with her means defiling the divine, it'd be totally worth it!" Andrew ignored the mercenary's disgusting fantasies. From the looks of it, the Lone Wolf Mercenary Group was not here for ---- Reginald That made sense, since Reginald's strength was far beyond what these small-fry mercenaries could handle. Lomuia Grand Cathedral was located far away in Vestra. For generations, the Cathedral had wanted to conquer the Outlands, this barren wasteland, and spread the holy light across this sinful land.

Unfortunately, several Popes had come and gone without ever achieving this grand ambition. As for Rosemary, Andrew had heard the name before. She was one of the 12 angels of Lomuia Grand Cathedral, specifically, the Ivory Seraph. It was rather interesting that she had been hunted down and forced to flee into Wraith Graveyard. This just showed that Lomuia Grand Cathedral still did not fully understand the Outlands. Meanwhile, the Ludendorff family had openly posted a bounty for Rosemary's capture, demonstrating that this ancient family possessed both tremendous audacity and immense power. Get full chapters from

Anyone who could oppose Lomuia Grand Cathedral was no ordinary force. Nonetheless, none of this concerned Andrew. He stopped paying attention to Jeremy and continued deeper into the graveyard. ---- Jeremy watched his retreating back, and his earlier groveling expression and flattery vanished completely, replaced by a look of sinister darkness. He pulled out a hand crossbow and aimed the bolt directly at Andrew's back. The tip of the bolt had a faint green tint. It was clearly coated with deadly poison. "You fool, your carelessness just cost you your life.

You only have yourself to blame for being so unguarded." Jeremy muttered with a vicious grin as he pulled the trigger. Hand crossbows were perfect for close-range ambushes. Unlike guns, they were silent and killed without warning. However, Jeremy watched in shock as the bolt shot forward, only to be caught in mid-air by Andrew, who did not even turn his head. With just a casual backhand motion, he had snatched the bolt right out of the air as it tore through space. Only then did he slowly turn around and stare at Jeremy, his face expressionless.

Jeremy cursed under his breath and, being quick on his feet, immediately reached for the short sword at his waist. Unfortunately, he had barely moved when Andrew flicked his wrist and hurled the crossbow bolt back at him. With a sharp whistle through the air,



the bolt pierced straight ---- through Jeremy's forehead, leaving a bloody hole. He died with his eyes wide open Andrew did not spare him another glance. He simply turned around and walked away.

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## Chapter 2877

---- Chapter 2877 The sky darkened rapidly, as if night had been dragged down all at once. Andrew lowered his head to check the watch on his wrist, and his expression turned grim when he realized that another night had arrived. Inside Wraith Graveyard, nighttime darkness was far deeper than usual. Even with Andrew's enhanced vision, he could not see anything beyond 30 feet, which severely hampered his plans to push deeper quickly. Every moment of delay made him more anxious about Reginald's situation. Fortunately, the monotonous landscape of graves suddenly gave way on both sides.

A stretch of blackened ruins appeared in front of Andrew. Judging by the collapsed beams and shattered walls, it appeared to be the remains of a massive structure. From the scale of the ruins, it was clear that this place was once a grand palace. Andrew felt a surge of hope, since Reginald was very likely hiding somewhere in this area. After all, this was different from the endless graves outside because these ruins showed clear signs of past human activity. ---- Still, it was not certain.

Kaelen was a Dark Lord, and Reginald would need a truly safe place to stop and recover from his injuries This location clearly did not feel ideal. Gripping his greatsword, Andrew moved into the ruins without hesitation, searching for any clues Reginald might have left behind. Suddenly, a mass of blue fog rolled in and obscured his vision. The sky was already pitch black, and now this blue fog made the path ahead even more obscure. The blue fog arrived violently, almost without warning. It moved like an invisible tide, rapidly filling the surrounding area before spreading outward.

Andrew became alert instantly. He had not forgotten what Jeremy had said earlier that the Cerulean Tide was extremely dangerous. Just as he was concentrating on listening for any movement within the fog, a series of unreal footsteps rushed toward him at high speed. Andrew's eyes widened when he saw them! ---- They were humanoid creatures glowing with an eerie light. They looked like human silhouettes mixed within the blue fog, brandishing weapons as they charged toward him. Andrew's first instinct was to retreat, but he knew it was useless. Soon, glowing figures appeared all around him. Original content can be found at

Those things looked almost human, but their bodies were see-through; even their torsos looked ghostly and unreal. Only their heads appeared solid and clear, and every single face was twisted with hatred, malice, resentment, and rage. They were silent, yet seemed to roar with fury as they rushed at Andrew. Andrew took a deep breath and turned to flee without hesitation. Countless spirits surged forward. No, it was tens of thousands, perhaps even hundreds of thousands of them. These monsters, formed from ancient, vengeful souls, truly existed.

He had only seen such things described in ancient Holtrien texts before, and he had never expected to encounter them in reality. Yet today, his luck had clearly run out. The worst part was that these things had no solid bodies. Even if they were cut apart, the resentment saturated in the graveyard ---- would reshape them again. The moment they encountered a living being with warmth, they would swarm forward. They would drain the blood and devour the soul of the living, leaving behind nothing but a walking corpse. Andrew moved fast, but the ruins were chaotic and complex.

Before long, he lost all sense of direction. Soon, his ears caught the sound of piercing screams. They were unmistakably human! Along with the screams came gunfire and hysterical shouting. Andrew's expression remained calm. He immediately changed direction and avoided the source of the screams. There was no need to think about it. Those unlucky people had clearly been caught by the spirits within the Cerulean Tide. They were most likely mercenaries or wasteland adventurers chasing after Rosemary. It was even possible that some of them belonged to the Ludendorff family.

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## Chapter 2878

---- Chapter 2878 The Cerulean Tide surged even more violently. Andrew leaped up and climbed onto a crumbling wall. The tide flowed right beneath his feet, and wherever it passed, countless wraiths surged through like an undead army. Even someone with Andrew's nerves could not help breaking into a cold sweat. With this many spirits, even a martial god would have to retreat. This cursed graveyard was truly treacherous. The main problem was that these spirits could continuously draw energy from the tide to sustain themselves. It was like deploying an army that carried its own supply line. New novel chapters are published on

Wherever the tide reached, the battlefield followed, and it never worried about resources. Andrew waited atop the wall, watching for the tide to recede. Suddenly, a soft white glow lit up in the darkness not far away. At the same time, a cold, distant voice reached Andrew's ears. "If you don't want to die, you'd better follow me. The place

where you're standing will soon be swallowed by the tide, and there's nowhere for you to hide. Come with me. I can save you." ---- As the words fell, a pure white figure within the glow quickly moved away. Andrew hesitated for a moment.

Then, he leaped into the distance. He quickly pursued the white light through the ruins. The white light seemed intent on testing him, suddenly accelerating dramatically. In a few flashes, it had opened up considerable distance between them. Andrew sneered and increased his own speed, following without falling behind at all. Before long, they had circled around a large section of ruins and arrived at a strange location. What lay before them had once been a dense forest of towering trees. But now, everything had withered and decayed.

The leaves were dead, the tall trunks looked diseased, and the entire forest gave off an ominous feeling. Yellow liquid even oozed from the roots of some trees, with a stench that would make anyone retch. Beside a relatively clean pool of water, the white light extinguished. In its place stood a young woman dressed in white, with white hair, like a spirit of the night. Her rose-colored pupils focused on Andrew, studying him carefully. Andrew was likewise sizing her up.

Without a doubt, this had to ---- be Rosemary Clooney, the Ivory Seraph from Lomuia Grand Cathedral, whom the Ludendorff family had posted a bounty to find. As for people from the Western Church, Andrew felt neither fondness nor hatred. He preferred to keep his distance and stay respectful from afar. "My name is Rosemary Clooney. I don't care whether you live or die, but to escape this place, I need an ally. So, I took the risk of saving you. Now I'll tell you my plan. If you're willing, we can safely escape this place together." Andrew raised an eyebrow.

"And what if I'm not willing?" Rosemary's expression remained blank. "Then you'll die here. Don't worry about thanking me for saving your life; followers of the God of Light don't accept gratitude from heathens. But trust me, without my help, you'll die for sure." Andrew sneered. "Is that so? Well, what a coincidence. I happen to be the kind of person who doesn't need others bossing me around. You already said you need someone's help, so if I don't help you, you'll die for sure too, won't you?" Rosemary's face darkened slightly. "Your kind are as unreliable as ever, and just as cunning.

But what if I kill you first?" Andrew found a clean spot and casually sat down, then replied ---- dismissively, "Feel free to try it."

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## Chapter 2879

---- Chapter 2879 The Cerulean Tide continued its relentless surge. Yet, for some unknown reason, it did not reach into this withered forest where Andrew stood, so he was not in any hurry and waited patiently. Rosemary's face remained icy cold, lost in her own thoughts. Although their earlier conversation had not been pleasant, it had not crossed the line, nor did it warrant open conflict. At the very least, neither of them had made a move. Angels of Lomuia Grand Cathedral ranked even above cardinals in the hierarchy. The link to the origin of this .net

In terms of status, they were second only to the Church's supreme leader, the Pope himself. Rosemary was not overwhelmingly powerful; at the very least, she had not reached the martial god level yet. If she had already become an angel despite that, it could only mean one thing: Rosemary possessed terrifying talent or came from an extremely influential background. Andrew knew quite a bit about Lomuia Grand Cathedral. However, when it came to high-level figures, such as angels, much of the information was classified.

Fortunately, when he was with the organization, he had specifically studied her file. Rosemary's mentor was none other than His Holiness, the Pope ---- of Lomuia Grand Cathedral. In other words, this woman had serious backing, which made the Ludendorff family's audacity in hunting her down all the more brazen. "It's stopped..." Suddenly, Rosemary, who had been motionless, murmured to herself. She then floated gracefully onto a large tree and looked outward. Andrew also leaped onto a tree. Sure enough, he saw the blue fog outside recede like a tide, withdrawing all at once.

The entire Wraith Graveyard fell silent once more. Andrew asked, "How often does this tide appear?" Rosemary replied flatly, "So, you're not completely stupid. At least you're asking the important questions. Fine, I might as well tell you. The Cerulean Tide appears roughly every three hours, but it doesn't happen every day. I haven't figured out the pattern yet." Andrew ignored the veiled insult in her words and continued, "How long have you been inside here?" Rosemary glanced at him with a cold expression but did not respond.

Andrew shrugged it off, jumped down from the tree, and began walking deeper into the forest. ---- "I'd advise you not to go too deep," came her warning from behind. "The dangers in there are beyond even what I can handle! Andrew remained unfazed and continued forward. This forest looked as if all its vitality had been drained overnight, leaving it completely withered. Strangely enough, the leaves and roots had not actually aged but remained frozen in their state just before losing their essence.

It was like a murdered person whose final expression of terror and fear remained permanently etched on their face. Andrew had only ventured about halfway in when he stopped. Ahead of him stood a small black altar, and atop it, a mass of white fog slowly rotated. Gradually, the fog condensed into the shape of an enormous figure that was at least 25 feet tall. What shocked Andrew even more was that this fog person's facial features were incredibly lifelike. If not for the lack of actual skin, Andrew would have thought it was a living person. But clearly, it was not alive.

It was a vengeful spirit, a massive and terrifyingly powerful one. It held an ancient war blade nearly 15 feet long, and its eyes ---- gleamed with awareness as they scanned the surroundings. Andrew sucked in a sharp breath and carefully backed away. This vengeful spirit was on a completely different level from the ones carried by the Cerulean Tide.

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## Chapter 2880

---- Chapter 2880 The spirits outside were at least normal human height and looked ragged and tattered. However, this spirit's size and the oppressive pressure it exerted were extraordinary. Andrew estimated it possessed at least peak martial god-level strength. Even after death, its resentment could condense into such a powerful, vengeful spirit. It was hard to imagine how heaven-defying the living person behind this spirit must have been. At the very least, it must have stood far above humanity, ruling over the very peak of mortals.

"I warned you, but you didn't listen," Rosemary said with a hint of mockery as Andrew retreated. "Now you're feeling uncomfortable, aren't you? Let me add one more thing: if you get within 1000 feet of this spirit, it'll immediately detect your location and launch an attack." Andrew remained silent, his expression thoughtful. Rosemary proposed again, "We should cooperate, and then we can leave this cursed place. As you've seen, the only way forward is to get past this giant spirit.

Otherwise, the Cerulean Tide outside could erupt at any moment, and in three hours, we can't possibly escape Wraith Graveyard. So other than passing ---- through this withered forest, we have no other options." Andrew gave her a strange smile. "So tell me, how exactly do you want to cooperate?" Rosemary answered immediately, "It is simple. You draw the spirit's attention, and I circle around and destroy the altar. Once it loses its anchor, it will naturally collapse. It is just like the Cerulean Tide outside, which is the power source for countless spirits. UPDATE FROM

Without that blue mist carrying them, no wraith can harm us. That is how it works." Andrew smiled faintly. "I admit, what you said makes sense, but I have a better idea." Rosemary frowned. "The cunning in your eyes is something I truly dislike. If I had any other choice, I wouldn't deign to cooperate with you people. So you'd better listen to me, not the other way around." Andrew snorted. "Hey, knock it off already. You're just a pretty puppet that Lomua Grand Cathedral trained.

If you were really as holy and powerful as you claim, you wouldn't be running for your life in this place." Rosemary's face flushed red with fury. "You're asking for it!" Andrew shrugged. "If you want to fight me, then hurry up. But my advice is that you stop acting impulsively and thinking with ---- nothing but arrogance. It would not benefit either of us. And by the way, you're not just empty-headed, you're flat-chested too." Rosemary took a deep breath and forced down her disgust and fury. She growled, "Tell me your plan, and spare me your vulgar language. I am an angel of the Church.

Such base thoughts mean nothing to me." Andrew nearly stumbled and burst out laughing. "Look, Lomuia Grand Cathedral may have crowned you an angel. But do not get confused. That does not mean you are actually an angel. Real angels serve your God up in heaven. What, did you play princess for too long and start believing you fell from the sky?" He did not even glance at her furious expression. "You distract that powerful spirit, and I will destroy its altar."

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## Chapter 2881

---- Chapter 2881 Rosemary nodded and agreed. "Fine. You said it yourself, so we'll do it your way. But I need to tell you that the altar is the spirit's power source. When it comes to dealing with evil entities, our Church's holy light magic has an absolute advantage. Martial artists like you probably aren't skilled in that area, are you?" Andrew looked completely indifferent. "That's none of your concern. You just need to tell me one thing: can you do it or not?" Rosemary replied coldly, "I can. We move in three minutes. I'll draw its attack while you destroy the altar.

That's the plan." Andrew's expression did not change, but inwardly he remained highly alert. He sensed that Rosemary had bad intentions and was definitely hiding something important from him. Just now, Andrew had deliberately done the opposite of what she had suggested, refusing to follow her arrangement. Now, it seemed that she had known all along that he would switch roles, letting her draw the spirit while he destroyed the altar. That was why she had deliberately said the opposite, nudging him straight into her trap and taking on destroying the altar himself.

---- 'Is the altar more dangerous than the spirit?' Andrew silently speculated. Nonetheless, without concrete evidence, he did not know the exact situation and could only play it by ear. What was certain was that the spirit was terrifyingly powerful. Letting Rosemary draw its attention was definitely advantageous for him, no matter what. Soon, time was up. Rosemary took the lead and walked into the forest, and Andrew noticed that a white bead had appeared in her pale hand. Soft white light pulsed inside it.



Rosemary said flatly, "This bead contains the Cathedral's sacred flame. The source of this content is

All it takes is a single drop, and that evil creature will be ignited." Andrew said nothing and followed her. Before long, the altar and the spirit came back into view. As they closed in, everything happened exactly as she had said. The giant spirit crouched atop the altar like a small titan, glaring menacingly at the surroundings. At roughly 1000 feet away, the spirit let out a fierce shriek that made Andrew's ears ring. Its vicious gaze immediately locked onto their position. Then, the massive creature raised its long blade and roared in warning.

---- Rosemary shot forward, moving with blinding speed. She flung the white bead midair, and it exploded against the spirit's massive body. Holy flames immediately engulfed it, and the spirit screamed in agony. However, its ferocity was fully unleashed. It charged off the altar, dragging thick white mist with it as it lunged at Rosemary. Andrew watched this unfold without moving. Rosemary was furious as the spirit sent her flying with a single slash of its blade. "Move, damn it! Do you want both of us to die here?" Andrew still did not move, only observing the black altar.

Finally, when Rosemary was being pressed into desperate danger by the spirit, he moved, shooting forward. Within two breaths, he had reached the altar. Only now could he clearly see its true appearance. The surface was densely carved with all kinds of mysterious symbols, and the moment Andrew saw them, he instinctively felt something was wrong. Something was very wrong with this altar. At the very least, it was not the spirit's power source as Rosemary had claimed.

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## Chapter 2882

---- Chapter 2882 In the distance, Rosemary soared into the sky, laughing. " Goodbye, you unfortunate fool from Holtrien! That spirit wasn't born from the altar in front of you at all. Its purpose is to guard and suppress what's sealed inside the altar for all eternity! Now that you're trying to destroy it, you're threatening its very mission. The resentment and obsession written into its soul won't allow you to do that, so you're as good as dead!" Her gleeful laughter faded into the distance. Sure enough, the spirit flew into a complete rage.

Abandoning Rosemary entirely, it roared and charged back toward Andrew. Massive clouds of white mist shot from its body. They surged ahead of it and instantly sealed off Andrew from all directions. Andrew drew his sword with a cold expression and

immediately broke away from the altar's vicinity, rushing toward the outer perimeter. However, when his blade struck one of the mist pillars, the sensation felt like cutting into soft cotton, followed by a terrifying suction force. He cursed inwardly and forcefully twisted his body mid-air.

A thunderous crash sounded as another mist-formed pillar crashed into Andrew's previous position. If he had not dodged, he would have been hit directly. ---- The wraith resembled a colossal octopus, and the pillars shooting from its core acted as tentacles. Andrew weaved and dodged repeatedly. Several times when he tried to break through, he was forced back. Finally, the spirit itself arrived, roaring, "Human, you deserve death!" Its massive warblade came crashing down toward Andrew. Andrew took a deep breath, knowing that continuing to flee would only lead him into a dead end.

The only way to escape was to withstand this enraged creature's assault first. Without hesitation, he thrust his sword upward. The clash of both blades produced a violent metallic ring. Andrew spat out a mouthful of blood as his entire body shook violently. The spirit was truly at peak martial god level, possibly even stronger. Andrew's eyes flashed with resolve. He suddenly charged toward the only opening in front of the altar and dove inside. Fresh chapters posted on

The spirit let out helpless, furious roars before the altar, wildly swinging its warblade through the air and causing the entire ---- forest to rustle violently. However, it could not strike the altar itself, much less harm Andrew inside. Andrew instinctively raised his hand to shield himself against the darkness ahead. Then gradually, he stood upright and discovered he had entered a hidden sanctuary of sorts. It looked like a grand hall. The space was not particularly large, and it was completely empty, thick with dust. At the far end, on a raised platform, sat a skeleton.

It leaned back as if overlooking the hall, one hand propping up its chin Andrew's entire body trembled as he realized this skeleton felt terrifyingly familiar. It carried an aura of absolute authority, as if it still ruled the world even in death. He approached cautiously and looked at the stone tablet before the skeleton. Despite the dust, Andrew could make out the words. [Valerius Lloyd's Final Testament] Andrew was not just shaken; he was horrified. He mumbled, " Valerius Lloyd? Wasn't that one of the ancestors of the Lloyd royal family? What's going on?

Did he actually fall here in the Outlands?"

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## Chapter 2883

---- Chapter 2883 Andrew could not quite describe what he was feeling. Shock, elation, and a trace of disbelief all washed over him, Valerius' name carried tremendous weight. He was one of the few legendary pillars of the Lloyd royal family of Holtrien. The Lloyd royal family had experienced several periods of decline throughout history, nearly fading into obscurity among the great houses. Yet, at each critical juncture, exceptional figures would emerge to lead the Lloyd family back to its peak, and Valerius was the most famous among them.

According to the Lloyd family genealogy, Valerius fell in a great battle against the Western Dark Clans. Generally speaking, the Easter continent, represented by Holtrien, had engaged in several devastating wars with the Dark Clans of the West, each resulting in countless casualties. Valerius had been a participant, leader, and decision-maker in one such war, yet even someone so formidable never returned. For the Lloyd family, this had always been forbidden territory, a sealed chapter of the past that no one was allowed to mention. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY

Andrew never expected that by sheer chance, he would find his ancestor's remains deep within the Wraith Graveyard. At that moment, he completely pushed Rosemary, the scheming Ivory ---- Seraph, and the spirit outside, out of his mind. His full attention focused on the skeleton before him and the words buried beneath layers of dust. This skeleton must have belonged to a very tall man. Now it sat in a meditative posture. Yet, that invincible presence still lingered, even after hundreds of years. This was the pressure of a supreme martial figure.

Even in death, its authority lingered Andrew got on his knees and paid his respect. Only then did he brush the dust away with his hand, revealing the inscription beneath. [I, Valerius Lloyd, led 50,000 martial artists from the three Eastern nations: Holtrien, Eastonia, and Sorya, to battle the three Dark Ancestors at this location. I severed the head of Lilith Bathory, the Blood Queen, sending her into slumber in the City of Blood. [Fenrir Kessler, the Werewolf Ancestor, exhausted his strength and lost control, permanently transforming into a mindless beast that knows only slaughter.

Marcato Crestmoor, the Siren Emperor, was cunning and escaped the battlefield, which remains my greatest regret. ---- [However, this battle has consumed all my life force, and I am now utterly depleted. I warn the future generations of Holtrien: if you come to this place, you must remember my words well! [Here are my last words! The Lloyd royal family of Holtrien stands tall and proud, worthy of our nation and people. My only regret is that I cannot bring back the secret of the Lloyd royal family totem, my life's work! [I have sealed the secret of the totem within the formation here.

The key to opening it lies in the totem carried by a descendant of the Lloyd family. Anyone else who dares to touch it will be destroyed!] Andrew brushed aside more thick layers of dust to the side. Sure enough, beneath Valerius' final words lay a circular formation, and at its center was the Lloyd royal family totem, the same Blood-Eyed Black Dragon pattern. Andrew took a deep breath, unsurprised. Valerius must have

been the Lloyd family Dragon Prince of his generation, just as Reginald had been the previous generation's Dragon Prince, and Andrew was the current one.

Without any hesitation, Andrew pulled open his shirt to reveal his Blood-Eyed Black Dragon mark. Without him even activating it, it gradually began to glow with a dark light. ---- Miraculously, the totem carved on the ground also lit up with the same glow, as if the two were resonating with each other. Andrew felt his entire body shake violently and nearly passed out. A deep imprint was forcibly engraved into his mind through a method he could not comprehend.

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## Chapter 2884

---- Chapter 2884 Andrew was stunned as he realized it was the power of his bloodline. Donovan had told him that when the Blood-Eyed Black Dragon mark was fully activated, it would reveal a massive family secret. Andrew finally understood what that enormous secret was: the ability to transcend time and space to summon ancestral power. To some degree, the totem on his chest functioned like a formation array. When activated, it could summon the power of his ancestors to enhance his own abilities. This power manifestation had a time limit, and after using it, he would be severely weakened. IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT

Nevertheless, none of that mattered compared to the magnitude of this power, which was specifically designed to counter Western Dark Clans. To be precise, the Lloyd family's ancestral power could completely suppress the Dark Trinity: vampires, werewolves, and the sirens. As for why this was the case, Andrew could not yet find the answer within the inherited memories of the ancestral power. Even so, this tremendous surprise already made him feel the journey had been worthwhile. Andrew closed his eyes and felt the changes surging through his ---- body.

Something indescribable had appeared within his meridians and flesh. But he could confirm that his strength had increased again, and significantly so. Especially within his blood, Andrew sensed something strange. He did not know if it was an illusion, yet faint purple specks seemed to shimmer within it. They looked like tiny glowing particles suspended in his blood. Andrew frowned and used his fingernail to break the skin. Immediately, a crystalline drop of blood formed at the wound but did not drip down. This was because even a single drop of Andrew's blood now contained tremendous energy.

That energy was viscous and refused to separate from his body. Andrew flicked his finger, and the blood droplet splattered onto the stone slab. Sure enough, beneath the

red, there were tiny purple specks mixed in. Even in the dim light of the chamber, those purple specks could be seen twinkling faintly. Andrew did not understand the cause and chose not to dwell on it. Then, he took a deep breath. He was sure of one thing: after gaining this ancestral power, his cultivation level had increased substantially.

He had jumped from the second stage of martial emperor directly to the fourth stage, meaning once he passed the fifth stage, he could attempt to break through to the martial god level. ---- He thanked Valerius' skeleton again before saying, "Forgive me." He had originally intended to take Valerius' remains back home. But unexpectedly, a breeze swept through, and the skeleton crumbled to ash. Beneath the chair, a deep opening was revealed. Andrew stared at it in silence for a long while. Perhaps once Valerius' wish was fulfilled, returning home no longer mattered.

A loyal soul could rest anywhere, and the Lloyd family ancestors had always been this open-minded. The powerful spirit outside stood guard day and night. Trying to exit through the outer path was unrealistic, so without much hesitation, Andrew entered the opening. The passage inside was not particularly deep, and after just a few minutes, he emerged on the other side. There, he saw a figure wrapped in pure white robes, kneeling with their back to him before an ancient statue. This was also an altar chamber, though not a large one.

Andrew could even see the diseased forest outside through several openings, but none of that mattered. He stared at the pure white figure kneeling not far ahead, and a playful smile slowly spread across his face. ---- It was Rosemary 'What a small world!' he thought.

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## Chapter 2885

---- Chapter 2885 "Honored Saint John, I was an Angel Disciple of the Cathedral, 52nd generation." At this moment, Rosemary had not noticed Andrew's arrival at all. Or rather, she was far too focused. She knelt at the center of the altar, praying toward the statue at the far end. "Please, Saint John, grant me the power to purge darkness. I swear, in the name of the Ivory Seraph, eternal loyalty to the Cathedral and to the God of Light. I swear to labor without complaint, forever spreading my Lord's faith." Rosemary spoke each line of her prayer with extreme devotion.

Afterward, she drew a dagger and slit her wrist, letting blood drip onto the formation before her. The formation hummed and immediately lit up. At the same time, an indescribable force began gathering toward the statue at the far end of the altar. Seeing

this, Rosemary became wildly excited. Her face twisted with fanaticism, greed, and barely restrained impatience. She remained completely unaware of Andrew standing behind her. Andrew's eyes turned cold as he gripped the greatsword on his back in reverse. The source of this content is

---- The Lomuia Grand Cathedral worshiped the God of Light and drew endless power from that faith. Although it had nothing to do with him, this woman, who called herself an angel, had nothing holy in her heart. Earlier, she had clearly tried to trick him into dying under the wraith's blade. Since that was the case, Andrew saw no reason not to return the favor. Rosemary clearly wanted to draw power from the statue. Judging by her words, the statue represented Saint John, a saint of the Lomuia Grand Cathedral. He was a powerhouse from the same era as Valerius.

The fact that their resting places stood side by side meant there had to be a connection. However, Andrew had no time to dig into that. His only goal was to make sure Rosemary gained nothing. At the statue's brow, a raised crystal began to shine with brilliant light. The beam crossed the altar hall, about to fall directly onto Rosemary. The excitement on her face reached its peak. She exclaimed, " As long as I gain Saint John's power. I can advance from Angel to a Saint of the Cathedral. After that, even the Scarlet Cardinals will kneel before me. No...

I could even challenge the position of Pope." ---- Andrew smirked. Rosemary even dared to covet the top seat of the Lomuia Grand Cathedral. Her greed truly knew no bounds. Gathering strength in his wrist, Andrew saw his moment approaching and prepared to destroy the statue with one strike. But then, two thunderous explosions rang out. The outer edge of the altar was blasted open, leaving two massive holes. Two figures shot in first. Behind them followed two rows of elites, all wielding blades. From their sharp movements alone, it was clear they were highly trained.

Andrew did not hesitate and immediately retreated into the dark passage behind him. He concealed himself within, watching coldly as the intruders stormed in. One of them gave Andrew an intensely familiar feeling. It was a tall young man with flowing blond hair and a proud, confident smile. Although this was their first meeting, Andrew instinctively thought of the people who had chased him in the wastelands and the woman he had killed. As it turned out, his instinct was correct; they were indeed from the Ludendorff family, and one of them was Marshall.

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## Chapter 2886



---- Chapter 2886 Marshall had requested reinforcements from his family. Subsequently, Cyril Ludendorff, a Duke from the Ludendorff family, personally led a team to rendezvous with Marshall, and their intentions aligned perfectly. Marshall was hunting Andrew, while Cyril, a martial god-level powerhouse, was after Rosemary, who had fled into Wraith Graveyard. Marshall chuckled. "I'm Marshall, from the Ludendorff family. It's nice to meet you, Ms. Rosemary Clooney." Facing Rosemary's dark and stiff expression, Marshall gave a slight bow.

The teasing look on his face was like a cat toying with a trapped mouse. Cyril was a gaunt-faced, expressionless middle-aged man. He was known for swift, decisive action. "Marshall, don't waste words. Restrain her first. Saint John's inherited power will belong to our esteemed family!" Marshall smiled. "As you wish." Achill flashed through his eyes as he moved to seize Rosemary. Suddenly, she raised her hand and smiled faintly. "Mr. Cyril, your reputation precedes you! Since you've personally ---- made the effort to come here, how could I not know better than to resist?

I've already summoned Saint John's inherited power. Please, Mr. Cyril, help yourself!" Cyril replied coldly, "The Ivory Seraph of the Lomuia Grand Cathedral is nothing more than a scheming whore with a vicious heart and ruthless methods. I know exactly what kind of person you are, and every trick you play is something I mastered long ago. Marshall, restrain her." Rosemary retreated, finally showing fear. "Does the Ludendorff family truly dare to make an enemy of our Cathedral? I'm telling you, His Holiness the Pope already knows I'm being hunted in the Outlands.

The Ludendorff family will pay for this!" Cyril let out a mocking laugh. "You know as well as I do that this is the Outlands, not Lomuia Grand Cathedral. The Ludendorff family is the absolute god of this land. The Pope may be mighty, but by the time he arrives in the Outlands, you and everything you covet will already be in my family's hands!" Marshall stepped forward and seized Rosemary. She was wise enough to know that resistance meant certain death. Not only was Marshall a formidable opponent, but Cyril, a martial god, could easily capture and severely wound her with a single move.

However, having captured her, Marshall became quite improper. He thrust his hand deep beneath Rosemary's white dress, running it up along her thigh straight to the top. --- Rosemary let out a moan, her face first showing disbelief, then burning with shame and fury. "Marshall, you're asking for death!" Marshall moved behind her, gripping her throat with two fingers. "Don't threaten me. I'm a timid man... If you cooperate, we might work together pleasantly.

But if you act up, I might have no choice but to end your life right here." With that, his large hand roughly grabbed her chest and kneaded forcefully. Rosemary was overwhelmed by the humiliation, her face burning red. Watching her rage and helplessness, Andrew remained hidden in the darkness. He did not move or even blink.

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## Chapter 2887

---- Chapter 2887 Cyril frowned and said, "Marshall, I expect you to behave properly. I have tolerated your bad habits for a long time, and I find them unbearable." Marshall withdrew his hand, sniffed his fingers twice, and grinned. "Got it. Don't be upset. It was not easy running into an angel. It'd be a real shame not to have some fun with her first." Cyril replied coldly, "I will say this one last time: focus, or get the hell out and stop interfering with my work." Marshall straightened his face and immediately sliced Roseman's fingertip. Rosemary cried out in pain as blood flowed.

It dripped onto the formation array, and once again, the statue at the altar's end shot out a beam of light directly toward her. A rare smile finally appeared on Cyril's rigid face. He stepped forward and slowly removed the glove from his hand, then similarly cut his own finger. The beam of light was instantly drawn to him, streaming into his body one after another. Rosemary watched helplessly, grinding her teeth in fury. However, the crafty Ivory Seraph moved the hand behind her back without thinking.

---- From the shadow, Andrew saw clearly that Rosemary had produced another white orb, the same kind filled with sacred flame that exploded on contact with air, just like what she had used against the spirit earlier. Andrew smirked. The so-called angel was never the type to surrender quietly. "The power of Saint John is truly immense," Cyril said, his expression intoxicated. "From the moment you entered the Outlands, Ms. Clooney, the Ludendorff family had its eyes on you. On the surface, we hunted you.

But your true value only revealed itself at this very moment." He continued, "We only needed to drive you into the Wraith Graveyard, because only the Cathedral's holy blood could unlock Saint John's legacy. You did not disappoint us. The Ludendorff family is about to gain another Dark Saint." Andrew's heart jolted. A Dark Saint was a powerhouse even higher in rank than a Dark Lord. In other words, the Ludendorff family could use Saint John's power to create someone who transcended humanity, someone at Reginald's level. Suddenly, Andrew hesitated about whether to intervene.

Letting the Ludendorff family succeed was not his style, and Marshall was already on his kill list anyway. He did not mind ---- ruining the Ludendorff family's plans once more. But at that moment, Rosemary struck first. The pain vanished from her face in an instant. Her long leg snapped upward, lashing backward through the air. Caught off guard, Marshall roared in fury, spinning around twice while still gripping Rosemary's body. Then, he prepared to crush her throat, but it was too late! Rosemary hurled the white orbs from her hand in rapid succession.

Violent explosions suddenly echoed throughout the small altar chamber. Cyril, in the middle of absorbing Saint John's power, had the process forcibly interrupted and flew into a fit of rage. In the chaos, Rosemary shot straight to the altar's far end, then ripped the orb from Saint John's forehead. She immediately crashed through the altar wall and fled into the forest outside. Her voice rang out with disdainful laughter. "The Ludendorff family is nothing special after all. Mr. Cyril, next time we meet, you'd better watch out.

Because once I've obtained Saint John's power, I just might kill you on the spot!" Smoke filled the air as holy fire blazed. Several of the Ludendorff family's elite were caught in the flames, rolling on ---- the ground and screaming in agony. Even Marshall's suit caught fire with white sacred flames. With a dark expression, Marshall extinguished the flames. Then, he lunged out of the altar, chasing Rosemary closely. "You bitch! If you manage to escape, I don't deserve the Ludendorff name!" Cyril's expression was equally grim as he ordered his subordinates, "Follow Marshall. The rightful source is

If you can't bring her back, don't bother coming back at all." Soon, only Cyril remained at the scene. He stood there with a dark expression for a moment before turning to leave. The instant he departed, Andrew also shot out of the altar and rushed into the forest. A mischievous smirk played across his face. After all, this was the Ludendorff family's home turf. If Rosemary wanted to escape, there was only one place she could go, somewhere she could temporarily avoid detection. Unfortunately for her, Andrew knew exactly where that place was.

A few minutes later, Andrew returned to the ruins where they had previously hidden from the Cerulean Tide.

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## Chapter 2888

---- Chapter 2888 This area bordered the diseased forest, surrounded by rows of walls that had not yet collapsed. It was like a maze, and an ordinary person would need a great deal of effort to find their way in. Rosemary lay sprawled across a boulder, gasping for breath. Her white robe was burned in multiple places. The sacred flames she had unleashed earlier had not only harmed her enemies but caught her as well. Still, none of that mattered now. Looking at the stone orb in her hand, Rosemary's face broke into a smile once more. "The Ludendorff family is nothing special.

Although Cyril stole part of the Saint's power, what remains is enough for me to advance." She began dripping blood onto the stone orb again, preparing to absorb its power once more. Just then, she heard a faint sound behind her. Rosemary whirled

around and growled, "Who's there? Show yourself!" Andrew walked out with a smile on his face. "Hello, Angel" Rosemary looked stunned, then her expression darkened. "You're still alive?" ---- Andrew shrugged. "Thanks to you, not only did I survive, but I also got to watch you being tormented and humiliated by the Ludendorff family.

You're quite impressive, though. Escaping from a Ludendorff martial god's grasp proves Cathedral angels really are extraordinary!" Rosemary sneered. "What right do you have to mock me! If you're smart, you'd realize that Wraith Graveyard is now under Ludendorff family control! If you want to live, your best bet is to cooperate with me. We escape together, and we both win. But if you cling to those petty grudges from before, you'll die here too." Andrew shook his head. "Don't worry, I'm a grown man. How could I hold onto such trivial matters?

Besides, with a beauty like you, I couldn't possibly bear a grudge." Rosemary tucked a strand of hair behind her ear and showed a rare smile. "At least you're smart. I suppose I do owe you an apology. I did manipulate you earlier. If you can look past that and help me escape this cursed graveyard, I'll naturally reward you handsomely afterward." As she spoke, whether intentionally or not, she put on a shy, delicate expression in front of Andrew. Andrew stepped closer, his gaze softening to a gentle, almost reverent look. "Ms. Rosemary, don't worry.

I'm not a fan of the Ludendorff family either. Compared to Ludendorff, I would ---- much rather work with you. Let's escape together." Rosemary smirked inwardly. She was the Ivory Seraph, and few could resist her charms. Once this man had served his purpose, she would simply discard him. So what if he had some cleverness and escaped that spirit? He was still being played like a fiddle. She pressed her lips together and said softly, "Then I will trouble you to stand guard for me. I am badly injured and need to recover first." Andrew hummed in agreement, then suddenly said, "Ms.

Clooney, may I ask for the orb in your hand?" Rosemary was startled and snorted coldly. "You are coveting my belongings? Did I misjudge you?" Andrew was already within three feet of her. He smiled coldly and said, "You did not misjudge me. You simply trusted your own little cleverness too much. The angels of the Lomuia Grand Cathedral may be worshiped by the West. But unfortunately, we Eastemers do not worship the God of Light. We kill gods." Then, he immediately moved like a tiger, drawing his sword and slashing down in one decisive strike. The latest\_ept\_sodes are on\_the

Rosemary felt the crushing pressure descend like thunder. Her beautiful face turned pale with terror. ---- "You... A dull thud echoed At the final moment, Andrew changed his strike into a palm strike, and Rosemary was knocked unconscious on the spot. Without hesitation, Andrew sealed her pressure points. Then, he tore strips from her white robe and bound her tightly. As for whether he touched anything he should not have, that was not something he cared to consider. After taking these precautions, he seized the stone orb from her hand and examined it closely.

It seemed that Saint John's inherited power was something he could not refuse, even if he wanted to. With a faint smile and no trace of mercy, Andrew dripped Rosemary's blood onto the stone bead. Warm, gentle, white holy light immediately bloomed. Andrew followed what he had seen earlier, cutting his own finger just like Cyril had done. Then, the white holy power surged forward, burrowing into his body.

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## Chapter 2889

---- Chapter 2889 The holy light power of Lomuia Grand Cathedral was truly extraordinary. The moment it entered his body, Andrew felt an indescribable surge coursing through him. Most notably, this power was completely different from the energy cultivated by Holtrien martial artists. It was also distinct from the bloodline powers of the Western Dark Clans and various dark creatures. In other words, three entirely different forces now coexisted within Andrew's body.

This was not necessarily unprecedented, but at the very least, few people had ever experienced such a thing. Andrew was stunned beyond belief. He never expected his realm to break through again. In one leap, he advanced from the fourth stage of martial emperor to the final fifth stage. In other words, he had just leveled up. And now, he has achieved yet another breakthrough. He was only one step away from becoming a martial god. Even with Andrew's monstrous talent, this speed was honestly quite exaggerated. However, he was still underestimating the true power of the holy ---- light.

Saint John's strength was comparable to Valerius'. Both powerhouses were among the world's most elite humans at that time, and they perished in this place because they had encountered the three great dark ancestors of the Dark Clans all at once. The continuous stream of white holy light kept pouring into Andrew's body. His expression changed slightly, and he realized that if this continued, the three different powers mixing inside him might spiral out of control. Andrew could already feel a distinct swelling pain in his meridians.

At the same time, his body was beginning to reject this power from the holy light. Despite that, he stubbornly insisted on forcibly absorbing all of the power at this critical moment. Only by withstanding the pressure could he achieve an even greater breakthrough. For martial artists, this was a path where great risk came with greater reward. Besides, Andrew had always been an incredibly bold and daring person. Just as he continued absorbing the holy light power from within the stone orb, Rosemary gradually regained consciousness. She felt a sudden chill all over her body.

When she looked down, she was burning with shame and fury. ---- Her white robes had been torn to shreds, and she was bound in a humiliating position, completely tied up by Andrew. What made Rosemary even more shocked and furious was that Andrew was actually absorbing the power of the holy light, which was originally meant for her. "You bastard! Stop right now!" Rosemary shouted angrily. She forcibly tried to activate the energy within her body, but unfortunately for her, Andrew had sealed all her meridians. Read full story at

Moreover, the white orbs she could have used for a sneak attack had all been confiscated by Andrew. It was safe to say that Andrew had searched everywhere except between her legs. Every other place where Rosemary might have carried dangerous items had been thoroughly checked and cleared by Andrew. Andrew glanced at the woman but remained unmoved. He had reached a critical moment and needed to maintain his focus. Rosemary's breathing quickened as she helplessly watched the stone orb's luster fade. Finally, everything returned to silence.

With a crack, the stone orb shattered into dust and dissipated into the air. Andrew felt better than he ever had before. As the Divine Art of ---- Heaven and Earth's Five Elements circulated through him, he discovered with delight that he was only a thin line away from breaking through to the martial god level. Most importantly, from now on, his body contained the holy light power of Lomuia Grand Cathedral. Combined with his ancestral power, dealing with the Dark Clans would be effortless. "You bastard!

The Lord's wrath and divine punishment will descend upon you and reduce you to ashes," Rosemary cursed fiercely. She had schemed endlessly, only for everything to benefit Andrew. Andrew crouched in front of her and smiled. "You set me up once, so I collected a bit of interest. Isn't that only fair?" Rosemary suppressed her hatred and replied coldly. "Making an enemy of the Lomuia Grand Cathedral will not end well for you." Andrew sneered. "Whether it'll end well for me or not, I don't know. But the one who won't have a good ending right now seems to be you." Rosemary clenched her teeth.

"You wouldn't dare touch me. If you dare lay a finger on me, the Cathedral's Holy Knights and Inquisitors will hunt you down across the entire world." ---- Andrew scoffed. "You're acting like I'm terrified of the Lomuia Grand Cathedral. Let me tell you the truth. Nowadays, I really don't take Lomuia Grand Cathedral that seriously. I have gone head-on against the Dark Clans. Do you think I'd be afraid of your Pope? Of the Lomuia Grand Cathedral?" Rosemary was shocked. "Who exactly are you?" She had always assumed Andrew was just an ordinary martial artist from Holtrien.

She never expected that he actually had conflicts with the Dark Clans. That alone proved he was anything but ordinary, since no normal person dared provoke the Dark Clans. Andrew just shook his head. "Sorry, but you're unworthy of knowing who I am."

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## Chapter 2890

---- Chapter 2890 Climbing to higher ground, Andrew discovered that the Cerulean Tide had begun surging again. That meant he could not leave this godforsaken place for the time being. Even so, he had to continue deeper into the heart of Wraith Graveyard. He needed to find out what was happening with Reginald as soon as possible. Rosemary's eyes kept darting around, wishing she could tear Andrew limb from limb. She tried to stand up but found she could not muster even an ounce of strength. It seemed that Andrew had subdued her using methods that were, she had to admit, quite effective.

She racked her brain, searching for any way to break free. From above, Andrew watched her uneasily shifting figure with a cold smile and did not interfere. Rosemary suddenly shouted, "I want to make a deal with you! Dragging this out won't benefit either of us. Since you've already taken what was mine, I'll accept it. Right now, I need to leave Wraith Graveyard and return to Lomuia. Name your terms. What will it take for you to let me go?" Andrew leaped down and looked her up and down. Her skin had ---- an indescribably pale quality.

It was as white as cream, seemingly devoid of any color, so pale that it practically glowed. Upon examining Rosemary's features, she was the epitome of a Western beauty. Her nose was perfectly sculpted, her eyes a brilliant azure. She had a small mouth and a slender neck. Seeing Andrew seemingly admiring her beauty, Rosemary said coldly, "If you are thinking of sleeping with me, then just do it. As long as you feel satisfied afterward and let me go, that is fine." Andrew shook his head. "Sorry, but I'm not interested right now." Rosemary scoffed. "Not interested? For more chapters visit

You're a hypocrite, you know that?" Andrew laughed. "Was I supposed to say I want to ravage you badly? Would you find that more honest?" Rosemary was finally overwhelmed by shame and anger. "You..." Andrew lifted her chin with one hand, his smile full of mockery. Rosemary defiantly tilted her neck up, deliberately pushing her chest forward toward him. "Come on, trust me, this kind of opportunity might only come once in your lifetime! I'm the Ivory Seraph of Lomuia Grand Cathedral, devoted to the Lord. If you have your way with me, it would be blasphemy, the ultimate release.

For heathens like you, this should be irresistibly tempting." ---- Andrew moved closer to her. Rosemary's gaze became contemptuous, thinking that he was just another lustful loser. As long as she could escape, she would use the sacred flame to burn this bastard to ashes. The next second, Andrew struck her twice across the face. Blood trickled from the corner of her mouth. Rosemary's head rang as she stared at him in disbelief. "You hit me? You bastard, were you not thinking about..." Andrew looked at her indifferently.

"You thought I wanted to take you by force, right?" Without waiting for her answer, he sneered. "You might have some looks, but I'm not so desperate that I'll take just anything. Didn't the Ludendorff family people already grope you all over? If you are that desperate, you can go back to them and let them help you cool off." Rosemary exploded in rage. "You're shameless!" Her seduction ploy had not worked, and instead, she had been slapped twice and thoroughly humiliated. This was absolutely unacceptable to her. Andrew said coldly, "You'd better behave yourself in front of me."

---- Otherwise, I don't mind taking you first and then killing you. Right now, you're nothing more than a toy in my hands. I'll let you go when I want to let you go. But if I do not, or if I am in a bad mood. Then your life and your body belong entirely to me." Rosemary sneered. "So in the end, you still can't escape the urge to have your way with me, right?" Andrew raised an eyebrow. "Don't worry, I won't touch you. But I will make you help me draw away the Ludendorff family's powerhouses. Then, you'll be on your own, while I escape scot-free." Rosemary's expression finally changed.

"You vicious bastard! If you dare do this, I'll never forgive you!" Andrew simply stopped paying attention to her and turned back to watch the Cerulean Tide outside. At this moment, the Ludendorff family would not dare make any rash moves. All he could do here was wait for the tide to subside. Rosemary exhausted every thought, desperately trying to find a way to escape. However, she realized she was truly helpless, with nowhere to turn.

Most importantly, all her methods and the power within her body had been sealed, Thinking about her impending fate and Andrew's ruthlessness, her face turned deathly pale.

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## Chapter 2891

---- Chapter 2891 Finally, the Cerulean Tide came to a stop once more. Andrew pushed Rosemary forward, heading toward the exit. She gritted her teeth in fury and shouted, "What the hell do you want? If something happens to me, you won't get off scot-free either, so you better not try anything funny." Andrew sneered. "You do not need to think about what I plan to do. The only thing you need to do is follow my orders." Rosemary was livid. "And what if I don't?" Andrew replied indifferently, "Death awaits." Rosemary fell silent. She realized she had not understood Andrew well enough.

This man was absolutely someone who meant what he said. Her life, along with her pleas and pitiful state, meant nothing in his eyes. Pushing Rosemary along, Andrew

emerged from the forest. Suddenly, he let out a sharp whistle. At the same time, he released the pressure points he had sealed on Rosemary's body. Her face turned ice cold, and she initially wanted to attack Andrew. However, people kept rushing toward them from the surrounding forest, their voices howling through the air. ---- Rosemary's expression changed immediately. "You'll pay for this!"

She spat out the words at Andrew with hatred and immediately fled in another direction. This was exactly the result Andrew wanted. With that, he also turned and sprinted off in the opposite direction. After running for some distance, Andrew slowed down once he confirmed no one was chasing him. With Rosemary drawing the Ludendorff family's pursuit, his situation became much easier. Still, Andrew had no real confidence about continuing deeper into Wraith Graveyard. Fortunately, his strength had been steadily rising.

Even if something unexpected happened deep inside the Graveyard, he could face it calmly. The scenery before him remained unchanged. Andrew discovered that deep within Wraith Graveyard, there was nothing but tombstones and graves. As he wondered if Reginald was still here, he continued inward. Another two days passed, and Andrew found that the end of Wraith Graveyard was still nowhere in sight. Around him was still an endless expanse of death and more tombstones.

The sheer, overwhelming oppression of the place and its atmosphere was enough to grate on even his nerves, pulling him into a state of ---- simmering frustration. Finally, on the third day, Andrew discovered some unusual clues that indicated Reginald had already left the Wraith Graveyard and gone outside. Andrew was overjoyed and immediately turned around, rushing out of this desolate place. Along the way, he did not encounter anyone from the Ludendorff family or other factions. The entire Wraith Graveyard seemed to have suddenly fallen quiet.

Yet, when he reached the outside, he was still intercepted and questioned. At this point, the Ludendorff family had already assembled heavy forces around the perimeter. They were just waiting for Andrew to emerge so they could eliminate him. Unfortunately for them, Andrew did not fear the Ludendorff family at all. No matter how terrifying their attacks or lethal force were, he ignored them, not taking them seriously. The next day, wave after wave of pursuers came in the name of the Ludendorff family. Andrew stopped hiding. With his greatsword swinging, he killed as many as they came.

This made the Ludendorff family gradually realize that he was not so easy to deal with. As a result, hidden experts from all sides stepped out of the shadows. They were willing to risk their lives for the Ludendorff ---- family's massive bounty. Andrew showed no mercy. If they wanted to come looking for trouble, then he would just kill them all. On the vast desert plain, Marshall slowly stepped forward with binoculars in hand. Behind him stood more than a dozen attendants. This time, he brought a much larger force. It was nothing like before, when he only had a single subordinate.

Ever since Yana was killed by Andrew last time, Marshall had become cautious. This time, he was determined to eliminate Andrew. Thus, in the wilderness, Andrew once again ran for his life. Behind him, Marshall pursued him relentlessly with excitement and frenzy. Marshall could not believe that anyone could be more cunning than himself. Since Andrew was so confident, he would break every bone in Andrew's body and see how tough he talks then. One fled, while the other gave chase. Andrew's face remained cold and irritated.

Since Marshall was so determined to chase him, Andrew would not hesitate to send him straight to hell once he got the chance. As dusk arrived on a new day, Andrew reached a small town. It was cleaner and thrived better than any wasteland town he had ---- encountered. That was, if one ignored the brutal survival conditions outside. If not for that, the town felt like a hidden paradise Andrew originally planned to just pass through. Unexpectedly, the person in charge of the town was also from Holtrien. Louie Shields said, "We were all once refugees from Holtrien.

We wandered the wastelands for more than ten years before finally settling here." Louie, with sallow skin and a shy demeanor, shared his past with Andrew. After a few drinks, Andrew understood exactly what Louie wanted. "Someone of your skill and stature is usually far beyond our reach to even ask for help... But please, for the sake of the women and children here, help us." Since Louie had spoken so sincerely, Andrew naturally could not, refuse. More importantly, in the cruel Outlands, he had not expected to meet fellow Holtriens. They had families here, with wives and children. Original content can be found at [find-novel.net](http://find-novel.net)

In this small town, nearly half the residents were Holtriens. They hoped Andrew would lend a hand and lift their lives to a better level. ---- Whether it was sudden softness or sympathy for his own people, Andrew could not say. After finishing half a bottle of their liquor, he reluctantly agreed. What he never expected was that because of his decision, hundreds of Holtriense in this town would be burned alive because of him.

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## Chapter 2892

---- Chapter 2892 Andrew had not expected to get drunk last night. It was only half a bottle of decent liquor, and he had just two glasses. Then, without realizing it, he passed out drunk. That night, Andrew slept more soundly than ever before. On one hand, he had confirmed that Reginald was still alive and had already escaped from Wraith Graveyard. On the other hand, he had encountered fellow countrymen in a foreign land. Truth be told, since arriving in the Outlands, Andrew had been constantly on edge.

The Ludendorff family had hunted him for no good reason, and all along the way, he was either killing people or dodging attacks. Although throughout it all, he could not say it had been too dangerous. But ever since leaving Holtrien, he had been living a completely different kind of life. It was nothing like his days back in Chetvine, where his ladies surrounded him, and everything felt warm and steady. Now, he lived as a wanderer, alone, fighting on his own, and moving without a fixed destination. In the Outlands, one misstep could easily mean life or death.

Even though Andrew's strength had already surpassed that of ---- ordinary people, deep down, a vague sense of danger still lingered. Like a shadow, it followed him no matter how hard he tried to shake it off. After carefully thinking through everything he had experienced since coming to the Outlands, Andrew was unsure if this hidden danger was coming from the Ludendorff family's pursuit behind him or something else. However, none of that mattered. Andrew was not the type to sit around waiting for death to come.

Since Marshall would not let him go, he would not mind going toe-to-toe with the oldest and most powerful family in the wasteland. Just like his temperament, Andrew would never look for trouble, but he had never been afraid of it either. Beside him, Lucille Shields timidly climbed out of bed and knelt to help him put on his shoes. Andrew smiled bitterly and waved her off. "You can go. I don't need help, I can manage myself." Lucille was Louie's granddaughter. She had grown into a beautiful girl, with a few freckles on her face, a lively personality, and the wild energy of youth.

She ignored Andrew's refusal and said eagerly, "Grandpa told ---- me to take good care of you. Grandpa was already unhappy when you turned me down last night. If you still refuse today, he will definitely punish me." As she spoke, she grabbed Andrew's hand and pressed it against her chest, which was not full but was perky. She showed no sign of embarrassment. Instead, she bit her lower lip and looked at Andrew with desire in her eyes. Andrew pulled his hand back and shook his head. "Don't worry. Since I promised him that I'd help your town out, whether you serve me or not, I'll still step in.

So you don't need to offer your body, and you do not need to worry about me being upset." Lucille said dejectedly, "But it is not only because of Grandpa's orders. There isn't a single young man in our town that I'm interested in. Sir, you're so capable, I want to be your woman." Andrew smiled. "How old are you?" Lucille said excitedly, "I'm 16! Sir, don't worry. I can already bear children." Andrew fell silent once again. Life in the Outlands was harsh. These Holtriens wandering through the wastelands lived extremely fragile lives.

At any moment, they could be wiped out by other drifters or armed forces. ---- As a result, the girls here were bold and matured early. Their greatest mission was to marry someone wealthy or capable, such as a mighty warrior, and bear children for him. However, Andrew did not need any of that. Last night, Lucille had quietly climbed into his bed and waited for something to happen. For a 16-year-old girl, that level of

awareness was unsettling. Andrew knew who was guiding things behind the scenes, but he did not want to dig deeper. Check latest chapters at

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## Chapter 2893

---- Chapter 2893 Louie's weathered and exhausted face surfaced in Andrew's mind. He looked at Lucille again and smiled. "Lucille, do not worry. Last night, your grandpa let me drink his liquor. So today, I will definitely pay for that drink. As for what you are worrying about, there is no need to worry. I am not the kind of man you think I am." Lucille said softly, feeling disappointed, "But I am willing. Do you really not want me?" Andrew opened his mouth, but did not know how to answer. Lucille wanted to leave the town and live in a nearby big city.

She wanted a life far away from hunger and war. If this had been Holtrien, Andrew could have helped her. However, this was the Outlands, and Andrew was alone, so he truly could not protect her. Perhaps Andrew could take her to a city like City of Hope. Nonetheless, the outcome often would be grim. The next day, Andrew might find her body in some gutter, abused and murdered. That was the reality of survival in the Outlands, brutal yet realistic. Staying in this remote little town, a girl like Lucille ---- would likely see her youth wither away far too soon.

But at least her life would not be casually violated and slaughtered by others Ten minutes later, Andrew was fully dressed and had shouldered Godslayer. Eight warriors from the town, along with Louie, all followed him into action. "Sir, please be extremely careful," Louie warned, "These bandits are mercenaries exiled from a nearby big city. Not only do they have heavy firepower, but they also have dozens of fighters. In a head-on confrontation, our town isn't a match for them at all." He continued, "You just need to help us intimidate them and drive them away.

At least that will keep the town safe for a while. Andrew smiled and nodded without saying anything. Behind him, a boy who was not yet an adult blushed and asked hesitantly, "Sir, you're a martial artist from Holtrien, right? May I ask what your martial arts level is?" Seeing Andrew look over, the boy quickly lowered his head and stammered, "Of course... if I've offended you, sir, please... don't be angry at me!" Louie glared at him. "Timmy, you talk too much. What does his strength have to do with you?

All you need to know is that he's ---- stronger than you." The boy named Timmy scratched his head awkwardly. "I'm not strong at all. I just started learning martial arts from my uncles, and I can't even beat a wolf in the wasteland." The other warriors



laughed heartily. However, they all looked at Andrew curiously, actually wanting to know what martial arts level Andrew had reached. Although they were all descendants of Holtrien, after living in the Outlands for so many years, they had long lost their general understanding of martial arts.

In the entire town, the strongest was only at the Grandmaster level, and that was why Andrew had decided to lend a hand. The people here were truly too weak "Actually, it's not that I can't say." Under everyone's curious gaze, Andrew spoke. "I'm a fifth-stage martial emperor!" Martial emperor? The other warriors were stunned, not knowing what realm that represented, Timmy asked, "Mr. Shields, what Western noble rank does a martial emperor correspond to?" Louie's knowledge far surpassed that of the others. The moment Andrew revealed his level, his expression changed completely. New novel chapters are published on

Shock and disbelief filled his face, and his lips trembled as he ---- looked at Andrew excitedly. "Sir, you're actually at the martial emperor level? That corresponds to a Marquis-level powerhouse in the Dark Clans. And at the fifth stage... Doesn't that mean you're just one step away from being a martial god? Comparable to a Duke-level powerhouse?"

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## Chapter 2894

---- Chapter 2894 The other town warriors did not understand what Martial Emperor or Martial God meant. However, Marquis and Duke were titles they had known all their lives in the wastelands. They all gasped in shock. After all, it was truly hard to imagine that Andrew, who was even younger than some of them, was already a powerhouse comparable to a Marquis or Duke. From that moment on, the way the town warriors looked at Andrew changed completely. Curiosity and gratitude were replaced by pure respect and awe. To them, a Marquis or Duke-level powerhouse was like a god.

With a single word, such a person could decide their life or death The threat to the town came from a group of bandits. Andrew did not let Louie or the other warriors take action. He only told them to wait several miles away. Alone, without even drawing his greatsword, he headed straight for the target. Half an hour later, Andrew was done. When the distant gunfire and screams disappeared, a massive fire shot up into the sky. ---- Louie excitedly clenched his fists. "Quick! Let's welcome him." He led his people to greet Andrew.

However, besides the mess everywhere and the bandits' corpses, there was no sign of him. Timmy ran far out and looked into the distance. On the wasteland, where the sun was rising and the heat was beginning to shimmer, a lone figure had already gone far away. His silhouette was blurry, but the massive greatsword on his back stood tall and clear. Turning back to face Louie, Timmy said with great disappointment, "Sir, he's already gone far away." Louie patted his head. "Silly boy, someone that powerful was never meant to stay here with small folks like us.

The outside world, the entire Outlands, is where he truly belongs. We are weak people, destined to spend our lives hiding in some remote place. But at least, we got to witness a hero like him." He added, "Remember this, child. His name is Andrew Lloyd, and he came from the land of our ancestors, Holtrien." Timmy nodded hard. "Yes, sir. I will remember. When I grow up and become strong, I want to return to our Holtrien and see it for myself." Louie smiled faintly. His weathered eyes looked into the ---- distance. This world was both vast and small.

For the strong and those naturally gifted, the whole world was theirs to roam. However, for vulnerable groups like them, being able to live peacefully in one place until the end of their lives was a blessing. He did not really hope that children like Timmy would actually travel far in the future. This world was too dangerous. He only hoped these children could grow up steadily, lead an ordinary life, get married, and have children. Adventures and great deeds could be left to the heroes like Andrew. Those people were the fire that allowed Holtrien to stride across the world.

After collecting the spoils, Louie led the warriors and Timmy back to town happily. Outside the dilapidated town, however, a group of uninvited guests had arrived. All-terrain vehicles gleaming with cold metallic luster brutally crashed through the town gates. Warriors of the Ludendorff family stepped out, faces cold, holding long blades and submachine guns. From the lead vehicle, Marshall stepped down slowly after his men opened the door. He looked at the rundown town and spoke calmly. "I want information on that damned man. As for ---- how you get it, that is up to you." New NOVEL chapters are published on

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## Chapter 2895

---- Chapter 2895 Soon, chaos erupted throughout the town. People who lived in the wastelands meant nothing to a behemoth like the Ludendorff family. In the eyes of someone like Marshall, these lowlifes were not even worth as much as livestock. After all, animals still had value for breeding or slaughter. However, these peasants were like

weeds by the roadside, trampled at will, and completely useless. "Stop! You monsters, stop right now!" The moment he returned to town, Louie exploded in rage.

However, when he saw the Ludendorff warriors and the rows of massive off-road vehicles, his heart sank. He recognized the emblem on the vehicles. The roaring lion was the symbol of the Ludendorff family, the kings of the wastelands. In the Outlands, this mark was the nightmare of countless people. Marshall waved his hand and ordered his men to step back. Only when Louie walked forward, trembling, did Marshall raise an eyebrow and ask, "You are the one in charge here?" Louie took off his hat and replied with a shaking voice. "Yes, sir. I am the mayor of this town.

If you have any requests, please let ---- me know. I beg you, do not harm the townsfolk." Marshall said indifferently, "Originally, I had no interest in trash like you. But unfortunately, I am hunting a Holtrien, and he passed through here. You understand what I mean, right?" Louie's face turned pale. Then, it went from pale to deathly white. He certainly knew who Marshall was looking for. It was the person who had just cleared out the town's biggest threat. Andrew's smiling face still lingered in Louie's mind.

Coming from Holtrien, with black hair and black eyes, he had been polite and considerate to everyone in town. He was a mighty warrior. A Marquis-level martial artist who could dominate anywhere in the wasteland. Even so, he had been kind and pleasant to Louie. Although they only had brief contact last night, when Andrew left, he had not taken anything from the town. Not money, women, even Lucille, his own granddaughter, whom he had personally offered. Perhaps because he had been bullied and stripped of everything his entire life, Louie felt that the young man was like a beam of light.

---- A light that illuminated the darkness buried deep in his heart. So now, facing the cold aura of the Ludendorff warriors, who could wipe out the town with a wave of their hands, Louie's heart trembled with fear. Yet, his voice remained as calm as he could manage. "I am sorry, sir. We have not seen the Holtrien man you mentioned." Marshall chuckled with amusement. "Interesting. You are clearly terrified, yet you are forcing yourself to say nothing.

It seems that he did something that made you choose to protect him, even at the cost of your life, did he not?" Louie shook his head desperately. "Sir, you have truly misunderstood. If we had really seen a Holtrien man pass through, we would never dare hide it from you. The Ludendorff family rules this land. We lowly people would never dare to disobey." The smile vanished from Marshall's face, replaced by endless gloom. "Excellent! You are aware that the Ludendorff family is the ruler of this land, and your miserable life exists under their rule. [READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT](#)

Yet even so, you still had the nerve to lie to me. Yet even so, you still had the audacity to deceive me and lie to my face!" As Louie's expression twisted in horror, Marshall suddenly raised his right hand. ---- At once, Timmy, who had been hiding in the back and trembling, was yanked into the open, straight into Marshall's grip.

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## Chapter 2896

---- Chapter 2896 Timmy's slender neck was instantly locked in Marshall's hand. With just a little force, Marshall could separate the boy's head from his body. Timmy's face flushed red as he coughed painfully, but he did not dare struggle or strike at Marshall's hand. In his eyes was only fear. Seeing this, Louie anxiously stepped forward and pleaded, "Sir, what are you doing? He's just an innocent child. Please put him down. If you're angry, just let it out on me!" A Ludendorff family warrior slammed the hilt of his blade forward, and Louie's nose was smashed, blood flowing everywhere.

He was knocked to the ground, rolling in utter misery. "Mr. Shields!" The eight warriors behind could no longer suppress their rage and frustration. One by one, their eyes turned red as they glared at Marshall. Marshall sneered dismissively, lifting Timmy up, his smile turning vicious as he faced all the townspeople. "I'll ask this one last time: has anyone seen that man or not? If you have, step forward now and tell me where he went, along ---- with any related information you have. Of course, you can also say nothing at all. But the consequences?"

Believe me, I will make you pay an endless, painful price for your stupidity and wretchedness!" The town residents, one by one, looked fearful, but they all lowered their heads unanimously. Like Louie, they chose to say nothing. Seeing this, Louie secretly breathed a sigh of relief. He would rather die than betray that fellow countryman who had helped the town. However, the other residents might not withstand the torment of fear, and he did not know if they could hold out. Yet, facts proved that Andrew had won the protection and loyalty of everyone in town. The source of this content is

In this wasteland, being hunted by the Ludendorff family meant certain death. Even so, Louie would never repay Andrew's kindness with betrayal. As for the reason, he could not explain it clearly himself. Perhaps it was because Andrew had shown him a ray of light. A blinding light from Holtrien, from their ancestral homeland. "Perfect!" Marshall's face returned to cold indifference. "Your performance, you worthless peasants, was truly perfect!" ---- He suddenly laughed, a neurotic and excited laugh.

"A bunch of scavengers, rats struggling to survive in the mud at the bottom, actually dare to disregard the Ludendorff family's authority. This is the first time I have encountered such a thing. So I must give you a grand gift and let you experience the supreme, irresistible authority of the Ludendorff family!" With that, he released Timmy. The crowd cried out in alarm. A strange, ghostly flame suddenly ignited at Marshall's

fingertips. Then, he pointed it at Timmy's forehead. In no more than three seconds, his body was completely burned away, leaving only a human-shaped piece of charcoal.

Timmy was gone! A blackened corpse stood rigidly in place as the intense high-temperature flame had carbonized all his skin in an instant. His internal organs had been cooked by the heat. Tears flooded Louie's eyes. "Timmy!" Behind him, the town warriors were furiously agitated. "You bastards! I'll fight you to the death!" After a series of gunshots, the town's only armed force were all laying in pools of blood. They were riddled with bullets, with not ---- a single body remaining whole

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## Chapter 2897

---- Chapter 2897 The warriors' loved ones let out earth-shattering wails and cries, but they were all kept back by the Ludendorff family men Anyone who dared step forward was brutally beaten without exception. Marshall's polished leather boots stopped in front of Louie, and he looked down at him from above. "I'll say this one last time. This is the last chance you have. What was that Holtrien man's name? Why did he come to the Outlands, and which direction did he go?" Louie gave a bitter laugh. His spine felt as if it had been ripped out of his body.

He collapsed to his knees, hunched and trembling in unbearable pain. Yet, the words that came from his mouth were the same as before. "Sir, I know nothing!" Marshall nodded. "Is that so?" With a single strike, he shattered Louie's skull, and red and white matter immediately spilled all over the ground. The remaining town residents finally broke down. Screaming and wailing, they scattered in all directions. ---- Marshall raised his hand and said flatly, "Kill them! Kill them all! These people from Holtrien shouldn't exist on territory ruled by the Ludendorff family.

The rebellion and filth in their bones stain the glory of my bloodline." A storm of gunfire exploded across the town as civilians dropped one after another. The slaughter lasted for half an hour. When it ended, the town fell into complete silence. Not even a single animal survived, as everything that lived there was wiped out. Marshall stared at the piles of corpses blankly, then sneered. " Keep running. Run as far as you like. All these people died because of you, and let all their deaths weigh on your conscience.

Once you are enraged and pushed far enough, you will come back to seek revenge." With a hiss, he added, "Compared to torturing a rabbit trapped in a corner, I would rather you become a wolf that bites back. That would make the game far more interesting." The Ludendorff family convoy drove out of the town, leaving only a raging

fire that swallowed everything behind them. As the wind passed through, the stench of smoke and blood was carried endlessly into the distance. Hundreds of miles away, Andrew was still pressing forward ---- without stopping.

The sense of urgency at his back had grown weaker and weaker. That meant the pursuers were close to being completely shaken off, which was a good thing. For now, Andrew did not want to be delayed by anything else. The sun over the wasteland was brutal, and the temperature around Andrew had climbed past the high nineties, even brushing triple digits. He kept a steady pace, neither fast nor slow, as he moved forward. Suddenly, a deep, unexplainable unease surged through his chest. It felt like something unbearable was about to happen. He knew that feeling far too well.

Back when the Iron Cavalry had walked into a trap, it had felt exactly like this. The same feeling had struck again when he fought his way out of Chetvine while surrounded. Every single time, it had meant nothing good. Andrew stopped, listening to his pounding heartbeat, yet his expression barely changed. At any moment, he could be a calm, solitary wolf. He slowly pulled down the hood covering his head and lifted his face into the hot wind behind him. The smell of blood grew stronger with each gust, mixed with the sharp bite of gunpowder and spent rounds. Andrew stood there in silence. Find the newest release on

---- Then, he suddenly turned and began accelerating back the way he came. His speed kept increasing as he broke into a full sprint under the blazing sun and rolling heat waves. The scorching air wrapped around his body, yet his heart was cold.

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## Chapter 2898

---- Chapter 2898 The sun slowly sank toward the horizon. Andrew lay prone behind a low, unremarkable ridge and remained still. He was waiting for full darkness to fall, because only then would it be easier to move. From his position, he could barely see the town gate and most of the settlement beyond it. It was deathly silent, with not a single sound to be heard. Thin smoke still lingered over one corner of the town, as if the fires there had only just burned out. Andrew's heart was as still as his gaze, calm and without the slightest ripple.

Without stepping inside to confirm it himself, he already knew what had happened to this town where fellow Holtriens had lived. If he had felt pain when he first sensed it, then now even that pain was gone. All that remained was absolute calm, and beneath that calm was a killing intent ready to erupt at any time. Blood debts had to be repaid



with blood. Andrew drank the remaining half-bottle of liquor Louie had given him. Although he had already done something for the town, he intended to do one last thing for them. ---- Finally, the sky became completely dark.

Night in the wasteland was real darkness, and this night, there was no moon and no stars. Andrew moved just like a leopard on a hunt, closing in on the town at high speed. He did not use the main entrance but instead vaulted into the town from the side. The overwhelming smell of blood and burning assaulted his senses, enough to make anyone vomit. Yet, his expression did not change in the slightest. He slowly shouldered his greatsword on his back and walked toward the town square. The first thing Andrew saw was that small, charred human- shaped piece of coal.

Just from that short stature, his mind immediately conjured the image of the boy called Timmy. The boy had dreamed of becoming a warrior someday, protecting the town and his family. Beside Timmy lay Louie, his head shattered, The elderly town mayor and guardian looked strangely peaceful. Within that calm was deep bitterness and helplessness, but there was no fear at all It was as if, at the moment of death, Louie no longer feared anything. All he had wanted was for the killers to spare the innocent townsfolk. As for himself, dying did not matter.

---- Unfortunately, the attackers clearly had no intention of honoring that wish. A mere nobody like him could not influence them anyway. Thus, Louie died, and soon after, the rest of the town died with him. Andrew swept his gaze over the piles of bodies that had not yet entirely burned. He recognized one familiar face after another. Fear, despair, screaming, pleading; a myriad of expressions were frozen there. Andrew walked toward the pile of corpses and noticed a pale hand was pinned beneath the bodies near the center. He pushed the others aside and revealed the girl named Lucille.

The light in her clear eyes was gone. All that remained was terror and the tremor of her final moments. Andrew noticed that all her clothes had been stripped away, and there were several bloody marks across her back and chest. Between her legs was a deep crimson stain, and what had happened needed no explanation. At that moment, the wind stopped In the dead silence of the town, Andrew heard his own heartbeat, ---- pounding faster and faster. His muscles began to tighten, and the veins on his wrists bulged one by one, as if they were about to tear through his skin.

The blood surging through every vessel in his body grew violent and restless. Everything inside him urged him to act, but Andrew's eyes remained calm, without the slightest ripple. He returned to Timmy's charred body and said, "You were a good warrior." Facing the corpse, Andrew suddenly smiled. Then, he turned and vanished beyond the edge of the town. There was no need to search carefully, because the tracks left by the convoy on the main road pointed exactly where he needed to go. Under the night sky of the wasteland, his figure streaked forward like a falling star.

Andrew unleashed the fastest speed he could possibly muster, pushing himself without limit. He was going to catch that convoy, and he was going to wipe out every last one of

those Ludendorff family bastards. Rough, scorching breaths burst from Andrew's chest. His speed now kicked up a visible whirlwind across the wasteland. ---- Several hungry wolves were drawn by the movement and gave chase in the night. However, the moment they drew closer, the terrifying killing aura made them tuck their tails and retreat silently. Find the newest release on

Pairs of glowing eyes watched as that lone figure crossed hills and valleys, racing into the darkness.

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## Chapter 2899

---- Chapter 2899 That night, even the top predators of the wasteland did not dare to move. At dawn, a new day arrived with the first light of the rising sun. Marshall climbed out of the off-road vehicle, his face drained with exhaustion, and looked toward the horizon. Beyond the plain ahead stood a massive city. The city's governor had been allied with the Ludendorff family for generations. Marshall secretly looked forward to resting for two full days after entering the city. At the very least, he needed a proper shower to wash away the dust and fatigue from the road.

He loved cleanliness, but everything had fallen apart while hunting that damned Holtrien man. Now that the guy had vanished without a trace and was hiding like a coward, he had no choice but to return to his family estate and figure out his next move. "Sir, there's a situation behind us!" his attendant suddenly called out. Marshall turned and looked back. On a mountain about a mile and a quarter away, a figure stood there, just standing. ---- Marshall did not know when the man had appeared, but there he was, brazenly positioned on the mountaintop, staring down at the Ludendorff family convoy. The most update novels are published on

When Marshall looked back, he saw the man make a throat-slitting gesture at him. Then, the figure descended the mountain and disappeared from view. Marshall felt an unprecedented sense of humiliation and provocation, as if his dignity and the great Ludendorff family name were being insulted. He gave the order, practically shouting it out. "Everyone, turn around and hunt down that bastard! If I don't bring his head back to Throne City, I don't deserve to call myself a man!" Throne City was the Ludendorff family's stronghold in the Outlands.

The engines roared to life as three dirt bikes up front immediately turned around, kicking up massive clouds of dust. Flames burst from their exhausts as the riders twisted the throttles wide open and charged back the way they came. Sitting in the same vehicle as

Marshall was Jeroff Volkov, a Ludendorff military officer. He held the rank of colonel and had the strength of a new martial emperor. "Sir, we are already very close to the city ahead. There is no need ---- to turn back and chase this man. The smartest option is to enter the city, resupply, and ask the governor to assist us.

With their help, things would be far more efficient." Jeroff offered his advice calmly, but Marshall refused to listen. Andrew's earlier gesture had torn at his pride like a blade. Marshall barked, "Chase him! Even if we have to chase him across the entire Outlands, we're going after him!" Jeroff pressed urgently, "Sir, you should really..." Marshall cut him off with an angry roar. "Shut up! Didn't you see how that bastard provoked me? Jeroff, if you're afraid to die, or if you're just a coward, then get out of my face now.

I will defend the Ludendorff honor in my own way." After his outburst, he grabbed the steering wheel from the driver and kicked him out of the vehicle. Then, he sped off in the direction Andrew had disappeared. Jeroff opened his mouth, wanting to offer more advice, but wisely chose to stay silent in the end. Marshall was stronger than him, and more importantly, he was part of the Ludendorff main bloodline. Hence, contradicting him at this moment would be unwise and ultimately pointless. At worst, it would only create more trouble. Jeroff thought Andrew was clearly out of his mind.

He had ---- already escaped, yet somehow came back just to court death. Jeroff shook his head, convinced that the man had poor judgment. Marshall's cruelty was obvious from the massacre of that town, and that man simply had not yet experienced the true terror of the Ludendorff family. "Split up and pursue. Jeroff, take one-third of the men and go left. I will pursue alone on the right. The central team will stay within a half-mile of me at all times. Don't worry. If anything happens, I can reinforce you immediately." Marshall issued his commands with confidence.

When he reached the spot where Andrew had stood earlier, he immediately realized how cunning Andrew was. Three fresh escape trails had been deliberately left behind, each leading in a different direction. It was clearly meant to mislead them. Unfortunately for Andrew, Marshall had already lost an attendant once before. This time, he would not give Andrew any chance at all. Whether it was Jeroff or himself, they had more than enough power to confront him head-on. No matter what tricks the man tried, Marshall believed Andrew would not be able to outplay him.

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## Chapter 2900

---- Chapter 2900 After chasing for most of the day, covering over eight miles, Marshall finally realized something was wrong. He frowned as he hissed, "This is a trap!" After confirming once more the misleading clues before him, Marshall's expression changed. However, he immediately sneered coldly afterward. After all, could a bug's trap even be called a trap? What tricks could a crawling insect possibly pull? He immediately contacted Jeroff over the radio. "Jeroff, have you caught up with him on your end? Respond." Jeroff's voice came through the static. "Sir, I have not spotted him yet.

If he is not with you either, then he should be between our positions." Marshall nodded, thinking the same. "Alright then. I'll..." He was about to say that he would regroup with the middle group when a roar from Jeroff erupted over the radio. Jeroff shouted. "Get out of the way, move! He's underground, dodge! He is underground. Get out of there!" -- A violent explosion erupted skyward, and then the radio signal was forcibly cut off. "Jeroff! Jeroff, answer me!" Marshall called out with a grim face, but there was no response. The source of this content is

"Damn it!" Cursing, he immediately turned around and sped toward Jeroff's position. He could not believe Andrew actually dared to attack the Ludendorff family. This was just great. At that moment, nearly 30 miles away from Marshall, Jeroff watched helplessly as the lead vehicle ahead exploded, launching several soldiers into the air. Then, Andrew suddenly appeared, shooting up from beneath the ground where the convoy had just passed, a place Jeroff never would have expected. The greatsword in his hand was like the Grim Reaper's scythe. With one strike, he cleaved another heavy SUV in two.

The soldiers inside met the same fate, cut in half and dying horribly. Jeroff gritted his teeth and jumped out of his vehicle. He crouched slightly, assuming a combat stance and preparing for battle. Yet, Andrew did not even glance at him. ---- The greatsword swept sideways again, continuing to harvest the lives of the remaining soldiers. From the looks of it, he planned to leave no one alive. The nonstop screams stabbed into Jeroff's ears, veins bulging at his temples. This bastard had gone too far!

With a furious roar, Jeroff snatched a submachine gun from a nearby soldier and unleashed a burst of gunfire. Unfortunately, every shot was blocked by Andrew's greatsword, used like a shield. Not a single bullet even scratched him. Jeroff threw the gun aside and pulled the dagger from his waist. Against high-level warriors, firearms, especially standard ones, were almost completely useless. The opponent's protective aura alone was enough to stop regular bullets. So, close combat was the only answer. From his observation, Jeroff had already determined that Andrew was only a martial emperor.

That made things manageable. At the very least, he could stall him. ---- All he had to do was wait for Mr. Ludendorff to arrive. The greatsword swung again, and three more soldiers failed to last even a single exchange, cut cleanly in half. At this point, only five people remained on Jeroff's side: himself and four subordinates. "Fall back, I will handle this." Jeroff showed some true military bearing and stopped his men from throwing their

lives away. The four subordinates, pale and shaking, scrambled back to a safer distance. Jeroff stepped forward and sneered.

"Holtrien bastard, do you even realize you are playing with fire?"

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