

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 2901

---- Chapter 2901 Unfortunately, Andrew did not even have the slightest interest in talking to Jeroff. He simply gripped Godslayer and strode toward the latter. Jeroff roared, the muscles in his arms bulging as he struck first. There was a violent impact, followed by a sharp cracking sound. Jeroff stared at the dagger in his hand in disbelief. It was broken, split clean in two by a single strike from Andrew's sword. Meanwhile, Godslayer did not slow down at all and slammed into Jeroff's chest. Blood immediately gushed out, and along with it, his ribs snapped one by one.

He was confident he had dodged just now, so how did Godslayer manage to slam into his body? "Y-You..." Jeroff gasped for breath. He felt death reaching out to him, and his heart turned completely cold. Andrew pressed the sword against Jeroff, pushing him backward. Finally, Jeroff's back slammed against the front of the only remaining vehicle. There was nowhere left to retreat. ---- "You should never, ever have harmed the innocent," Andrew said, glancing at Jeroff. Godslayer suddenly jerked, and Jeroff watched as his lower body separated from him.

His consciousness slowly faded away, and he knew he was about to meet his maker. Andrew's gaze was terrifying. Jeroff had killed countless people and dominated battlefields. Yet in the moment Andrew ended his life, it felt like a demon had seized him. He could feel the fear seep into every cell of his body. He knew that Andrew was someone he could not face head-on, and even Marshall would be no match for him. As death claimed him, Jeroff understood everything. He desperately wanted to warn Marshall to run for his life, but there was nothing he could do.

Andrew swung Godslayer, and several dull sounds rang out. The remaining four Ludendorff family soldiers were all killed. Andrew's face remained expressionless. He severed each head one by one, then stacked them together. Jeroff's head was placed on top, forming a small pyramid. After finishing this, Andrew's figure disappeared once more. Two minutes later, Marshall arrived. He had pushed himself to ---- the fastest speed of his life and was now gasping for breath. When he saw the horrific scene before him, he thought it was all unreal. He had been played!

His men had been completely wiped out, with all their heads chopped off. The way they were arranged made the meaning clear to him at once: this was Andrew's response, a response to the slaughter of that town. Blood for blood. "You filthy bastard!" Marshall forced the words out through clenched teeth as his eyes instantly turned red. He was enraged, feeling a fury unlike anything he had ever known. Before he could act, a shrill scream came through the radio from another unit. "Sir, the Holtrien man has appeared. N-N-No! Don't kill me!" "Mr. Ludendorff, save me! Google search

Save me!" The final sound was a scream filled with absolute terror. Marshall's grip on the radio tightened until it felt like he might ---- crush it into his palm. He let out a furious roar and immediately rushed back. He swore he would carve Andrew into pieces.

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Chapter 2902

---- Chapter 2902 The wasteland fell into dead silence. Several vultures circled overhead, letting out their annoying croaks. Where birds like that appeared, it usually meant one thing: death, and not just one or two bodies. Marshall panted heavily as he finally reached his last remaining unit. What he saw made his blood run cold. Every elite warrior of the Ludendorff family was dead, and they had died horribly. Some were cut in half at the waist, while others were simply beheaded. Worse still, every vehicle had been destroyed.

Some were blown apart, while others were smashed beyond recognition. Marshall's expression darkened. He walked through the wreckage after the battle, desperately hoping to find any survivors, but after searching back and forth for over ten minutes, all he saw were dead subordinates. There was not a single living soul. Taking a deep breath, Marshall scanned his surroundings. Andrew was nowhere to be seen. The man was like the craftiest of hunters. He struck once, then vanished immediately. ---- "Come out!" Marshall suddenly roared. New NOVEL chapters are published on

His thunderous shout erupted from his chest and echoed across the wilderness. "If you're a man, come out and face me one-on-one! You're on the Ludendorff family's death list now. You have no chance of survival in the Outlands!" He shouted until his voice grew hoarse, but the only response came from a few vultures perched on withered trees. Marshall felt an indescribable irritation gnawing at him, as if even these wretched birds were mocking him. He drew the pistol from his waist and fired several shots. After a chaotic flurry, the vultures flew away, leaving behind a few carcasses.

Even so, Marshall's violent rage was not relieved in the slightest. He knew he was nothing more than helplessly venting his anger. Unable to find his enemy, he had taken it out on those stupid birds. He muttered to himself, "Calm down, Marshall! Calm down!" At the critical moment, the discipline of a true Ludendorff finally showed. Marshall knew that he could not find Andrew on his own. He had to admit that he had been careless and had underestimated his opponent. The man was clearly a true beast. Given even the ---- smallest opening, he had wiped out all of his followers.

There was only one option left: he had to return to the family immediately, gather elite forces, and launch a ruthless manhunt. There was no other way. Though unwilling, Marshall forced himself to head toward the nearest major city. First, he needed transportation to return to his family. Andrew had left him no path of retreat, and his intent was vicious beyond words. Across the endless wasteland, Marshall continued on foot as the distant city slowly drew closer. He had been traveling alone for three straight hours. Then suddenly, a dull bang sounded behind him.

Every hair on Marshall's body stood on end, knowing danger was close. Without a second thought, he dropped his head sharply. With a sharp whistle, a large caliber sniper round flew over his scalp. The attack came without warning. If not for his keen instincts, he would have been gravely wounded or killed. "You are digging your own grave!" Marshall forced the words out ---- through clenched teeth He spun around instantly On the ridge behind him, Andrew had appeared again. He stood above him, looking down with cold indifference. He even raised two fingers and curled them at Marshall.

The provocation and humiliation were absolute. Marshall understood what the gesture meant. Leaning forward, he snarled and immediately turned back to give chase. Yet when he reached the ridge three minutes later, Andrew had vanished once again. Looking around, there were plenty of tracks, but they were chaotic and misleading. Finding Andrew precisely under such conditions was nearly impossible. Marshall forced himself to calm down again, over and over. He told himself that this was exactly what the man wanted. He was deliberately trying to break his mental state.

So, Marshall swallowed the humiliation of being toyed with like a puppet. He turned back once more and sprinted toward the city that was now clearly visible. Suddenly, another gunshot rang out. Once again, the shot was aimed straight at Marshall's head. He ---- rolled awkwardly and barely dodged it. He gritted his teeth as his face twisted in fury It was beyond intolerable. He turned again and gave chase. But when he reached the ridge, Andrew had vanished yet again.

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Chapter 2903

---- Chapter 2903 Marshall gasped for breath and roared, "Come out! If you've got the guts, get out! Show yourself!" The last few words echoed through the ravines and valleys. Unfortunately, aside from the echo, there was still no response. Marshall felt like all the blood in his body was burning, ready to explode That bastard had to die, no matter what! Unwilling to give up, he searched in every direction. Hours passed, and he

found nothing. For the first time, Marshall felt utterly exhausted, and a hint of despair even crept into his heart.

He started to wonder if Andrew was really beyond his reach. With no other choice, he turned and sprinted away. This time, no matter how Andrew tried to provoke him, Marshall was determined not to turn back again. He would go straight into the city instead. Once there, he would immediately borrow elite warriors from the governor and hunt Andrew to the ends of the earth. Another gunshot rang out from behind. ---- Marshall only dodged without looking back, but the shots continued targeting his vital points. Marshall weaved and dodged, veins bulging on his face. 'Just wait! New novel chapters are published on Find_Novel(.)net

You bastard, just you wait!" At such a distance, he believed there was no way Andrew could hit him. Marshall panted heavily, and finally, a smile appeared on his face. The city ahead was less than half a mile away. It was right in front of him! Yet just as he was about to charge forward in one final burst and shout out the name of the Ludendorff family beneath the city walls, the roar of a motorcycle came from behind, closing in fast. Marshall looked back, first in disbelief, then with wild joy. "You actually dare to chase me down?

You're dead, trash!" Andrew suddenly stood up on the motorcycle, slashing Godslayer down at Marshall Marshall spread his legs and met the attack head-on, grinning as he sneered. "Pathetic tricks!" Dark flames appeared on both his hands, and he struck out fiercely. One flame slammed into Andrew's motorcycle, causing ---- it to explode instantly, while the other flame struck Godslayer. Andrew's body jolted, then immediately steadied Expressionless, he raised the sword again and charged at Marshall with a furious slash.

Marshall froze for a split second, not expecting Andrew to withstand it so easily. The flames in his hands were a manifestation of his energy. In terms of raw power, they were unmatched. He clenched his right hand hard, and a streak of fire tore through the air, shooting straight at Andrew's face. Andrew's thoughts stirred slightly. Marshall clearly specialized in manipulating fire. But to him, it was nothing more than flashy nonsense. Godslayer slapped forward three times, knocking the fire streak away. It detonated behind him, blasting a massive crater into the ground.

Then, Andrew leapt high into the air and chopped downward. Marshall looked up and answered with a straight punch, causing sand and stone to explode outward His face twisted as he snarled, "You killed so many Ludendorff warriors. You deserve death!" ---- Andrew glanced at him coldly. He spat only three words. "You are weak." Godslayer hacked wildly at empty air, leaving layers of overlapping afterimages. Marshall felt a chill of terror as he realized he could not evade at all. What kind of sword technique was this? It had already sealed every possible escape route before he could even move.

He raised his elbow and slammed it out with all his strength. It collided head-on with Andrew's sword energy. With a sickening sound, Marshall's face went pale. Blood

poured from his elbow as his protective energy barrier shattered completely. Before he could even react, Andrew's Inferno Strike exploded again and again. Marshall wanted to sneer, but as he tried to counter, the scorching and sinister force drilled into his meridians, making him want to scream in agony. His expression changed repeatedly as he wondered how Andrew could be this strong. It simply made no sense.

What he did not know was that Andrew was not even using one- third of his power. ---- Especially after gaining the ancestral power in Wraith Graveyard, killing someone like Marshall was a piece of cake. Nonetheless, he did not do that. He wanted to slowly crush this beast's will and defenses. He wanted to drag him into endless suffering. "I already told you. You are weak!"

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Chapter 2904

---- Chapter 2904 Andrew's Godslayer slashed down head-on, hammering Marshall back again and again, his eyelids twitching wildly as intense pain appeared on his face. Andrew spat, "Not only are you weak, but your family is nothing special either. Don't worry. After I deal with you, I personally deliver your head to the Ludendorff family. You call yourselves kings of the wasteland, but I am going to test that claim." Marshall shrieked, "Your name is Andrew Lloyd, right? You'll definitely regret this!" Andrew sneered viciously. "The one who should regret everything is you.

When you slaughtered everyone in that town, your fate was sealed. Death is all that awaits you." Andrew's figure flashed again and again, and he suddenly appeared above Marshall. With a fierce shout, he brought the greatsword down once more. Marshall raised one arm skyward, flames spiraling wildly around it. However, his arm was severed instantly, and the last trace of color drained from his face. "How is this possible? How could you even break through my blazing flame?" ---- For the first time, Marshall panicked. Without thinking, he turned and ran.

Yet to his horror, Andrew matched him in an instant. The two raced side by side across the wasteland, like twin chariots charging forward. In Andrew's eyes, there was nothing but cold killing intent. Godslayer slammed down again and again, each strike aimed straight at Marshall's vital points. Marshall clenched his teeth and roared. He was only able to defend himself, but he could not counter at all. "I'm reaching the city soon. Andrew, the entire wasteland stands with the Ludendorff family. You cannot kill me. Google search

Instead, you will be torn to pieces very soon." Marshall's voice was filled with venom. Only now did he fully realize that he was no match for Andrew. His once pristine blond hair was in disarray, half of one arm was drenched in blood, and his tailored suit was shredded and ruined. Worst of all, his face was completely soaked in blood. Every strike from Andrew's Godslayer rattled his organs and made him cough blood. Finally, the city was less than 50 yards away. Marshall pushed ---- his speed even higher. As long as he got inside, as long as he crossed that line, he would live.

His survival would mean Andrew's death. Marshall swore that he would carve Andrew apart piece by piece to satisfy his hatred. "Did you really think I had no way to deal with you?" At the final moment, Marshall heard Andrew speak. "Did you ever consider that from the very beginning, I was playing with you? I wanted to crush every last bit of your sanity. Only then would it truly be fun." The words had barely fallen. Andrew shot forward in a sudden burst, instantly closing the distance. Marshall's pupils shrank. "N-No!" Godslayer streaked like a meteor, dragging a blinding arc of light.

Marshall crashed to the ground, tumbling more than ten meters before finally stopping. His abdomen had been completely split open. Andrew withdrew his sword and walked toward him step by step. ---- A choking sound came from Marshall's throat as blood poured out and his life force rapidly faded. As he watched Andrew approach, terror seized him to the bone. "Now you can die. Do you still remember the townspeople you tortured and slaughtered? This is only the beginning. From now on, every Ludendorff I encounter, I will kill." Andrew delivered the sentence without emotion.

He kicked Marshall up into the air, then drove a straight punch forward. An explosive force smashed into Marshall's head. In an instant, Marshall's head was blown clean off, flying dozens of meters away. It was left hanging on the city wall ahead. Andrew had said he would present Marshall's head to the Ludendorff family, and he always kept his word. After that, he turned and walked away. At the same time, the city gates opened, and squads of soldiers rushed out. When the leading officer saw Marshall's head, his legs went weak, and he collapsed to the ground. "Quick, report to the governor.

Something terrible has happened, something huge! Mr. Marshall Ludendorff has been beheaded!"

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Chapter 2905

---- Chapter 2905 Marshall's death sent shockwaves throughout the entire Outlands. It was not because Marshall himself held overwhelming influence. No matter how capable

he was, he was only one of the more outstanding descendants of the Ludendorff family. What truly caused the uproar was his last name, Ludendorff. And more importantly, he was a direct heir of the Ludendorff family. A cold morning drizzle soaked Throne City. Under the gray, oppressive sky, the entire city looked heavy and suffocating.

Two columns of escorts, dressed head to toe in black, escorted Marshall's body into the Throne Hall. That hall was the central seat of the Ludendorff family. The 96-year-old Raiden Ludendorff watched expressionlessly as Marshall's body was set down. He was the current ruling executor of the Ludendorff family, and he was also the city lord of Throne City and the King of the Outlands. Of course, those titles were self-proclaimed by the Ludendorff family. Yet across the entire Outlands, very few dared to dispute them. Newest update provided by Find_Novel(.)net

"Sir, please accept our condolences." ---- Josue Bartlett, the City Lord of Chronos City, stepped forward to pay his respects and offer sympathy to Raiden Ludendorff, Marshall had been Raiden's 17th son, and that alone was the reason the city lord personally escorted the body back. The one who died carried the bloodline of the King of the Outlands, even if that bloodline was not particularly remarkable. Still, as long as he was Raiden's son, he commanded respect. Raiden merely nodded at Josue's words.

Then, he calmly asked, "Marshall was killed just outside your city, correct?" Josue replied respectfully, "Yes, sir. My men discovered him. Unfortunately, we arrived too late, and he was brutally murdered." Raiden said indifferently, "You saw the one who killed him, didn't you?" Josue shook his head. "I apologize, sir. I did not see him myself. But some of my subordinates did." Raiden nodded and waved his hand. "You have worked hard. You may go. You returned Marshall's body and showed respect to the Ludendorff family.

This favor will be remembered." Josue felt a surge of relief, knowing the weight behind Raiden's words. He bowed once more in silence, then withdrew. ---- As Raiden looked at Marshall's pale body in the rain, he turned and walked into the hall. There was no funeral or memorial service, as the Ludendorff family did not waste time on such formalities. An order was given to dispose of Marshall's body. Raiden straightened his long coat and took his seat at the highest position of the Ludendorff family. Cyril had the darkest expression of all. "I will take full responsibility for Marshall's death.

That Holtrien man will pay ten times over and follow Marshall into the grave." He directed those words toward Raiden. Earlier, in Wraith Graveyard, Cyril and Marshall had hunted Rosemary together. At the time, Cyril had not taken Andrew seriously. There were not many Holtriens in the Outlands, but they were not rare either. In Cyril's eyes, they were nothing more than loud, insignificant pests. However, that moment of disregard had cost the family a direct heir. Worse still, his head had been publicly displayed outside Chronos City.

Those who saw it and those who did not all understood one thing: the Ludendorff family had been openly challenged again after decades of dominance. ---- This was something

Raiden, Cyril, and the Ludendorff inner circle could not tolerate. After all, they ruled the chaotic Outlands through bloodshed and relied on endless oppression and fear. Making others tremble had always been their method. But now, for the first time, fear had turned against them.

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- Chapter 2906

Chapter 2906

---- Chapter 2906 A direct heir of the Ludendorff family had been taken out, and the way he died was brutally horrific. The signal behind it was obvious to anyone with half a brain. Someone out there did not take Ludendorff, the King of the Outlands, seriously at all. Raiden spoke calmly, "Fine. I'll leave this to you. But you know what I want." Cyril slammed his right fist against his chest and bowed deeply. "Your will is the will of the entire Ludendorff family. I will carry it out to the very end." Raiden nodded with satisfaction. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON

However, he suddenly added, "The one who killed Marshall was a Holtrien. From what I can tell, this person appears to be quite skilled. At the very least, he's got to be at the martial emperor level or higher. But as far as I know, there aren't many Holtriens in the Outlands with that kind of power." Cyril sneered viciously. "There aren't many, but not a single one will escape me. If they can't give the Ludendorff family the answers we want, then every last Holtrien in the Outlands will die. ---- Raiden frowned. "Don't go too far with this. Reginald is still active in the Outlands right now."

His presence isn't just for show. It's best not to provoke that man's anger lightly." Cyril fell silent for a moment. For once, he was not arrogant or overbearing. Instead, he nodded and replied, "Please rest assured, I'll be careful." Raiden continued, "What about that angel from the Lomuia Grand Cathedral?" Cyril's expression darkened. "She's already been locked up in the family's black prison. But there's no more value to squeeze out of her.

According to her, the holy light power of Saint John in the Wraith Graveyard was stolen by a Holtrien, and she was a victim herself." Raiden asked back, "What do you think?" Cyril gritted his teeth. "I've used every method available. That Ivory Seraph is nothing more than a broken shell now, with no use left. And based on her description, I'm 90% certain that the one who stole the holy light power is the same man who killed Marshall." Raiden snorted. "You've let this unknown Holtrien succeed twice in a row. Cyril, you're making me very angry, understand?

I can understand if it were some powerful figures from the Dark ---- Trinity. But this pest killed Marshall and came out on top in the Wraith Graveyard. I have to question your competence!" Cold sweat immediately broke out on Cyril's forehead. Although he was a peerless martial god with unmatched strength, he was nothing in comparison to Raiden, for that man existed at a level above the martial god level. "Forget it, there's no point in talking more." Raiden waved his hand, dismissing Cyril "Go handle it. The Ludendorff family has lost people, and the family has been disgraced because of it.

We need to wash away this shame with someone's blood!" "Understood!" Cyril bowed and turned to leave. Raiden suddenly called out again, "That angel from the Cathedral, deal with her!" Cyril was stunned. "Sir, even though the Ivory Seraph is ruined, we could still use her to extort a hefty ransom from the Lomuia Grand Cathedral. Wouldn't it be wasteful to just dispose of her like this?" Raiden shook his head. "Whatever the Lomuia Grand Cathedral can give, the Ludendorff family doesn't need. What the Ludendorff family wants, that old bastard Pope won't give up just for one angel.

Deal with her, but I want it done in a way that ---- makes Lomuia believe the Ivory Seraph died at the hands of that Holtrien." Cyril frowned, then understood and smiled. "As you wish!" Rosemary was still an angel, after all. Killing her outright would only deepen the Lomuia Grand Cathedral's hatred, and Andrew would be the perfect scapegoat.

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Chapter 2907

---- Chapter 2907 Two days later, Andrew appeared in another major city. It was not too far from Throne City, the headquarters of the Ludendorff family. So, the moment Andrew entered the city, he immediately saw his portrait scrolling across massive electronic billboards. Below it, several blood-red words blazed out. [Bounty: 500 Million Meurico Dollars!] As for who posted the bounty, there was no doubt it was the Ludendorff family. Andrew only glanced at it before walking away as if nothing had happened. Several hidden gazes swept over him, but then quietly withdrew. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY

At the moment, Andrew wore a black cloak, and the lowered hood covered most of his face. The Godslayer had been placed inside a large case. So for the time being, no one recognized him. He picked a restaurant and sat down. The open terrace allowed him to easily see the street below. Finding Reginald was his top priority at the moment. After that, he needed to manage his time carefully and head toward the Deadlands. Since he was already in the Outlands, there was no way he would pass up the chance to investigate the entrance to the Veiled Paradise.

---- He mocked himself inwardly, thinking he really was a pitiful kid, searching for both his father and his mother. After tossing two gold bars onto the table, the waiter's smile immediately reached its peak. Soon after, the restaurant's finest dishes were brought out one by one. Two little girls, their faces smeared with dirt, approached Andrew's table with eager eyes. They were two child beggars, and they kept swallowing their saliva while staring at the food. Andrew ate on his own, completely ignoring them. He did not even spare them a glance.

One of the girls finally could not hold back and said, "Sir, could you give us some to eat? We haven't eaten in three days. Please, have some mercy and give us a little." Andrew remained unmoved, not even shifting his gaze. The two girls fidgeted restlessly but still held themselves back. Finally, Andrew put down his fork, stood up, and smiled. "The leftovers are all yours. But remember this for next time: not everyone is as easy to fool as I am. If you run into someone ruthless, you could very well lose your lives." ---- Both girls lowered their heads in unison.

Yet there was no regret or embarrassment in their eyes, only coldness. Their pitiful act from earlier had been completely fake. In the Outlands, children like these were trained to beg and used as tools. Many people took pity on them without understanding the truth. They never realized they could be sold off or used for assassinations the moment they turned around. After Andrew had taken only a few steps, someone grabbed the back of his clothes. The smile on his face did not change as he turned around.

"What is it?" The two children clung tightly to him and put on their pitiful expressions again. "Sir, could you give us some more money? You are so rich, just give us a little so we can survive, okay? My sister and I will remember your kindness forever." Andrew's smile widened. "I say, you two girls should know when to stop. You are young, but that does not mean I am a fool to be taken advantage of." The two children clenched their teeth and said nothing. They simply refused to let go of Andrew's clothes. ---- Andrew chuckled softly.

"It seems I really look easy to bully and easy to extort." A restaurant manager walked over and tried to persuade him. "Sir, just give them a little something. These kids are quite pitiful. Anyone who eats here usually gives them something when they run into them." Andrew smiled and said, "The way you put it makes me sound like the villain, like a heartless miser. So what if I refuse to give a single cent?" The manager snorted coldly. "I was trying to help you, but you clearly took kindness for weakness. If you do not want to give, then do as you please.

But let me tell you this: the moment you step outside our restaurant, you are on Ironheads territory. These two kids belong to the gang. You should think carefully about whether you can afford to offend them." After saying that, he gave Andrew a mocking smile and turned to leave.

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Chapter 2908

---- Chapter 2908 Andrew shook his head. "Figures. The kinder you are, the more people step on you and treat you like you are easy prey. Wait a second." That last line was directed at the manager. The man stopped and said coldly, "Sir, do you need something else? If you want protection from our restaurant. That will be 10,000 Meurico dollars, or ten gold bars." Andrew answered him with a direct slap to the face. With a loud bang, the man was sent flying. He crashed to the ground and struggled to his feet, roaring, "You are digging your own grave!"

Cause trouble here, and even God himself will not save you." Dozens of footsteps rang out, and immediately, a group of tattooed thugs surrounded Andrew. Meanwhile, the two little girls retreated behind the crowd. Andrew sneered. "The Ironheads you talked about were just your own little extortion racket." The man who had been hit grinned viciously. "So what if you figured it out? I will tell you straight, this place is backed by the city lord's office. A Holtrien acting wild here only proves you do ---- not understand reality.

Now you either hand over all your money and get lost, or you stay and die." Andrew shrugged, finally realizing he had walked into a crooked establishment, and the people backing it were no small figures. Nonetheless, that was exactly what Andrew wanted. He grabbed a chair and swung it out in one smooth motion. The dozen thugs were sent flying one by one, with blood gushing everywhere. Screams filled the restaurant. Even the manager panicked and turned to run. A cold flash appeared in Andrew's eyes, and with a sharp pull through the air, the steak knife on the table shot forward.

With a whistle, it pierced straight through the man's chest. He died on the spot. The others were terrified. They never expected Andrew to kill someone openly in public. However, Andrew did not care in the slightest. He looked at the two little girls who were already pale with fear and barked, "Get lost, now. I know you're enslaved by these people and have no choice but to follow their orders. But if you commit evil for too long and unknowingly start enjoying it, unable to pull yourself out, then that becomes a sin.

I don't want to kill children, but if you're beyond saving, I won't show mercy." ---- The two girls nodded frantically and ran off as if fleeing for their lives. The commotion at the restaurant immediately caught the attention of the city's law enforcement officials. Soon, various forces rushed over. Meanwhile, the pedestrians on the street scattered in all directions, no longer daring to linger. "Anyone inside, listen carefully. Come out and get on your knees. Submit yourselves to the judgment of the Abyss City Lord.

Otherwise, Abyss City will carry out a death sentence, and you will be permanently buried here." Andrew looked down and saw a group of mercenaries surrounding the restaurant below. Each one was tall and heavily built. This was the Outlands style, crushing problems with force at the slightest excuse. Unfortunately for them, the one they ran into today was Andrew. "Get lost, or you can come in and try," he spat and ignored them. Outside, the mercenaries were in disbelief. Their lieutenant colonel leader exploded in rage.

"Charge in and take that madman's head." Andrew sat at the entrance of the restaurant and tightened his ---- grip on the greatsword. He pulled back his hood, and the smile on his face slowly turned feral. He did not come to Abyss City to sightsee. First, this place was directly under the control of the Ludendorff family. Andrew had said it before that even in death, Marshall would continue to pay the price. The Ludendorff family needed to hurt more, to honor the townspeople who had all died. Second, Andrew needed to create as much chaos as possible. Chapters first released on

Only then would Reginald notice him and make contact If he relied on searching alone in a sea of people, with the Outlands this vast, who knew how long that would take? + Only by stirring up massive trouble, combined with the Ludendorff family's bounty, would Reginald have a much better chance of finding him. 4

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Chapter 2909

---- Chapter 2909 A steady stream of Abyss City soldiers flooded into the restaurant. Without exception, everyone who rushed inside ended the same way. After a burst of frantic screams, everything fell completely silent. Outside, the lieutenant colonel in charge was grim. He jumped down from the armored vehicle and roared, "Move!" The two guards in front, drenched in sweat, immediately stepped aside. The lieutenant colonel carried a massive heavy machine gun and walked to the restaurant entrance. Then, he locked the trigger down without hesitation.

A violent stream of fire poured into the restaurant like a storm, and everything in its path was shredded to pieces Andrew sat calmly on a chair on the first floor, one leg crossed over the other. The Godslayer rested right beside his hand. Faced with the incoming machine gun fire, he did nothing but raise a hand and draw a protective barrier in front of him. At this point, he could freely channel the Holy Light and the power of his ancestors. Even anti-aircraft guns or grenade launchers would not scratch him, let alone a mere machine gun.

This was the terror of high-level warriors, and Andrew was no ---- ordinary high-level warrior. With a sharp crack, the machine gun in the lieutenant colonel's hands suddenly went dead. The barrel had overheated and burst. "Dammit!" Cursing, the lieutenant colonel tossed the weapon aside and strode toward Andrew. He lifted a leg and swept it straight at Andrew's head. Andrew looked at him indifferently and struck first despite moving second, punching straight into the lieutenant colonel's chest. With a violent cough, blood sprayed from the man's mouth as shock filled his face.

He was one of the top three fighters in Abyss City. He was at the Marquis level, and even if he was only comparable to that of an early-stage martial emperor, he was still a martial emperor, not some nobody. The lieutenant colonel's courage shattered as he screamed, "Who the hell are you? Our City Lord is an elder of the Ludendorff family. You'll pay the price for acting so brazenly in the Abyss City." Andrew looked at him calmly. "Do you want to live, or do you want to die?" ---- The lieutenant colonel's face turned paper white. "I want to live." Andrew nodded.

"Then get lost, and I won't kill you. But you need to bring your city lord here. I heard his name is Garal Ludendorff, right?" The man's heart skipped a beat, knowing Andrew was not someone to mess with because he had even investigated the city lord's name and still dared to run wild in Abyss City. It could only mean one thing: Andrew intended to crush Abyss City head-on. Andrew continued, "The Ludendorff family put out a bounty on a Holtrien, didn't they? That's me. So you know what to do, right?" The lieutenant colonel's mind buzzed as he stared at Andrew in absolute terror.

He never expected that the guy the Ludendorff family was desperately trying to hunt down had actually come to cause trouble on Ludendorff territory. Not only that, but he had even revealed his own identity, acting so arrogantly. "Just you wait!" After shouting fearfully, the lieutenant colonel clutched his chest and stumbled outside. The first thing he did was contact Garal, who was the top authority of the city. He himself was of the Ludendorff family ---- **bloodline! THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY**

When he heard that the one causing chaos on his territory was the very fugitive wanted by the family headquarters, shock and fury hit him at once. He immediately dialed the direct line to the Throne Hall and growled, "The Holtrien man the family is hunting is in my territory right now." Garal's voice was icy as he added, "Please send reinforcements. I will hold him here." On the other end, Raiden replied, "Gara, you do not need to do anything except make sure he does not escape. Cyril will personally head over now." Gara answered, "Understood." After hanging up, his expression turned cold.

He summoned his servants, put on his battle armor, and took up the bloodstained warhammer he had used in 30 years of campaigns in the outer territories. Gara did not even summon any attendants to follow him. Instead, he jumped into an SUV and floored it toward Andrew's location. This was his territory, and although he had already notified family headquarters to send reinforcements, Gara felt he would ---- get there first and smash Andrew's skull in. Two minutes later, Gara arrived at the restaurant surrounded by troops.

The lieutenant colonel, barely holding onto consciousness, staggered forward. Sir, the man is inside. You. Gara slapped a hand onto his head and shoved him. "Get out of my way." Then, with powerful strides, he charged into the restaurant with the warhammer in hand. The soldiers waiting outside heard the first massive impact. The next instant, the entire roof of the restaurant was blown violently into the air.

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Chapter 2910

---- Chapter 2910 Two massive energies erupted and shot straight into the sky. It was the raw power released by Garal, the Lord of Abyss City. One was heavy and overwhelming, while the other was dark and obscure, impossible to fully grasp. It was the battle intent surging from Andrew. "Out here in the wastelands, no one stands against the Ludendorff family." Garal's warhammer slammed head-on into Andrew's greatsword. The two of them clashed like gladiators, launching into brutal attacks the moment they met. It was a direct contest of strength and explosive physical power.

Andrew's hair whipped wildly in the raging currents of energy. Godslayer crashed down on Garal in a three-strike combo, and each blow was heavier than the last. By the third strike, the massive blade of Godslayer was already flowing with scorching light. Nonetheless, Garal was no ordinary opponent. He was nothing like the City of Hope's lord and those of his kind. As a key territorial commander of the Ludendorff family, he possessed true martial god level strength.

---- Even though the martial god level was the peak he would ever reach, half a lifetime of warfare had driven his combat record and willpower to their absolute limits. With an explosive shout, Garal's massive aura surged again. The already crumbling restaurant collapsed completely. The muscles on his face twisted and bulged as the warhammer came down like a landslide. He met Andrew head-on without giving an inch. Andrew grunted and was forced backward, sliding like he was on ice. He was pushed more than ten yards back. Deep trenches were carved into the ground beneath his feet. This chapter is updated by

The Abyss City soldiers on the perimeter turned pale and instinctively retreated to a safe distance. Andrew held the sword in his left hand and brushed his right hand across Godslayer's razor edge. A deep metallic hum burst from the blade. "Again!" He sank his weight and stabilized his center of gravity. Then, he charged forward in three explosive steps, his speed reaching its peak instantly. With one final step, he leapt high into the air. The jump alone ---- carried him nearly 50 feet upward. In midair, Andrew shifted to a two-handed downward strike.

A massive streak of black and white lightning coiled around Godslayer and slammed downward with the blade. It was not real lightning, but Andrew's externalized energy tearing through the air. Below him, Garal's expression grew solemn. He had underestimated Andrew. There was nothing questionable about this man's ability to kill Marshall Andrew was a once-in-a-generation prodigy who posed a real threat to him. Garal reached a conclusion in an instant. Marshall had not died unjustly; he had even

died with honor because he was crushed by an existence that surpassed him completely.

Garal was a veteran of countless battlefields, not an arrogant young man like Marshall. He knew well that even when a lion hunted a rabbit, it still used its full strength. He dared not underestimate a single opponent in his life, and the facts proved his caution was right. Andrew was a monster. But no matter how monstrous, talent still needed time to grow and settle. ---- An old lion on the plains might one day be killed by its cub. But before that cub matured, the old lion could snap its fragile neck without effort. The warhammer in Garal's hands began to vibrate.

Above its head, a massive ring of light slowly formed. That ring was the full concentration of Garal's internal power. Then, he once again met Andrew head-on. A thunderous explosion echoed across Abyss City, and the entire city seemed to shudder. Andrew's face turned slightly pale as he dropped from midair. Garal remained expressionless and pressed the attack, swinging with wide and dominant arcs. Andrew wielded Godslayer and flipped repeatedly through the air. Using the momentum of each rotation, Godslayer slammed again and again into Garal's warhammer with deafening clangs.

This was the first time since his energy core had shattered and been reborn that Andrew faced an opponent stronger than himself. And it was a solid, battle-hardened martial god. It was exhausting, yet Andrew fought with remarkable ---- composure. His overall strength and realm might still fall short of Garal's, but his foundation and the multiple supreme powers within his body were enough to offset the gap between their realms. From there, the outcome became simple: who lived and who died depended on whose nerves were tougher, whose fighting would burn brighter, and who could last longer.

Amid the unrecognizable ruins, Andrew's movements reached their absolute limit. At times, he struck from above, then from the left, the right, and even from behind. Every swing of Godslayer tore the air apart with a violent, explosive shriek. Yet, Garal stood firm like a human tank, guarding the center. No matter how fierce the assault became, he remained completely unshaken.

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Chapter 2911

---- Chapter 2911 A trickle of blood spilled from the corner of Andrew's mouth. Yet, the killing force erupting from within his body grew even more ferocious. Garal's heart kept

sinking. He did not believe he would lose, but Andrew's excellence and perseverance displayed had already exceeded his understanding. After all, such a prodigy should not exist in the Outlands. At the very least, the Ludendorff family could not allow him to survive. Otherwise, it would be like leaving a threat unchecked, which could bring grave consequences later.

Garal swung his warhammer wildly and began to press forward. Sparks exploded between the two of them, and flashes of light scattered in every direction. Garal was a veteran martial god with terrifying foundations. Yet, at this moment, even he was somewhat out of breath. When he looked at the young man across from him, Andrew was injured, but it clearly did not affect him much. If they continued fighting, Garal truly could not say who would come out alive. What infuriated him was that the man in front of him had not even officially stepped into the martial god level yet.

---- Of course, Garal did not know that a dramatic transformation was occurring inside Andrew's body, something that even Andrew himself had not anticipated. The five elements of nature were transforming into each other in an endless cycle. At first, Andrew had not realized this. But now, facing Garal, a truly powerful opponent, and being pushed to his limits, everything naturally clicked into place. The sword in his left hand slashed down fiercely, but was deflected by Garal. However, Godslayer automatically flew into Andrew's right hand. The source of this content is

Yet, his left hand did not pause for a moment and struck three consecutive palms at Garal's opening. Garal felt overwhelming flames surging toward him. It was Inferno Strike! His battle armor protected him, allowing him to withstand three strikes. Even so, he still felt a blockage in his chest that was extremely uncomfortable. The flame energy from the Inferno Strike had penetrated his meridians and began burning. Before he could purge the discomfort from his body, another brutal wave of attacks came crashing down. Garal rampaged forward, roaring continuously.

He repeatedly knocked aside Godslayer. ---- Andrew retreated step by step, yet his eyes remained incredibly calm, and his footwork stayed steady and solid. A massive thud rang out as Godslayer finally flew from Andrew's hand. Garal's heart leaped with joy, and he had unleashed every ounce of his strength. He thought Andrew was finally losing his momentum. No matter how monstrous, he would still have to submit to his brute force. With a roar, Garal's warhammer suddenly flew from his hand, smashing straight toward Andrew's head.

Arcs of electricity flickered on the weapon, carrying devastating force. Andrew was in mid-air, flying backward continuously. A strange light flashed through his eyes and disappeared. Then, he made his move. He slapped a palm against the warhammer, and with a deafening clang, it sounded like a massive bronze bell being struck. The second palm followed immediately. Yet, it was soft and gentle, diffusing the hammer's momentum somewhat. Andrew withdrew his palm, then struck again. This time, a green glow flashed.

Immediately after, he delivered two final palm strikes, smashing directly into the warhammer. ---- The warhammer, which should have inevitably crushed Andrew and left him gravely injured, was completely stopped in midair. Garal stepped forward twice and grabbed the suspended warhammer. His face was filled with shock and uncertainty as he stared at Andrew, completely forgetting to attack. He said, "There seems to be multiple elemental powers inside your body. I am not ignorant of ancient Holtrien martial arts. What you used was the Five Elements power, right?"

Endless regeneration, mutual transformation, balancing strength and softness, water and fire share the same source." Andrew reached behind him, pulled out the greatsword embedded there, and said calmly, "So what if it is? Sir, you cannot kill me." Garal clenched his teeth and said, "You've been so provocative, targeting the Ludendorff family. Why?"

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Chapter 2912

---- Chapter 2912 Andrew said coldly, "It's just an eye for an eye. In the wilderness, the Ludendorff family thinks it's invincible and can do whatever it wants. But unfortunately, I, Andrew Lloyd, don't buy into that nonsense." He continued, "You've slaughtered without mercy, treating human life as if it meant nothing. So, I will stand up and demand justice for those innocent people killed by the Ludendorff family. Garal said in a deep voice, "What you're doing is futile, a path to death. In the wilderness, power is the only truth.

Your delusion of seeking justice for some worthless trash is itself a form of stupidity." Andrew sneered disdainfully. "Power is the only truth... What a line. I agree. When I destroy Abyss City and kill you, you'll become exactly that worthless trash you look down on, right?" Garal raged. "How dare you!" With his brows twisted in rage, he launched another attack. Andrew did not back down one bit as violent energy swirled around Godslayer, and he charged forward again. The fierce battle erupted once more, and the entire Abyss City ---- declared a state of war.

Outside the city, a convoy rushed toward Abyss City at a reckless, near-overturning pace. In the lead vehicle, Cyril clenched his fists until they cracked. "This farce ends now." After muttering under his breath, he leaped up. He vaulted over the city wall that stood dozens of meters high in one bound. Then, he descended like a great eagle, carrying overwhelming momentum as he shot toward Andrew, who was locked in fierce combat with Garal in the city. With two Ludendorff family martial gods working together, he believed that Andrew had no reason to survive.

However, a slender, masked figure in black suddenly chose to strike just as Cyril was still in mid-air with his attention completely divided. It was precisely Cyril's most vulnerable moment. The black-robed figure shot up from a watchtower like a bolt of lightning. The slim body twisted midair, turning sharply like a swallow changing direction. Then, a matte-black dagger stabbed viciously toward Cyril's chest. Cyril raged and forcibly pressed his body toward the ground. At the same time, he roared, and a black light burst forth from his ---- body.

In a blur, the ambushing figure was blasted far away. Instead of joy, Cyril felt alarmed and shouted, "Garal, get out of the way!" The black-robed figure had already pounced on Garal. A pair of blue eyes flared with an eerie glow. Black flames wrapped around the dagger as it struck Garal's massive warhammer. Garal's entire body shuddered violently, and he threw his head back as blood gushed out from his mouth. Andrew gripped his sword, hardened his resolve, and forced his way forward in a savage attack.

He intended to seize this chance to kill Garal, taking out one of the Ludendorff family's arms. However, the black-robed figure that had arrived grabbed his arm and shouted, "Come with me!" Andrew frowned. "Who are you?" The other person pulled down the mask covering her face and said coldly, "If it weren't for your father sending me to back you up, acting this recklessly would get you killed. Do you really think I would care whether you lived or died? Move." Andrew was stunned. ---- It was Nyx, the woman who had helped him once back in Holtien. Nonetheless, that no longer mattered.

When he heard that Reginald had sent her, Andrew did not hesitate for a second and immediately followed Nyx up onto Abyss City's wall. Then, they jumped straight down. When Cyril arrived at the wall with an ashen face, all he saw were two trails of dust fading into the distance. Garal, pale-faced and clutching his chest, came to the wall. Cyril turned around and roared, "Why didn't you hold him down? Why didn't you wait for me to arrive?" Read full story at

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Chapter 2913

---- Chapter 2913 Garal fell silent for a moment and then said coldly, "I don't need you telling me how to do my job. If you think you are more capable than I am, and that I handled this wrong, then feel free to report it to Mr. Raiden." Cyril slammed a fist into the city wall and ground his teeth. "There is no need for that. You and I have fought openly and secretly for years, and it is meaningless. Garal, my old friend, you are injured, aren't you? And the injury is quite severe, too." Garal coughed twice more and shook his head. The rightful source is

"It is nothing serious, Cyril, but you saw that assassin, didn't you?" Cyril said coldly, "Of course I did. That was Nyx of Dragonfang, one of Reginald's people. I don't understand why he would interfere in the affairs of the Ludendorff family. Could that Holtrien man be connected to him?" Garal shook his head. "Whether there is a connection no longer matters. What matters is that Reginald took him away. It's going to be difficult for us to get our revenge." Cyril hissed viciously, "Difficult or not, that's not for Dragonfang's to decide.

If they really push us, the Ludendorff family isn't afraid to go to war with them." ---- Garal frowned. "You fool! Right now, the family's focus isn't on this guy. While we need to exact revenge to regain our dignity, there are more important matters at hand. Don't forget that Mr. Raiden won't be as reckless as you are." He continued, "Besides, going to war with Dragonfang? The Ludendorff family has more than enough enemies at this point. The situation in the Outlands isn't good right now, and Dragonfang plays a very important role.

Compared to going to war, building alliances and good relations would be more beneficial for the family." Cyril's face was gloomy. After a long pause, he finally said, "Fine, I'll head back to Throne City. Damn it, I'm definitely going to get chewed out again. Garal, sometimes I really envy you, being able to control your own territory. "Unlike me, serving the family comes with crushing pressure. Marshall was supposed to train under me, but now he's dead, beheaded by that Holtrien guy. How am I supposed to vent my frustration?" Garal shook his head.

"Cyril, you and I are both getting on in years. Many things are driven by fate, beyond our control. This young man is named Andrew Lloyd, and I think we must thoroughly investigate him. His abilities actually made me feel fear and dread." ---- Cyril exclaimed in surprise, "What exactly do you mean?" Garal emphasized his tone. "You don't need to worry about the details, just relay my words to the family: The Ludendorff family enslaving the Outlands to strengthen itself isn't a bad move entirely, but the backlash won't be minor either.

"We believe our mighty army can extinguish all opposition, but a single spark is all it needs to start a rebellion against us. Moreover, this young man from Holtrien gave me a sense of unease." Cyril laughed mockingly. "No matter how talented he is, he's still a nobody. Garal, facing him must've shaken you up. You've grown cautious." Garal shook his head. "Even after being at Mr. Raiden's side for so long, you still haven't learned humility. I know a thing or two. about Marshall's death. Likewise, arrogance and cruelty were the root causes that cost him his life.

"And right now, you're exactly like him. Cyril, take my advice: don't underestimate others, especially not Andrew. Listen to me and thoroughly investigate his background. I'm sure he has an extraordinary backing."

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Chapter 2914

---- Chapter 2914 After traveling nonstop for half a day, Andrew followed Nyx and arrived at a bustling market town. Andrew asked, "Is my father here?" Nyx's deep blue eyes flicked toward him as she replied flatly, "No, but we need to eat first." Without waiting for his response, she walked straight into a shop. The two of them sat across from each other, eating quietly without a word. Nyx wore a loose black robe. Aside from her blue eyes, her face stayed deliberately hidden even while she ate.

Andrew already knew this woman was very cold by nature. Moreover, she seemed to have some inexplicable bias toward him. Nonetheless, because she was one of Reginald's people, he chose not to provoke her. Nyx suddenly said, "Who taught you such a foolish method of starting a full-scale fight in Abyss City? Setting aside the fact that Garal, the Lord of Abyss City, is a martial god, Abyss City is only several hours' drive from the Ludendorff family headquarters. You're too reckless. If I had arrived late, you would have died for sure!" ---- Andrew shrugged.

"But as you can see, I'm fine, aren't I?" Nyx put down her spoon and gently pulled up the black cloth to completely cover her face, saying coldly, "You don't need to play games with me. If it were your father, he would never take such risks. The reason you are fine has nothing to do with luck, and you know exactly why." Andrew frowned slightly. "I have always treated women with more courtesy. And if they are on my side, I am even more willing to hold back. But there is one thing: I don't like women who think they know everything. I didn't need you to save me."

In that situation, I might not have been able to defeat Abyss City, but I could have withdrawn safely." Nyx sneered. "Do you even know that Cyril Ludendorff, a martial god stronger than Garal, had already arrived? In that situation, if I had not shown up in time and you were caught between two martial gods, how would you have survived?" Andrew snorted. Though his tone was calm, it carried a trace of pride. "If I dared to make a move in Abyss City, then I had already prepared for the worst. So what if two martial gods attacked together? The source of this content is

I was not even fighting at full strength." Nyx suddenly felt an uncontrollable irritation and snapped, "You seem very confident in yourself. Andrew, right? To be honest, I do not think you deserve the Lloyd surname, nor do you deserve ---- to be Mr. Lloyd Senior's son. Because all you do is distract him, worry him, and create trouble, and nothing more. Just like the mess you caused back in Holtrien." Andrew shook his head. "You are my father's subordinate, so I will let this slide once. However, there will not be a next time."

Right now, all you need to do is take me to my father." Nyx took a deep breath, suppressed her anger, and sneered. "Worry not. I will take you to see him. You are reckless and impulsive, but I have no choice but to follow the boss's orders. But I do not like you. I truly do not like you." Andrew, I know your talent is outstanding, far beyond your peers. But if this is all you have, then you are not worthy of taking over his position. And you are even less worthy of earning my loyalty in the future."

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Chapter 2915

---- Chapter 2915 Andrew scoffed. "You're overthinking this. I don't need your loyalty." Nyx's chest rose and fell sharply, and she said, "The way you talk is extremely dangerous, believe me. At this distance, killing you would be as easy as swatting a mosquito. But I won't. "However, I can beat you up, knock your teeth out, and have you crawling on the ground looking for them. And if that happens, I really wonder what face you would have left to keep acting arrogant in front of me. In the end, all your glory and reckless behavior exist only because of Mr. Lloyd Senior.

Without him, you are nothing." Andrew tightened his grip on the greatsword beside him and said flatly, "So what? Do you feel like testing me right now? I'm not trying to prove how badass I am in your eyes. I just want to tell you that as a woman, you should stop being so damn loud. Your loyalty to my father has nothing to do with me. It doesn't mean you can spout nonsense in front of me." A bone-chilling coldness suddenly erupted from Nyx's body. The other customers in the shop all shrank back, looking around to see what was happening. Andrew looked at her and said nothing.

---- Nyx suddenly stood up and said flatly, "We're leaving!" She walked straight out, tossing money for the meal to the shop owner. Andrew shrugged, thinking that she was really annoying. Even so, she was ridiculously powerful. After all, she was an assassin who lived to kill, and on top of that, a martial god. If they really fought, Andrew had a feeling he might actually suffer defeat. Despite that, he could not lose momentum, because backing down was not an option, no matter what. As he watched Nyx walking ahead, a sudden, unexplained irritation stirred in his chest.

Just then, Vincenzo Rizzo, a merchant, walked by, leading several slaves. The man looked vicious, and he lashed out with his whip without hesitation, striking the slaves with brutal force. In the chaotic Outlands, slave trading was legal, or rather, no one cared to regulate it. Moreover, those who dared to do this kind of business all had massive backing. "You worthless trash, your miserable lives were spared because I

paid money to buy you," Vincenzo cursed, raising his whip to strike again. "As my personal property, remember this.

When I hit you, you do ---- not fight back, and when I curse you, you do not talk back." However, the whip never came down. Someone had grabbed it midair! Vincenzo exploded in rage and turned around. Andrew held the raised whip with one hand and said flatly, "Let them go." The fat Vincenzo sneered viciously and growled, "You little punk .. Just who do you think you are? Do you have any idea who I am?" Andrew stared at him without emotion and said, "I told you to let them go. These people you are holding are either women or children. You know better than anyone how you got them.

It was definitely through despicable means, was it not?" Vincenzo's face twitched as he snapped back, trying to sound tough, "How I obtained them is none of your business. You want me to release them? In your dreams! If you don't back off, you'll pay with your life." Andrew did not bother arguing. He kicked Vincenzo square in the stomach, sending the bloated man flying a few yards away, Vincenzo's bodyguards roared and rushed forward, but Andrew swung his greatsword in a wide arc. They screamed as they were all sent flying backward. ---- "You just wait!" Vincenzo yelled in fury. This text is hosted at

"My backers are Abyss City officials, and Abyss City is run by the Ludendorff family. No matter who you are, if you interfere in our business, you're as good as dead."

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Chapter 2916

---- Chapter 2916 Though resentful, Vincenzo was also filled with fear for Andrew. Thus, he scrambled away immediately. A cold glint flashed in Andrew's eyes, but ultimately, he did not kill Vincenzo. However, coming all the way to this place only to still hear the name Ludendorff family really pissed him off He untied the ropes and said to the slaves, "You're free now. Go, get as far away as you can and don't come back." The women and children cried tears of gratitude, thanking him repeatedly before disappearing into the marketplace.

Several pairs of eyes around them were discreetly sizing up Andrew before quickly leaving. Andrew remained unmoved and even sneered dismissively. These vultures would definitely run straight to Abyss City to report this. Being a lackey for the Ludendorff family was something many people dreamed of. Nyx returned and said coldly, "What's the point of doing these useless things?" Andrew said irritably, "Since ancient times, the greatest heroes serve their country and people. I may not be a great

hero, but I have the sense of justice to help when I see injustice. The link to the origin of this information rests in

Didn't you ---- see that fat pig trafficking people just now?" Nyx laughed mockingly. "I saw it, so what? In the wilderness, do you know how many slaves are bought and tortured to death every day? Mining, road building, hard labor... Almost every major power in the Outlands exploits slaves." She continued, "Who do you think you are, some kind of savior? Andrew, you're really naive, doing these impractical things and thinking it makes you noble. I don't care anymore. When we get back to Mr. Lloyd Senior, I'm definitely going to recommend sending you away." Andrew's temper flared too.

"Suit yourself! Where I go is none of your business. If you were my subordinate, you'd be on your knees begging for mercy right now, or I'd make you eat your words." Nyx smiled contemptuously. "So what? You think you're qualified to have a subordinate like me? Andrew, in the entire Outlands, there's no one worthy of my loyalty. Only one person, and that's Mr. Lloyd Senior." She added, "And you... Your only saving grace is that dumb luck of yours for having an invincible father. Other than that, I really don't see anything about you worth respecting." Andrew's face remained impassive.

"Just show me the way. Instead of arguing with me here, you might as well take me to -- see my dad sooner. One last piece of advice: tone it down. Because it won't be long before I pin you to the ground and grind you into the dirt." Nyx sneered disdainfully. "Are you dreaming?" As the number one person in Dragonfang under Reginald, combined with her unparalleled assassination techniques, Nyx could even threaten powerhouses at the peak martial god level. She truly could not understand where this reckless brat got his confidence and nerve. Andrew just smiled and did not argue with her.

Based on his current progress, Andrew was confident that within two months, he could break through to the martial god level. Once he truly stepped into the martial god level, he could finally kick Nyx's ass. He was determined to be the number one of the martial god level after breaking through.

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Chapter 2917

---- Chapter 2917 Under Nyx's guidance, Andrew had no idea how many detours they took. Finally, after another half day, they entered a special location. It was a small, inconspicuous building hidden within a village. Looking at the building before him, Andrew nodded. Hiding in plain sight was usually the safest option. Reginald and his

people chose this as their base in foreign lands, and it proved to be a good choice. It was already dusk, and smoke rose from cooking fires throughout the village. The source of this content is find-novel-net

The setting sun in the distance painted the rows of trees at the village's edge red, creating a pleasant scene that calmed one's restless heart. Nyx did not push the door to enter the building. Instead, she turned and walked in another direction, saying flatly without looking back, "Mr. Lloyd Senior is waiting for you inside. Go in on your own." Andrew smiled and suddenly said, "Hey, thanks." Nyx said nothing and had already walked away. Andrew pushed the door open and entered. There, he saw several people of varying builds.

Some sat, some stood, and one ---- was even more strangely hanging upside down from the rafters. These people were also dressed in an unusual manner. One was wrapped entirely in bandages with only his eyeballs showing, looking particularly sinister. There was a hulking giant who was three times Andrew's size, sitting on a sofa that looked ready to collapse at any moment. Another was a short man wearing only chest armor on his upper body, polishing a warhammer. When Andrew entered, he immediately put down the hammer and laughed out loud. "Everyone, come look! He's here." Someone laughed.

"This brat really is like what Nyx said, still wet behind the ears. But he sure is handsome, just like Mr. Lloyd Senior." A scarred woman leaning against a pillar with a slender build, tossing several throwing knives back and forth, said in a hoarse voice with hostility, "What good is being good-looking? A man without real skills is nothing." A middle-aged man wearing glasses who had been reading in the corner put down his book and walked over. He was the only one who was welcoming to Andrew. "Andrew, you're here! Reginald has really missed you." Andrew was caught off guard.

The middle-aged man before him ---- actually had Holtrien features. Unlike the others, who all had foreign features, this person gave Andrew a feeling of meeting someone from home. Seeming to notice Andrew's surprise, the middle-aged man said, "My name is Franz Hearst, and I'm also from Holtrien. Speaking of which, we're both from Chetvine." Andrew's heart stirred, and he asked, "Could you be from Chetvine's Hearst royal family?" Franz adjusted his glasses with a smile. "You guessed right. I am indeed from that family. Besides that, I think you might know my other nickname: Knockout.

"I'm a military officer from the Holtrien military." Andrew's expression immediately became serious, and he said respectfully, "Of course I've heard of you. The fierce major general from the Hearst royal family, the person fully in charge of Holtrien's military stationed in the Outlands. It's an honor to meet you, Major General Hearst!" Franz chuckled, then waved his hand, "Don't flatter me. In the Outlands, the real boss representing Holtrien is Reginald. I'm just the second-in-command." Andrew did not ask more questions, but his thoughts grew heavy with doubt.

It seemed Holtrien was far more complicated and far -reaching than he had imagined. --
-- Reginald's relationship with Holtrien's official government was not exactly the best. With the Holtrien military, it was even worse, practically hostile. After all, Reginald had personally killed a Holtrien general, which was considered a serious act of treason. That was why Guillermo had pushed the entire Holtrien into opposing Reginald, which was also why Reginald faced pressure from all sides whenever he set foot in Holtrien.

Yet now, a Holtrien military lieutenant general was clearly Reginald's subordinate. That alone was deeply intriguing. It seemed that Philip had made many moves behind the scenes that Andrew did not know about. Nonetheless, Andrew did not dwell on it. He had no interest in military affairs. After chatting for a while more, Andrew grew excited. He asked, " Major General Hearst, where's my father?" He and Reginald really had not seen each other in many years. Although both father and son were now extraordinary figures, blood was thicker than water.

No matter how tough Andrew was, the thought of seeing his father again made him emotional. 1 ---- Franz smiled. "When he heard you were coming, he went out to get you something to eat. As you can see, the conditions here are pretty rough. The villagers outside are all local natives. "Reginald was thrilled when he found out that you traveled all the way to the Outlands. He went to nearby Storm City to get you some good food and drinks."

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Chapter 2918

---- Chapter 2918 Andrew laughed heartily. For once, he looked a bit embarrassed. "Actually, he really didn't need to go to all this trouble." Franz waved his hand. "Andrew, Reginald has been drifting overseas all these years. There's much I won't tell you, as I'm afraid he'll blame me. But he has gotten old. You understand what I mean... Not that he's aged in years, but he has been through too much and has weathered too many storms." He added, "Right now, you're the only family he has left in this world.

You might laugh at me, but I've never seen Reginald as happy as he is today, not in all these recent years." At these words, Andrew fell silent. The other Dragonfang members all turned to look at him, their eyes showing different expressions. Some were complicated, some cold, and some openly hostile. Franz said with a bitter smile, "They've all been loyal, following Reginald for years, including Nyx. Andrew, I hope you understand that while their attitude toward you isn't great, these people all have real skills; they're all fighters who've faced life and death alongside Reginald.

You've just arrived, not understanding many situations." ---- The scarred woman said coldly, "Franz, you don't need to explain so much to him. He's Mr. Lloyd Senior's son, so we should show him respect. But strength is the only criterion that earns our respect. Everything else? Sorry, we don't care. We are people who live with death at our heels." She continued, "Mr. Lloyd Senior is strong, so we're willing to die for him. But this kid still needs time to prove himself. Besides, strength is just one aspect of what makes someone great. Seeing him value this kid so much just pisses us off.

"He's already tired enough; the responsibility on his shoulders is about to crush him. I really don't understand why he puts so much thought into this brat. He's not a child anymore, he's a man. As a man, he should rely on himself." Franz frowned. "Juno, say less. You don't know Andrew enough just yet. His talent and ability are beyond question." The bald giant on the sofa suddenly stood up, grinning wickedly. "Is that so? Why don't you let me spar with him?" Franz shook his head. "Now's not the time." The big bald guy scoffed.

"I can beat the crap out of him anytime." Franz gave Andrew a bitter smile. "Andrew, don't take it to heart. This big guy is Petra Stokes, a descendant of the Western giant --- - bloodline. Only Reginald can take on his warhammer, the Stormbreaker." Andrew remained calm and said nothing. While none of Reginald's people were pushovers, Petra did not feel like he was. impossible to deal with. Meanwhile, Juno Mooney and the strange figure hanging from the rafters, who had never shown his face, felt far more dangerous to Andrew. But even they did not give him as much pressure as Nyx did. IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT

Although Andrew was truly annoyed with Nyx, he acknowledged her strength. After all, anyone who walked the assassin's path was no coward With a creak, the small building's wooden door was pushed open. A tall man in black wearing a hood walked in. Andrew looked over and saw him carrying wine and large bags of snacks in his hands. He pulled down his hood, revealing a handsome, mature face with firm and distinct features. Andrew remembered this face crystal clear. It had lost its former carefree charm and gained traces of hardship and gray in the beard.

Andrew suddenly felt a sting in his chest and stepped forward with his arms open. "Dad!" ---- That single word carried all the years of longing between them. Reginald handed the food and drinks to Franz and opened his arms as well. "Andy!" As they embraced, he froze for a moment. "You are taller than me now. And these arms and legs are thicker than mine. As expected of my son!" The father and son's laughter echoed through the small building once more. The other Dragonfang members stared blankly at this scene.

The guy hanging from the rafters suddenly dropped to the ground, sporting a wild mess of hair on his head. He wanted to crack a joke but quickly stopped himself, grimacing awkwardly. Franz glanced at everyone and said with a shake of his head and a sigh, "They're both heroes of Holtrien. Your understanding of Andrew is about to change very soon. Like father, like son; you'll all see it soon enough."

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Chapter 2919

---- Chapter 2919 Under the bright moonlight, a black figure sat alone on the rooftop of the small building. The black robe she usually wore when going out had been removed. Tonight, she wore a black dress. The pure moonlight illuminated her perfect face, making her look like a descending angel. Her deep blue eyes often revealed anger, sorrow, and confusion. It was Nyx! At this moment, she was listening to the people from the Dragonfang below in the small building as they drank and chatted with Andrew and Reginald. She was the only one who had not joined in.

She heard Andrew asking where she was and why she was not joining them. Then, Franz said with a bitter smile that no one could convince Nyx to join. In the end, the thoughtful Reginald had Juno Mooney bring food up to the rooftop for her. Looking at the pastries in front of her, bought especially for her alone, Nyx unconsciously clenched her delicate fingers. In her mind, Reginald was amazing, but Andrew was just terrible. -- -- Andrew made Nyx very uneasy. She feared that, sooner or later, he would become a fatal weakness that dragged Reginald down.

Reginald had more enemies in the Outlands than she could count on both hands. Yet, it was obvious that Reginald would never listen to her concerns. The little celebration lasted until deep into the night before finally ending. Nyx also sat alone until late into the night. Reginald had Franz take Andrew to rest. Andrew said there was no need to walk him there since the room was just nearby. Then, carrying Godslayer, slightly tipsy, he left the small building. Suddenly feeling a chill on the back of his neck, Andrew could not help but turn to look.

Under the moonlight, Nyx's cold face was watching him. Andrew winced. The way her power leaked out unconsciously made his skin crawl. Nyx stood up and drifted down lightly, walking toward Andrew step by step. When she stopped in front of him, Nyx said coldly, " We'll assemble tomorrow morning at six, sharp. Dragonfang will attack Wicked Moon Hold, and you will serve as the vanguard." ---- Andrew responded with a casual "Oh," and then said, "I did not receive any orders from my father. So I will sit this one out." Nyx mocked, "Does Mr.

Lloyd Senior need to personally arrange this kind of thing for you? You're his son, and right now, he's fighting in the Outlands to build a foundation for you. Shouldn't you be more involved?" Andrew shook his head. "I suggest canceling tomorrow's operation. Wicked Moon Hold belongs to the vampire duke, Soren Croft, right? I know quite a bit about that place. There's a solar eclipse tomorrow, so dark energy will surge. It's very

unsuitable for dealing with dark creatures like vampires." Nyx said impassively, "If you're afraid of death, just say so. Updates are released by Find_Novel(.)net

Forced excuses will only make me look down on you more." With that, she walked away. As the faint cold fragrance lingered at his nose, Andrew smiled bitterly. He had spoken the truth, but since she refused to listen, there was nothing more he could do. That night, Andrew slept soundly. Early the next morning, while it was still dark, the noise outside woke him up as expected. The Dragonfang members had already assembled. Franz was in charge, with Nyx, Petra, and Juno present. ---- Andrew also noticed a man with wild, messy hair.

Judging by his face, he seemed to be about the same age as him. The man smiled and greeted him, saying, "You are Andrew, Mr. Lloyd Senior's son, right? My name is Knox Wieser, nicknamed Ambulance. Oh, and you can treat me like your older brother, because I am stronger than you." Andrew nodded calmly. "Hello, but no." To be honest, Knox's personality was not bad at all. At least he was not hostile toward Andrew. There was even something about him that reminded Andrew of Eric. He had a bit of swagger mixed with a goofy edge, but overall, he seemed genuinely kind.

Franz walked over and introduced him with a smile. "Andrew, Knox is the youngest among us, the same age as you. But do not underestimate him. He is already a full-fledged martial god, and his level is even higher than mine."

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Chapter 2920

---- Chapter 2920 Andrew showed no surprise at all. "I could tell that Knox is a top-tier martial god, but he gives me a strange feeling." Knox smirked. "Of course! While I'm at the martial god level, I lack the bite. My actual combat power is ranked dead last in Dragonfang, trash tier." Andrew looked puzzled, so Franz explained, "Knox's situation is unusual. He truly is a martial god, and his level is even higher than Nyx's. However, his power could not be used offensively; it could only be used to save people. That's why his nickname is Ambulance. Reginald had been trying to fix that.

Come on, it's time to move." He added, "Before we leave, I need to confirm one more time. Andrew, are you really going to participate in this operation?" Andrew smiled. "Mr. Hearst, you made it sound like I have a choice. By the way, where's my father?" Franz replied, "He went to meet with the werewolf clan's lord, Mr. Viktor Kessler. The situation in the Outlands has been very chaotic lately, and the Deadlands is where his focus is.

Dragonfang has always been fighting on multiple fronts." Andrew's heart stirred, but he resisted the urge to ask more ---- questions. New novel chapters are published on

He knew why Reginald's focus was on the Deadlands. The entrance to The Veiled Paradise was in the Deadlands, and Eleanor was from The Veiled Paradise. Later, the massive armored vehicle started up. Franz led the team, with Nyx serving as the strongest backup. Meanwhile, Juno was the main attacker, and Petra was in charge of the assault. Knox sat in the back row and started sleeping as soon as he got in the car. Andrew asked Franz and learned that Knox would not participate in direct combat but would only be responsible for healing teammates.

This was the first time Andrew had seen such an unusual martial god powerhouse. In the vehicle, Andrew asked one last question. "Mr. Hearst, why is Dragonfang going to war with Wicked Moon Hold? Soren isn't someone easy to deal with. I heard years ago that guy was already in a half-crazed state." Franz stayed silent. The one who answered Andrew's question was Juno. "What do you think Dragonfang existed for? Let's be honest. We're bloodthirsty mercenaries, scavenging vultures living off war. We killed and fought for profit." ---- Andrew fell silent.

Franz gave a bitter smile and added, "Andrew, Juno only told part of the truth, so don't let it scare you. The real reason was. that every single one of us carried a kill order. Some came from the Lomuia Grand Cathedral, some from transcendent Outlands powers, some from the Dark Clans, and some from the major foreign nations." He said, "For example, do you know how much Nyx was worth on the Dark Clans bounty list? Three billion Meurico dollars, and it is still rising. Reginald didn't want any member of Dragonfang to live a life where they could be hunted down at any moment.

"So under his leadership, we had to keep growing, and we had to keep taking resources and profits. At the very least, one day, Dragonfang's people might not live freely in the sunlight, but we would be rich enough to retire safely, disappear into the world, and live the rest of our lives in comfort. That was the promise he made to everyone in Dragonfang." 1

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Chapter 2921

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---- Chapter 2921 Andrew was stunned. The three billion-dollar bounty from the Dark Clans was no small amount. From what he knew, Guillermo's bounty from Dark Trinity was only five billion Meurico dollars. At the top of the Dark Clans' wanted list was none other than Reginald, the leader of Dragonfang, with a bounty of 12 billion Meurico dollars. Moreover, it was a joint bounty issued by the Lomuia Grand Cathedral and the Dark Clans. Juno glanced at Andrew and said coldly, "So, you understand why none of us are living an easy life, right? But the one living the hardest life is Mr.

Lloyd Senior. As his son, I hope you don't let everyone down." Andrew gripped his massive sword, responding flatly, "I'll take the vanguard." Too many explanations paled in comparison to the proof of strength brought by the blade in his hand. The Dragonfang warriors were undeniably powerful, but Andrew had come to the Outlands with a singular purpose: to reach the peak of martial gods. His ultimate goal was to return to Holtrien and settle a score with Guillermo and the man pulling the strings behind him. ---
- Those were opponents far beyond any vampire duke like Soren. Juno shook her head. This chapter is updated by find•novel.net

"This is your first mission with us, so you're a complete rookie. Your job is to cover the rear." Andrew frowned, glancing at Nyx, who sat silently in the passenger seat. Nyx, wrapped entirely in a black robe, stared out the window and spoke softly. "What I said last night was just a joke. You're too delicate, too weak. Even if I were willing to let you charge into battle, Mr. Lloyd Senior would never allow it. And since he won't, I'll follow his wishes." The battle vehicle roared, racing across the wilderness. Suddenly, the sky ahead turned infinitely dark.

Low, menacing clouds gathered, and savage winds whipped around them. Through the window, Andrew saw bizarre, tangled trees growing in a black-misted swamp. Only a potholed cement road led forward, cutting a path to the dark, looming castle ahead. Franz's voice dropped to a low, serious tone. "Everyone, get ready! We're about to arrive at Wicked Moon Hold. Soren becomes incredibly strong and bloodthirsty after transforming into a vampire. We must coordinate perfectly without a single misstep." He warned, "We only have one chance.

If we can bring back ---- Soren's head, we'll claim the massive bounty. But if we fail, we'll draw the attention of the Dark Clans. Even though Soren is half- mad and not accepted by the Dark Clans, the death of a vampire duke will definitely catch the attention of their headquarters." Knox drawled lazily, "Got it." Juno and Petra responded, "Understood!" Nyx remained silent, but Andrew noticed she now held two blue daggers. Apparently, she was a dual-wielding assassin, which he found incredibly bizarre. A massive lightning bolt crashed from the sky, striking above Wicked Moon Hold.

Knox leaned close to Andrew, whispering, "I hate this creepy place. Vampire lairs always look like a venomous snake's nest, but way more terrifying." He added with a grin, "Don't worry, little buddy. Ill protect you." Andrew laughed and responded, "Thanks a lot." As they were still hundreds of yards from the castle gates, the passenger door suddenly opened. Nyx, like a ghost, drifted out and quickly vanished beneath the dark sky. The others tensed, ready to move. ---- According to Franz's intel, Soren did not have many servants. In the Dark Clans, his reputation was terrible.

The vampire duke showed signs of madness, so almost no one wanted anything to do with him. The Dark Clans' royalty had repeatedly called on Soren to lead his people into battle, but he ignored every summons. Eventually, Soren was completely ostracized from the Dark Clans. This allowed Dragonfang to strike directly. Nevertheless, one thing was certain: a vampire duke was never an opponent to be taken lightly, regardless of his mental state.

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Chapter 2922

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---- Chapter 2992 The castle's tightly shut doors suddenly swung open. Franz shouted, "It's Nyx! Let's move in!" As they entered Wicked Moon Hold, a sea of blood-red eyes locked onto their battle vehicle. Andrew stepped out and looked up, seeing the grand staircase leading to Soren's royal chambers. The surrounding area was inhabited by his servants, creatures that were not exactly vampires, but mutated monsters transformed by vampire bites. Without exception, they were all bloodthirsty. A series of whistling sounds erupted, and several vampire servants lunged at Andrew.

They were humanoid in shape, but with grotesque, emaciated faces, and limbs capable of crawling across floors and walls, sporting razor-sharp fangs. For Andrew, these low-level threats were child's play. Instead of using Godslayer, he simply raised his hands and struck. Three vampire servants were instantly killed, bursting into flames with each palm strike. Franz exclaimed in shock, "Is that a Holtrien martial technique?" Andrew nodded. "Yes." ---- Franz nodded approvingly. "Fire is indeed an excellent counter to vampire servants.

Andrew, this is your first mission with Dragonfang, so stay close to me." Petra and Juno had already charged to the castle's highest point, racing toward Soren's royal chambers. Petra's battle hammer was brutal and powerful, crushing through opponents like a demolition machine. Meanwhile, Juno followed closely, her curved blade eliminating any vampire servants Petra might have missed. Andrew commented, "Their coordination is impressive." Franz laughed. "They're the best front-line combat team under Reginald. They can hold their ground even against martial god-level warriors."

"Let's move in!" Andrew glanced up at the gloomy sky. Low, oppressive clouds hung overhead, making breathing feel uncomfortable. However, there was still some light. It was a strategic choice, as fighting vampires at night, especially during a full moon, would be a nightmare. Daytime was the wisest option, even if today's weather was far from ideal. Servants' corpses littered their path. ---- Andrew walked across beautiful marble floors, surrounded by ornate decorations. Wicked Moon Hold was incredibly luxurious. Follow current novels on

As a duke-level vampire, Soren had likely lived for at least 300 years, collecting treasures, jewels, and rare artifacts to satisfy his extravagant lifestyle. A roar from Petra echoed through the deep chamber. Franz's expression darkened. "I need to help them. Andrew, stay with Knox." Andrew replied, "Let me come with you." Franz shook his head: "No. This mission is primarily for you to observe and learn." Andrew felt frustrated, wanting to share his previous experience with vampire hunting. In the Dark Clans, vampires were essentially the dominant race.

After all, Iron Cavalry had once encountered a powerful vampire named Constantine Dracul. Hence, he considered himself a master at fighting vampires. Nonetheless, since Franz had given a direct order and this was Andrew's first official mission, he chose to follow instructions. Knox walked beside Andrew, looking utterly bored. "Don't worry. With Nyx around, nothing's going to be a problem." Andrew could not help but ask, "You trust her that much?" ---- Knox looked puzzled. "Why wouldn't I? Do you know how terrifying Nyx is? If Mr.

Lloyd Senior hadn't given specific orders, she could probably take down Soren single-handedly." Andrew warned, "Don't be careless. Vampire dukes always have hidden abilities. Especially these disgusting creatures after transformation. They're not easy to handle." Knox yawned. "You're too cautious. I'm done talking to you. Wow! Soren's palace is ridiculously fancy. I'm going to walk around." Andrew ignored him and started exploring the massive place on his own.

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Chapter 2923

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---- Chapter 2923 The massive palace stood eerily empty. Vampires were known for their solitary nature, preferring to build their strongholds in remote wilderness or on cliff edges. They enslaved humans or other beings to serve them, and at the same time kept them as livestock for feeding. Andrew reached the highest point and noticed the storm clouds gathering in an unprecedented manner. The last traces of sunlight were completely blocked out. His brow furrowed as a terrible premonition gripped him. If sunlight were to disappear completely, it would be a massive advantage for vampires.

But unexpectedly, the clouds parted slightly, revealing a blood-red light from the sky. It was a blood moon, and during daylight hours, no less. Andrew had expected a solar eclipse at most, but this was far worse: a blood moon that would amplify a vampire's power and brutality tenfold. Realizing the danger, Andrew immediately rushed downstairs. In the castle's bottom chamber, a brutal battle was already underway. A massive mound of flesh occupied nearly one-third of the hall. Atop that grotesque mass was a twisted, pale human ---- face.

Bathed in the blood-red moonlight streaming through the dome, the face let out a vicious, manic laugh. He hissed, "Ignorant, insignificant humans, who gave you the nerve to trespass into my territory? Very well, let your flesh, especially the blood flowing through your veins, merge with my body." Massive tentacles covered in grotesque flesh bubbles shot out in all directions. Juno and Franz stood below the flesh mountain, desperately slashing at the incoming tentacles.

Petra, acting like a human bulldozer, roared and swung his hammer against the flesh mountain, but only managed to splatter some disgusting liquid without causing significant damage. The attack only enraged Soren further. The flesh on his belly began to writhe obscenely, and a dark eyeball emerged, creating rippling waves. Juno was the first to be affected, suddenly feeling disoriented, Franz soon followed, his vision going completely black. Petra yelled frantically, "Juno, Franz, wake up! It's Willbreaker!

Damn it, this vampire has an innate ability!" ---- His battle hammer continued smashing incoming tentacles, but they were endless - at least a hundred attacking at once. Petra struggled to defend, while Franz and Juno's consciousness grew increasingly heavy and blurred. Soren's face twisted with malevolent pleasure: "Die, you stupid, ignorant humans!" Two tentacles split open at their tips, revealing jagged teeth, and stabbed

toward the two whose minds were trapped in the mire. If they were hit, their heads would surely explode. This update is available on

At that critical moment, a black, ghost-like shadow flashed past. With two sharp slicing sounds, the tentacles were severed instantly. Soren let out a painful howl, his eyes widening in shock. A black figure leapt into the air and came to a halt before his massive flesh mound. When Andrew arrived, he saw Nyx standing there, the two daggers in her hands glowing faintly. Then, at an unimaginable speed, she streaked across the flesh mound like a shooting star. Nyx descended gracefully, landing on the floor with her daggers crossed in front of her, almost in an embracing pose.

She slowly looked up, meeting Andrew's gaze. ---- A thunderous crash followed. The massive flesh mountain collapsed, with Soren's upper body sliced clean through and rolling behind Nyx. Knox, the eccentric martial god, suddenly appeared, clapping and laughing. "Nyx, that was awesome!"

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Chapter 2924

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---- Chapter 2924 Juno and Franz snapped awake from their heavy stupor. Franz wiped the cold sweat from his forehead and forced a bitter smile. "That was way too close. I did not expect Soren to possess the bloodline innate ability, Willbreaker." Juno smiled for once and said, "Thanks, Nyx." Nyx sheathed her daggers and shook her head. "It was nothing." However, her brows stayed tightly knit. Franz asked, "Nyx, did you notice something?" Nyx replied uncertainly, "Franz, don't you think Soren died too easily?"

For a vampire duke-level fighter, he didn't showcase the vampire clan's legendary speed or close-combat skills." Petra, with blood streaming down his arm, laughed it off. "This guy has already mutated. Look at him! He doesn't look like a vampire duke at all. Just a disgusting pile of flesh. No matter what, we'll collect the bounty. Lomuia Grand Cathedral lost several bishops to him, so we'll make a nice profit!" Looking up at Andrew, Petra called out, "Hey, rookie, come down and collect the loot.

You might not be useful, but you can clean up the battlefield!" ---- What answered him was Andrew's greatsword, leaving his hand and flying straight at Petra's head. That move shocked everyone. Juno shouted, "You bastard, what are you doing?" Knox exclaimed in disbelief, "Did this guy get bitten and turn into a vampire servant?" With a sharp sound, Petra ducked just in time, gritting his teeth. Andrew's Godslayer flew past him and slammed straight into Soren's severed, grotesque head. A shrill, twisted laugh echoed through the dark castle. "So you noticed?"

You insects actually thought you could kill me. What just happened was merely a warm-up. Now, the real battle begins!" The collapsed flesh mountain began to writhe and move. Andrew jumped to the ground, quickly retrieving his Godslayer. Nyx spoke gravely. "We let our guard down. Soren is not dead." She looked at Andrew with a complex expression. "If he hadn't spotted it early, Petra would have been ambushed and suffered serious injuries!" ---- Andrew said calmly to Petra, "I'm sorry if I offended you. I saw a tentacle emerging behind you, about to launch a sneak attack."

That's why I acted." As his words fell, the flesh mountain suddenly trembled, and so did the entire chamber. Everyone tensed, watching as the flesh mountain stretched upward, as if something was trying to break free. With a disgusting splash of liquid, a blood-red figure erupted from the flesh mountain, soaring to the ceiling. Massive flesh wings beat the air, creating powerful wind currents. It was a humanoid male with several-meter-long flesh wings protruding from his back. His hands and feet resembled bear claws, sharp, elongated, and deadly.

Soren's true form was finally revealed in all its horrifying glory.

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Chapter 2925

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---- Chapter 2925 Knox trembled. "Everyone, be careful. This guy is volatile, but he's undeniably powerful." Franz roared, "Petra, get back into formation!" Petra immediately returned to position with his warhammer. Juno stood beside him, with Nyx expressionless in the middle. Andrew and Franz positioned themselves at the back. Franz quickly instructed, "Andrew, retreat with Knox upstairs." Andrew shook his head.

"Mr. Hearst, that's unnecessary. Together we have a better chance!" From the moment he saw the blood moon, Andrew knew Soren would not be easily defeated.

Soren's face twisted in extreme agony. "You filthy humans! I didn't invade your place and tear you apart, yet you dare trespass on my territory?" His mouth, filled with razor-sharp teeth, was literally splitting in half. "All of you are dying today!" A horrifying howl erupted, and blood-colored shadows flickered through the air. ---- Petra's muscles bulged as he swung his warhammer, but after a dull thud, he was pushed backward. He exclaimed in shock, Damn it!

His physical strength exceeds my attack limits!" A massive spark erupted before Petra as Soren's claws tore through his warhammer before he could even swing it. The hammer, struck with incredible force, flew back and slammed directly into Petra's chest. Despite his armor, Petra spat out a mouthful of blood, his armor deforming from the impact. "Petra!" Juno screamed. Her curved blade sliced through the air, moving to protect him. Soren's massive wings carried him back to the chamber's high ceiling. Bathed in the blood-red moonlight, his power surged again. Franz's face turned pale.

"We've completely underestimated Soren's strength. And why is it a blood moon today? This shouldn't have happened!" Nyx glanced back at Andrew, remembering his warning from the previous night about today being unsuitable for confronting Soren. What she had dismissed as nonsense now seemed increasingly plausible. Petra gritted his teeth and hissed, "Let's go again. I can still hold ---- on!" Nyx immediately commanded, "Petra, fall back!" A blue glow reappeared around the daggers in her hands, and she launched herself into the air, striking directly at Soren.

Blood surged in Soren's vertical pupils, and his massive flesh wing struck violently. Nyx was forced to dodge, becoming a mere shadow and reappearing above Soren's head. Before she could attack, Soren's face twisted into a grotesque smile. "A human assassin trying to play speed games with me? Aren't you just showing off your incompetence?" His massive bat-like body suddenly dropped, then accelerated upward. His mouth split open, and razor-sharp teeth targeted Nyx with deadly precision.

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Chapter 2926

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---- Chapter 2926 The others broke out in a cold sweat, shouting, "Nyx, dodge!" Nyx's face remained icy cold as her two daggers slashed a massive X-shape in the air, her body moving with incredible speed. In an instant, the vampire pursued her from behind while she fled. Within moments, they had exchanged hundreds of blows. Soren smashed a massive pillar in the chamber, sending debris flying everywhere. Nyx appeared on the second-floor balcony, her face slightly pale. Soren shook off the dust, sneering. "Human assassin, if you continue this game, you'll definitely die!"

Our great vampire race not only overpowers you in strength, but also in speed. Are you sure you still want to keep going?" Nyx gritted her teeth, ready to attack again. At that moment, Andrew's calm voice cut through. "You're nothing more than a disgusting bug flying around aimlessly. Vampires are such pathetic creatures, only relying on thick skin and brute force. Look at yourself... You're ugly." Soren erupted in rage, crimson light shooting from his eyes. "---- Human, how dare you call our noble vampire race pathetic?"

"I'll tear your body apart and rip out your internal organs!" Juno screamed, "What are you doing? Stop provoking him!" Andrew remained unmoved, coldly observing the vampire above. "Vampires are known for their beauty. The higher-ranking the vampire, the more beautiful they are. But look at you, Soren. What's beautiful about you? Calling you a disgusting bug is not an exaggeration." He pressed further, "Those wings of yours... I bet your own kind has mocked you countless times."

You reconstructed your body using that mountain of flesh, thinking you could escape your reputation as a vampire lunatic? "Look at yourself, exiled to this godforsaken place. You call yourself a king, yet you are already rotting from the inside. From now on, you will forever be remembered as a disgrace among vampires." Soren's twisted howls filled the air. "I'm not a disgrace! I'm a noble vampire! You're the real lunatics. I am not mad! I'm the elite of the vampire race, destined to challenge the Vampire Lord!"

You insects deserve to die!" With a thunderous crash, Soren's massive body descended to the ground, wings sweeping down directly at Andrew. ---- Franz screamed, "Andrew, dodge!" Yet, Andrew stood firm, taking a deep breath and shouting, "Insignificant bug!" Godslayer met Soren's attack head-on, slicing a massive gash in the vampire's wing. Soren howled in pain, launching a kick that sent Andrew sliding across the floor. However, Andrew immediately charged back, sword raised. A flurry of sword strikes rained down on Soren's body, strategically targeting his wings. Soren raged.

"Human, I know what you're doing! Breaking my wings won't defeat me. Even on the ground, you insects are still no match for me!" A massive storm erupted, forcing Petra and the others to retreat. Nyx darted through the air, plunging her two daggers into Soren's back. Blood gushed, but Soren ignored the wounds, focused entirely on

crushing Andrew. His massive mouth split open, and a red energy storm condensed before shooting directly at Andrew. Andrew's vision filled with crimson light as the overwhelming ---- force crashed down.

In his ears, the others' shocked cries and warnings erupted all at once. Andrew's expression remained cold and fearless. He knew killing Soren would take only a split second; the moment his defenses were completely open. Hesitating now would mean losing the only chance. Godslayer began to heat up, smoke rising as it was scorched by the red storm. Pain flickered across Andrew's face, but at the crucial moment, the holy power within his body suddenly surged out of control.

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Chapter 2927

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---- Chapter 2927 Andrew's massive sword erupted with a white glow. Without hesitation, he roared and used the sword as a shield, pushing forward against the energy storm towards Soren. The vampire duke let out a distorted cry of shock. Andrew, with a fierce expression, drove Godslayer, now infused with holy light, directly into Soren's heart. "No!" Soren's mad screams exploded throughout the castle. His body first expanded, then suddenly burst apart, disintegrating into ashes. Andrew planted his sword into the ground, supporting himself as he gasped for breath.

Franz rushed forward, gripping his shoulder. "Andrew, are you okay?" Andrew smiled. "Don't worry, Mr. Hearst. I'm fine. I just need a moment to rest." The dark clouds quickly receded, and the blood moon retreated unwillingly as sunlight broke through once more. Clear skies returned above Wicked Moon Hold. ---- The armored battle vehicle quickly departed, leaving the castle behind. An uncomfortable silence filled the vehicle until Knox broke it. He laughed. "This guy is crazy! But damn, he actually took down Soren!" Petra admitted begrudgingly, "Andrew, that last strike saved me.

I owe you one." Andrew simply smiled and said, "We're comrades; there's no need to keep score." Knox chuckled, "I like that word: comrades. Andrew, you've totally changed our opinion of you!" Juno wiped her curved blade, asking reluctantly, "That was impressive. But how do you know so much about vampires? Were you intentionally

trying to provoke Soren?" Andrew explained his strategy, "Soren was half-mad and already rejected by the vampire. Vampires are disgusting blood-suckers who paradoxically pride themselves on being noble and elegant, "I knew calling him ugly would drive him crazy.

In the air, only Nyx could fight him effectively, so I wanted to bring him down to the ground and give us a better chance." Franz praised. "No wonder Reginald always says you're ---- incredibly sharp and a natural leader." Andrew humbly replied, "I just got lucky, Mr. Hearst." Nyx suddenly questioned the white holy light that had erupted from Andrew's body. "That's the holy power unique to Lomuia Grand Cathedral, isn't it? Do you have a connection with them?" Andrew flatly denied, "No connection.

I accidentally acquired this holy power in the Wraith Graveyard." Juno argued, "That's impossible! Only church members can integrate their holy power. How did you manage that?" Upon returning to Dragonfang's headquarters, Andrew noticed the strange looks from his teammates. Nyx confronted him directly, "I don't like people from Lomuia Grand Cathedral. If you're a spy, I won't show mercy!" Andrew replied coldly, "I'm not with the Church, and this is the last time I will explain. Believe it or not, I don't care." Nyx bristled, her eyes narrowing sharply. Check latest chapters at find-novel.net

At that moment, Reginald walked out of a small building. "Back already, everyone? Nyx, I know exactly what is going on with the holy power in Andrew's body. He may be one of the very few in this world capable of merging the powers of the Church, the Dark Clans, and martial arts. In other words, he possesses an ---- omni-constitution." The word 'omni-constitution' froze every Dragonfang elite in place. Knox stammered in shock, "H-Holy hell. Does that mean he's even stronger than Mr. Lloyd Senior?

An omni-constitution has not appeared in the Outlands for who knows how many years!" Franz said in awe, "He's also from Holtrien, a member of the Lloyd royal family, the legendary pillar of Holtrien martial history, Mr. Valerius Lloyd. He also shares the same lineage as Reginald and Andrew."

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Chapter 2928

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---- Chapter 2928 Killing Soren brought unexpected rewards that even Andrew found surprising. First, the vampire's hoard was enormous, practically a king's ransom in its own right. In terms of wealth alone, they could not even fit it all into one armored vehicle; it was packed with jewels and gold. Given the urgency of the situation, they could not stay long, so they only managed to haul away a single truckload. Secondly, while Andrew had struck Soren's heart, destroying him utterly, the blood core he left behind was the operation's greatest prize. This chapter is updated by

A blood core was the life essence of a vampire, equivalent to a martial artist's energy core. The key difference was that a blood core could be physically condensed; the higher a vampire's rank, the more precious and larger their core becomes. Soren's core was as big as a man's palm. Reginald laughed. "You've all made a nice little profit. This blood core is worth the entire bounty Lomuia Grand Cathedral had on Soren. Even without his head, you can sell this core for a fortune. Knox held the blood core excitedly. "It's freezing cold!

---- Alchemists love these duke-level vampire cores." The Dragonfang members gathered in the small house, discussing the spoils with enthusiasm. Petra suggested, "I think the blood core should go to Andrew." Knox reluctantly agreed, "Fine. Soren basically died in his hands." Juno shrugged. "I'm okay with that. I like money, but I'm fair. He did most of the work." Franz looked at Nyx, who sat by the window. She said flatly, "I don't want anything." Franz sighed. "You always say that. But I'm keeping everything for you." Andrew interjected, "Mr.

Hearst, I don't need anything either." Franz was surprised. "Andrew, this blood core is incredibly valuable. Besides, you all risked your lives for this." Andrew shook his head. "I know its value, but we all worked together. It should be split equally. Honestly, I can take it or leave it. My martial arts advancement depends more on battle experience than external resources." Reginald explained, "Andrew's cultivation method is different. His unique physique means this blood core wouldn't ---- significantly boost his power.

Alright, let's just split it evenly among all of you." Everyone agreed and laughed. Petra approached Andrew: "You've got guts. Facing a vampire duke like this on your first encounter? I'm impressed." Andrew smiled. "Actually, this isn't my first time dealing with vampires. I've killed quite a few before." This revelation shocked the Dragonfang members, even catching Nyx's surprised glance. Franz chuckled. "I told you guys you don't know Andrew yet. He comes from the Lloyd royal family, a true warrior's lineage. Reginald is a real man, and so is his son.

Andrew is actually the former leader of Iron Cavalry. The room fell silent. Reginald smiled, standing to leave. "Get to know each other better. I have other matters to attend to." As soon as Reginald left, Knox eagerly approached Andrew. "Were you really the leader of Iron Cavalry? Is that true?"

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Chapter 2929

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---- Chapter 2929 Andrew rubbed his nose. "Well, it's true enough." Knox looked starstruck. "No way! The legendary squad that gave the Dark Clans and major powers headaches was led by a brat like you? Ten years ago, you probably hadn't even hit puberty!" Andrew was used to such crude humor. He shot back, "Ten years ago, I was bigger than you!" Knox burst into laughter. Petra and Franz joined in, and even the cold Juno cracked a smile. She said, "You're growing on us. Anyway, I'm going to tend to my wounds." Petra also excused himself to treat his injuries. Andrew asked Franz, "Mr.

Hearts, does Dragonfang have any Holtrien's elixirs? They work wonders on vampire wounds." Franz sighed and said, "You think we're back home? Dragonfang is small and hidden. We're famous outside, but our conditions are harsh. We were recently raided, leaving us with nothing. Andrew fell silent. ---- After Reginald returned to the Outlands from Holtrien, he was ambushed by the Dark Lord Kaelen. At the same time, special forces from a foreign power attacked and looted Dragonfang's former headquarters, destroying it completely.

Smiling, Andrew pulled out some healing pills and handed them to Franz. "Crush these and apply the powder to their wounds. They'll be almost healed by tomorrow." Franz was overjoyed. "This is amazing! Andrew, do you have many more of these? We could really use them. We'd be happy to pay." Andrew shook his head. "I don't have many left on me." Franz was a little disappointed but thanked him anyway before going to find Juno and Petra. The room was now left with just Knox, Andrew, and Nyx.

Knox gave Andrew a strange look, winked as if to say, "You handle her, " and then left with an awkward chuckle Suddenly, it was just Andrew and Nyx. For once, he felt a bit awkward. He cleared his throat repeatedly, picked up his greatsword, and headed for the door. Nyx looked at him and suddenly said, "Still reckless, but also brave. In that way, you're a lot like Reginald." ---- Andrew smiled. "I'll take that as a compliment." Nyx asked, "Can you refine elixirs?" Andrew paused, then nodded. "If I have the materials, yes." Nyx pressed her lips together.

"I've collected a lot of materials, but I don't know how to use them. I'll give them to you. Can you make some elixirs? Holtrien's pills are incredible. They're hard to buy out here, even with money." Andrew agreed readily. "That's easy. If it helps the team, I'm happy

to do it." Nyx nodded, then asked curiously again, "Logically, with your top- tier physique, why were you so weak back in Holtrien last time? I went to save you then, and... don't get mad, but you really seemed weak. "You weren't even a martial emperor back then. Fresh chapters posted on

So how could you possibly have led a famous top-tier unit like the Iron Cavalry? Andrew shrugged. "My energy core was sealed, and I couldn't break through. After a life-or-death situation last time, I shattered all those restrictions." Nyx was surprised. "So in this short time, you went from below martial emperor to your current level? The fifth tier of the martial ---- emperor level?" Andrew grinned. "Pretty much." Nyx fell silent, a deep and thoughtful silence. For some reason, Andrew got the feeling this strong, aloof woman was simply at a loss for words.

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Chapter 2930

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---- Chapter 2930 Over the next two days, Andrew used Nyx's materials to create a large quantity of pills. When he showed them, the Dragonfang members stared at him in awe. "You can actually refine eighth-grade divine pills?" Juno carefully held a purple pill; her eyes widened in surprise. Petra's massive body trembled with excitement. "Damn, with these, Dragonfang would be unstoppable. We could fight non- stop in the Outlands!" Knox sidled up to Andrew with an eager grin. "Hey, I want one of those Violet Essence Pills." Andrew laughed. "That's not for me to decide.

Nyx provided all the materials. If you want one, you'll need her permission." Everyone immediately turned to look at Nyx, who stood off to the side. When not on a mission, the martial god assassin preferred to wear black dresses, a very conservative style. With her hair pinned up and eyes sparkling like stars, Andrew had to admit her presence was truly exceptional. She embodied a noble elegance reminiscent of medieval aristocracy, with an assassin's aura that commanded both respect and distance. "Take whatever you want," Nyx said, biting her lip and glaring at ---- Andrew.

"I've already taken the ones I wanted. The rest were meant for you anyway. However, two pills are reserved for Mr. Lloyd Senior. No one touches those." Knox was thrilled.

"Don't worry. We all know you'd put his needs before your own. We'll behave. No one would dare touch his share." Petra and Juno grinned, picking out the pills they wanted. Franz rubbed his nose, looking a bit sheepish. "I'll take a few as well. The grade of these pills is too high, Andrew. You can't even buy them in the Outlands. I feel a bit unworthy of taking them." Andrew laughed. "Mr. Hearst, don't say that."

Back in Holtrien, the Hearst royal family wouldn't lack for things like this." Franz shook his head. "That's not the point. Right now, we're in the Outlands. Besides, I'm cut off from my family's support. I have to fend for myself. Andrew, your arrival has truly been a stroke of luck for Dragonfang." Andrew quickly waved a hand. "We're all on the same side. Helping each other out is what we do." Petra grinned. "I like the sound of that." Nyx suddenly asked, "Franz, where's Mr. Lloyd Senior? I haven't seen him for two days." ---- Franz's expression turned serious. Follow current NOVELS on

"He went to Storm City to meet a contact. It looks like a major war is about to break out here in the Outlands. Several factions are on edge, just waiting for a spark. He is caught in the middle, trying his best to keep Dragonfang from getting dragged into it." Petra spat in disgust. "Screw being careful. Plenty of people want us gone anyway. It's a fight to the death. When he gets back, tell him there's no need to hold back. If we have to fight, we fight." Juno said coldly, "I agree. The Dark Clans, especially the vampires, have been trying to wipe us out for ages."

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Chapter 2931

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---- Chapter 2931 Juno suggested, "We've already got a feud with Kaelen. Why not just go all in and settle this with a direct fight?" Franz sighed deeply, his response measured and cautious. "It's not that simple. If it were just the Dark Clans, maybe things would be different. The Ludendorff family is the King of the Outlands. The special forces from the top three foreign powers and the people from Lomuia Grand Cathedral all seem to have a hidden agenda against Dragonfang." Nyx replied flatly, "We don't start trouble, but we're not afraid of it either. I won't listen to anyone else. If Mr.

Lloyd Senior says we fight, then we fight. Let's see who's got the most guts." Andrew raised an eyebrow, studying her carefully. Nyx was an assassin, so it was impossible for her not to be fierce. Yet more than that, she carried an aura of calm, icy stillness, and deep restraint. She was like a night-blooming flower under the moon, neither flashy nor seductive, yet possessing a fragrance that stood alone in the world. Her bold, almost aggressive statement seemed almost at odds with her typically serene nature. The group dispersed, waiting silently for Reginald's return.

Andrew walked up to Franz and asked in a low voice, "Mr. ---- Hearst, can I ask you something?" Franz replied, "What is it?" Andrew lowered his voice further, his expression strange as he said, "I noticed that among Dragonfang, Nyx seems to protect my father more than anyone else. Does she have feelings for him?" Franz was momentarily stunned, then responded with exasperation, "Aren't you the playboy back home? How can you not see what's really going on?" Andrew was left speechless. Franz explained patiently, "Nyx is about your age, maybe two years older.

At most, she'd be like a daughter to your father. How could she possibly have romantic feelings for him?" Andrew pressed on, "But I've noticed she's usually so cold, except when it comes to my dad." Franz sighed. "That's because Reginald is her savior. Nyx was once a royal princess from a foreign kingdom, showered with endless love and attention. But during a palace coup, her father and queen mother were both killed. She and her brother were taken by the werewolf clan for experimental purposes. "By chance, Reginald raided their stronghold and rescued Nyx.

She's been with him for eight years now. In Dragonfang, she's ---- the most loyal and devoted to him, who treats her like his own daughter. He even taught her all her assassination skills." Franz continued. "But Nyx's talents exceeded even his expectations. In Reginald's words, she's destined to become a peak martial god assassin, someone even the most powerful beings would fear." Andrew listened in amazement, realizing Nyx's potential might rival Sheena's. That evening, Reginald finally returned to the village lodge. He immediately called a meeting of Dragonfang to discuss urgent matters.

"Sir, what's the situation in Storm City?" Knox asked, his usual playful demeanor gone. Reginald's face remained calm as he stated, "There's no way around it. We're going to have to fight." Franz quickly responded, "Fight? And how exactly are we going to do that?" The link to the origin of this information rests in

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---- Chapter 2932 Reginald explained, "Lomuia Grand Cathedral is going to war with the Dark Clans. It's an unavoidable conflict that has been brewing for centuries. Holy Light magic and beings like vampires, werewolves, and sirens could not coexist, so only one side could remain. But none of that had anything to do with us." He continued, "Viktor is one of the few rational members of the werewolf faction. Kaelen and Viktor, though both werewolves, have been locked in a deadly rivalry. Viktor hopes to use Dragonfang's power to defeat Kaelen, potentially destroying him entirely. This content belongs to

In exchange, Viktor would use his position as the werewolf's new leader to become Dragonfang's permanent overseas ally." Knox's eyes lit up. "That's great! A werewolf clan leader's support carries significant weight. At least we'd have a powerful ally in the Outlands now." "hate the werewolf clan. They're as treacherous as vampires and completely untrustworthy," Nyx interjected. A heavy silence fell over the group. Everyone knew Nyx's history with the werewolves, her past trauma explaining her deep-seated hatred. ---- Andrew quickly added his support, "I agree with Nyx.

The werewolf clan cannot be trusted." Reginald responded with a knowing smile, "We're not trusting them. We're simply collaborating. Sometimes, the enemy of your enemy is your friend." Andrew still shook his head and said, "Even so, I do not think we should treat werewolves as allies. At the very least, Dragonfang still had several other paths to choose from. For example, we could switch sides and align with Lomuia Grand Cathedral." He argued, "Sure, the cardinals have their own questionable practices, but they at least represent justice on the surface and are bound by some moral constraints.

Dragonfang has the least conflict with Lomuia Grand Cathedral. From every perspective, choosing them as an ally is the most suitable and reliable option. As Andrew finished speaking, he noticed Nyx staring at him intently. When he met her gaze, she quickly looked away, as if nothing had happened. Reginald neither agreed nor disagreed and continued with a smile, "What do you all think of Andrew's idea? Speak your minds, and then we will make a decision." Knox nodded and said, "Sir, Andrew is sharp.

I think it makes ---- sense." Petra grinned and said, "I will stay out of this kind of complicated problem. Whoever we decide to fight, just let me know, since strategy is not my strength." Franz laughed and said, "Andrew's strategic vision is excellent, so I have no objections." Reginald swept his gaze across the room and finally nodded as he said, "Andrew's idea was actually the same as mine. Nyx, do not worry. I would rather start a full-scale war than ever cooperate with the werewolves.

Your feelings are the first thing I have to consider." Nyx pressed her lips together and turned her head away. For some reason, Andrew felt like he saw her looking as if she was about to cry, moved by Reginald's words. Reginald continued, "There is one more thing. Franz, the Holtrien military has sent us a message. Andrew, you should hear this, too." Andrew immediately straightened, giving his full attention

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---- Chapter 2933 Reginald explained the military situation carefully, "The military has multiple secret outposts overseas. One of them is located in the Angotur Harbor in the Outlands. Somehow, the word got out, and the harbor was attacked. It's been three hours since the incident." He assigned a critical mission, "Andrew, Franz, this is an internal Holtrien matter, so only you two can handle it. Your objective is simple: rescue the remaining Holtrien soldiers and retrieve the strategic resources at the port." Franz did not hesitate for a moment, responding immediately, "I'll go. Read full story at find-novel-net

"It's my military duty!" Reginald nodded. "I can't leave. The negotiations at Storm City are ongoing. If I'm absent too long, the enemy will suspect I've gone to Angotur Harbor. That would only draw more powerful fighters to the location, increasing potential casualties." Andrew stepped up. "Count me in. I'll go with Mr. Hearst, and we'll watch each other's backs." Franz seemed slightly embarrassed, asking, "Andrew, are you still willing to serve the national military?" Andrew responded flatly, "I'm not fond of Philip, and I've long ---- lost faith in the Holtrien military.

But the Holtrien soldiers at Angotur Harbor and I are loyal to our country. When you're in a foreign land, you help where you can." Franz was impressed, muttering, "The way you put it makes me realize how incompetent the leadership back home truly is. They had a fine blade but chose to dull it themselves. I really do not know what those decision makers were thinking." Andrew shrugged. "I don't care what they think. I'll be the decision-maker in the future." His statement made Franz's expression shift, sensing something significant in those words.

With that, Reginald ordered them to depart immediately. Nyx, already dressed in her assassin's black robe, was waiting by the vehicle. She suggested, "Franz, stay at Dragonfang. I'll go with Andrew." Franz was surprised, "Nyx, you don't need to do this. This is Holtrien's internal matter, and there's no reward." Nyx remained calm, "I'm fast, and unless a peak martial god is present, no one can stop me. So I won't be in danger. Consider it a favor to Mr. Lloyd Senior, a free service to Holtrien." Before Franz could fully object, she had already opened the passenger door and seated herself.

---- Franz patted Andrew's shoulder, instructing him, "Andrew, you and Nyx must be extremely careful. If the situation changes or becomes uncontrollable, retreat immediately. I'll stay at Dragonfang and assist Reginald. He's under significant pressure at Storm City, and he's still recovering from his injuries." Andrew nodded confidently. "Mr. Hearst, leave it to me." The vehicle set off, with an unusual atmosphere between just Andrew and Nyx.

Andrew, being wise, remained silent throughout the journey, knowing Nyx's unpredictable temperament. Suddenly, Nyx asked, curled up in the passenger seat, "Andrew, what is Holtrien like? Is it beautiful?" Andrew laughed, "You've asked the right person. Holtrien was very beautiful, vast, and rich in resources, and especially famous for its food. Compared to foreign bland food and random dishes, Holtrien is basically a food lover's paradise."

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Chapter 2934

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---- Chapter 2934 Nyx licked her lips lightly. Andrew laughed and said, "So Nyx, you're quite the food lover, huh?" Nyx nodded, looking unexpectedly cute as she replied, "Yeah. I was quite a glutton when I was little. You should have seen my childhood photos; I was really chubby. My mother always said there were no kids that chubby in our family, so she wanted me to lose weight, behave properly, and learn etiquette." She continued, "But I never listened. I just liked eating, and later my mother gave up on it.

My father treated me the best and never scolded me." Andrew smiled and said, "Then your parents must have really loved you." Nyx mumbled softly, "Yeah, they loved me

very much. It's just a shame that I will never see them again." Andrew suddenly felt a bit of regret for bringing up such a topic. However, Nyx seemed unaffected. Years of hardship had long since transformed her from a delicate girl into a hardened survivor. "Andrew," she said suddenly, "If we get the chance, let's visit ---- Holtrien together." Andrew enthusiastically agreed, "Absolutely! Don't worry.

Once you're there, you'll fall in love with Holtrien." Nyx studied him silently, her eyes sparkling with an intensity that made Andrew slightly uncomfortable. When he awkwardly asked, "What is it?" Nyx teased, "Nothing. I just realized you're not entirely annoying or stupid." Andrew's face darkened. "Hey, I'm not stupid! You're just biased against me." Nyx shook her head and said thoughtfully, "The Outlands do not allow warmth or mercy. Those who overflow with sympathy and try to play the good guy are all dead.

Andrew, I have to warn you not to meddle too much in other people's affairs and always protect yourself first. As long as you are fine, Mr. Lloyd Senior will not worry. Do you understand?" Andrew replied, "Got it." Deep down, he understood Nyx's past behavior. A girl who had endured abuse and death would inevitably lose her trust in the world after growing up. Andrew suddenly blurted out, "Nyx, I'll take you back to Holtrien ---- someday. I have many female friends there, who are smart and beautiful, just like you.

You'll gradually rediscover life's warmth and find new goals." Nyx's face immediately turned cold and demanded, "What did you say?" Andrew froze and said, "I said you would find warmth in life." Nyx shook her head and said, "Before that, what did you say about having many what kind of friends?" Andrew stammered, "F-Female friends. What's wrong with that?" Nyx replied flatly, "Nothing. Mr. Lloyd Senior mentioned that his son was a charming man and popular with girls. Now it seems you're quite the heartbreaker. Since you have so many admirers, you shouldn't be trying to involve other girls.

Otherwise, you're just a player. Remember that!" Andrew was left completely bewildered, thinking to himself how women were the same whether back home or abroad: always unpredictable. Angotur Harbor was not far from the Dragonfang base. Andrew floored the accelerator, racing across the wilderness. After half a day, they entered a rainforest near the coastline. Nyx jumped out of the vehicle, announcing, "We can't drive further, or the ground will swallow the car. Plus, there's a ---- minefield ahead set by Holtrien soldiers. We'll need to proceed on foot." Andrew did not object.

He shouldered the massive Godslayer and, together with Nyx, immediately sprinted into the rainforest.

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Chapter 2935

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---- Chapter 2935 Angotur Harbor had originally been disguised as a small civilian port, unremarkable and easily overlooked. Holtrien's military had conducted secret operations there for years, and it had always been safe. But this time, it had been exposed without any warning, and Reginald had no concrete information on which force had attacked it. Breaking out of the forest, Andrew's eyes widened at the sight ahead. Before him stretched the vast open sea, and in the bay lay a small port. Smoke rose from the harbor, which had already been struck by heavy fire. [READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT](#)

Ships docked at the piers were almost all destroyed, and several had already capsized into the water. A cold light flashed in Andrew's eyes as he signaled Nyx and silently approached the port. Soon, he climbed aboard a large ship. The deck was eerily quiet, with no sentries in sight. When their eyes met, Nyx's expression was filled with suspicion. "You take the upper deck, I'll go below," she said with the instincts of a seasoned assassin, quickly disappearing to the lower levels. ---- Andrew climbed to the top deck, observing the signs of previous combat.

The faint gunpowder smell suggested the fighting had ended more than half a day ago. Gripping Godslayer, he moved cautiously into the ship's interior. The air and light were sparse, but this posed no challenge to him. His primary concern was whether the Holtrien soldiers had been completely massacred, which would make their mission futile. Suddenly, Andrew caught an almost imperceptible sound, almost like a bat's squeak. He stopped, slowly looking up at the ceiling of the passageway. "One, two, three..." Dozens of black bats with glowing red eyes hung motionless in the darkness.

Had it not been for Andrew's exceptional hearing, he would never have detected their presence. Andrew exhaled, realizing which faction had attacked the port. It was the vampire clan! Suddenly, rapid footsteps and excited, bloodthirsty breathing echoed through the ship's interior. A cold smile crossed Andrew's lips as he realized he had been discovered. Swarms of black shadows burst from the passageway, with over ---- 100 vampires charging forward, their crimson eyes blazing. Andrew let out a long howl to alert Nyx below, then struck the ceiling with his sword, blasting a massive hole.

Weak sunlight filtered in, causing agonized screams from the vampires. The low-ranking vampire servants were particularly vulnerable, as even a small amount of sunlight could cause their skin to blister and tear. A mocking voice interrupted Andrew's moment of triumph. "You seem experienced in dealing with our kind, kid. But the Ludendorff family

isn't afraid of sunlight. Your time is up!" Turning, Andrew found his escape route blocked by a short but powerful martial god: Cyril from the Ludendorff family.

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Chapter 2936

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---- Chapter 2936 Facing Cyril, Andrew remained calm. "Where are the Holtrien soldiers?" Cyril sneered. "You're definitely from the Holtrien military. But since you're about to die, I might as well tell you something. Take a good look... Those ready to drink your blood are your own comrades." Andrew's heart sank as he looked closer into the passageway. The red eyes now revealed a horrifying truth: these were Holtrien soldiers. They were still wearing their military uniforms, but now transformed into vampiric servants driven only by bloodlust. A surge of rage exploded in his chest.

Taking a deep breath, Andrew raised his massive sword, declaring, "The Ludendorff family will one day be destroyed in the wilderness." Cyril laughed mockingly, "Big words! Be careful not to bite your tongue. I'll make sure you die a horrible death!" Meanwhile, in the ship's lower deck, Nyx confronted her own formidable enemy. A vampire duke stood before her. He was elegantly dressed in a suit, with a slender build and slightly curled silver hair. Despite ---- his beautiful form, his face was monstrously grotesque, with a mouth stretched back, a long tongue licking blood from his face.

The vampire, Giuliano Rossi, fixed his blood-red eyes on Nyx, releasing an owl-like laugh. "Woman, if I drain all your vital essence, I'll become a vampire lord and achieve eternal life. Come and be part of my glorious destiny." Nyx remained expressionless, drawing out two blue daggers. She stepped towards Giuliano coldly, "I don't like small talk. I'll kill you quickly so I can help someone else. Don't worry, I'll make sure you die peacefully." Giuliano roared in rage, "I'll tear you apart, you worthless woman!" The battle erupted with blinding speed. Nyx felt a slight urgency. New NOVEL chapters are published on

She needed to eliminate this monster quickly to assist Andrew. Unconsciously, she realized how much she cared about Andrew's safety, while being indifferent to her own predicament. A massive explosion rocked the entire ship. On the upper deck, Cyril,

despite his small stature, tore a massive steel pillar from the ship's structure. Then, he began sweeping it wildly at Andrew. Andrew, wielding Godslayer, countered with three powerful strikes that shattered the pillar into pieces. ---- Cyril's black robe billowing, he reached for Andrew's skull with his skeletal claws.

Without even looking, Andrew unleashed an Inferno Strike. They collided hand-to-hand, with Cyril expecting to send Andrew flying and bleeding. Instead, Andrew merely paled slightly and maintained his distance. Cyril laughed maniacally. "Garal was right. You're something special!" He secretly mourned for Marshall's misfortune in facing such a formidable opponent. Andrew remained silent as Godslayer continued its relentless assault. Cyril formed two massive energy clusters, blocking Godslayer's attacks. Pressing an attack with the full pressure of a martial god, he forced Andrew into retreat.

Andrew rolled and leaped away, leaving behind a ship's hull reduced to fragments by the intense combat. Cyril taunted, "Run if you want. Today, you and your fellow soldiers will die right here!"

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Chapter 2937

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---- Chapter 2937 Cyril laughed confidently, believing he had Andrew cornered. As a top-tier, powerful member of the Ludendorff family, he was certain no young warrior could overcome a martial god's strength. He found the idea of struggling against a mere youth beneath him to be ridiculous. Andrew suddenly charged downward into the ship's lower levels with Godslayer. Cyril sneered, knowing the area was filled with vampire-infected monsters. He saw Andrew's move as a desperate, suicidal action.

Yet, he was determined to pursue, having carefully planned this ambush to restore the Ludendorff family's honor. The wind rushed past Andrew's ears as he ran through the dark passageway. Muffled roars echoed from the darkness ahead as vampire servants waited in ambush. He and Nyx had clearly fallen into a trap. Otherwise, Cyril would never have been waiting for him here. He could not help but wonder if the Ludendorff family had supernatural insight. A series of rapid thoughts raced through Andrew's mind. He developed a bold theory: the military message to Reginald was likely fabricated.

Philip might not have sent any real information ---- at all. This was all part of an elaborate enemy scheme, although the Holtrien military's communication channels were typically secure. Guillermo's face flashed in Andrew's mind. He was almost certain this was his doing. After all, Guillermo had a previous history collaborating with Kaelen to ambush Reginald. The plan became crystal clear: Guillermo sent false military orders, arranging for Reginald or his people to come to Angotur Harbor.

The ultimate goal was to collude with the Ludendorff family and the vampire clan to strike a devastating blow against Reginald and Andrew. Andrew's hatred for Guillermo intensified, amazed at his far-reaching manipulations even in the Outlands. Vampire servants suddenly lunged at Andrew. He raised his hand, releasing a burst of holy light that erupted with intense purifying power. The vampires screamed and retreated into the darkness. Andrew felt a profound sadness seeing these once-living soldiers transformed into monsters. After all, they were all former comrades.

Cyril pursued closely from behind. Meanwhile, Andrew charged ahead, going further down to the lower level. ---- There, he encountered even more vampire servants. However, they weren't targeting Andrew alone. Some of them even started to turn on Cyril. That made Cyril grow increasingly frustrated and puzzled. "Out of my way, you trash!" With a wave, he reduced those vampire servants who attacked him to nothing more than a bloody mist. However, vampire servants had no fear of death. To be exact, the only thing driving them on was their instinct to kill. They charged endlessly at Cyril. For more chapters visit

As time passed, even Cyril's speed got affected by the relentless onslaught. He grew frustrated. At the same time, he also wondered if Andrew was somehow able to avoid being attacked by the vampire servants. Andrew should have already been buried under a dense swarm of thralls. By all logic, Cyril should have arrived to finish him off effortlessly. Unable to make sense of it, Cyril stopped thinking and kept chasing Andrew downward. Then, all of a sudden, Andrew stopped.

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- Chapter 2938

Chapter 2938

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---- Chapter 2938 Cyril's mocking laugh died in his throat as he realized he was surrounded by hundreds of blood-red eyes, each filled with an insatiable hunger for blood. The vampire servants collectively fixed their gaze on Cyril, causing even the martial god to tense up and furrow his brow. "What trick are you playing?" Cyril demanded. "Why aren't these monsters attacking you?" Andrew remained expressionless, ignoring the question. The unique holy energy of Lomuia Grand Cathedral's Saint John radiated from his body, naturally suppressing the evil creatures.

The church's holy light was particularly effective against the Dark Clans' three races. Hence, the vampire servants instinctively shrank away from Andrew, desperate to avoid his purifying aura. However, they saw Cyril as a living feast and launched themselves at him with savage intensity. Like a volcanic eruption, hundreds of vampires attacked Cyril simultaneously. He responded with devastating area attacks, creating waves of blood mist and carnage. Yet, instead of being deterred, the remaining servants became even more fearless, driven mad by the bloodshed.

---- Cyril felt a flicker of regret for chasing this far down. He had not expected this brat to be so devious, using some unknown method to stay completely untouched. Still, he told himself that killing all these vampire servants first and then dealing with Andrew would work just fine. A massive roar suddenly thundered from another direction, filled with raw fury. Cyril's expression changed, recognizing that the roar did not belong to an ordinary vampire servant. It came from Giuliano, the vampire duke who had come with him from the main vampire stronghold.

Giuliano's roar carried overwhelming rage and absolute dominance over the lower vampires. In an instant, the surrounding vampire servants did not just go mad; they

completely lost themselves and charged without any fear of death. They lunged at Cyril with even greater brutality. Cyril cursed under his breath. Giuliano was an idiot. Still, it was not entirely his fault. Every vampire servant that died weakened Giuliano, as if parts of his bloodline were being severed, which directly affected his strength.

However, he never imagined that the one slaughtering ---- his people was Cyril, an ally, rather than Andrew. As a result, Giuliano's attempt to stir up the vampire thralls only made things far worse for Cyril. Cyril's expression darkened when, amid the chaotic slaughter, a corner of his robe was torn away. It was insignificant damage, yet it proved that his rhythm had already been disrupted. Within the dense mass of vampire servants ahead, a sword light suddenly emerged, like a colossal beast lifting its head from a pitch-black sea. This chapter is updated by Find_Novel(.)net

It appeared without any warning, catching Cyril completely off guard. 'Damn it!' Cyril cursed inwardly. Andrew had seized the opening, hiding among the vampire servants and launching a sneak attack. With a cold snort, Cyril clenched his teeth and raised his arm to block the strike head-on. His arm instantly crystallized. It was a secret technique of the Ludendorff family, one that turned flesh as hard as forged steel. However, he underestimated Andrew's full-powered strike. For this single blow, Andrew had silently gathered his strength and focus to their absolute peak.

The greatsword slammed down, ---- and Cyril first felt an unbearable surge of pain. Then, the crystalline energy coating his arm began to visibly collapse from the outside in. It melted off his hand like a layer of warm butter. It was a gruesome and grotesque sight to behold.

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Chapter 2939

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---- Chapter 2939 Cyril's face changed dramatically as disbelief flooded his eyes. "You..." he started, but before he could finish, the crystallized right hand completely reverted back to flesh. The greatsword did not stop, dragging a streak of blood as it slashed through. A violent aura exploded around Cyril in response. He shouted, "You must die! After that shrill howl, his entire body shot backward toward the outside of the ship. One vampire servant after another chased after him in a frenzy. Cyril pushed his speed to the absolute limit and actually managed to escape.

Andrew caught his breath, feeling surprisingly calm. His recent attack had proven capable of threatening a martial god. Since arriving in the Outlands, his powers had been evolving rapidly. He knew that if he were actually at the martial god level, Cyril would not have escaped so easily. Approaching the other side of the ship, Andrew found Nyx locked in an intense battle with Giuliano. As he arrived, Nyx quickly landed beside him. His safety was her primary concern. ---- "Are you okay?" Andrew smiled, "I'm fine. Let's take down this vampire duke together." Without hesitation, Nyx agreed.

In the next instant, she lunged forward, crossing her twin daggers as she slashed at Giuliano. Giuliano's speed, like all vampires, was terrifyingly fast. However, in front of Nyx, a martial god assassin, he was still a step slower. The two fleshy wings on his back snapped shut to block her strike. Two bloody gashes were torn open, yet Giuliano burst into excited laughter. "This is nice! I love battles this bloody. Woman, you can't kill me." Before his smug words had even finished, Andrew appeared right beside Nyx.

Godslayer came down with crushing force, heavy and brutal, unstoppable in its head-on approach. The blade slammed directly into Giuliano's shoulder. Instantly, a massive wound as long as an adult man's arm was carved into his body. Giuliano threw his head back and let out a piercing howl. Andrew even saw the long tongue in his throat, trembling violently. With a thunderous flap, Giuliano beat his wings and tried to take ---- to the air. However, the wing on the side Andrew struck had twisted badly and looked ready to tear free from his body. The latest_episodes are on the

Giuliano stared in disbelief and screamed, "How is this possible? Why aren't my injuries healing? Human, the sword in your hand, is it a holy relic? No... That's impossible!" Vampire dukes could usually regenerate almost instantly using blood, at least for ordinary wounds. Injuries left by a martial god took far more effort to heal. Yet this insignificant human before him was not a martial god, so how could he have inflicted

such severe damage? Giuliano let out a furious roar as his face completely warped, transforming him into a grotesque monster. Nyx spoke quickly, "Be careful.

He has summoned his servants. This will be troublesome." She flashed again, carving two massive wounds across Giuliano's back. But now, fully transformed, the vampire duke ignored the attacks altogether and fled straight toward the dark depths of the ship. As he ran, Giuliano cursed loudly, "Cyril, you bitch! Damn it... The Ludendorff family is trash. You got me killed! Damn it..." Nyx surged forward once more, her twin daggers launching a relentless assault.

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Chapter 2940

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---- Chapter 2940 However, Giuliano curled half of his fleshy wing around himself to block the strike, refusing to give Nyx a chance to hit a vital spot. Seeing the situation turn bad, Andrew's eyes went cold, and he rushed forward as the greatsword came down again. Nyx cried out, "Don't!" She watched in shock as Andrew planted himself directly in front of Giuliano, head-on against a vampire who was desperate to escape. Twin red beams burst from Giuliano's eyes. This was a racial gift of the vampires, something they would never use unless they were fighting for their lives.

Andrew did not dodge or retreat, completely ignoring Nyx's sharp scream as she rushed toward him. A blinding white light erupted as he pushed the holy power inside his body to its limit. Giuliano let out a horrific shriek as his entire body visibly ignited. Chunks of flesh were seared and peeled away under the white holy light, and the agony forced the vampire duke to roll on the ground in place. Blood streamed from his eyes. At the same time, the two red beams pierced straight through Andrew's body.

Andrew let out a muffled groan, yet he clenched his teeth and ---- maintained the outpouring of holy light. A flash of pain and pity crossed Nyx's eyes. Her two daggers plunged straight into Giuliano's skull from above. Then, she dropped down from the air and twisted them violently. Giuliano's throat squeezed out two dying, monstrous cries. His massive body collapsed onto the ground and went completely still. The vampire

servants rushing over scattered in panic, clutching their heads and not daring to come any closer. Andrew leaned on his greatsword for support and gasped for air.

Nyx walked over and slapped him hard across the face, fury blazing as she said, "Who told you to act so recklessly? The Crimson Ray carries the vampires' deadly poison. Your heart will be corroded alive." Half of Andrew's face immediately turned red from the slap. He could only force a bitter smile and said, "I am already barely holding on, and you still hit me." Nyx's blue eyes were still burning with anger. However, seeing how badly Andrew was struggling, she could not bring herself to lash out again. "We are leaving first." She grabbed Andrew and rushed straight out.

---- Cyril had already escaped, so this place was no longer safe. Once they reached the rainforest outside the harbor and found a hidden spot, Nyx gently set Andrew down. "The Crimson Ray must be cleansed by someone from the Lomuia Grand Cathedral. And we only have half an hour. Damn it, Andrew, why did you act so recklessly? That was a vampire duke!" Despite her harsh words, her concern was evident. Suddenly, she scooped him up, declaring, "I'll take you to the nearest city to find a church bishop. New NOVEL chapters are published on

Andrew, I promise I'll save you no matter what." Noticing her slightly teary eyes, Andrew weakly asked, "Are you... crying?" Nyx retorted coldly, "You're just an immature, reckless kid!" Andrew waved his hand. "Put me down, I am fine." Nyx froze and said, "What did you say?" Andrew grimaced and said, "Just do not touch me, the Crimson Ray does not affect me much. Did you forget? I have the holy power of a Church saint inside me." Nyx suddenly realized the truth, and then joy burst across her face. Yet her eyes somehow turned even redder. ---- She slapped Andrew across the face again.

Andrew snapped, "Are you insane or what? If I could move right now, I would've made you pay, one way or another!" Nyx sneered and said, "Sure, give it a try. Let's see who comes on top!" They stared at each other in silence. After a moment, both of them started laughing at the same time.

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Chapter 2941

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---- Chapter 2941 Rain fell from the sky, pattering down in a steady hiss. Near the harbor, the rainforest began to fill with drifting fog. Several figures streaked across the sky above the jungle, some wrapped in black light, others trailing blood-red glows, before finally stopping on a mountain overlooking the port. From where they stood, the entire harbor lay fully exposed beneath their gaze. If anyone else had been there, they would have been terrified. The four figures radiated an overwhelming pressure that seemed to suffocate the very air around them.

Though they appeared to stand on the mountainside, their feet never touched the ground. Even more astonishing, the raindrops falling from the sky parted automatically above their heads, leaving their clothing completely dry. Four martial gods stood in silent formation. Three were completely shrouded in long black robes, with only one face visible. It was Cyril, whom Andrew previously outmaneuvered. Cyril's face was ashen and deeply troubled. He alternated between glancing down at the port and nervously looking back at the other three figures, his eyes filled with wariness.

---- Soon, a small team emerged from the port and quickly approached. A Ludendorff family member stepped forward, saluting with a fist to his chest. "Other than the vampire servants, no one else remains." Cyril's heart sank. "What about Giuliano?" The subordinate shook his head and replied, "Dead. Only his body was left behind." Cyril was stunned. Giuliano was no ordinary fighter. He was a legitimate vampire duke. While his absolute power might not match a martial god, he was nearly invincible in his vampire true form. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY

After all, vampires had natural advantages in speed, physical strength, and sheer brutality. Yet now, a vampire clan duke has been killed. Cyril was deep in thought, his already grim expression transforming into one of complete despair. A cold snort made Cyril's body imperceptibly tremble. One of the black-robed figures slowly raised his head and looked directly at Cyril. Beneath the hood was an aged, gaunt face with eyes that seemed to pierce through everything. ---- This was Alonzo Ludendorff, the second-in-command of the Ludendorff family, just below its leader, Raiden.

Alonzo said coldly, "Cyril, the Ludendorff family will not suffer its name insulted or tarnished. You will return and explain yourself to Mr. Raiden." Despite his typically arrogant nature, Cyril was subdued. "That Holtrien bastard has something strange about him. He seems to have some power from the Lomuia Grand Cathedral, which is how I was caught off guard. Mr. Alonzo, rest assured, I will take full responsibility for this incident." A laugh suddenly echoed through the area. No opinion was expressed, but involuntarily, Cyril, Alonzo, and the fourth martial god turned to look.

Among these four powerful beings, the owner of that laugh was undoubtedly the most formidable. Alonzo furrowed his brow and humbly asked, "Sir, what are your thoughts?" The one who stood beside him was not just another man, but a master comparable to Raiden himself.

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Chapter 2942

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---- Chapter 2942 The gray robe slowly pulled back, revealing a deeply etched, aged face. Compared to Alonzo's elderly appearance, this man's face was even more weathered, filled with depth, and carried a subtle hint of something eerily enigmatic. "That brat, along with the martial god assassin from Dragonfang, wouldn't find it difficult to kill a high-ranking vampire," he said. This man was none other than Christopher, Guillermo's master. Of course, no one knew his real name; he was only known as Wyrmhelm.

He was one of the most terrifying figures active across the world The last person beside him pulled down his blood-red cloak, revealing a stunningly handsome man in his early 20s. He had blood-red hair, blood-red pupils, and blood-red fingernails. However, he was no ordinary figure. He was Alucard Ludendorff, a high-ranking vampire archlord. Alucard's gaze was ice-cold as he spoke in a chilling tone. "Sir, your sarcastic comments are useless. Don't forget, you came to us seeking cooperation, not the other way around. Now, another vampire duke has died.

Your lack of sympathy is bad enough, but this insult is intolerable. Do you think our family lacks backbone?" ---- Christopher gave a dismissive laugh and glanced at Alucard with apparent contempt. "Alucard, like me, you're someone who has lived past 100 years. Wait... You seem to have lived even longer." He continued, "You're over 500 now, aren't you? That puts you around the middle tier among the vampire archlords. Since you have lived that long, you should know a thing or two about me." This seemingly random statement caused Alucard's pupils to contract slightly.

He lowered his head and replied, "I'm certainly well-informed about you, sir. But the vampires' supreme status must never be insulted." Christopher waved his hand dismissively. "Don't talk to me about your clan's supremacy. I have personally killed your high-ranking Princes before. That the dead vampire duke was nothing more than a beast. Alucard, don't read too much into it. In my eyes, you're barely above a beast yourself." Alucard was furious. As a vampire Archlord, a true figure at the very top, he was nothing like Soren or Giuliano. Read complete version only at [Find_Novel\(.\)net](http://Find_Novel(.)net)

His pride and power made such humiliation unbearable Yet, in the end, Alucard restrained himself. Although his expression remained grim, he chose not to continue confronting Christopher. He simply didn't dare to. ---- After saying all this, Christopher turned his head and looked down at the harbor below. He did not care about Alucard's shifting expressions and had no interest in sparing him another glance. Christopher said calmly, "From the moment we set the board at Wicked Moon Hold, I began laying out the plan.

Right now, this was another snare, yet twice already, two vampire dukes died without giving me anything worth celebrating." He added, "As for Reginald, do not count on it. You useless lot will never be able to handle him. But Andrew, that little one, was someone I thought we could at least capture. Unfortunately, not only did he escape, but he also killed quite a few of you. You do not understand how monstrous this child truly is. "The more he fights, the faster his strength grows.

Which means, if he is not eliminated soon, the Ludendorff family, the King of the Wastelands, or the Dark Clans, you'll all face a Holtrien martial god wreaking havoc in the Outlands..."

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Chapter 2943

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---- Chapter 2943 As Christopher spoke casually, Cyril noticed something extraordinary. The raindrops falling toward the man's head shattered with each word he uttered, leaving Cyril stunned. Christopher had mysteriously appeared at the Ludendorff family headquarters and then covertly connected with the vampires of the Dark Clans. His speed, energy, and influence were beyond Cyril's wildest imagination. This was the Outlands, the Western domain. Yet here was a Holtrien man moving freely, even boldly insulting vampire archlords. Cyril could not help but think Christopher was terrifying.

The subtle display of power left him completely bewildered. Alonzo furrowed his brow. "What if he becomes a martial god? Surely the Ludendorff family isn't afraid of a newly emerging martial god. The situation in the Outlands is tense right now. Our family's focus should be on the Deadlands and its relationships with the Church and Dark

Trinity." Christopher shook his head. "I don't care how you fight, compete, or beat each other's brains out. I only have one requirement: this kid must be eliminated. Ideally, he'd fall into my hands.

I have great use for him." ---- Alucard scoffed, "He must be eliminated! The vampires have lost two dukes in succession. The queen is already somewhat displeased." Christopher chuckled. "So your Queen has awakened from the Blood Pool?" Alucard said with restrained pride, "She awakened not long ago. However, she has no interest in the situation in the Outlands or the global dynamics. You should already know the only thing she cares about." Christopher nodded. "Let's wait for the next opportunity.

I've come to the Outlands because of my useless disciple, yet now I'm returning empty-handed again. It's ridiculous." As he muttered, he turned to walk away. Alucard nodded slightly at Alonzo before departing as well. With this, only two martial gods were left levitating above the mountain. Cyril hesitated, then spoke in a low voice. "Sir, Wyrmhelm is using us so blatantly to do his bidding, and he sure as hell has a terrible attitude. Did Mr. Raiden really have nothing to say about this?" Alonzo shook his head. "Cyril, there are some things you're not qualified to comment on. [READ LATEST CHAPTERS](#)
AT

It's best if you don't complain. I'll tell ---- you this: Mr. Raiden has ordered the Ludendorff family to cooperate fully with Wyrmhelm." Alonzo snorted. "Because this old man will give the Ludendorff family a true golden age, one where we dominate the Wastelands. Do you think the current chaos in the Outlands happened by accident? Vampires, sirens, werewolves, the five great Western nations, and the Lomuia Grand Cathedral..." He continued, "I will tell you this: the one pulling the strings behind all of it is the very old man you resent. Cyril, remember this.

God may favor the West, but the sharpest minds, the most cunning, the most unpredictable, and the ones who love operating from the shadows... they have always come from that ancient and mysterious land in the East." "So now you understand why the East and West have clashed and gone to war so many times throughout history," Alonzo concluded. Cyril's face paled, and he did not know what to say. All he felt was cold sweat soaking his back

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Chapter 2944

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---- Chapter 2944 Knox, that half-baked martial god, could not hide his jealousy as he muttered, "So you took down another vampire duke. You really are something else!" Giuliano's death made the Dragonfang members re-evaluate Andrew all over again. Franz clenched his teeth and said, "The Ludendorff family and the vampires wiped out our entire unit at the Holtrien military outpost during this attack. We must get our revenge!" Andrew shook his head and said, "Mr. Hearst, I am going to say something you probably do not want to hear. This is not Holtrien's home turf.

So, relying on us alone to take revenge will be extremely difficult. Besides, revenge is a minor concern right now. The situation in the Outlands is clearly heading toward a major upheaval." He continued, "In the past, the Ludendorff family, despite their ruthlessness, would never have allied with savage vampires." Franz nodded in agreement. "Andrew, you're right. I've already reported the situation back to our country. General Turman will likely devise a strategy." Andrew hesitated before speaking. "This time, Nyx and I clearly ---- walked into a trap.

However, the enemy didn't anticipate that we were capable of fighting back, which is how we managed to escape "Mr. Hearst, I have reason to suspect this is connected to Guillermo and others back home. If Philip doesn't intervene soon, Holtrien might become a complete mess." Franz clenched his jaw. "I've included that in my report. Don't worry, Andrew. Guillermo can do as he pleases, but if he threatens Holtrien's interests, things wouldn't fare well for him, too. Although Guillermo's power is currently substantial, he can't shake the Holtrien military." Andrew remained noncommittal.

He was not seeking military support to confront Guillermo. He intended to handle the bastard personally, wanting to prevent additional Holtrien soldiers from dying. Reginald remained stuck in Storm City, returning only late at night. Seeing his exhausted face, Nyx grew concerned. "Maybe you should rest. Your injuries aren't fully healed." Reginald waved her off. "Don't worry, I can handle it. Andrew, I need to tell you something. Wyrmsheim, that crafty old man, has arrived in the Outlands. The ambush you and Nyx faced was his doing." ---- Andrew frowned. "Wyrmsheim? New novel chapters are published on

Who's that?" Reginald took a deep breath and explained the relationship between Guillermo and Wyrmsheim. He particularly highlighted Andrew's mentor, the God of Medicine, Maverick Zeroual. "Wyrmsheim is Mr. Zeroual's junior apprentice? And he's still alive after all these years? What does he want?" A fierce fire began burning in Andrew's heart. So there was another monster backing Guillermo, which made things even more troublesome. Reginald said calmly, "Many of Holtrien's major turning points, as well as several wars against the Western Dark Clans, all had Wyrmsheim's fingerprints behind them.

He can be said to have planned many of these events with his own hands. But I know where his ultimate goal lies." Andrew was shaken. "The Veiled Paradise, Mom's homeland, right?" Reginald nodded. "That is right, the Veiled Paradise where your mother came from. Andrew, you are now strong enough to stand on your own, so there are things I should tell you. Back then, she was taken away by the people of the Veiled Paradise to be publicly executed. I don't know whether she is still alive."

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Chapter 2945

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---- Chapter 2945 Reginald said, "Andrew, you can blame me, even hate me, because I failed to protect your mom. But I must tell you the truth: Eleanor most likely did not survive." Andrew's mind buzzed, and in an instant, everything went blank. "What did you say?" His voice trembled. All along, Reginald had been telling him that Eleanor was still alive. He had never expected such a revelation. Reginald lowered his head, slowly shaking it. "Andrew, I'm so sorry. I left Holtrien many years ago. Initially, it was because of a mission, with my heart focused solely on my country.

But later, tracking down the entrance to the Veiled Paradise and finding the last hidden small world became an obsession. I had to ask the people of the Veiled Paradise why they did what they did, and if it was truly unforgivable for Eleanor to be with me..." He continued, "Andrew, remember this: the people of the Veiled Paradise were not actually strong enough to take your mother away. She was forced to leave to conceal your existence. You can blame me, but you must not blame her for seemingly abandoning you." ---- Andrew remained silent. After a long while, he forced a weak laugh.

"Dad, you should have told me everything much earlier. If it were the old me, I would have certainly resented you and might have even picked a fight. But now, I won't." Reginald looked surprised. "Why? Aren't you angry that I didn't protect her?" Andrew shook his head. "Of course I am! But you're my father. I know you did your best, and that's enough." With that, Andrew returned to his room, wanting only to lie down and rest. Since arriving in the Outlands, he had been holding himself together, and now that last bit of strength seemed to have vanished all at once.

It was rare for Andrew to feel tired. The last time was when he left the organization, watching helplessly as all his comrades died. Nyx grew anxious and started to follow him. Reginald called out, "Nyx, let him go. He'll be fine." Nyx paused, remained silent, and looked at Reginald. After a long while, she asked meaningfully, "You still have something you haven't told Andrew, right?" Reginald gave a bitter smile and sat down on the couch. ---- "Yes, I still have some things I did not tell him. Nyx, what do you think of Andrew?"

Be honest." Nyx thought Reginald was about to tell her what he had kept from Andrew. She did not expect him to ask that instead. She froze for a moment, then felt a little awkward. "Uh... I have to admit, I misunderstood Andrew at first. He is a real man. He is brave, strong, and most importantly, very smart. Just like you, he makes people trust him." A look of pride appeared on Reginald's face. "No, actually, Andrew is not like me. He's simpler, and he values loyalty and emotion more deeply.

Let me put it this way: at his age, I wasn't as skilled in martial arts, didn't have such rich experiences, and my beliefs weren't as solid. "I was once a wanderer. But everything changed when I met Andrew's mother. As a result, I've wronged many people, but I tried my best. What I'm about to tell you, Nyx, must not be shared with Andrew." Nyx felt an inexplicable sense of unease, nervously saying, "Sir, if it's too serious, I'd rather you not tell me. I just want Dragonfang, you, and Andrew to be okay." Reginald waved his hand, laughing. "Don't worry. Everyone will be fine.

You're all still young, not understanding that in this ---- world, many opportunities, once missed, are gone forever."

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Chapter 2946

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---- Chapter 2946 Reginald said, "A lifetime of regret and pain is truly unbearable. Back then, I was foolish and unaware, treating everything as ordinary. I have already done right by Holtrien during all these years overseas. So what I do next must be something I owe to myself." He continued, "I will find the Veiled Paradise and enter it. Whether I live or die will be left to fate. I will give everything I have to confirm one last time whether

Eleanor is truly alive." Nyx's heart skipped, and she asked instinctively, "What if she is really gone?"

What if all your efforts over these years were for nothing?" Reginald smiled. "Then you will help me take care of Andrew, all right?" Tears instantly welled up in Nyx's eyes. "No... Please don't say things like that! When my parents died, they said the same thing and asked me to take care of my younger brother. But in the end, my parents were gone, my brother died too, and I was left alone in this world, barely able to live.

"If not for you taking me in, teaching me martial arts, and helping me grow, I would've been gone long ago." ---- By the end, Nyx broke down crying, sobbing uncontrollably. She looked nothing like her usual distant and unapproachable self. Reginald sighed. "Silly girl. I didn't really help you that much. Everything you have today came from your own efforts. You deserve it all. Those who are reborn through pain will ultimately transform. Nyx, believe in yourself. Your future will be infinitely beautiful!" Nyx pleaded, "Can't you stop looking for the Veiled Paradise?"

Don't you know how obsessed you've become, almost to the point of madness?" Reginald gave a bitter smile. "I know! But I can't let it go. This time, the opportunity is truly unprecedented. With so many Western powers, including Wyrmsheim from Holtrien, all converging, the Veiled Paradise will definitely be found. When that happens, I'll do whatever it takes to enter. "Nyx, promise me you'll follow Andrew. He will create a future unlike anything we have seen before. By staying with him, at the very least, you will no longer live in fear for the rest of your life.

His power will mature very soon, and when it does, he will protect you and everything you care about. And all of this has already been arranged in advance by me. I will hand Dragonfang, all of you, over to Andrew. Believe me, he is a leader far more suitable than I ever was." ---- Nyx did not speak. She only cried and kept shaking her head. That night, the Outlands descended into total chaos. Kass Dalla, the Cardinal of the Lomuia Grand Cathedral, along with Mephiston Valafar, the Angel King and Left Hand of God among the Twelve Angels of Lomuia, rushed to the Wasteland battlefield. Official source is

About 30 thousand Inquisitors of the Church advanced straight toward the Ludendorff family headquarters. If the Ludendorff family could not provide a satisfactory explanation, war would be immediate. Accompanying this mobilization was another explosive announcement. It was announced that Rosemary, a Pure White Angel of the Lomuia Grand Cathedral, had been killed in the Outlands and brutally violated. This horrific crime was attributed to a Holtrien individual named Andrew Lloyd, who was once the leader of the mysterious Holtrien organization, the Iron Calvary, across the Outlands.

Mephiston made a public statement that this time, the Church's army would punish every blasphemer on this sinful land.

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Chapter 2947

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---- Chapter 2947 Andrew locked himself in his room for an entire night. He only emerged the next afternoon. The Dragonfang headquarters felt heavy with grief. Every member looked silent and dejected. Even Knox, usually the most energetic, sat dejectedly in a corner, staring blankly into space. Andrew pushed the door open. The others glanced at him, then quickly looked away. No one spoke. Andrew frowned, noticing Nyx's absence. He climbed to the second floor, where Reginald's personal space was located. Reginald was already packed and ready.

Seeing Andrew, he smiled and said, "Andrew, it's time for us to say goodbye. Take care of Dragonfang for me." Surprised, Andrew asked, "Dad, what do you mean?" Reginald gestured for Andrew to sit. "Dragonfang was a foundation I built for you. If you can't lead the organization, I'll disband the team. But it seems everyone is satisfied with you. I'm proud that my son has proven himself." Andrew cut to the chase. "I don't want Dragonfang. I want to know what you're planning to do." ---- Reginald lowered his voice. "Here in the Outlands, a full-scale trap has already been set.

Vampires, werewolves, Lomuia Grand Cathedral, the Ludendorff family, the three Western nations, and most importantly, Wyrmsheim, including myself, are all moving toward one goal: the Veiled Paradise." He continued, "Right now, war has already broken out across the Outlands. The Church was the first to clash with the Ludendorff family, and that outcome was inevitable. The Outlands is one of only two places in the world where the Church of Light never spread its influence. The first, of course, is Holtrien, where the Church knows it will never gain a foothold.

Naturally, the Outlands became the Church's final frontier. Whether there were old grudges or not, a war with the Ludendorff family was inevitable." He explained, "The fact that God's Left Hand, Mephiston Valafar, is personally intervening speaks volumes. The Lomuia Grand Cathedral has two grand objectives: unifying this chaotic land and accessing the Veiled Paradise." Andrew asked, "But why are you getting involved? We could just stand back and let them fight." Reginald responded, "I have no interest in the war. New novel chapters are published on

But I need these forces to help me open the entrance to the Veiled Paradise." ---- Shocked, Andrew asked, "Open it? So you already know where the entrance is?" Reginald smiled. "Of course. I've been in Storm City these past days precisely for this purpose. The barrier guarding the entrance is extremely powerful. No single faction can open it on its own. This time, whether enemies or allies, everyone will cooperate temporarily to break the seal together." Andrew immediately said, "Then there is nothing left to hesitate about.

I'm going with you into the Veiled Paradise." Reginald rejected him on the spot. "No. Andrew, the Veiled Faction inside the Veiled Paradise had isolated itself from the world precisely to remain forever disconnected from the outside. This time, by forcibly breaking the seal, we will inevitably trigger a war between our worlds. "It has already been proven that they're an ancient civilization left behind from antiquity. In terms of martial power, they surpass us by an unknown margin. Hence, you can't go... Once you do, I can't guarantee your safety either.

Also, there's another reason: you carry their blood in your body." He said, "Eleanor once warned me that you must never appear before anyone from the Veiled Faction. If you do, you'll certainly die." ---- Andrew coldly responded, "I'm not afraid of them." Reginald replied, "I know you're not afraid. But at the very least, you should not be involved in this first war. I have already planned your way out. Take Nyx and the others, then leave the Outlands and return to Holtrien.

They will become a living force that helps you command both the martial world and political spheres in Holtrien one day. "With Nyx and the others by your side, Guillermo will not be able to touch you. And once your strength breaks through to martial god level, you can avenge yourself." Andrew looked pained. "Dad, after all this, you still don't understand me. I don't want anything to happen to you. Right now, neither of us should be afraid of anyone. I know why you want to enter the Veiled Paradise... It's because of Mom."

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Chapter 2948

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---- Chapter 2948 Andrew said, "But there is no need for us to cooperate with the other factions at all. Wyrmsheim, the Dark Clans, and even the Church are all acting with hidden motives. If you're not careful, you could easily be set up or betrayed." Reginald laughed, and a powerful presence burst from him, carrying the aura of a seasoned warlord. "Andy, don't underestimate me. I may not be a match for the Veiled Faction, but with all these forces gathered in the Outlands right now? There is honestly no one I am afraid of." He then changed the subject. "Oh, right.

You know about Nyx's background. Her talent is on par with Sheena's, so you need to treat her well. I admit I had selfish reasons. Training her was partly a matter of conscience and humanity. But if she could become your ally and support, that would be ideal." He added with a knowing smile, "Nyx is a lady who's cold on the outside but warm on the inside. If you treat her right, she'll never leave your side." Andrew felt uncomfortable with his father's implications. "Well... Nyx is indeed an impressive character. But she's loyal to you, not me. Besides, people change.

I can't guarantee I'll keep her around forever, and I won't force her to stay if she wants to leave. ---- Reginald looked out the window and chuckled. "Don't play dumb, you brat. There are many ways to keep a woman, but the true way is to win her heart. From what I can see, you still have a chance. I believe in you." He teased, "Andrew, sometimes you need to be brave. You've found me daughters-in-law from everywhere except this foreign land. So figure out how to win this girl over. I won't give you specific advice, or Nyx will blame me! After all, I've raised her like my own daughter.

As a father, I can't always take sides." Andrew walked to the window and stared at the gloomy sky in the distance. He stood there for a long, long time, completely lost in thought. The other members of Dragonfang also turned to look into the distance from where they stood. Everyone was silently watching their leader walk farther and farther away. Reginald chose to leave alone. A wind blew through the village, making Nyx's skirt flutter. Her rarely-seen golden hair caught Andrew's attention. He watched her slender, delicate figure, momentarily mesmerized.

He understood that Nyx's pain and reluctance at Reginald's departure would be even deeper than his own. ---- After all, he had been alone for years and always been the favored one. Whether in his home country or here in the dangerous Outlands, Andrew had always been well-taken care of. Reginald had provided him with many things. Back home, the Lloyd royal family and his close companions had always loved and supported him. However, stuck here in the Outlands, there was only Nyx and the other members of Dragonfang present. With Reginald's departure, they might now have no one to rely on.

Despite their strength, in the chaotic Outlands, everyone was ultimately insignificant and vulnerable. They needed to stick together. Andrew clenched his fists silently. He was tired of the unsettled life, constantly moving between countries, and unable to control his own destiny. He called a meeting of all Dragonfang members and addressed them with determination. He declared, "We must join this unprecedented war in the Outlands.

We need to fight for our place and our position. The Ludendorff family, the Dark Trinity, Lomuia Grand Cathedral, and the Western powers all want us destroyed. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY

But we'll show them that what can't break us will only make us stronger. And in turn, we'll be the ones to destroy them!" ---- The Dragonfang members stared at Andrew, shocked and inspired. In that moment, he seemed both unfamiliar and brilliantly compelling. Even Nyx, who had been sitting dejectedly by the window, turned to look at him. Her mouth slightly open, it was as if she was seeing Andrew for the first time. Knox whistled and laughed. "Andrew, I've got to say... Right now, you really do look like a true overlord of the Outlands."

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Chapter 2949

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---- Chapter 2949 Juno said coldly, "With Mr. Lloyd Senior gone, our only option is to continue working as mercenaries." Petra scratched his head, looking lost. "I don't know what to do without him guiding us. Before, we always did exactly what he told us. Now, I'm completely at a loss. Maybe staying here or finding a place without war to spend the rest of our lives is the best choice." Franz, the second-in-command and oldest member, looked at Andrew and said, "I partially understand what you're saying. But I don't think it's realistic.

The war in the Outlands isn't just a gang conflict; it's a battle involving major factions and entire military units. People are going to die. "Dragonfang is exceptional in individual combat, and we'd hold our own even against the vampire royal guards. But we're too few in number. We can coordinate for smaller skirmishes, but challenging the current storm would be suicide." Andrew smiled. "Mr. Hearst, you're absolutely right. That's why we can't confront the other factions directly." Franz looked confused and asked, "Then what exactly are you planning to do?" ---- Andrew's smile widened.

"It's simple. We'll capture the nearest major city and establish our territory. Then, we'll recruit refugees of the Outlands and scattered mercenaries to our cause. There's a

saying about surviving in the margins." He continued, "Right now, the Church and the Ludendorff family are at each other's throats. The Dark Trinity would never allow the Church to gain a foothold in the Outlands. These two have been eternal enemies. The Western nations' leadership won't sit idle, and they'll definitely try to interfere. Holtrien might even send troops to stir up trouble and grab some benefits.

"In such chaos, who would pay attention to us? In this situation, who would care about Dragonfang's small force?" Franz slowly nodded, his excitement growing. "The more you explain, the more it makes sense. The chaos creates an opportunity for Dragonfang. With Reginald gone, other factions won't even consider us a threat. We can strike hard, capture cities, and expand our power. We might even become regional lords in the Outlands." He gave Andrew a thumbs-up.

"Your strategic vision is spot on!" Andrew glanced subtly at Nyx, who remained silent, then addressed the group, "Everyone, share your thoughts. If you agree with the plan, let's do it." ---- Petra spoke first. "I have no objections. My only requirement is that we all stay safe and happy together, just like before." Knox shrugged. "You know my situation. I can't do much, but I can certainly provide backup." Juno frowned and walked away, saying, "I need some time to think about this."

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---- Chapter 2950 Franz reassured Andrew. "Don't overthink it. Juno is the most level-headed member of our team. She's always wanted to secure a place and obtain citizenship in the Church of Light's territory. "That's why she's been working hard and saving money all these years. I believe she's close to her goal. Reginald even helped her negotiate with a bishop from the Church of Light. They didn't get an immediate response, but it seems promising. "You know Juno...

She's a real Outlands mercenary, born and raised, spending her entire life crawling through danger and killing." Andrew quickly nodded. "I completely respect Juno's wishes." The unspoken rule in the Outlands was harsh for mercenaries. They were typically considered dirty and disposable. Factions would use them when convenient

and discard them just as easily, sometimes even eliminating them without a second thought. Many mercenaries, despite accumulating vast wealth and making countless sacrifices, would never achieve a peaceful retirement.

---- As the others left, Andrew hesitated before approaching Nyx. "What do you think?" Nyx softly replied, "I don't know." Andrew patted her shoulder. "Don't worry. My dad will be fine. Let's believe in him. I want to tell you something. But keep it between us." Intrigued, Nyx asked, "What is it?" Andrew smiled, "I know you wanted to go with my dad, wherever he was going. You wanted to help him, right?" Nyx nodded in confirmation "I feel the same way," Andrew continued. "Once I officially reach the martial god level, we'll both go to the Veiled Paradise.

But first, I need to establish a safe territory for everyone. Nyx, my dad told me to protect you, and I'll definitely do that." A warm feeling passed through Nyx's heart. She smiled lightly, "Andrew, you can't even beat me. Now you're talking about protecting me? Really?" Andrew just smiled, "You can trust me." Nyx nodded. "I believe you. Maybe I didn't before, but I do now." ---- They looked at each other, something different brewing between them. 1 Nyx blushed and quickly turned away. Andrew instinctively stepped forward, but Nyx swiftly escaped through the window, calling back. "Don't! Google search

I'm not ready. I heard everything you discussed with Mr. Lloyd Senior. Andrew, even if you can't win my full confidence and trust, I'll still help you achieve your goals. However, I won't give myself to you." Andrew was mortified, realizing Nyx had overheard everything. Reginald's not-so-subtle matchmaking attempts were now exposed. He felt his face burning with embarrassment, feeling like he had been caught in some awkward, underhanded attempt to win her over. 1

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