

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 2951

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---- Chapter 2951 A massive burst of holy light suddenly exploded across the walls of Warwick City. Warriors clad entirely in white, with white cloaks, white helmets, white swords, white boots, scaled the city walls from three directions. Soon, screams echoed everywhere. The garrison forces defending Warwick City, loyal to the Ludendorff family, collided head-on with the Church's Vindicators. However, it was obvious that the Church's Vindicators were far fiercer and more formidable. Warwick City was only a third-rate stronghold in the wastelands. The source of this content is

It had been established just within the past decade. Previously, this place was no more than a large trading post. Therefore, the wall's height and defenses were mediocre at best. The city mayor, Stetson Sawyer, was a wealthy merchant who had sworn allegiance to the Ludendorff family. Seeing the situation turning dire, he loaded up over a dozen vehicles with the jewels and money he had hoarded over the years and slipped out through Warwick City's back gate. As for the tens of thousands of citizens in the city, to hell with them. Their fate was no longer his concern!

---- After all, these major cities in the Outlands were already in constant turmoil. Today, this guy was mayor; tomorrow, that one was governor; the day after, someone else was the warlord. Power kept rotating, people died, and someone else always stepped in to take their place. "Contact family headquarters immediately and tell them we're no match for the Church's troops," Stetson ordered his curvaceous secretary with a dark expression.

He added, "I held out for a full day and night, but in the end, we ran out of supplies and ammunition, so I had to abandon the city to preserve our remaining forces." The secretary looked confused. "Sir, we only held out for half an hour. We barely put up a fight, and they broke through in one assault. Won't this report cause problems?" Stetson cursed furiously. "Problems, my ass! You idiot! What else do you want me to do? Face off against these white devils from the Church and get hanged by them? Report it exactly as I said.

It's not that our side was incompetent, but that the enemy was too strong, so headquarters will have to find another solution!" The secretary, thoroughly scolded,

could only comply reluctantly. Stetson watched Warwick City fade into the distance behind ---- them, his face filled with anguish. "I spent half my life's savings to get this position in the first place.

I never imagined these Church bastards would just snatch away everything I'd built "But hey, at least I've squeezed plenty of profit out of the place over the years, enough to live it up somewhere else." Suddenly, one of his men up ahead shouted harshly, "Who's there? Get out of the way immediately. This is the mayor of Warwick City's convoy. How dare you block our path? Do you have a death wish?" Hearing this, Stetson frowned. When war broke out, bandits and robbers were inevitable on the roads. However, he was not worried because he had brought all the city's warriors with him.

Anyone who dared cross him on this journey was asking for death The only problem now was deciding where to go. From the looks of it, nearly all of the vast Outlands would soon be engulfed in warfare. If push came to shove, he would have to pay a fortune for legitimate papers to enter one of the major nations. Either way, with his money, he would be top dog wherever he went. Women and all kinds of pleasures would never be in short supply. While Stetson was lost in these fantasies, he heard his men up ---- ahead first cry out in alarm, then scream in agony.

This was just the beginning Stetson shot up in alarm and looked toward the front of the convoy. He saw a giant of a man charging through like a battering ram, wielding a warhammer the size of a leopard's head, mercilessly crushing Warwick City's warriors. Everything in his path was utterly destroyed. Stetson's face immediately turned grim, and he shouted, " Everyone, attack! Kill that bastard!"

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Chapter 2952

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---- Chapter 2952 Stetson gave a kill order on the spot. A scar-faced woman with a cold, vicious look rushed out from the side, and the curved blade in her hand moved like the Grim Reaper's scythe. Blood sprayed everywhere, and Stetson's men fell one after another, dead beyond any doubt. Only then did real panic creep into Stetson's chest.

These people were far too strong. There was no way they were ordinary bandits or highway robbers. He started to wonder if they were from the Church. Then again, the way they were dressed did not match at all.

Just as Stetson wavered, debating whether he should cut his losses and run, a calm voice suddenly sounded right beside his ear. "Give up resisting, drop all your supplies, and I will spare your life. I will only say this once. You have three seconds to decide." Stetson jolted in shock, and even the fat at the back of his neck started trembling. "Who's there?" ---- He was just a merchant by trade with pathetic combat skills. There was no way he could fight his way out. His secretary, however, had the strength of a count-level fighter.

Her long legs in stockings kicked open the car door as she prepared to get out and fight. Yet, the moment she stepped out, someone grabbed her by the throat and lifted her up. Then came her desperate pleas for mercy and agonized screams. Stetson saw the man and immediately broke out in a cold sweat. "Who are you? What do you want? I'm telling you, I'm a vassal of the Ludendorff family. If you dare touch me, the Ludendorff family will destroy you." The young man with handsome features carried a large sword on his back. He wore light armor and looked like a seasoned Outlands warrior.

With a casual flick of his hand, he sent Stetson's secretary flying like a rag doll, her fate unknown "Three seconds are up. Since you chose death, goodbye." That was all he said. The next moment, Stetson felt a loud buzz explode in his head. Then, everything went pitch black. ---- Knox dragged the unconscious Stetson out of the car and sneered. "This fat pig is heavier than he looks. A piece of trash like this actually got to rule Warwick City? How ridiculous. But I have got to say, this stretched limo is pretty damn nice.

In the Outlands, anyone driving something like this is either filthy rich or a real big shot. Andrew, how about you give me this car?" Andrew replied flatly, "Knox, don't forget our goal is to take Warwick City and use it as a base to expand our influence. The car's nice, but it's not much use to us right now. This isn't the time for luxury, understand?" Knox looked disappointed but smiled. "Alright, I'll listen to you. After all, everyone voted you as the new leader." With Stetson knocked out cold, the remaining soldiers lost their will to fight and surrendered completely.

Juno wiped the blood from her blade and walked over to Andrew. "Should we kill them all?" Andrew shook his head. "Killing them serves no purpose. These soldiers are more valuable to us alive." Once Petra gathered all the remaining soldiers together, Andrew walked over and saw that there were still over 100 men. Their skills were all mediocre, but this was not surprising since Warwick City was just a small town, even weaker than the City of ---- Hope that Andrew had passed through on his first visit to the Outlands, let alone comparable to places like Storm City. "Your mayor is dead.

Now, I'm giving you two choices. One, pledge loyalty to me, your new mayor, and you get to live. Two, I will send you to meet your maker!" Andrew's words rang out sharply,

his gaze sharp as daggers. He had once been one of the world's most outstanding soldiers and a leader. Hence, handling these small-time players was child's play for him. With a combination of threats and incentives, the remaining soldiers quickly pledged their loyalty. The rightful source is

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---- Chapter 2953 Andrew wasted no time, ordering everyone to gather their equipment and supplies before turning back. After that, they marched straight back to Warwick City. Nyx, as the top assassin, maintained watch from the high ground nearby. She observed everything as Andrew effortlessly recruited Warwick City's forces, her eyes gleaming with approval. She thought he was truly well-rounded. Under his command, the Dragonfang members all had direction and motivation. Perhaps, just as Reginald had said, Andrew was truly worth everyone's trust.

On Warwick City's walls, the Church warriors had completed their occupation. Jeffrey Lombardi, the squad captain, wore a dissatisfied expression as he grumbled, "I really don't understand why the Archbishop assigned me to attack this godforsaken dump. As the most sacred and valiant believers of the Church, my battlefield should be in places like Storm City or Abyss City at a minimum." His lieutenant, Craig Royle, replied, "I heard the fighting there is much more intense and harder to win. I think we're lucky to be assigned here.

At least there's no danger." ---- Jeffrey looked down on him with contempt. "Craig, are you really that much of a coward? If you're so useless, why do you even worship the Lord?" Craig answered flatly, "I worship the Lord only because I want the status of a Church warrior. Surely, you feel the same way?" Jeffrey snorted, then laughed. "What a coincidence! Great minds do think alike. Speaking of which, living off the Church is really comfortable. We've already taken Warwick City.

Right now, we'll pacify the unruly citizens, and tonight..." He chuckled and added, "You know what I mean." Craig's face broke into a sleazy grin. "Of course, I've already had

men scout out the women. Tonight, three for you, two for me; all the finest beauties in Warwick City. We'll have our fill!" A subordinate climbed up the wall to report. "Captain, we've spotted the escaped convoy of Warwick City's mayor returning from outside the city." Jeffrey frowned. "They're back? Are they not afraid of death? Perfect, if he dares return, we'll burn him alive." The subordinate looked puzzled.

"They sent someone over saying they want to surrender. Captain, should we accept? Oh, and they also brought some gifts." ---- Jeff's eyes immediately lit up when he saw what it was. It was a chest of gold, gleaming and incredibly tempting. He snatched it up, his eyes burning with desire. "That pig of a mayor of Warwick City sure had quite a stash. Since he's so sensible and wants to return to the Lord's embrace, let's both go out and accept his surrender." Craig's face was full of greed as he nodded eagerly. "Yes, Captain.

Let's hurry." They immediately led the disciplinary warriors out of the city to accept the surrender. However, Jeffrey had no idea that the moment he left, Andrew and Nyx scaled Warwick City from the rear. In no time, they eliminated the Church warriors left on guard. Nyx remained on the walls, while Andrew went down and threw open the tightly sealed city gates. Outside the city, Jeff, who was still putting on a show while accepting the surrender, turned pale. "Shit! It's a trap! Damn you demons! You will all go to hell and be torn apart by Satan! For more chapters visit

The Lord's kingdom of light will never have a place for you. Craig, what the hell are you dawdling for? Forget the gold and get back to the city!" ---- Jeffrey realized he had been tricked, his face twisted with rage and fury. He drew his silvery great sword and charged toward the city gate. Andrew's figure slowly emerged from behind the gate and walked to the center of the entrance. Jeffrey was consumed with rage as he leaped up, bringing his sword down in a crushing blow. He shouted, "You infidel! Accept the judgment of my Lord.

In the sacred name of a warrior of the Church of Light, I sentence you to death!"

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Chapter 2954

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supporting our mission. You can also earn premium for free by completing simple tasks. We truly appreciate your understanding and support!

---- Chapter 2954 A thunderous crash rang out as Andrew smashed Jeffrey's greatsword midair with a single punch, snapping it clean in half. Then, he slapped Jeffrey, sending him flying. Blood sprayed everywhere as Jeffrey's head slammed hard into the city gate, his front teeth shattering as he screamed in agony. Ignoring his wails, Andrew grabbed him by the hair and spoke in a flat, cold tone. "Get lost. Warwick City, and the entire wasteland, belongs to the great Ludendorff family. The Church of Light is nothing here. Go back and tell your Lord to wash his ass and wait for Mr.

Ludendorff to shove it in." Jeffrey was thrown to the ground, clutching his bloodied face as he roared furiously. "You lunatic! You'll pay with your life for your arrogance! How dare you insult the Church of Light! Your very soul will be burned to ashes in a holy fire!" Andrew replied with contempt. "What Church of Light? In the eyes of Mr. Marshall Ludendorff, you're nothing. From this moment on, Warwick City is under his control. However many of your people come, he will kill them all." Jeffrey staggered to his feet and fled in panic with the few ---- remaining white-cloaked warriors.

Outside the city, Petra and Juno led their people and a full convoy of supplies straight inside. "Mr. Hearst, you are in charge of organizing the city defenses," Andrew ordered, then returned to the wall. From there, he could see Jeffrey and his men fleeing desperately across the wasteland. Nyx asked, "Why did you let them go? Since we've already made our move, it's a fight to the death. We'll have to kill them eventually." Andrew replied, "Now isn't the time to completely burn our bridges. At least, we shouldn't confront the Church of Light directly just yet. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON find·novel·net

God's Left Hand, Mephiston Valafar, is too powerful. We can't withstand his wrath right now. But guess what I did?" Nyx was curious. "What did you do?" Andrew smiled. "I told those deserters that we're from the great Ludendorff family, sent to take over. Now Warwick City belongs to Marshall Ludendorff." Nyx chuckled. She said with exasperation, "You're really devious. But who is Marshall?" ---- Andrew's smile widened. "A poor bastard I already killed. Now Warwick City is ours, and we finally have a foothold. And the hatred has been neatly passed on to the Ludendorff family." Nyx frowned.

"Andrew, Warwick City is too small and too weak. Look at these defenses. They can be breached everywhere. If this continues, we won't last long." Andrew nodded. "I already planned for that, so relax. This is just our stepping stone. Abyss City, a heavily fortified metropolis with defensive cannons, is my real target." Nyx was shocked. "You want to take over Abyss City too? Garal is a martial god-level fighter, and the city is filled with their troops. We won't stand a chance." Andrew shrugged, smiling casually. "Whether we have a chance or not, we'll just have to wait and see."

Nyx, fortune often changes. We can definitely turn everything upside down. I promised I wouldn't let everyone live like rats, hiding in the shadows. I want to lead everyone to live openly. In this wasteland, the Ludendorff family, the Church, and the Dark Clans think they're powerful. Now it's our turn to take charge." Nyx was momentarily stunned. The man before her was speaking so confidently and treating all difficulties as nothing. At that very moment, he seemed truly captivating!

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---- Chapter 2955 The Lomuia Grand Cathedral had descended upon the Outlands with 30 thousand Vindicators. The scale was overwhelming, signaling the launch of an unprecedented war. At this moment, inside the Church army encampment, reports flowed in nonstop, all of them battlefield updates. "My lord, Warwick City has been taken by our forces." "Your Grace, our troops have secured the three major coastal strongholds." "Your Eminence Mephiston, at Storm City, our troops are already at the gates.

Now we only await your command to spread our Lord's majesty!" God's Left Hand, Mephiston, whose rank in the Lomuia Grand Cathedral was second only to the Pope, was tall but not imposing. Instead, he appeared somewhat frail, and his entire being seemed aged and weary. His ears were filled with battle reports, but Mephiston did not even lift his eyes, keeping them closed as he rested in his chair. Nearby were the busy legion commanders and Kass in his red ---- robes. UPDATE FROM find·novel·net

Wiping the sweat from his forehead, Kass said with a bitter smile, "Your Eminence, the attack on Storm City requires your orders." Mephiston remained lying down, letting out a faint hum before saying nothing more. Kass appeared to be middle-aged, with a resolute and steady face that immediately marked him as an iron-willed figure. In truth, Kass was exactly that kind of man, earning the title Blood Cardinal within the Lomuia Grand Cathedral. Bloodthirsty, fierce, and uncompromising, he was a complete warmonger. Moreover, Kass himself was incredibly powerful, a true martial god.

Combined with the holy sword of the Church he wielded, he could easily wreak havoc across the Outlands. A guard entered and said with utmost respect, "Your Graces, Captain Jeffrey Lombardi of the Eighth Squadron has returned The Ludendorff family has retaken Warwick City." Kass frowned and snorted. "Bring Jeffrey in!" The guard left, and soon Jeffrey entered, injured and looking terrified. "Your Eminence, Your Grace!" Kass fixed his gray eyes with their penetrating gaze on Jeffrey. " ---- What happened?

How did the Ludendorff family take Warwick City back after you captured it?" Jeffrey looked miserable as he replied, "Your Grace, it was not due to my incompetence. The Ludendorff family was simply too cunning. They deceived me into leaving the city to accept a surrender. While that happened, they sent experts to climb the walls from the rear and open the gates. "I fought desperately to defend our Lord's glory and honor, but I was overpowered and gravely wounded by one of their elites.

That person was extremely arrogant and told me to bring back a message." Kass said coldly, "Those blasphemers and heretics... What did they say?" Jeffrey hesitated, then spoke quietly. "Marshall Ludendorff is a true devil. He spoke crudely, insulting not only me but also our Lord. He said he wanted our Lord to wash his ass and wait for..." Kass roared, "Enough!" Jeffrey trembled with fear. Kass, with his fiery temperament, immediately blazed with fury. " These heretics all deserve to be burned alive. Since they're courting death, they can prepare to face a fiery baptism from the Church army!"

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Chapter 2956

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---- Chapter 2956 Mephiston, who had been resting with his eyes closed, finally opened them. Those were eyes like vast oceans, deep and fathomless. "Kass, calm down and take it easy. Warwick City is just a border town with little strategic significance or value. Use your army to deal with Storm City and Abyss City instead." Kass roared, "But Your Eminence, you heard it yourself. Someone from the Ludendorff family dared to directly insult our Lord. This is blatant blasphemy, and they must be burned alive." Mephiston smiled faintly.

"Devils are devils precisely because they dare say and do anything. But why would our Lord even notice these pitiful creatures? Do what you're supposed to do and don't worry about the rest. Our target is Throne City, the Ludendorff family's headquarters." Kass pressed his chest and bowed his head. "Yes, Your Eminence!" Mephiston added, "As for Storm City, you will go there personally. Handle everything according to the Pope's instructions. The Church accepts surrender and the rehabilitation of these sinners. READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT

But if they remain stubbornly defiant, then let them turn to ash by our holy light." ---- Kass's expression changed. "Your Eminence, there are 200 thousand people in Storm City. If we launch a full assault, I'm afraid..." Mephiston waved his hand dismissively. "Remember this: whether it's 200 thousand, 500 thousand or a million people, it's not a problem. Only those who enter our Lord's embrace deserve redemption. The rest should be purified!" Reverence filled Kass's eyes.

"You're wise as always, Your Eminence." Mephiston remembered something else and asked, "There's news about that Andrew Lloyd from Holtrien, right? His sins are equally grave. He defiled Rosemary, the Ivory Seraph, and sent her to hell. The Church must make him pay for his crimes!" Kass shook his head. "No news yet. However, someone did spot Reginald's Dragonfang organization near Abyss City." Mephiston replied, "Send them all to confess and atone before the Lord, Also, Jeffrey, you failed in your duty and became a deserter. This truly dishonors the Church and the glory of our Lord.

"From this moment, you're no longer a squad captain, just a rank- and-file warrior. The battle for Storm City is about to begin. Go there and fight on the front lines to prove you're truly the Lord's ---- faithful servant. Can you do it?" Jeffrey's face turned deathly pale, but he still forced a bitter laugh. "Yes, Your Eminence!" Storm City was where the strongest fighters gathered, where heretical resistance was most vicious, and the hardest nut to crack. It was basically a meat grinder, a hellish battlefield Jeffrey knew exactly why Mephiston was sending him there.

Although he was told he was going to defend the Lord's glory, Jeffrey cursed inwardly. He knew damn well this was sending him off to a straight-up suicide mission. Thinking about all the bragging he had done back in Warwick City, Jeffrey wanted to slap himself twice. It was all because of his big mouth, talking about earning glory and proving himself in bigger cities. Well, congratulations to him. His dream had come true, and he was about to meet the Lord very soon.

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---- Chapter 2957 "Storm City!" Andrew's finger pointed to the spot on the map representing Storm City. He looked up and scanned the room. He explained, "The governor is Viktor Kessler, a werewolf lord. Werewolves, unlike vampires, don't fear sunlight. Viktor is a brutal ruler. Storm City houses half a million people, but 300 thousand of them are slaves under Viktor's control! "Right now, the Church's army has surrounded Storm City. Viktor and the Church are bound to clash in a major battle.

Whether Storm City can be taken will determine if the Church can successfully march to the Ludendorff family's doorstep. To some extent, Storm City serves as an outer gateway to the Ludendorff family's stronghold at Throne City!" Knox nodded. "That makes sense. But Andrew, what does this have to do with us? Don't tell me our next step is to take Storm City and crush both Viktor's werewolf forces and the Church army under our feet?" Juno said coldly, "Knox, keep it to yourself.

Since you don't understand, just listen quietly to what Andrew has to say." Andrew smiled and glanced at Nyx before continuing. "The more ---- chaotic Storm City gets, the better. Ideally, they'll keep fighting indefinitely, because that works in our favor. I'm bringing up Storm City's situation so everyone has an accurate understanding of the current Outlands situation." He added, "Our target remains unchanged: it's still Abyss City." Franz shook his head. "That's unrealistic.

With Garal, that martial god, holding a fortified city, we don't stand a chance." Andrew said grimly, "That's why we can't attack him on his terms. We need to create advantages that work in our favor." Nyx asked, "You mean the Church's army?" Andrew smiled. "Exactly! The fighting has already started in Storm City. Abyss City won't escape being attacked either. No matter how capable Garal is as the Ludendorff family's minister, he can't hold out for long." Juno frowned. "The Ludendorff family won't give up Abyss City easily. Throne City will send endless reinforcements to Abyss City.

When that happens, we'll still be out of options." Andrew shook his head. "Actually, it's quite the opposite. Look at the map... Abyss City and Throne City form the northern and southern points of the Ludendorff family's core territory. In other words, the area between Abyss City and Throne City is actually very difficult to defend. ---- "Once Abyss City falls, Throne City will be completely isolated. No matter how many experts or large forces they send to attack, it won't matter. They'll just be feeding the Church's army easy victories." Franz nodded. "That makes sense. Newest update provided by

But precisely because of this, the Ludendorff family will fight desperately to keep Abyss City out of the Church's hands." Andrew sneered. "That's not up to the Ludendorff family

to decide. If simply wanting something could make it happen, they would have ruled the world long ago." Petra looked confused and said, "That's too complicated. It's way over my head. Andrew, just tell us what we need to do!" Andrew smiled. "It's simple. When the Church engages in its first decisive battle with the Ludendorff family outside Abyss City, that's when we make our move!

No fortress in this world, no matter how strong, can withstand being torn apart from within!" Nyx was the first to vote. "I have no objections!"

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---- Chapter 2958 The others quickly followed and said they had no objections as well. Soon, Franz took Juno, Knox, and Petra to handle the affairs of Warwick City. They had just taken control, and there were still many problems to deal with. Nyx smiled and said to Andrew, "You and Mr. Lloyd Senior are the same kind of people. No matter how hard the problem looks, it always seems simple in your eyes." Andrew smiled and replied, "It's not really that hard. You're just not interested in this kind of thing." Nyx snorted, clearly unconvinced. "No, I've actually always been interested in this. The source of this content is

Back when I was at court, I was forced to. study warfare. But for some reason, I just couldn't learn it. Stil, Andrew, what was with that smile on your face? Were you looking down on me?" Andrew waved his hands quickly. "I wouldn't dare! Nyx, you've been smiling a lot more lately." Nyx blushed and tried to look serious. "Do you think that's an appropriate thing to say? Andrew, don't forget our relationship. To some extent, I'm your senior. I can serve under you because ---- youre working for everyone's benefit. But you can't get too. personal with me." Andrew's grin grew wider.

"Like what?" Nyx gritted her teeth. "Like those perverted looks you give me." Andrew was speechless, and he wondered if he actually looked like a pervert. Putting on a serious expression, he said, "Nyx, we need to make a trip to Storm City. Let's see if we can catch a lucky break." Nyx looked puzzled. "What are you planning?" Andrew

sneered. "Viktor is a werewolf lord. Though it's not that bastard Kaelen, which is a bit disappointing, but he'll do. If Storm City falls, Viktor will definitely be severely wounded or even killed!

But generally speaking, dark lords aren't that easy to kill, and the Church will probably just drive Viktor away at most." Nyx gasped. "That's when our opportunity comes! You want to ambush Viktor on the road? Andrew, are you insane? Dark lords are all-powerful martial gods, even peak-level martial gods. They're nothing like Cyril and his type. Even with my help, the two of us together wouldn't stand the slightest chance!" Andrew said grimly, "How do we know if we don't try? Nyx, Dad told me your brother was killed by Viktor back then." ---- Nyx fell silent, her eyes welling up slightly.

Andrew snorted coldly. "Then I'm going to help you get revenge! If we can kill Viktor and take his werewolf heart, I'll immediately try to break through to the martial god level. If I succeed, then from that moment on in the Outlands, even if we won't run things outright, we'll at least be a dominant power. No one would dare provoke us lightly." Nyx nodded. "Andrew, whether we succeed or not, you have my thanks." Andrew smiled. "With our relationship, there's no need for thanks. Of course, if you insist on thanking me, I guess that's fine too.

I suggest you just offer yourself to me; quick and simple!" Nyx's momentary feelings of gratitude immediately turned cold. What did you say?" Andrew laughed heartily and turned to leave. "What did I say? Huh? Did I say something? I don't think so! Come on, we should get going to Storm City!" Nyx followed, suppressing a smile as she thought, 'What a perverted fool! All talk, no game.'

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Chapter 2959

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---- Chapter 2959 Cold, menacing, and orderly white armies formed battle lines outside Storm City. From the city walls, you could see pairs of fanatical, determined eyes. At Kass' command, ten thousand Vindicators roared in unison and drew their greatswords. Under the sunlight, the white blades flashed with blinding light. It looked like a white tide

flowing beneath the city, ready to drown everything in its path The power of Lomuia Grand Cathedral needed no explanation. Storm City stood over a hundred meters tall. Its walls were built from stacked black granite.

This colossal city had stood in the Outlands wilderness for nearly a thousand years. It was said to have never been breached, but today was different. On the city walls stood Viktor, his black cloak whipping violently in the wind. His build was imposing, and his expression was cold as stone. On both sides of him stood the elite warriors of the werewolf clans. They were dark-skinned, with fangs slightly protruding, releasing low, threatening growls. ---- These werewolf warriors were all muscle-bound and bloodthirsty, showing no fear whatsoever as they faced the Church's army below.

However, the werewolf race, while lacking nothing in strength, speed, and ferocity, could not match vampires in cunning and calculating coldness. Impulsiveness and quick temper were the werewolves' fatal flaws. The ordinary werewolf warriors did not understand the terrifying power of the Church forces below. Yet, Viktor, the werewolf lord, knew exactly what they were facing. Just looking at raw strength, these ten thousand Vindicators were enough to crush all of Storm City. However, what Viktor feared most was Kass. After all, this man was a fanatical believer in the Church of Light.

In other words, when Kass fought, he literally had no fear of death, For his so-called faith, he was willing to turn to ash on the spot without blinking an eye. Viktor could not do that; he was not as noble. Moreover, the terrifying God's Left Hand, Mephiston, had not even appeared yet. Viktor's rough, massive hands pressed against the city wall, clenching tightly. He did not know whether the Sacred Mountain ---- of the werewolf clan had sent reinforcements or elite forces.

If no help came, Viktor had no confidence in holding Storm City, But without Storm City, what would become of his status and authority? The title of werewolf lord would become meaningless. "Hold the city." Viktor forced those words out through clenched teeth. An impulsive werewolf warrior roared, "Why don't we open the gates and fight these bastards to the death? Our sacred warriors fear nothing. We should tear them apart." Viktor glanced at the protesting werewolf. It was a berserker who resembled him, bare-chested, covered in black tattoos and bulging muscles.

It was his son, already at count-level strength and not far from reaching duke-tier. Viktor grabbed his son's head with one hand and spoke in a low voice. "Listen carefully. What I want is Storm City to remain under my control, not handed to the Church for nothing. If you dare act on your own, I will tear you apart myself." The young werewolf growled in defiance but ultimately did not dare challenge Viktor's authority. ---- A thunderous explosion shook the air, and the entire Storm City trembled violently.

The Church's army had launched its assault, and the white tide crashed fiercely into Storm City's black walls.

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Chapter 2960

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---- Chapter 2960 Kass' red robes billowed as he slowly rose from the Church army. He held a book in his hands. It was the holy book! "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for you are with me..." He slowly murmured the scriptures. Finally, he closed the book and reverently placed it in the inner pocket of his chest. Then, he threw a devastating punch through the air toward Storm City's gate. His fist initially glowed with just a tiny spark of light.

But by the time it was about to strike the gate, it blazed with brilliant white light like a blazing sun falling to earth. The werewolf warriors on the city walls who looked directly at this scene all screamed in agony and rolled on the ground in pain. The holy light power of the Lomuia Grand Cathedral had a natural advantage over dark creatures. This moment demonstrated it perfectly, and Kass, as the Church's Cardinal, possessed terrifyingly powerful holy magic within his body. Viktor let out a thunderous roar. Like a black shadow, he leaped down from the towering city walls.

---- Just as Kass' fist was about to hit the gate, the two collided. Black and white auras clashed for an instant before exploding outward together. Consequently, a violent storm radiated dozens of miles out from Storm City as its center. Kass roared furiously, "Heretics will be destroyed!" His red robes suddenly burst apart, revealing muscles that rivaled those of Viktor. Viktor kept his grim expression and showed no signs of falling behind as he immediately engaged Kass in aerial combat.

Feeling the needle-like sensation in the wind blowing toward him, Andrew lay prone on distant high ground and muttered to himself. "These two are among the elite of martial gods. Whether it's Viktor or Kass, both possess extraordinary power beyond ordinary martial gods! I wonder who's more skilled." Beside him, Nyx watched the clash between the two great martial gods with complete focus and mumbled quietly, "In terms of pure strength, Viktor is a bit stronger than Kass. But the Church's holy magic restrains Viktor's dark powers.

Plus, Kass carries a sacred relic from the Lomuia Grand Cathedral. If the fight continues, Viktor will definitely be at a disadvantage." Andrew nodded and said, "Then we'll just wait and see!" ---- The brutal battle unfolded around Storm City. The Church had numbers on its side, while Storm City held a better defensible position. The battle began at noon and continued until evening. The setting sun on the horizon was stained a blood-red hue. Nyx unconsciously held her breath.

After all, she was just a female assassin and had not experienced much battlefield action, especially not this kind of fight-to-the-death killing frenzy. Andrew, on the other hand, remained much calmer. He was a military-trained individual who had participated in numerous brutal battles. His eyes remained locked on the two great martial gods still fighting in the sky. Andrew was waiting for the moment he needed. Nyx turned her head to glance at him. She thought to herself that this guy was younger than her, but his mental fortitude was incredible.

If he broke through to the martial god level, whatever upper hand she held over him would be gone. If that happened, what would become of her? Was she supposed to just submit to her? Just thinking about it made Nyx feel flushed all over. She ---- absolutely refused that outcome! This text is hosted at

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---- Chapter 2961 Viktor was blasted away by a massive ball of holy light, his chest torn open with flesh exposed. He slammed hard into the black castle wall, his pupils narrowed and stretched vertically, turning feral. With a roar, his clothes exploded off his body, and a massive wolf beast emerged from his transformation. It was a full werewolf transformation! He still maintained a humanoid shape, but his head had now become a vicious wolf's head. After letting out a bloodthirsty howl, Viktor shot forward, instantly crashing into Kass.

The latter grunted and was sent flying several hundred yards. Before he could even flip back to his feet, the massive werewolf had already rushed up to him, slamming its claw

down with earth-shattering force. Kass' hardened face showed no fear. He dodged the killing blow, then leaped into the air as white light wrapped around his fist and smashed downward. But in response, Viktor clamped his jaws around him. Dragging Kass with savage force, he slammed him brutally into the ground.

---- Loud explosions sounded, and a crater over 20 feet deep formed instantly at the center of the battlefield. Kass lay at the bottom, his body soaked in blood and his eyes bulging. Viktor, now a true beast, turned into a blood-crazed berserker and charged into the Cathedral army. Wherever he went, soldiers were crushed or torn apart without count. His massive jaws tore through bodies, spraying blood like a storm and plunging the battlefield into chaos. Hearing the screams echoing around him, Kass spat out another mouthful of blood. Pain and sorrow filled his face, mixed with deep compassion.

Though still lying flat, his body slowly began to rise from the crater. Suddenly, a column of light emerged from within him, lifting him higher and higher into the air. Viktor sensed a deadly threat and immediately stopped his slaughter of the army. He turned toward Kass in the sky, letting out a threatening roar. Within the pillar of light, Kass slowly stood upright as the blood on his face evaporated under the holy glow. "Please, my Lord, grant me strength. Cleanse this world of ---- darkness and wash away all corruption!" As the prayer-like chant faded, his right hand touched his chest.

The golden holy emblem hanging there snapped free on its own, floating into the air and glowing softly. Light flashed in Kass' eyes as he seized the emblem, as if grasping the fate of the world itself. From afar, Andrew felt the wind around him suddenly stop. His expression changed as he saw the emblem in Kass' hand erupt with blinding light. It shattered into countless radiant star-shaped sigils that pierced straight through Viktor's massive body. The werewolf howled in agony as holy light tore into him.

He rolled and thrashed while layers of fur were stripped away, blood gushing out everywhere. Viktor, in the midst of the extreme pain, howled at the sky. When the surrounding star-shaped light finally faded away, he charged at Kass once more. The two martial god powerhouses clashed again, and the entire battlefield once more fell into a deathly struggle. Storm City's side began showing signs of defeat. Viktor's son, Efrain Kessler, roared, "Release the wolf beasts!" ---- Immediately, cages throughout the city were opened.

Wolf beasts as large as grizzly bears, roaring and drooling, burst out of their cages. They charged out of the city gates, attacking the army outside. These wolf beasts were not werewolves, but just pure animals. However, carrying werewolf bloodlines, they were even more vicious. Soon, the Cathedral army's advantage was stripped away once again. Correspondingly, screams rang out as they began to show signs of defeat. Kass' heart raged with fury. "I offer my blood, my flesh, and everything I am to the Lord!

May You descend and punish these sinners and save Your faithful!" For the third time on the battlefield, he prayed. A towering pillar of light descended from the heavens, far greater than before, and engulfed him. Kass' presence surged endlessly, and Viktor,

who had held the upper hand, was crushed once more. He grabbed Viktor by the head and hurled the werewolf violently toward the ground. Viktor crashed down in a cloud of dust, struggling back to his feet and roaring defiantly at the sky.

Kass' gaze turned ice-cold as the holy emblem in his hand, ---- wrapped in blazing light, stabbed straight into Viktor's eye

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---- Chapter 2962 One of Viktor's eyes exploded on the spot. Holy light swirled around the massive werewolf's body, causing unbearable agony. Seizing this opportunity, Kass struck quickly, throwing a straight punch. Massive holy light immediately pierced through Storm City's gates, and the Cathedral army's morale soared as they roared and charged into the city, swords swinging. The fierce wolf beasts howled everywhere, fleeing in all directions. Efrain had one hand severed, and his rebellious nature finally subsided. It turned to fear as he let out a wolf howl toward Viktor below.

Then, he turned and fled without hesitation. Viktor reverted to human form, hair disheveled, his cape reduced to rags. One of his eyes had been completely destroyed. He glared up at Kass with venomous hatred. But in the end, he knew the tide had turned, and if he did not flee now, death was certain. Of course, Kass had no intention of letting Viktor escape. As the cathedral's most battle-hungry Archbishop, he immediately gave chase, determined to kill Viktor.

In the blink of an eye, the two powerhouses streaked across the ---- battlefield, one fleeing and one pursuing, racing toward the Wraithwater Bog outside Storm City. Andrew and Nyx exchanged a glance, then rose at the same time and took a detour, following at full speed. Everything would be decided here. The moment they entered the Wraithwater Bog, visibility dropped sharply. For Nyx, however, this posed no problem, so she motioned for Andrew to follow and headed in a specific direction.

Kass was unbeatable head-on, but when it came to pursuit, he could not match a crafty werewolf like Viktor. After losing his way in the swamp, he had no choice but to abandon the chase and fall back. Andrew and Nyx hid nearby, watching Kass leave, his face dark with frustration. Nyx smiled faintly and lowered her voice. "Let's go. I think I know where Viktor is hiding." Andrew thought for a moment, then asked carefully, "You can smell a werewolf?" Nyx hummed in response. "I was once taken by the werewolf clan and used in experiments.

I will never forget their stench for ---- as long as I live. Besides, I am an assassin, so tracking by scent is just the basics." Andrew laughed softly. "You're amazing." Nyx's face flushed slightly, but she said nothing as she took the lead and moved deeper into the swamp. At that moment, Viktor, covered in wounds, hid inside a dark hollow beneath a massive tree. He was fuming. Even for a top-tier werewolf like him, severe injuries pushed his mind toward instability. The beast within him slowly awakened, driving him toward frenzy, craving blood, slaughter, and revenge.

Suddenly, Viktor's ears twitched. Someone was approaching, and there was more than one! A faint red glow crept into his eyes. He needed time to recover, even just a little. Like vampires, werewolves possessed terrifying regenerative abilities. Still, no matter how monstrous that recovery was, he needed at least half a day to stabilize his condition. Viktor steadied his breathing and forced himself to remain completely still. Suddenly, a figure entered his line of sight. ---- It was a man, his features unclear. Immediately after, a woman appeared.

The two searched outside for a long while, found nothing, and eventually split up. Viktor continued restraining the murderous desire within him But gradually, reason was suppressed by desire. If he could devour these two, his injuries would recover at the fastest speed possible. Then, even without revenge, escaping Storm City and returning to the Sacred Mountain of the werewolf clan would be a walk in the park. The moment that thought surfaced, Viktor lost control. His muscles twisted and expanded as he transformed once more into his massive werewolf form.

Clarity vanished from his eyes, leaving only murderous savagery. With a savage howl, Viktor lunged forward. In front of him was the unfortunate man. Alone at just the wrong moment, he presented a perfect chance for a clean kill However, as Viktor closed in, the man suddenly turned around and flashed him a bright smile. "So this is where you were hiding... Nice. Lure them out and wait for them to take the bait. Works every time." The laughter sounded polite enough, but the greatsword in his ---- hand was already out, and he swung it down in a single brutal strike.

The man's action was anything but polite. The source of this content is

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---- Chapter 2963 Realizing he had been tricked, Viktor let out a furious roar as his massive claws slammed forward. By his estimation, this human should have had his skull crushed instantly. However, the greatsword in the man's hands swung wide and powerful, and it was impossibly sharp. In a single stroke, it sliced straight through Viktor's werewolf flesh. Blood gushed out as Viktor howled in pain, seeing stars. He crashed headfirst into the muddy water with a loud thud, then immediately rolled back up.

Viktor's remaining eye burned crimson as it locked onto Andrew, filled with pure rage and malice. He roared, quickly proving himself worthy of being a Wolf Lord. Even heavily injured, he unleashed a crushing offensive. Andrew's eyes turned cold, calm without a trace of warmth. Rather than clashing head-on with this berserk werewolf, he kept dodging. The crazed werewolf shattered tree after tree in the swamp, leaving devastation everywhere. Midair, Andrew twisted his waist to an extreme degree. He slipped past Viktor's tearing claws, flipped, and landed squarely ---- on the wolf's shoulder.

Without hesitation, Andrew's Godslayer plunged straight down. The blade slid in without resistance, plunging between Viktor's shoulder and arm. Flesh split apart, and a thunderous scream of pain erupted. Already heavily injured, Viktor completely lost what little reason he had left. Howling madly, he thrashed and charged after Andrew in a killing frenzy. Andrew sneered as he dragged the greatsword behind him and continued retreating. He weaved between trees, skimmed low across the ground, then suddenly sprang upward again.

The werewolf pursued in madness, always a step behind and unable to land a hit. At last, Viktor's final shred of sanity told him he could not continue. If this went on, he would surely die, as this cunning human was draining his last reserves of strength. After roaring twice in frustration, Viktor turned and fled. However, rushing straight toward him was a black blur. Nyx had been waiting all along, and now the moment had come. Twin daggers flared with a dark blue sheen as her right hand drove one deep into the werewolf's neck.

Her left hand followed, viciously plunging the blade straight into his massive skull. ---- At some point, a dark moon had climbed to the center of the sky. Facing the moon, Viktor

let out an agonized howl beyond despair, as the light in his eyes faded completely. Then, his enormous body collapsed, falling like a mountain of flesh. Disgust twisted Nyx's face as she yanked her daggers free, bringing forth large gouts of blood. Then, she landed in front of Viktor's corpse. Andrew ran back, grinning with excitement. "We did it!" Nyx exhaled deeply and laughed with him.

"We did it!" Andrew stepped closer and clicked his tongue in amazement. "I really didn't expect it to be this easy to kill a Wolf Lord. Nyx, congratulations. You avenged your brother." Nyx nodded and was about to speak. Behind her, the werewolf that had seemingly closed his eyes suddenly snapped them open. They were blood-red, filled with slaughter and madness. With jaws wide open, Viktor lunged straight for Nyx. Adrenaline surged as Andrew roared, "Get out of the way!" He rushed forward without hesitation and shoved Nyx aside.

Then, he spread his arms wide and met Viktor's upper and lower ---- jaws head-on. With a sickening rip, the massive werewolf's maw clamped down on Andrew's arms, forcing them downward as fangs pierced into his body. Andrew grunted in pain and was instantly drenched in blood. Nyx froze for a split second, then charged forward without a second thought. "Andrew!" Andrew's face twisted into something ferocious. He roared as blood gushed from his arms once more. With sheer force, he pried Viktor's massive jaws apart using both hands. The werewolf shrieked in pain as his body twisted and thrashed.

Andrew locked his grip on the fangs, and a violent surge of power exploded from within him. After that, he threw his shoulders outward with brutal force. His arms tore in opposite directions. Viktor's mouth was ripped apart, split left and right in a horrific tearing motion. The once-dominant and unstoppable Wolf Lord met his end in such a humiliating way, killed by Andrew himself, Nyx's expression turned savage as she suddenly screamed.

Even after confirming Viktor was truly dead, she leapt onto his head and stabbed her dagger into his skull, only to pull it out and ---- repeat the process, again and again.

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supporting our mission. You can also earn premium for free by completing simple tasks. We truly appreciate your understanding and support!

---- Chapter 2964 Only after Viktor's head was reduced to a complete mess did Nyx suddenly lose her strength and collapse sitting on his skull. Then, tears fell from her eyes. Andrew checked his injuries and found they were not particularly serious. However, seeing Nyx cry left him stunned. "Nyx, what's wrong?" Nyx suddenly jumped down and threw her arms around Andrew. A faint, dark fragrance filled his nose, unexpectedly pleasant. At least it diluted the foul, bloody stench of the werewolf. "Andrew, I was so scared just now! I was terrified you'd be killed like my brother.

If that happened, another person I care about would be dead, leaving only me!" As she spoke, the usually strong and icy female assassin broke down and sobbed. Feeling her trembling shoulders and back, Andrew sighed softly and said, "Don't worry. I'm fine." Unexpectedly, the comfort only made Nyx cry harder. Andrew stopped talking, understanding that Nyx must have been frightened just moments ago. Therefore, it triggered those ---- unbearable, terrifying memories from the past. That was why she suddenly became so vulnerable. After quite a while, Nyx stopped sobbing.

Turning to wipe away her tears, she said awkwardly, "I'm sorry. I got emotional just now." Andrew looked at the glimpse of golden hair peeking from under her hood and her tall, slender figure. Without reason, a surge of hot blood rushed to his head, and he pulled Nyx toward him. She let out a delicate cry as her lips were immediately sealed by Andrew's. Andrew kissed her forcefully, leaving no room to retreat. Nyx instinctively tried to resist. But then her mind went blank, all strength drained from her body, and she went limp in Andrew's arms.

Her blue eyes widened, filled with shock, embarrassment, and disbelief. Yet slowly, that look dissolved into a dazed haze. She closed her eyes, wrapped her arms around Andrew, and began to respond. Only after a long moment did Andrew finally pull back, Nyx gasped for breath, snapping angrily, "How could you do this to me?" ---- Andrew felt the lingering sweetness on his lips and tongue and could not help savoring it. Originally, he had wanted to take this foreign beauty right then and there. Since arriving in the Outlands, Andrew had been playing the gentleman for quite some time.

Nonetheless, this place was really unsuitable and would ruin the mood unnecessarily. Moreover, it was not the time for romance and intimacy. In fact, they needed to leave quickly to avoid complications! "Nyx, from now on, be my woman!" There was no explanation and no apology. Andrew was blunt and domineering as he declared it outright. Nyx instinctively sneered coldly, only to discover that Andrew completely ignored her attitude and reaction. He walked right past her and came to the werewolf's corpse. With swift movements, he soon carved out a massive heart.

The Werewolf Lord's hide was also excellent defensive material, but Andrew did not have time to skin him now. Taking the werewolf's heart, he grabbed Nyx and left. Throughout the journey, Nyx's mind was in complete chaos. She stared at the back of

the man in front of her, who was a few years younger than her. ---- She wondered if she was really going to fall into his hands. Ever since following Reginald, she had trained day and night in assassination techniques and martial arts. Beyond that, she did not care about anything else. Deep in her heart, she had only one thought: revenge.

During this period, many great nobles in the Outlands had publicly expressed their affection for Nyx. However, she had no interest whatsoever; instead, she found it disgusting and nauseating. But just now, she had almost been taken by force. Nyx knew she could have resisted and pushed him away. She knew very well that if she truly wanted to, this man would never have been able to touch her. Yet she did not understand why she had let him do whatever he wanted. Did she actually want it? Her scalp tingled as she felt tortured by the thought, mixed with wild imagination and deep shame.

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---- Chapter 2965 Inside the Throne City palace hall, Alonzo, the second-in-command of the Ludendorff family, reported grimly to Raiden seated above. "Sir, this point, nearly one third of the Outlands had already been swept clean by the Cathedral." Raiden, whose gray, lifeless eyes never revealed emotion, simply nodded. Alonzo continued, "Just moments ago, Storm City was taken by Kass Dalla of the Cathedral. The Werewolf Lord, Viktor Kessler, fled into the Wraithwater Bog and has vanished." At that, a trace of expression finally appeared on Raiden's face.

He sneered coldly and said, "Viktor refused to listen to me and rejected cooperation with the Ludendorff family. If we had stood on the same front and supported each other, he would not have ended up like this. The Sacred Mountain of the werewolf clan was truly ruthless, just watching as such a huge prize like Storm City fell into the Cathedral's hands." Alonzo replied heavily, "The situation is not optimistic. The Cathedral's army will soon push all the way to Garal's Abyss City. Garal has already sent three urgent messages in succession.

The family must send reinforcements." ---- Raiden snorted and replied, "Let him hold the line. Mephiston has not made a move, and Kass just finished a major battle, so he will not personally attack Abyss City. It is nothing more than the Cathedral putting on a show, yet he panicked so easily." Alonzo shook his head and said, "Even so, an assault is only a matter of time. If Abyss City falls, then the family headquarters here in Throne City will be in serious danger." Raiden replied calmly, "The Ludendorff family has fought countless wars across the wastelands. This chapter is updated by

The Cathedral's momentum is fierce, but this is the Outlands, not Lomuia territory. They can fight however they want, because the Ludendorff family can afford to drag it out. But the Cathedral, fighting so far from home, cannot last long." Alonzo nodded, then added, "There is one more strange matter. Warwick City is acting very oddly. Even though the family already lost control there, the Cathedral still failed to occupy it." This caught Raiden's attention. "Oh? That's interesting. Who took it instead?" Alonzo shook his head. "We don't know yet.

But it is certain they killed our people and replaced them." Raiden waved his hand dismissively. "Warwick City is unimportant. Don't waste attention on it. Over in the Deadlands, ---- Wyrmhelm and Reginald have already made their move. I'll go there personally, and once the entrance to the Veiled Paradise opens, I'll lead the assault myself. At that time, Throne City will be left in your hands." Alonzo responded immediately, "Understood. But the Veiled Paradise is extremely dangerous. Is it really appropriate for you to go in person?"

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---- Chapter 2966 Raiden sneered. "Everyone tells me the same thing, but Wyrmhelm, Reginald, and Kaelen, along with the vampire prince, Draven Frost, have all been extremely eager. Aside from Reginald, who isn't greedy for what's inside? Every one of them is an invader, waiting to carve up the last pristine land. "The Ludendorff family will not fall behind! Alonzo, you only need to hold on until the entrance to the sacred realm

is opened! At that time, the Cathedral's focus will shift over there. Mephiston hasn't made a move because he has the same plan.

It seems like he's sweeping the wilderness, but in reality, his target is the Veiled Paradise!" Alonzo let out a long breath. "In that case, I can finally rest easy. If we're really attacked fiercely by Kass, I truly worry that the Ludendorff family will suffer defeat after defeat in the wilderness." Raiden snorted. "The art of politics lies in balance. Once the fighting is about done and enough momentum has been spread, the Cathedral will naturally withdraw. If they don't leave, the major progenitors of the Dark Clans will not sit idly by.

If the Ludendorff family falls, the next step will be wiping out those dark clans, and no one will walk away unscathed." Alonzo asked, "As for Garal's Abyss City, who should we send ---- there?" Raiden replied, "Handle such a small matter yourself. Just do not send that useless Cyril. His recent failures have disappointed me greatly." Alonzo looked embarrassed. Soon after, he assigned another martial god from the Ludendorff family instead. In Warwick City, Andrew stared at the werewolf heart before him with a deep frown.

It was larger than two fists combined, Knox commented in a strange tone, "You're not seriously going to eat that thing, are you? Be careful, you might poison yourself." Juno said coldly, "Shut up, Knox! You talk too much." Nyx shook her head. "Andrew, a werewolf's heart is unlike a blood core. A blood core condenses all the essence of a vampire duke and is much purer. However, a werewolf's heart is extremely poisonous. The werewolf race is naturally a venomous species. This chapter is updated by

If you attempt to break through to the martial god level by swallowing its heart, I'm afraid you'll die from the poison." Andrew was quite relaxed. "Don't worry. I'm immune to all poisons and don't fear werewolf toxins." Nyx and the others froze. ---- Andrew explained slowly, "This heart belonged to Viktor, a Wolf Lord. A heart like that must still carry the feral nature of the werewolf. If I eat it, it could easily trigger my inner demons. That's what truly concerns me, so I need someone to watch over me." They all looked at one another. In the end, their gazes settled on Nyx.

Juno suggested, "Nyx is the strongest. She is the most suitable." Andrew did not hesitate. "Alright. Nyx, you will guard me." As he spoke, Andrew flipped his hand and took out another blood core. Knox was stunned. "Hey, are you seriously planning to consume Giuliano's blood core as well? Andrew, you're just breaking through to the martial god level, not trying to achieve immortality. Listen to me: you can't handle this." Andrew grinned. "It's just in case.

For some reason, when I see a vampire's core and a werewolf's heart together, I feel a strong urge to devour them." The others all showed the same expression, as if they were staring at a monster. Eating a vampire blood core and a werewolf heart raw was something they neither dared to do nor even imagine. ---- However, Andrew truly felt the

urge to consume them. After careful thought, he realized it was connected to Valerius's legacy from the Wraith Graveyard.

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---- Chapter 2967 Andrew rarely used the ancestral power that Valerius had passed down to him. However, within it was a powerful dark aura. Andrew could not figure out what was going on, but he trusted that instinct would not mislead him. The successive battles had already made him feel the opportunity for a breakthrough. Now, he had to boldly give it a try no matter what. Entering the secret chamber, Andrew locked the door tight, isolating them from the outside world. Then, he sat facing Nyx. Nyx's golden hair was braided and tied behind her head. UPDATE FROM

She wore a simple, conservative black dress that revealed no skin at all. Even so, she did not need to reveal anything, as her face, hands, and neck alone seemed to glow with pale light. She said, "You may begin now. If you show any signs of losing control, I'll forcibly stop you." Andrew nodded. "Alright." He sat cross-legged, wasting no words. The werewolf heart and the vampire duke's blood core were placed on either side of his hands. At first, Andrew only intended to absorb the werewolf heart. ---- However, his body gradually heated up, and the craving for energy inside him exploded.

Without hesitation, his other hand grabbed the vampire core, and he began drawing power from it as well. Nyx, watching intently, was startled. She wanted to stop him, but he had his eyes closed, completely focused. She knew that forcibly interrupting would certainly cause damage, so she held back. However, simultaneously absorbing werewolf and vampire energy would put an extremely high strain on the human body. Nyx could not do it herself, and she suspected only someone at Reginald's level could suppress such violent power.

Because of that, she stayed ready at all times, prepared to intervene the moment Andrew could no longer endure it. Yet as Andrew continued absorbing energy, the werewolf heart began to shrivel. The vampire's blood core also gradually lost its luster,

becoming dull and lifeless. Nyx did not understand what was happening, but she felt both confused and deeply shocked. She wondered how Andrew could possibly withstand such overwhelming power. Then, something miraculous happened.

Andrew's skin, which ---- had tanned somewhat from days of fighting in the wilderness, actually began to slowly peel away, revealing fair and delicate skin underneath. That was not all, because Nyx discovered that Andrew's entire aura seemed to undergo a complete transformation, a thorough rebirth. In short, the Andrew before her was still the Andrew she knew, but his aura was completely different. Nyx grew excited, thinking, 'Did he truly succeed in one go, breaking through to the martial god level?' She had not expected it to be this simple!

Nyx herself had profound experience with breaking through to the martial god level. It was unimaginably difficult. Yet, Andrew looked like he had clearly ascended to the next level. At this moment, Andrew's aura also began changing. It became violent, then suddenly turned sinister, repeating endlessly. Sweat appeared on his forehead, and his entire face was tightly strained. His internal organs felt like they were boiling. Suddenly, Andrew roared and opened his eyes.

Nyx froze in shock as she saw his pupils had turned to a vertical slit, which was a trait only vampires and werewolves possessed. ---- Her grip tightened on her daggers as anxiety surged through her. 'Has Andrew been transformed? Has he become a werewolf or a vampire?' Blood-red mist mixed with black fog began emanating from Andrew's body.

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Chapter 2968

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---- Chapter 2968 Nyx took a step back, her expression turning grim. She could tell that this was clearly the external release of vampire and werewolf energy. "Andrew!" She tried calling out to him. Although Andrew had opened his eyes, they had no focus. At her call, Andrew immediately looked toward Nyx. Nyx felt a chill of terror, as if being targeted by some prehistoric beast. At her level, she naturally was not afraid of any wild

animals. Yet at this moment, with Andrew carrying both vampire and werewolf auras, even she felt her scalp prickle with unease.

Nyx's face turned pale as she suddenly remembered why this situation felt so familiar and filled her with dread. Once, she had faced one of the vampire progenitors. Its aura had been exactly like this, full of absolute oppressive force and suffocating pressure. What Andrew now exuded was precisely that unique aura belonging to vampire or werewolf progenitors. But why was this happening? Just as Nyx was reeling in shock, Andrew suddenly let out a low growl from his mouth. It was the threatening roar only heard ---- when vampires or werewolves transformed.

Then, a black and crimson blur flashed before her eyes. Nyx snapped her head around and saw Andrew clinging upside down to the corner of the chamber ceiling like a spider. She backed away step by step, her throat dry. A blood-red glow flared in Andrew's eyes. His speed exploded again, fast enough to make even Nyx's hair stand on end. Her head spun, and her vision went dark. She was slammed to the ground, her mind reeling. Only after a long moment did her vision slowly clear. She realized she had been pinned beneath a frenzied Andrew. For original chapters go to

There was nothing in his gaze but bloodlust and a dangerous hunger. That hunger was all too familiar to Nyx. Whenever she revealed her appearance in public, men in the wastelands looked at her the same way, as if they wanted to devour her whole. "You bastard, don't lose control, or I won't hold back!" Nyx threatened with false bravado. In the next instant, her black dress tore apart with a sharp rip. Andrew's fingertips were now covered in sharp claws ---- Nyx trembled at the sight. Andrew shook his head, obviously in pain. "Nyx, leave!

I can't control myself." Nyx supported herself on the ground and flipped up, urgently asking, "Andrew, what's wrong with you?" He roared, his face twisted with agony. "Go, I cannot hold on much longer! Go now!" Nyx's entire body was drenched in sweat as she rushed toward the hidden exit of the chamber. Just as she was about to escape, she hesitated and looked back at Andrew. Clenching her teeth, she realized she could not bring herself to leave him behind, fearing something terrible would happen.

However, this moment's hesitation allowed Andrew, under the intertwining influence of two dark attributes, to lose himself. Nyx did not even have the chance to fight back before Andrew seized her and forced her down. In her panic and humiliation, she struggled helplessly. Then, Andrew lowered his head and bit into her slender neck. Nyx let out a soft moan, her eyes widening, with slight pain and an indescribable sense of submission. After that, she felt ---- something forcefully entering her.

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Chapter 2969

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---- Chapter 2969 Beast-like panting echoed throughout the entire secret chamber. Andrew was domineering and ferocious, and Nyx felt like a tiny boat caught in a raging storm, ready to capsize at any second. With a martial god's body, she should not have feared ordinary physical harm. Yet Nyx felt utterly humiliated. This bastard actually dared to force himself on her! Face flushed red, she slapped Andrew across the face, sending him flying and crashing heavily into the corner.

Enduring the trembling and dull pain below, she felt both shame and fury, clutching her torn skirt as she rushed for the exit again. Andrew was clearly not in his right mind, affected by the blood core and the werewolf heart, so Nyx did not argue with him now. But once he regained consciousness, she would make him pay no matter what. Just thinking about how her body had been taken made a burning sensation flare in her chest. It was not that she could not accept it, but rather that Andrew's sudden possession of her like this made her find it utterly detestable.

Just as countless thoughts raced through Nyx's mind, a dull thud sounded as the chamber door was held shut by a large hand. ---- She felt her throat go dry as she stiffly turned to look. Andrew, with red eyes, vertical pupils, and overwhelming vampire and werewolf auras emanating from his entire body, had somehow appeared behind her. "Don't leave!" Andrew growled. Nyx grew angry and struck out with her palm. However, it was completely useless. Andrew was far too fast, leaving her completely helpless.

Unwilling to submit, she darted through the narrow chamber in flickering afterimages, trying to lure him away from the door and escape. Yet every time, Andrew moved faster and dragged her back from the doorway. Then, with a thunderous slam, the chamber door was sealed shut again. Nyx's heart jumped into her throat as she instinctively gripped her dagger. "Andrew, I don't want to hurt you, but you have gone too far, and I..." Before she could finish speaking, she stood there dumbstruck.

Andrew's hard, sharp hands seemed to fear no weapon as he directly swatted her blue, glowing daggers flying into the corner. Then, he grabbed Nyx, and the two of them tumbled together into the corner. ---- Nyx discovered with shame that most of her dress had been torn off. No matter how she tried to cover herself, she could not hide her vulnerable areas anymore. Deep down, she was a very conservative court princess of

royal blood. She had never experienced anything like this, nor had she even seen such things before.

Her mind was in complete turmoil, and she could barely use half of her full strength. "No, Andrew..." She only managed to plead once before letting out a soft moan. That overwhelming sensation and the violation happened again. Nyx gritted her teeth and began struggling violently once more. However, her struggles seemed to enrage the wildly frenzied Andrew. With a growl from his throat, he directly pinned both of her hands to the ground. Then, with his other hand, he stripped off all of her black dress. 'It's over...' That was the only thought that flashed through Nyx's mind.

Her pupils dilated, and her mind went completely blank. In the secret chamber, beast-like panting grew louder and louder. Initially, Nyx still resisted a bit. But soon she was drenched in sweat, utterly exhausted, and unable to move at all. ---- What terrified her was that no matter how she fought back, Andrew remained completely unharmed. The combined physique of a werewolf and a vampire seemed to have forged his body into something nearly indestructible. This text is hosted at

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- Chapter 2970

Chapter 2970

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---- Chapter 2970 Meanwhile, Nyx herself truly suffered. The initial pain was so intense that she nearly passed out. Fortunately, she slowly adapted, but then the storm-like onslaught left her more exhausted than she had ever been in her life. Later on, Nyx's consciousness began to blur. She only clung to Andrew by instinct, murmuring weakly now and then. Wave after wave of exhaustion, mixed with an indescribable sensation, lasted for an unknown length of time. In the end, Nyx passed out. Before losing consciousness, she vaguely saw the crimson in Andrew's eyes fading.

His entire being was no longer frenzied, and he seemed to have regained clarity as well. If that were the case, why did this bastard, even after regaining consciousness, not stop? Nyx ground her teeth in frustration and fell into a deep sleep. Outside the sealed chamber was Warwick City's palace hall. Franz, Petra, Juno, and Knox waited without moving an inch. Knox kept tugging at his messy hair, muttering, "These two are killing me with suspense. Are they done yet?" ---- Juno said flatly, "Don't worry. Andrew is attempting to break through to the martial god level; it's not that easy.

It could very well take three days and nights." Knox exclaimed, "Three days and nights? That's exaggerating, right? Nyx is with him for the entire time... Do you guys think they really need that much time? A man and a woman alone in a room for three days? At that rate, they'd come out with a kid!" Petra made a strange sound, looking awkward. Knox chuckled and asked, "Petra, don't you think what I said makes a lot of sense and is pretty funny?" Franz shook his head. "Stop with the wild guesses. Andrew isn't that kind of person.

Besides, you all know perfectly well what Nyx's temperament is like. They're just helping each other. It's nothing as perverted as you're imagining!" Knox shrugged, deflated. "Fine. I was just bored and trying to lighten the mood. Even if Andrew had the desire and guts, he probably couldn't pull it off. With Nyx's temper and strength, she'd probably stab him straight through." The group waited anxiously, and much more time passed. Just when everyone was hesitating about whether to approach and check on the situation, the stone door of the secret chamber was pushed open.

---- Andrew emerged looking exhausted and disheveled. Franz and the others quickly approached, their brows furrowing. Knox asked, "Andrew, why are your clothes so torn? Were there rats inside?" Petra was even more straightforward and commented blankly, "Was breaking through really that hard? You look completely drained." The awkwardness and helplessness on Andrew's face deepened. "Well, Juno, could you go to Nyx's place and bring her a set of clothes?" Juno's expression turned peculiar as she asked, "What exactly happened?

Why does Nyx need to change clothes right now?" Andrew cleared his throat, truly not knowing what to say. From behind the chamber door, Nyx's stunning but expressionless

face appeared. "Juno, this bastard tore all my clothes to shreds. Please help me get new ones." The entire room fell into dead silence as every member of Dragonfang froze on the spot. Franz shook his head and mumbled, "Um, I still have something to handle... I'll head out first." ---- Petra hoisted his warhammer and followed. "Same here. I am.

going to train." Juno glanced at Andrew and said calmly, "I'll go get clothes for Nyx."

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---- Chapter 2971 Only Knox stood there in a daze at first, then turned to look at Andrew with that disappointed look of someone watching their idol fall. "Andrew, h-h-how... Do you have any idea that Nyx is the dream girl of countless guys out here in the Wastelands? She's a goddess to so many of us, and you just... You just went and slept with her like that? It's over. My dreams are shattered. My goddess!" Andrew acted all innocent and asked, "What if I told you it wasn't on purpose?"

"Would you believe me?" Knox roared back, "Hell no!" Then, he grinned, all sleazy-looking as he sidled up closer to Andrew. "But hey, you can at least give me the details, right? Is Nyx's ass as good as it looks? How did it fee!? Damn, man, you're seriously

something else, too insane, too badass. "You've only been in Dragonfang for how long, and you already landed Nyx? Andrew, from now on, you're my hero! Seriously, I never imagined you'd be this incredible. I'm ready to submit to you right now..." The way he danced around and acted shamelessly made ---- Andrew shake his head in disbelief.

This whole thing really was not something Andrew had expected to happen. Nyx finished getting dressed and limped out of the secret chamber. Andrew approached her with genuine concern, offering, "Let me help you back." Nyx turned her head away. "Don't touch me!" She sounded cold and distant, like she was keeping everyone out. Andrew backed off awkwardly and had to step aside. Knox chuckled and moved forward eagerly. "Nyx, how about I help you instead?" Nyx glared at him. "Get lost!" Knox felt embarrassed, then laughed it off, scratching his messy hair as he walked away.

Once Nyx had walked off into the distance, he turned to Andrew. He whispered, "Andrew, you're screwed." Andrew let out a long sigh. "Yeah, I've figured that out myself." ---- Knox thought about it and said, "At this point, you've only got one way out. If you commit to it, you might actually turn things around!" Andrew asked, "What's that?" Knox waved him closer, then lowered his voice. "She's pissed off right now. Clearly, she's furious about what you did. So right now, the more you baby her and beg for forgiveness, the less she'll give you the time of day. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY

Instead, you do the exact opposite and go for her again." He chuckled and added, "I guarantee you, Nyx will be totally under your control from then on, eating out of your hand. I understand how women think. The more you spoil her and pamper her, the more stuck-up she'll get. But flip it around, the more you dominate her, the more possessive and assertive you are with her, the more her defenses will crumble. Just like that, you've got her." He explained, "Nyx is proud, intimidating, and powerful. But that's exactly why you need to be even more proud, more powerful, more dominant than her.

Got it?" After saying all that, Knox crossed his arms and looked at Andrew proudly, clearly waiting for praise and a thumbs up. Suddenly, he was slapped hard across his face! ---- Knox felt the burning sting immediately. "Who the hell? I'm going to kill..." He turned around furiously, ready to curse. Instead, he saw Nyx, who had somehow come back and was standing behind him, staring coldly at him. "Alright, Nyx, Andrew, you two take your time talking. I'm going home to bring in my laundry." Holding his swollen face, Knox slunk away with his head hanging low.

Andrew almost burst out laughing, thinking that Knox was just too unlucky. In the hall, only the two of them remained, and silence fell between them.

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Chapter 2972

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---- Chapter 2972 In the Wastelands, about dozens of miles away, three cathedral squads with 60 elite fighters were in hot pursuit of a small group. One party fled while the other chased, and before long, they were closing in on Abyss City. On the city walls, the soldiers on watch immediately noticed the movement. "It is the Cathedral's forces, hurry and inform the Governor!" Very soon, Garal arrived at the wall, along with Prescott Ludendorff, a newly sent martial god reinforcement from the Ludendorff family. Garal was getting on in years and carried himself with steady, weathered authority.

Meanwhile, Prescott was completely different. As the youngest martial god powerhouse in the Ludendorff family and Raiden's son, he exuded confidence and swagger. Across the Wastelands, a martial god this young could be counted on one hand. As a result, Prescott's personality was the exact opposite of Garal's. Holding a glass of red wine, Prescott stood casually with his shirt open, dressed in a bold and unconventional way. -- This attitude made Garal frown more than once. "We're in a state of war.

Alcohol will only slow your draw and dull your judgment in battle." Prescott whistled and replied carelessly, "Uncle Garal, you have always been too by the book, too cautious. Whether it is war or not, the most important thing in life is enjoying it, isn't it? "The Cathedral's main forces are about to surround our Abyss City, When that happens, we're bound to face a brutal battle Why not take advantage of this downtime and have a few drinks? Garal trembled with anger, but he ultimately chose to back down. Prescott was Raiden's son, and he was one of the heirs Raiden valued most.

Since this brilliant young man would very likely lead the Ludendorff family in the future, Garal needed to think carefully about where his loyalties lay. If he upset Prescott now, his own future would probably be pretty rough. Below the city walls, Cathedral's squads were chasing a group of people who were getting dangerously close to Abyss City. Garal gave the order. "Heavy artillery ready! Open fire!" However, Prescott raised his hand. "Hold on." Garal frowned. "What's wrong?" ---- Prescott did not answer.

Instead, he just stared down at the group being hunted, his eyes gradually lighting up There weren't many people in the group, and among them was someone with golden blonde hair, a breathtaking beauty who made anyone fall at first glance. However, panic was clearly written on her face. Prescott's smile gradually widened, "It's her! I didn't expect to encounter Dragonfang's top beauty this way!" Garal also realized who the

hunted group was. Especially the man in front, holding a greatsword and looking battered and exhausted. He was clearly injured in several places, and not lightly.

Garal sneered. "It's actually that kid! Looks like his luck finally ran out after becoming the Cathedral's target." That was right, the ones being chased below were Dragonfang members, and the one leading them was Andrew. Seeing there was nowhere left to run, Andrew shouted toward the city, "Governor Ludendorff, please help us." Garal stood high on the wall and showed no reaction. Below, the young man who had once escaped from his hands looked furious and desperate. ---- Garal felt even more satisfied. Original content can be found at

Prescott asked, "Is this the one who killed Marshall?" A hint of amusement crossed Prescott's lips. "Interesting. Looks like he's got nowhere else to turn, treating us like his last hope to save his life. Uncle Garal, give the order. Open the gates and let them in." Garal was shocked. "Prescott, what are you saying? He's no ordinary person! Even Cyril got wounded by him. Plus, he has a blood feud with our family. Wouldn't it be better to just let the Cathedral's people finish him off?" Prescott waved his hand dismissively with a calm expression.

"If we don't save him, then yes, he'll definitely get surrounded and killed by the Cathedral. If he dies alone, so be it. However, I'm not willing to watch Nyx die with him." Garal snorted coldly. "Don't be ridiculous. Nyx is Dragonfang's most powerful assassin. Letting the enemy into our place? Don't even think about it!"

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Chapter 2973

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---- Chapter 2973 Prescott said coldly, "Uncle Garal, do you think I don't know how formidable Nyx is? If I dare let them in, it means I have complete confidence in my ability to handle them. Every single member of Dragonfang is a top-tier fighter. If we use them properly, they'll be a tremendous asset in defending Abyss City. "The Cathedral's main army will be attacking soon. When that happens, we can have Dragonfang's

people lead the charge for us. If nothing else, they should at least wear down half of the Cathedral's forces." Garal still shook his head.

"Prescott, you're thinking too simply. Dragonfang's people aren't idiots. Why would they work for you?" Prescott let out a cold laugh. He drained his wine in one gulp, and his eyes flashed with contempt. "Why? Because of my supreme power, of course. No matter how strong Dragonfang's people are, they can't be stronger than you and me combined, right? Besides, we have plenty of our own people in Abyss City. With just a few of them, how much trouble could Dragonfang really cause?" He continued, "What's more, Andrew's identity has already been exposed, hasn't it? He's Reginald's son.

As long as I control him, I won't have to worry about the rest of Dragonfang falling in line." ---- This time, Garal stayed silent and clearly hesitated. Prescott spoke with calm certainty, as if everything was already planned. He said, "Let them in. Dragonfang may be a first-rate force, but without Reginald, they're nothing special. At most, Nyx will be somewhat troublesome, but I can handle her. Besides, when things really get out of control, I'm sure you can kill the rest of Dragonfang's members. You saw how pathetic these people look right now. "Especially Andrew...

He's got some skills, but under the constant attacks from the Cathedral's squads... Look at him now, running like a beaten dog." Garal let out a long breath and looked down at the city below again. He could see Dragonfang's people had been pushed to the brink. If it were not for Nyx's prowess and Petra trading injuries blow for blow and charging recklessly forward, Dragonfang would have already lost people. The other two members of Dragonfang, Franz and Knox, had already lost their fighting capability. They were being protected in the center, quietly awaiting death.

"Fine, open the gates and let them in!" Garal made his decision and said in a deep voice, "But Prescott, ---- these people must be kept under control at all times. You know what I need... Anything can go wrong, but Abyss City absolutely cannot fall." Prescott looked completely unconcerned and waved his hand. "Don't worry. I'll handle keeping Dragonfang in check!" He smiled, his expression cruel. "These people seem to revolve around Andrew as their core. Even Nyx cares so much about him, risking her own safety multiple times to save him.

Clearly, Reginald instructed them to protect this useless waste." He chuckled and added, "That makes things even easier for us. As long as we control his life and death, won't Nyx and the others have to obediently fall in line?" Thinking about something, Prescott got so excited he licked his lips. Thinking of something, Prescott grew excited and licked his lips. Once he captured Andrew and used him to threaten Nyx, he might even be able to get the woman herself. At that thought, Prescott's desire burned even hotter. The city gates opened.

At the last moment, Andrew and the others were finally saved and managed to escape inside. The Cathedral's squads reluctantly retreated. ---- As they passed through the dark gateway tunnel, Andrew completely changed from that panicked, pathetic look of

someone running for his life. His expression became extremely cold and ruthless. "Nyx, stab me with your dagger. Make it heavy... It has to look real." The others looked at each other, startled by Andrew's request. Andrew urged them on. "Hurry up! Garal is about to come over.

I need to appear weak so he sees I'm in bad shape." Nyx pressed her lips together, and the dagger flashed in a clean arc. In the next second, a deep gash appeared on Andrew's chest, and blood poured out. When they emerged from the dark passage, Garal and Prescott were already waiting ahead with Abyss City's strongest fighters lined up. From their formation, it was clear that if talks failed, they would strike immediately. Andrew knew the time had come for him to perform. Whether his carefully planned act of self-sacrifice succeeded or failed would be decided at this moment. The source of this content is

Beside him, Nyx somehow slipped her delicate hand into Andrew's and held it tight. Then, she whispered in Andrew's ear, "Thank you for everything." ---- Andrew grinned through the pain. This gorgeous woman had clearly fallen into his hands, and it felt damn good! All the trouble and all the slashes he had suffered were worth it.

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Chapter 2974

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---- Chapter 2974 As Dragonfang's members walked out of the gateway tunnel, two rows of soldiers had their gun barrels pointed straight at them. Behind the soldiers, the Ludendorff family's elite fighters all placed their hands on the hilts of their swords. Prescott looked completely relaxed and laughed heartily. "Hey, what's this? What are you all doing? This is no way to welcome guests. Put those down!" Seeing the ugly expressions on Dragonfang's faces, Garal nodded inwardly. It seemed the infamous Dragonfang was truly cornered and reduced to a state of desperation.

He raised his hand, and only then did Abyss City's soldiers lower their weapons. Prescott stepped forward and bowed politely toward Nyx. "Miss, welcome to the lands of the Ludendorff family." Nyx said coldly, "We need a place to rest and medical supplies.

Our team members can barely hold on. Would you be so kind as. to accommodate us?" Prescott smiled warmly. "Miss, you're too formal. Right now, the Cathedral is running wild across the Outlands. We're all victims ---- here.

Medical supplies and a place to rest aren't problems at all However..." He stared at Nyx, deliberately drawing out his words with a playful expression. Nyx looked at him coldly without speaking. Prescott's eyes shifted to Andrew, and he said with great interest, "This young man must be Andrew Lloyd, the one who's been causing quite a stir in the Outlands recently, right?" Andrew's face was pale, and his shirt was soaked with blood. After coughing twice, he said weakly, "Sir, is there something you wanted to say?" Prescott's smile grew wider as he stepped forward.

"Oh my, your injuries are quite serious indeed. Especially that wound on your chest... The Cathedral's people really went for it, huh? That's absolutely vicious. It's not far from your heart at all." With that, he suddenly moved, wrapping his arm around Andrew's neck and locking him in a tight hold. With Prescott choking his throat, Andrew began to struggle for breath, his face turning bright red. The rest of Dragonfang's members erupted in anger. "You bastard! What the hell are you doing?

Let go of him, or we'll fight you to the death!" ---- Nyx gripped her glowing blue daggers tightly and hissed furiously, "Let Andrew go. Since Abyss City doesn't welcome us, we'll just leave." Prescott felt triumphant inside but kept smiling cheerfully. " Miss, it seems Andrew is very important to all of you." Franz clutched his chest weakly and said, "Sir, it's obvious that we came to the wrong place. But we truly had no other choice just now. Let Andrew go... Mr. Lloyd Senior is in the Deadlands and can't make it back in time. You should know how terrifying he is.

If anything happens to Andrew..." Prescott was still all smiles. "Yes, I know, of course. Mr. Lloyd Senior is an invincible existence in the Wastelands. But I don't think he can make it back, and as for why, we both know the reason." After speaking, he shoved Andrew away, sending him stumbling. Andrew, clearly weakened by blood loss, shot Prescott a hateful glance. Nonetheless, since he still needed Prescott's help, he did not dare to act up. Prescott sneered inwardly, thinking Andrew was pathetic and weak. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY

He ordered his men, "Step aside and escort our honored guests to rest and receive treatment. Ms. Nyx, I'll be preparing a lavish dinner at the Governor's mansion later, and I invite ---- Dragonfang, especially you, to please do us the honor of attending!" Winking at Nyx, Prescott felt extremely pleased with himself. Then, he watched as Dragonfang's people limped away. Garal immediately asked, "So? What do you think?" The smile vanished from Prescott's face, replaced by contempt. "I already checked him out just now. He's barely hanging on as his injuries are seriously severe.

If I wanted to, I could even shatter his heart meridians with a single palm strike!" Garal nodded. With Prescott saying this, he felt reassured Prescott's sudden move earlier was exactly to see whether Andrew was playing tricks. From the looks of it now, Andrew

really had nowhere else to go and came to Abyss City out of desperation. After a pause, Garal said, "Andrew must die. He killed Marshall, and the family must reclaim that honor!" Prescott snorted coldly. "Of course, he has to die. But for me, it's not because of that waste, Marshall.

It's because of how Nyx looks at him in a way that really pisses me off."

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Chapter 2975

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---- Chapter 2975 Garal shook his head. "Prescott, with your status, you can have any woman you want. Why ruin your dignity over something so trivial?" Prescott sneered. "Uncle, you're wrong. This isn't trivial at all. A woman I set my eyes on is someone I'll find a way to claim Besides, do you really think a woman like Nyx is common? Across the Outlands, beautiful women are everywhere, but beautiful martial gods who are also assassins are rare. If I can win Nyx over and make her serve the family, Father will surely think of me differently." Garal laughed.

"If you truly managed to pull Nyx into the Ludendorff family. Raiden would probably name you the top successor on the spot." Prescott burst into laughter, his face full of ambition and anticipation. "It's happening very soon... It's practically a done deal. Uncle, arrange a banquet. Later, I want to host Nyx properly. Garal nodded and smiled. "I'll also take the opportunity to probe Dragonfang's people a bit more." ---- From within Abyss City, looking outward, the land stretched into endless open wilderness. Franz said joyfully, "Andrew, your decision was right.

If we can truly take this city and gain even a little breathing room, then we could become a major power in the Wastelands. At least, as long as the Cathedral doesn't launch a full-scale assault, we can remain undefeated." Knox said admiringly, "Unbelievable. I never thought I'd own a city someday. Damn... Even though Dragonfang is well-known and everyone talked about us, we could only hide and scrape by.

But this is a major city, a symbol of power and status in Outlands." He laughed and suddenly asked, "Petra, did you ever think that we could become city lords and big bosses?" Petra simply smiled, He was not good with words, but the happiness and excitement on his face were obvious to anyone. Juno looked at Andrew and asked, "Andrew, are you alright?" Andrew bandaged his wound, grinning. "Of course not! That stab Nyx gave me nearly killed me!" Nyx was cleaning the dried blood off him and snorted coldly. " You're full of it. I obviously held back. Follow current novels on

Besides, you were the one who said to make it realistic and to use more force." ---- Knox chuckled. "You two lovebirds, stop bickering. But seriously, Andrew, you've got balls of steel. If we hadn't gained Garal and Prescott's trust back there, the Cathedral's squads would have beaten us!" Franz shook his head. "That's not even the worst of it.

Knowing Prescott's crazy reputation in the Ludendorff family, he might have even joined forces with the Cathedral to sandwich us and cause heavy casualties." Juno said coldly, "I didn't expect the Ludendorff family to send another martial god, and of all people, that damned Prescott." Andrew said calmly, "According to what you've told me, Prescott is Raiden's son. That makes him the legitimate heir of the Ludendorff family.

Just now, he seemed carefree on the surface, but after restraining me, he checked and tested my injuries and strength." Andrew let out a cold laugh, mockery curling at the corner of his lips, "Too bad for him, since I dared to set my sights on Abyss City, I thought everything through. I gave him the results he wanted to see. So now, we just watch how things develop. As soon as the opportunity comes, we strike immediately!" Nyx said hesitantly, "Even though we've gained Abyss City's trust and successfully got inside, Garal will definitely still be on guard against us.

With the formidable Prescott added to the mix, our ---- chances don't look great." Andrew smirked. "Whether our chances are good or not depends on how strong the Cathedral's main army is. As long as Abyss City reaches the point where it could fall at any moment, no matter how cautious Garal is, he can't guard against everything. Defending the city would become his only priority.

When that happens, I will personally put an end to the Ludendorff family's title as kings of the Outlands." Juno suddenly chimed in, "You're not only insanely bold, but terrifyingly calculating." Then, she quickly added, 'I meant that as praise, not an insult." Everyone laughed. Nyx silently watched Andrew grinning and grimacing, feeling an indescribable peace in her heart. She thought he was becoming more formidable by the day. A brilliant smile quietly bloomed at the corner of her lips.

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Chapter 2976

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---- Chapter 2976 That evening, Dragonfang members were invited to the Governor's mansion. It was supposedly to welcome them, but in reality, it was to test them, and there were ulterior motives. Nonetheless, Andrew remained completely calm about it. Soon, a lavish feast was laid out, and Dragonfang was arranged to take their seats. Whether it was meant to humiliate them or was a deliberate slight, Prescott had Andrew seated at the lowest position. Meanwhile, Nyx was seated at the head, right below Prescott himself. Nyx was already annoyed and ready to leave.

However, Andrew stopped her with a single look. Garal and a Ludendorff family elder smiled cheerfully as he raised his glass toward Dragonfang. "Everyone, I won't say much more. Truth be told, I have great admiration for your leader, Mr. Lloyd Senior of Dragonfang. I also have some history with Andrew. Back then, he was quite the hotshot in our Abyss City." Andrew raised his glass with a sheepish expression. "Back then, I was ignorant and reckless on your territory. Governor, it was ---- truly unforgivable. Now, I've paid the price.

The Cathedral swept through the Outlands, and I was left with nowhere to go, so I could only come here to survive under your protection." Garal waved his hand. "Now, now. You can't say it like that. Dragonfang members are all skilled elites, and even if you've gone elsewhere, you wouldn't be treated poorly." The two sides exchanged polite words, but none of them were sincere. After several rounds of drinks, Prescott stood up and walked over to Andrew. "Andrew, do you have any complaints about being seated here?" Andrew smiled gently. "None at all.

I am just a stray now, so having a seat and something to eat was already good enough." + Prescott looked very satisfied, the contempt in his eyes completely undisguised. "Mr. Lloyd Senior is a legendary figure throughout the Wastelands. Seeing you like this today is rather pitiful. To be blunt, you're kind of embarrassing your father." Andrew kept smiling, as if he could not hear the veiled insults in the other's words. However, Nyx was not pleased and said, "We're not begging favors from Abyss City.

If you're going to keep up this attitude, then I'm sorry, but we're leaving right now." ---- Prescott immediately apologized. "Ms. Nyx, oh my. I'm really sorry. That's just how I am; I like to be honest. Fine then, Andrew truly is Mr. Lloyd Senior's son, and the apple doesn't fall far from the tree. He's equally impressive!" It sounded like an apology, but in

reality, he had humiliated Andrew again from another angle. Franz and Juno were starting to lose patience. They had worked overseas for years and were used to being paid to get things done, not to swallowing this kind of insult. Read full story at

People like Prescott disgusted them the most. Yes, he was someone from the Lundendorff family, but they were not here begging for scraps. At this moment, Andrew raised his glass and smiled at Prescott. "I have long heard of you. Come, let me toast you and the Governor." Prescott sneered and completely ignored him, placing his untouched glass back down. After all the pressure and humiliation, he was already completely certain that Andrew was useless and nowhere near Reginald. Having lost interest, Prescott turned his attention elsewhere. His target tonight was the stunning Nyx. "Ms.

Nyx, you have seen the situation in the Outlands. ---- Organizations like yours, to be honest, are like weeds in the Wastelands. Surviving is extremely difficult." Nyx replied calmly, "Say what you want to say directly." Prescott smiled. "It's very simple: I want to invite Ms. Nyx to join the Ludendorff family. I'll personally call Lord Raiden and grant you a city as proof of our sincerity." Nyx shook her head. "Not interested." Prescott was not surprised and continued smiling. "Then may I ask what you truly want?

The Cathedral acts with zero tolerance, and they will never allow people like you to exist. An assassin like you is a thorn in their side. Once you fall into their hands, you will be sent to the stake. You know that very well. "Besides, Andrew once raped and murdered the Cathedral's Angel, Rosemary Clooney. According to the rules of Lomuia Grand Cathedral, such blasphemy warrants eternal damnation."

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Chapter 2977

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---- Chapter 2977 Nyx scoffed. "Everyone knows the truth about how Rosemary died. Andrew could never do something like that, and I believe in him." Prescott shook his head. "Facts speak louder than words. You may not believe it, but the Cathedral does. They'll never let him go. With Mephiston's terrifying power and Kass' fierce aggression,

Dragonfang won't hold out for long." Nyx stopped talking, as if she had been intimidated. Prescott felt secretly thrilled because this was exactly the effect he wanted. Garal added fuel to the fire. "Dragonfang once had such a fearsome reputation.

Who would've thought you'd fall to this level? It's really sad. Abyss City can provide temporary shelter, but we can't keep you safe forever. Anyway, what are your plans going forward?" Franz let out a sigh. "Honestly, we're at the end of our rope. The Wastelands are Dragonfang's natural habitat. If we leave, Dragonfang's reason for existing would cease to exist." Garal nodded enthusiastically and smiled. "Exactly! But you've seen the current situation. The Cathedral is coming in strong, ---- sweeping everything aside. Even Abyss City is struggling." Andrew suddenly spoke up.

"Governor, I have something to say, but I don't know if it's appropriate." Garal waved his hand. "Speak freely. Even though you and our Ludendorff family have had deadly feuds, the current situation requires us to put past grievances aside and unite against our common enemy." Andrew said gratefully, "Thank you for understanding, Governor. I think our two sides could cooperate. Dragonfang takes shelter in your Abyss City, and we provide military force to protect Abyss City. We can cooperate for mutual benefit.

What do you think?" Garal smiled but deliberately gave no answer, clearly dragging it out. Prescott stepped in as the bad cop and sneered, "Andrew, that was quite the calculation. Taking refuge in Abyss City, making us bear the pressure for Dragonfang and deal with the Cathedral. That's not very honorable of you." Andrew looked anxious. "You've misunderstood. We're not just freeloading in Abyss City without making a contribution. Whenever there's a battle or the Cathedral attacks, we'll definitely stand with Abyss City through thick and thin." ---- Prescott made a noncommittal sound.

Inside, though, he was ecstatic since Dragonfang was indeed as desperate as he had predicted. So from here on out, how he would manipulate and toy with them depended entirely on his mood. Even if he made them work like slaves, Prescott figured it was just a matter of him saying the word. The banquet did not end until late into the night. After having people escort Dragonfang away, Prescott's expression gradually turned dark and cold. He hissed, "That bitch is really ungrateful!

I've tried being nice to her repeatedly, but she flatly refuses every time, not showing me any respect at all." Garal smiled and tried to calm him. "That's enough, Prescott. Someone like Nyx has self-respect and pride. Trying to force her to submit under these circumstances is unrealistic." Prescott said irritably, "Isn't the Ludendorff family enough to tempt her? If she were smart, she'd know that following Reginald's useless son will lead to disaster sooner or later. But if she joins the Ludendorff family, she'd become a queen in her own right. Why wouldn't she want that?" Garal chuckled.

Then, he suddenly said, "Perhaps her heart already belongs to someone." ---- Prescott naturally understood what Garal was implying. He hissed, "Then I'll make sure that Andrew dies. Besides, I'm not really that obsessed with this woman anyway. Adding another strong arm to the Ludendorff family is my real goal." Garal nodded in

satisfaction. "On that point, you have my approval. At the current rate, the Cathedral's main army will reach Abyss City soon. Whatever you decide to do, I'm giving you full authority. I only have one requirement: protect my city." Prescott smiled viciously.

"That goes without saying. However, the most perfect outcome would be for Andrew to be brutally killed in combat with the Cathedral's forces. That way, my beloved Nyx would have every reason to join the Ludendorff family." Garal shook his head. "That's up to you. I'm not interested in such matters. Go on, I need to rest now." Prescott said darkly, "I won't be able to sleep tonight. I need to find a couple of women to blow off some steam! Ever since Nyx arrived, she's got me all worked up!"

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Chapter 2978

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---- Chapter 2978 In the pitch-black night, Nyx sat on the large windowsill, hugging her knees. She gazed out at the dark Wasteland in the distance. Juno walked up behind her and patted her shoulder. "Nyx, you should get some rest." Nyx made a sound of acknowledgment but continued sitting there motionless. Juno sighed. "Don't worry. Mr. Lloyd Senior is very capable. Nothing will happen to him. Tomorrow, or maybe the day after, the Cathedral's main army will attack. Whether we succeed or not comes down to this moment.

Andrew has sacrificed so much for us, and he's doing all this just to secure a safe haven for Dragonfang. We can't let him down." Nyx said softly, "Juno, I know. You should go to sleep first. I'll come in a bit." Juno's footsteps faded into the distance and eventually disappeared. Nyx felt someone pat her back again. She turned around in surprise, thinking it was Juno. Instead, she saw Andrew's bright, smiling face. "What's wrong? Can't sleep?" ---- Nyx felt a little shy and also did not want to deal with him, so she snorted. "Why were you here? You should rest early.

It was an exhausting day for you." Andrew looked completely unconcerned. "That was all an act, as you well know. With my current physique, ordinary injuries heal almost immediately." Take the stab Nyx had given him before entering Abyss City, for example.

Although Andrew was still wrapped in bandages at the moment, the wound underneath had already healed. This abnormally fast recovery was due to Andrew now possessing both vampire and werewolf regeneration abilities.

Moreover, it was an upgraded version combining both powers. Ever since absorbing the werewolf heart and blood core, Andrew had become so powerful that even he was surprised by his own strength. Nyx said quietly, "I still remember what you did to me. Andrew, I really don't know whether I should teach you a lesson or not." Andrew looked a bit sheepish. "Alright, I knew you wouldn't let me off the hook. [Read complete version only at](#)

Nyx, if beating me up would make you feel better, then go ahead." Nyx turned her head and said coldly, "You're not thinking this is just talk and that I won't actually go through with it, are you?" ---- Andrew jumped onto the windowsill and sat beside her, speaking to himself, "I know you'd go through with it. At worst, after working hard all day, I'll get beaten up by you and then go to sleep feeling sad." Nyx was exasperated. "You're making it sound like you're the victim here. Was it really you who got the short end of the stick, and not me?" Andrew looked at her seriously.

"Nyx, I'll take responsibility for you." Nyx sneered. "Many men say the same thing after sleeping with a woman. But do you know what these scumbags are really thinking?" Andrew asked, "What?" Nyx replied, "They're thinking that after the first time, they want a second time. That way, the woman can keep satisfying their animalistic desires." Andrew thought, 'What the hell! He swore he really had not thought that far ahead. The night wind blew, carrying a slight chill. Nyx curled up her delicate body and could not help but shiver. ---- Andrew was a bit puzzled. "You can still feel cold?"

That doesn't make sense." As he spoke, he naturally reached out and pulled the beauty into his arms. Nyx was mortified with shame and embarrassment as she glared at him. "Andrew, how long have we even known each other? Do you think this is appropriate?"

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---- Chapter 2979 Andrew chuckled. At times like this, as long as he was shameless enough, he was invincible. He said, "Nyx, it's true that we haven't known each other long. The first time we met was in Holtrien. I still remember how arrogant you were back then, and how incredibly powerful you were too. Seeing me in such a pathetic state, not only did you not sympathize with me, you actually lectured me." Nyx let out a soft hum, seeming somewhat proud. "It's good to know you're self-aware! By the way, you really were pretty weak back then. Mr. Lloyd Senior and I went back home to rescue you. Newest update provided by find•novel.net

On his end, he was surrounded by so many powerful fighters from Holtrien. I originally wanted to help him, but he actually ordered me to go save you instead and not worry about him." She continued, "From that moment on, I really found you annoying. I often couldn't understand why you mattered so much. I just wanted Mr. Lloyd Senior to be safe. As for you, I didn't want to bother with you at all back then." Andrew smiled. "I understand, I get it completely. After all, you didn't know me well at that time. But what about now, Nyx?

Do you still think I'm useless and not worth it?" Nyx opened her mouth, wanting to say she still thought so. ---- However, under Andrew's gaze, her face flushed, and she turned away. "You're impressive now, and you really made others see you differently. I'll admit that. Compared to your freakish martial arts talent, what impresses me more is your mind. Since you started leading our Dragonfang, everything you've done has been beyond what I could have imagined. "Andrew, you're really amazing, truly. You have a natural leadership quality.

But still, you shouldn't have done that to me without my consent." Andrew felt a headache coming on and pressed his hand to his forehead. "Nyx, I'm truly sorry. Under those circumstances, I couldn't control myself." Nyx shook her head. "I know you tried your best to restrain yourself, it was the werewolf heart and the blood core that made you go wild. But Andrew, relationships between men and women aren't that simple. You've forcibly taken my body. How am I supposed to face people from now on?

Whenever I quiet down, I think about what you did to me!" Andrew fell silent for a moment, then said thoughtfully, "You don't need to feel anything about it, just be my woman. Unless, Nyx, there's someone else in your heart and you're unwilling?" Nyx opened her mouth, lowered her head, and mumbled quietly, " ---- There was nothing in my heart before. Only Dragonfang, only Mr. Lloyd Senior, and my companions. But then you came and disrupted everything. Originally, I just saw you as a younger brother, but you... You actually have those kinds of feelings for me.

I find it very strange!" Andrew could not help but wince internally. Nyx was really straightforward and innocent in her thinking. Then again, she was a fallen royal princess who had also suffered inhumane persecution. Besides being guarded, her heart was naturally just a blank slate. Andrew turned her delicate body to face him and said seriously, " Nyx, I like you and want to protect you! I know you're angry. I shouldn't have

forced myself on you. But I also know you don't hate me. Actually, deep down, you don't dislike what I did to you, do you?" Nyx grew indignant.

"You think you're so perfect that I'll willingly submit to you? So from now on, should I just spread my legs and let you in?"

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---- Chapter 2980 Andrew was speechless. "Look at you, don't get so worked up. Why are you saying such aggressive things? Can't we be a bit gentler, a bit more civilized? From now on, you won't need to spread your legs. I'll do it myself, okay?" Nyx flew into a rage. "Go to hell!" She raised her hand to slap Andrew's face, thinking that this bastard was really pushing his luck. However, Andrew caught her delicate hand in one swift motion. Nyx struggled fiercely a couple of times, but Andrew's strength was unbelievably strong, and he would not let her go. Instead, he suddenly pulled hard.

With a soft cry, Nyx tumbled into Andrew's arms, "Let go, you..." Her small mouth was immediately sealed by Andrew's. Andrew was quite aggressive, forcefully prying open her guarded lips. Then, his tongue slipped inside. Nyx's eyes widened, and gradually her whole body went weak and limp. She silently cursed at him, 'Damn it! Is he getting hooked on this?' ---- A full two minutes later, Andrew finally released her. Nyx gasped for breath, her ashen face now bright red, even her neck burning hot.

She was both ashamed and furious as she glared at Andrew, wanting to lash out but unable to truly do it. She wanted to give in, yet she was unwilling to do so. Andrew looked at her gently and said, "Nyx, I will keep every word I say. I wasn't joking with you, and I wasn't just after your body. I like you, and I'll take you back to Holtrien. These are my promises to you." Nyx froze, and her eyes slowly filled with emotion as she teared up. Andrew held her, and this time, Nyx did not resist.

He whispered, "Once things here are completely settled and once we find Dad, I'll take you back to Holtrien. Nyx, you've lost your home, but from now on, wherever I am, that's

your home. Trust me, Holtrien is a beautiful place. There, you'll meet many good people, and they'll all be your friends." Nyx looked at him with teary eyes. "Andrew, do you really like me? Or are you just looking for some fun and excitement in this boring, lonely, high-pressure life?" Andrew said firmly, "I like you very much." Nyx did not quite believe it.

"We've only known each other for ---- such a short time, and we don't understand each other in many ways. Aren't you just acting on impulse?" Andrew chuckled. "We don't need to know everything about each other. The woman Dad picked out for me won't be wrong." Nyx's face immediately flushed crimson. "Mr. Lloyd Senior is really something. I still don't know why he arranged things this way. Wasn't he afraid I'd end up killing you?" Andrew smiled. "Would you bear to do that?" Nyx snorted coldly. "Of course I would!" Andrew suddenly grabbed her breast and bit her earlobe. "Say that again...

Would you really bear to?" Nyx's delicate body instantly stiffened, becoming completely weak and powerless, almost pleading. "D-Don't do that!" Andrew smiled. "It's late. Sleep with me tonight." Ignoring her protests and refusals, Andrew carried her straight into the bedroom. That night, Nyx acted completely out of character and took the initiative. She then launched a full-on, relentless assault on Andrew. Andrew swore that feeling was truly intoxicating. It made him ---- genuinely want to live like this every single night, lost in endless pleasure.

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