

# Rising from the Ashes

## - Chapter 2981

### Chapter 2981

[ 732 words ]

---- Chapter 2981 As soon as dawn broke the next day, Prescott's men came to notify them that he wanted to see Andrew. Moreover, they emphasized that he would only see Andrew alone. Nyx refused to let Andrew go alone and insisted on accompanying him. However, Andrew told her to relax and that he would check out what kind of game Prescott was playing first. Standing on the city wall, Prescott smiled and said, "Andrew, you see it now, right? A scouting unit from the Cathedral has already appeared outside the city. Uncle Garal and I plan to take the initiative and strike first.

Instead of sitting back and letting the army fully gather, it's better to catch them off guard and seize the upper hand." Andrew nodded and replied, "That's an excellent idea." Prescott paused, clearly surprised by Andrew's reaction. He sneered and said, "Then, Andrew, this task will fall to you and your people. Don't worry. We'll send some troops to accompany you out of the city." Andrew showed a troubled expression. Seeing this, Prescott snorted. "Andrew, you're not refusing, are ---- you? Abyss City is small, and letting you all in has put Uncle Garal and me under a lot of pressure.

Don't you guys have a saying in Holtrien about taking up space without pulling your weight? If you and your people won't step up, then I'll be in a tough position here." Andrew suppressed a cold laugh and nodded repeatedly, "Your knowledge is truly extensive... You even understand our Holtrien sayings so well. Fine then, since you need us to step up, we'll step up for you. I just don't know whether you plan to take

credit for it yourself or let someone else have the glory?" Prescott flew into a rage but forcibly held it back. After all, he was the one who had embarrassed Andrew first.

He snorted and said, "Spare me your smart mouth and don't try that in front of me. I will be direct: I need you and your people to eliminate the Cathedral's forward force. Can you do it or not? Give me a straight answer." Andrew replied calmly, "Your Highness, you know I am still injured." Prescott sneered inwardly. Andrew being injured was perfect, as he wanted Andrew to die outside the city. He said, "Andrew, I truly sympathize with your situation. But you see, I have no better option.

You wouldn't expect me to personally lead troops for something this minor, would you?" --- Andrew knew this bastard would never let him off easily. So, he stopped wasting words and agreed directly. "Fine. I'll go outside the city to clear out the Cathedral's advance troops. But my people still need a few more days to recover. So I'll just lead Abyss City's warriors out instead." Prescott smiled. "That's no problem. Since you want to play the hero, I'll certainly fulfill that wish. However, Nyx will definitely be very worried about you. If you're not careful and something happens to you...

Have you thought about what Nyx will do afterward?" Looking at this guy's mocking expression, Andrew said flatly, "Of course I've thought about it. If something really does happen to me by accident... Nyx will take the child she and I have and return to Holtrien, never involving herself in worldly affairs again!" Prescott choked. "What did you say?" However, Andrew did not bother with him anymore and turned to descend from the city wall Prescott's fists slowly clenched tight, his face turning grim. He knew Andrew was deliberately provoking him, but he still could not believe his nerve.

If it were not for the fact that Dragonfang still had value and that he did not want to completely burn the bridge with Nyx, Prescott would not mind turning around right now to take Andrew's head and throw it down from Abyss City. --- Soon, the city gates opened. Andrew led a few dozen men out of the city to clear Cathedral's advance troops

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## Chapter 2982

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---- Chapter 2982 These few dozen men were all slaves from Abyss City, and they could not even be called warriors. Every single one had dull, empty eyes, quietly waiting for death. Andrew walked ahead, his expression dark and unreadable. He could not save everyone's fate, but as long as he took down Abyss City, he would order all the slaves within the city to be set free. Nyx and the others climbed up onto the city wall. There, they saw that Andrew, leading just a handful of men, had already encountered Cathedral's forces.

"Your Highness, isn't this going a bit too far?" Franz asked in a deep voice, clearly angry. Prescott said flatly, "If you're not happy about it, you can go join him. Franz said nothing more. This made Prescott sneer, thinking Franz had gotten scared. Looking at Nyx, he smiled and asked, "What? Worried now? Nyx kept her cold gaze fixed on Andrew and shook her head. " No. Andrew will be fine." ---- Prescott felt a bit irritated, "How can you be so sure?

The Cathedral's small advance unit may not have many people, but Andrew's group is even weaker." Nyx replied coldly, "At least he has the courage and the sense of responsibility. It's much better than certain people who cower behind the city walls, putting on a show." Prescott's face darkened, "Nyx, don't get too cocky. I'm not doing this to target Andrew. I need him to probe the Cathedral's strengths and weaknesses. You're all sheltering in Abyss City, and you should at least do something to pull your weight." Nyx said flatly, "I never said we wouldn't do anything.

Anyway, watch closely and see how Andrew carries out your orders." Prescott's eyes darkened. He was waiting to see if Andrew could even make it back. However, his eyes gradually widened in shock. The dozen or so slaves from Abyss City had already been shot down without making a single wave. Yet, Andrew was still fighting. His greatsword swept in all directions, using a fighting style that traded injury for injury. The Cathedral's three squads, over 60 men in total, were all elite fighters. Even so, they were not all attacking together but taking turns engaging Andrew in combat.

---- Prescott immediately recognized what was happening. These hypocrites from the Cathedral, relying on their numbers, did not want to gang up on one person, so they were playing this pointless game. However, this gave Andrew a chance to survive! One by one, the Cathedral's warriors fell. Andrew looked like he was barely standing, yet he simply would not fall. Prescott saw that Andrew had taken over a dozen wounds from Cathedral elites. Even so, he was still standing. More than 20 Cathedral warriors were already dead, and Andrew was still holding on.

Prescott's expression had become extremely ugly. Nyx said firmly, "Prince Prescott, you should open the gates and let Andrew return." Prescott snorted. "Wait a little longer. Wait, what is he doing?" Suddenly, Prescott noticed Andrew doing something to the bodies of the fallen Cathedral warriors. With his greatsword, he methodically hacked apart each corpse. At first, the Cathedral's remaining warriors were just filled with ---- righteous anger, and all rushed forward. However, Andrew withstood them again and continued desecrating the Cathedral warriors' corpses.

Then, it triggered a chain reaction. At the edge of the horizon, a white tide began surging toward Abyss City. The Cathedral's Vindicators, without warning, began advancing with overwhelming momentum. Prescott slammed his fist on the battlement and shouted, " Damn it! Someone notified Governor Garal that the Cathedral's main army is suddenly mobilizing! The great battle may break out early; all troops on standby!" After giving the order, he spun around abruptly to face the Dragonfang group.

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## Chapter 2983

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---- Chapter 2983 Prescott shouted, "You all saw that, right? This idiot actually trashed the corpses of the Cathedral's fallen warriors. To the faithful of Lomuia Grand Cathedral, such an act is a deep blasphemy. This moron just provoked Cathedral's entire army." Knox shrugged, looking innocent. "Andrew doesn't know that. You saw it yourself. He was being beaten back by the Cathedral's warriors, completely overwhelmed. If he didn't do something to hit back, wouldn't he have died for nothing?" Prescott roared, "Shut up!

All of you from Dragonfang, prepare immediately to participate in Abyss City's defense. If I catch anyone slacking off, playing tricks, or deserting during battle, I'll execute them on the spot without question!" Meanwhile, outside the city. Andrew appeared to be barely holding on, stumbling as he fled back toward Abyss City. In reality, a cold smile curled at the corner of his lips. He had not wanted to antagonize the Cathedral too deeply. However, the moment the battle started, the Cathedral fighters had ignored the slaves entirely and shot them down without hesitation.

That cruelty made Andrew see the Cathedral army for what it ---- truly was. As a result, his anger flared, and his methods became ruthless. After suffering losses, the Cathedral vanguard had not intended to advance the main force. After all, Abyss City was not an easy target to take on. However, Andrew's next actions completely enraged the

Cathedral's army watching from afar. Those holy warriors had died on the battlefield to spread the glory of their Lord. That was supposed to be an honorable death, and their souls were meant to ascend to heaven.

Yet now, this devil had not only killed them but also desecrated their bodies. According to Lomuia Grand Cathedral's doctrine, warriors treated this way could not ascend to heaven after death. Andrew's action instantly added fuel to the fire. The Cathedral's army in the distance erupted in fury and prematurely launched a siege on Abyss City. Andrew arrived at the city gates and demanded entry, but Prescott looked down at him coldly from above, meeting each other's gaze. One face was expressionless, while the other burned with rage. In the end, Prescott gave the order to open the gates.

He thought, 'Originally, I wanted to just watch you die out there. But your miserable life still has some use. If I killed you, ---- Dragonfang's members wouldn't serve me. So I'll spare your life for now. Of course, only temporarily. Once the Cathedral's army retreats, I'll make sure you're dead. If not, I won't deserve to be the heir of the Ludendorff family!' Then, Prescott watched as Dragonfang members helped Andrew away to treat his wounds. What Prescott did not see was that once Andrew returned to his quarters, his wounds visibly healed. Within minutes, he was completely fine.

Such a terrifying and unbelievable recovery meant only one thing: Andrew had already become a martial god. Moreover, he was not just any martial god, but an unprecedented, peerless one. Amid violent tremors, Abyss City's massive cannons fired toward the outside. Shells roared out one after another. Outside the city, the Cathedral army halted. Blazing orbs of holy light rose into the sky and shattered the incoming shells midair. The great battle finally erupted! Inside the city, Andrew sat back with a wide grin.

He then said to the Dragonfang members, "Abyss City will soon be ours." Dragonfang's morale surged. They had cast the line for so long, ---- and now it was finally time to reel in the big catch.

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