

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

- Chapter 2984

Chapter 2984

[726 words]

---- Chapter 2984. After a dense exchange of artillery fire, the brutal siege officially began. The Cathedral's white-clad army, elite among elites, launched a ferocious assault on Abyss City's main gate. At the rear, Kass was nowhere to be seen. However, two of the 12 Angels of the Cathedral were clearly hidden within the ranks. This sent a clear signal that, among the top-tier powers sent to suppress the Outlands, Kass and Mephiston were not the only ones. On the towering walls of Abyss City, Garal withdrew his gaze. He then turned toward Prescott, his face dark with anger.

He growled, "You've made me very angry, you know that?" Prescott gritted his teeth, "I didn't expect that damn Andrew would provoke the Cathedral's entire army either. Originally, I just wanted to force him out of the city to clear the vanguard and conveniently let him die on the battlefield. But who would've thought he'd be so lucky and have such audacity?" Garal waved his hand, saying dismissively, "Forget it. This battle was coming sooner or later anyway. As long as Kass doesn't make a move, Abyss City will be fine.

If he does intervene, then I ---- have no choice but to face him head-on, When that happens, the responsibility of defending the city will fall to you." Prescott snorted. "Don't

worry, Uncle Garal. Your concerns are completely unnecessary. With me here assisting you, unless Mephiston himself takes action, the Cathedral won't lay a finger on Abyss City." Garal nodded slowly, "In theory, you're right. At least we have two martial gods and won't fear Kass alone. Moreover, this is our home turf. But in all things, we must fear unexpected complications." Prescott sneered.

"The advantage is ours, no matter how you look at it. Besides, I haven't even deployed Dragonfang's people yet. Soon, I'll order them to hold the front line. If they can't manage it, then I'm sorry, but don't blame me for being ruthless." Garal neither agreed nor objected, effectively giving silent consent. Although he found Prescott's fixation on Nyx distasteful and beneath the dignity of the Ludendorff heir, he fully supported using Dragonfang as expendable shields for Abyss City. War was cruel, and on the battlefield, the only goal was victory.

As for how many people died or who were sent to their deaths in the process, Garal did not care. Abyss City had 20,000 people from the Ludendorff family, and ---- more than half of them were slaves. If pushed to the extreme, Garal would not hesitate to launch suicide attacks. To him, these slaves were no better than livestock, and he would not feel the slightest remorse sending them to their deaths. The Cathedral's strength, after all, was limited, especially while spread thin across the Outlands.

As long as they could withstand the brutal initial assault, Abyss City would continue to stand firm. Then, Garal would continue to be the undefeated pillar and regional lord of the Ludendorff family "The timing is right," Prescott said with a vicious grin. "Someone, inform Dragonfang. Abyss City needs them to prove their worth. All Dragonfang members will be stationed at the city gate. Anyone who retreats will be executed." The fighting at the city gate was the most brutal of all since the Cathedral focused its main assault directly on that point.

Prescott's order clearly forced Dragonfang to bear the heaviest burden for Abyss City. Because of this, Andrew immediately went up to the wall to confront Prescott. Andrew said coldly, "I don't think Dragonfang should be stationed at the city gate. The city gate already has Abyss City troops, and Dragonfang would be more effective elsewhere." ---- Prescott replied calmly, "Andrew, let me give you another Holtrien saying: when you live under someone else's roof, you follow their rules. I'm the one in charge of Abyss City, not you.

So Dragonfang will obey orders." Andrew said coldly, "You are deliberately sending Dragonfang to their deaths, aren't you?"

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Chapter 2985

[727 words]

---- Chapter 2985 Andrew said, "Wouldn't it be better if Dragonfang's skilled fighters harassed the battlefield from other positions?" Prescott sneered, "Yes, Dragonfang's skilled fighters harassing from other positions would indeed disrupt Cathedral's assault more effectively. However, your earlier performance really upset me. So as punishment, you'll take your people and guard the city gates for me. You'll do that until I'm satisfied." Andrew turned and left the wall with a bitter expression.

In truth, the moment he turned away, the mockery and killing intent in his eyes surged to their peak. Originally, Andrew had wondered if taking Abyss City should be done more gently. He had even thought about sparing the Ludendorff family from excessive damage. Now, he realized that the idea had been far too naive. People like Prescott, born into the Ludendorff family, were ruthless and cruel to the core. Just the fact that he had ordered slaves to be used as human shields and sent to their death was enough. In Andrew's heart, Prescott had already been placed on the death list.

---- Prescott deliberately forcing Dragonfang's elites to defend the city gate was no different from treating them like expendable animals. Since that was the case, Andrew had even more reason to take Abyss City by force. "Nyx, if you wish, you can stay on the wall with me," Prescott suddenly said with a smile. Nyx stood beside Andrew and replied calmly, "No. I choose to stay with my companions." Prescott's expression

darkened. "The city gate does not care who you are. Death is routine there, so think carefully." Nyx smiled faintly.

"Even if I die, dying alongside the people I care about would leave no regrets." Jealousy nearly boiled over in Prescott's eyes. This woman truly did not know what was good for her. Andrew ordered quickly, "Petra, Mr. Hearst, you two take the front. Juno and Nyx, your task is to support them from the sides. If they are in danger, you intervene immediately. If they are not, preserve your strength as much as possible." Juno frowned. "But what if it becomes obvious? Besides, we still have to hold the gate." Andrew lifted his head and glanced at Garal and Prescott ---- standing high on the wall.

Then, he said flatly, "The gate matters, but the lives of my friends and partners matter more. The Cathedral's assault is fiercer than I expected. If the line truly can't hold, then you fall back." "Remember: I want you alive, not dying pointlessly for someone else," he added firmly. The group fell silent. Andrew continued, "Knox, it is time to use your strengths. Be ready to reinforce them at any moment. You're a support-type martial god, so don't disappoint me." Knox dropped his usual grin and answered seriously, "Don't worry. Right now, you really look like Mr. Lloyd Senior.

From the heart, I respect you as our leader." Franz let out a sigh and said warmly, "Andrew, you have grown faster than I imagined. When you truly put Dragonfang in your heart, everyone will truly see you as their leader." Andrew said nothing more. This was not the time for sentiment. With a wave of his hand, Petra and Franz charged straight to the front line at the city gate, blocking the Cathedral's most brutal first assault. Petra, a descendant of giants, wielded a massive war hammer with overwhelming strength. In his other hand, he carried a ---- towering shield nearly as tall as a man.

Franz was fully armed from head to toe, braced like a living fortress. This battle would weigh heavily on everyone. But if they endured, dawn would follow. Admiration and affection rippled through Nyx's eyes. Without realizing it, this proud woman had already been completely captured by Andrew, both body and soul. When facing pressure and danger, he stayed calm, decisive, and unshaken. That presence, always standing at the front, never retreating and never fearing, left her deeply moved and utterly convinced.

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Chapter 2986

[797 words]

---- Chapter 2986 In the distance, the Cathedral's army command center was set up in a massive white tent. Kass was bare-chested, his muscular frame clearly defined. However, at this moment, he still bore significant injuries. His battle with Viktor had taken its toll. Moreover, using the Cathedral's sacred relic, the Sacred Scripture, also came at a cost. "Why is our progress so much slower than at Storm City?" Watching the battlefield, especially the city gates of Abyss City that refused to fall, Kass paced back and forth, growing increasingly agitated.

When they had attacked Storm City, they had not faced such strong resistance. Of the 12 angels, two were currently present in the tent. One of them wore white robes, his handsome face forever bearing a charming smile. He asked, "Should we intervene?" Beside him, a massive figure rumbled in agreement, "Give the order." It was one of the Twelve Angels, the Angel of Might. Within the Cathedral, Cardinals ranked lower than Angels in ---- status. However, in terms of actual authority, things were different.

The 12 angels served the Pope and the Lord directly and were considered the closest to the Pope. Their status was naturally higher. However, military campaigns, administration, and the care of believers were mainly handled by the Cardinals. Therefore, the position of battlefield commander fell upon Kass. "Wait a little longer and observe," Kass said. Though known for his toughness, he was also prone to impatience. Still, he restrained himself for now and chose to wait. Yet at Abyss City's gates, aside from corpses continuing to pile up, there was still no sign of the gates being breached.

This gradually transformed Kass' irritation into rage and anxiety. The Angel of Might, the massive figure, was also losing patience. "Kass, our men are dying out there. If you don't give the order, then I'll act on my own. These blasphemers deserve to burn in hell!" Kass replied in a deep voice, "Makhaylus, wait a bit longer!" Makhaylus Wells roared, "What are we waiting for?"

"If His Excellency Mephiston finds out you've been this negligent, you'll be punished for sure when we return!" Kass remained unmoved, simply removing the bandages from --- his body one by one. The Power Angel froze, "What are you doing?" Kass placed the Sacred Scripture from the desk close to his chest. Then, put on a brand-new crimson robe. After that, he glanced at Makhaylus and said flatly, "I'll join you in the attack. The Lord's warriors are not alone. At least on the road to death, I'll accompany them."

"In the valley of darkness, the Lord will not abandon His people, and I shall not abandon my brothers in arms!" Makhaylus placed his hand over his chest and bowed respectfully, "Archbishop Kass, you have earned my respect!" The Cherub beside them, Lysander Pierce, said lazily, "Can we finally move now? I heard Prescott Ludendorff is in Abyss City! I'll personally test him." Shortly after, three powerful auras simultaneously rose from the horizon. Kass, as the strongest and the commander of the Cathedral's entire army, held the Sacred Scripture and slowly ascended into the sky.

Garal noticed this and frowned deeply in alarm. Meanwhile, Makhaylus and Lysander, two formidable warriors, split up. One of them headed straight for the gates, and the

other charged toward Prescott on the walls. ---- The latter let out a long laugh, "Prince Prescott, you're such a coward! The glory of the Ludendorff family is not defended this way." Prescott sneered. "I was wondering who it was. It turns out to be the Pope's pretty boy. Lysander. You are not my match. If you don't get lost, I won't hesitate to kill you." Lysander's white robe flapped violently in the wind.

"Prince Prescott, my Lord's light will cleanse your sinful life." With that, he slammed into Abyss City's massive wall. Prescott was both shocked and furious. "You bastard! You're asking for death!" He leaped down from the wall, and the two clashed in midair. At the city gate, Makhaylus charged forward like a battering ram. He collided head-on with Petra. Both were towering figures over two meters tall, glaring at each other, both relying on raw strength. With a dull crash, Petra was forced several steps back.

Meanwhile, Makhaylus' eyes went wide as he raised his right hand, forming a massive palm strike aimed straight at the city gate.

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Chapter 2987

[874 words]

---- Chapter 2987 Franz snorted coldly, then swung his longsword down with full force. However, Makhaylus' physical body was unbelievably hard. With a dull crash, the blade was knocked flying, while Makhaylus himself remained completely unharmed. Makhaylus' terrifying strength was about to slam into the city gate. Yet Andrew, standing at the rear, still rested his hand on his sword and did not move, as if he had not even noticed Makhaylus approaching. It was as though the danger did not exist to him at all. A flicker of dark light flashed across the battlefield again and again.

Then, Nyx's dagger lightly swept across the back of Makhaylus' neck. Makhaylus' once-indestructible body suddenly erupted with a burst of white radiance. He let out a shocked roar and no longer dared to attack the gate, instead spinning around with fear written all over his face. "Dragonfang assassin, Nyx?" He retreated three full steps, pulling back into the center of the Cathedral's army before he finally felt safe. Nyx landed in front of the city gate like a ghost and stared coldly ---- at Makhaylus.

Petra stepped forward to reinforce the defense, joining Franz to hold back the Cathedral army's assault. Makhaylus, furious but restrained by fear, could only glare in rage and

no longer dared to approach the gate. In the air above, Kass began to pray. The scripture in his hands glowed white as the pages turned one by one. Garal knew he could not let Kass complete that damned chant. The Cathedral's power was nothing to take lightly, and no one wanted to face it head-on. So, Garal made a split-second decision and charged across the sky, swinging his battle axe straight at Kass.

Kass calmly lifted his eyes and glanced at Garal. He was already done praying, and a massive burst of holy light exploded from his body. Garal felt as if a charging prehistoric mammoth had smashed into his chest. He grunted as he was blasted backward, axe and all, crashing onto the city wall. Although he was not injured, his blood churned violently inside 'That was close!' Garal silently cursed. If Kass had not been severely wounded already, that one hit might have knocked him out of the fight completely. After all, ---- Garal himself could not even match Viktor.

Right now, his advantage was that he held the home field at Abyss City. Hence, he could afford to drag this out. However, Kass could not afford to, not with his injuries. Then again, he was famously fanatical and stubborn. Forcing himself to use the Sacred Scripture made him start bleeding from his wounds, but he began his chant once again. Garal roared, "Prescott!" Then, he launched himself forward again to interrupt Kass' prayer. The two powerful fighters battled in the air, light flashing wildly in all directions. Garal's battle axe came crashing down again and again, but it was useless.

Moreover, the contempt in Kass' eyes made him furious beyond measure. Only now did Garal truly understand how terrifying the Cathedral's elite really were. If Kass was already this dangerous, then what about Mephiston? That man alone could probably shatter Abyss City in a single blow. Garal could only grit his teeth and hold on. Soon, he began bleeding from his wounds, and his battle axe started to crack. ---- When Prescott heard Garal's roar, his composure and arrogance vanished Lysander had been tangling with him the whole time.

Though he had not gained the upper hand, Prescott was still the one on the offensive. Lysander was cunning and clever, always maintaining an invincible position. Prescott knew that in the short term, he absolutely could not break free. Meanwhile, Garal clearly needed reinforcement. "Nyx, get up there now and help Governor Garal!" Prescott bellowed down below. However, Nyx remained motionless. Prescott erupted in fury.

"Nyx, if you just stand by and watch Abyss City fall, I guarantee every single member of Dragonfang will be skinned alive by the Ludendorff family!" This time, Nyx responded, her tone as cold as ice. "Is that so, Prince Prescott? You should probably worry about your own situation first. Without us, Abyss City would fall in an instant. If you keep threatening us, maybe we'll just abandon the city and leave." Prescott was fuming, silently cursing, 'That damn bitch! ---- Once this wave was over, he would personally carve Andrew apart piece by piece.

At that time, he would see whether this bitch would beg for mercy. His heart burned with venomous hatred. In that moment of distraction, Lysander seized the opening and

struck him across the face. Half of Prescott's face was instantly covered in blood. The injury was minor, but the humiliation was overwhelming. With a furious roar, he could no longer spare any attention for Garal and instead chased Lysander down, unleashing a storm of savage blows.

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Chapter 2988

[739 words]

---- Chapter 2988 "The Lord said that those who remained stubborn and refused to repent would eventually..." In the air above the battlefield, Kass' prayer suddenly halted. He opened his mouth, and a mouthful of fresh blood burst out. Both Lysander and Makhaylus sensed it simultaneously. Their expressions changed instantly as they realized Kass' injuries had finally flared up, revealing the consequences of forcing himself onto the battlefield. "Makhaylus, let's return to the archbishop's side," Lysander ordered coldly.

Although they were both among the Cathedral's 12 angels, his rank was higher than that of Makhaylus' Even though Lysander looked no older than 18, his true age was, already close to 100. Makhaylus charged across the battlefield with heavy strides, quickly moving to support Kass. Garal gripped his broken battle axe, initially wanting to pursue. However, he himself had already been thoroughly intimidated by Kass' power. With fear in his heart, he chose the conservative approach. He would retreat back to the city wall and secure their victory first.

---- Lysander shouted his orders, "Warriors of the Light, fall back!" Below Abyss City, the white-armored soldiers immediately withdrew in an orderly formation. Garal's face darkened as he roared, "Attack! Don't let them leave so easily!" Unfortunately, Abyss City's warriors had suffered heavy casualties, and the remaining slaves had absolutely no combat training whatsoever. Therefore, no one went in pursuit. This made Garal absolutely furious, and he bellowed at the Dragonfang members, "All of you from Dragonfang, are you deaf? I'm ordering you to attack. Spare nothing!

Even if you die in battle, you will chase them down!" Juno, Petra, and the others' faces darkened. However, their ingrained discipline kept them silent. Instead, they looked toward Andrew in unison and waited for his command. If Andrew said chase, they would chase. If he told them not to, then they would not. Blood was still pouring from Petra's

body. This towering brute had contributed the most while defending the city gate, and in several places, bone was clearly visible. His injuries were severe. Yet the humiliation burned even deeper.

Being ordered around ---- like this by Abyss City was something mercenaries like them could not tolerate. If Andrew had not repeatedly restrained them, they would have lashed out already. At that moment, Lysander, who had been tangled in combat with Prescott, also actively withdrew from the battlefield. Prescott's expression soured as he prepared to pursue. Garal called out, "Prescott, let it go. Look at the bigger picture. At least we won this first round." Prescott let out a feral grin and landed back on the city wall. He waved at Andrew below, his face twisted with cruelty.

"Andrew, get up here. I have something to say to you. No, not just you. All of Dragonfang, get up here. Today, I will teach you what it means when military orders are absolute, and obedience comes first." Andrew remained calm as he led Dragonfang up onto the wall. Prescott's fury exploded as he strode forward, his finger nearly poking Andrew in the face. He growled, "Why did you not follow my orders just now? Why did you not strike together with Governor Garal and surround Kass? You had such a perfect opportunity, and you threw it away.

Do you think I don't have the guts to kill you?" He looked like he wanted to devour someone alive. ---- Garal frowned slightly but said nothing. He could understand Prescott's anger because he also felt that Dragonfang deserved a lesson. During the earlier clash, Dragonfang had clearly held back and had not fought to the death, which was something he could not accept. Prescott roared again, "Answer me!" Andrew suddenly smiled. "Are you done talking?" Prescott froze, his eyes narrowing dangerously, filled with violent intent. "Little punk, do you really think I wouldn't dare to kill you?

I might as well tell you this. Without Reginald holding the line, Dragonfang only has Nyx, who is truly dangerous. As for you and the rest, in my eyes, you are nothing but trash."

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Chapter 2989

[769 words]

---- Chapter 2989 Prescott sneered. "Now, get on your knees before me, or I'll take your head and let Dragonfang learn who the true master of Abyss City is." Petra, Juno, and Knox could no longer take it. However, before they could make a move, Andrew raised his hand and stopped them. He laughed and said, "Don't get worked up. After all, Prince Prescott is absolutely right. He's indeed the master of Abyss City, but only until this very moment." Andrew's words caught Prescott off guard. He thought Andrew was acting far too defiant, almost rebellious.

Did Andrew truly believe he would not dare to touch him? Suddenly, the greatsword in Andrew's hand trembled violently. Then, Godslayer, rarely fully drawn by Andrew, was completely unsheathed. Dark crimson energy swirled around it like a tornado. Prescott's expression changed drastically. "You.." Andrew's first strike did not go toward Prescott. Instead, it cut toward Garal, who was not far away. ---- Garal roared and raised his battle axe to block. The result was instant, as the axe shattered into fragments.

However, the sword force Andrew unleashed did not slow at all and slammed straight into Garal's shoulder. In a single blow, half of Garal's body was severed. After that, the violent sword energy exploded across the city wall like a thunderbolt. Even the retreating Cathedral army froze in shock. Makhaylus and Lysander both stared dumbfounded toward the top of Abyss City's wall. One muttered, "Blood energy of a vampire?

The frenzy of a werewolf?" Another asked, "Could there be a powerful dark race hidden within Abyss City?" However, the smarter, higher-ranking Lysander immediately shook his head in denial. He said, "No, this is not just the aura of werewolves and vampires. It feels more like their progenitor, an ancient existence that commanded both clans." Those words sent a chill through Makhaylus, leaving him stunned. He could not help but wonder if the progenitors of the Dark Clans truly appeared. If so, Mephiston would surely be aware of this.

---- On the city wall of Abyss City, Prescott proved why he was the heir of the Ludendorff family and a true martial god. The instant Andrew struck, Prescott reacted. At close range, he threw a punch straight toward Andrew's head, intending to blow it apart. Yet, Nyx was already prepared. The moment Prescott moved, she struck as well. Her blue-lit dagger turned into a streak of light aimed at Prescott's heart. However, Andrew was even faster. After cutting Garal, he did not even glance over. Instead, he instantly turned to face Prescott.

Andrew's eyes were black and red, and a savage, bloodthirsty, and ancient aura surged violently from his body. Facing Prescott, Andrew revealed a deep, feral grin. "Insect." He spat that word with ultimate contempt. Prescott's punch stopped inches from Andrew's face. Invisible yet overwhelming power collided and held the blow in place. Prescott's face turned pale. "H-How is this possible?" The Godslayer in Andrew's hand swept upward from below in another wild strike. Like a massive beam of light, it toppled toward Prescott. The latter roared and met this enormous sword pillar head-on.

---- The price was a violent spray of blood as he screamed and was sent flying off the city wall. "Nyx, you stay here!" Nyx had been about to pursue and finish off Prescott while she had the chance. However, Andrew was faster than she was and ordered her not to. He was already charging down the towering wall with his greatsword. His entire body dove head-first with legs trailing behind. In an instant, he caught up to Prescott. "Die!" At this life-or-death moment, Prescott erupted with intense killing intent. He attacked again, striking at Andrew. Yet, he hit nothing but air.

Andrew's figure was not in front of him at all! Only a massive hole he had blasted in the city wall remained. "Itold you, you're just an insect." Andrew's icy voice seemed to rise from the depths of hell He added, "Did you really think we came to Abyss City begging for your shelter? No, you're wrong. What we want isn't just shelter. What we want is to turn the tables and become the masters. Abyss City is getting a new owner!"

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Chapter 2990

[766 words]

---- Chapter 2990 Prescott was fuming with rage, realizing that he was set up. Everything had been an act, staged by Andrew for both him and Garal. "The Ludendorff family will make sure you die without a grave!" Prescott roared again in fury. He could only see afterimages flashing wildly before his eyes He curled his body defensively, constantly changing direction mid-air. Yet, it was useless. Andrew was like a parasite, appearing at his side no matter where he moved. Behind his neck, above his head, and even below him, Andrew was always there. Prescott broke out in a cold sweat.

He thought Andrew was too strong, so strong that Prescott could not even track his movements. It was simply impossible. Prescott had only ever felt this kind of terror when facing Raiden, and that had been more than 20 years ago. Back then, he had not yet become a martial god and had not yet reached his peak state. ---- Now, he was at the peak of his life, yet that same horrifying feeling had returned, Prescott knew it was not that he had grown weaker. It was because this lunatic stood on a level that completely crushed him. A burning pain flared along the left side of his body.

The attack had not landed yet, but his martial god instincts screamed that a fatal strike was coming from the left. Without hesitation, Prescott turned and faced left. Between his hands, a massive storm of energy gathered and was shoved forward with all his

strength. Once again, he hit nothing, as if striking empty air. With a sharp hiss, a greatsword punched through from behind. It pierced straight through Prescott's chest and emerged from the front. The reddened blade seemed to carry terrifying heat. Prescott smelled his own blood being scorched.

His throat released a choking, gurgling sound as blood flooded out. Bloody foam spilled endlessly from the corner of his mouth. In that instant, Prescott felt death calling for him. His scalp tightened in despair as he realized Andrew had grabbed him by the hair. As if he weighed nothing, he was lifted straight into the air. ---- Godslayer was slowly drawn out of Prescott's chest, inch by inch. With every inch pulled free, his face twisted in unbearable agony. It felt like the cruelest torture imaginable, yet he could not even scream.

On the city wall, Nyx and the others were stunned into silence. Knox felt his scalp tingle as he muttered, "How could he... be this strong?" They were Andrew's partners and comrades. Yet, the power he displayed now, along with the overwhelming darkness pouring from him, filled every one of them with fear. On the wall were also the defenders of Abyss City. Several of Garal's trusted officers were there as well. Now, their legs trembled uncontrollably. Andrew merely swept them with a cold glance.

However, the crushing pressure of a true superior forced those officers to their knees, shaking in terror. Below the wall, the half-dead Garal struggled to his feet with what little strength he had left. What he saw were two figures suspended in midair. One was being held by the head, writhing in agony. Meanwhile, the other stood cold and composed, his aura so overwhelming it made the scalp prickle. ---- "Prescott! Garal exclaimed, then let out a broken laugh in despair. He threw up another mouthful of blood and collapsed to his knees.

He could not understand how things had spiraled into this outcome. How had Andrew suddenly transformed so drastically, becoming so terrifyingly powerful? With his first move, Andrew had crippled him and blasted him off the city wall, nearly killing him. With his second, he had crushed Prescott, leaving him no chance to escape, and captured him with ease. Garal felt genuine fear, deep and instinctive. He was a famed powerhouse of the Ludendorff family and a ruler in his own right. Yet at this moment, he felt as fragile as a newborn. In the deathly silence, Andrew's voice rang out calmly.

"From this moment on, Abyss City is under Dragonfang's control. The city guards will remain at their posts. Anyone who resists or attempts to flee will die!"

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Chapter 2991

[764 words]

---- Chapter 2991 With Andrew's order, Franz, Juno, Petra, and Knox immediately sprang into action, moving first to control the key positions throughout Abyss City. At the very least, they needed to ensure the garrison troops at the city gates would not rebel. Nyx looked at Andrew and asked, "What about me?" Andrew replied, "Head to the city gate. If anyone makes a move, kill them on the spot." Nyx pressed urgently, "But what about you..." Before she could finish, Andrew cut her off. "Don't worry, everything is under my control." Nyx bit her lip and obediently went to carry out his orders.

At this moment, Andrew was cold-blooded and decisive, and even she felt somewhat awed by him. Subconsciously, she simply wanted to fulfill Andrew's commands. Carrying Prescott, Andrew landed on the city wall. Prescott was already barely alive. If Andrew had wanted to earlier, he could have completely crushed Prescott's heart. In that case, forget a mere martial god; even a vampire progenitor would have died on the spot. Of course, vampire ---- progenitors possessed terrifying regenerative bloodlines, while Prescott was ultimately just a mortal.

Especially now, without any need to hide, a martial god like Prescott was simply not worth the effort for Andrew to kill. "Y-You are vicious beyond belief," Prescott said in broken gasps. Terror had completely taken hold of him. "Even if you take Abyss City, you absolutely... absolutely will not be able to hold it." Andrew glanced at him indifferently. "If I were you, I would keep a lower profile, Do you really think it's hard for me to end your life?" Prescott's face turned ashen as his life force drained rapidly. He hated it.

He hated how Andrew had taken Abyss City so easily and toyed with both him and Garal. Yet, more than hatred, he felt fear. Andrew was monstrously strong, and Prescott could not muster even the slightest resistance. Leaning on his greatsword, Andrew stood alone at the highest point of the city wall. From there, he faced the distant Cathedral army that was watching closely. The Cathedral's side had definitely noticed what had just happened. This should have been the perfect moment for them to launch a ---- second assault.

Yet Andrew made no attempt to conceal the violent aura surging from his body. He was telling the Cathedral forces that they were free to attack, but they had better be prepared to die. In the end, the Cathedral's army did not seize the opportunity. The white-clad forces withdrew once more and regrouped in orderly ranks far outside the city. Andrew then had Franz assign trusted men to man the walls under strict lockdown.

Only after that did he grab Prescott and head down from the wall. When they reached the city gate, Andrew ordered the guards on both sides to open it.

A Ludendorff family officer with the rank of colonel stepped forward in fury. He shouted, "Dragonfang is playing with fire. Abyss City belongs to the great Ludendorff family. Even if you take it, you will eventually be wiped out by the Ludendorff family. A flash of cold light crossed Nyx's eyes as she moved to deal with him: However, Andrew stopped her and said flatly, "I'll handle this." He stepped up to the officer and looked him straight in the eye. "The era where the Ludendorff family ruled Abyss City is over. ---- You either swear loyalty, or you die.

Choose." The officer sneered with open contempt. "You are strong, and I am no match for you. You can kill me, but you cannot make me submit. I'll say it again, you should know when to stop. The anger of the Ludendorff family is not something you can bear. Prince Prescott carries the blood of the Ludendorff family, and you'll eventually..." Before he could finish. Andrew grabbed him by the throat and snapped it with a single motion. The officer's eyes widened as he died instantly, and Andrew casually tossed the corpse aside. The remaining guards were terrified to their core.

Even Nyx glanced at Andrew, not expecting him to be this cold. "Now," Andrew said calmly, "my words carry weight, do they not?"

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Chapter 2992

[776 words]

---- Chapter 2992 Even after killing someone, Andrew's expression remained calm as he looked at the remaining garrison troops. Immediately, they trembled as they rushed to open the city gates. Andrew carried Prescott and slowly walked out of the city. Not far away lay the half-dead Garal. His battle with Kass had already cost him dearly. Combined with Andrew's devastating blow, Garal was now clearly on the brink of death. Andrew tossed Prescott onto the ground and looked at Garal. "This time, I'll spare his life.

Take his broken body back to Throne City and tell that old bastard Raiden that from this day on, Abyss City belongs to Dragonfang. He can still send his armies to attack and try to retake Abyss City. But before that, I'll open the gates and hand the city over to the

Cathedral." He added, "I'm sure the great head of the Ludendorff family knows what to do." With that, Andrew turned around and returned to the city. The gates slammed shut once again, and Garal struggled over to pick Prescott up. The weight in his heart sank straight to the bottom.

Prescott was almost done for, but what crushed Garal even ---- more was the loss of the city, his city, falling just like that. No, it was not even taken by an enemy. He was the one who had allowed Dragonfang into the city and the one who had allowed Reginald's successor, a devil even more terrifying than Reginald, to enter Abyss City. He had invited the wolf inside, and he had only himself to blame. Garal wanted to laugh bitterly and rage, but his body would not allow it. At this moment, his strength was draining away by the second.

In the end, dragging his ruined body, he limped away with Prescott toward Throne City. This was the only thing he could do now, and it was also the only path left that might keep him alive. He wanted to fight and reclaim his city. However, Prescott was already finished, and as for himself, it was not just a severe injury. Even at his peak, he doubted he could survive a direct clash with that devil. On the city wall, Nyx watched as Garal disappeared into the distance.

She asked in a low voice, "Why did you let them go?" Andrew let out a breath and said, "Killing them outright would not have been difficult. But that would mean becoming locked in a fight to the death with the Ludendorff family. Prescott is not someone insignificant like Marshall, and at the very least, I can't ---- truly cripple that old bastard Raiden. "It's not that I fear him, but that doing so would be bad for Abyss City and bad for our current situation. Letting Prescott and Garal go is a message to Raiden.

With his cunning nature, he'll pretend this never happened and send someone to reconcile with me. But once he frees up his hands, he'll definitely come after Dragonfang." Nyx asked, "Then what do we do?" Andrew snorted coldly, his body radiating an air of dominance. What do we do? By the time the Ludendorff family gets around to it, we'll have secured our hold on Abyss City. At that point, I'll be calling the shots, and it'll be Raiden begging us.

Besides, with our current top-tier combat power, even if we can't afford an all- out war with the Ludendorff family, unless Raiden comes personally, no one can touch me! But Raiden can't afford to come fight personally. Not unless he wants to lose Throne City!" Nyx took a deep breath and said admiringly, "Andrew, thank goodness you're my friend and not my enemy. Otherwise, I'd definitely be terrified of you." Andrew smiled faintly, looking a little tired. "Nyx, I'm not just your friend. Or are you still not willing to admit I'm your man?" Nyx opened her mouth, about to deny it.

However, Andrew's actions flashed through her mind ---- This man had done so much for Dragonfang, and she had already submitted to him. So, why was she hesitating? Besides, the two of them had already become intimate. "Yes, you are my man, and I belong only to you," Nyx nodded shyly and said softly.

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Chapter 2993

[746 words]

---- Chapter 2993 In Throne City's City Hall, Prescott's broken body lay in the center. Several Ludendorff family elites were treating him, and among them was Alonzo, the family's second-in-command. Raiden sat in the head position with a blank face, saying nothing. Meanwhile, Cyril and Garal stood with their hands at their sides near the hall entrance, trembling. Half of Garal's body was still bleeding, his vision was already doubled, and he could pass out at any moment. Yet, Raiden said nothing and just sat there. So, Garal had no choice but to continue standing and awaiting orders.

He had no idea whether Raiden would order him to rest and receive treatment, or tell him to end his own life on the spot. After a long while, Alonzo and the others finished stabilizing Prescott. Alonzo turned to Raiden, his expression bitter as he said, "We managed to save his life, but... he's crippled." Raiden still did not say a word. The lavish hall was brightly lit, almost like daylight. ---- Yet at that moment, every member of the Ludendorff family felt as if they had fallen into an ice pit, as though they were standing in hell.

"Take him away," Raiden finally said, sounding as if he had sighed. After that, he looked at Garal and barked, "Garal, come forward!" Garal's heart trembled as he steeled himself and took a step forward. Then, he collapsed heavily to his knees. He had already been barely holding on, but Raiden's command snapped him back to alertness. His life or death would be decided right now. Raiden said calmly, "Speak. How exactly did we lose Abyss City? You had two martial gods defending the city. Inside, we had family garrison troops.

I simply can't imagine how things ended up like this." Garal's voice shook. "Your Excellency!" Before he could say more, a sharp explosion echoed through the hall. Raiden had crushed the crystal in his hand with his bare fingers. This crystal was Raiden's token, specifically used for transmitting orders. Yet, at this moment, everyone could see that Raiden was only calm on the surface. In reality, his rage was burning sky-high; his anger threatened to explode. ---- Alonzo said sternly, "Garal, you've betrayed the family's trust. You deserve death." Garal, kneeling on the floor, wept openly. "!

deserved death. Please grant me a swift one. This disaster is entirely my fault. If I hadn't let Dragonfang's people into the city, none of this would have happened." Raiden roared, "You do deserve to die. With Abyss City lost, Throne City has no protection! The Cathedral can march straight in and reach Throne City at any time." Garal trembled violently and no longer dared to speak, Alonzo said, "Keep going.

What exactly did Dragonfang do that was so unforgivable?" Garal immediately recounted everything, from how Andrew deceived both him and Prescott into entering Abyss City, then how Andrew staged a show of resisting the Cathedral's army, and finally, how, after withstanding the first wave of attacks and winning a major victory, Andrew suddenly turned on them, severely injuring Garal and throwing him off the walls, while nearly killing Prescott. "Wait," Alonzo interrupted, frowning deeply as he sneered.

"You said Andrew seriously injured both you and Prescott, two martial gods?" ---- He continued, "Garal, you're not a fool. You should know that shifting blame and making things up at a time like this is ridiculous. If not for your status as a family elder, you would have already been executed at Throne City's gates." Garal laughed bitterly. "Not a single word I said was false. That's exactly what happened. Andrew is now a genuine martial god. He's extremely patient, frighteningly sharp-minded, and bold beyond belief. No one expected he'd dare to seize Abyss City!

From his display of power then, I'm afraid..." Alonzo roared viciously, "Afraid of what?" Garal replied, "I'm afraid the family no longer has anyone who can control him. Unless you personally take action, Lord Alonzo, or Lord Raiden himself." Alonzo fell silent, and Raiden returned to his seasoned veteran's demeanor, revealing nothing.

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Chapter 2994

[860 words]

---- Chapter 2994 Cyril could not help but say, "It hasn't been that long. Breaking through to the martial god level would be impossible. How could this boy already be a martial god? And even if he is one, there's no way he could instantly take down both you and Prescott, Garal!" Garal shook his head. "If even half a word of what I've said is a lie, then Lord Raiden should execute me immediately!" Cyril was speechless. At a time like this, Garal absolutely would not dare fabricate lies. In other words, what he said was true, and Andrew had left the Ludendorff family completely helpless.

Raiden's exhale echoed throughout the entire hall. "His name is Andrew, right? Impressive... for a little insect who only just arrived in the Outlands not long ago. First, he killed Marshall, and now, he's seized the family's city and severely wounded two of our martial gods.

Even Prescott nearly died at his hands, only surviving because he showed mercy and let him return." He chuckled and added, "The Ludendorff family is the Kings of the Wastelands, a family equivalent to an entire nation, and we're being humiliated like this." ---- As he spoke, an explosive aura erupted from Raiden and swept outward like a violent storm. The entire hall immediately began to shake. Yet, Raiden's presence continued to rise without stopping. In the next moment, a massive vortex shot straight into the sky above Throne City. Alonzo cried out in alarm.

"Raiden, stop it." Raiden ignored him, and two piercing beams of cold light shot from his eyes, locking onto Garal. He growled, "You truly deserve to die. Even dying 10,000 times would not be enough. Not just you, but that useless Prescott as well. He throws all my teachings straight into the trash. All of you deserve to be cut apart piece by piece." He hissed, "But this time, I'll spare your lives, not out of mercy, but because the family needs manpower right now.

As for whether you live or die, I will decide after the Cathedral's army retreats." Garal was overwhelmed with gratitude and repeatedly slammed his head to the floor. "Thank you, my lord. Thank you for sparing my life." Raiden's aura surged back into his body like a tide being pulled in. ---- Narrowing his eyes, he said coldly, "I should immediately send troops to retake Abyss City and cut these traitors into a thousand pieces. But right now, the Cathedral is the Ludendorff family's greatest threat. And tonight, I must depart for the Deadlands.

"From what I can see, no one within the Ludendorff family is a match for this Andrew. I'm talking about his mind... This brat is cunning to such a degree that he slipped past everyone, taking the city with barely any effort. And once he takes it, he plants himself there like a king, impossible to challenge." With a cold laugh, Raiden's jaw clenched as he asked hatefully, "I imagine this punk didn't kill you two and let you return because he needed you to deliver some message to me, right?" Garal immediately replied, "He hopes the Ludendorff family will cooperate with him.

Otherwise, he'll abandon Abyss City and hand the city over to the Cathedral. Those were his exact words!" Alonzo exploded in fury. "He's going too far! He steals the Ludendorff family's city, kills our people, and then demands we cooperate with him? I'll go deal with him myself right now and wipe him out!" He could not hold back anymore, his face twisting with rage. Raiden barked, "Wait! Didn't you hear what he said? If we don't ---- cooperate, he'll hand the city over to the Cathedral! Idiot, do you want Abyss City to actually fall into the hands of the Cathedral?

If that happens, what about Throne City? Do we just abandon it?" The furious Alonzo immediately deflated. He clenched his jaw tight, wanting to curse but unable to get the

words out. Only his fists tighten with loud cracking sounds, as if they were about to burst. Raiden waved his hand coldly. "That settles it. Do as he says. Cooperate with him, and at least on the surface, we can't offend him. Abyss City must remain stable. No matter how bad things get, we absolutely cannot let the Cathedral easily take Abyss City. In short, we can't touch Andrew until I deal with him personally.

For now, let him strut around for a few days." The hall fell completely silent among the Ludendorff family members. They were facing such tremendous humiliation and loss, yet they had no way to respond. For centuries, the Ludendorff family had never suffered such a devastating blow. From this moment on, Andrew's name began to spread throughout the Outlands.

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Chapter 2995

[811 words]

---- Chapter 2995 The Deadlands was a special region within the Outlands. The place had long been shrouded in black radiation clouds, and it was perpetually dark and heavy. Nothing grew on the ground. As far as the eye could see, there were only pitch black mountains on the horizon, and all around them lay deathly silence and decay. At this moment, on the vast open plains, a violent gust of wind suddenly swept across the land. Several small beasts that had come out to forage squealed and tucked their tails, scrambling back toward their nests.

Agloved hand suddenly reached out of thin air and grabbed one of the small creatures. Once it fell into the man's grasp, the creature shrieked even more sharply and struggled desperately. "it's hard to imagine that something is still alive in a place this barren. But damn, it sure is ugly." Amid the mocking laughter, the owner of the hand crushed the creature's head in one squeeze. He then casually tossed the corpse aside as if nothing had happened. "Kyrie, why did you do that?" An angry female voice suddenly rang out. "You idiot, what do ---- you gain from killing it?

It was living just fine here, and you just crushed it. Are you sick?" The Holtrien four-person team. Valerie, Luna, Kyrie, and the final member, Marco Acosta, an old general. All four traveled light and were fully concealed. They had crossed thousands of miles from Holtrien to reach the Outlands. The reason was simple: the Veiled Paradise was about to open, and the Holtrien military could not afford to sit back and do nothing.

So, Philip gave the order for the four of them to head to the Deadlands, avoid Western forces as much as possible, and rendezvous with Holtrien's overseas leader, Reginald. The situation in the Outlands was currently extremely chaotic, and the flames of war had spread far and wide. For the Holtrien military, sending more soldiers was not necessarily better. A larger force would only make them easier to expose, which would lead to casualties. Because of that, Philip only sent four people.

Among them, his prized student, Luna, and fellow major general, Valerie, had strongly requested to carry out this mission. As for why, Philip understood perfectly well, as did anyone who knew the situation. Kyrie himself had not wanted to come because he was afraid of ---- dying. However, Philip's orders could not be refused, even by the Harding family. So after several days of travel, the four had reached deep into the Outlands and would soon arrive at their final destination: the Deadlands. Luna walked at the front, her entire body wrapped in robes.

It protected against the wind and sand while also serving as camouflage. She remained indifferent to Valerie and Kyrie's argument behind her. She just kept her head down and continued walking silently. Kyrie said angrily, "Valerie, you'd better watch your tone when you talk to me. I'm not your subordinate, I'm your equal. So please don't use that condescending, lecturing tone with me!" Valerie hissed, "Idiot!" Then, she quickened her pace to walk alongside Luna and asked, "Luna, what are you thinking about?" Luna said softly, "Nothing." Valerie snorted. "You can't fool me.

You're thinking about Andrew, wondering where he is, hoping to see him, right?" Luna fell silent for a moment, which counted as her acknowledgement. Valerie suddenly deflated. "Actually, I really want to see him too. But the Outlands is so vast, and no one knows where he is or ---- how he's doing." Kyrie huffed as he stepped forward and sneered, "The Outlands is already in chaos. The people from Lomuia Grand Cathedral are sweeping through the Wastelands, and even the Ludendorff family, Kings of the Wastelands, are retreating continuously.

You two have witnessed firsthand on this journey how brutal the war between the two sides is. We've had to take detours just to avoid it." Valerie said coldly, "You're building up to something. What's your point?" kyrie replied, "I don't mean anything by it, but I think the odds are against him. Or maybe he's already fled and is hiding somewhere." This time, Valerie was not the only one losing her temper. Even Luna suddenly stopped, looking agitated and furious as she said, "Shut up!" Valerie shouted as well, "Shut up!" Both women's gazes were ice-cold and vicious as they stared at Kyrie.

It looked like they were ready to attack him at any moment.

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Chapter 2996

[796 words]

---- Chapter 2996 Kyrie's face flushed red, and his anger flared. "So what, you want to lay a hand on me? We are supposed to be on a mission, and now you want to turn around and hurt one of your own?" Luna replied coldly, "Kyrie, if you keep running your mouth, I'll make sure you regret it, even if I get punished when we return home. Andrew is one of our own from Holtrien, and he's our country's hero. It seems like you can't wait for him to be dead. Ask yourself this. Are you even worthy of saying that?" All along the journey, Luna had been silent.

But now she suddenly erupted, saying so much at once, and every word carried sharp aggression. Kyrie was stunned on the spot. Marco gave a bitter smile. "General Turman asked me to come along precisely to keep the peace and stop the three of you from tearing each other apart. Come on now, don't be angry. We're all comrades." Luna took a deep breath and said solemnly, "General Acosta, I know. Just now, I got too emotional. I apologize." Then, she lowered her head and continued walking forward. Valerie, however, was not one to hold back like Luna.

---- She approached Kyrie and said with a threatening tone, "I know what you're thinking. You wish Andrew were dead, don't you?" Without waiting for Kyrie to respond, she continued in an icy voice. "You'd better pray nothing happens to my man. Otherwise, when I lose it, I won't care whether you're a fellow countryman or comrade. There's not a single decent person among the Harding family. Compared to Andrew, you're nothing. If that hurts your ego, that's just too bad." With that, she stared at Kyrie defiantly, as if to say she was ready to fight right then and there if he was not satisfied.

Kyrie roared, "Valerie, do you think I'm afraid of you?" The two of them were at each other's throats, but then they heard Luna's low voice from ahead. "Stop fighting! We're here!" The four of them reached the edge and saw the black plains suddenly tear downward like a cliff before them. A massive fissure stretched across the abyss below. Inside, instead of pitch darkness, a galaxy-like blue glow emanated from within. No one would have expected such a spectacular sight in this god-forsaken wasteland, and all four of them were stunned speechless, overwhelmed by the scene before them.

---- Someone asked, "Is this the place where our warriors once battled the Dark Clans in their final showdown?" "I heard this massive rift leads to an unknown dimension. And it was formed during the all-out battle between Holtrien's top elite and Dark Trinity: the Blood Queen, Lilith Bathory, the Werewolf Progenitor, and the Siren Emperor..." Luna pulled back her hood, revealing her striking face, her expression filled with awe. Valerie

also removed her head covering, her beautiful features sharp and focused, as she murmured, "This should be the place. The location Mr.

Lloyd Senior sent us to must be here." Marco suddenly spoke up, "Be careful. Someone is coming." The group was instantly alarmed. Along the entire journey, they had not encountered a single person. By all logic, with this much activity around the Deadlands, it made no sense that no one else would be here. If someone appeared now, it was far more likely to be an enemy than a friend. Luna whispered in a deep voice, "General Acosta, you stay at the back. If a fight breaks out, don't worry about us. Go find Mr.

Lloyd Senior first and follow his instructions." ---- Kyrie hurriedly said, "What about me? I will go too." Valerie said coldly, "If you are not a man, then go with him. Don't forget why we are here." Kyrie looked ashamed but steeled himself and stared toward the side. A hazy figure was rapidly approaching. Soon, it arrived before the four of them. This person was also completely covered in protective gear. He looked at Luna, Valerie, and the others for a long moment. Then, he slowly pulled back his head covering. He revealed a chiseled, slightly tanned face.

"Luna, Valerie." He greeted them with a smile. Valerie exclaimed in surprise, "Conrad!" Luna's expression was complicated as she stepped forward to embrace him. "Conrad, it's been so long. Are you doing well?"

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Chapter 2997

[630 words]

---- Chapter 2997 The feeling of meeting an old friend in a foreign land was hard to put into words. For Luna and the other three, it brought both relief and quiet excitement. Valerie asked, "Conrad, what are you doing here? And where is Mr. Lloyd Senior?" Conrad had a buzz cut and looked sharp and capable. He no longer resembled the pampered scion of the Cunningham family from before. He replied, "Mr. Lloyd Senior is currently working with other major figures to open the passage into the Veiled Paradise.

He can't step away, so he ordered me to come meet you." The four of them were instantly energized. Kyrie could not wait and blurted out, "So the entrance to the Veiled Paradise has really been found?" Conrad gave a light hum in response and took the lead. His pace was extremely fast as he guided the group swiftly across the wasteland

Luna followed closely behind, saying, "Conrad, you've gotten thinner during this time. Since you left Holtrien and the Cunningham family, have you been staying with Mr. Lloyd Senior ---- the whole time?" Conrad replied, "Yes. By following Mr.

Lloyd Senior, I have learned a lot and grown a great deal." Valerie jumped in, "What about Andrew? Have you seen Andrew? Is he here in the Deadlands too?" Conrad stopped and turned to look at her, then glanced at Luna, and finally gave a bitter smile. He said, "Sorry to disappoint you, but Andrew isn't here. After he came to the Outlands, we haven't crossed paths." Luna was surprised. "Are you still unable to let go of what happened between you?" Conrad said bitterly, "What right do I have to hold a grudge against him? He's Mr. Lloyd Senior's only son, Holtrien's future hope.

I was the one who specifically asked Mr. Lloyd Senior not to tell Andrew about my presence. "In the Outlands, Mr. Lloyd Senior has trained many people. Andrew is stationed with the Dragonfang. As for me, I'm with our Holtrien warriors, carrying out other missions Mr. Lloyd Senior has assigned." He added, "I don't want to interfere with Andrew, nor make him dislike me. He's already carrying enough weight, and he's tired enough." ---- Suddenly, silence fell among the group. Valerie said quietly, "Conrad, you've had it rough too.

You're in charge of one of the military's secret squads in the Outlands, right? We all know you've led people through countless life-and- death situations, nearly not making it back several times." Conrad waved his hand. "Valerie, saying all that makes me sound too dramatic. It's nothing compared to what Andrew has done. I'm not even worth mentioning. Let's keep moving. I'll take you to Mr. Lloyd Senior first." An hour later, Luna, Valerie, and the others arrived at the other side of the wasteland. From there, a massive mountain range loomed close in the distance.

The enormous abyss cutting across the land also came to an end at this point. The wind blowing toward them was fierce and dry, and their hair whipped wildly as they looked down. Deep within the fractured chasm, the light rising from the abyss was breathtaking, its beauty unreal. Figures stood densely on both sides. Their faces were unclear, but every one of them stared at the glowing depths, unmoving. Behind them were rows of massive tents, off-road vehicles, and heavy armored transports.

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Chapter 2998

[622 words]

---- Chapter 2998 Marco took a deep breath and asked gravely, "Conrad, which factions are here?" Conrad replied in a low voice, "Many. Nearly every major Outlands faction and Western power has arrived. The vampire side sent Lords, Dukes, and even Princes. The werewolves are the same, and as for the Siren clan, the Siren Emperor himself has arrived." Kyrie exclaimed in shock, "The Siren Emperor? An ancient existence like that actually showed up?"

Those beings have already surpassed the martial god level, haven't they?" Luna said calmly, "The Sea Emperor is indeed beyond martial god, but what makes him truly formidable is that he wields the Oceanid Trident. Only a handful of beings in the world can deal with someone like that." Conrad said, "There is no need to worry about him focusing on us. Right now, every faction's goal is the Veiled Paradise. Mr. Lloyd Senior has said that before the entrance to the sacred realm opens, all sides had better not make any rash moves.

To this, both the vampire prince and the werewolf prince have expressed agreement. So rest assured, no one will target us." As they waited, a massive burst of light suddenly rose from ---- below. Within the radiance, over a dozen figures slowly ascended into the air. Then, they struck with full force at the mountains at the end of the abyss. Earth-shattering tremors immediately erupted across the wasteland. It felt like the entire ground was shaking. Valerie said gravely, "These people must be representatives from each faction, right?"

They're incredibly strong!" Conrad said calmly, "Of the three leading figures, the one on the left is Mr. Lloyd Senior. The one in the middle is the most powerful, the Siren Emperor!" Kyrie asked curiously, "What about the person on the right? He looks like an old man!" Conrad's expression turned slightly uncomfortable as he said, "That person is one of our Holtrien predecessors! However, Mr. Lloyd Senior didn't say who exactly, so I don't know either!" Everyone was shocked. They had not expected that two of the three supreme powerhouses were from Holtrien.

Within the radiance, over a dozen top-tier experts continuously unleashed their power. The tremors grew stronger, wave after wave. After a full half hour, the light dissipated, and the people descended to both sides of the abyss. Then, they slowly ---- dispersed. Reginald walked up from below, looking exhausted. His handsome face broke into a smile when he saw Luna and the others. "You made it! General Acosta, long time no see!" He made a point of greeting Marco among the quartet. Marco snapped to attention with a salute. "General Lloyd, you've put in a lot of work!" Reginald waved his hand.

"Come with me. Today's progress is finished. It'll take at least three more days to break through the final node. So you've got two easy days ahead!" Valerie and Luna immediately followed with precise salutes. The way they looked at Reginald was filled with respect. Even the usually unruly Kyrie put away his casual attitude and turned serious.

He followed with a proper salute, not daring to show the slightest disrespect. No matter how controversial Reginald's reputation was in Holtrien, his strength, status, and contributions were things the great families of the Chetvine never dared to deny, nor could they find any reason to.

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Chapter 2999

[637 words]

---- Chapter 2999 Just then, the group heard a cold snort. They turned around and saw several black armored vehicles pulled up, and a bunch of people stepped out. They were dressed uniformly in black combat gear, and each had a hardened expression on their faces as they emanated a powerful aura. The first few soldiers to emerge laid out carpets, spreading a path from the lead vehicle all the way to Reginald's feet. After that, an elderly man stepped down from the vehicle.

He was lean and compact rather than tall, dressed in fitted combat wear, yet an overwhelming aura surged from him like a rising tide. His eyes were a deep gray, and he merely glanced at Luna and the others before looking away. However, Luna, Kyrie, and the rest felt their hearts tighten with indescribable discomfort. A chill ran through them because the pressure from this old man was terrifying, far beyond anything they could comprehend. At that moment, Reginald said calmly, "Lord Raiden, you arrived just in time.

"We're almost done with our progress here, so the Ludendorff family can save themselves the effort after showing up so late." Raiden walked up to Reginald with his hands behind his back, ---- smiling without warmth. He said, "Mr. Lloyd Senior, are you blaming me for arriving late?" Reginald replied flatly, "I wouldn't dare." Raiden snorted coldly. "If your son, Andrew, hadn't caused me so much trouble, I wouldn't have arrived only now. Even without you as its leader, Dragonfang remains so formidable. Mr.

Lloyd Senior, you've really raised an impressive son!" That last sentence was spoken through gritted teeth, laced with deep hatred and killing intent. Reginald remained unfazed, but Luna, Valerie, and the others were shocked. First, they were shocked to learn that the elderly man was actually the King of the Wastelands, the head of the Ludendorff family, Raiden Ludendorff. Second, Raiden had mentioned Andrew, and it

sounded like Andrew had caused the Ludendorff family massive damage and losses. The two women felt an indescribable excitement rising in their hearts.

They wanted to ask questions, but Raiden's status and overwhelming presence made them hesitate to speak. Raiden looked at Reginald coldly. "This matter isn't over. The Ludendorff family has stood in the Wastelands for over 100 years, and we don't even take the Cathedral army seriously. ---- Andrew plotted against our cities and nearly killed my son, and such audacity will be his downfall. Once this business is concluded, I'll personally make him pay the price!" Reginald laughed coldly. "Is that so? Then perhaps I should spar with Lord Raiden right now! You want to touch Andrew?"

That's not impossible, but I'm no pushover either. Others may fear you as the King of the Wastelands, but I honestly don't think you're all that impressive." Raiden's face darkened as his hands behind his back clenched and unclenched repeatedly. Finally, he coldly spat, "Reginald, perhaps you truly stand in an invincible position. But this is the Outlands, the Wastelands. You and your son can't defeat the Ludendorff family. Time will prove it to you.

Once the Veiled Paradise matter concludes, Throne City will settle the score." Reginald replied casually, "Whatever makes you happy!" With that, he led Luna and the others away, returning to their resting area. As soon as they arrived, Valerie asked impatiently, "May I ask where Andrew is now? Will he come to the Deadlands?"

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Chapter 3000

[584 words]

---- Chapter 3000 Reginald smiled and asked, "What, do you miss him that much?" Valerie's cheeks flushed red. She was usually bold and carefree, yet in front of Reginald, she suddenly felt shy and embarrassed. Luna, however, spoke decisively. "Yes, we really want to see Andrew. Sir, may I ask, is he safe right now? I am very worried about him, and I really miss him." Valerie hurried to add, "I... I do too!" Reginald studied the two of them for a moment. Only when both women felt too awkward and lowered their heads did he finally speak. He explained, "Andrew won't be coming to the Deadlands.

Soon, the entrance to the sacred realm will open. No one can predict how the battle for the sacred realm will go. Andrew's battlefield shouldn't be here because that wouldn't be fair to him. You've already seen those people outside. "They came here with only one purpose: to invade and plunder. Once the entrance to the sacred realm opens, they'll rush in and seize whatever resources and benefits they can take, no matter the cost. Two of the Dark Trinity princes have already arrived, and soon, more powerful beings will come.

It's not appropriate ---- for Andrew to come at this time, as he'd easily become a target for Raiden and that old bastard Wyrmhelm." At this point, Reginald's expression became complex as he stood with his hands behind his back, gazing toward the glowing abyss in the distant plains. Then, he murmured, "I don't know if what I'm doing is right or wrong. But it's been many, many years. I've owed Andrew and his mother for half my life, especially Andrew... I need to get him an answer, the final answer. "Whether his mother is still alive or not... Actually, that's the answer I'm seeking too.

For this answer, I can't worry about anything else." Luna suddenly said, "Mr. Lloyd Senior, I think what you're doing for the one you love, Andrew's mother, can't be wrong. At least, I can understand you. Because for Andrew's sake, I'd be willing to do anything too." Reginald smiled. "You're Luna Phelan, right? Philip's student. I know you and Andrew are together." Valerie quickly interjected, "And me too! Andrew and I are together too!" After saying this, she seemed to realize she had been a bit impulsive. Her face flushed, looking quite embarrassed. ---- For once, Reginald laughed heartily.

"I can tell that you two are good women. I've heard about both of you. I trust Andrew's judgment, and I also trust you. Don't worry, Andrew will be fine. He can already stand on his own now. The next time we meet, his strength might have already surpassed mine." Everyone was stunned by the revelation, but Reginald had no interest in continuing the conversation. He had Conrad settle everyone in, then dragged his exhausted body out the door. Before leaving, he suddenly turned back and smiled at Conrad. Conrad, you're a good man and a true man of Holtrien. Don't worry.

The grudges between the Cunningham family, Andrew, and me won't affect you."

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