

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 3001

[596 words]

---- Chapter 3001 Reginald said, "I believe Andrew won't hold a grudge against you either. So after I enter the Veiled Paradise, if you run into trouble, go find Andrew. The situation in the Outlands has deteriorated badly, so don't try to tough it out alone, understand?" Conrad trembled violently. Then, he dropped to his knees and bowed twice. "Mr. Lloyd Senior, thank you!" Reginald waved his hand. "No need for that. Just remember that a true man should live with a clear conscience." Conrad's eyes reddened as he escorted Reginald to the door before returning.

Luna consoled him, "Conrad, stop dwelling on the past and blaming yourself. You're a man, and you need to move forward. If you did wrong in the past, then make amends and atone for it." Conrad took a deep breath and shook his head. "Luna, there's a lot you don't know. I just feel I've failed Mr. Lloyd Senior. After coming to the Outlands, I successfully broke through to the fourth stage of martial emperor with his help, and my martial progress has never been faster. "Sometimes, the way Mr. Lloyd Senior treats me makes me feel ashamed.

Being by his side, I truly understand what it means ---- that there is always someone stronger beyond the strongest. The old me was foolish, narrow-minded, and prejudiced. Now, I've come to see things clearly. I originally wanted to follow Mr. Lloyd Senior into the sacred realm as a scout for Holtrien." He continued, "But Mr. Lloyd Senior won't let me because he's afraid I'll get myself killed. I know he's genuinely helping me grow. But because of this, when I learned that Andrew was hunted in Holtrien and that the Cunningham family was involved, I truly...

truly felt that perhaps death is the only way I could repay Mr. Lloyd Senior's kindness." Valerie said coldly, "Conrad, the Cunningham family's actions are tough to stomach. In the future, I don't know how Mr. Cunningham Senior will face the Lloyd family." Conrad replied, "I'll bear all of this. Whatever Andrew wants from me, I'll give him. Even if he wants my life, I won't say a word." Kyrie trembled, his face somewhat pale. "Conrad, was that elderly man just now Mr. Raiden Ludendorff, the King of the Wastelands? He mentioned Andrew seizing their family's city and nearly killing his son.

His son must be at least at the martial emperor level, right? Has Andrew really become that badass?" Conrad shook his head. "As far as I know, none of Raiden's sons are

martial emperors. Of his eight sons, two are martial gods. The rest aren't worth mentioning, as none of them has reached the martial emperor level. ---- "For Raiden to be so furious that he came to confront Mr. Lloyd Senior like this, it can only mean Andrew crippled one of Raiden's two martial god sons.

Either way, it proves Andrew's current strength can officially take down martial god-level powerhouses." Kyrie's legs went weak, and he plopped down on the ground. " Really? How did he become so strong? How did he become so monstrous in just this short time? My family is done for!"

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Chapter 3002

[640 words]

---- Chapter 3002 Conrad explained, "Andrew's name has already spread throughout the Wastelands. Right now, every major faction wants to settle scores with him. Among them, the Cathedral and the Ludendorff family are the two most powerful forces." He paused before going on, "As for Dragonfang, they recently killed two vampire duke-level fighters. Just lately, the werewolf lord, Viktor Kessler, was killed near Storm City. People suspect Dragonfang was behind that too. "But that doesn't even matter anymore, because Andrew and his Dragonfang crew also took down a werewolf duke.

The werewolf clans have already issued a warrant for Andrew's arrest. They definitely want him dead." Conrad let out a bitter laugh. "Andrew's definitely capable of racking up this kind of record. All I can say is, he's truly returned to his true nature now. You heard it earlier... Mr. Lloyd Senior thinks that the next time they meet, Andrew probably won't be any weaker than him." Valerie and Luna were both shocked and thrilled. Reflecting on how powerful Andrew, their man, had become, they felt immense pride.

However, Kyrie, being a direct descendant of the Harding family ---- from Holtrien, could not bring himself to smile. His throat felt dry. At this rate, what would become of the Harding family when Andrew eventually returned home? Kyrie did not dare to think about it; his head was spinning. Marco spoke up then. "Everyone should rest for now. We need to mark the entrance location to the Veiled Paradise and report it back to military command. Also, we need to figure out if Mr. Lloyd Senior wants any of us to accompany him into the sacred realm.

"And finally, our most important mission on this trip: gather as much intel as possible about the Outlands and assess the situation with all the factions. If the Western powers or the Dark Clans make any moves, our military needs to be prepared in advance." Luna and Valerie immediately nodded, acknowledging their orders. However, Kyrie sat there restlessly, looking completely out of sorts. At Abyss City, a white tide slowly advanced. Another wave of the Cathedral's assault was about to begin. On top of the city walls, Dragonfang's forces stood ready.

---- Juno said gravely, "There are two angels in their ranks, along with the Cardinal, Kass Dalla. This is going to be tough." Franz responded in a deep voice, "We just need to do our job. Remember, don't get drawn into prolonged fights. Our priority is to hold the city. Andrew was right. The Cathedral's main army can't sustain a siege forever. If we can withstand a few more assaults, they'll have to withdraw. We can afford a war of attrition, but they can't." Knox gritted his teeth. "Damn it! I need to learn how to kill properly.

Otherwise, fighting so hard for this city just to hand it back over... That's unbearable. I won't let it happen." From within the white tide, Lysander and Makhaylus struck first. One attacked from the air, the other from the ground. The airborne fighter was naturally Lysander, while the one on the ground was Makhaylus. The latter was immensely strong and clearly charging straight for Abyss City's gates. Petra snorted coldly and leaped down from the wall alongside Franz to clash with Makhaylus. Juno stayed positioned behind the gate, ready to provide backup at any moment.

At the same time, she was also responsible for commanding the city's defending forces.

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Chapter 3003

[643 words]

---- Chapter 3003 Knox gripped a longsword and charged into the front lines alongside the defending soldiers. Before long, he was covered head to toe in blood. However, his fighting spirit was still burning strong. Even though he feared death, he was not about to run from battle. At the highest point of Abyss City stood a prominent watchtower. Inside, Andrew and Nyx stood side by side, Nyx pulled up her black face covering and said, "I'll take on Lysander. But you need to be careful when you fight Kass." Andrew shook his head. "You don't need to fight.

Go to the city walls and find the right moment to take out the Cathedral's squad leaders. Those guys are all martial emperor-level fighters, and they can bypass the gates and climb straight onto the walls at any time. "Our top-tier fighters aren't any worse than the Cathedral's, but our mid-level forces are completely outmatched. So you need to make sure our troops don't take heavy casualties. Otherwise, we'll end up with just us Dragonfang members left standing while all our regular soldiers are wiped out." Nyx looked shocked. "You're planning to face both Lysander and Kass alone?"

Andrew, I won't allow it!" ---- Seeing how angry she was, Andrew chuckled. "Nyx, trust me... I'll be fine. Besides, I want to test my current limits anyway." Nyx snapped, "Andrew, you're my man now. If you get hurt or something happens to you, I'll never forgive you." She snorted coldly and stormed down to the walls in a huff. Andrew took a deep breath, feeling the surging power coursing through his body like ocean waves, and his eyes blazed with fighting spirit. He raised his hand, and the massive Godslayer automatically flew into his grip.

From the watchtower, Andrew launched himself into the air. Lysander, hovering above Abyss City, immediately turned around when he sensed Andrew's overwhelming aura. What he saw was a massive sword beam slashing straight toward him. Lysander jerked in surprise and brought his hands together in a prayer gesture. Instantly, a giant angelic phantom materialized behind him. The phantom raised its hand and punched the sword beam. Lysander's body trembled violently, and his face went pale. Meanwhile, Andrew himself had already closed in, sword in hand, right in front of Lysander.

---- Massive waves of sword energy, black and red intertwined, crashed toward Lysander. Lysander, who always wore a smile while serving at the Pope's side, finally showed anger on his face. He thought Andrew was going too far, and a fire had been ignited in Lysander's heart. White holy light blazed around both his fists as he smashed furiously against Andrew's greatsword in midair.

The two clashed back and forth, fighting from the sky down to the ground. Feeling the churning energy within his body, Lysander finally could not hold back and roared, "Who are you?" The Cathedral's forces only knew that Abyss City had been seized by Dragonfang's people. However, they were not familiar with Andrew. They knew Nyx and the others inside and out instead. But now it seemed the guy in front of him was even harder to deal with than Nyx. Andrew's greatsword pressed Lysander back, step by step.

The holy light on his fists was incredibly powerful, but against Andrew, it seemed to have no special effect, no obvious advantage whatsoever. "Tell Kass to join in too!" Andrew lowered his sword and said flatly, "You're no match for me."

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Chapter 3004

[548 words]

---- Chapter 3004 Lysander's youthful face flushed bright red. "You arrogant fool, you haven't even witnessed the true majesty of the Cathedral. If you've got the guts, tell me your name." Andrew stared at him coldly. "I'm from Holtrien, and my name is Andrew Lloyd!" Lysander froze. Then, his face went pale with shock. "You're the one who killed Rosemary? W-When did you become a martial god? And why do you have the Cathedral's holy light power in you?" Before Andrew could answer, Kass emerged from the command tent behind them. His eyes were sharp as blades, locked on Andrew.

"You obtained the inherited power of Saint John, didn't you? Rosemary fell by your hand because of this, correct?" Andrew said coldly, "I did obtain Saint John's holy light, but I didn't kill Rosemary. In the Wraith Graveyard, she was captured by the Ludendorff family. They tortured her and eventually killed her. However, the Ludendorff family pinned that crime on me." Lysander shouted, "You think the Cathedral will believe your words? Blasphemer, you will be destroyed for defying our Lord!" ---- Andrew scoffed.

"There are plenty who defy your Lord, such as the Dark Trinity and the Ludendorff family. They're everywhere, yet who's actually been destroyed so far? You're the Cathedral's Wisdom Angel, but from what I see, you're just a fool who can't tell right from wrong." Lysander's face darkened considerably. "I'm going to execute you even if it means returning to our Lord's kingdom!" Kass said, "Lysander, wait. This man truly isn't the one who killed Rosemary." Lysander looked stunned. "Cardinal, what are you saying?" Kass looked at Andrew with a complicated expression.

"Because of Saint John's holy light power within him. Lysander, you should know that if this man opposed the Cathedral's light, Saint John's power would never have accepted him; it would only reject him. He's one of the Light's chosen." Lysander's face showed shock. "Cardinal, what are you saying? How could someone from Holtrien possibly qualify as one of the Light's chosen?" Kass smiled bitterly. "I don't know either. We'd probably have to ask His Excellency Mephiston about that. Andrew, we have your file at Lomuia Grand Cathedral. I just didn't expect to run into you here.

Even though you're one of the Light's chosen, you're ---- currently standing against Lomuia Grand Cathedral. Surrender the city and return to our Lord's embrace. Otherwise, I'll still have to eliminate you." Andrew said indifferently, "I don't want to fight the Cathedral to the death, but Abyss City now belongs to my people and me. If the Cathedral wants it, then my sword will have to kill anyone who tries to take it." Kass' face darkened. "You're asking for it!

Lysander, for the glory of our Lord and the Pope's authority, attack with me!"
Immediately, the Cathedral's two martial god-level fighters erupted into battle with Andrew once more.

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Chapter 3005

[773 words]

---- Chapter 3005 On the walls of Abyss City, Nyx watched Andrew fighting two opponents at once. Her delicate hands were gripping her blue- glowing daggers tightly. She was worried, though she knew it was probably unnecessary. After all, Andrew was now so powerful that even she could not catch up. Moreover, he had only just entered the martial god level. Yet, he was unreasonably strong, Nyx could not make sense of it. Perhaps it had something to do with his omni-constitution. Plus, he carried the powers of the werewolf clan, the vampire clan, and even the Cathedral's holy light.

All these dark and light elemental forces were concentrated in Andrew's body. She did not want to think about how the powers could work together so harmoniously. She just knew that from now on, she would follow this man wholeheartedly. Once, Nyx had thought she would be a free swift, soaring across thousands of miles. She loved swifts as those birds that could migrate thousands of miles, to the farthest western lands, crossing mountains, seas, and oceans throughout their lives, ---- forever on a journey.

Nyx had felt she was that kind of person Except for Reginald, she would not stop for anyone. Life was already sad and lonely enough. Back then, she just wanted to be alone bird, seeing all the sights of the world before finally falling into a peaceful, eternal sleep. But then she met a man who was even younger than she, who later forcibly claimed her. At first, Nyx was confused, angry, and even wanted to teach Andrew a lesson. Gradually, however, she became lost in him She had to admit, this guy was captivating. She had fallen for him.

So much so that now, his every move filled her with endless concern. Whenever Andrew was not in her sight for even a moment, she felt utterly empty. Knox and Juno had all noticed this. Knox laughed dramatically, teasing that Dragonfang's ice queen had been conquered by Andrew. Nyx had wanted to teach Knox's loud mouth a lesson. But in the end, she did nothing. Being conquered was not so bad after all. At least now,

she was no longer alone. ---- A massive sword aura swept out in all directions. Andrew's attacks were broad, powerful, and utterly straightforward.

In fact, that was the truth: when power reached a certain level, it could shatter anything in the world. Any fancy technique or style was useless against a single, direct strike. As long as that strike was domineering enough, absolute enough, and powerful enough to destroy all creation. With a muffled groan, Lysander forced down a mouthful of blood rising in his throat and retreated in horror. He had punched Andrew in the chest, while Andrew's greatsword had slammed into him. Originally, his coordinated attack with Kass included a holy light shield from Kass to block Andrew's strike.

However, the dark energy radiating from Andrew's body clashed with and consumed the holy light shield, overwhelming it with absolute superiority. In essence, Lysander had taken about two-thirds of the force from that sword strike. That was not even its full power, yet just that much was enough to fill Lysander with bone-chilling fear. Kass quickly flipped through the Sacred Scripture, and his face took on a solemn expression as he began praying again. ---- He pointed a finger, and immediately, a golden lightning bolt struck down from the sky toward Andrew.

With the help of sacred relics, Cathedral fighters could, to a certain extent, borrow their Lord's power. Andrew still had not figured out where exactly this power came from. However, he absolutely did not believe there was truly a deity behind Lomuia Grand Cathedral. If that were really the case, that deity would only need a single glance to reduce all the Wastelands' factions to ashes. With a low roar, Andrew raised his greatsword high above his head. A storm of blood-red energy swirled around the blade, making it look as if Andrew had suddenly grown hair dozens of yards long.

Dark red energy surged from within him, pouring into the greatsword. Andrew had never felt better. His pupils naturally shifted to a black-red hue, eerie and tinged with a subtle hint of malevolence.

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Chapter 3006

[691 words]

---- Chapter 3006 Facing the golden lightning before him, Andrew retaliated with his sword, unleashing three consecutive sword strikes. His body shifted hundreds of meters

through the air as the golden lightning, seemingly enraged, chased after him to strike. However, black-red sword beams continuously shot from Godslayer, countering the golden lightning. A few seconds later, Andrew stopped mid-air, his overwhelming aura surging straight into the sky. The golden lightning dissipated into wisps of smoke and vanished.

Pointing his greatsword forward, Andrew flashed a smug smile and said, "Cardinal Kass, the Cathedral's holy light isn't that impressive after all." At this moment, Andrew radiated a domineering, supremely confident aura. His demonic presence swept over the entire battlefield below, and the Cathedral warriors felt their resolve waver involuntarily, their scalps tingling with fear. For a moment, they even forgot to attack. Lysander, shocked and furious, roared and shot up from the ground. He charged at Andrew again, throwing continuous punches.

---- Andrew's eyes turned cold as he glanced at him. Gripping his greatsword with both hands, he slashed down viciously. In the sky above, a sword beam hundreds of meters long toppled like a collapsing pillar, carrying boundless sword energy as it plummeted straight toward Lysander's head. "What on..." Lysander was horrified. Under this overwhelming sword strike, the angelic phantom behind him could not withstand the pressure and reluctantly dissipated first.

Then, his youthful face became twisted with pain, cracks appearing as if countless beams of light were about to burst from within his body. Below, Makhaylus, who was leading the army's assault on the city gates, sensed the danger. He looked up at Lysander in mid-air, his eyes burning with rage. He roared, "Lysander!" His body then swelled infinitely as he bellowed. In an instant, a true giant appeared on the battlefield. Just in terms of height, Makhaylus now stood nearly 16 feet tall. His rugged face showed deadly resolve as he launched himself upward to embrace Lysander.

He positioned his back to take Andrew's sword strike head-on. ---- The Cathedral warriors on the field, along with Juno, Franz, and the others, all held their breath. Everyone could see that Makhaylus was using his own body as a shield for Lysander. Kass' face darkened as he rushed forward as well. He had not expected Andrew to suddenly unleash such a devastatingly powerful sword strike. If it landed, Lysander would surely die. That would be an enormous loss for the Cathedral.

Lysander's importance was far beyond that of Rosemary's; this perpetually smiling angel was among the candidates for the next Pope. According to the Cathedral's hierarchy, the Cherub had always been a pillar of strength, ranking among the foremost of the 12 angels. Lysander was still in his growth phase, and his deployment to the Outlands was the Pope's way of tempering him. Kass did not dare imagine how the Pope would punish him upon his return if Lysander were to perish here. Never mind the Pope, but even Mephiston would not let Kass off easily.

The massive sword beam tore into Makhaylus' body. He howled in pain but lowered his head and continued to embrace Lysander tightly. ---- The divine light in his eyes rapidly

dimmed. "Makhaylus!" Lysander roared, tears welling in his eyes. "Lysander, I won't let anything happen to you!" Makhaylus smiled weakly, prepared for death. But suddenly, the sword beam that cut across the sky dissipated. A massive penetrating wound remained on Makhaylus's body. If he were an ordinary person, he would have been cleaved in two. Yet, for him, it was only life-threatening, but not truly fatal.

Kass' crimson robes billowed as he positioned himself in front of the two angels, watching Andrew warily. He asked coldly, "Why did you hold back?"

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Chapter 3007

[651 words]

---- Chapter 3007 Andrew's greatsword was already resting on his shoulder. He slowly descended to the ground, looking at Kass as he said coldly, "The Cathedral and I don't have any deep grudges. Rosemary ambushed me once in Wraith Graveyard. By right, with her being so underhanded, I should have killed her. But I didn't. "Instead, I only took Saint John's inherited power. As for her, she brought it on herself and was killed by the Ludendorff family. It has nothing to do with me. Cardinal, I'm not holding back because I fear the Cathedral.

From where I stand, you should know that I don't have to fight to the death to defend Abyss City. "In the worst-case scenario, I fight your army to mutual destruction, then abandon the city and escape. You should be clear that Dragonfang's current strength might not be enough to hold the city, but no one can stop us from escaping, not you in your injured state, and not with these two angels either. "Even if God's Left Hand showed up, he wouldn't be able to capture me either, even though I'm not his match." Kass' face was grim, his muscles twitched, but he had no retort.

He knew Andrew was telling the truth. Andrew continued, "Withdraw your troops, Cardinal. Unnecessary ---- casualties really aren't worth it. Your target should be the Ludendorff family, not some insignificant Abyss City. I seized this city just to have a foothold in the Outlands. "The Cathedral should be purging blasphemers, heretics, and evil. But my people and I are just trying to make a living and survive. Besides, Holtriens might not believe in your Lord, but we respect him. "However, if you, Cardinal, insist on eliminating all opposition and trying to dictate to me.

Then we can continue fighting... But from now on, I won't hold back. Lysander has been too well protected by the Cathedral. And when something that's been so carefully protected gets broken, I imagine His Holiness the Pope would be quite heartbroken." Kass was silent for a moment before gritting his teeth. "Fine, I can order a withdrawal. But you must promise that you won't obstruct our advance on Throne City, and you won't launch sneak attacks from behind." Andrew shook his head. "I won't make promises to anyone.

Cardinal, you'd better get one thing straight: I'm not the one begging you right now. Promises? Those are usually what the weak offer when they're groveling to the strong. But unfortunately, neither I nor Dragonfang behind me has any need or inclination to do that. "Your only option is to trust me, appease me, and try to win my ---- favor, not try to use the Cathedral's power to threaten or suppress me. Cardinal, you should know that Holtriens are the most godless existence in this world.

And I, along with my father, believe in nothing except the fists and greatsword in our hands." Kass' face twitched. He desperately wanted to fight Andrew to the death. This brat was belittling and trampling the entire Cathedral army without a shred of respect. The old him would have immediately labeled Andrew a heretic and launched a full assault to wipe him out. But now, Lysander had just barely escaped death. If Andrew had not held back, and if they continued to fight, without the help of the two angels, Kass had no confidence he could take Andrew one-on-one.

Not to mention, in the distance, Dragonfang's martial god assassin, Nyx, was watching intently.

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Chapter 3008

[668 words]

---- Chapter 3008 Most importantly, Andrew somehow remained calm and composed as he faced the Cathedral's white tide, completely unfazed. Besides, everything he said hit the mark perfectly, leaving Kass with no response. They had managed to take down Storm City, yet this puny Abyss City had proven to be an iron wall. Kass was reluctant, but he chose to accept reality. He said, " Fine, welll do as you say. The Cathedral will bypass Abyss City and continue our assault on Throne City. But Andrew, you're now a regional warlord in your own right.

I hope you'll stick to what you just said and avoid further conflict with the Cathedral. "And I, in the name of the Cathedral's Holy Lord, promise you that without explicit orders from above, we won't attack Abyss City again." Andrew smiled. "Now that's more like it, Cardinal. Let's all go our separate ways. Here's to wishing you success in taking Throne City soon." Watching Andrew swagger back to Abyss City, Kass stood there with rapidly shifting expressions, lost in thought.

By eliminating the Ludendorff family, the Cathedral's faith could spread limitlessly across the Outlands, massively increasing Lomuia Grand Cathedral's followers and influence. ---- However, this grand objective had now hit a roadblock. It was like a raging flood encountering a stubborn boulder. No matter how violently the current surged, it could not budge that rock. Abyss City and Andrew were that boulder. Kass felt somewhat disheartened for a moment. As expected, spreading their Lord's faith was a long and arduous road. The expansion of the Light truly was full of twists and turns.

If Mephiston were here, these headaches would not exist. Nonetheless, the great God's Left Hand had come to the Outlands this time with a different target: the Veiled Paradise. Everything was fated. Kass was a warmonger, a fanatical believer in the Cathedral, and a berserker. But now, that zeal felt like it had been doused with cold water, chilling him into sudden clarity. The Cathedral's army had been repelled by Abyss City a second time, and this retreat was absolute. They disappeared over the horizon before splitting into two forces, bypassing the city to march toward Throne City.

Nyx looked at the tall, powerfully built man before her, along with the dark stubble around his lips from days of battle without time to shave. She felt an unprecedented sense of security and joy in her heart. ---- Stepping forward, she wrapped her arms around Andrew and said through gritted teeth, "You're mine, you hear me?" Andrew patted her firm buttocks and grinned. "Nice and bouncy! You'll definitely bear me many children someday." Nyx's face turned bright red as she glared at him. "Don't talk nonsense!

"There are other people around!" Knox and the others stood in the distance, grinning from ear to ear as they watched the couple. Andrew showed no embarrassment whatsoever as he pulled Nyx's soft waist into his embrace and said with a low chuckle, "Honey, we'll continue tonight." Nyx blushed, lowering her eyes shyly. "In your dreams! My legs are still weak!" Though her words refused, her face blossomed into a radiant, captivating smile. Andrew marveled silently, thinking about how foreign women were definitely different. Once they opened up, the experience was absolutely intoxicating.

Nonetheless, he would have to postpone enjoying this captivating pleasure for now as he needed to head out for the Deadlands. With the agreement set with the Cathedral here at Abyss City, things would be safe for the time being. ---- As for Reginald's situation, Andrew had to go check on him no matter what.

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Chapter 3009

[764 words]

---- Chapter 3009 At Throne City, urgent military reports flooded in. A family elite knelt before the great hall, his voice urgent. "Sir, the Cathedral's army has bypassed Abyss City and is advancing on the family's headquarters. They're currently less than 120 miles from Throne City. All our outposts along the way have been unable to resist and have been overrun." Alonzo, who had taken Raiden's place presiding over the Ludendorff family's central affairs in the great hall, was shocked. "How did they get here so fast?

Has Abyss City already fallen to the Cathedral?" His voice boomed, filled with furious disbelief. The kneeling subordinate trembled as he replied, "There is no sign of change in Abyss City. From the intelligence we have, it should still be in Dragonfang's hands." Alonzo stiffened, gritting his teeth. "So you're saying Abyss City allowed the Cathedral army to march straight through to attack Throne City? What the hell is that Andrew playing at?" Cyril and the others were furious, practically bouncing with anger. "Arguing about it now is pointless.

We must immediately ---- mobilize our forces to stop the Cathedral's advance before it reaches Throne City. Damn it! Wyrnhelm assured us the Cathedral army couldn't possibly push all the way to Throne City! How is the war now at our very doorstep?" Seeing the chaos erupting above and below, Alonzo roared, " Shut up! All of you, shut the hell up!" Watching the dozens of Ludendorff family higher-ups giving orders like headless chickens gave him a massive headache. "What are you panicking about?

I'm asking you, what is there to panic about?" Alonzo swept his cold, murderous gaze over each of them. "Just because Lord Raiden is gone, does that mean this family has no one capable left? They are still 120 miles from Throne City. That means we have plenty of time to prepare. Everything will proceed according to plan. Cyril, you will take valuable gifts and go to Abyss City immediately." Hearing his name, Cyril was first stunned, then exclaimed, "What do you mean? What's the point of going to Abyss City at a time like this?" Alonzo said coldly, "To win over Andrew, of course.

Abyss City is in his hands now, isn't it? That means half our defense is under his control. We have to be cautious. Right now, the best strategy isn't to confront the Cathedral head-on. It's to get Andrew to ---- cooperate with us and attack the Cathedral army from both sides. That is the optimal strategy." Cyril raged, "So you're saying the family has to beg him? That's absurd! Never mind that he's provoked the Ludendorff

family repeatedly. Just the fact that he's letting the Cathedral army march on our stronghold is reason enough to eliminate him!" Alonzo sneered. "Fine.

Then I'll give you 5000 mercenaries. You take them and go wipe out Andrew. How about that?" Cyril was speechless, his face flushed red. He opened his mouth to say something, but could not get a word out. After all, even Garal and Prescott had nearly been killed by Andrew. Hence, taking 5000 men to besiege the city would be pointless. Given the monstrous martial prowess Andrew had shown, Cyril would likely end up joining the ranks of the fallen Ludendorff family warriors right then and there. Alonzo saw through Cyril's bluster and fear, and he snorted coldly.

"We're in a state of war right now. The Ludendorff family isn't afraid of the Cathedral. If it really comes down to an all-out fight, we can hold our own. But we must ensure the family's maximum victory. "Otherwise, if we both suffer devastating losses fighting the -- -- Cathedral, what do we gain? Will our family still be the Kings of the Wastelands afterward? The werewolf clans, the vampires, and the sirens are all watching from the dark regions deep in the Outlands.

The family can't afford the loss." He added, "Making peace or even becoming allies with Andrew is absolutely necessary right now. Conflict resolution is an art of compromise and adaptation; you will eventually understand this. Even if Lord Raiden knew about this, I believe he wouldn't object. So, Cyril, make the trip yourself."

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Chapter 3010

[747 words]

---- Chapter 3010 Alonzo reminded him, "Remember, you need to watch your attitude. Based on how arrogant and sharp Andrew has shown himself to be, if you act too high and mighty, he probably won't buy it and might even get pissed off. If that happens, it'll be counterproductive. Understand?" Cyril's face was full of humiliation. "I understand. But may I suggest someone else go to negotiate with Andrew? After all, I've had a direct confrontation with him before." Alonzo waved a hand dismissively. "No need. Precisely because you've met him, you're the right person.

Past conflicts don't matter anymore, Cyril. At this point, you are likely no match for him. So, you should know what to do to protect yourself and the family." Cyril looked pained.

"Fine. Ill set out immediately." Of course, Cyril knew what he needed to do to protect himself and the family. He would have to bow, beg for mercy, force a smile, and flatter Andrew. Yet, he was a martial god, one of the Ludendorff family's pillars, and Andrew had been his prey not long ago. He never imagined the roles would reverse so quickly. Now it was his turn to beg and play the subordinate.

---- The thought alone filled Cyril with resentment, made it hard to bear, and ignited his fury, Just then, a figure seated in a wheelchair was pushed into the hall. His entire body was covered with a dense array of medical instruments, completely immobilized. Only his eyes, stark white and filled with infinite hatred and distortion, darted around. Alonzo and the others frowned upon seeing this. "Prescott, you should be resting and recovering. Why are you out here?" one of the family elders reprimanded. Prescott, in the wheelchair, flushed red, his lips trembling with rage. "I want revenge.

Uncle Alonzo, please let me go with Cyril to Abyss City. I'll make sure Andrew dies this time." Alonzo waved him off impatiently. "Don't cause any unnecessary trouble. Someone, take him back. Take good care of him and don't let him wander around, endangering his health." Prescott roared, "I'm not leaving! I hate him! I hate Andrew! He destroyed me. I have to kill him. No, I want to torture him until he wishes for death. If I don't get this revenge, I would rather die. I'd rather go to hell!" Alonzo was furious. "Prescott, have you had enough?

In your current state, how do you plan to fight anyone? I'm even telling Cyril to keep a low profile, let alone someone in your crippled ---- condition. "Raiden has left Throne City for important business regarding the Veiled Paradise. But if you think no one can control you now, you are sorely mistaken! Prescott, the family will address your situation, but right now is not the time to tear open old wounds with Andrew. Do you understand?" Prescott let out a bitter laugh and scanned the room.

The people in the family hall who used to bow and scrape for his favor now looked at him with cold indifference, barely even glancing his way. It was simple: he was now the family's cripple. Besides clinging to life, he was useless. Once a family heir, in a year or two, he would undoubtedly be a forgotten figure. The Ludendorff family had no place for the weak, let alone a cripple who was worse than weak. As the servants wheeled him out of the hall, Prescott suddenly struggled. His eyes bloodshot, he shouted excitedly, "Take me to the Sacred Mountain of the vampire clan.

I will stop at nothing to get back, to get my revenge!" The servant was shocked. "Your Highness, you..." Prescott suddenly turned his head, glaring at him viciously, ---- blood seeping from between his clenched teeth. "Are you deaf? I told you to arrange my trip to the Sacred Mountain of the vampire clan. Tell Uncle Alonzo this is my choice. I willingly accept the vampire transformation. All I want is my body and my strength back. I want that little bastard to regret ever crossing the Ludendorff family!"

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Chapter 3011

[716 words]

---- Chapter 3011 In Abyss City's city hall, Andrew sat in the seat of honor, slowly polishing Godslayer. On either side, the members of Dragonfang remained silent, each tending to their own weapons. Below Andrew stood Cyril, his face dark with anger. His entourage stood behind him, fear evident on their faces, shifting uncomfortably where they stood. The Ludendorff family delegation had been waiting for half a day now. Yet, Abyss City's people had ignored them the entire time. Cyril was no ordinary man. He was a martial god, not some small fry.

However, this bastard was deliberately ignoring him, which only made Cyril's fury burn hotter. "Andrew, what the hell is the meaning of this?" he finally snapped, unable to contain himself any longer as he stepped forward, his face livid. Andrew raised Godslayer and pointed it at Cyril, examining the spotless gleam along its blade before smiling faintly. "The Ludendorff family doesn't exactly seem like they're asking for favors here. Instead, you're coming at me with this aggressive attitude. Do you think I'm obligated to follow the ---- Ludendorff family's orders?"

"Or that I have to read your mood and act accordingly?" Cyril froze, swallowing his anger since he did not dare voice it. He could only say, "I didn't come here to give orders or anything like that. I came to forge an alliance with you, to stand together against the Cathedral's army." Andrew let out an amused sound and set down Godslayer. "So you're saying you came here to ask me for help. You should've said that from the start.

Otherwise, I might've thought you brought these few people to try and seize my Abyss City." Cyril screamed internally, 'Abyss City belonged to the Ludendorff family, you arrogant bastard!' But outwardly, his face merely twitched as he replied, "Sir, I've brought valuable gifts to demonstrate the Ludendorff family's sincerity. We discussed this beforehand, didn't we? Abyss City and Throne City would support each other as strategic strongholds, standing together against the Cathedral's forces. "But now you've allowed the Cathedral's army to bypass Abyss City and attack Throne City directly.

The Ludendorff family finds this very... puzzling!" Andrew answered flatly, "Now you're just twisting things around. What do you mean I 'allowed' the Cathedral's army to attack Throne City? The Lomuia Grand Cathedral's forces came with ---- overwhelming momentum. Is that something I can control? If they want to attack Throne City and wipe out your family, that's their business, not something I can interfere with, right?" Cyril was

left speechless, though the fury in his heart only grew stronger. He knew Andrew was clearly playing dumb. "Fine then.

The Ludendorff family is now formally requesting that you help contain the Cathedral's army," Cyril said through gritted teeth, following Alonzo's instructions and swallowing his pride. He continued, "Throne City and Abyss City should assist each other and coordinate strategically. That way, neither of us will let the Cathedral's forces gain the upper hand!" Andrew nodded. "Good idea. I was thinking the same thing myself. But..." Cyril's eyes widened in surprise. "But what?" Andrew smirked. "But what's in it for me?

The Cathedral's target is the Ludendorff family's headquarters, not this small city. You're asking me to help defend against the Cathedral's army alongside you. You sure have gotten everything planned out nicely... The Ludendorff family gets all the benefits. But what about me? I get nothing!" Cyril quickly responded, "I've already brought valuable gifts..." ---- Andrew cut him off directly. "Cut that nonsense! I already know what your so-called 'valuable gifts' are. It's just gold, silver, and treasure; all useless stuff! Listen up, buddy. We're in wartime right now.

"What can gold and silver buy you? Can it buy survival or victory? No, it can't buy a damn thing. It's just a pile of useless scrap metal." Cyril's face darkened. "Then what exactly do you want, Mr. Lloyd?

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Chapter 3012

[726 words]

---- Chapter 3012 Andrew smiled. "Cyril, you're sharp. You catch on quick. It's simple. What I want is weapons and manpower. Return to Throne City and send me a batch of soldiers. Remember, I want the Ludendorff family's elite troops. Then, add a shipment of military supplies on top of that. I'll have someone draw up a list for you later." Cyril thought he had misheard. "Huh? What did you just say? You want the Ludendorff family's elite soldiers? And weapons too? That's absolutely impossible!

Don't even think about it!" After all, the Ludendorff family was already being pressed hard by the Cathedral and desperately needed soldiers and supplies themselves. Yet, Andrew had the nerve to demand those exact things. Did Andrew think the Ludendorff family was running some kind of charity, supporting him so he could grow stronger and

become a powerful warlord ruling over the Wastelands? Cyril was not an idiot and immediately understood what Andrew was planning. Andrew shook his head with mock regret. "And here I thought the Ludendorff family came with sincerity.

If you can't even handle this small matter, then I can only say you came here to ---- mess with me, Cyril. In that case, I'm sorry, but whatever the Cathedral's army wants to do, I can't help you. Someone, show them out!" Nyx stood up with a hostile expression, glaring at Cyril. Cyril was furious and wanted to curse him out, but Nyx made him hesitate. He knew this female martial god was no pushover. However, if he just left like this without convincing Abyss City to send troops and harass the Cathedral's forces, then Throne City would have to face the Cathedral army's full assault head-on.

If that happened, returning to Throne City would mean facing Alonzo's wrath. Caught in a dilemma, Cyril clenched his teeth. "Fine. I will relay your demands to the family. But you must cooperate with the Ludendorff family and face the Cathedral army together." Andrew shrugged. "As long as the Ludendorff family delivers the people and supplies I want, everything is negotiable. Otherwise, even if I want to help your family, I wouldn't be able to. Abyss City has been through two major battles already, and you have seen it yourself. "We are drained of both people and resources.

Aside from Dragonfang, there aren't many fighters left in the city, and most of them are unreliable. You want me to fight the Cathedral alongside the Ludendorff family, but I simply lack the strength." ---- Cyril said nothing. Instead, he contacted Alonzo immediately. After relaying Andrew's demands, Alonzo exploded on the other end. "That bastard! He wants the Ludendorff family's soldiers and weapons?

Does he think we're idiots, letting him extort us like this?" Cyril replied numbly, "He said if we don't give him what he wants, Abyss City won't be able to coordinate with Throne City against the Cathedral. This guy's cunning, and it looks like he won't make a move without seeing something concrete first. He even claims Abyss City is lacking manpower and needs reinforcements!" Alonzo shouted a few more curses before finally saying, "Tell Andrew that we can agree to half his demand and support him with some soldiers and weapons. But large numbers?

Don't even think about it!" After ending the call, Cyril immediately conveyed Alonzo's message to Andrew, This time, Andrew was surprisingly agreeable. "As long as the Ludendorff family delivers the soldiers and weapons to me as soon as possible, that's not a problem at all. Once I'm armed and ready, I'll definitely send troops to coordinate with the Ludendorff family in a pincer attack." ---- Cyril did not want to stay a second longer. He left behind the gifts he had brought, bid Andrew a curt farewell, and turned to leave.

He was afraid that if he stayed any longer, Andrew would drive him insane. Andrew suddenly called out, "Wait a minute. There's no need to rush off just yet."

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Chapter 3013

[752 words]

---- Chapter 3013 Cyril's face twitched violently as he turned around. "What else do you want? If you're thinking about asking for more, then I don't even need to check with Throne City; I can tell you that the answer is no. The Ludendorff family's forces must be concentrated in Throne City to deal with the Cathedral. If we split them with you, how can our family still claim to be the King of the Wastelands?" Andrew nodded repeatedly. "Yes, you're absolutely right! That makes perfect sense! I called you back, but not to ask for more. I'm a man of my word.

Since we've already made a deal, you know I won't make any more excessive demands." Cyril let out a cold laugh, clearly unconvinced. This bastard had screwed over the Ludendorff family more than once. Andrew smiled cheerfully. "I just wanted to catch up with you a bit. It's about Prince Prescott and Governor Garal. After they escaped from Abyss City, I was wondering how they're doing? Are they in good health?" Cyril's face darkened as he snorted coldly. "What do you think? You have crippled Prince Prescott, while Garal was severely injured and nearly executed by Lord Raiden.

The Ludendorff family isn't some pushover you can bully. What you've done will be settled, just not yet." ---- Andrew's eyes narrowed. "Are you threatening me? Nyx, our guest is openly threatening us in our own home. What do you think we should do about that?" Nyx replied coldly, "kill him." Cyril's heart skipped a beat. As much as he hated Andrew, it was not the time to offend him. The Ludendorff family still needed him to help fight against the Cathedral He quickly said, "Sir, you've misunderstood. I wouldn't dare threaten you. The Ludendorff family will deliver what you need right away.

I hope you'll keep your word. Now, if you'll excuse me, I won't take up any more of your time!" With that, Cyril practically fled from Abyss City. A cold gleam flashed in Andrew's eyes. Nyx said, "Why didn't you take the opportunity to eliminate Cyril? That way, the Ludendorff family would lose another martial god. In the end, they'd only have Raiden and Alonzo left." Andrew waved his hand. "I'd like to, but now isn't the time. At the very least, I still need to rip more benefits from the Ludendorff family. Overthrowing the King of Wastelands won't happen overnight.

Right now, the Cathedral's offensive is fierce, and we can exploit the gaps. But once the momentum of the Cathedral's is contained, the Ludendorff family will inevitably turn their

---- forces against Abyss City." Nyx nodded. "I trust your judgment." Andrew looked at the valuable gifts Cyril had left behind and called out to Juno and the others. "Knox, take those items and split them evenly among all Dragonfang members." Knox was shocked. "Andrew, the treasure Cyril brought is worth half of everything we've earned through years of blood and sweat in Dragonfang.

Are you really going to divide it all among everyone? You're the one who fought for all this. If you want it for yourself, none of us would take a single coin." Petra agreed. "I feel the same way. Andrew, you should keep it for yourself." Andrew waved his hand, chuckling. "I'm not too worried about money. Besides, money isn't my goal anyway. Knox, divide it among everyone.

I know you'll all want to pursue your own ideal lives someday, so the more you can accumulate now, the better." Nyx looked at Andrew, her blue eyes glistening with deep affection Andrew smiled and asked, "What's wrong?" Nyx shook her head and said softly, "Nothing. I just think you're really something special." ---- Andrew stood up and turned to Franz. "Nyx and I need to head to the Deadlands now. This trip will take at least two days, and I'm leaving everything in Abyss City in your hands. There are two tules. First, do not clash with the Cathedral. Sit back and let them fight it out.

As for the Ludendorff family's demands and whatever they send us later, accept everything.

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Chapter 3014

[660 words]

---- Chapter 3014 Franz hesitated. "But if we accept the Ludendorff family's people and supplies without sending troops..." Andrew waved his hand. "I know what you're trying to say. Don't worry about that and just take everything they give us. From the very beginning, I never planned to cooperate with the Ludendorff family. The era of their reign in Wastelands should come to an end, and it's time for the Outlands to be reshuffled. At the very least, slavery shouldn't continue to exist on this land. Enough people have died already." Franz frowned.

"But the Ludendorff family is in league with the Dark Clans. Andrew, I know you want to bring true peace and prosperity to the Outlands, but I have to remind you that it's

extremely unrealistic. The Ludendorff family isn't even that significant in the Outlands. The truly cruel ones are the Dark Trinity!" Andrew replied calmly, "My vision isn't that grand or noble. I'm not fixated on restoring peace to the Outlands or anything like that. Right now, I just want to protect the people of Dragonfang and help those poor souls I can actually reach within my power.

As for anything bigger or farther ahead, they're still beyond my abilities to control. "The only reason I'm pressuring the Ludendorff family to give us ---- troops and weapons is to strengthen ourselves. Only when we're strong enough can we stand tall and speak boldly in the Outlands! At that point, whether it's the Cathedral, the Ludendorff family, or even the Dark Trinity, we won't have to bend to anyone's will. That's my ultimate goal." Franz sighed. "Alright, I'll follow your lead. Andrew, you're the only one who dares to imagine such a day could actually come." Andrew smiled.

"What's wrong with imagining it? Maybe one day, without even noticing, it will come true." That comment made everyone chuckle. After a series of battles and all the turmoil, Andrew had undeniably become Dragonfang's rightful leader, officially taking over Reginald's position. No one objected to this, and no one thought it was inappropriate. Even Nyx, Dragonfang's strongest warrior, had become Andrew's woman. Just from that alone, Andrew's every action earned Dragonfang's complete trust and respect. "By the way, Mr. Hearst, Juno, Petra, Knox...

You all have another task!" Andrew continued instructing them. "Recently, the Outlands have been chaotic, with many mercenaries, refugees, and displaced people wandering around." ---- He explained, "War isn't always a bad thing. At least for us, this is an opportunity. Mr. Hearst, arrange for us to absorb as many high-level fighters, mercenaries, and refugees as possible into Abyss City. These people already have strength and experience. They would make excellent soldiers.

With just some training and discipline, once we equip them properly, they'll form a massive army that'll let us walk freely through the Wastelands!" Franz smiled, "Your ambitions are even bigger than I thought. Alright, we'll do it your way." Petra grinned. "I like how Andrew handles things. We really do need a powerful army." Juno laughed. "Andrew, maybe someday you really will lead us to dominate the Outlands. By that time, I'll at least be a general. That's hard to imagine!" Knox laughed heartily. "I want to be a general too! Andrew, you'd better remember that when the time comes.

The day Dragonfang finally holds its head high is not far off. It is right in front of us." Under the cover of night, Andrew and Nyx quietly left Abyss City. Once they entered the Wastelands outside, the two moved at full speed, racing toward the Deadlands.

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Chapter 3015

[606 words]

---- Chapter 3015 Along the way, Andrew and Nyx constantly encountered people from various factions, and it looked like everyone was heading toward the Deadlands. Nyx said, "Mr. Lloyd Senior must be under a lot of pressure over there. Those people we just saw were vampires, and the group behind them looked like Eastern martial artists, but I didn't recognize them." Andrew replied calmly, "I know who they are. That was Waylon Sloan from Sorya, along with his apprentice, Ezekiel Beckett." As he spoke, a smile appeared at the corner of Andrew's mouth.

Nyx asked curiously, "What's with the smile?" Andrew glanced at her and explained, "Ezekiel used to be an incredibly talented prodigy. But unfortunately for him, back in Holtrien, I crippled him and destroyed his martial path. I never expected to run into him here. What a small world!" Nyx sighed. "You've made enemies with way too many people. That means you must have bitter rivals everywhere." Andrew chuckled. "That's true, but I also have beautiful women everywhere too. It all balances out in the end." ---- Nyx let out a soft snort.

"Besides me, you have other women, don't you?" Andrew sighed. "Nyx, do you think I am a normal man?" Nyx's face flushed as she bit out, "Normal? As if! I can't even imagine how someone with stamina as good as mine still ends up exhausted by you." Andrew spread his hands. "That's the point! As a normal man, I naturally have desires and needs. I couldn't just live a life of celibacy, following strict vows, staying alone forever before I met you, could I?" Nyx cut him off. "I know what you're trying to say. Back in Holtrien, you already had other lovers before me, right?"

Andrew, I'm not bothered by that. I just hope you won't abandon me after getting what you wanted." Andrew sighed. "Darling, I love you so much. How could I possibly abandon you? You're my woman for life. In the future, I'm counting on you to give me a bunch of kids." Nyx seemed to smile, though she sounded reluctant. "We'll see. Though I have to say, if we have mixed-race children, they'll definitely be exceptional." Andrew grinned. "Absolutely." ---- With a beauty by his side, even the barren Wastelands felt less dull to Andrew.

Nyx bit her lip and suddenly said, "Andrew, my strength seems to have improved noticeably lately. I suspect it has something to do with you." Andrew was first caught off guard, but he immediately understood. He smiled and explained, "It probably does have to do with me. According to Holtrien's philosophy, you're a woman with a water-attribute constitution. When we cultivate together, both of us benefit from it." Nyx was thoroughly

embarrassed. "Cultivate together? I don't really understand what that means, but just thinking about it, I know it can't be anything proper." Andrew corrected her.

"No, you're wrong. It's actually a very good thing. Otherwise, how could the noises you make sound so delightful every night?" Nyx was mortified. "You bastard, you're talking nonsense! I'm not sleeping with you anymore." Andrew chuckled. "Do you really think you have a choice in the matter? Whether you want to or not, it's happening either way!"

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- Chapter 3016

Chapter 3016

[615 words]

---- Chapter 3016 Nyx gritted her teeth but did not argue back. Instead, a quiet sweetness spread through her heart. No matter what, she was still a woman, and under Andrew's relentless charm offensive, she had no defense whatsoever. Half a day passed in the blink of an eye. Above the vast wasteland, massive clouds of black radiation loomed overhead. Even from far away, Andrew spotted the enormous fissure at once. It was his first time coming to the Deadlands. He murmured, "This place truly lives up to its name.

The murderous aura and aura of decay could make even the Gods weep in sorrow." Nyx said, "The Deadlands were created when ancient supreme powerhouses fought to the death here. You're right, countless people died here, far too many. Even though my martial arts have grown quite strong, I still don't want to come to a place like this." Andrew replied, "Let's go find Dad." Nyx mumbled, "Normally, you wouldn't see a single soul in this kind of forbidden zone. But now, so many people have suddenly ---- shown up.

Andrew, I have a feeling that once the sacred realm entrance opens, conflict and bloodshed are inevitable." Andrew was thinking the same thing. He was about to nod when the entire wasteland suddenly shook with a tremendous boom. From the abyss beneath the distant plain, an eerie light erupted like a massive aurora, shooting straight up into the sky. Instantly, the entire dark canopy turned an eerie blue, making it feel as though they had been transported to an alien world. Nyx's expression changed. "What's happening?" Andrew's face turned grim. "Quick, we need to get over there.

The entrance is probably about to open!" Several more tremors followed, and the entire wasteland began to shake. It was like a massive earthquake about to erupt. Under this unknown, tremendous force, Andrew and Nyx could barely keep their footing. Andrew grabbed Nyx's delicate hand, helping her steady herself, Then, he accelerated even faster, charging toward the depths of the abyss. At the bottom of the abyss, before the black mountain, over a dozen figures stood suspended in midair. The three leading them were Reginald, Christopher, and Marcato, the Siren Emperor.

---- Before the three of them, a dark blue vortex was slowly taking shape. The suction from the vortex grew stronger, whipping their hair wildly. Yet the three of them remained suspended before it, completely unmoving. Between Christopher's hands, two octagonal-shaped energy masses spun faster and faster. He roared, "One more time! Force this entrance open, and we can enter!" Marcato's expression was unreadable in the shifting light as he gripped an enormous trident in his hand, its surface glowing with a mysterious, divine light. He turned his head to look at Reginald.

"Reginald, what do you say?" Reginald's handsome face remained expressionless as he replied coolly, "I have no objections. However, you and I need to switch positions!" Marcato frowned. "What do you mean by that?" Reginald let out a cold laugh. "Isn't it obvious? We switch positions, or I'm pulling out now. You can get someone else to help open this passage. I need a break." Marcato's face immediately darkened. Christopher also roared angrily, "Reginald, at a time like this, ---- can't you let go of your suspicions?"

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Chapter 3017

[647 words]

---- Chapter 3017 Reginald smiled calmly and said to Christopher, "I know exactly what kind of person you are. Right now, the prototype of the passage has appeared. But it's not big enough yet and can't support anyone below the martial god level entering. "For me, whether the passage expands or not doesn't really matter. Even at its current size, I could force my way in without any issues. But for you all, that's a different story." Christopher cursed, "Damn it! We'll do it your way.

Lord Marcato, quickly switch positions with him, and we'll strike again!" immediately, Reginald, who had been in the center position, switched places with Marcato. Marcato took the central position. In that instant when they switched positions, an eerie divine light suddenly blazed from Marcato's eyes. Correspondingly, the octagonal energy masses in Christopher's hands expanded violently, growing from fist-sized to as wide as a cauldron. The two supreme powerhouses exchanged a glance. Then, they both roared wildly and struck suddenly. However, they did not attack the passage in front of them.

---- Instead, they blasted toward Reginald! At the same time, several cold laughs and roars erupted from behind. No fewer than five beams of energy, black and white, blue and violet, all different in nature, carrying overwhelming killing force, blasted toward Reginald from every direction. Raiden let out a maniacal laugh, his hunched figure hovered in midair, his cape billowing like a black sun. From between his hands, a black

beam of energy shot out, spanning hundreds of feet before slamming into Reginald's position "Diet" Several roars rang out in unison at that moment.

On the ground, all the other powerhouses, who had been focused and waiting for the passage to open so they could rush in immediately, were left completely stunned. The next moment, they were horrified Christopher, Marcato, the King of Wastelands and the Ludendorff family leader: Raiden, the Werewolf King: Kaelen Soros, the Vampire Prince: Mendyl Bathory, Sorya's National Advisor: Waylon Sloan, and more, suddenly changed their plans, abandoning the passage they had just opened. Instead, they all attacked Reginald, the great powerhouse from ---- Holtrien, in unison.

In an instant, a catastrophic storm of energy erupted, strong enough to annihilate everything. A massive black mushroom cloud rose into the sky from where Reginald stood. Even the eerie glow from the abyss below was forced to dim under the impact. Raiden erupted in wild, triumphant laughter. "Reginald, you never expected this day would come, did you? No matter how strong or supreme you are, you'll meet your end here. You'll never get to see the scenery of The Veiled Paradise!" Christopher's face was filled with cold malice, Marcato wore a mocking smile, while Waylon looked utterly pleased.

Even though Kaelan remained expressionless, a raw, animalistic snarl was plastered across his mouth. Mendyl cut a willowy, almost feminine figure. He stood tall and slender, with a cascade of crimson hair flowing behind him. He said, "My dear, I had no choice. They have numbers and strength on their side. I could only obey and send you to your grave." Below, Nyx and Andrew finally arrived. Andrew's blood boiled with rage when he saw the scene.

---- Nyx let out a tragic scream and, without hesitation, launched herself into the air, her entire body blazing with blue light as she recklessly stabbed toward one of the powerhouses surrounding Reginald. Tears streamed from the corners of her eyes as she shouted, " Mr. Lloyd Senior!"

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Chapter 3018

[797 words]

---- Chapter 3018 A low hum rang out. Then, under everyone's gaze, a golden arc-shaped energy barrier suddenly expanded from the center of the black and violet explosion. It was like the blazing sun falling from the sky, radiating light in all directions. "This..." Waylon raised his hand, instinctively shielding himself from the blinding light. His figure retreated again and again through the air. At the same time, Kaelen also retreated several steps to ensure his safety. Only Christopher, Marcato, Raiden, and Mendyl remained where they were. Even so, their expressions all tightened at once.

Mendyl's voice changed with alarm. "Wyrnhelm, are you telling me Reginald is on the verge of becoming a demigod?" To be "Beyond Mortal Limits" meant you were top of the food chain. But you still played by the world's rules. A true god? That would be off the board, and they made their own rules, the ultimate cheat code. Then again, it was all just labels, stories we tell about power. If ---- real gods existed, the one they pray to in the Lomuia Grand Cathedral would have descended long ago to punish the world.

By the current hierarchy of martial power, what corresponded to a "True God" was referred to as Transcendent. It stood one full level higher than "Beyond Mortal Limits" and represented the absolute peak of life itself. Martial Emperor, Martial God, Beyond Mortal Limits, and Transcendent were the four final, definitive stages of the martial path. The "demigod" Mendyl mentioned meant someone with one foot already stepping into the realm of Transcendent. Christopher said nothing, only staring intently at that increasingly blazing sun, his expression growing darker and uglier.

Finally, with a thunderous explosion, a golden storm swept away all the previous darkness and gloom. At the center of the golden storm, Reginald's gaze swept out like a physical force, sharp and brilliant as polished steel, cutting through the chaos around him. "Lord Marcato, Wyrnhelm, Mendyl, you think the likes of you can kill me? It will not be that easy." Reginald's voice boomed out, resonating with a pressure that felt almost divine, shaking the very ground beneath them. ---- "The entrance to The Veiled Paradise is right before us. Since you want a big fight, then bring it on.

I will see it through to the end!" The words "to the end" echoed across the blackened wasteland. Below, all the major powerhouses were shocked, their eyes filled with wariness. No one expected that under such devastating attacks, Reginald could still survive. Moreover, he had erupted with overwhelming momentum that dominated everyone present. Marcato's expression grew frantic with rage as he roared at Christopher, "You old bastard, how dare you deceive me. Reginald has already grown this powerful, and you dragged me into attacking him together.

Aren't you trying to harm the sirens?" Christopher kept his hands tucked inside his wide sleeves, his face cold. "You old catfish, things have come to this point, and saying all that is completely useless. I invited you to act together for the sake of your Dark Trinity, to eliminate Reginald. But instead of being grateful, you're blaming me? Do you really think that if you don't act today, Reginald won't slaughter the sirens in the future?" Marcato's expression darkened, and he suddenly fell silent. He gripped his trident tightly, his thoughts unreadable.

---- Yet, at the very moment he hesitated, a golden beam of light had already swept across the battlefield. Reginald descended like a god of war, launching into a ruthless slaughter with cold indifference in his eyes. "Wyrmhelm, I'm in a hurry to enter the Veiled Paradise, and I have no time to deal with you right now. But one day, you'll die by my hand, or by Andrew's. Not only you, but Guillermo as well. None of you will meet a good end." The great battle erupted in full force. Marcato and the others said nothing more and began fighting head-on against Reginald.

Christopher was right; the Dark Clans absolutely could not allow Reginald to grow any stronger. The smile vanished from Mendyl's beautiful face as he waved his hand, unleashing a tide of blood-red energy. Raiden looked even more grim. With Reginald's current strength, the Ludendorff family was no longer a match for him. This gave Raiden an unprecedented sense of crisis Andrew hid below among the crowd beside the abyss.

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Chapter 3019

[822 words]

---- Chapter 3019 Almost everyone was focused on the fierce battle raging in midair. Practically no one was paying attention to what was happening down here. Meanwhile, Nyx had already engaged Waylon in combat. The latter was extremely cunning. As an assassin, Nyx's strengths were in her speed and devastating killing power.

Yet, Waylon had deeply mastered the essence of Sorya's martial arts, and his The Dragon's Cyclone technique was exceptionally refined, making his defense absolutely impenetrable Suppressing the nearly boiling killing intent in his chest, Andrew tightened his grip on Godslayer and quietly moved toward the entrance of the sacred realm. The entrance to the sacred realm was embedded directly into the cliff face. No one would have imagined that the passage to the Veiled Paradise, sought desperately by the world's strongest, would be hidden in such a place.

Reginald's hand flashed, and a massive golden palm-strike blasted out, catching Mendyl head-on. The impact sent Mendyl reeling, blood spraying from his mouth, his long hair whipping wildly around his face as he staggered back. ---- "If you won't act now, then I'm taking my leave!" Mendyl! let out a shrill roar, fuming with rage A massive archway of crimson light materialized behind him, and he vanished into it in an instant.

Christopher paid no attention, his eyes locked dead on the constantly spinning dark blue vortex on the mountain wall.

Marcato, Raiden, and Kaelan were all besieging Reginald, but he alone had not made a move. Andrew's eyes were sharp, and he noticed that Christopher's hands, hidden in his wide sleeves, were constantly changing positions. A faint, almost imperceptible connection extended from Christopher and linked directly to the vortex. Andrew immediately realized that Christopher was trying to enter the vortex. However, he remained calm and continued approaching the passage. At last, a look of delight appeared on Christopher's face.

He called out, "Raiden, Marcato, let's enter first." After that, he ignored the other two powerhouses and surged straight toward the sacred realm entrance. His hands moved rapidly as the crackling lightning within the vortex parted, opening a gap just large enough for a person to pass through. ---- Marcato and Raiden immediately abandoned Reginald and shot forward, following right behind Christopher. Reginald let out a cold snort and said, "Trying to get ahead of me? No way." He raised his hand, and two beams of light blasted out. However, they were not aimed at the three of them.

Instead, they slammed directly into the vortex entrance. A deafening explosion rocked the vortex. The newly formed opening immediately trembled, its edges blurring back into chaotic energy as arcing tendrils of electricity crackled back to life. Christopher was furious. "Reginald, if you do this, none of us will be able to enter! Marcato, Raiden, join me and forcefully break the barrier in front of us." Marcato quickly answered, "No, even if we break it open, only we can enter. Our people will not survive the vortex's pull." Christopher snapped frantically, "Damn it!

At a time like this, you're still worried about your people? This passage is extremely unstable, and that madman, Reginald, doesn't care about anything. We can't worry about the others; we need to get in first! Hurry, or all this would've been for nothing." The three supreme powerhouses attacked together, forcing ---- back the electrical arcs in the vortex. Immediately, a safe opening reappeared. Raiden was the fastest and was the first to rush inside, letting out triumphant laughter before disappearing from sight. Clearly, he had already entered The Veiled Paradise.

Marcato's eyes burned with excitement, no longer caring about anything else as he followed close behind. Christopher snorted coldly with satisfaction and was about to throw himself into the passage as well. "Reginald, I'm going in. We'll settle things between us once we're in the sacred realm!" As his words fell, half his body was already squeezed into the vortex. Suddenly, a towering sword arc, wrapped in black and crimson light, crashed down like a collapsing pillar. Christopher's scalp went numb.

Even though his martial cultivation had already reached its absolute peak, rendering him nearly unstoppable, this sudden strike still made him feel a very real sense of danger. While standing in the passage vortex, he erupted with a furious roar, "You insolent brat, how dare you!" Under normal circumstances, he would never have been

forced into such a miserable state. But at this moment, he had to divide ---- his focus and strength to deal with the pulling forces within the passage that appeared constantly.

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Chapter 3020

[780 words]

---- Chapter 3020 Originally, the assembled powerhouses could have reinforced and stabilized the passage together. However, Christopher could not wait any longer because his mind was set on joining forces to eliminate Reginald, the biggest variable, before entering. In the end, Reginald's true strength completely exceeded Christopher's expectations. Reginald was a demigod, on the same level as Christopher himself! Christopher unleashed a massive spherical construct, within which something like a divine dragon seemed to coil and swim.

It then collided violently with Andrew's suddenly erupting sword light. The collision sent a violent shockwave outward, and even the passage itself swayed several times, as if it were on the verge of collapsing. Christopher's face turned pale as he felt his body nearly torn apart by the unstable passage. His figure was fully pulled into the passage. Even then, he did not forget to turn back and glare at Andrew ---- with undisguised hatred. "You little bastard.

When I come out, I'll come for you." Andrew gripped his sword and leaped down from the cliff face, studying the vortex with a calm expression. He had already used his full strength in that sword strike just now. Christopher appeared unharmed, but Andrew had caught sight of his trembling arm. Clearly, even though the old bastard was incredibly powerful, the blow had not been easy to take. The vortex began to shake and collapse inward toward its center. Reginald said quickly, "Andy, take Nyx and leave.

Don't follow me." Without waiting for Andrew to respond, he threw himself directly into the vortex. In that final glance, Andrew clearly saw the resolve in his father's eyes. The Veiled Paradise was very likely a land of death. Without any extra words, Andrew understood his father's intentions. However, driven by the need to learn whether Eleanor was still alive, he still plunged in without hesitation. Several more figures flashed past and followed into the passage. Then, the vortex rapidly contracted, vanished into nothingness, and disappeared completely.

---- Andrew took a deep breath and turned to find Nyx. Just moments ago, he had an impulse to follow Reginald inside. Nonetheless, he could not leave Nyx here alone. More importantly, a bold plan had already taken shape in Andrew's mind. The Veiled Paradise, as the world's final transcendent power, remained completely unknown. Perhaps it truly held heaven- defying opportunities, or even chances to achieve enlightenment and immortality. No one could say for sure, but Christopher, Marcato, Waylon, and the others were all gambling on it.

At their level of martial power, gambling was the only path left. Maybe an entirely new world was truly waiting just beyond that door. On the other hand, Christopher and the others were bold precisely because of their strength. The Veiled Paradise, the legendary final sanctuary of the world, might hold immense danger. Yet, they all believed they would not be the ones to fall. Andrew, however, had his own plans. He wanted to find his mother, but at this critical moment, he had to remain calm. Hence, letting Reginald enter alone was the best possible choice.

What Andrew needed to do now was something else entirely. He ---- needed to infinitely increase his own strength. Ideally, he would dominate the entire Outlands and establish an invincible army. At that point, he could completely dictate the entire world's power structure once again. By then, even if he wanted to open The Veiled Paradise's entrance again, it would not be difficult. After experiencing so much, Andrew was no longer that hot- blooded youth from years ago.

His heart had not grown cold, but his responsibilities had grown heavier, and his approach to confronting the world had gradually changed. Only power, absolute power that ruled over all, could resolve every obstacle. Andrew returned to Nyx's side. The two of them hovered in the air, looking down below. There, pairs of eyes had already turned bloodshot. The leader was Kaelen, the werewolf king. His massive, powerful frame was draped in a billowing cloak. His cold, vertical pupils locked onto Andrew as he hissed.

"I couldn't kill Reginald, but you will die." Nyx said, "Kaelen didn't enter the vortex. Right now, the vampires, werewolves, and sirens here all seem to be under his command. What should we do?" ---- Andrew replied calmly, "Kill them."

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Chapter 3021

[1,079 words]

---- Chapter 3021 Howls erupted across the wasteland. Werewolves, vampires, and grotesque sirens surged forward under Kaelan's command. Their roars filled the air as they charged at Andrew and Nyx. No one had expected things to turn hostile so quickly after the sanctuary entrance closed. Everyone not involved in the fight immediately backed away to a safe distance. Among the retreating crowd were a few of Andrew's old acquaintances. Waylon's disciple, Ezekiel, was one of them.

Andrew had crippled this man back in Holtrien, yet here he was, moving with surprising agility as he quickly put distance between himself and the chaos. "Mr. Sloan told me to wait for him in the Outlands and not make any rash moves," Ezekiel muttered to himself. He glanced back at Andrew, now surrounded by dark warriors, and a cold smile crept across his gaunt face. He hissed, " Andrew, I'll let you live for now." Unlike the dashing man he once was, Ezekiel had become a completely different person, now cold and ruthless. Before long, he vanished into the distance without looking back.

---- On a ridge overlooking the plains, three attendants clustered around a young man, watching Andrew and Nyx battle the dark warriors below. The young man, Vance Titoria, had an unsettling expression on his face. Dressed in wooden sandals, he smiled faintly and said, " Andrew Lloyd from Holtrien... I never thought I'd run into him here. I hope you don't die too easily at the hands of these vile creatures. I want to test myself against you soon." One of his attendants spoke up respectfully, "Prince Vance, we should leave.

Lord Kaelan's relationship with our nation isn't exactly friendly." Vance snorted coldly. "Let's go. If I didn't have important business to attend to, I wouldn't fear Kaelan in the slightest." Vance was Eastonia's crown prince. When word spread that The Veiled Paradise's entrance had opened, powerful warriors from Eastonia had come rushing to investigate Down below the ridge, near the edge of the abyss, Andrew stood calm with his greatsword in hand. He swung once, and a massive blade of energy tore through the air. In an instant, over a dozen dark warriors were slaughtered.

Nyx moved like a black phantom, circling Andrew as she struck with lethal precision. When she finally stopped beside him ---- again, eight dark warriors lay dead, blood spraying from their throats. Kaelan's sinister expression showed a flicker of surprise. However, he quickly barked out another order, his voice devoid of mercy. "Keep attacking!" He did not care about the werewolf warriors dying, much less the vampires and sirens. Before long, high-ranking werewolves began transforming, their savage howls echoing across the plains.

Massive wolf-like creatures dropped to all fours and charged at Andrew and Nyx with ferocious speed. The vampires bared their fangs, spreading their bat-like wings. The sirens, though the weakest faction among the Dark Trinity, were no less vicious or bloodthirsty than werewolves and vampires when it came to sheer brutality. Yet to Andrew and Nyx, these hundred-plus dark warriors were no different from livestock waiting for slaughter. Andrew's combat prowess had grown so immense that even

Christopher had suffered at his hands. Hence, these dark creatures did not stand a chance.

Godslayer, swept out in wide, devastating arcs, brought forth anguished cries as bodies fell one after another. ---- Andrew drove his sword straight through the skull of a massive werewolf, and the creature let out an incomprehensible howl from deep in its throat before its towering body collapsed to its knees. Then, Andrew stepped past without even glancing down, his gaze fixed on Kaelan in the distance. He pulled his blade cleanly from the werewolf's skull, yet not a drop of blood remained on the steel. The sword had absorbed it all!

The massive werewolf corpse collapsed to the ground, unmistakably dead. "Word across the Wastelands is that Reginald's son, Andrew, has risen to power," Kaelan said, striding toward Andrew with measured steps. His face showed no emotion except cruelty and cold determination. "They say you're leading Dragonfang and sweeping through the Outlands. But in my eyes, you're still weak and green. Since I dared to ambush your old man, what's, stopping me from killing you? Kid, you're dying here today!" The moment he finished speaking, Kaelan broke into a sprint.

Halfway through his charge, he transformed. His body swelled to three times the size of an ordinary werewolf warrior, a ---- monstrous figure standing over 15 feet tall with black fur bristling like steel needles and fangs as hard as tempered steel. Kaelan threw his head back and roared at the sky. The mushroom clouds overhead seemed to churn in response to his overwhelming presence. Nyx's expression changed, and she moved forward to fight alongside Andrew. However, Andrew's voice cut through the tension, calm and firm. "You don't need to help me.

Deal with the other trash; this beast is mine." Being called a beast was the ultimate insult to werewolves. Though they took on monstrous forms when transformed, their minds and intelligence remained intact, sharper and more cunning than most humans, in fact. Kaelan flared with rage. His thousand-pound body launched into the air, covering over 30 feet in a single bound before crashing down toward Andrew's head with crushing force. Andrew took a deep breath, feeling the power coursing through every fiber of his being, as if it would explode outward at any moment.

He had been craving this kind of high-intensity combat. "Perfect!" Andrew roared, swinging his sword in a direct, devastating arc. ---- An energy shield flickered across Kaelan's fur-covered body, deflecting the blade. His massive claw slammed into Godslayer with tremendous force. Though Andrew blocked with his sword, he was pushed back over 300 feet before finally stopping. A deep trench now scarred the plains where he had been driven backward. Kaelan's maw opened in a vicious snarl. "I'm nothing like Victor or Giuliano.

I'm one step away from becoming a Werewolf Prince, what you people call peak martial god level. Kid, no matter how talented you are, I'm going to tear you apart!"

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Chapter 3022

[803 words]

---- Chapter 3022 Andrew remained utterly calm as he faced Kaelan's overwhelming assault. He swung his sword again, the blade cutting straight toward his enemy. Kaelan's massive body surged forward with terrifying speed. Wave after wave of devastating sword energy sliced past his body, yet none could harm him in the slightest. Whenever he could not dodge, a thin protective barrier materialized around him. This energy shield looked fragile, but it effortlessly deflected Andrew's attacks every single time. It was like striking a slippery membrane because the sword energy simply bounced off.

Andrew's combat instincts were razor-sharp, and he immediately narrowed his eyes, recognizing the pattern. A dull thud rang out, and Andrew's greatsword struck again, this time landing squarely on Kaelan's enormous wolf head. However, a violent recoil instantly knocked the blade aside. From Kaelan's massive jaws came a deafening roar, the sonic blast hammering directly into Andrew's eardrums. His vision went black, and his body felt like it had been hit by a charging tank.

---- Andrew coughed up a mouthful of blood as he was sent flying over 400 feet backward like a cannonball. Nyx's face filled with alarm. After ripping off a werewolf's arm, she shot forward, her dagger's tip gleaming with a cold, deadly light. The blade struck Kaelan's neck with a sharp clink, but even that could not pierce the massive werewolf's defenses. "It's useless, Nyx. Even with you added to the mix, you're nowhere near a match for me!" Kaelan's arrogant voice boomed across the wasteland. His muscles bulged as he swatted at Nyx.

Nyx's figure flickered, reappearing in the distance with an icy expression before charging at Kaelan once more. In an instant, she unleashed her full power. Kaelan's body was struck at least 100 times in rapid succession. But just like before, none of the attacks managed to inflict any real damage. The massive werewolf flew into a rage. His jaws opened wide, and a tangible wave of sonic energy slammed into Nyx. She grunted, her body forced backward before she vanished into thin air. When she reappeared, she was beside Andrew in the distance.

---- She quickly said, "Andrew, Kaelan's defense is considered the best in the Wastelands. Even Mr. Lloyd Senior would have a hard time dealing with him head-on. The two of us probably can't kill him. I think we should retreat now and plan for another time." Andrew leaned on his sword, the blade planted in the barren ground. He was breathing slightly harder, his face pale. Werewolves were even more terrifying in raw strength than vampires, and Kaelan, a pure defense-type werewolf lord, possessed power that was horrifying beyond measure.

In terms of actual strength, Kaelan was the most powerful martial god Andrew had ever encountered. Perhaps only Alfredo, the Sword Saint, or Julius, the head of the Divine Alchemists, could rival him. Even Kass would likely fall short of Kaelan in pure combat power. Viktor, the werewolf duke and the lord of Storm City, whom Andrew killed before, was clearly a level below Kaelan. Nonetheless, Andrew refused to accept defeat. He gently grasped Nyx's hand and whispered, "Fall back a bit. I'm going to try one more time." Nyx pressed her lips together.

"He won't be able to stop us if we try to leave. Andrew, you've just reached the martial god level. There's no need to fight him to the death right now." ---- Andrew wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, and his smile gradually turned bloodthirsty and savage. "You're right. If we leave now, he definitely can't stop me. But Nyx, for some reason, looking at this massive beast makes me crave blood. Don't worry. If things go south, I'll retreat, and we'll leave together.

But right now, I need to try one more time." Without waiting for Nyx to protest further, Andrew gripped his greatsword and launched himself forward again. This time, black and crimson hues slowly flooded his pupils. The corners of his eyes pulled back slightly, similar to how vampires transformed when their bodies began to change. At the same time, his body, hidden beneath his clothes, underwent a subtle change. Tiny scales pushed out from beneath his skin and spread across his entire body. The fingers gripping the sword hardened, and his nails grew sharp and claw-like.

The towering werewolf standing proudly on the plain suddenly felt an indescribable pressure crashing down on him

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Chapter 3023

[739 words]

---- Chapter 3023 The oppressive pressure was not particularly intense. However, it lingered like a blade at Kaelen's back, making him feel constantly uneasy. When he locked eyes with Andrew's pupils, where there was a swirling mix of crimson and black, his massive wolf body instinctively trembled. He mumbled, "What the hell is this?" For a brief moment, confusion flickered in Kaelen's eyes. From this human, he sensed two distinct auras, those of a werewolf and a vampire, coexisting within the same body. This should have been impossible!

Although both belonged to the Dark Clans, werewolves and vampires were natural mortal enemies. Their bloodlines and powers carried poison and curses toward each other. In other words, they could not merge and actively repelled one another. If not for the changing times and the establishment of the Dark Council, along with major figures from both races forging a peace treaty to present a united front, there would be no peace between werewolves and vampires, not even on the surface. Even now, friction between the two sides still existed, with mutual contempt running deep.

At their core, their power ---- sources conflicted and eroded each other. Yet somehow, this human before him carried both forms of dark power at once. Shock and disbelief flashed through Kaelen's mind. However, none of that mattered because tearing Andrew apart came first. With a furious roar, Kaelen's massive body flickered repeatedly across the wasteland. His speed had reached a level that defied reason. For such a colossal body, it was impossible to imagine how he could move so fast.

In the space beside Andrew, Kaelen's two claws sharpened like steel blades and crossed as they sliced toward him. Those claws alone were nearly as large as Andrew's entire body. Nyx cried out, "Watch out!" An inhuman roar exploded from Andrew's throat. Then, his face elongated, taking on a feral, bestial savagery. He spun and brought his sword down in a crushing overhead strike. Simultaneously, his body bent at an impossible angle, evading Kaelen's claws.

Next, the pommel of his greatsword slammed brutally into the werewolf's skull Kaelen howled in pain as he plummeted from the air toward the ---- ground. Andrew's strike and smash not only blocked the steel claws but slammed Kaelen straight into the ground. A crater formed where Kaelen hit, dust billowing into the air. The massive werewolf shook his head twice, seemingly dazed from the impact. He leaped from the crater, tilting his head toward the crescent moon hidden behind clouds, and roared into the sky. The piercing cry echoed across the entire plain.

The werewolf's natural aura of dominance forced every other creature on the plains to scramble into their holes, trembling with fear. Kaelen snarled, "You actually found the weakness in my defense, the power of the werewolf progenitor. But that is as far as it goes. You can't break the progenitor's power protecting my body. As long as you can't touch my true body, you'll never truly injure me. If you can't reach my true body, I can fight you forever. In the end, you're still the one who will die." With a furious roar, Kaelen dropped to all fours and charged at Andrew again.

This time, Andrew remained standing where he was. His greatsword swung without any energy or inner force attached. He knew it was useless because Kaelen's defense, the progenitor power of the werewolf clan, existed at an extremely ---- high tier. The more Andrew clashed with it using true energy, the more disadvantaged he became. Instead, he had just tested something else. When he struck Kaelen's head using pure physical force, it worked. Kaelen had been smashed straight into the ground. Realizing this weakness, Andrew had a strategy in mind.

Nyx watched the man and the wolf intently, her palms slick with sweat. Pure physical combat was an assassin's weakness. Moreover, werewolves were naturally tough, with Kaelen's body capable of near regeneration. If things continued like this, even with Andrew's abnormal physique, he would likely be at a disadvantage.

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Chapter 3024

[753 words]

---- Chapter 3024 "You're asking for death!" Kaelan roared. His steel claws struck repeatedly, leaving countless afterimages in their wake. Andrew's greatsword danced before him, creating a dense web of blade shadows that clashed with the claws, sending massive showers of sparks flying. With a tearing sound, one side of Andrew's body was torn open as a claw barely grazed him, ripping a deep gash that sent blood gushing out. The werewolf lifted his bloodstained claw to his mouth and licked it. Standing upright, he grinned viciously. "Boy, you should be careful.

Next time, I might tear half your body off." Andrew's face remained expressionless. The torn wound slowly closed, and the bleeding stopped within moments. Such rapid recovery caused Kaelan's triumphant laughter to falter slightly. Andrew exhaled sharply, the sound like a bellows. His chest was pounding as his muscles bulged one by one. Kaelan's eyes narrowed. His face showed no fear, but his heart was beating fast. ---- 'Is this guy even human? Why is his body changing so much like our sacred race?

He has the speed and power of the werewolf clan, plus the freakish recovery and agility of vampires. No., Something's wrong with him. I absolutely can't let him live!' Those thoughts flashed through Kaelen's mind in an instant. He rose upright and swung his steel claws again, launching another attack. At the same time, Andrew's greatsword traced a perfect arc through the air. Two crisp clangs rang out as the blade struck

Kaelen at the exact moment his strength began to drop. The massive claws veered sideways, suddenly out of control.

The recoil hit Kaelen at the worst possible moment, making his body feel violently unbalanced. A powerful sense of danger washed over Kaelan, and he let out a furious roar in panic. His fur rippled as muscle mass surged rapidly toward his abdomen. Even so, Andrew's perfectly executed strike still sliced open Kaelan's belly. Beneath layers of dense, hardened muscle, the werewolf's massive organs were exposed. The intense pain forced Kaelen to grunt and stagger back two steps.

He clutched his abdomen as energy surged, quickly ---- sealing the wound. It was the same kind of terrifying regeneration. However, it only forced the gaping wound to close. The torn muscle did not fully heal, and blood dripped from the werewolf's fur like raindrops, pattering onto the ground. Compared to Andrew's recovery, even Kaelen, a Werewolf Lord, fell short. Andrew keenly noticed this difference, and Kaelan realized it too. His already ugly werewolf face became even more twisted. This human before him was clearly inferior in overall strength.

Yet somehow, the man had managed to wound him, and that last strike had been dangerously close to being fatal. At least in the past 200 years, Kaelan had not encountered such a situation in combat. Consumed by rage, he lost his cool and launched his most powerful charge, dropping to all fours again as he rushed at Andrew. This time, he would crush this human's skull! The werewolf's speed advantage came into full play once more. But this time, Andrew was ready. Under Kaelan and Nyx's shocked gaze, Andrew slung his greatsword onto his back.

He, too, dropped to all fours like a ---- hunting cheetah and began his own sprint. However, unlike Kaelan's straightforward assault, Andrew moved like a perfect predator. His spine rolled, and his muscles controlled every step with flawless precision. Both fighters roared. Kaelan's howl was rough and savage, filled with murderous intent. Meanwhile, Andrew's roar was low and distorted, almost human yet not quite. Kaelen's steel claws slammed down from midair, capable of tearing even a mountain apart. However, Andrew flipped through the air with perfect control.

The strike missed, crashing through the space beneath him. In that instant, Andrew had already drawn his sword. Crimson light blazed in his eyes, and without even looking, he drove the blade straight down. The greatsword pierced Kaelen's arm as if cutting through butter. The werewolf rose upright and screamed toward the sky. This time, his roar was no longer dominant and overpowering. It was hoarse, broken, and filled with pain.

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Chapter 3025

[777 words]

---- Chapter 3025 Andrew gripped his sword with both hands and dragged it downward at an angle from Kaelan's shoulder all the way to his wrist. A gash nearly six feet long opened up, revealing bright red muscle tissue and thick bone beneath. Blood poured out even faster. Kaelan clutched his wounded arm with his other hand, panting heavily. Andrew turned to face him from just 30 feet away, his savage grin growing more pronounced. Neither spoke, and the battle had reached its true life-or-death moment. Andrew lowered his body again, and the corners of his mouth stretched even farther.

At this moment, if someone claimed Andrew was a high-level vampire, no one would doubt it. Kaelan stared at the black and crimson swirling in his opponent's eyes, feeling an inexplicable chill run down his spine. He thought this human was a freak. What shocked him even more was that the wound on his arm refused to close. For a Werewolf Lord, muscle regeneration and sealing a wound should have been basic. Yet now, the wound burned intensely ---- and not only showed no sign of healing but bled even more heavily. Kaelen sensed an aura he despised to the core.

"Holy light..." His voice dropped low as he growled, "Why do you also carry the Cathedral's filthy holy power?" The natural nemesis of the Dark Clans was the Cathedral's sacred power. Even at Kaelen's level, holy light still filled him with deep disgust. Andrew said nothing and charged again. The rasping breaths tearing from his throat grew heavier. Kaelen threw his head back and roared. From the distant plain, dense packs of werewolves dropped to all fours and surged forward like beasts.

They were his attendants Andrew raised his sword and slaughtered his way through Unlike his approach with Kaelan, against these ordinary werewolves, he channeled true energy into his greatsword, mowing them down like grass. Everywhere Andrew passed, bodies piled up, and anguished howls filled the air. Kaelan's eyelid twitched violently. He wanted nothing more than ---- to tear Andrew apart and swallow him piece by piece. However, after fighting this long, he still had not been able to overcome Andrew This made Kaelan consider retreat.

He needed to figure out why this damned human possessed the powers of vampires, werewolves, and the Cathedral's holy power all at once. Such a combination was something Kaelen had never heard of. With another furious roar, he sent a command to his attendants. Then, he turned and led the retreat. The tide of werewolf attendants began following, preparing to flee. However, Andrew was caught up in the thrill of battle and had no intention of letting Kaelan escape. "Running away?" His voice dripped with contemptuous mockery. He leaped high into the air, soaring over 40 feet.

Then, he crashed down like a cannonball. Another dozen werewolf attendants died with anguished cries. Kaelan, leading the retreat at the front, roared furiously, "How dare you slaughter my men! I'll make you pay for this! Andrew's face turned ice-cold as he pursued again. His speed was far beyond what ordinary werewolf attendants could match. His greatsword swept through them like a scythe through wheat. ---- One wolf head after another fell to the ground, eyes still wide with shock. Kaelan's roar was filled with towering rage.

In the Dark Clans, especially among vampires and werewolves, having one's attendants killed was equivalent to the master being humiliated. Andrew was not just killing a few; he was mowing them down by the dozen! Kaelan knew Andrew was trying to force him to stay and fight to the death. Yet, after witnessing the holy light within Andrew's body, his instincts screamed out 'danger.' Until he understood what he was dealing with, Kaelan refused to take the risk. Moreover, Viktor's death had taught him caution. However, while Kaelan restrained himself, another equally massive werewolf could not.

This werewolf was nearly as large as Kaelan, though clearly much younger. His towering frame stood out sharply among the attendants. "Father, I'm going back to tear this human apart!" After roaring at Kaelan, this massive werewolf turned and charged directly at Andrew. ---- Kaelan cried out in alarm, "Come back!" Yet, it was too late. His son had already collided head-on with Andrew.

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Chapter 3026

[792 words]

---- Chapter 3026 Andrew was forced back over 100 feet. The massive werewolf pounded his chest in a show of dominance, his jaws stretched wide to bare every fang. Andrew gave a savage grin, leaned forward, and launched himself toward the young, towering werewolf. The werewolf chose to meet him head-on again. Once transformed, werewolves were inevitably influenced by their bloodline, becoming savage and bloodthirsty. This was also the case with vampires.

Despite being as intelligent, cunning, and sharp-minded as humans, once they transformed, their bestial instincts would emerge and take over their thoughts. Kaelan's powerful son, Remus Soros, was no exception. Andrew's relentless slaughter of the werewolf attendants had pushed him past his breaking point, and his composure

vanished. He wanted nothing more than to tear Andrew apart piece by piece. In terms of keeping his cool, Remus still fell short of Kaelan. That impulsiveness earned him a lesson. A lesson paid in blood. ---- Andrew's greatsword pierced straight through Remus' chest.

Fresh werewolf blood surged out and soaked Andrew's sword arm in thick crimson, but his grip on the sword remained firm. Werewolf blood was scorching hot and highly toxic. Yet, aside from corroding the fabric on Andrew's hand, it had absolutely no effect on his flesh. Remus' massive jaws clamped down on Andrew's shoulder. His fangs sank deep, but he could not tear free. The greatsword had already impaled his heart, cutting off all his power at its source. "F-Father!" Remus managed to call out with difficulty. With a thud, he collapsed to his knees before Andrew.

In terms of realm, Remus had just ascended to the martial god level, and he was one of the most exceptional duke-level werewolf warriors in the clan. If Andrew had been an ordinary human martial god, he would have been absolutely no match for Remus. Unfortunately, Andrew was no ordinary martial god. His mutated constitution and the various extraordinary powers within him had somehow merged together in an unprecedented way. His raw power, regeneration, and even his savage nature now rivaled that of vampires and werewolves. ---- In fact, he surpassed them.

As a result, Remus was killed with just one strike. Andrew tore the wolf's head away, revealing the blood-soaked wound on his shoulder. Within moments, the wounds began healing, and the bleeding stopped. Andrew paid it no mind and stopped his pursuit. Instead, he severed Remus's head with a single stroke. Then, he raised it high, holding it toward Kaelan in the distance. The latter had reverted to human form, his tall and powerful frame standing atop a ridge, staring back at Andrew. From his throat came a roar packed with pure hatred, grief, and fury. It thundered across the wasteland.

It was a declaration of war, as well as extreme fury, pain, and grief. After his howl, Kaelan turned and departed with his attendants. Andrew's face remained blank as he tossed aside Remus' head. Nyx rushed over, asking with concern, "How are you feeling? Are you alright?" Andrew shook his head and planted Godslayer in the ground. ---- Suddenly, he felt an indescribable thirst. From within his body came an overwhelming urge to drink blood, to feed. Nyx noticed something was wrong and quickly stopped him. " Don't! Werewolf blood is filthy, Andrew.

Resist the urge!" Andrew's face showed signs of struggle as he walked over and tore out Remus' heart with his bare hand. A werewolf's heart! Andrew barely suppressed the impulse to devour the organ right then and there. He licked his lips, his voice hoarse. "Nyx, we need to leave. Now!" Nyx nodded, gripping Andrew's trembling arm. The intense battle had completely drained him, and she understood that right now, he needed to replenish himself. Moreover, his body and mind were consumed with primal desires.

She bit her lip and whispered, "Later, I'll give you what you need." Seeing her alluring expression, Andrew's primal urges exploded. Even his eyes, which had started to calm, surged with black and crimson once more. He shook his head and gave a bitter laugh. "Now's really not the time to tempt me! Let's go. We need to find a safe place to rest and recover! I feel like I'm about to break through again!" ---- Nyx was stunned Andrew had only just reached the martial god level, and he was breaking through again so soon?

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Chapter 3027

[720 words]

---- Chapter 3027 This place was a region perpetually shrouded in dark clouds, surging with sinister energy. A pale, ghostly moon hung motionless in the sky above. Staring at it too long from the ground could easily leave one dizzy and disoriented. It was the werewolf clan's headquarters, the Dark Sacred Mountain. It belonged to no nation in the world. From ancient times, it had been occupied by the werewolf clans alone. According to legend, the world's first werewolf was born in the demonic cavern beneath the Dark Sacred Mountain.

As Kaelan walked through the empty, dark, and evil canyon filled with massive boulders and jagged rocks, the massive bronze pillars on the sides suddenly ignited with cold, dim flames in their braziers. These flames gave light but no warmth. Instead, the passage ahead grew even colder as they burned. Several crows flew overhead. They landed on the dead, withered tree trunks perched on the mountainside beside the canyon. Then, they began pecking at the twisted corpses hanging from the branches.

These bodies had been mostly drained of blood, though dark red ---- stains were still visible on their surfaces. Clearly, they had not been dead for more than a week. However, they had not decomposed yet due to the low temperature. Even so, their faces were completely unrecognizable, making them a horrifyingly gruesome sight. Kaelan's expression remained unchanged, seemingly long accustomed to such sights. Finally, he arrived before the Sacred Mountain of the werewolf clan. A massive, pitch-black passage opened before him, exhaling icy wind as it led deep into the mountain.

Two restless werewolves stood guard on either side of the passage, saliva dripping from their mouths as continuous growls rumbled from their throats. When they saw

Kaelan approaching, they raised their massive heads and released threatening low growls. Kaelan's expression remained cold. "I need to see the Progenitor! The two werewolves' fierce eyes sized him up. Then, they stepped aside to clear the path! Kaelan's imposing figure disappeared into the dark passage. After walking through the relatively short tunnel, a faint light began to appear ahead.

However, it was still eerie and uncomfortable, making one's skin crawl. ---- Yet to Kaelan, this place was perfectly ordinary. Finally, he emerged from the passage into an exceptionally spacious steel hall. The entire hall was cast from molten bronze, heavy and ancient, yet radiating raw savagery. It felt brutal, primal, and overwhelming. In the center of the hall stood three enormous thrones.

The one in the middle was the tallest, reaching over 30 feet high, while the ones on either side stood about 26 feet tall. Standing before them made anyone feel small and insignificant. At this moment, both the center throne and the one on the right stood empty; only the left throne was occupied. An elderly man in a dark purple-black coat sat there, his chest exposed and skeletal. He only had a few strands of hair, his ribs jutted out clearly, and his body was thin. His hands, like clawed talons, trembled as they gripped a scepter. He stared at Kaelan with unblinking eyes.

"My child, you have not come to the Sacred Mountain to see me in a very long time." His voice was hoarse and shrill, like a night bird screeching in the dark. Yet, his eyes were terrifyingly bright. They burned with bloodlust, cruelty, and deep, oppressive malice. ---- Kaelan dropped to one knee, his head bowed. "My respects, Progenitor." The old man, Ragnar Marrock, let out a strange, rasping laugh. "You and Viktor are both clever ones. You carve out your own territories out there, so of course, you have no time for the Sacred Mountain. Speak, Kaelan.

You were born from the other two Progenitors and me... I know your ambition and desire all too well. I know why you have come." He chuckled and added, "I know you're confused, suffering, and in agony right now."

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Chapter 3028

[551 words]

---- Chapter 3028 A low growl forced its way out of Kaelen's throat. His rage split his lips as two fangs slid free. He stared viciously at Ragnar and roared, "Yes, I'm suffering because my son is dead! A human tore him apart, and his head was cut off! A human, a filthy, lowly creature, dared to hurt me like this! Progenitor, I need your guidance, and I need your power! Ragnar burst into wild laughter. "Kaelen, so you finally tasted the pain brought by those wretched humans? It seemed the wisdom we Progenitors accumulated over thousands of years still meant nothing to you.

You lost your son, and that idiot Viktor lost his own life as well. A complete fool, a complete waste." He continued, "And what was the other one's name again? His bloodline had just advanced, barely stepping into the Duke rank, and he was finally worth my attention. That poor little thing became a Duke and then was immediately killed by humans." Kaelen roared, "Giuliano! Progenitor, his name was Giuliano Rossi." Ragnar let out a rasping, vicious laugh. "Giuliano, yes, that pitiful little one. He once came to the Sacred Mountain to meet me, but he refused the terms I offered him.

He gained nothing from ---- me, so he blamed me and hated me. But in the end, he proved nothing at all. The only thing he proved was that defying a Progenitor cost him his life." Kaelen slammed his chest and shouted, "Progenitor, grant me higher-tier power! For this, I'm willing to pay any price that satisfies you." With a harsh hiss of excitement, Ragnar thrust his head out of the darkness. His face was riddled with pits, and maggots crawled openly within them. He had no lips, leaving rows of yellowed, rotten teeth exposed to the air.

He said, "Kaelen, my child, I've been awake for quite some time now. But my weakness and my hunger have gone unanswered. Your offerings are nothing more than scraps, meant to placate an old thing that should've remained asleep. I know what you, Viktor, Edmund, and Gennaro have been thinking. You've grown too powerful, and you don't want us to wake from our deep slumber. You're afraid of us, aren't you?" Kaelan kept his head lowered, saying nothing. Ragnar withdrew his hideous head back into the darkness. Only his hoarse, grating voice echoed. "I can grant you higher power, Kaelan.

But you must help me regain my strength and reclaim my former authority! Can you do that?" ---- Kaelan raised his head and stood up. "Progenitor, I can do it! In fact, I've already prepared everything for you!" At his clap, a line of slaves, over 100 in total, were herded into the mountain hall by werewolf attendants. These slaves wore tattered rags, walked barefoot, and had filthy, matted hair. Yet, without exception, they were all living, breathing humans.

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Chapter 3029

[670 words]

---- Chapter 3029 Besides the humans, there were also over a dozen vampires and sirens, their hands and feet bound in shackles. The moment they entered the steel hall, terror flooded their faces as they began struggling frantically. Yet, it was as if some higher power was suppressing these vampires and sirens from above. Aside from their faces turning pale with fear and their bodies trembling violently, they could do nothing else. As for the majority of the human slaves, it went without saying.

There were elders, children, men, and women, and every one of them stared ahead with hollow eyes, long stripped of any spark of life. At this point, they did not even know what fear was. They simply stood there blankly. Low, heavy breathing and sounds of hungry craving echoed from Ragnar on the throne, filling the cavern. "Kaelen, hurry, give them to me! I need fresh, burning blood and flesh right now..." Kaelen remained expressionless as he waved his hand. At once, all the slaves were driven forward. Then came piercing screams, desperate howls, and frantic pleas for mercy.

---- A mass of black shadow tore through them in moments, devouring every last slave. The sound was like an industrial meat grinder, horrifying beyond anything human. At last, the chaos settled, and several massive bones were thrown from the darkness, rolling to Kaelen's feet. Ragnar laughed and said, "Perfect... What a delicious feast! Kaelen, my child, you're indeed very devoted." As the lighthearted voice sounded, a smiling man walked out. The purple-red coat on his body had turned completely crimson, and the sunken ribs on his chest were gone.

In their place were bulging muscles, hard like stone. That hideous, disgusting face had changed as well, and it was now full, fleshed out, and sharply defined. "Kneel." Standing before Kaelen, the transformed Ragnar issued the command calmly. Kaelen's knees shattered instantly, and he had no choice but to kneel with a muffled groan. Ragnar's massive hand pressed down on Kaelen's head. "To be honest, Kaelen, I really wanted to crush your skull right now and devour every ounce of flesh from your body.

If I did that, I might ---- recover straight to my peak from before my slumber." Ragnar let out a low chuckle. "But I'll keep my promises because you satisfied me. Good children deserve to be rewarded, and you're no exception." As Ragnar stroked Kaelen's head, black fingernails suddenly sprouted from the tip of his fingers. They gleamed with a metallic sheen. With a sudden thrust, they pierced deep into Kaelen's spine. Kaelen released a howl of absolute agony. His entire face contorted from the extreme pain. Ragnar grinned savagely. "Power requires a price to be paid!

Kaelan, this is your second time receiving the Progenitors power. I hope you'll accomplish more this time, though it doesn't really matter. I'll reclaim the werewolf clan's dignity myself! You worthless fools have disgraced us for far too long and far too many times! Now get out!" Dragging his wounded body, Kaelan said nothing as he left the Dark Sacred Mountain. When he emerged from the cave, his entire body began crackling and writhing, twisting violently. Deep within his muscles, meridians, and even his blood, drastic changes erupted.

The massive wounds just inflicted, along with the injuries Andrew had left earlier, instantly healed. ---- Kaelan's body trembled as he closed his eyes and tilted his head toward the sky. He murmured, "I've finally become a Dark Prince. But the soul-rendering pain and the agony of losing my son can never be forgotten. Andrew, I'll kill you with my own hands!"

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Chapter 3030

[827 words]

---- Chapter 3030 A ray of light broke through the gloomy sky. The sun finally emerged from the clouds, and a long-lost clear day arrived over the Wastelands. In a deserted lowland area stood a cluster of abandoned, crumbling shacks. Andrew slowly walked out from one of them. His pale complexion had returned to a healthy, rosy glow. Yes, rosy. He had just absorbed another werewolf duke's heart. Inevitably, the violent, bloodthirsty residue within the werewolf heart had affected him. As a result, Nyx paid the price. A full three hours passed before it finally ended.

Nyx was a female martial god, so theoretically, her body should be as strong as any beast. Yet the soft, delicate parts of her had been subjected to Andrew's relentless storm of passion, leaving her unable to resist falling into an exhausted sleep. The foreign beauty's body was pale and radiant, and her golden hair was tied into a thick braid. Earlier, Andrew had gripped it in his hand like reins on a warhorse, helping him charge across the battlefield! Nyx had ---- never experienced such intense pleasure before, so she did not even know how to describe it.

But now, she had crossed into womanhood. She had completed that transformation. The sensation was intense, beautiful, and overwhelming. It was just that when Andrew lost control, he had been a little too rough, leaving streaks of red marks across her soft

body. The doll-like beauty glared at Andrew. She wanted to be angry, yet she could not bring herself to be. She simply grumbled, "You were too rough, you jerk!" Andrew's face showed genuine remorse. He walked over and kissed her on the cheek. "Next time, I'll be gentler.

Just now, I really couldn't control myself!" Nyx snorted haughtily and tried to get out of bed. Of course, it was not really a bed. At most, it was a clean door panel. Yet, with just that slight movement, Nyx gasped in pain. She looked down, feeling utterly helpless, and bit down on Andrew's shoulder. Andrew felt no pain whatsoever. His skin now was so tough that even a knife would not leave a mark. Ironically, Nyx's action only stirred Andrew's desire again. Amid her startled cry, he lifted one of her long legs. Then, ignoring her ---- pleas and threats, he drove straight in once more.

Nyx threw back her snow-white neck, gasping sharply. Within moments, she was completely conquered again, powerless to resist. Another round of tender domination followed. Only when Andrew saw she truly could not take any more did he finally stop. Nyx's eyes reddened with frustration, and she ground her teeth in anger. Yet, she could do nothing about Andrew and could only let him take whatever he wanted. "Be good. I'll carry you back to Abyss City." Andrew smiled gently as he helped her get dressed, then carried her effortlessly back toward Abyss City.

"Honey, you got stronger again," Nyx mumbled weakly from his back. Andrew felt the renewed surge of power within him and responded with a soft sound of agreement. Indeed, he had grown stronger again. For him now, growing stronger felt way too effortless. Andrew made a rough estimate. If he faced Alfredo or Julius now, it would not be an easy win, but the outcome was far from certain. Moreover, if he included Godslayer, he was 80% confident he could kill either of those top Holtrien powerhouses. ---- Lying on Andrew's back, a smile appeared on Nyx's flawless face.

This was her man, and she liked him very much. Although he was indeed rough and savage when they did that kind of thing, she could still handle it. It was just a bit overwhelming at times. Yet the pleasure born from such extreme pressure was incomparable. She had never imagined that she, once a timid and weak royal princess, would become like this. She used to think Andrew was weak and unworthy of her attention. But now, she had even given him her body and been taken again and again. Nyx sighed inwardly that life really was unpredictable. Being conquered actually did not feel so bad.

The two of them returned to Abyss City with ease. Out of embarrassment, Nyx had Andrew put her down early. She did not want others to see her in this state. Otherwise, anyone with eyes would immediately know what had happened! "You're back!" Franz, Juno, and Knox walked over with smiles. Andrew took a seat in the hall and asked, "Mr. Hearst, what's been happening with the Cathedral's army these past two days?"

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Chapter 3031

[884 words]

---- Chapter 3031 Franz said, "They're getting closer and closer to Throne City! But for some reason, they've only launched two probing attacks. They haven't actually gone all out to assault Throne City." Juno frowned and added, "That's right, the Cathedral's army is acting strange. They're already right at the Ludendorff family's doorstep. If they just flatten Throne City, then the King of the Wastelands will be finished! But Kass and the two archangels have been staying out of sight the whole time!

The Cathedral's forces have only harassed Throne City a few times, but none of them were real attacks." Andrew asked, "Juno, did you see all this yourself?" Juno nodded. "Yes. I scouted it personally and even got close to Kass' command tent. At the time, I was wondering if he had gone to the Deadlands instead!" Andrew shook his head. "Kass and the two archangels never went there, but Mephiston did go, and he slipped into The Veiled Paradise quietly and without drawing any attention." Knox exclaimed in shock, "The entrance to that legendary realm actually opened?

Andrew, why didn't you guys follow them in?" Andrew waved his hand. "My dad didn't want me to go in, and ---- besides, I couldn't go in alone. If I left, Nyx and you guys wouldn't be able to hold Abyss City." Knox scratched his head awkwardly. "Yeah, that makes sense. I was just curious what The Veiled Paradise actually looks like inside." Nyx said coldly, "You'd better rein in that restless curiosity of yours. The people who've entered that sanctuary are all powerhouses from every faction. Knox, if you went in, you'd most likely die." Knox shrank back with an awkward laugh.

Franz said gravely, "Andrew, when something changes this suddenly, there is always something behind it. With the Cathedral's army suddenly stopping its attack on Throne City, do you think they might turn around and join forces with the Ludendorff family to attack us instead?" Andrew shook his head. "That's impossible. First of all, Abyss City's strategic value isn't worth a fight to the death for the Cathedral. Second, with Nyx and me here, plus all of Dragonfang. Even if the Cathedral took Abyss City, they'd suffer countless casualties with nothing to show for it." Juno frowned.

"Then why would the Cathedral suddenly stop advancing? Could it be that with Mephiston gone, the Cathedral is planning to withdraw back to Lomuia?" ---- Andrew thought for a moment, then shook his head again. That's unlikely. If they were going to retreat halfway through, then all that posturing earlier would've been for nothing. What

would the Cathedral gain from that? Besides, the Ludendorff family is currently weaker than it's ever been.

If the Cathedral just pushes forward with everything they've got, taking Throne City is completely possible." Everyone fell silent, waiting for Andrew to continue. When it came to reading the situation, these Dragonfang members who came from mercenary backgrounds knew that only Andrew could get it right. "I have two theories. First, the Cathedral is waiting for reinforcements that might show up for the Ludendorff family. Second, the Cathedral is wary of something and chooses to watch and wait while Lomuia sends more powerful fighters over.

But either way, the Cathedral's army has already fought its way to Throne City's gates. There's absolutely no way they'll just give up now. Unless..." Knox pressed, "Unless what?" The others also looked at Andrew with keen interest. Andrew smiled. "Unless His Holiness the Pope in Lomuia is a mole for the Ludendorff family, or to put it more bluntly, is actually one of them!" ---- Nyx actually smiled for once and rolled her eyes. "Please don't joke around, okay? No matter who the Pope is, there's no way he's one of the Ludendorff family.

Otherwise, what would be the point of them fighting themselves?" Andrew nodded. "Exactly my point! So I'm guessing that powerful reinforcements for the Ludendorff family are about to arrive, and that's Raiden's backup plan. Otherwise, there's no way he would feel safe just entering The Veiled Paradise without worrying about his family!" Juno said coldly, "The three Dark Clans have always been in cahoots with the Ludendorff family. Besides that, the three great Western Empires also have secret dealings with the Ludendorff family that nobody knows about.

By backing the King of the Wastelands, those three Empires have raked in plenty of benefits." Andrew said, "That's about right, so we'll just watch and wait. But watching and waiting doesn't mean doing nothing. Mr. Hearst, put out word to attract any refugee mercenaries and powerful fighters interested in coming to Abyss City. It's time for Dragonfang to expand from an organization to a legion." Franz was delighted. "We've already done that, and Abyss City has already started widely accepting Wasteland refugees who come seeking shelter.

It's really surprising, but quite a few skilled fighters have actually come to join us!"

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Chapter 3032

[790 words]

---- Chapter 3032 The Ludendorff family sent Abyss City several hundred soldiers along with a large shipment of weapons and ammunition. Andrew was satisfied with the weapons and ammo. However, those few hundred soldiers were old, weak, and sickly. He was not impressed with them at all. Still, he had not expected the Ludendorff family to actually make any real sacrifices anyway. Getting something was better than nothing, and that was Andrew's thinking right now.

After sending out the soldiers and weapons, Throne City kept demanding that Andrew mobilize his troops to launch a sneak attack on the Cathedral's army from behind. Andrew just pretended he did not hear them. This made Alonzo, Cyril, and the others in Throne City absolutely furious. Cyril once again quietly made his way to Abyss City. The moment they met, he came at Andrew aggressively, glaring at him. He growled, "What the hell is your problem? The Ludendorff family showed their good faith.

Where's yours?" Andrew tilted his head slightly and said flatly, "Are you ordering me around, or trying to tell me how to do my job?" ---- When Andrew's seemingly indifferent yet deeply chilling gaze swept over him, Cyril felt his whole body go cold. As a martial god, his instincts were sharp, and he could tell Andrew had probably broken through again. That thought made his whole body involuntarily shudder with dread, and his attitude unconsciously softened. Suppressing his anger, he said, "Mr. Lloyd, please forgive my earlier rudeness, but Throne City can't hold out alone.

The Cathedral is ready to strike at any moment. So please, you must honor our original agreement and send troops to support the Ludendorff family from behind!" Andrew nodded. "Of course, I will, but the Cathedral's army hasn't made their move yet, have they? My people have been monitoring the Cathedral's movements the whole time, so you can go back and tell Alonzo it's no big deal." Cyril's face twitched. This bastard kept saying it was no big deal, but he just would not mobilize his troops. He wondered what the hell Andrew was trying to pull.

Could Andrew really be playing the Ludendorff family for fools? A heavy gloom settled over Cyril's heart, yet he dared not voice his demands too forcefully. Andrew suddenly asked, "Let me ask you something. When are ---- the Ludendorff family's reinforcements arriving?" Cyril's expression shifted slightly as he tried to act casual. "What reinforcements? You must be joking. The Ludendorff family doesn't have any reinforcements! If we have any, it's only your Abyss City. Other than that, we can only fight the Cathedral's army with our backs against the wall!" Andrew waved his hand.

"Cyril, we're all straight shooters here. Talking like that is pointless. If Throne City didn't have reinforcements, why hasn't the Cathedral's army attacked yet? Looking at the current balance of power, Throne City can't withstand an all-out assault from the Cathedral. "So Alonzo must have a trump card, especially since Raiden has already

entered The Veiled Paradise. Even with the Ludendorff family lacking top-tier powerhouses on site, you're still this confident. Are you seriously telling me there are no reinforcements?

Cyril, do you think I'm an idiot?" By the end, Andrew's gaze turned ice cold, He reached back and grabbed the greatsword at his side. A terrifying aura flared and vanished in an instant. Cyril broke out in a cold sweat as he realized Andrew had indeed grown stronger again. Moreover, facing Andrew now triggered an instinctive fear, and there was only one explanation. At this moment, Cyril would be nothing more than livestock -- -- waiting to be slaughtered if Andrew chose to act. Taking a deep breath, Cyril forced down his shock.

After his expression shifted several times, he finally spoke unwillingly. He mumbled, "Fine. The Ludendorff family does have another card to play." As he said this, pride surfaced on his face, as if confidence had returned all at once. He added, "The reason the Cathedral army chose to wait was that they feared our allies." Andrew snorted and said, "Allies? They're nothing but a bunch of corrupt partners and backstabbing opportunists." Ignoring Cyril's furious expression, Andrew shrugged. "Are they werewolves, or vampires? Sirens are unlikely..."

Those dark creatures are based thousands of miles away, and that supply line would be far too long for the Ludendorff family."

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Chapter 3033

[717 words]

---- Chapter 3033 Cyril snorted coldly. "Fine, since you've already guessed it, I'll just say it straight with you. The Ludendorff family has forged alliances with both the vampires and the werewolves. The Outlands is the gateway to Dark Sacred Mountain and The Blood Sanctum.

The honor and downfall of the Ludendorff family are tied directly to the honor and downfall of those two Dark Clans." He continued, "The werewolf progenitor and the vampire ancestors would never stand by and watch the Cathedral destroy the Ludendorff family." The Blood Sanctum was the vampire clan's stronghold, a place that

Andrew found utterly repulsive. After a pause, Andrew sneered. "The Ludendorff family is human, yet you've sunk so low as to become lapdogs for the Dark Clans?"

To get these two Dark Clans to back you up as the King of the Wastelands, I bet your family has done plenty of bootlicking, even groveling on your knees, right?" Cyril said coldly, "That's our family's internal business and none of your concern!" Andrew looked at him, and his smile slowly turned cruel. "Do you know that I really hate vampires and werewolves?"

They enslave the human race in the Outlands, they're brutal and bloodthirsty, ---- they see themselves as superior beings when they're actually vile, sinister, and murderous..." He continued, "Yet, the Ludendorff family is willing to be their lapdogs. Cyril, that really pisses me off, understand?" Cyril's face darkened, and he chose to keep his mouth shut. Andrew waved his hand. "Go on back."

When necessary, I'll send troops to coordinate with Throne City from behind, but I won't go easy on the werewolves or vampires." Cyril said, "I hope you keep your word." With that, he slunk away from Abyss City and headed back. Andrew sat alone in the hall, propping his chin up with his hand and chuckling coldly. The Ludendorff family was definitely going down because the Outlands needed a new power in charge. It was time for a change of leadership. His motives were not anything sacred. It was not about saving humanity, freeing the Wastelands, or bringing peace to its people. None of that!

What Andrew wanted was simple: for the Ludendorff family to become history. He had no interest in branding himself a savior, ---- but the brutal rule of the Dark Clans was something he could not tolerate. At the very least, he could honestly say that if he became the King of the Wastelands, he would not use force and tyranny to oppress others. More importantly, Andrew needed to advance on two fronts at once. He himself would climb step by step to the pinnacle of martial arts and sweep away all obstacles. At the same time, his forces also needed to grow rapidly.

An invincible legion was exactly what Andrew needed because power was the ultimate truth Andrew was no longer the naive, hot-blooded rookie who had just joined the organization years ago. Grand ideals, absolute loyalty, and dedicating oneself to the nation had all become meaningless. They were nothing but lies. This world was complicated, unpredictable, and cruel. Often, the deadliest blade did not come from the front It came from behind, where no one expected it Andrew loved his country and loved his home, but that did not mean he would hesitate to unleash bloodshed in Holtrien.

The path to the top was bound to be littered with bones. Now, no chains could bind him anymore. ---- So, Andrew would follow his own will and become the one true ruler. Only then could he protect that small patch of purity in his heart and the people who lived within it. His lovers, his parents, his friends, and the companions he truly valued. This was perhaps the ideal that every man in the world wanted to achieve. The road was long and difficult, but if he kept moving forward, he would get there eventually.

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Chapter 3034

[865 words]

---- Chapter 3034 On the Abyss City training grounds, Petra had begun training the newly recruited soldiers. Among the Dragonfang organization, Petra was not a big talker. However, he was absolutely the most reliable and steady warrior when it came to getting things done. Andrew looked at the 500 soldiers taking shape on the field, all fully equipped and sharp-eyed, and he slowly nodded. Yet, Nyx was unimpressed. "These people are all pretty weak. I could kill every single one of them." Andrew smiled. "You can't look at it that way.

Lower-level soldiers are the main attacking force in any war. Someone like you is meant to be the blade or the finishing blow. Different roles serve different purposes." Nyx asked, "Then why don't we recruit high-level warriors and form a more powerful legion? Like the Cathedral's Vindicators. Wouldn't elite troops like that be better?" Andrew smiled bitterly. "Do you think building a great army, especially an elite one, is that easy? Every single one of the Vindicators was carefully trained.

The Lomuia Grand Cathedral's influence is so massive that it dominates the entire globe, but do you know how many years it took to reach that level of power?" ---- Before Nyx could answer, Andrew continued. "Dozens of generations of popes pouring their hearts into it, countless wars and trials, that's what forged their current scale and strength. Nyx, you can't rush these things. We have to take it slow." Nyx gave a soft hum and said gently, "I'll go with anything you say. Franz hurried over and said, "The Cathedral's army is on the move." Andrew's eyes narrowed. "What do you mean?

Are they attacking Throne City?" Franz shook his head. "They're not attacking Throne City. They're marching west instead. It looks like they're going to bypass Throne City and join up with another Cathedral army from the west!" Hearing this, Andrew could not help but frown. Nyx said hesitantly, "The Cathedral isn't giving up on their assault on Throne City, are they? This war has gone on for so long now. The Cathedral must be exhausted too, with significant losses. And now with Mephiston gone, the Cathedral might be planning to withdraw." Andrew shook his head.

"There's no way the Cathedral would give up halfway. War isn't child's play. Once it starts, it's hard to ---- stop. The only way to recover losses is to take the objective and

strengthen yourself. So if Kass is doing this, he must have some other strategic goal!" Franz smiled bitterly. "I can't make sense of it, but I think we don't need to worry about all that. Let's just focus on making Abyss City even stronger first!" Andrew said, "No matter how fast we grow, we still need time.

But right now, whether it's the Cathedral or the Ludendorff family, either side can swallow up Abyss City completely. So time isn't on our side. We'll have to create our own advantages. Mr. Hearst, which major city is to the west in the Outlands?" Franz was startled, then answered, "There's nothing but wasteland to the west. While there's no major city, in the far west lies the Werewolf Sacred Mountain ruled by the Dark Clans." Andrew gradually broke into a smile. "Now I understand what the Cathedral is trying to do.

Pass the word: tonight at midnight, we march!" Franz said in shock, "Tonight? Andrew, what are you planning? Is the target the Ludendorff family's stronghold, or are you going to ambush the Cathedral's army?" Andrew shook his head. "Neither. We're taking this opportunity to capture several nearby cities. At the very least, we need three more cities as Abyss City's rear defenses." ---- Franz hesitated. "But there aren't many major cities left in the surrounding area. Plus, two of them are controlled by the Ludendorff family.

The other one was taken by the Cathedral and left in limbo." Andrew made a decisive call. "First, we'll take the two cities held by the Ludendorff family." Nyx interjected, "That's not very realistic! Those two cities are very close to each other and can support each other. Plus, one of them, Aurora City, is controlled by Raiden's eldest son, Ramon. He's a pillar of the Ludendorff family, just like Alonzo! Compared to Prescott, Ramon's strength is a whole level higher." Andrew said coldly, "I can still kill him!" Franz, Nyx, and several others around them fell into silence.

Andrew was growing more powerful and more terrifying by the day. His grasp on the situation was also becoming increasingly violent. Compared to Dragonfang's old style of hiding and being extremely cautious, this was a massive change. Near midnight, massive searchlights atop Abyss City snapped on with a thunderous boom. Blinding beams of light flooded the surrounding area. Below the walls, 500 soldiers had already assembled.

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Chapter 3035

[912 words]

---- Chapter 3035 Petra wore full battle armor and led from the front, with Juno following at his side, her curved blade ready to be drawn at any moment. Meanwhile, Nyx sat in a black robe on the only armored vehicle they had. Before long, Andrew walked out of the city, greatsword in hand, and jumped onto the vehicle. The engine started, and it roared as it charged toward the west. Behind them, the soldiers followed at a full run, fierce and relentless. Formed entirely of martial warriors, this kind of short-range forced march posed no problem at all.

Several figures watched as Abyss City's army poured out and disappeared into the distance. Then, they rushed back in another direction. Moments later, inside the city hall of Throne City, Alonzo sat in the central seat and received the report. "Sir, the people from Abyss City have mobilized! They're heading west toward where the Cathedral's army is positioned." In the brightly lit hall, the Ludendorff family's top brass all reacted with shock at the news. Then, they broke into laughter. One commented, "Lord Alonzo, your foresight is flawless!

That ---- little bastard has finally taken the bait. This move is a heaven-sent chance for the Ludendorff family to reclaim Abyss City in one strike." "Lord Alonzo, give the order. I'm willing to personally lead the team to retake Abyss City and wipe out everyone from Dragonfang!" The last speaker was especially emotional and filled with hatred. It was Cyril. He ground his teeth, staring at Alonzo in the main seat with fierce eyes. Alonzo's face was full of smiles. "Finally, the moment I've been waiting for has arrived!

I knew all along that Andrew was two-faced, pretending to agree to an alliance with the Ludendorff family against the Cathedral. But in reality, he's been treating us, the King of the Wastelands, like fools behind our backs!" He scoffed and added, "Unfortunately for him. He thinks the Ludendorff family is just as foolish, not realizing we've never taken him seriously from the start. Before Lord Raiden left, he arranged everything. I saw through that brat's ambition and recklessness long ago! He's been deceiving us, but we've been playing him just the same.

In the end, it only comes down to whose schemes run deeper." He concluded, "Now the facts prove that clearly we, the King of the Wastelands, are the true overlords!" ---- After a pause, Alonzo issued his orders, "Send word to Ramon in Aurora City to take advantage of Abyss City being undefended and seize it in one strike. With this, Throne City's rear will be back under family control. Cyril, get ready on your end. As soon as Ramon succeeds, you'll lead men to hunt down the Dragonfang people. By then, they're just a pack of homeless dogs.

Even if Andrew and Nyx are powerful, they'll have no choice but to run for their lives!" Cyril's whole body trembled with intense excitement. "Yes, sir!" Garal, who had been defeated by Andrew before, stepped forward. "I wish to go with Cyril and kill Andrew! At the very least, we'll make Dragonfang pay a bloody price!" Alonzo nodded. "Good. Garal, you'll prepare for the hunt with Cyril! But wait until Ramon succeeds first. Don't

alert them too early!" Cyril laughed. "Lord Ramon is the family's second strongest, second only to Lord Raiden himself!

Aurora City and Abyss City are just within combat range of each other. Success is guaranteed!" Alonzo sneered. "This is what happens when someone overestimates themselves. Andrew thinks he's got the Ludendorff family by the throat and that everything has to go his way! This little thief has no idea of the century-long foundation - --- and power of the King of the Wastelands! "There's no doubt that his attack on the Cathedral army to the west is just for show, putting on an act for us. He wants to shut the Ludendorff family up and make us think he's actually coordinating with us.

Men like him always destroy themselves." One of the Ludendorff elders spoke up. "Lord Alonzo, the werewolf and vampire armies will reach their designated positions soon. Kass rushing to link up with another Cathedral force shows he is being cautious. I think the family needs to respond accordingly." Alonzo snorted coldly. "Of course. Dragonfang and Andrew are certainly despicable, but the Cathedral's army is the Ludendorff family's greatest threat! The werewolf and vampire armies have finally mobilized.

Hence, the main family forces in Throne City need to regroup and prepare to move out at any time too. I'm going to join forces with the two great Dark Clans and crush the Cathedral army from both sides. The outcome of this war will be decided in this battle." The entire hall roared in response, voices overlapping with fierce determination. Alonzo leaned back in his throne and gazed out toward the distant Wastelands. The night sky ruled the world in pitch-black darkness. Yet in his mind, he already saw Abyss City engulfed in flames and members of the Dragonfang fleeing for their lives.

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Chapter 3036

[794 words]

---- Chapter 3036 In the pitch-black Wastelands, Abyss City's 500 soldiers followed the armored vehicle ahead, marching in silence. Petra moved to the back of the formation and said coldly, "Keep up. Anyone who falls behind will be executed." Andrew, who had been sitting in the vehicle and driving it earlier, had disappeared at some point. Instead, Juno was behind the wheel. Several soldiers noticed this and could not help getting

anxious, their eyes darting around nervously. One of them was a bearded man carrying a battle axe. He also had a heavy firearm holstered at his waist.

He shouted, "Sir, I need a break to take a leak." Petra walked over and said coldly, "What did you say? Don't you know what we're here to do?" The bearded man lifted his chin and said carelessly, "Yeah, I know. We're going to ambush the Cathedral's army. But sir, honestly, I'm not mentally prepared for this! I've only been with Abyss City for less than two days, and you're already making us carry out such a dangerous mission. I'm having second thoughts about joining Abyss City now.

Can I return all the equipment, and ---- let me leave?" Petra said indifferently, "Are you sure about that?" The bearded man replied, "Absolutely. Mr. Lloyd isn't even around anymore. Who knows if he's sold us out? The Cathedral's army has over ten thousand men, and we're going to ambush them with this small force?" He scoffed and added, "No offense, sir, but I think we're walking into a death trap! We'd be better off going back to Abyss City and defending the city instead!" Petra's tone remained cold. "Your suggestion actually makes a lot of sense. Mr.

Lloyd thought the same before, and now he has already headed back to Abyss City ahead of us. As for us, there's no need to ambush the Cathedral's army anymore. As you said, that would be suicidal. So, all troops listen up. Turn around. We're going to our next target!" The sudden change of orders made the bearded man's face shift again. He instinctively grabbed the weapon at his waist and asked nervously, "Next target? Where are we going? If you don't explain it clearly, I'm not going anywhere." Petra grinned viciously. "You're asking far too many questions, bastard.

But fine, I will satisfy your curiosity. The next target is not Abyss City, it's Aurora City. Surprised? Shocked?" ---- The bearded man's face turned pale instantly. He blurted out, "You never planned to mess with the Cathedral from the start, did you? Andrew's real target is Aurora City, isn't it?" Petra's face remained cold as he suddenly struck out with his palm before the bearded man could draw his weapon. His head twisted violently as Petra killed him on the spot. The vehicle ahead roared and made a sharp U-turn.

Nyx slowly stood up from the vehicle, her black robe flapping loudly behind her. Her blue eyes, the only part of her visible, swept across the entire troop. Then, she said icily, "That man was a spy planted in Abyss City by the Ludendorff family. He thought he had hidden it well, that no one knew he was passing information about Abyss City's movements. But the truth is, a fool will always end up digging his own grave." Juno took over, the scar on her face twitching as she spoke. "I know there are plenty more spies among you. Some belong to the Ludendorff family, others to different factions.

Why you came to Abyss City doesn't matter to me, and there's no need to explain yourselves. Now, everyone, sprint at full speed to Aurora City! If we can't take the city, I don't care whether you're a spy or whatever, you're all dead!" ---- Among the 500 soldiers, at least several dozen began to tremble, their faces pale. However, after seeing the bearded man's corpse, they all fell silent and chose to obey. Nyx said calmly,

"Let's go. Petra, Juno, we need to speed things up on our end. Andrew's side has already welcomed his guests." Petra grinned. "Roger that!"

The Ludendorff family would never figure out in a million years that taking Aurora City would be this easy! A classic diversion. Aurora City now lies wide open and undefended. With our forces plus Nyx's assault, we have enough to capture this major city!" +

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Chapter 3037

[805 words]

---- Chapter 3037 Juno took a deep breath and said, "Andrew is playing this game on a whole different level. When this is all over, and the Ludendorff family is truly destroyed, he'll be the King of the Wastelands." Nyx smiled without saying a word. Inside, she felt an indescribable sense of joy. Outside Abyss City, over 1000 elite soldiers charged forward at full speed. "Pick up the pace. In three minutes, we'll attack." The low, icy command echoed from the front. Raiden's eldest son, Ramon, held a massive greatsword and wore black armor as his aura steadily rose.

He bore some resemblance to Prescott, but he was not the soft, polished type. His deep-set eyes and harsh expression marked him as a calculating and ruthless man. And indeed, that was the truth. After Ramon took control of Aurora City, he immediately seized several smaller surrounding cities. This had made the Ludendorff family's stronghold of Throne City feel somewhat uneasy. ---- Even Raiden himself was furious about Ramon's actions, yet he could do little about it. The reason was simple: Ramon's personal strength was overwhelming, already standing at the peak of a martial god.

Moreover, he was exceptionally skilled at commanding troops in battle. After securing Aurora City, he aggressively recruited fighters across the Wastelands. Even isolated vampires and powerful werewolves were pulled into his ranks. During the Cathedral army's sweep, all the other Ludendorff family cities were taken. Only Aurora City, controlled by Ramon, remained in the Ludendorff family's hands. This fact alone showed just how exceptional Ramon was. Ramon's ambition was never a secret: he wanted to replace Raiden.

Usually, this would not have been a problem, and the Ludendorff family had quietly accepted it. Prescott and the others were also listed as heirs. Yet, compared to Ramon, they were not even close. They were simply not on the same level. Still, Ramon's aggression and impatience kept Raiden constantly on guard. This son had everything going for him, except that his hunger was too great. He always wanted to ---- overthrow his own father. And now, Raiden had entered the Veiled Paradise, and no one remained to restrain Ramon.

Ramon's gaze was fixed on Abyss City, its towering black silhouette crouching like a beast in the night. Inside his jet-black armor, he let out a thick, steaming breath. His moment had finally come. He would only need to seize Abyss City, and he would cut off the very lifeline of Throne City. Then, Throne City would essentially fall right into the palm of his hand. With this, even if the Cathedral's army did not besiege Throne City, Ramon himself would make his move against the family. Before Raiden returned, he would first claim the seat of power.

After that, he would drive back the Cathedral's army and once again solidify the position of King of the Wastelands. The entire plan unfolded clearly in Ramon's mind. At this moment, he felt he was the chosen one and that Andrew was not his enemy at all. In a way, he thought Andrew had paved the way for his destiny. So tonight, while Andrew foolishly went to strike the Cathedral army's rear, Ramon was taking advantage of the empty city and had brought over a thank-you gift. ---- Ramon believed that when Andrew returned and saw Abyss City in his hands, he would be deeply grateful.

He would be in tears and groveling. Without hesitation or preparation, Ramon led his troops straight into Abyss City's attack range and launched the assault without warning. The searchlight above Abyss City was actually turned off. In the darkness, Ramon saw guards on the walls slumped over, and some were even asleep. "I really can't understand why Uncle Alonzo said Andrew would be hard to deal with!" Ramon gripped his greatsword tighter, building up momentum for the attack. Inside, he felt nothing but ridicule and disdain. "In my eyes, he's nothing but a bug.

A fool like him can't even organize proper guard duty. With such garbage military discipline, he still wants to rule the roost in the Wastelands and control cities. It's truly laughable and pathetic!" Shaking his head, Ramon decided Andrew was no longer worth his attention. He clenched his greatsword, leaped into the air, and brought it down in a devastating strike at Abyss City's gate. Ramon intended to use this earth-shaking blow to terrify anyone ---- inside Abyss City foolish enough to resist.

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Chapter 3038

[673 words]

---- Chapter 3038 The instant Ramon swung his sword, the searchlights atop Abyss City snapped on without warning. High-powered beams illuminated the area for miles, turning the night as bright as day. At the very center, the thousand elite troops Ramon brought from Aurora City were fully exposed. Consequently, the soldiers who had been ready to charge with Ramon froze in place, stunned. Heavy artillery on the walls of Abyss City shifted, and the barrels locked onto the troops. That was not all. Warriors hidden in the shadows stepped forward, all with mounted machine guns, now in position.

More than a dozen dark gun barrels pinned Ramon's men in a deadly crossfire. 'This is a trap! That was Ramon's first thought, even as his sword was already swinging. However, relying on his overwhelming strength, he showed no fear at all. He shifted to a two-handed grip, power surging, and continued his brutal strike toward the city gate. "Trying to raid my home? Nice try!" ---- A cold laugh rang out as a figure dove straight down from the city walls. He too wielded a greatsword, and his was even larger than Ramon's.

A black-and-crimson arc of sword light, radiating earth-shaking power, came straight down on Ramon's head. Andrew ignored the city gate entirely and went straight for Ramon's life. As expected, Ramon was forced to pull his sword back and meet Andrew head-on. The violent recoil and shockwave sent Ramon flying a few hundred yards before he stabilized midair. Inside his heavy armor, he took two sharp breaths and said in a low voice, "Andrew, you're actually in Abyss City?" Andrew landed steadily, sword in hand, and stood alone before the massive gates like an unmovable wall.

"If I were not here, would that not have gone exactly the way the Ludendorff family wanted?" He stared coldly at Ramon as his voice stayed calm. Ramon grinned viciously and said, "You really are a cunning bastard. You took your men out of the city and pretended to hit the Cathedral army just to put on a show for the Ludendorff family." Andrew slowly raised his greatsword, pointing it at Ramon with an equally vicious sneer. "Of course. If I didn't do that, how could ---- I lure you out of Aurora City to raid me?" Ramon gritted his teeth.

"Cyril, Uncle Alonzo, and even the entire Ludendorff family have been played by you again. But Andrew, you should know my strength. Even if you pulled off this surprise tactic to lure me here, when the real wolf shows up, you and Abyss City are still going down!" Andrew's greatsword glowed with flowing light. "Is that so? Then please, Lord Ramon, come and try again!" Ramon snorted coldly, sprinted forward three steps, and

then leapt high into the air. That single leap brought him as high as Abyss City's walls, nearly 70 feet up. Then, with a low roar, his black greatsword came crashing down.

Dark red light flared in Andrew's eyes as he lifted his blade to meet it without yielding an inch. Both men fought as pure power-and-speed-type berserkers. Their clash was direct and brutal, with no tricks at all. Blade energy exploded outward like a raging storm. Craters blasted open across the ground, which was quickly torn apart by the shockwaves of their battle. Ramon's heavy armor clanged as he swung again in fury. A phantom formed along his blade, taking the shape of a snarling ---- panther that lunged at Andrew.

This was sword aura taking form, proving Ramon's mastery of both martial power and swordsmanship. Yet Andrew showed no strain at all in his response.

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Chapter 3039

[713 words]

---- Chapter 3039 The Godslayer blade pulsed with light, each wave stronger than the last, flashing three times in rapid succession. It transformed into a blazing greatsword, glowing white-hot. Then, Andrew drove it straight into the open jaws of the charging panther. Somewhere in the void, a shrill, miserable howl seemed to echo. The panther-shaped sword aura shattered and dissipated into thin smoke. Ramon's eyes narrowed as he realized he had underestimated Andrew's ability to break force with force. Nonetheless, he stood at the peak of the martial god realm.

'Among the Dark Clans, he could already be considered a Dark Lord. One step further, and he would have the strength of a Dark Prince. He refused to believe he could not kill Andrew. If Andrew fell, Abyss City would never hold with Dragonfang alone. After that, it would fall right into his hands, Ramon's hands. The fight might become far more brutal, but as someone from the King of the Wastelands family, as long as his sky-high ---- ambition could be fulfilled, hardship meant nothing to him. With a furious roar, Ramon's body beneath his heavy armor began transforming with crackling sounds.

His entire body quickly grew larger, filling out the heavy armor completely, even looking somewhat bloated. Andrew's eyes narrowed as he sneered coldly. "Another one who sold his soul and body for power. Ramon, looks like you have deep ties with the

werewolves' Dark Sacred Mountain. Your transformation right now is no different from theirs, is it?" Ramon's voice boomed like thunder. "So what if you figured it out? There's nothing wrong with pursuing power!

As long as I can become stronger, forget selling my body and soul, even erasing the Ludendorff family forever would not bother me." He shouted, "Andrew, you'll never understand the beauty that supreme power brings! Everything in this world is temporary; reputation, pleasure, and hypocrisy are all illusions. Only real power, power held in your hands, is the only true existence. Now, I'm going to take your life!" His greatsword began vibrating with a humming sound. Then, it swung toward Andrew at lightning speed. An endless chain of collisions echoed across the Wastelands.

Andrew's blood surged, and his grip nearly failed as his ---- greatsword almost flew from his hands. Ramon's strength and speed had clearly risen to a new level, obviously a boost granted by a werewolf transformation. Yet the hardest thing to withstand was the high-frequency vibration layered onto Ramon's blade. It was a masterful display of power control, proving that Ramon truly was a prodigy born of heaven. But in all his years of facing opponents, Andrew had never been short on running into geniuses. The Blood-Eyed Black Dragon mark on Andrew's chest suddenly lit up.

Each vein on it began coursing through his entire body like threads of power. The black-and-red glow in Andrew's eyes flared brighter. With a high-pitched shriek, he exhaled and roared as his greatsword cleaved straight down the center. Ramon's black heavy sword had been thrusting forward like raging waves, each strike faster than the last. But now it was suddenly interrupted by a tremendous force, and the high-frequency vibrations immediately stuttered. They became chaotic, like jumping musical notes that suddenly turned harsh and grating.

Ramon was shocked and pulled his sword back defensively, ---- choosing to stabilize his footing first. However, Andrew's next wave of attacks had already arrived. Still with wide, sweeping strikes, he slashed down from above. The massive sword energy was like a torch in the night, dancing wildly through the air. Ramon barely blocked a few strikes before his footwork became unsteady and he fell toward the ground. The shock and fury in his heart reached its absolute peak. This bastard had easily broken through his invincible combat technique!

That left only one option: a direct clash of raw power would decide victory, defeat, and death.

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Chapter 3040

[684 words]

---- Chapter 3040 Ramon immediately roared and gripped his sword with both hands, clashing head-on with Andrew. Black sword energy and black-red sword energy collided again and again, tearing into each other before canceling out in midair. With a gagging sound, Ramon spat out a mouthful of blood, feeling his internal organs burning like they were on fire. He stumbled back several steps, staring at Andrew in disbelief. "Your cultivation level is clearly lower than mine, so why is your power so overwhelming and endless?" Andrew's face remained blank, not even sparing Ramon a single glance.

Turning around, he swung his sword diagonally in another direction, and the massive sword energy cut across the void. Ramon froze for a moment as he realized that the strike was not aimed at him. Then, he erupted in towering rage. "Andrew, damn you!" He raised his sword and charged at Andrew. Unfortunately, Andrew's previous strike had already taken effect. Like a collapsing pillar, the sword light crashed into the formation of the thousand Aurora City elite who were attacking ---- Abyss City. Instantly, over 100 elite soldiers were torn to pieces, slaughtered by Andrew.

Ramon bellowed, his face twisted with fury. His greatsword crashed down as he committed fully, determined to settle life and death with Andrew. The savagery and cruelty buried deep in his bones were completely unleashed. Andrew's gaze remained calm, only the red glow in them grew more piercing. After arriving in the Outlands, especially after absorbing the werewolf heart and blood core, his nature had quietly grown more bloodthirsty. In a land where chaos ruled and strength was everything, Andrew chose to answer in the same way, but with even greater power and even more savage killing.

A thunderous clash rang out as Ramon's armored helmet was sent flying. Another inch, and his head would have been taken with it. He stared in disbelief at the shattered remains of his greatsword. That weapon was a treasured heirloom of the Ludendorff family, and it had even been tempered by dark energy at the Dark Sacred Mountain. It was said to be unbeatable. Yet under the extreme clash ---- between two peak warriors, the blade had snapped. Ramon's greatsword was utterly crushed by the Godslayer. Throwing away the broken hilt, Ramon threw a punch.

A black lightning orb, compressed with ultimate power, exploded right in front of Andrew! Andrew raised his greatsword and effortlessly blocked the storm that could tear everything apart. Ramon retreated hundreds of feet before daring to stop. Fear mixed with shock filled his eyes as he looked at Andrew. He did not even dare to imagine just how terrifying this man's defense was. He had gone all out, shattered his weapon, and

used both fists and feet. Yet, he still could not injure Andrew at all. If the fight continued, taking Abyss City by himself would be nothing but a delusion.

Accrushing sense of defeat and boiling rage surged through Ramon, and his face twisted with malice as he shouted. "Retreat! Andrew, I cannot kill you this time. But one day, you will die by my hand, and everyone will bear witness to it." Ramon was fiercely competitive and extreme by nature. Andrew's head-on dominance had denied him any progress at all. ---- To Ramon, that alone meant he had lost. Failing to crush his enemy was the ultimate humiliation, and hatred flooded his heart as he swore to eliminate Andrew by any means necessary.

To put it plainly, Ramon would not allow someone this terrifying to exist in the Wastelands. If this continued and Andrew grew even stronger, then what would he become? How would he ever rule the Ludendorff family, the King of Wastelands?

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Chapter 3041

[774 words]

---- Chapter 3041 Andrew's greatsword flared with light again as he stared coldly at Ramon. He growled, "You think you can just come and go as you please? You really think this is some kind of diner or hotel?" Ramon snorted. "If I want to leave, what can you do about it? I might not be able to take down Abyss City, but you sure as hell can't take me down either!" Andrew shot forward like lightning, slashing down furiously. "Let's find out. We'll go another round!" Ramon's anger boiled over.

He had already backed down in a roundabout way, yet this guy still pressed him so hard, not showing any mercy. He was the pride of the Ludendorff family, the number one fighter beneath Raiden himself. His pride ran deep, forged through countless battles in the Wastelands. Naturally, he could not tolerate Andrew's repeated provocations. He shouted, "Everyone else, fall back to Aurora City. I'll cover the rear!" With a roar, Ramon's fists struck like cannons, launching sphere after sphere of lightning. Explosions erupted across the Wastelands, shaking the ground.

The two plunged into another deadly battle, clashing for over an ---- hour before Andrew finally pulled back. Ramon forced down the urge to cough up blood again and shouted, "What? Done already? I told you, you can't do anything to me!" Andrew looked

considerably more relaxed, and he suddenly smiled. "That's about enough. I'm done playing with you." Ramon sneered. "Playing tricks, Andrew? You're almost at your limit too, aren't you? No need to put on such a tough act." Andrew shrugged. "Think whatever you want. Honestly, killing you would be pretty difficult, but it's not impossible.

It's just that there's no point in going all-out against you right now. Because I've still got to take down Aurora City!" Ramon froze, then scoffed mockingly. "You still want to get your hands on Aurora City? Your appetite is ridiculous. You're barely holding onto Abyss City as it is. Aurora City? Don't even dream about it!" Andrew smiled. "Who says I can't dream? I might as well tell you that right now, Aurora City has already fallen into my hands." Ramon shook his head, dismissing it with contempt. "You're dreaming!" He took Andrew's words as pure nonsense.

Turning around, he raced back toward Aurora City at full speed. ---- As soon as Ramon left, Andrew's expression turned cold. The gates of Abyss City opened, and a small strike force charged out swiftly. Leading them were Franz and Knox. Andrew issued his orders coldly. "Target the smaller towns around Aurora City. Once we take these, the Ludendorff family will only have Throne City left, a place barely holding together. A lone city, waiting for death." Both Franz and Knox were incredibly excited.

They had never imagined that the Ludendorff family, rulers of the Wastelands and Outlands for 100 years, would be pushed to this point. This was not accomplished solely through brute force. If Ramon and his people had stubbornly defended Aurora City, Andrew truly would not have been able to do anything about it. But now, every move had fallen perfectly into Andrew's calculations. The moment of closing the net was the most thrilling Franz and Knox's blood boiled as they led their warriors and charged forward immediately.

They had to move faster than the Cathedral's forces and other factions could react. Otherwise, even if Andrew succeeded here and left Ramon in shambles, there was no guarantee others would not swoop in to claim a piece of their prize. The Wastelands were full of ---- vultures, and when there was profit to be made, no one would sit idly by. Ramon returned to Aurora City in a rage, frustrated and furious, leading his remaining warriors at full gallop. This ambush attempt had completely fallen through. Moreover, it had put Abyss City on high alert.

There would be no more opportunities like this in the future. Andrew, that cunning bastard, was proving just as difficult to deal with as expected. If he wanted to reclaim Abyss City, there seemed to be only one path: crush him head-on in direct combat. The more Ramon thought about it, the more agitated he became. Fortunately, Aurora City was already coming into view ahead.

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Chapter 3042

[780 words]

---- Chapter 3042 Like Abyss City, Aurora City was one of the major cities surrounding the Ludendorff family's headquarters at Throne City. It was even larger than Abyss City, and its military strength was greater too. However, its strategic position was not quite as critical as Abyss City's. Nonetheless, the Ludendorff family had their own considerations for this. If the worst came to pass and Throne City fell or was overrun, the Ludendorff family's base of operations could temporarily relocate to Aurora City and start fresh.

As the King of the Wastelands, the Ludendorff family had spent years rolling through rebellions and wars, and they understood perfectly well the wisdom of having multiple backup plans. 'Once I'm back in the city and everything's sorted out, we'll coordinate with the main family base and attack Abyss City from both sides. I'm definitely going to take Andrew's head!' Ramon thought viciously. With Throne City's forces added to the mix, Andrew and Abyss City would fall for sure.

At the end of the day, Dragonfang and their crew were isolated and outnumbered, only managing to survive in the cracks through clever tactics and the Cathedral's interference, which gave them control over Abyss City. ---- In reality, once the Ludendorff family settled their dispute with the Cathedral and turned their full military might around, what would Dragonfang and that Andrew amount to? The Ludendorff family alone had more than a handful of martial god level fighters. Raiden, Alonzo, himself, plus Cyril, Garal, Prescott, and others had been a formidable force back then.

Sure, Prescott, that disappointing brother of his, was finished now. However, that did not mean the Ludendorff family was in decline. The tiny Dragonfang organization had never been qualified to be their family's opponent. Reaching Aurora City, Ramon pushed ahead of the crowd and roared furiously, "Open the gates!" Did these useless idiots not see him returning from battle? Why had they not opened the gates earlier so he could rest? From atop the towering walls of Aurora City, there was no response at all. The massive gates remained tightly sealed, without the slightest sign of opening.

Ramon was livid. "Have these morons lost their minds?" Most of his subordinates were still inside Aurora City, and all of his assets and supplies were stockpiled within the city. Yet now, when he, the master, had returned home, no one was acknowledging him. ---- Rage boiled up inside Ramon, threatening to erupt. He wondered if those bastards staged a rebellion the moment he left the city. How dare they! Did they really think he would not rip off their heads and kick them around like balls? Just as Ramon was seething with uncontrollable fury, a subordinate stepped forward and spoke hesitantly.

"Sir, something may have gone wrong inside the city. Look at the walls. There is blood up there. I suspect something has happened." Ramon looked up and, sure enough, spotted faint traces of blood high along the city walls. At that moment, the ground behind them began to shake violently. A unit was charging in fast pursuit. At the front was a man with a greatsword slung over his shoulder, moving at explosive speed like a bomber racing straight toward Aurora City. Ramon ground his teeth. "Andrew, you really dared to chase me all the way here. You actually came to my home turf.

What makes you think you can compete with me?" Facing Aurora City with its still-closed gates, Ramon roared. " Everyone, listen up: open the gates and prepare to engage the enemy! If you dare defy orders, I'll slaughter every last one of ---- you!" He was notorious for his violent and bloodthirsty approach to ruling his subordinates. With this threat, he refused to believe these rebels could keep their composure. Finally, figures appeared atop the city walls. They stood in neat formation, heavy firepower in hand, all aimed downward. Ramon's brow twitched, mumbling, "What's going on?

Why are these bastards pointing their weapons at me... and at our own people?" Several figures emerged at the very front of Aurora City's wall. The moment Ramon saw them, he nearly fainted on the spot. It felt like a sledgehammer had slammed into his chest, his heart threatening to burst. "W-When did you enter my city? How?"

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Chapter 3043

[661 words]

---- Chapter 3043 With a furious roar, Ramon's entire face twisted in rage. The people who appeared on the wall were Petra, Juno, and the one Ramon feared most: Nyx. He clearly remembered they had left Abyss City to ambush the Cathedral's forces. Realization struck him like a bolt of lightning, and he instantly understood what had happened. The Ludendorff family had coordinated with him to play a diversionary tactic and ambush Abyss City. In turn, the enemy had played their own diversion and ambushed Aurora City instead. It was a trap within a trap!

They had set up a chain of schemes against him and the Ludendorff family. While he was fighting desperately at Abyss City, Nyx led Dragonfang's two top commanders, along with most of Abyss City's elite forces, and seized Aurora City. Nyx was a martial god level fighter. Combined with her exceptional speed and assassination skills, she

must have slaughtered all the top fighters in Aurora City. Then, she opened the gates and let Dragonfang's people take control of Aurora City without any resistance.

---- The whole operation was effortless, all because Ramon, Aurora City's core and strongest fighter, was not home. It was like handing the city over to them on a silver platter. After piecing together the entire sequence of events, Ramon's face flushed bright red, and unable to accept such an outcome, he threw his head back and spat out a massive mouthful of blood. His subordinate exclaimed in alarm. "Sir, you Ramon ignored him completely, swinging his hand violently toward Aurora City and howling in a twisted rage. "Attack! Attack at all costs!

Even if we're blown to pieces, we're taking Aurora City back! Everyone, attack!" His usual authority carried such weight that his men, hearing this roar, steeled themselves and prepared to charge Aurora City's gates. Nyx coldly issued her orders. "Heavy artillery, fire! Everyone else, fire at will!" Seven heavy artillery shells exploded directly beneath the walls. A rain of bullets poured down, pinning down Ramon's remaining forces. Several of Ramon's stronger subordinates leaped into the air, ---- destroying the artillery shells mid-flight.

Even so, they coughed up blood violently, their bodies battered by the impact. The lower-ranked soldiers were not so lucky. They had barely started their charge before being blown to smithereens, leaving nothing behind. Ramon watched this scene unfold, his eyes burning with rage. He knew then that he had completely lost control and reason. This was just sending his remaining men to pointless deaths. The subordinate who had spoken earlier grabbed his arm, his face filled with grief as he shouted. "Sir, we need to escape and retreat to the auxiliary cities and regroup!

If we keep this up, Andrew's forces from behind will surround us. When that happens, we'll gain nothing and just die here!" Ramon's body shook violently as he let out a wail and spat another huge mouthful of blood. "No! I won't accept this, humiliation and defeat. Andrew, you bastard... I'll tear you apart! Today, even if I'm blown to pieces, I'm taking you down with me!" With a crazed roar, Ramon shot into the air, attempting to force his way into Aurora City. However, Nyx appeared like a phantom.

Her twin daggers crossed in a deadly arc, sparks exploding as Ramon's heavy armor was ripped open. ---- He raged in fury, yet there was nothing he could do. At this critical moment, trying to get past Nyx and take control of Aurora City was nothing but a pipe dream. Not even a miracle could make it happen.

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Chapter 3044

[670 words]

---- Chapter 3044 Ramon turned back and lunged at Andrew, who was closing in fast. Even if he died, he would make this bastard pay a price. However, when Andrew's greatsword came crashing down like a meteor, Ramon knew he was beyond saving. Even in a head-on fight, his current condition meant he would just be delivering himself to Andrew like a lamb to the slaughter. After Andrew kicked him hard in the chest, Ramon was sent flying, blood trailing through the air.

He shouted, "Retreat!" Fighting through the excruciating pain that threatened to tear his body apart, Ramon knew he could not abandon what few men he had left. Otherwise, he would truly become a man with nothing. From the lord of Aurora City to a lone wanderer with nothing to his name. That was unacceptable. On Aurora City's walls, Nyx's black robe billowed in the wind, but she did not pursue Ramon. Petra ordered a ceasefire and opened the gates, personally leading forces to chase after Ramon and his handful of remaining subordinates.

Ramon covered the rear, his eyes filled with venomous hatred. ---- Only after his group of fewer than 300 men had escaped into the distance did he turn and flee. Andrew strolled leisurely into Aurora City, greatsword in hand. Nyx approached him and asked, "Why didn't you let me just wipe out Ramon's remaining forces?" Andrew shook his head. "It's not that I won't. We just need to hold off for now." Then, he turned to Franz and Knox. "You two take your men and hold Aurora City for me.

Right now, we're racing against time, and we can't afford a single mistake!" Franz and Knox immediately acknowledged the order. Andrew waved for Nyx to follow and left Aurora City, continuing the pursuit of Ramon. As they raced forward, Nyx said, "Ramon will definitely flee to the nearby satellite city. If he digs in and defends it, we'll have to pay in casualties to take it down." Andrew replied coldly, "That's exactly why I let his people escape. It's just a small city. No matter how hard he defends it, it can't hold.

Those few hundred men can't just sit in the Wastelands waiting for us to hunt them down one by one. Ramon will definitely order the city to open its gates and let his remaining subordinates in, and that timing will be just enough ---- for us to take the city." For once, Nyx felt a thrill of excitement. "Andrew, after this, we'll truly be a major power in the Wastelands. Aurora City and its satellite cities, combined with Abyss City... Just in terms of territory alone, we're already positioned to stand equal with the Ludendorff family and the Cathedral." Andrew smiled. "That's true enough.

But Nyx, our forces and soldiers are still too few and too weak. We still need to continue growing stronger. We need more powerful fighters to join the Dragonfang ranks." Nyx said softly, "Those concerns are too far off, and I don't care about them right now. I just never imagined that someone like me, an assassin, would one day have cities, a territory of my own, and openly control a region. This feeling is incredible! I don't have to hide in the shadows like before anymore!" Andrew laughed heartily. "Why wouldn't you dare to dream about it?"

Someday, I'll make you feel even better." Nyx's face flushed as she said irritably, "This really isn't the time for that kind of talk!" Andrew was speechless. Nyx had apparently misunderstood what he meant. He was not making innuendos; he was being completely serious.

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Chapter 3045

[723 words]

---- Chapter 3045 The satellite city of Aurora City was extremely close by. Ramon charged straight to its gates with his battered remnants and roared, "Open the gates. Let us in, now." The small city's gates opened immediately. Andrew's eyes lit up with a sharp gleam. Without needing any signal, Nyx's figure sliced through the air again and again, landing directly atop the city walls. What followed was a brutal slaughter. Hearing the screams, Ramon knew the enemy had already caught up. While panic set in, his rage surged so hard his chest felt ready to burst.

"This has gone too far!" With a furious roar, Ramon turned back and clashed with Andrew once more. He was buying time so all his remaining men could enter the city. However, Petra and his main force, along with Juno, had already arrived. They launched a direct assault on the gates and broke through with little effort, flooding into the city. ---- Ramon's subordinates were already spooked. Moreover, after the losses at Aurora City, their combat strength had dropped sharply. One by one, they scattered in panic, caring only about escaping.

The original garrison in the small city, suddenly hit by this violent assault, had completely lost its bearings. They stumbled in confusion, not knowing how to respond. Then, Nyx descended like a goddess of death, slaughtering her way through the city. Before long, all the city's elite fighters were eliminated. In just ten minutes or so, Petra

and his people announced they had captured the small city. The losses were so negligible that they could be ignored. Without a word, Nyx gripped her blue-glowing daggers tightly and joined Andrew in a pincer attack on Ramon.

Andrew's greatsword descended from above, driving Ramon into the ground with clouds of dust billowing up. Nyx flashed in and out of the dust cloud, trailing a long arc of blood. A shrill, agonized roar burst from Ramon's throat. The waves of dizziness and the heavy stench of blood told him the truth. ---- It was over. Not only Aurora City, but even this satellite city was lost as well. Even he himself was likely finished. Without hesitation, a cloud of blood mist erupted from Ramon's armor. He forcibly burned his own life essence and went all out.

Then, he drove Nyx back while turning to block Andrew's greatsword. As a result, his arm was severed cleanly, and the world spun violently as pain tore into his bones. A primal, savage aura suddenly exploded from his body. Andrew's gaze hardened, and he shouted for Nyx to stay back. Ramon fled in a frenzy and vanished into the distant Wastelands in just a few leaps. "Andrew, Nyx, all of you will suffer a horrible death. The Ludendorff family will make you pay for this!" The venomous, miserable curses drifted back on the wind. Ramon had truly become a man with nothing.

His subordinates were gone, his cities were lost, and even one of his arms was missing. Just like Garal, the former lord of Abyss City, he had been carved apart by Andrew's greatsword. ---- Andrew ignored Ramon's curses entirely. Walking to Nyx's side, he said, "The aura on him just now felt a lot like the progenitor of the werewolves. I once sensed the same thing on Kaelan. It doesn't matter. Let him run. A stray like him will end up perishing along with the Ludendorff family anyway!" Even after taking two cities in succession, Andrew and Nyx did not rest for a moment.

They looted the small city clean, taking all the weapons and valuables, then departed. The victorious Abyss City forces were all in high spirits, each one radiating killing intent. Andrew had Petra station his men in Aurora City, while Franz and Knox would immediately return to defend Abyss City. There were more than 2000 captured soldiers. The assets and stockpiles Ramon had left behind in Aurora City left Andrew genuinely stunned.

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Chapter 3046

[663 words]

---- Chapter 3046 Most shocking of all was the sheer amount of weapons. There was enough to arm an entire military division. Beyond that, Andrew also discovered two werewolf hearts in Ramon's treasury. Werewolf hearts could only be cultivated by werewolf dukes or stronger. The fact that Ramon collected these things suggested they were useful to him as well. However, most human fighters could not directly absorb werewolf hearts. Only a freak like Andrew could withstand the violent energy and bloodthirsty impulses within them.

The price, unfortunately, was that Nyx suffered again and was pinned down by Andrew for another round of ruthless indulgence. Aurora City had an even more complete military system and infrastructure than Abyss City. The major city was completely self-sufficient. Under Ramon's careful management, Aurora City was actually quite wealthy. After occupying it, Andrew controlled the soldiers and had the city thoroughly looted. He believed that Aurora City was worth managing properly, but there were plenty of troublemakers, rebels, and those still loyal to the Ludendorff family.

---- The next day, Andrew summoned Aurora City's wealthy elites, several public representatives, and the leaders of major gangs. He sat in what had been Ramon's seat, legs spread wide, exuding dominance. "From this day forward, Aurora City has nothing to do with the Ludendorff family. You can act as if nothing happened and continue running your businesses, but the taxes and rules will be restructured by me. Anyone with objections, step forward. Those without objections can leave now." It was brutal and straightforward, and Andrew had no interest in wasting words on these city elites.

Three men stepped forward with cold smiles. Two were wealthy tycoons from Aurora City, and one was a devoted follower of Ramon, a gang leader who specialized in theft, robbery, and all manner of dirty work for Ramon in the city. One of them said, "Sorry, but our loyalty belongs only to the Ludendorff family." Another chimed, "Your fighting skills are legendary, and your soldiers are fierce. But this is the Wastelands, and the Ludendorff family is still king. Your success is only temporary." "I'll put it plainly: I can't stand seeing a Holtrien ruling over us.

In the Outlands, people like you have always been at the bottom. ---- They don't have the right or ability to stand above us!" The last man thrust out his big belly, acting incredibly arrogant. He looked at Andrew with undisguised contempt. Andrew smiled. "You think you're so principled, is that it? But strength and brutality are the only truths you people ever worship. Since that's the case, I won't bother explaining Holtrien's honor or restraint to you. That level of civilization is far beyond what a beast like you can understand." With a wave of his hand, Andrew said nothing more.

Two soldiers immediately entered and dragged the shouting gang leader away. Moments later, he was executed on the spot, and a blood-soaked head was carried back inside. The two remaining tycoons swallowed hard, terror flooding their eyes. With

two dull thuds, they dropped to their knees before Andrew. "All hail the governor of our city, Mr. Lloyd! We're willing to give our lives in loyalty to you." Andrew nodded in satisfaction. "Good. That's the attitude I wanted. Sure enough, you trash only understand the Wastelands' rules. No blood, no obedience. I dared to strike Ramon.

"What makes you think you're any different?" ---- The two tycoons trembled, cursing their misfortune internally. Suddenly, a terrifying thought struck them as they wondered if the Ludendorff family was actually about to be overthrown

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Chapter 3047

[646 words]

---- Chapter 3047 Whether Aurora City could stabilize was not really Andrew's concern. He just needed to control the city and keep its military forces firmly in his grasp. Killing people was indeed the best way to establish authority. The other prominent figures in the city now followed suit, kneeling down to pledge their loyalty. Whether they were truly loyal or not, Andrew did not care one bit. After making his point clear a few more times, he dismissed them all to return home. Afterward, Andrew summoned Petra. The latter was unusually hesitant and awkward.

Scratching his head, Petra looked genuinely embarrassed as he said, "I don't dare call you by your name anymore, or address you so casually like I used to, calling you 'kid' and all that!" Andrew smiled and asked, "What? Do you find me scary now, Petra?" Petra replied thoughtfully, "You're a bit intimidating, honestly. You're perfectly suited to be a leader; it's like you were born for it. Even though you're much younger than me, your martial prowess has already far surpassed anything I could achieve.

"But what really puts pressure on me is your presence now, and your methods." ---- He continued, "You're iron-blooded, even bloodthirsty, and I don't mean that as criticism! On the contrary, I think you're doing an incredible job. Anyone who accomplishes great things is ruthless and suppresses all opposition, and bloodshed is just the simplest part of it. The authority you're gradually revealing makes me and the soldiers deeply convinced. And not to embarrass myself, but I'm even a bit intimidated!" Andrew laughed heartily and gestured toward Nyx.

"Alright, maybe I really should tone it down a bit. Why don't you help Petra relax? Let's not act like we're strangers here!" Nyx bit her lip, looked at Petra, and smiled faintly. "Don't be so tense. Andrew has not changed, or rather, this is who he really is. Petra, we've known each other since Dragonfang was first formed and have been through hundreds of battles together. It has been at least seven years now. Besides, you know my personality, so you should also know what kind of person I am. Andrew is someone worthy of our trust." Petra quickly waved his hands. "Nyx, you misunderstood me.

It's not that I think he's untrustworthy. If I didn't trust him, I would've left long ago. But precisely because I trust him unconditionally, I believe proper protocol is important. At the very least, he's now everyone's leader, and I can't joke around with him like before or act like there's no hierarchy!" Nyx smiled bitterly. "So what do you want to do about it?" ---- Petra answered seriously, "Nyx, you know I came from a mercenary background. Later, I met Mr. Lloyd Senior, joined Dragonfang, and followed his orders from then on. Until now, when Mr.

Lloyd Senior handed Dragonfang over to Andrew, and Andrew has led us to conquer new territory. For me, that was a huge promotion, almost a rise to prominence. So I'm very grateful to Andrew. "And now we have our own cities and armies. So we can't be as casual as before. If the soldiers see that, they'll become lax and lack proper respect for their commander! Therefore, I suggest that Andrew officially become the Marshal of the Dragonfang legion! "That way, we'll have proper military structure, corresponding chains of command, and clear superior-subordinate relationships.

Only then can we continue growing Dragonfang and forge it into an invincible legion!"

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- Chapter 3048

Chapter 3048

[729 words]

---- Chapter 3048 Nyx thought for a moment and nodded. "You're absolutely right. But we still need to ask the Marshal what he thinks." As she spoke, she laughed first and teased Andrew with a playful look. Andrew naturally knew this beauty was messing with him. " Marshal? Dragonfang Legion is just getting started, so there's no marshal yet! At most, we're beginning to divide ranks by military hierarchy to better command the troops in battle. Petra, I'm calling you in because I have an idea.

I want you stationed in Aurora City, fully in charge of its defense and governance." Petra was shocked and stammered, "Y-You want me in charge of Aurora City? It's such a massive city. How could I possibly be worthy of it? Plus, there are so many people here. The taxes alone, plus all the other revenue, are astronomical. If you hand all of that to me, I absolutely cannot handle it, and I do not think I have that kind of ability." He continued, "Andrew, Aurora City is extremely important. It's basically the second-largest city in the Wastelands.

It's second only to the Ludendorff family's headquarters at Throne City. You are placing way too much faith in me. I really cannot do it." As he spoke, Petra even broke into a cold sweat and waved his ---- hands repeatedly. Nyx laughed and watched the show from the side. "Petra, this really does not sound like you. In the past, you were just like Knox, never passing up a good deal. And now Andrew is handing you an enormous opportunity, a once-in-a-lifetime benefit, yet you are refusing it." Petra waved his hands, speaking solemnly, "Nyx, I know my own capabilities.

I have roamed the Wastelands before, and I've dreamed of accomplishing great things, controlling territory, and becoming a lord. What man under heaven doesn't want that?" He added, "I used to watch the Ludendorff family's people and the lords of major cities drive their convoys through the Wastelands in glory with no one daring to challenge them, and I envied them so much. But I also know my own limits very clearly. Power without virtue only leads to ruin.

It would send me right back to where I started, and worse, it would destroy the Aurora City that Andrew fought so hard to claim." His words were so humble yet sincere that Nyx was at a loss for words for a moment. She could only sigh and look helplessly at Andrew. Andrew smiled. "Petra, you actually have great potential. Really, you're excellent at leading soldiers. I've been observing you closely." ---- Petra grinned sheepishly and scratched his head. The current Andrew seemed somewhat unreachable to him, and unconsciously, feelings of inferiority had begun to grow in his heart.

In fact, it was not just him; even Juno felt the same way. It was just that both of them were reserved by nature and would not voice such feelings. Unlike Knox, who shouted every time he saw Andrew getting stronger, calling him insanely powerful and completely abnormal Andrew said, "I'll help elevate your martial arts to the next level.

If resources are sufficient, I can even help you forcibly break through to the martial god level." These two sentences made Petra's breathing quicken instantly." Y-You can do that?" Seeing his disbelief mixed with barely contained ecstasy, Nyx laughed from the side. She said, "Petra, even if you don't believe him, do you at least trust me? Andrew really can do it. Besides, you're not that far from the martial god level yourself. After all these years in the Wastelands, you've been making constant progress.

You were already a peak martial saint back then, and after training this long, you should be ready for a breakthrough." ---- Petra grumbled bitterly, 'It's not that easy. Mr. Lloyd Senior told me he'd find a way back then too. But I know it's extremely difficult. After all, not everyone is a monster like Andrew."

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Chapter 3049

[683 words]

---- Chapter 3049 Andrew chuckled. "Come on, I happened to obtain a werewolf heart from Ramon's vault. It's perfect for helping you break through to the martial god level. Once you've broken through, I'll have complete peace of mind leaving Aurora City in your hands." Petra clenched his fist and bowed deeply. "Andrew, thank you! Whether I succeed or not, I'll give everything I have for you." Andrew waved his hand. "Don't say things like that. We're brothers, understand? As long as I have a place in the Wastelands, you'll all have one too. Not just you, but Juno, Knox, Mr.

Hearst, and the others too!" Immediately, Andrew began helping Petra break through to the martial god level. His current physique was like a masterfully forged furnace. Even a werewolf's heart or a blood core could be thrown into it and refined. Then, he could channel that energy to others. In the city lord's mansion, only Nyx and Juno remained. "Nyx, I'll head back to rest now." Juno seemed somewhat dejected, but she still forced a smile at Nyx. When she turned to leave, Nyx suddenly called out, "Juno, wait a moment." ---- Juno turned around.

"What is it?" Nyx walked over, looked at her, and smiled. "What is it? Seeing Petra receive Andrew's help while you got nothing makes you feel uncomfortable, right?" Juno opened her mouth, wanting to deny it. But then she laughed bitterly. "Nyx, we are good friends, and you know me well. So there is no need for me to lie to you. Yes, I'm a little envious. Just like Petra said, Andrew has been improving far too quickly. "Looking at it now, someone like me is not even qualified to be his teammate. I can only be his subordinate and follow his commands.

But getting stronger is every martial artist's lifelong pursuit, an unwavering commitment until death. He's helping Petra but hasn't mentioned me once. I suppose it just means my abilities are limited." Seeing how hurt she looked, Nyx smiled gently and said, "Look at what this is." Juno glanced over and immediately trembled. "Pills? Are these from Andrew, for me?" Nyx handed over the pills, nodding. "Andrew prepared these for you. They're ninth-grade supreme elixir! I don't need to explain how precious these are. You know it yourself.

He spent time ---- refining these beforehand, specifically to help you break through. If you use these three supreme elixirs properly, he believes you'll have a 50% chance of reaching the martial god level." Juno trembled as she held the supreme elixirs in her hand and stared at them for a long time. Then, she said hoarsely, "By doing this, he is basically making me give my life to him. Three supreme elixirs... Their value alone

probably exceeds all the money I've earned in my years with Dragonfang. I don't even know what to say!" Nyx said solemnly, "Juno, don't worry.

Andrew doesn't need you to sacrifice your life. Just focus on your breakthrough. Only when we all become stronger can we keep up with his pace. Only then can Dragonfang truly grow and become powerful." Juno nodded, moved to tears. "Nyx, when Andrew comes out, please thank him for me. Actually, forget it. I can't repay a debt this big. Just tell him that from now on, Petra and I... we take our orders from him. He's our leader, the one and only marshal of this legion. Nyx smiled.

"Alright, I'll tell him that." Juno, holding the treasured pills and unable to let them go, hurried back to study them. ---- Nyx remained alone in the hall. As if she thought of something, she giggled softly, her face flushing red.

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Chapter 3050

[758 words]

---- Chapter 3050 The atmosphere had sunk to suffocating levels inside the Throne City's city hall. Nearly all of the Ludendorff family's top leadership had arrived. Alonzo sat in the main seat, his hands gripping the armrests so tightly that veins bulged and trembled. The others remained silent, staring at the figure in the center of the hall. It was Ramon. Half of his arm was gone, but the wound had been treated and bandaged. Nonetheless, he had returned to the Ludendorff family headquarters alone and empty-handed. For the Ludendorff family, this was nothing short of a catastrophe.

"So you're saying Aurora City and its surrounding satellite cities are lost too?" Alonzo's voice was hoarse. He had lost count of how many times he had asked this question. Ramon's expression was grim as his remaining arm reached across to touch where the other should have been. He growled, "Uncle Alonzo, are you interrogating me?" With a loud crash, Alonzo tore the dragon head ornament right off the armrest. His fury blazed as he glared at Ramon hatefully. He roared, "You bastard! You've failed so spectacularly. ---- Shouldn't I hold you accountable?"

Ramon, do you realize that you've destroyed half of the Ludendorff family's territory?" His furious roar shook the entire hall, causing the beams overhead to tremble. Cyril, Garal, and the others were terrified, their heads bowing even lower. So what if they

were martial god level experts? At this moment, they were all jittery and panicked. An unspoken sense of total destruction slowly descended over this family that had once ruled the Wastelands. Ramon stared coldly at Alonzo. "Yes, I failed in my duty. But Uncle Alonzo, you can see my current miserable state, can't you?"

What I want to say is that I did everything I could for the family. I did not just try. I nearly lost my life. Was that still not enough, or still not enough to satisfy you?" Alonzo's eyes nearly bulged out of their sockets as he slammed to his feet. "You bastard! Even now, you still feel wronged, still show such defiance? Ramon, the survival of the Ludendorff family rests on all our shoulders; you're no exception! I sent you to ambush Abyss City, to reclaim the family's rear territory. "But what have you brought back to the family, huh?"

What you've brought back is a crushing defeat, a total failure, and the ---- beginning of the Ludendorff family's irreversible decline!" Alonzo's roars grew louder with each wave. By the end, his face became twisted with rage. It looked as though he might order Ramon's execution at any moment. This severe confrontation made Cyril and the others fall silent in fear. Suddenly, Ramon let out a hoarse laugh. "You're pinning all the blame on me? But let me ask you: where did I go wrong?" Ramon truly lived up to his rebellious nature.

Even though Alonzo had now replaced Raiden in controlling the Ludendorff family, he did not show the slightest respect. He strode forward, pointing at Alonzo's nose and roaring, "Old man, you'd better listen up. I've lost Aurora City, and all my people have been killed or captured. My 15 years of work in Aurora City were destroyed in an instant, and it all benefited Andrew. I barely made it back alive myself. Do you think I wanted this? Do you think my heart isn't filled with hatred and rage?" He suddenly turned his head, his gaze savage and predatory as he looked at Cyril and the others.

"I'm telling all of you cowards that I've lost. But the real trash in the Ludendorff family isn't me; it's all of you! What the hell have any of you accomplished?" ---- He went on, "Garal, you're a veteran of the family. Abyss City was lost on your watch, wasn't it? Cyril, you're another useless piece of trash. When Andrew was weak, you couldn't kill him. "You let him grow stronger, fed a tiger that turned around and slaughtered the Ludendorff family. If we're talking about punishment, you should be the first to be torn apart and have your brain smashed to pieces."

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