

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 3051

[843 words]

---- Chapter 3051 Ramon's roar echoed all the way outside the hall, and even the warriors stationed there turned pale as a sheet. Garal and Cyril were even worse off. Neither of them could say a single word before dropping to their knees with loud thuds. Ramon snarled viciously. "And then there's that worthless Prescott, always playing around and never taking anything seriously. He's responsible for a huge chunk of this disaster we're in now. "Back in Abyss City, he had every opportunity to kill Andrew. Or at the very least, he could've kicked him out and let the Cathedral deal with him.

But no, that idiot let him waltz right in. So tell me, isn't everything that's happening today a direct result of what he set in motion back then?" He turned to Alonzo and hissed, "Tell me I'm wrong. I'm asking you, am I wrong?" After finishing his tirade against Cyril and Garal, Ramon was still not satisfied. He whipped back around toward Alonzo, who sat in the main seat, and fired off another round like a machine gun. Alonzo's face twitched violently. Of course, he knew that Garal, Prescott, and Cyril were all useless.

However, the situation had ---- not collapsed to this extent back then, and the Ludendorff family still held 90% of the winning hand. Ramon's defeat had turned that 90% advantage into a 10% desperate situation. If this was not the perfect example of taking a winning hand and playing it straight into the ground, nothing was. "Enough, enough. It must be fate," Alonzo said, forcing down the volcanic rage in his heart as he sighed repeatedly. He could not exactly kill Ramon, after all. Besides, even if he wanted to, Ramon would not exactly stand still and make it convenient for him.

If pushed too far, Ramon was fully capable of turning against them on the spot. With the Ludendorff family barely holding Throne City, they could not survive internal chaos. "We all underestimated Andrew." Alonzo ground his teeth, his eyes burning with murderous intent. He never expected Andrew to strike back and take over Aurora City instead. He continued, "Back then, when he left the city, it looked like a bold strike at the Cathedral's rear. Now it is clear it was all an act, performed for us. This kid is ruthless, and his mind is terrifyingly precise.

But the scariest part is his strategic vision. In terms of warfare alone, no one in the entire Ludendorff family can match him." ---- A veteran of the Ludendorff family slammed his brows together and shouted, "Lord Alonzo, this is not the time to say

things like that. That bastard has been eating away at the Ludendorff family's territory step by step. With such a massive blood feud and with danger right at our doorstep, tearing him apart is the only way to vent our fury." Cyril and Garal finally found an outlet and shouted along, "That is right, we must strike back.

First, for the strategic safety of Throne City. Second, because that bastard must be wiped out, if not, the family will eventually be dragged into the abyss by him." Alonzo raised his hand, his gaze icy and mocking. His lips curled with disdain. "Strike back? Tear him apart? With you? Do you really think you are stronger than Ramon? Idiots. Every single one of you is a useless idiot." The rage Alonzo had just suppressed flared up again, and he roared until his chest began to ache. Cyril and Garal immediately lowered their heads, looking utterly humiliated.

Ramon said with venom dripping from his voice, "Kill him. We must kill Andrew. I swear I'm going to kill that bastard. However, right now, protecting Throne City is the top priority. ---- "Uncle Alonzo, I know I've committed grave sins. When Father returns to Throne City, harsh punishment is inevitable. But I'm not afraid of that. I have only one demand: I want revenge." Alonzo snorted coldly. "What do you plan to do?" Ramon replied, "On the Cathedral's side, they've already begun engaging with Kaelan's werewolf army.

And according to the vampires' promise, Prince Yosef will lead the vampire warriors out of The Blood Sanctum. With these two major forces providing support, there's no way the Cathedral can break through the Ludendorff family's stronghold." Despite his furious expression, Alonzo nodded, acknowledging that he agreed with Ramon's assessment. Ramon continued, "So during this time, we only need to do two things. First, defend Throne City to the death in case the Cathedral suddenly attacks.

Second, I'll personally lead another force to see if there's any opportunity to retake Abyss City or Aurora City."

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Chapter 3052

[791 words]

---- Chapter 3052 Alonzo said, "Then you can forget about it. Given how cunning Andrew has proven to be, he won't give you any opportunity. He's already taken those

cities, so defending them while we attack will be effortless for him." Ramon snapped irritably, "Yes, he defends while we attack, so naturally the advantage is on his side. But the Ludendorff family's warriors are far more elite! Our core strength, our martial god level forces, still crush Andrew's side. Garal, Cyril, me, and you, Uncle Alonzo... We have four martial gods. "We only need one to stay and guard Throne City.

The rest of us can seize the right moment and launch a fierce assault on either Abyss City or Aurora City. I refuse to believe we can't take them! We could even use the opportunity to pick off Dragonfang's people one by one. Best case scenario, we gang up on Andrew together and reduce him to ashes." Alonzo pondered for a moment before replying, "What you said about seizing the opportunity to retake both cities and consolidate Throne City's security, I agree with that. But your idea of using our numerical advantage in martial gods to kill Andrew outright isn't very realistic.

"First of all, Nyx is no pushover. Just in terms of top-tier combat power, Andrew plus Nyx is enough to counter you, Garal, and ---- Cyril. You've already experienced this punk's strength firsthand. It takes two full martial gods just to keep him in check. And for Nyx, we'd need to assign another martial god to tie her down. "When you add it all up, those two would be facing off against three of the Ludendorff family's top experts. And Throne City must have at least one person staying behind to guard it. So where's the winning chance?

There isn't one at all!" Ramon's face instantly darkened, his expression turning thunderous. The rage he could not vent inevitably circled back to Prescott again. He hissed, "That useless bastard. If he hadn't dropped the ball, the Ludendorff family wouldn't be in such a helpless position." Just then, a sinister, cold laugh echoed from outside the hall. "Ramon, you're the incompetent one, yet you're taking it out on me. If I'm useless, then what does that make you? Look at yourself right now...

You're even worse than useless, aren't you?" Ramon's face twisted with savage fury as he whipped his head around. He sneered viciously, "Prescott, it seems you really think I wouldn't dare kill you just because I am your older brother?" Prescott walked in. However, compared to the Prescott who had previously needed a wheelchair, the current Prescott was completely transformed. His entire body radiated blood energy; even his pupils were blood-red, and his whole presence was ---- violent with an unstable, fluctuating aura.

Most importantly, the body that Andrew had crippled was now completely healed. In fact, as he walked, everyone could sense that Prescott's condition was better than it had ever been. Finally, Prescott stopped in front of Ramon, his smile equally ferocious. "My dear brother, you're still the same, always love showing off your power. Before, you were indeed stronger than me. But now, why don't you try? Let's see if you beat me to death, or if I turn you into a dried-up corpse." Ramon felt the blood energy rushing at him and could not help but take a step back in shock.

"Prescott, you..." Prescott gave a cold laugh and ignored him completely, turning instead to look at Alonzo. "Uncle Alonzo, now you can confidently hand over the family's authority to me. I'll personally bring back Andrew's head and hang it on Throne City's gate!" Alonzo's whole body shuddered as he pointed at Prescott. "Y- You went to The Blood Sanctum and sold your body and soul to the vampires' cruel progenitor?" Prescott smiled and then slowly threw his head back in laughter. The sound sent chills down everyone's spine. "Sold myself? What a joke.

You think it was selling out, but I call it rebirth. It was the vampire progenitor who let me walk again ---- and run free. It was them who returned the power that belonged to me. Not just my old power, but I gained something far greater. So from this moment on, I am no longer human. I... I am a noble vampire!"

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Chapter 3053

[930 words]

---- Chapter 3053 In the western Outlands, deep within the Wastelands, the Cathedral's army and the werewolf forces had already clashed three times in a row. The fighting never stopped, and the battlefield reeked of blood and exhaustion. Makhaylus had been ambushed by Kaelan and nearly lost his life. If Lysander had not fought desperately to pull him out, Makhaylus would already be dead "Lysander, thank you. I'm so useless." Makhaylus lay on a stretcher, his giant-like body torn open by a massive hole. Kaelan's steel claws had pierced straight through him.

Lysander's youthful, handsome face was filled with worry. His eyes never left Makhaylus. "Makhaylus, we're brothers, children of the Cathedral. You once risked everything to save me under Andrew's blade. So naturally, I would risk everything to save you." Makhaylus breathed weakly, his eyes half-closed and his mood heavy. He mumbled, "But I failed the Pope's trust and betrayed the Lord's favor. I was useless and failed to carve a path for the ---- Vindicators.

Kaelan's werewolf army killed so many of our warriors, It hurts me deeply." Lysander clenched his fists and said bitterly, "Makhaylus, pull yourself together. If you are hurting, then so am I, and so is the Archbishop. But the road to spreading the Lord's glory is always covered in thorns. The only thing we can do is offer up these broken bodies and cut through them, even if it costs us our lives. Makhaylus forced himself to nod. "Yes,

even if it costs my life, I would not hesitate. Lysander, you've always been the smarter one.

"I was the foolish one this time." Lysander gently tapped his forehead. "Makhaylus, don't be discouraged. Focus on healing. Victory still belongs to us. The Archbishop has already requested reinforcements from Lomuia Grand Cathedral. Arya will soon arrive in the Outlands." Makhaylus jolted and pushed himself up, forgetting his injuries entirely. "Arya is coming to the Outlands? Isn't she always commanding on the Dark Battlefield?" A faint smile appeared on Lysander's face. "The Pope has reassigned others to the Dark Battlefield. Arya will soon come to the Wastelands to support us.

"You know it as well as I do. As long as she arrives, nothing is a problem." Makhaylus lay back down, fully at ease now, and smiled. "Yes, ---- as long as Arya comes, nothing is a problem. The dignity of the 12 Angels has always been upheld by her. I never expected that we would still have to rely on her this time." Lysander said softly, "Makhaylus, don't think that way. The 12 Angels each have their strengths. It's just that Arya is more complete and more fully evolved than the rest of us. She is the hidden spear of the Cathedral, the shadow behind the light.

The Archbishop said that once she sets foot in the Wastelands, it will be time for a full-scale offensive against the two dark clans." A relaxed smile finally appeared on Makhaylus' face, and he drifted into deep sleep. Lysander remained by his side and pulled out the golden holy emblem hanging on his chest. Beneath it was a crystal pendant. Inside it was a photo of a woman charging forward with a blazing white sword in her hands. Arya Fleury, the Battle Angel, head of the 12 Angels and the Spear of Light of Lomuia Grand Cathedral.

As the Cathedral's number one angel, she had never known defeat. Rumors said that Arya was a true angel reborn. Her beauty was breathtaking, as if a real angel had descended, and her holy power rivaled that of a god. Lysander looked at the photo with deep respect. Beneath that ---- reverence, however, was a carefully hidden trace of affection. A Vindicator walked into the command tent and said, "Sir, the Archbishop requests your presence." Lysander hurriedly put the photo away, secretly annoyed. If anyone saw him gazing so intently at Arya's image, it would be over for him.

The Cathedral and the Pope did not allow something as profane as love to touch Arya. Lysander and Makhaylus had both been raised under the Cathedral's strict rules since childhood. They were angels and spears of the Cathedral. That meant their entire lives were destined to belong to the Cathedral. Marriage and children were forbidden, let alone harboring a desire for one of their own. Lysander steadied his emotions and asked, "What does the Archbishop need me for?" The Vindicator replied, "A guest has arrived.

"The Archbishop requires you to meet them." Lysander's heart leaped as he blurted out, "Is it Archangel Arya? Has she arrived?" The White Warrior smiled. "The Archangel will arrive a bit later. ---- She must first return to the Cathedral to report after withdrawing

from the Dark Battlefield. Only then will she come here. The one who arrived is not the Archangel. It's the Lord of Abyss City." Lysander froze, then said in shock, "The Lord of Abyss City, Andrew Lloyd of Holtrien?" The Vindicator replied gloomily, "That is the one.

The Archbishop has received him with a full ceremony." Lysander's expression darkened as he stormed out in a huff. "How dare he deliver himself to our doorstep! Let me meet this blasphemer, this devil!"

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Chapter 3054

[800 words]

---- Chapter 3054 In Kass' command tent, Andrew and Nyx arrived together, and Kass received them with composed courtesy. "Archbishop, we apologize for the sudden visit," Andrew said with a cheerful smile. Kass sat calmly with a faint smile. "You're a young hero. There's no need for such formalities. Right now in the Wastelands, there are only three major powers. And you control one of them, so I certainly don't consider this abrupt at all." Andrew thought to himself that having territory and absolute power was indeed the way to go. On the surface, however, he waved his hand dismissively.

"You're flattering me. I only managed to take Abyss City and Aurora City because the Cathedral's army was there to keep them in check from the side. How should I put it... Well, I just took advantage of the opportunity." Kass shook his head. "You can't put it that way. Not just anyone can seize opportunities in the Wastelands. Besides, whether you were opportunistic or not, I would not dare comment on it so easily." With those words, he looked at Andrew with significant meaning. ---- Andrew had clashed head-on with Kass and the Cathedral more than once before.

Yet at this moment, the two of them appeared to be having a pleasant conversation on the surface. The subtle atmosphere between them was quite intriguing. To put it bluntly, Kass did not dare underestimate Andrew. Whether it was Andrew's personal strength or the fact that, Dragonfang now occupied two major cities, they held a pivotal position in the Wastelands and could influence the decisive battle between the Cathedral and the Ludendorff family at any moment.

Therefore, Kass wisely chose not to dredge up old grievances or hold Andrew accountable for his previous attacks on the Cathedral forces. And as for Andrew

showing up all smiles, taking the initiative to visit, Kass had a pretty good idea of what he was up to. After clearing his throat, Andrew got straight to the point." Archbishop, I won't beat around the bush. I'm sure you've already figured out why I'm here. The Ludendorff family is now holed up in a single city, facing their twilight days.

I believe we can join forces to destroy Throne City and end this inhumane family's reign once and for all." Kass smiled. "My friend, you have quite an appetite." Andrew returned the smile. "Compared to the Cathedral's ---- appetite, mine is nothing. Besides, I'm not doing this for personal gain. I simply can't stand watching the Ludendorff family continue enslaving the Outlands, leaving countless people homeless and turning them into nothing but bones in the dirt "Come to think of it, Archbishop, my good intentions align with the Cathedral's doctrine, don't they?

Isn't your Cathedral waging war in the Wastelands to save the suffering masses here?" Kass snorted coldly, neither confirming nor denying it. Saving the suffering masses was natural, of course. However, the Cathedral was not some benevolent savior; seizing control of the Outlands was the real prize. Andrew deliberately dressed his words in lofty ideals, subtly mocking the Cathedral in the process. Kass found the brat audacious beyond belief. Yet, there was nothing he could do about it. Andrew's combat power and the skills to back up his boldness.

After a moment of contemplation, Kass said, "Taking down Throne City is inevitable for the Cathedral. But right now, the Vindicators can't spare any forces. As you've seen, the werewolf army and the vampire forces that are about to arrive will soon be engaging with us. We're under considerable pressure at the moment." ---- Andrew smiled slightly. "Yes, the Cathedral is indeed under some pressure. But Lomuia wouldn't let His Holiness the Pope allow that pressure to continue mounting, would they?

His Excellency Mephiston isn't here anymore, so reinforcements should be coming to support you, Archbishop. For instance, a few angels with unmatched combat prowess." Kass' eyes narrowed as he stared at Andrew. This man had an incredibly sharp mind. The Cathedral had indeed already dispatched angels, and not just any angel, but the Great Angel herself, the Battle Angel who led the 12 Angels, personally descending to the Outlands. Yet, how did Andrew know about this? No, that would be impossible. Andrew did not know it was Arya coming.

However, he knew that the Cathedral would definitely send powerful personnel as reinforcements. "That's correct. The Cathedral will indeed have reinforcements arriving shortly."

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Chapter 3055

[760 words]

---- Chapter 3055 Kass admitted it, but then his tone shifted. "However, we have no intention of seeking cooperation at this time. You should know that we at Lomuia Grand Cathedral never compromise with anyone. We are followers of the Light, and we only align ourselves with the Light." Andrew shrugged. "Alright, I get it. To put it plainly, Archbishop, you don't think much of my side's strength, right? Or perhaps, what you're thinking is to take down Throne City, wipe out the Ludendorff family, and then turn your massive army around to sweep through my territory.

That does fit the Cathedral's usual style. I'll be going now." Kass' eyelids twitched violently. Andrew had calmly laid out the plans he had been harboring. After saying that, Andrew simply stood up to leave, acting as if it were no big deal. Kass thought, 'Does this brat have something to rely on? Or does he simply believe the Cathedral would never dare move against him?' He hesitated, wondering whether he should stop Andrew and stabilize things for now. ---- At that moment, Lysander stormed in, his face flushed with anger. He shouted, "Andrew, stop right there.

You slaughtered our warriors and blasphemed my Lord. Today, I will erase you completely in the purification of holy light." Andrew looked at him and burst out laughing. "You're supposed to be the Angel of Wisdom? You look like an idiot to me." Without mercy, Andrew launched straight into mockery. Lysander's face turned crimson as he exploded in rage. "What did you say?" Andrew stepped forward, looking down at Lysander with a cold voice. "I said you're an idiot. Setting aside the fact that you came barging in so aggressively looking for trouble, do you even have the strength for it?

So what if this is your Cathedral's command tent? If I want to leave, can you and the Archbishop stop me?" Ignoring Lysander's furious gaze, Andrew snorted. "Furthermore, it was the Cathedral that invaded my territory first. Time and again, I was forced to defend myself, and only when you pushed me to the limit did I finally fight back. What, did you expect me not to fight back and just let your Cathedral kill me?" Lysander was furious beyond measure, yet left speechless. Truth be told, from the moment Andrew took over Abyss City, he indeed had not actively sought trouble with the Cathedral.

On the ---- contrary, the Cathedral warriors who died did so because they had attacked Abyss City. "Bastard! No matter how silver-tongued you are, the fact remains that you killed our warriors," Lysander roared. Andrew replied flatly, "That's quite the arrogant tone. This is the Wastelands, not Lomuia. What, you're allowed to invade others, but they're not allowed to fight back? By your logic, should I lie down and let you kill me?"

Lysander choked. "You... He glared at Andrew with extreme hatred, but he could not find words to respond. Andrew pushed past him. "Excuse me, coming through.

The art of politics lies in compromise. Wisdom Angel, perhaps your Lord's radiance is strong, but I need you to understand that Lomuia Grand Cathedral doesn't have the final say in everything. Even the God of Light's radiance has its limits. Where I came from, the God of Light doesn't call the shots." Lysander gritted his teeth, clearly about to attack. Andrew's words were a direct denial of his faith, a true act of blasphemy. Kass shouted, "Lysander, calm down! Your impulsiveness right now won't help anything. Andrew has already become a major force. And you heard what he said.

This man's beliefs ---- completely diverge from our Lord's. His Holiness the Pope once said that the Cathedral's true enemies are only the devils in hell. This Andrew is a true devil. If you act impulsively, your fate won't be good." Lysander deflated, releasing his clenched fists and lowering his head. "Archbishop, Andrew feels more terrifying to me by the minute. The dark aura around him is growing stronger. When the Archangel Arya arrives, we must eliminate him." Kass murmured, "We'll see. Right now, we must withstand the assault from the vampires and the werewolves."

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Chapter 3056

[759 words]

---- Chapter 3056 After leaving the Cathedral camp, Nyx said, "I told you the Cathedral wouldn't join forces with us. On the contrary, the moment they get a chance, they'll turn around and wipe us out." Andrew smiled. "It's fine. I never expected Kass to agree from the start anyway. If you want to put it nicely, the followers of the God of Light are pure. If you want to be blunt, they're foolish and rigid. War isn't something any single side can dictate alone "The Cathedral wants to wipe out every other power in the Outlands on its own and swallow everything in the end.

Even if the Pope himself came, it would not happen, let alone the people they have now." Nyx said seriously, "You just mentioned that the Cathedral will send more powerful figures. I'm worried they'll send someone as terrifying as the Mephiston." Andrew raised an eyebrow. "Who do you think it'll be?" Nyx replied, "I actually know quite a bit about Lomuia Grand Cathedral. My country used to be followers of the

Cathedral, and I served the Lord faithfully from a young age." Andrew smiled. "And now? You're with me, a blasphemer.

Doesn't that mean you've betrayed your faith?" ---- Nyx bit her lower lip and shook her head. "You know I don't believe in anything anymore. Ever since I went through all that pain, grew up in suffering, and lost all my loved ones, I stopped believing in everything. If there's anyone I can still believe in now, it's you." Seeing her stunningly beautiful face filled with affection, Andrew felt a warmth in his heart. "Let's go. We'll head back to Abyss City first. From now on, you won't have to suffer alone anymore. At least, you won't have to face it by yourself." Nyx smiled gently.

"Andrew, you really know how to charm women, But let's be serious for a moment. I suspect the Cathedral will send another Cardinal Archbishop." Andrew thought for a moment and shook his head. "That's unlikely. Another Cardinal Archbishop wouldn't be enough. They'd need to send someone on Mephiston's level to truly intimidate the Wastelands." Nyx's eyes widened. "First of all, the Pope would never come here himself. That leaves only one person: the Battle Angel, Arya Fleury." Andrew grew curious. "The leader of the 12 Angels?

That supposed actual descended angel of Lomuia Grand Cathedral?" Nyx's expression grew complex. "Arya didn't actually descend ---- from the Lord's kingdom. All that was spread by people who admire and worship her, and it just kept getting exaggerated. However, no one questions Arya's power, especially since her temperament and character are incredibly fierce. "It's not the kind of ferocity Kass has, but a complete and utter loyalty to the Pope and the Lord. Pure, without a trace of impurity. Someone like that, combined with her supreme martial prowess, is terrifying.

Once she's set her mind on something, she'll stop at nothing to achieve it, even if it means death." Andrew snorted coldly. "Do you know what Arya's power level is like?" Nyx smiled bitterly. "From what I know, Arya is on the same level as Mr. Lloyd Senior." Andrew slowly exhaled. "So that's Beyond Mortal Limits. Lomuia Grand Cathedral really has accumulated quite a bit of power over the past thousand years." Nyx said earnestly, "Andrew, don't get into a conflict with Arya. Especially don't let her think you're truly a blasphemer. She has an obsessive need to purify.

Once she believes you're deliberately blaspheming her faith, she won't care about reason or anything else; she'll purify you directly. And as you know, purification in the Cathedral often means execution." Andrew replied flatly, "I've always maintained a neutral stance ---- toward Lomuia Grand Cathedral's faith. I don't participate, I don't interfere, but I don't support it either. In short, if people don't mess with me, I won't mess with them. But if they do, then there's no choice but to fight." Nyx chuckled helplessly. "I knew that's how you'd be. Let's go, we'll head back first.

Even if Arya comes personally, she'll have to deal with the dark army and the Ludendorff family first."

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Chapter 3057

[793 words]

---- Chapter 3057 Andrew said coldly, "Now isn't the time to rest. Since the Cathedral is determined to take us down in the end, I have no choice but to strike first." Nyx quickly said, "Andrew, don't escalate the conflict with the Cathedral too far. Trust me, I've known Arya since we were young. She's someone who... Well, you'll understand how terrifying she is." Andrew smiled. "Nyx, are you worried I'll make an enemy of the Cathedral at this point? No, when I say strike first, I didn't mean attacking the Cathedral's army.

I meant taking this opportunity to sweep through the other major cities in the Wastelands. At the very least, I need to rapidly arm the Dragonfang Legion." Nyx smiled. "On that point, I actually agree." Using Aurora City and Abyss City as central points, Andrew had his warriors begin sweeping through the surrounding areas. Aside from Throne City, which they could not touch for now, Andrew's approach to the remaining smaller cities was simple: attack hard.

With Nyx, the martial god assassin, infiltrating first to carry out clean sweeps, and Petra and Franz leading troops in frontal pressure, city after city fell with little resistance. ---- These cities held little strategic significance, and Andrew had no intention of occupying them. He simply plundered the munitions and captured enemy soldiers he needed, then immediately withdrew. Additionally, Andrew had people constantly monitoring the Ludendorff family's headquarters. The King of the Wastelands was being pushed to the brink. At a time like this, not counterattacking would be impossible.

When cornered, even a rabbit will bite, let alone the ruthless Ludendorff family. Sure enough, Juno personally returned to Abyss City to report. "Throne City's forces have started moving. From the looks of it, they're heading straight for both Abyss City and Aurora City." Andrew was not surprised at all and nodded. "Attacking both sides simultaneously? Looks like they're betting I can't cover both fronts and will have to lose one." Juno frowned. "Besides that, I saw Prescott. Before, you'd crippled him, but now he's personally leading troops straight toward Abyss City.

His injuries and his power seem to have undergone a complete transformation. The aura coming off him gives me this vampire-like feeling." Andrew's mind stirred, and he

let out a cold laugh. "Nothing ---- strange about it. After being transformed by a progenitor-level vampire, Prescott could indeed be reborn by turning from human into a vampire "Didn't Ramon also gain power from the werewolf progenitor? The price? Degradation. They're not even human anymore. The Ludendorff family truly is beyond saving.

If Raiden were still around and saw all this, I wonder what he'd think." Juno asked, "So, how do we defend against them? From the current power comparison, the Ludendorff family's martial gods are coming out in full force. We can't defend both major cities at the same time." Andrew said nothing. Instead, he sat in the city lord's seat with his hands crossed and his head slightly lowered, assuming a commanding posture as he gazed out from the city hall toward the distant Wastelands. "They can send as many as they want; we'll kill them all," he said, his voice like ice.

He added, "Also, go contact that emerging force that's recently popped up in the Wastelands. What's it called again?" Juno replied, "The Coven of Heavenly Radiance. This group is like us. They've also taken several cities. But overall, they're all small cities, nothing significant. Right now, though, they keep pushing forward and are already eyeing our territory." ---- Andrew smiled. "Very good. Tell The Coven of Heavenly Radiance's leader that I'm willing to give Aurora City to him. From now on, we'll be allies." Juno was stunned.

"You're just giving Aurora City to The Coven of Heavenly Radiance for nothing? Why? We put in so much effort..." Andrew waved his hand, smiling as he interrupted her, "Go on, hurry. Don't worry. We won't lose any of our territory. It's just temporarily loaned out. I've pretty much figured out where this Coven comes from. If I'm not mistaken, it's another one of my mortal enemies. Before he can blindsides me, I need to take care of him first." Juno was thoroughly confused. She could not understand why Andrew seemed to have so many mortal enemies.

Nonetheless, she said nothing and immediately went to carry out the orders.

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Chapter 3058

[764 words]

---- Chapter 3058 The founder of The Coven of Heavenly Radiance was none other than Vance Titoria. He was Eastonia's most exceptional prodigy, the kind of talent others were born chasing. Across the Eastern Continent, Vance's name carried weight in many fields, and his reputation was widely known. Only in Holtrien was his name rarely mentioned. The reason was simple: Holtrien already had more than enough geniuses, leaving no room for Vance to throw his weight around. This time, with the opening of The Veiled Paradise, Vance had led his people to the Outlands after hearing the news.

Seeing that the Outlands had descended into complete chaos, with the Cathedral's army sweeping through victoriously while the old-guard powerhouse, the Ludendorff family, retreated again and again, Vance's ambition was instantly ignited. He naturally would not pass up the golden opportunity and continuously conquered territory throughout the Wastelands, eventually establishing The Coven of Heavenly Radiance. He himself became the organization's leader. "Iridessa, what do you make of Andrew's people showing up like this?" ---- In a small city, Vance held a wine glass, sipping slowly.

He turned his head and glanced at the woman kneeling beside him. "He's just handing Aurora City over to me like this. No matter how I think about it, I feel there's a trap." The woman kept her head lowered, her face hidden from view. However, her graceful figure, ink-black hair, and the glimpse of fair skin that showed were enough to confirm she was an absolute beauty. Iridessa Titoria was Vance's biological sister and personal disciple of Eastonia's martial arts master, Alvaro Henderson. She specialized in covert arts and was exceptionally skilled.

For this trip to the distant Outlands, Iridessa had been appointed to follow and assist Vance throughout. "Vance, I believe Andrew definitely has ulterior motives." Her voice was magnetic, slightly husky, with a tremor at the end. Though her true face remained unseen, just hearing this soul-stirring voice made one's skin involuntarily break out in goosebumps, stirring improper thoughts. Vance praised her, "Iridessa, your skills have advanced again. The Siren's Voice technique is truly miraculous." Iridessa covered her mouth and giggled softly. "Vance, you ---- flatter me.

"I'm just a sword in your hand. Whatever you command, I'll do. If you're still interested in Aurora City, I can go scout it out first." Vance replied, "I'm definitely interested in Aurora City. Currently, the two major cities Andrew occupies are easy to defend and difficult to attack, both possessing significant strategic value. But look at what I have... These small cities are neither here nor there, tasteless to keep but a waste to abandon. Yet, I'm also worried about falling into his trap and getting burned." Iridessa said lightly, "Vance, you're the Crown Prince of Eastonia.

Know that his will watches over you, guiding your path from beyond. Coming to the Wastelands, we really do need a major action to make our mark. Andrew's situation actually isn't great right now. The Ludendorff family is watching him like a hawk, and the Cathedral's attitude is ambiguous. They could turn on him at any moment. So I think he's truly at wit's end, which is why he's considering giving Aurora City to you. This way,

he can relieve some pressure while borrowing our strength to help him hold Abyss City." Vance snorted coldly. "I can naturally see through his schemes.

But what I want isn't just Aurora City... I want Abyss City, and Throne City too!" His ambition was written all over his face, his eyes gleaming ---- with hunger, Iridessa still kept her head lowered, saying gently, "Vance, should I go make contact with Andrew first?" Vance waved his hand dismissively. "That's not necessary. You're very skilled at enchantment and have helped me tremendously. But the ones you can enchant are lustful losers seeking momentary pleasure. Andrew is not that; he's a true hero and mastermind. Honey traps, enchantment, and even seduction won't work well on him.

You might even get caught in your own trap." Iridessa replied softly, "But Vance, I have absolute confidence in myself. I know beauty and such won't seduce Andrew. But you're forgetting that I can also disguise myself."

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Chapter 3059

[812 words]

---- Chapter 3059 Iridessa said, "I could easily disguise myself and infiltrate his inner circle, or disguise myself as a woman he deeply loves. That way, he'll definitely let his guard down. When the opportunity comes, I'll take him out with one strike." Vance was somewhat tempted but still shook his head. "Iridessa, there's no need to rush. You're my own sister, and Andrew isn't someone to underestimate. I can't let you take risks lightly. Get changed and dressed up.

You'll come with me to Abyss City." He added, "I want to test Andrew myself, and if he truly cannot hold Abyss City and shows weakness, then I would be a fool not to take it." Iridessa giggled. "Alright! Then I'm off." Still kneeling, she slid backward smoothly, and her perky hips moved with striking strength and elasticity. With a sudden burst of force, she spun in place and vanished into a wisp of smoke. From start to finish, she never revealed her face. Vance was extremely satisfied. Iridessa's covert techniques had reached the point of flawless deception.

Even he sometimes could not tell the difference. ---- In Abyss City, Andrew received battle reports that the Ludendorff family's two armies were closing in. If they were not concerned about Andrew having some trick up his sleeve or about the Cathedral

suddenly turning to attack their vulnerable home base, these two armies would have already launched their assault. Juno rushed back to the city and reported, "Prince Vance, the head of The Coven of Heavenly Radiance, has arrived." Andrew sneered. "As expected of a bunch of scavenger vultures.

Whether it is real or not, the moment they smell blood or rot, they can't help but come take a look. Let our distinguished guest in and treat him well." Juno turned to receive them, and soon enough, Vance entered the city hall of Abyss City with a single attendant, strutting in without restraint. Vance was dressed in the typical attire of Eastonian nobility, colorful and extremely flamboyant. Beside him was Iridessa, disguised as a servant. She looked pale-faced and timid, small in stature, keeping her head down and hiding behind Vance the entire time. Andrew stood up and greeted him first.

"Prince Vance, long time no see. It has been many years since Eastonia, and I never --- - thought we would meet again in a place as troubled as the Outlands." Vance snorted. "Andrew, spare me the pleasantries. What's your game with Aurora City?" Andrew raised an eyebrow. "Didn't I already say? I'm giving it to you for free." Vance sneered. "Giving it to me for free? You expect me to believe you're that generous? I know exactly what kind of person you are. I haven't forgotten what you did back in Eastonia. Now you're here pretending to be a good guy?"

Do you think I'm the type to forgive and forget?" Andrew sighed. "Oh come on, Prince Vance, I was young and foolish back then. So I set fire to your shrine... Is that such a big deal? Look at you, it's been so many years. Why are you still hung up on it?" Vance scoffed. "Just a fire? You abducted our Imperial Consort, held her captive for two days and nights, and when she returned, she was completely broken. She eventually starved herself to death. Andrew, you fiend... The Emperor issued a death warrant for you back then.

You must pay with your life." Andrew said helplessly, "What if I told you I didn't do anything to your Imperial Consort back then? Would you believe me?" ---- Vance replied coldly, "I'd have to be an idiot to believe that. Andrew, if you're a man, have the courage to admit it. Do you dare say you didn't violate her body?" As he said this, Iridessa visibly trembled. The detail did not escape Andrew's sharp eyes. He narrowed his gaze slightly, looking at the attendant beside Vance. However, the person did not seem particularly unusual, so he looked away again.

Then, he said, "Prince Vance, although I did cause some trouble in your country back then, and I'm somewhat sorry about it, your Imperial Consort was the Emperor's woman, your mother. "Someone so worthy of respect was, by seniority, my elder, so how could I do something so inhuman? In truth, this comes from your own dark suspicions. I took her only to save my own life, and it was a last resort, a move out of desperation."

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Chapter 3060

[755 words]

---- Chapter 3060 Vance said coldly, "I knew you wouldn't admit it, but it doesn't matter anymore. As I just said, the Imperial Consort is already dead, and by the Emperor's order, all her titles and honors were stripped before she was executed. So, please mind your words. She's no longer my mother because she doesn't deserve to be." Andrew's expression darkened. "Your Emperor was truly that heartless? When I took your Imperial Consort hostage back then, it was only because I had no other choice. In the end, I returned her untouched.

Your family witnessed this with their own eyes, and yet you still had her executed? Vance, it's clear the Titoria royal family has little humanity left." Vance erupted in fury but then suppressed his anger and sneered. "I didn't come here today to argue about old grudges. I'll be blunt: I want Aurora City, but I also want to take your life. So the choice is yours." Andrew smiled faintly. "I know you want to kill me, but whether you have the ability to do so is another matter." Returning to his seat, Andrew said leisurely, "I'm willing to give Aurora City to you for free.

Listen carefully: for free. As for the reason, I know someone as suspicious as you will definitely ask. It's simple. ---- "We're both Easterners, and right now, our opponents are these Western barbarians. So I'd rather give Aurora City to you for nothing than return it to them. Additionally, the Ludendorff family's days are numbered. I'd like to invite you to join me in hunting down Throne City and wiping out this brutal family." Vance's expression shifted uncertainly as he stared at Andrew. Andrew was not in a hurry and smiled.

"By the way, the Ludendorff family's army is about to reach Aurora City. If you really want it, agree quickly. Otherwise, my people will withdraw, and Aurora City will return intact to the Ludendorff family's hands. "For me, that's not much of a loss since the city was originally theirs anyway. But that's your call. But for you, it's like having the winning lottery ticket and then setting it on fire right before you cash it in. It's up to you if you want to take that." Vance was finally tempted. In the end, he turned his head and asked Andrew, "You're really willing to give it for free?

No tricks?" Andrew spread his hands. "Tricks or no tricks, everything's out in the open. Can't you see it? Prince Vance, you're no fool. You wouldn't be so easily played by me,

would you?" Vance snorted. "Good that you know it. Fine then, have your people evacuate Aurora City immediately. My forces will take ---- over right away." Andrew raised an eyebrow. "So you brought your troops with you before setting out? You knew Aurora City would most likely be given to you, and you weren't afraid I'd pull some scheme. Yet just now, you put on quite a show.

Prince Vance, you're quite cautious, aren't you?" Having his thoughts exposed, Vance did not feel embarrassed and turned to leave. Andrew noticed that as he left, he deliberately signaled to his attendant. Moreover, that attendant was not simple either, because she had been quietly sizing Andrew up the entire time. "Wait!" Andrew's voice turned cold as he called out. Immediately, Juno appeared at the doorway with several warriors, looking aggressive. Vance appeared completely unafraid. "What? Are you going back on your word and want to fight?

Andrew, you should know that if I want to leave, it won't be a problem." Andrew said calmly, "Eastonian covert arts were famous for their endless variations, especially escape. Of course, I knew that. I'm just curious as to who your attendant is." Vance's heart skipped a beat, worried that Andrew had seen through Iridessa's identity or discovered something suspicious. ---- However, his face remained calm as he said, "An attendant is just an attendant; just another one of my retainers. "What's the matter? Are you interested in my attendant?

Since you're giving me Aurora City, how about I give her to you in return?"

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Chapter 3061

[672 words]

---- Chapter 3061 Andrew chuckled. "No need for that. I prefer not having outsiders around me. Please, Prince Vance, Aurora City is waiting for you. You'd better guard it well." Vance snorted coldly. "That's none of your concern." Once they left Abyss City and were far from Andrew's sight, Vance immediately turned around and looked at Iridessa with concern. "Are you alright?" Iridessa's back was already soaked with cold sweat. She tore off her disguise, her face pale as she spoke. "Vance, you were right. Andrew is truly terrifying. Just now, I tried my best not to pay attention to him.

But I also wanted to see what he looked like, to memorize his face. I didn't expect that even a casual glance would catch his attention. I suspect he has already reached the peak of martial god level." Vance shouted. "Impossible... That's absolutely impossible! Back when he committed those crimes in Eastonia, his strength was impressive, but not to the extent you're describing. If he's already at the peak of martial god level, then I'm definitely no match for him." Iridessa insisted firmly. "Vance, trust me.

My perception has never been wrong, The covert arts I practice are different from ---- yours. I can detect the most minute fluctuations, and these tiny clues are all I need to deduce the immense, hidden strength Andrew is concealing. I feel even Mr. Henderson would be far from his match. You're close to his level, but there's still a gap." A heavy pressure built up in Vance's chest, making him feel deeply uncomfortable. In Eastonia, he had already surpassed the martial arts master, Alvaro Henderson, and was secretly advancing toward becoming Eastonia's strongest warrior.

That was why Vance had come to the Outlands full of ambition, hoping to carve out his own legacy. Yet now, Iridessa had sensed that Andrew had already surpassed him. If that was true, then where did that leave his pride and ambition? Vance's face darkened. "Iridessa, you must be mistaken. But I can't ignore what you're saying. How about this... Once we secure Aurora City, you'll find another opportunity to help me thoroughly investigate Andrew's true strength. If there's an opening, I'll eliminate him early to prevent future trouble." Iridessa nodded. "Of course, Vance.

Oh, about what you mentioned earlier regarding the Imperial Consort's death. You said she was once captured by Andrew and even violated. That can't be possible, right?" The more she spoke, the softer Iridessa's voice became, filled with shame and unease. ---- Vance gripped her shoulder, speaking earnestly. "Iridessa, the Imperial Consort was your birth mother. I wouldn't lie about something like this. Although she did return safely back then, we all know what kind of person Andrew is. Would he really restrain himself?

"Iridessa, remember this: that man is an utterly evil, incredibly powerful, and cunningly devious enemy. Reginald and Andrew Lloyd, the father-and-son duo, are significant obstacles to our nation's rise. "So, don't believe his one-sided story or think he's actually innocent. Andrew's greatest skill is fabricating lies. Back then, the Imperial Consort believed his words and helped him escape from the capital of Eastonia. She thought he'd keep his promise, leave her unharmed, and let her go. "But when she returned, she was devastated. What happened was obvious to anyone with eyes.

His Majesty the Emperor had no choice but to order her execution. But the fault wasn't with His Majesty... It was with Andrew, the root of all evil!" Tears suddenly welled up in Iridessa's eyes. "I am Mother's only daughter. I'll avenge her, no matter what. That beast, Andrew, will pay for his crimes!"

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Chapter 3062

[620 words]

---- Chapter 3062 The ground shook violently as the Ludendorff family's main forces had finally pushed into Abyss City's territory as planned. This time, more than half their strength was concentrated on Abyss City's side. Their purpose was to completely suppress Andrew, the Ludendorff family's number one mortal enemy. Prescott's eyes were bloodshot as he led Cyril and Garal. The martial gods were ready for a final, decisive battle with Andrew. "In a moment, you'll follow my instructions," Prescott spoke in a commanding tone. Both Garal and Cyril's expressions darkened.

After all, they were veteran pillars of the Ludendorff family. While Prescott was the family heir, he was still young. In the past, he would never have been so arrogant and domineering toward them. Now, however, he did not give a damn about them at all. Sensing their displeasure, Prescott turned his head with a slightly twisted smile. "Uncle Garal, Uncle Cyril, you'd better listen to what I say. Honestly, my temper isn't as good as it used to be. If you came here without intending to follow my arrangements, then what use are you to me?" ---- Cyril snorted coldly.

"Prescott, if you want to act like a dictator, that's fine. But how confident are you about dealing with Andrew?" Prescott's gaze turned bloodthirsty. "How confident? You'll find out soon enough. In a moment, I'll engage him first while you two find the right opportunity and take down Abyss City. Do you understand?" After thinking it over, Cyril and Garal could only nod. Though they wanted to kill Andrew, Abyss City was their real target. Especially for Garal, because this place had once been his territory.

On Abyss City's walls, warriors had already lined up, waiting for the Ludendorff family's army to attack. Juno said in a deep voice, "Look. That man leading them is Prescott. He's no longer crippled." Andrew stood at the center of the city wall with Godslayer planted beside him; his presence was as imposing as a mountain range. Looking at Prescott from afar, he said calmly, "No doubt about it. Prescott has been transformed by a vampire.

Vampire progenitor possesses the ability to completely transform humans, and only this way could Prescott regain his strength." ---- Nyx's cold voice carried contempt. "As a human, he willingly degraded himself by being transformed into a vampire. What right does Prescott have to remain in the Ludendorff family?" Andrew replied calmly. "Someone like him doesn't care about such things. The temptation of power is enough

to make him do anything. How's the situation with Vance's people at Aurora City? Nyx said, "I just returned from there. Vance has completely taken over Aurora City.

From his appearance, he's genuinely overjoyed. I just don't know if he's a match for Ramon." Andrew smiled. "That's no longer my concern. Ramon is leading another division of the Ludendorff family. If Vance wants to hold his ground, he'll definitely pay a price! No matter which side suffers defeat or takes massive losses, it'll be a heaven-sent opportunity for us." Amid violent tremors, the Ludendorff family's army began its assault. All this time, their main forces from Throne City had not made their move.

Now that they charged in full force, with heavy artillery covering the advance, the battlefield erupted in overwhelming firepower, blotting out the sky.

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Chapter 3063

[702 words]

---- Chapter 3063 Franz clicked his tongue. "Impressive, no doubt. The Ludendorff family's core force, the Black Knight Legion, has always been the nightmare of every faction in the Wastelands. It seems that they really live up to their reputation." Andrew said calmly, "Mr. Hearst, you, Petra, and Knox must hold the city gate.

As long as you hold the line below, then up here, with me, Nyx, and Juno, Prescott and the others won't gain even an inch." A figure shot up from the distance and rushed into the sky, then instantly exploded into a massive swarm of bats that shrieked as they swept toward Abyss City. Andrew raised his hand, and Godslayer was already in his grip. He added, "I'll deal with Prescott first. Nyx, you prevent Garal and Cyril from launching sneak attacks!" Nyx replied, "Understood!" Charging from the wall, Andrew leaped into the air and struck down with his sword.

The massive blade energy crashed into the bat swarm, triggering waves of shrieks. Finally, Prescott's blood-red figure materialized in the air. When enemies met again, hatred flared instantly. "Andrew, you ---- will die today!" Andrew's face remained blank. "You weren't my match back then, and you're only weaker now. Prescott, this is your second chance in life, isn't it? I advise you to crawl back and find some hole to hide in. Otherwise, this will be your last life!" Prescott smiled, revealing two long fangs as he bared his teeth at Andrew. "Andrew, you'll pay the price for your arrogance!

Blood River Fury!" As he roared, his hands swept wildly toward Andrew. Immediately, two crimson rivers formed from his blood energy and surged toward Andrew. Andrew launched three consecutive sword strikes. The blood river surged like ocean waves, but the river remained completely unharmed and still crashed down toward Andrew. His brow furrowed, and his figure flashed like lightning, appearing right in front of Prescott. He struck out with a palm, and Prescott's body exploded. Laughter echoed through the sky. "Andrew, it's useless. I'm not an ordinary vampire convert.

What I received is the true power of the vampire progenitor. Every cell in my body has become part of the blood. If you want to kill me, you'll need to find where my true form is." ---- Andrew stood proudly in the air, turning to look around Prescott's figure in the air had long since vanished. Only the two churning crimson rivers remained, intertwining together and surging toward Andrew once more. Nyx shouted. "Be careful! Don't fall into that blood river, or you won't be able to escape!" Prescott's laughter grew even more triumphant.

Sword energy shot out in all directions around Andrew like rain. Yet, the severed sections of the blood river reconnected immediately. It was like rubber clay, snapped apart and then kneaded back into one piece. On the ground, both Garal and Cyril's faces showed tremendous shock. They had not expected that Prescott now possessed the abilities of a vampire progenitor. Turning into a blood river, undying and unkillable, was the fundamental ability that kept the vampire ancestors alive for millions of years. How had Prescott obtained this power? Nonetheless, that did not matter now.

What mattered was that Prescott now seemed impossible to kill. ---- If that were the case, how would the Ludendorff family deal with his existence in the future? If Prescott turned against them and tried to become the head of the Ludendorff family, where would that leave Raiden and Ramon? Garal said in a deep voice. "Cyril, prepare to strike! Don't overthink things. At least for now, Prescott is greatly beneficial to us!" Cyril nodded. "Gرال, you're right. The current Prescott no longer fears Andrew.

It's the perfect opportunity for the Ludendorff family to reclaim Abyss City!" As his words fell, the two martial gods attacked together.

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Chapter 3064

[718 words]

---- Chapter 3064 Nyx darted out, but could only intercept Cyril. Garal charged straight ahead, smashing toward the city walls. However, Juno snorted coldly and rose to meet him. Unfortunately, she was still some distance away from being a true martial god. Even with Andrew's ninth-grade supreme elixir helping her, she still needed time to break through. Therefore, in mere moments, Juno found herself in mortal danger. Nyx flew into a rage, wanting to break free from Cyril to help Juno. However, Cyril was cunning and experienced.

He clung to her relentlessly, sometimes even willing to risk taking Nyx's assassin daggers head-on. With a loud bang, Juno was sent flying by Garal, crashing into the city wall as blood splattered everywhere. "You're overestimating yourself!" Garal snorted coldly, not expecting victory to come so easily. A chilling sense of danger suddenly crawled up his spine. Garal spun around just in time to see a towering sword arc already slashing toward him. He had no room to dodge and could only brace himself to block it, growling.

Even so, his strength was no longer enough against Andrew, and he was ---- blasted off the city wall by a single strike, coughing up blood as his face twisted in rage. From the blood colored river in the sky came Prescott's vicious laughter. "Andrew, I'm your opponent. Yet, you still had the nerve to worry about others. Perish forever in the blood river!" With a roaring crash, massive waves of blood poured down from the sky. Andrew's expression turned icy as a transparent barrier flared up around him and blasted outward. No matter how the blood crashed against him, he remained unharmed.

Prescott sneered. "You really think I can't do anything to you? Since I dared to return for revenge, I have absolute confidence in killing you!" The falling blood suddenly reversed course. In an instant, a sea of blood formed around Andrew. In the blink of an eye, he was wrapped within them, like a giant blood sphere. Prescott laughed loudly, his voice filled with joy. The two blood rivers merged into one, and Andrew was swallowed within, leaving no trace behind. Nyx's dagger flashed with a cold arc as she forced Cyril back and shouted, "Andrew." ---- Panic had already crept into her voice.

Below them, the Ludendorff family's army had launched a fierce assault at the gates. Under the pressure, Franz and Petra could only defend and had no room to counterattack. Prescott's figure slowly emerged from the blood river, standing in the air as he smiled at Nyx. He hissed, "Nyx, you probably never imagined this day would come, did you? No matter how strong Andrew is, can he be stronger than the vampire progenitor?"

Now the progenitor's blood flows through my body, and with its corrosive power, Andrew will become nothing but waste in moments." Nyx forced herself to steady her mind as she dodged Cyril's attacks and retreated again and again. Deep down, she kept telling herself that Andrew could not possibly fall to Prescott so easily. Prescott shouted coldly. "Nyx, and all of Dragonfang, listen to me! Submit to me immediately, submit to the Ludendorff family, and I can spare your lives. Otherwise, you'll suffer the same fate as Andrew." Nyx's face filled with disgust. "Prescott, what do you think you are?"

I would rather suffer and die than bow my head to you." ---- Prescott sneered. "Is that so? Uncle Garal, kill that woman in front of you!" Below, Garal had already forced Juno into a corner. Juno's face was covered in blood as she used her curved blade to support herself, trying to stand up. However, Garal stepped forward and appeared behind her. He grabbed her by the neck and lifted her up. Nyx's heart ached. "Juno!" She moved to rush in and save her, but Prescott had already appeared before her, his hand reaching straight out.

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Chapter 3065

[684 words]

---- Chapter 3065 Nyx clenched her teeth and slashed sideways with her dagger, instantly shredding Prescott's hand into pieces. However, in the next moment, the shattered flesh reformed into a human hand made entirely of blood. Prescott's face turned cold, "Nyx, it's useless. Even Andrew couldn't do anything to me, let alone you. I'll give you one last chance. Agree to be my woman, become my number one servant from now on, and serve me forever. I'll give you eternal life, give you the same vampiric power as me. How about it?

Otherwise, only death awaits!" Nyx's heart wavered as she looked at Juno, whose face twisted in agony and was already close to death. She cried out in her heart, 'Andrew, where are you?!' As if answering her call from the void, Andrew responded. In the air, the triumphant Prescott's body suddenly shook violently. Immediately after, his face twisted in agony as veins all over his body swelled and turned purple. He panicked. "What's happening? Why can't I control my body? Damn it! Stop!" As Prescott screamed miserably, his abdomen began to swell ---- uncontrollably.

In just moments, it ballooned like an overfilled sack and kept expanding. With a shrill roar, Prescott dove straight toward the ground. His body instantly transformed into countless bats. High-level vampires all possessed the ability to turn into bats. In the distance, Prescott's body reassembled once more. However, the pain did not lessen at all, and the swelling of his body reached its absolute limit. "No!" with a soul-rending scream, the skin on Prescott's forehead split open first, and a beam of holy light burst out from within.

Dense patterns then spread across his face, his neck, and his entire body. Then, with a thunderous explosion, he detonated like a lightning strike hitting the earth. All of Abyss City trembled violently, and the Ludendorff family army below instantly halted their assault. Cyril, Nyx, Garal, and Juno all stared in disbelief at the scene before them. Prescott had exploded. Yes, he had been blown into fragments. The blood mist filling the sky was completely vaporized under the intense holy light. ---- After several seconds, the holy light slowly faded.

Andrew's figure floated within it, his face cold and hard as steel. Without even looking, he swung his sword and blasted toward Garal on the city wall. Garal was terrified and turned to flee. Andrew raised his sword and unleashed three consecutive strikes toward Garal's escape path. Garal dodged the first two massive sword arcs. However, there was no way for him to avoid the last one. With a twisted expression, he could only face it head-on. The result was like being hit by a speeding armored truck. His body was flung off the city wall as blood gushed out.

"Cyril, save me!" Garal let out a dying scream. Since the moment Prescott had been eliminated, Cyril's mind had gone blank. Now, seeing Garal on the brink of death and Andrew instantly dominating the battlefield, he finally snapped back to reality. With a furious roar, his black robe flared as he shot toward Garal. Nyx said coldly, "If you want to leave, you'll have to get past me." ---- A star-shaped slash locked directly across Cyril's only path.

Cyril roared, "Move!" Prescott was already dead, and if Garal fell as well, then the Ludendorff family would truly be saying goodbye to its former glory. A towering tree could lose some branches without harm, but if its trunk or even its roots were torn apart, then no matter how tall the tree was, it would inevitably wither and die. Moreover, Garal, Prescott, and Ramon, those Martial Gods, were the very foundation of the Ludendorff family.

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Chapter 3066

[713 words]

---- Chapter 3066 Nyx was overwhelmed with rage and lingering fear, and she finally had an outlet. Her figure flickered as a storm of lethal strikes rained down, targeting Cyril's vital points from every angle. Cyril was disheveled and fighting for his life. Yet, no

matter what he did, he could not break through Nyx's deadly net. "Garal, no!" Cyril's eyes burned with fury as his heart sank into the abyss. In the brief moment Nyx had delayed him, Andrew had already drawn his sword and shot straight down from the city wall.

In Garal's desperate, twisted laughter, Andrew's blade pierced straight through his body. In the end, the Ludendorff family's veteran martial god, the former lord of Abyss City, met his demise. His eyes remained wide in disbelief before falling to the ground with a thud. The Ludendorff family army, which had been gaining the upper hand, instantly stalled its offensive. The consecutive deaths of Prescott and Garal caused morale to plummet. Andrew's aura, like a god of death, enveloped the entire ---- battlefield. At this moment, his black hair and black clothes billowed in the wind.

With his greatsword in hand, light flowing across it, no one knew where the next strike would fall. Yet, without question, wherever it struck, death and destruction would follow. Even the elite Black Knight Legion could not withstand the pressure emanating from Andrew. They abandoned their armor and began to retreat in chaos. Andrew said coldly. "Petra, pursue with full force. Leave none alive!" The gates of Abyss City opened. Despite being covered in multiple wounds with blood dripping, Petra was unbothered. Roaring, he led the warriors in a frenzied chase.

Franz and Knox also joined the pursuit, their eyes bloodshot with killing intent. Cyril fled, unleashing the fastest speed of his life as he bolted recklessly toward the Ludendorff family's main base. Nyx hissed coldly. "I'll bring back his head!" With that, she gave chase. Nyx's combat ability was higher than Cyril's, so Andrew was not worried. He returned to the city wall and looked down at his ---- palm. A strand of vicious, dark purple black blood energy was still corroding his flesh.

However, after Andrew forced the holy light out of his body and purified it, the blood energy hissed unwillingly and dissipated into the air. This trace of blood energy was extremely unusual, both in its corrosive power and its concealment, unlike anything Andrew had ever encountered. In particular, the dense, overwhelming aura of pure evil and darkness within it put Andrew on high alert.

If not for the Cathedral's holy light, which naturally countered this blood energy, and specifically the inherited holy light of Saint John with its maxed-out grade, Andrew would not have been able to detect this blood energy lurking in his body so quickly. No matter how powerful Prescott was, he could not have manipulated this blood energy. Hence, that could only mean that this trace of blood energy came from another powerful vampire entity. Andrew immediately connected this to the possibility that the person behind it was likely one of the vampire progenitors.

According to classified records, there were five great vampire ---- progenitors in total. However, three of them had already perished permanently, with one of them having been killed by Andrew's ancestor, Valerius. That meant one of the remaining two progenitors was the master of this blood energy. Prescott had only obtained a fraction of

their power and was already this strong. If Andrew had not mastered the holy light power of Lomuia Grand Cathedral, he truly would have had no way to deal with him.

From this alone, the two remaining vampire progenitors were likely monstrously powerful beyond measure. Worse still, they were ancient, cunning, and vicious to the extreme. Just moments ago, when Prescott died, Andrew had clearly sensed an ancient dark will secretly struggling against him.

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Chapter 3067

[684 words]

---- Chapter 3067 Prescott had been the vessel for this will, bearing the holy light Andrew unleashed upon him on one side. On the other side, he had to endure the agony of that ancient dark will forcibly controlling him. In the end, Prescott unsurprisingly could not withstand it and exploded directly into fragments. Abyss City once again withstood the Ludendorff family's fierce assault. Andrew helped Juno quickly seal her wounds. At the same time, he channeled energy from within his body into hers. Soon, her severe injuries began to heal rapidly.

"Doing this will weaken you," Juno said as she struggled immediately. She did not want Andrew to waste his power healing her. Andrew's complexion turned slightly pale as he smiled. "It's fine. I'll recover quickly!" After stabilizing Juno's condition, Andrew went to the battlefield. There, a palm-sized blood core lay in the dirt. It was Prescott's blood core! ---- By rank alone, Prescott had already reached the level of a vampire duke. However, there was a lot of inflation in that strength, as he relied almost entirely on the progenitor's blood hidden within his body.

Still, Prescott had been completely transformed into a vampire. As a high-level vampire, forming a blood core was nothing unusual. However, as Andrew held this unusual blood core, his expression turned somewhat cold. First, in terms of color, Prescott's blood core was extremely dark. It already looked like a crystal that was so red it had turned purple. Second, Andrew's palm felt a slight stinging sensation. This meant that the energy inside Prescott's blood core was highly corrosive and possessed dark, stimulating properties.

If an ordinary person touched it, they would likely instantly lose their mind, become insane, and bleed all over. With a cold snort, Andrew suddenly increased the force in his hand. The blood core immediately began to crack and groan, showing clear signs of breaking. However, its resistance intensified dramatically in response. ---- This was the first time Andrew had encountered a high-ranking vampire's blood core actually fighting back after death. Nonetheless, his expression remained blank as holy light from within his body surged out from his palm.

Immediately, the blood core let out a screech like an insect, squealing incessantly. At the same time, beneath the mirror-like surface of the purple-tinged blood core, a face emerged. Andrew stared coldly at the face. The face in the blood core also stared back at him. It was hideous, completely lacking any flesh, just a bare skull. Yet, in its eye sockets, red flames slowly burned and flickered. An eerie voice echoed through Andrew's mind.

"Young man, I advise you to put down what doesn't belong to you.' The skull in the blood core split its jaws wide, revealing two massive vampire fangs Andrew had never seen before, slowly extending outward. The voice in his head continued, 'Otherwise, you may end up playing with fire. If you dare touch this blood core, then I will forever remember your scent. Your death... No, not death, but a fate worse than death, won't be far off! ---- Andrew said nothing. Instead, he answered by unleashing the holy light in his hand, completely eliminating the skull within the blood core.

The moment the holy light fully erupted, Andrew's ears filled with venomous curses and sinister laughter from the other party. Tossing the now-unresisting blood core, Andrew said calmly." So a vampire progenitor-level figure has surfaced. It looks like the power structure in the Outlands is about to get completely upended." As for the other party's threats, Andrew did not take them to heart. If he was still hesitant and cautious now, there was no point for him being out here at all.

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Chapter 3068

[819 words]

---- Chapter 3068 The Blood Sanctum was the ancestral home of the vampire clan. In its gloomy great hall, two massive coffins were positioned. These two coffins were not made of wood. Instead, they were forged from meteorites from beyond the stars,

incredibly hard and durable. Moreover, the outer layer was reinforced, with a cage made of tempered steel imprisoning the coffins within. Suddenly, one of the coffins trembled slightly. The coffin lid, weighing tens of thousands of pounds, began to shift with creaking sounds.

Then, two sharp, slender fingers like iron hooks suddenly emerged from the shifting gap. They gripped the edge of the coffin and pushed forcefully. The coffin lid was thus shoved open, revealing the tremendous strength that lay behind it. A withered skeleton sat up from within the coffin, and two orbs of red light ignited in its eye sockets. A hoarse, grating voice that made one's scalp tingle squeezed out from its mouth like air through cracks. "You audacious human!

"I will find you, drain your blood dry, and tear your brain ---- from your skull!" Clusters of red flames ignited one by one throughout the temple. The Blood Sanctum, which had been shrouded in darkness for centuries, was suddenly illuminated like a sea of blood and hell itself. All over the world, in countless corners, every vampire felt an indescribable sense of dread at that exact moment. Some of them were in the heart of major cities, inside gleaming financial districts and luxury skyscrapers.

A successful businessman, a CEO of a publicly traded corporation, raised his glass with a smile on his face, celebrating his business reaching new heights. Suddenly, his body stiffened, and the red wine glass slipped from his hand, shattering on the floor in a splash of crimson. Subordinates and honored guests stirred in alarm and rushed forward to check on him. The CEO, the center of attention that night, slowly straightened up. An eerie, unreadable smile hung at the corner of his mouth as he assured everyone he was fine.

Yet, no one caught the moment he raised his head, the fury in his eyes so sharp it looked ready to bleed into the air. In a small Vestra nation, a cardinal was chanting sacred hymns ---- as he crowned the nation's monarch inside the Lomuia Grand Cathedral. More than 1000 people filled the hall, bathed in solemn, holy reverence. The king bowed his head as the crown was placed upon him. The cardinal asked, "Do you swear eternal service and loyalty to our Lord?

And do you swear to stand against all evil for all time?" Beneath his lowered head, a faint crimson slowly spread through the king's eyes. With absolute devotion, he replied, "I swear. Evil will forever be my enemy." Yet as he spoke, his vampire fangs gradually revealed themselves at the corners of his mouth. The hymns grew louder, and no one noticed a thing. Scenes like this unfolded all across the world. Even within the borders of Holtrien, some vampires involuntarily revealed themselves as the progenitor awakened.

Some were exposed immediately and discovered on the spot, while others remained completely unseen. Chaos ruled the Outlands. In Abyss City, Andrew did not hesitate and directly absorbed ---- Prescott's blood core. At this point, there were very few things left that could still enhance his strength. Only high-level sources like a werewolf heart or

a blood core, packed with violent energy, could still affect him. Even then, their effectiveness was steadily diminishing. Andrew felt a trace of frustration, but he understood it was only natural.

As his strength increased, duke-level dark beings no longer mattered to him. At the very least, it would take a grand duke, or even a prince-level existence, to make a difference. Of course, if he could devour a vampire progenitor or a werewolf progenitor, the benefits would be beyond imagination. Then again, that was only a fantasy. With his current strength, if he truly encountered a werewolf progenitor or a vampire progenitor, he would not hesitate. Running would be the only choice. Half a day later, Nyx returned to Abyss City with an irritated expression.

Andrew glanced at the bloodstained dagger in her hand and smiled. "You killed Cyril?" Nyx shook her head, clearly annoyed. "I was this close. A martial god who runs for his life without hesitation is as hard to kill as expected. Outside Throne City, Alonzo rushed in, so I had no ---- choice but to retreat and let Cyril escape with his life."

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Chapter 3069

[723 words]

---- Chapter 3069 Andrew smiled and said, "It's fine. Right now, the Ludendorff family has already lost all momentum, and what comes next is their day of reckoning. When the time comes, you'll have plenty of chances to kill Cyril." Nyx replied, "Andrew, should we head over to Aurora City?" Andrew gave a playful smile and said, "No need. Ramon is attacking fiercely over there right now, and Vance is still stubbornly holding the line. Let them grind each other down first, and we'll step in at the end.

Whether we wipe them all out or do something else will depend on my mood then." Nyx let out a long breath in relief, her face blooming with a radiant smile. "Andrew, our time has finally come. With Prescott and Garal killed in battle, the Ludendorff family has essentially had both arms severed. Taking down Throne City is only a matter of time!" Andrew smiled. "Indeed. All my efforts weren't in vain. Let's watch the battle at Aurora City." Nyx replied cheerfully. "Sure.

Let's watch them tear each other apart!" Holding hands, they were about to leave the city hall when they ---- heard sweet laughter from outside. Soon, a beautiful voice rang

out. "Nyx, long time no see! It's been so long since I've heard you laugh so joyfully. It seems that leaving the Lord's embrace and abandoning your faith has truly helped you find another sanctuary! "Unfortunately, you can't see that what's before you is actually an illusion created by a demon, a dream that's pulling you step by step into the abyss! But don't worry, I'm here.

I won't allow you to sink any deeper like this." As the voice fell, a tall woman as radiant as the sun stepped into the city hall. The moment this person appeared, Andrew's first impression was of an intense, blazing light that seemed to consume the entire world. Then, the light faded, and a battle angel clad in golden armor appeared. She had long legs, a narrow waist, and a massive white greatsword in her hand. Her divinely flawless face showed no expression at all. She calmly looked at Nyx and then turned her gaze toward Andrew.

Andrew's heart jolted violently, sensing that this woman would be a terrifying enemy. Nyx's complexion shifted from rosy to pale, and then slowly tightened into a tense calm. She stepped forward, shielding Andrew behind her as she faced the battle angel ahead. ---- "Arya, long time no see. If you've come as a friend, I welcome you. But if you've come as an enemy, or if you're trying to lecture me on how to live my life, then I'm sorry, I don't need that.

Whether my happiness is a demon's temptation or not, I don't care." Golden light began flowing across Arya's golden armor as she slowly raised the white holy sword. "Nyx, the man beside you was more demonic than demons and more evil than evil itself. I'm sorry, but I must purify him. Now, step aside." An unprecedented battle arrived without warning. Andrew knew that this top angel of the Cathedral, the woman whose very name was tied to battle, would become an enemy for life. If things went wrong, he might even die at her hands.

That crushing pressure and intense sense of life and death danger forced the black and crimson glow in Andrews' eyes to surge out on its own. He growled, "Nyx, move aside." Arya was an opponent that could not be avoided. So, the only option was to fight to the death and see who was truly evil. Moreover, the moment she arrived, she had come straight for him. It was clear the Cathedral already saw him as an even greater threat than the Ludendorff family. ---- Whether this was an honor or a provocation, it ignited waves of anger in Andrews.

Right now, there were only two things he didn't fear: battle and killing.

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Chapter 3070

[643 words]

---- Chapter 3070 "Arya, if you still consider me a friend, leave immediately!" Nyx refused to budge, knowing all too well how formidable Arya was. Among the 12 Angels of Lomuia Grand Cathedral, Arya was the Battle Angel, born for combat, and likened to the spear in God's hand. In terms of killing ability and combat prowess, Andrew was already peerless and unmatched. However, against Arya, Nyx had absolutely no confidence. The main reason was that Arya was too pure, or rather, too absolute. Once she decided on something, she would do whatever it took to accomplish it.

If she deemed Andrew evil, then she would do everything in her power to kill him. That was an outcome Nyx could never accept. A look of stubborn resolve and deep sincerity appeared on Arya's flawless face. "Nyx, I'm truly sorry about what happened to your family back then! At the time, I was ordered to guard the Dark Battlefield and couldn't return. By the time I came back, the tragedy had already occurred. Nyx, come back, return to the Lord's embrace.

---- "No matter what you've experienced or done these years, I'll use my merits and contributions to ask the Pope to personally baptize you, letting you return to that pure and flawless self. Nyx, you'll always be my friend, my sister. I've thought this way all these years." Arya's voice was low and gentle, her gaze sincere as she looked at Nyx. She took a step forward and extended her hand toward Nyx. Nyx was stunned for a moment. After a long while, she shook her head with a self-mocking smile. She said, "Arya, thank you for saying all this, but I know that things can never go back.

And besides, I don't want to go back." Arya froze, then her expression turned cold. "Do you know what you're saying? Nyx, you shouldn't be someone who's fallen this far. You once had the qualifications to become an angel just like me, and you were no less capable than I am. Why? Why would you give up on yourself, abandon yourself so early?" Nyx said firmly. "You're wrong. I haven't given up on myself. On the contrary, I've found my true self. Holtrien's Reginald Lloyd gave me a new life, and I regard him as my second father.

He's been even kinder to me than a father would be, helping me grow stronger, helping me see this world clearly, and protecting me." ---- She paused, then looked at Andrew with tender affection, her voice becoming gentle. "And Andrew has helped me find new meaning in life. Being with him makes me truly happy." Arya's tone remained cold. "A life on the run, never knowing safety, and facing death at any moment. Is that what you call happiness? Nyx, you have sunk too deep, and I'll not allow it." Nyx smiled sweetly and sincerely.

"Even if it's as you say, I still feel happy, as long as I'm with him. Arya, the old me was timid, withdrawn, and closed off. Even after gaining powerful abilities, I still didn't want to interact with people. But Andrew showed me a different side of this world; he gave me purpose. "Once the conflicts in the Outlands are over, I'll go with him to the distant land of Holtrien. From then on, I'll never return to this place of endless conflict. So please, stop this pursuit, and please don't attack him, okay?"

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Chapter 3071

[810 words]

---- Chapter 3071 Arya closed her eyes and took a deep breath. When she opened them again, her pupils had turned completely golden, and her entire aura surged instantly as a golden storm began to take shape around her. She said coldly, "Nyx, you know what? You've never begged anyone for anything. But just now, for this devil's sake, after all these years apart, the first thing you do when we meet again is beg me to spare him. I don't know how he's managed to bewitch you. But I do know you're in way too deep. Devils are masters of temptation and deception.

Nyx, I'm sorry I came so late!" Arya's golden eyes blazed with determination. "Even if it weren't for the massacre he committed against the Cathedral, for your sake alone, I will never let him go!" The white holy sword in Arya's hand trembled violently. She raised it and struck with a single swing, but her target was not Andrew; it was the City Lord's Mansion itself. Her intention was crystal clear: she would destroy all of Abyss City to force Andrew out into the open with nowhere to hide. "You've got some nerve, you crazy bitch!" Andrew had been seething with rage from the start.

If it were not ---- for Nyx standing between them, blocking Arya while also keeping him from acting rashly, he would have already drawn his sword to see what this so-called Battle Angel was really made of. Now that Arya had struck first, blowing the roof clean off the City Lord's Mansion, Andrew was not about to hold back anymore. He pulled Nyx aside and swung his blade straight at Arya herself.

She said coldly, "You're truly overestimating yourself!" Golden light exploded from her body, and the blinding holy radiance was far more magnificent than what Kass, Lysander, and Makhaylus had displayed earlier. This meant Arya's power far exceeded all three of them combined. Andrew's greatsword struck the golden barrier with a

tremendous clang and was instantly repelled. His eyes narrowed slightly. Arya's holy light defenses were absolutely insane.

That last strike of his would have forced even a martial god like Ramon in his prime to dodge rather than take it head-on, and even Kaelan, with his invincible body, could not have blocked it with just protective energy without fighting back. Battle Angels truly lived up to their reputation, but Andrew was ---- not about to back down. He closed in and unleashed three consecutive palm strikes like crashing waves, all aimed at Arya's head. She sneered and did not even bother to retaliate, just stood there behind her holy barrier, watching Andrew attack with fury.

It was as if she were saying Andrew was nothing but an ant, and she did not need to lift a finger because he could not break through anyway. The holy barrier shook and trembled under his assault, but it simply would not shatter. Andrew gave a cold laugh and pointed his finger at Arya. "You and me, outside, right now. Life or death, no complaints! But Abyss City is my territory, and my people are here.

If you keep this up and innocent people die in the crossfire, then sorry, but I'll join the Ludendorff family immediately and help them slaughter the Cathedral's army, starting with your low-ranking Vindicators." Arya's face flushed with anger. "You wouldn't dare!" Yet, despite her fierce aura, she still followed Andrew as he shot out of Abyss City and into the Wastelands beyond. The two stood facing each other, each gripping their greatswords.

---- One sword was blazing white-hot like the sun with holy light roaring around it, the other dark crimson like demonic flames devouring the very air. Nyx's face was filled with worry as she came to stand on the city wall, her hair whipping wildly in the fierce wind. On one side was the man she loved, while the other was Arya, her old friend. Asking her to join Andrew in attacking Arya was something Nyx simply could not bring herself to do. After all, Arya had been her childhood friend and had helped her before.

However, Andrew was her lifelong commitment, her one true love, and Nyx was determined not to let anything happen to him. She clenched her hands and thought, 'I'll let them fight for now. But if Andrew gets hurt, I'll have no choice but to do whatever it takes, even if it means turning against Arya!'

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Chapter 3072

[829 words]

---- Chapter 3072 Golden waves poured forth from Arya's holy sword. Even from a great distance, anyone could see what looked like a river of golden fire blazing across the Wastelands sky. "The Archangel has arrived!" On the Cathedral army's side, Lysander, who was in the middle of his own battle, suddenly whipped his head around in delighted surprise. However, when he saw the equally massive attack coming from her opponent, his expression darkened again. Andrew, though monstrous in talent, could never be a match for Arya.

What he did not know was that fate was a peculiar thing; so bizarre that it far exceeded what any individual's abilities could overcome. Arya was indeed stronger than Andrew right now, completely overwhelming him in every way, but what would happen in the future was something no one could predict, and it would shock everyone to their core. "Full assault. Force Kaelan into a decisive battle. From this moment on, the Cathedral will not retreat a single inch and will sweep through the Wastelands with overwhelming force!" Kass commanding voice rang out across the battlefield.

---- Tens of thousands of white-armored Vindicators erupted in thunderous roars, their fighting spirit surging tenfold, a hundredfold. All of it was because of Arya's arrival. In the airspace before Abyss City, two streaks of light chased and clashed at blinding speed. This exhilarating yet oppressive battle made every cell in Andrew's body tingle with excitement and energy. With a low roar, the Godslayer in his hand came crashing down from above, black and white blade energy intertwining and screaming as they tore toward the golden figure.

Arya's face remained expressionless, as if she would forever stand sacred and inviolable, undefeated, with that detached look of someone to whom nothing in this world mattered. "Holy Light Art: Purification!" Her voice was crisp and clear, yet flat and mechanical. The three-foot white holy sword began to radiate brilliant light from its tip. In midair, the body beneath Arya's golden battle armor twisted as she swung her sword with graceful precision. The motion was fluid and beautiful. Two completely different energies collided, and the entire sky darkened for a moment.

Then came a crackling sound like high-voltage electricity as the forces tore at each other, consuming ---- and devouring one another. The black and white blade energy gradually lost ground and began to recede toward Andrew. Bloodlust ignited in his pupils, and he slashed out another strike, forcing back the white purifying holy light. "It's futile. You've lost," Arya declared coldly, like a judge passing sentence. The light from her holy sword surged like a river flowing backward, completely suppressing the black and white blade energy.

Andrew grunted and reversed his grip on his greatsword, leaving a trail of afterimages in the air as he retreated. Behind him, the purifying light from the holy sword pursued relentlessly. Arya moved like a fluttering butterfly, the layered plates of her golden armor spreading as she shot forward as well. Her glowing right hand slammed down in a

sudden strike. It landed squarely on Andrew with a loud thud. Andrew felt his heart seize as if it were about to explode.

His face twisted in pain, yet his eyes turned even colder as he turned his head and spat a mouthful of blood straight at Arya's face. Arya did not react at all, not even flinching. The blood evaporated instantly in front of her face, erased by the holy light. ---- Andrew's body fell like a meteor, slamming into the ground from the sky. A massive crater formed as dust and debris billowed upward. On the city wall, Nyx clenched the dagger in her hand. If Arya struck again, she would no longer hold back. Arya seemed to sense Nyx's focus and the dense killing intent directed at her.

Bathed in white holy light, she spoke calmly. "Nyx, there is only one kind of love in this world. That is the Lord's great love for us believers. The love this devil gives you is nothing but a trap, bait to drag you into the abyss. Even if you intervene, I will still purify him. I know you'll hate me for it, but I'll do it anyway." With those words, Arya raised her hand, and a golden lightning bolt shot from her holy sword, striking down at the ground below. But in the next moment, her brow furrowed sharply.

For the first time since the battle began, her expression actually changed slightly. From within the dust cloud below, a pair of blood-red eyes suddenly blazed to life.

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Chapter 3073

[797 words]

---- Chapter 3073 Yet within those sinister blood-red eyes, a beam of white holy light shot straight into the sky. In terms of purity alone, it was in no way weaker than Arya's golden radiance. The two holy lights, one from above and one from below, collided in midair. Then slowly, they began to merge. On the ground below, the dust dispersed, revealing Andrew's figure standing tall. Even though blood stained the corner of his mouth, his aura only surged higher as the holy light he had unleashed carried him skyward in a powerful rush.

He raised his sword and slashed at Arya again, roaring, "Die!" However, Arya paid no attention to the strike Andrew had unleashed and instead stared with confusion at the holy light he'd just released. It was the same source of power as the Cathedral's, belonging to the God of Light himself. Arya could not understand why and wondered

how this devil could possibly do such a thing. After all, someone as evil as him should be consumed and devoured by the holy light's backlash.

How could he wield holy light at all, and with such a high degree of purity that even Arya felt drawn to it, as if it were family? Suddenly, Arya's figure vanished into thin air. ---- Andrew's eyes sharpened, the strike he had unleashed fell on empty space and crashed into the ground below instead. His heart skipped a beat, realizing this woman truly had more tricks up her sleeve than he had expected. He had not been able to track how she had disappeared so suddenly like that, yet he could still clearly sense her oppressive presence and killing intent lingering nearby.

In an instant, Andrew found himself on the defensive. He discovered that Arya, even after all this intense fighting, probably had not even used 20% of her full strength, while he had already burned through more than half of his power and was struggling badly. "Tell me!" A cold demand came from behind Andrew. He whirled around and sure enough saw Arya hovering in the air, her golden armor gleaming brilliantly as she stared down at him with an unreadable gaze. "Why are you able to wield Saint John's power?"

"What method did you use to deceive my Lord, whose eyes can pierce through all evil and darkness?" Andrew gave a cold laugh. "Do you really need to ask me such a simple question? Obviously, it is because I am above your Lord, stronger and greater, so I can use his holy light." ---- Arya's fury exploded. "Heretic. To blaspheme this far, you deserve only death." She raised her holy greatsword and began chanting from the Sacred Scripture. Andrew's heart sank as he realized Arya was completely enraged now and about to unleash her ultimate move.

Suddenly, earth-shaking tremors erupted from the distant battlefield. A mass of white light came plummeting from the sky toward the ground, and in its place, a massive werewolf descended through the roiling black mist with savage roars that echoed across the entire Wastelands. Arya's expression changed as she said coldly, "Darkness will never be worthy to stand beside the Light. Andrew, I will return for you. Not someday, not eventually, but very soon... Very soon indeed!" With that final emphasis, the Cathedral's most loyal believer vanished from the airspace above Abyss City.

When she appeared again, she was already on the distant battlefield. Even from far away, Andrew could see just how terrifying she was. Her burning holy sword unleashed golden lightning that nearly covered the entire sky. Then, it all crashed down onto the ground below. ---- It was as if the heavens themselves had descended. Screams and wails spread for miles. Of Kaelen's ten-thousand-strong werewolf vanguard, nearly one-fifth were wiped out in an instant.

Kaelen, the newly ascended Werewolf Prince, was beaten so badly in hand-to-hand combat with Arya that his fangs were knocked from his massive jaws as his anguished howls echoed endlessly across the land. Finally, he transformed back into human form, left behind a single piercing curse, and fled far away. Andrew let out a long breath as he returned to Abyss City, his expression ice cold. Nyx rushed forward and gripped his

hand tightly, her voice urgent. "Honey, let's go to Holtrien right now. I'll go with you. We'll leave everything behind, okay? Just take me away."

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Chapter 3074

[706 words]

---- Chapter 3074 Seeing the anxious, pleading look on Nyx's face, Andrew smiled. "Nyx, are you afraid of Arya?" Nyx quickly shook her head and said, "It's not that I'm afraid. It's you. Andrew, with your current strength, you cannot beat Arya. You need time and space to grow. I know you are not afraid of her, but now is not the time to risk everything. Let's go to Holtrien first, and when you break past Beyond Mortal Limits, we can decide again, alright?" Andrew reached out and gently touched her cheek. "Nyx, I know you're looking out for me, but don't worry. I'm not without a chance.

Besides, the Cathedral is tied up with its own problems right now, so I still have time." Nyx's expression did not ease at all. "Andrew, you saw it yourself. Arya is a Battle Angel. Fighting is in her nature. In the Lomua Grand Cathedral, when it comes to battlefield slaughter alone, Arya is second only to Mephiston. Our best option is to lie low for now." Andrew shook his head firmly. "Nyx, if I ran away every time I faced a little difficulty, I wouldn't be me anymore. Besides, if we leave now, what happens to everyone else? Don't worry.

I've already experienced firsthand how formidable this Battle Angel is. Next time, things won't go the same way. Even if I really can't ---- beat her, she won't be able to kill me easily if I decide to escape." Nyx sighed, her expression complicated. "I knew you wouldn't listen to me. Andrew, if you won't leave, that's fine. Then I can only stand with you. Even if Arya keeps coming after us, I'll stay by your side!" Andrew shook his head. "Alright, but I won't let anything happen to you. If Arya ends up hurting even you, I'll show her what real revenge looks like.

I'll leave tens of thousands of bodies from the Cathedral scattered across this foreign land. Return to their Lord's embrace? No. I'll make every last believer sing their holy hymns in hell!" Nyx's eyes reddened. Without saying another word, she threw herself into Andrew's arms. "Hold me, Andrew!" Andrew wrapped his arms around her tightly while his mind raced, thinking about how to deal with Arya's relentless pursuit. Arya was

stubborn, narrow-minded, and had eyes only for the Lomuia Grand Cathedral. The main problem was that she had decided he was evil, that he was a devil.

That prejudice left Andrew completely speechless. Sure, he could not claim to be all that righteous or holy. However, he absolutely was not evil either. It just meant the Cathedral had brainwashed Arya way too ---- thoroughly. Right now, Kass, Makhaylus, and Lysander were no match for him. The only one who could actually handle him was Arya, so they were relying on her to take him down. He snorted inwardly, thinking maybe he should stir things up with the Ludendorff family, or even join forces with Kaelan if necessary, to wipe out the Cathedral's forces in the Wastelands first.

When only Arya remained, no matter how powerful she was, she would have no choice but to tuck tail and run. Right now, the Cathedral dominated the Wastelands. The Ludendorff family had suffered repeated defeats at Andrew's hands, and with their martial gods falling one after another, they were already doomed. As for the Dark Clans, although their offensive was fierce, their true strength had yet to be fully revealed, and they were not afraid of the Cathedral. However, with Arya's arrival, even Kaelan had been struck down, so the other Dark Clans would not fare much better.

That meant the greatest threat among all factions was clearly the Cathedral. In that case, Andrew's weaving the threads and guiding everyone to unite against the Cathedral was only the natural outcome.

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Chapter 3075

[663 words]

---- Chapter 3075 Even with deep grudges between them in the past, when life and death were on the line, Andrew believed the others understood what truly mattered. However, after thinking it through, he dismissed the idea of working with the Dark Clans. At the very least, there was no way he could ever join forces with Kaelan because of Nyx's situation. Moreover, Kaelan had been eyeing him like prey all along. With that reality in mind, there was only one path left.

He would deal with what was right in front of him and expand the Dragonfang Legion until it was powerful enough to threaten the entire Wastelands. Petra had already led all the warriors of Abyss City and swept through nearly every place in the Wastelands

worth raiding. As a result, Abyss City was now more than well supplied. In terms of accumulated resources alone, it was comparable to the Ludendorff family's Throne City. Plundering really was the fastest way to accumulate wealth and capital. Even so, this method was undeniably brutal. Nonetheless, Andrew was no saint, nor was he naive.

The Outlands were already a complete mess. Only overwhelming force and ruthless action could wipe everything clean and bring ---- real peace back to this land. "Petra, how many proper soldiers does our Dragonfang Legion have right now?" Andrew asked solemnly inside the City Lord's Mansion. The roof that Arya had blasted open was still a gaping hole, and Andrew had not bothered to repair it. Franz could not stand the sight, saying that Andrew was now a true overlord, and this looked completely inappropriate. So, he had people climb up and fix it.

Petra answered, "Our warriors are made up of three parts. First, the original soldiers from Abyss City. Second, the prisoners from Aurora City, whom I've incorporated into our ranks after their capture. Third and finally, warriors from the Wastelands and mercenaries who've come to join Dragonfang of their own accord." He paused, then added, "Altogether, we have nearly 9000 men!" Andrew grinned. "Excellent. What about combat effectiveness? How's the overall quality?" Petra actually cracked a rare smile. "In terms of combat power, they're above average.

Especially the mercenaries and Wastelands warriors who've joined us. They're all top-tier fighters, not inferior to the Ludendorff family's Black Knight Legion or the Cathedral's Vindicators. That said, their discipline ---- is lacking. But it does not matter, I will train them." Andrew nodded. "I trust that you'll handle it well." Knox, sitting below, suddenly spoke up. "It's still far from enough! We're still a long way from the day when Dragonfang dominates the Wastelands and crushes everything in its path." Juno sneered and said, "That is easy for you to say.

Do you think building a first-rate legion is that simple?" Knox shouted back, "It's precisely because I know it is not enough that I am saying this." Juno chuckled coldly. "Then what is the point of saying it? Among all of us in Dragonfang, you have it the easiest. If talking without doing was enough, then everyone would be a peerless expert." Knox's face flushed red as he snapped, a rare anger in his voice. "Juno, I know you have always looked down on me and think I am dead weight. But I'm worried about everyone's safety, and I'm worried about Dragonfang's future.

"Especially just now, when the Cathedral's Battle Angel suddenly descended on Abyss City. Damn it, the moment I saw that bitch show up and start provoking Dragonfang, I wanted her dead." Juno snorted and turned his head away, saying nothing.

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Chapter 3076

[664 words]

---- Chapter 3076 Franz said, "Alright, enough talking. Why are we arguing now? All the pressure is on Andrew alone right now, and it's not even our turn yet. Arya won't waste her attention on weaklings like us. So this is exactly the moment we should grow fast." His tone hardened. "While Arya is keeping Andrew pinned down, we have to rise as quickly as possible. In the end, it will be the strength of the Dragonfang Legion that gives Andrew real leverage.

Arya is strong, but she can only suppress Andrew for now." He added, "Once the Dragonfang Legion starts sweeping the field and even the Cathedral can't hold, Arya will have no choice but to stop and deal with us on our terms." Nyx said, "Mr. Hearst, what you're saying makes sense. However, Arya will definitely come looking for Andrew again in the near future. Just now, she had to leave because the Cathedral forces were surrounded by the dark army and needed rescue. But once the Dark Clans start losing ground, Arya will immediately turn back to eliminate Andrew.

In that short window of time, the Dragonfang Legion can't possibly grow strong enough to suppress the Cathedral's army!" Franz's expression immediately darkened with uncertainty. Looking at Andrew, he suggested, "Andrew, what if we abandon ---- the Outlands and retreat back to Holtrien first? With your current strength, you'd be completely invincible once you enter Holtrien territory. That old bastard Wyrmhelm is definitely still in The Veiled Paradise right now, so there aren't many who could threaten you!" Andrew shook his head. "No.

Going back to Holtrien is definitely on the agenda, but retreating isn't the way I want to do it. What I want is to return in glory, swagger back openly, and dominate the scene!" Franz chuckled bitterly. "But Arya suddenly descending on the Outlands battlefield and targeting you alone makes her your deadliest threat right now. Anyone in Dragonfang can afford to fall, but not you!" Petra and Juno chimed in together, "Exactly!" Nyx opened her mouth. She looked at Andrew and seemed about to offer more advice.

Andrew glanced down at Knox, whose expression kept shifting as if he were struggling internally with something. He urged, "Knox, if you've got something to say, just spit it out! You've been acting like you want to say something, but have been holding back since earlier. What's going on? Are you cooking up some master plan or something?" --- - Knox laughed awkwardly. "What master plan could I possibly have! I'm worried sick. Even though I'm supposedly a martial god, I can't use my strength for anything! I want to help you, but all I can do is watch from the sidelines.

Andrew, honestly, I feel useless and like I'm letting you down!" With those words, his face fell into dejection. Among the Dragonfang Legion, this guy was usually the most carefree and unbothered by everything. The first time they had met, Andrew had seen Knox's extraordinary qualities. Yet he was a hollow martial god, all show and no substance. That was what had always left Andrew at a loss. Seeing Knox blame himself and look so miserable now, Andrew chuckled and said, "Alright, you don't need to overthink it. Arya's after me, not you! Don't worry.

None of us blame you, and no one thinks you haven't made a valuable contribution. We're family, Knox. I believe that one day you'll definitely find your breakthrough!" Knox shook his head. "No, actually, my breakthrough has always been there. I'm just too cowardly and incompetent to seize it!"

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Chapter 3077

[713 words]

---- Chapter 3077 Andrew raised an eyebrow. "Oh? Let's hear it then! I could tell from earlier that you were distracted. You definitely have something on your mind, but you keep holding back. Knox, go ahead and tell us. "I know you've got a secret! Besides, a so-called martial god who can't use his strength? That's a first for me! Your background definitely has some kind of story to it, doesn't it?" Meeting Andrew's knowing stare, Knox's awkward laughter became even more pronounced. "Andrew, you've suspected me from the start, haven't you? Alright, I know I can't fool a sharp guy like you.

"Even if you didn't dig into my secret, you'd definitely have your doubts. You're right. I've been hiding something all along and haven't told anyone. The truth is, my background is actually pretty badass!" Thumping his chest, Knox stood up with a surge of aggressive confidence. Juno rolled her eyes and dismissed him outright. "From the first day we met, you've been saying you're hot stuff! But after all these years, I still haven't seen you do anything impressive! Give it a rest. Quit showing off before I get sick of it and knock you ---- around!" Knox bristled with anger.

"Juno, you're the only one who's always thought I was useless! Fine, then I'll tell you all where I really come from. I'm the young chieftain of the Highland Tribe, one of the Wastelands' indigenous peoples. Are you impressed now or what?" Franz's brow furrowed, then smoothed out in disbelief. "The Highland Tribe of the Wastelands'

indigenous peoples? Knox, you're actually from the Highland Tribe?" Petra followed with equal shock. "The Highland Tribe was the very first native inhabitants of the Wastelands.

But since ancient times, due to oppression and conflicts with other races and powers fighting over the Outlands, the Highland Tribe, as original residents, gradually disappeared, either slaughtered or driven away! "From what I know, there aren't many Highland Tribe members left anymore, and they live in the harsh, frozen lands of the Outlands, completely isolated from the world!" His eyes widened at Knox. "You're telling me you actually came out of the Highland Tribe? Is this for real?" Knox slapped his thigh emphatically. "Petra, we're good friends. Why would I lie to you?"

I really am from the Highland Tribe, and my dad is the current chieftain, All this time, the reason I haven't ---- said anything is because..." Andrew smiled knowingly. "It's because you're worried it would bring disaster down on the Highland Tribe, right? Highland Tribe members are fierce warriors; men and women alike are all powerfully built and natural-born fighters. But because of that, they've also become the most sought-after slaves in the Wastelands. "Many major cities and powerful factions love Highland Tribe slaves.

They train them as personal bodyguards who are loyal, hardworking, and can be ordered around or beaten at will." He continued, "But precisely because of this, the Highland Tribe has to keep moving, constantly hiding from other Wastelands powers. It's all to avoid being hunted and captured to become someone else's slaves, yet even so, your people keep dwindling in numbers, don't they?" Knox clenched his fists, his voice bitter with resentment and sorrow. "Yes, that's exactly right. I didn't want to tell anyone about my origins or my identity.

I just wanted to protect my family and our Highland Tribe people!" Juno fell silent for a moment. Then, she pressed her lips together. "Knox, I apologize for what I said earlier! But I have to ask, are you sure you're really from the Highland Tribe? And a young chieftain at that? Highland Tribe people have rough skin, massive builds, and are natural warriors. They're incredibly ---- fierce fighters!" She looked him up and down skeptically. "But you, if I'm being honest, don't match up with Highland Tribe characteristics in any way whatsoever."

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Chapter 3078

[662 words]

---- Chapter 3078 Knox's face filled with shame. "You're absolutely right. I don't match up to the Highland Tribe's might in any way, and that's exactly why my parents secretly sent me away from the Highland Tribe. They told me never to come back. They loved me, but I was an outcast among the Highland Tribe, completely unfit to become the next tribal leader. "If I'd stayed with the tribe, I wouldn't have lived to adulthood and would've been killed. But I was lucky. After wandering the Wastelands, I met Mr. Lloyd Senior, and he brought me into Dragonfang.

Later, I met all of you, and that's how things went!" Petra walked over and patted him on the shoulder. "Knox, you don't need to put yourself down anymore. I had no idea you'd been through so much." Juno said, "Knox, honestly, you are pretty impressive. Look at you now. You're a martial god, and when you finally find the right chance, you'll definitely be able to unleash that power." Knox opened his mouth with little enthusiasm. "I hope so. Juno, you don't need to comfort me. I'm actually more used to you roasting me!" Nyx covered her mouth with a laugh.

"Well, that makes you sound kind of masochistic, Knox. Don't worry. You're one of us, -- -- and from now on we'll all protect you!" Knox replied glumly, "Nyx, please stop! Before Andrew came along, you were the most powerful person on our team after Mr. Lloyd Senior. Back then, I used to think that if I could marry you and bring you back to the Highland Tribe, it would really make my parents proud." He sighed dramatically. "Mainly because you're so capable. As my wife, you could help me rule the Highland Tribe.

Who would've thought that after all those years of quietly working toward that goal, someone would swoop in and steal you away? Ouch, my heart hurts so much..." Everyone burst out laughing, and the gloomy mood that had hung over them completely dissipated. Nyx's face flushed red as she smiled. "Knox, you're a good guy. But I really don't go for your type." Knox scratched his head and laughed too. "Fair enough. I knew you didn't like my type, which is why I felt safe saying it out loud. You and Andrew are the perfect match.

This guy is way more of a man than I could ever be for you!" Andrew waved his hand with a helpless smile. "Knox, remember this. If you like a girl, you've got to make your move early! Don't worry. I'll introduce you to some girls from Holtrien later. I guarantee you'll love them!" ---- Knox's face lit up with delight. "Really? I absolutely love how gentle and virtuous girls from there are!" Andrew grinned. "Of course! But right now, let's get down to business. You chose this moment to reveal your background.

Can I take that to mean you want my help to go back and take control of the Highland Tribe?" Knox shook his head. "That's not it." Andrew looked surprised. "It's not? Then why tell us? Just to show off?" Knox replied, "It's got nothing to do with showing off. Andrew, the reason I'm revealing my background at this critical moment is for one purpose only. I want to help everyone, and I want you to become the new leader of the Highland Tribe.

"If the Highland Tribe becomes yours to command, then sweeping through the Wastelands and conquering the entire Outlands won't be a problem at all!" At those words, everyone fell silent.

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Chapter 3079

[679 words]

---- Chapter 3079 Andrew shook his head. "I won't steal what's yours, especially since we're friends. So don't bring this up again." Knox stood up with a serious expression. "Andrew, it's precisely because I see you as a friend, and I know you see me as one too, that I'm asking you to come back with me and take control of the Highland Tribe. I know myself well enough, and there's no way I could lead the Highland Tribe. I don't have what it takes to command them." He continued, "But your charisma and your strength are more than enough.

Putting the Highland Tribe in your hands, Andrew, is something I fully trust, and I would never regret it." Andrew sighed, his hesitation clear. However, Nyx's beautiful eyes suddenly blazed with light as she stared at Andrew intently, while Juno, Petra, and Franz also looked at him with hopeful anticipation. They all wanted Andrew to accept Knox's proposal. The Dragonfang Legion truly lacked a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. Now, the opportunity presented itself, and only Andrew could seize it. In the end, Andrew still shook his head.

"Knox, my good friend, I ---- won't take away what should be yours, nor the honor that belongs to you." Knox wanted to speak but stopped himself, clearly disappointed. The others were also deeply disappointed, although they understood that Andrew had his own reasons. However, at that moment, Andrew spoke again. "But I will help you take back what belongs to you. Let's go. We're heading to the Highland Tribe, and I'll help you become the next chieftain." Knox was stunned at first, and then overwhelmed with excitement. "What did you say?"

"You will help me become the chieftain of the Highland Tribe?" Andrew smiled without answering and grabbed his greatsword. Nyx quickly added, "Right, Andrew can help you rule the Highland Tribe. Let's go. We'll head to the Highland Tribe's hideout right now. Before the Cathedral turns its full attention this way, we need to secure the Highland warriors first!" Knox nodded. "Yes, let's leave immediately. I'll lead the way."

Andrew asked Petra and Franz to stay behind and guard Abyss City. Naturally, they had no objections and told everyone to return safely.

Andrew, Nyx, Knox, and Juno did not bring anyone else and immediately set out under Knox's guidance, secretly heading ---- toward the Highland Tribe. The Outlands was vast, with many wild and desolate places where no one ever ventured, and the Wastelands was the most densely populated region, the primary domain ruled by the Ludendorff family and other scattered major cities. Beyond the Wastelands, the Outlands still had huge stretches of unknown territory. Under Knox's guidance, the group of four finally reached the Highland Tribe's hidden land after a full day's journey.

It was a massive canyon with towering mountains on both sides. At the canyon's center, only a narrow strip of sky was visible above, a classic box canyon formation. Knox pointed toward the end of the canyon. "Pass through this narrow passage, and we'll reach the Highland Tribe's hidden land. But be careful along the way. It's easy to get attacked by the Highland warriors on patrol." Andrew slung his greatsword over his shoulder with a grin. "No problem." He took the lead, guiding everyone through the canyon.

Suddenly, an arrow tore through the air with tremendous force, carrying only the faintest disturbance in the air. It was so subtle that Nyx only noticed it when it was already ---- close, and she cried out, "Watch out!" She was about to move and knock the arrow aside when Andrew casually swept his greatsword forward. The arrow struck the blade and shattered instantly.

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- Chapter 3080

Chapter 3080

[712 words]

---- Chapter 3080 Nyx's expression darkened. "Be careful. Whoever's shooting is extremely skilled, and these arrows are specially made to cut through the air with almost no friction, making them nearly impossible to detect." If even she, an assassin, found this tricky, Juno and Knox were naturally even more on edge. Both of them looked around nervously, but aside from the towering cliffs on either side, there was nothing to see. Suddenly, Andrew swung his greatsword again. Three arrows were knocked down in one stroke, while Nyx shattered the other two in midair.

Nyx said, "We can't pinpoint the archer's location right now. I suggest we retreat." Andrew replied calmly, "No need. I'll take point, you all follow behind!" After they had walked about 30 feet, another volley of arrows came flying in. This time, there were far more of them. However, Andrew destroyed them all with a single sweep of his blade. ---
- Nyx snorted coldly. "Found the archer's position!" She suddenly launched herself forward, touched down on the cliff wall beside them, and her figure flashed through the air repeatedly as she shot toward the cliffs on both sides.

Andrew called out, "Don't hurt anyone." Soon, a muscular figure wearing wooden armor was hauled down by Nyx and thrown roughly to the ground, rolling in front of Andrew and the others. The man Nyx had captured was clearly frustrated. He glared furiously at Andrew's group, making angry, guttural sounds Andrew frowned. "Knox, can you understand what he's saying?" Knox stepped forward and made similar guttural sounds in response. Then, he turned to Andrew. "He's a Highland warrior. He says we've trespassed on their territory and we're as good as dead!" Andrew remained calm.

"Tell him to call out the other archers. Otherwise, if they keep shooting from hiding, I won't hesitate to teach them a lesson!" Knox did as asked and translated Andrew's words to the Highland warrior. ---- The warrior, barefoot, stood up from the ground. He looked like a primitive tribesman, with unknown paint smeared across his face. Then, he gestured aggressively at Andrew while shouting. Nyx, watching from the side, could not

help but laugh softly, while Juno appeared equally baffled Andrew looked at Knox. "What's he saying?" Knox shrugged. "He's cursing us out pretty harshly.

As for the specific content, I don't think you need to hear it." Andrew snorted coldly and continued walking forward. They were only about 30 feet from the exit of the narrow passage when over a dozen arrows suddenly tore through the air. The Highland warriors had launched another surprise attack. Nyx growled, "I'll handle this." Andrew said, "No need." He stepped forward and slashed upward with his greatsword, sending a massive blade wave into the air. In the quiet canyon, it sounded like thunder exploding.

This single strike not only obliterated the incoming arrows but also sent a huge arc of enormous blade wave forward for hundreds of yards and slammed into the jagged rock walls on ---- both sides. A large section of the cliff collapsed under Andrew's strike. The captured Highland archer stared in disbelief, his jaw hanging open, and even the bow slipped from his hands. When he looked at Andrew again, his entire body trembled, his face filled with awe and fear. Andrew turned his head and looked at him coldly.

"Lead the way, or I will kill you first, and then hunt down your companions." This time, the Highland warrior behaved obediently. He nodded repeatedly and hurried to lead the way, bowing as he walked. At the same time, he waved frantically toward both sides of the cliffs, signaling his companions not to do anything foolish. In truth, there was no need for him to warn them. The dozen Highland warriors lying in ambush had already fled in terror, soaked in cold sweat, and vanished without a trace. @

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Chapter 3081

[654 words]

---- Chapter 3081 As they emerged from the canyon, a fertile wetland stretched out before their eyes. Unlike the barren Wastelands with their constant warfare and ruins everywhere, this place was like a hidden paradise with thatched cottages dotting the fields and people coming and going. Various distinctive buildings were arranged in orderly fashion across the flatlands. Even from a distance, they could see smoke rising from chimneys and Highland Tribe members working in the fields.

Children ran and played on the main roads, their laughter echoing through the air, while armed warrior patrols marched past intersections carrying spears and shields woven from vines. The captured Highland tribesman looked pleading, but Andrew smiled and had Juno release him. The Highland warrior immediately bolted at full speed and disappeared in moments. Knox said urgently, "He's probably gone to alert the others." Andrew waved dismissively. "That's fine. We want him to gather the Highland Tribe together anyway. Knox, lead the way.

"We'll go see your parents first." ---- Knox hesitated uncertainly. "I don't even know if my dad is still the chieftain. The Highland Tribe values martial prowess above all else. Once he has grown old, the warriors in the tribe would challenge him and take his position." Juno snorted coldly. "That's perfect then. If the chieftain's seat is decided by strength, you can just challenge for it directly when you get back." Knox smiled bitterly. "But I can't do that. You all know what kind of fraud I am!" Andrew's brow furrowed briefly, then relaxed. "Let's go, Knox.

"We'll take it one step at a time. Don't worry. With my backing, even the strongest warrior in your tribe won't be a problem." Knox laughed. "That's true. We do have martial god level fighters in the Highland Tribe, but compared to a monster like you, they definitely don't measure up." The group of four, under the strange stares of numerous tribespeople, soon arrived before an exceptionally tall wooden palace. Knox said, "This is where our chieftain lives and where major decisions are discussed." Just then, a rapid series of footsteps rang out.

Row after row of warriors rushed in, wielding curved blades, battle axes, and ---- heavy hammers, all brutal-looking weapons, as they quickly surrounded the group. Nyx's gaze swept the area, and she seemed slightly surprised. "That's quite a few... At least 1000! It's hard to imagine the Highland Tribe has such strong unity. Many of these people were just working in the fields moments ago, yet now they're all armored up as warriors!" Andrew smiled. "This is exactly what we need. These warriors are truly tall, fierce, and powerful.

"We came to the right place!" Juno said nervously, "But judging by their attitude, they don't seem to think we're friends." Andrew sneered. "What's there to fear? After we settle things with our fists, they'll know whether we're good or bad." With a unified

motion, over a thousand fully armed Highland warriors completed the encirclement. Their gaze was fierce, and every one of them looked ready to pounce at any moment. What stood out was how little armor they actually wore, as their calves, arms, and even their necks were exposed.

This showed just how skilled the Highland warriors were at fast-paced, mobile combat. A particularly massive man stepped forward, towering even over Petra, the descendant of giants. Dragging a gigantic battle axe ---- behind him, he moved to the front. From beneath his steel helmet, a pair of fierce eyes locked onto Andrew and the others.

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Chapter 3082

[699 words]

---- Chapter 3082 A deep, thunderous growl rumbled from the giant's throat, as if he was questioning them. Knox gestured for Andrew and the others to stay calm. He stepped forward and spoke to the man in the Highland Tribe language. The giant clearly froze for a moment. Then, he sneered and let out another string of harsh growls Knox's expression instantly turned ugly. After arguing with the giant for a few exchanges, he turned back to Andrew and said, " They told me to get lost. If I don't leave, they'll kill me." Andrew beckoned with his hand.

"Come back here and stand behind me." Knox stared at him in shock. "What are you doing? Do not kill anyone. No matter what, they are still my people." Andrew waved it off. "Relax. I will not hurt anyone." Under Nyx and the others' confused gazes, Andrew stepped to the front. The giant's body towered a full two heads above Andrew. He looked down at Andrew from his superior height, snorting ---- through his nostrils with disdain in his eyes. Andrew suddenly smiled at the giant and flipped him a middle finger. Surprisingly, the international gesture worked even here among the Highland Tribe.

The other thousand-plus warriors erupted in fury, all shouting at once, and the giant's face turned dark with rage. He roared at those around him like a tiger's bellow, silencing his tribesmen. After that, he grinned viciously and strode forward, reaching out to grab Andrew's head while laughing menacingly. Nyx warned, "Be careful. This guy's no pushover!" Though the giant had not reached martial god level, his aura indicated he was not far off. Combined with the Highland Tribe's massive build and natural combat instincts, he was not someone to underestimate.

However, Andrew just stood there calmly, his expression unchanged. Only when the giant's hand was about to seize his head did he move. He slapped downward with one hand, like swatting a fly. A dull impact echoed as the giant's arm was smashed down, and his entire body pitched forward, face planting into the ground. The dirt ground cracked into a shallow crater, and dust exploded ---- outward. The surrounding Highland warriors were instantly dumbfounded. After all, the giant was the strongest man among them, capable of tearing apart wild beasts with his bare hands.

Moreover, he had even left the Highland settlement to work as a mercenary in the Wastelands, killing countless people and building quite a reputation. Yet, this weak-looking stranger had just slapped their tribal champion to the ground like nothing. Two furious roars burst from the giant's mouth as he lay on the ground. His bulging eyes burned with visible fury. He slammed the ground violently, his muscles bulging as he shot back to his feet, and his battle axe whooshed through the air straight at Andrew.

Andrew snorted coldly and threw a punch, his fist wreathed in swirling black and red energy. A cclunking sound could be heard as the giant's battle axe was sent flying. At the same time, the arm holding it split open, blood spraying everywhere. This time, the surrounding Highland warriors were not only shocked but also horrified. Over a 1000 men simultaneously stepped back, staring at Andrew as if he were some kind of ---- monster. Even Nyx could not help but feel her heart skip a beat. Her man was changing by the day, growing stronger every moment.

At Andrew's current level, she was no longer his match and was not confident she could last even a few exchanges against him. The giant, however, remained fierce. Though shock flashed across his face, it was quickly replaced by even greater rage. With a thunderous roar, he threw a punch like a charging beast. Earth colored energy exploded around his fist.

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Chapter 3083

[721 words]

---- Chapter 3083 Andrew thrust out his chest and did not even strike back, taking the hit head-on. With a thunderous boom, the giant's attack dissipated while Andrew remained completely unharmed. Then, Andrew suddenly stepped forward twice and slammed his shoulder forward like a speeding tank in a brutal collision. The giant was sent flying

backward, tumbling across the ground continuously until he finally came to a stop about 300 feet away. Dead silence fell over the scene.

In front of the wooden hall, the sound of collective gasps filled the air as the giant struggled with a twisted expression, trying to get up. Yet, he ultimately just spat out a mouthful of blood and collapsed unconscious on the ground. The surrounding warriors slowly grew hostile again. They gripped their weapons tightly and stared at Andrew with angry gazes. "This is what Highland warriors are like. We never back down, and we never know fear.

"For our comrades, we would rather die than step back." Andrew said coldly, "Then I will knock all of them down first, and ---- then we can talk about hospitality." A somewhat deep voice rang out at that moment. "Stand down, everyone. When friends come from afar, the Highland Tribe must treat them with courtesy. But if they're enemies rather than friends, then we won't fear them in the slightest either!" Andrew and the others turned their heads, clearly surprised. The speaker's words were perfectly understandable; it was no longer the strange growling language of the Highland Tribe.

Surrounded by an entourage, a tall elderly man wearing ceremonial jewelry and carrying a staff emerged from the hall. His cloudy eyes fixed on Andrew first. He said, "Stranger, we don't welcome visitors from the Wastelands here. And you're particularly complicated... You carry the Cathedral's holy light, a vampire's blood energy, the dark stench of werewolves, and even the mysterious power of the East, all at once. Just what are you exactly?" Before Andrew could answer, Knox had already stepped forward and knelt, trembling.

"Father, I've come home!" Tobiah Wieser's cloudy gaze shook as he stared at Knox for a long moment, then disbelief filled his face. "Knox, my son, you've returned? You're alive! You've really come back! Tobiah was overwhelmed with emotion and dropped his staff. ---- An elderly female, Rinnah Birdwhistle, stumbled forward from behind. She cupped Knox's face, looked him over carefully, and burst into tears. "It's really you! Knox, my child. I never thought you would come back after all these years!" Knox broke down crying, suddenly like a helpless child again.

Andrew, Nyx, and Juno found it somewhat amusing but also touching. There was probably no one in the world who didn't miss their mother, and no mother who would not miss her child who had been gone for over a decade. After the family spoke for a short while, Knox chattered in his native tongue and introduced Andrew and the others. Tobiah, the aged yet still imposing chieftain, Knox's father, immediately turned to Andrew. Ultimately, he made a welcoming gesture. "Guests from afar, please come in. What happened earlier was our fault.

But recently, the Highland Tribe has not been at peace, so please understand." Andrew quickly returned the courtesy. "Chief Wieser, it was I who caused the disturbance. As for that guy, rest assured, I didn't truly injure him." Tobiah waved his hand. "It is fine. Please enter the hall first." ---- Soon after, Andrew and the others entered the wooden

hall and were seated. However, not long after they sat down, a Highland warrior rushed in and knelt to report urgently. Tobiah's expression shifted slightly as he listened. Knox translated for Andrew, his tone filled with anger.

"The Highland Tribe's second in command, the strongman Othniel Fernsby, has brought people to demand answers. But I think he is using this as an excuse. What he really wants is to force my father to step down."

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Chapter 3084

[605 words]

---- Chapter 3084 Andrew kept his expression calm as he turned his head toward the entrance. The first man to walk in wore a massive necklace of wolf fangs around his neck, and his huge frame was wrapped in rough leather armor, while the exposed muscles looked like slabs of stone. What stood out most were his eyes and his face. The Highland Tribe was known for broad noses, thick lips, and powerful builds, but this man looked like an exaggerated version of them all.

His face was vicious and filled with killing intent, more like a cross between a beast and a man, and the savage glare he carried made it feel like he looked down on everyone. Andrew casually glanced around and noticed many Highland Tribe members instinctively stepping aside, shrinking away from the man in fear. The man said, "I heard we have honored guests in the tribe. Chief, could it be them?" Othniel pointed rudely at Andrew and the others with his rough hand Tobiah struck his staff heavily on the ground. "Othniel, you're supposed to be guarding the mountain pass.

What are you doing ---- back here without permission?" Othniel said casually, "Chief, the werewolves can no longer threaten our tribe. There's a major war happening outside the Wastelands, and all the werewolves went off to fight, so they have no time to bother with our tribe." Tobiah demanded, "Even so, you shouldn't have returned without my orders. Surely you know the Highland Tribe's rules?" Othniel scoffed. After his subordinates brought him a chair and he sat down arrogantly, he said coldly, "I have guarded our borders for years with great merit and hard work.

Now that the werewolf threat is gone, shouldn't I be allowed to return and enjoy some peace?" His tone shifted as he snorted coldly. "And conveniently, the moment I return,

my son gets seriously injured by these strangers. Chief, are you going to order their execution, or should I do it myself?" With those words, his vicious eyes fixed on Andrew. However, his main focus was actually on Knox beside him. Andrew immediately understood that while Othniel appeared to be aggressive and brutish on the surface, he was actually extremely calculating, and his real target was Knox.

Having learned that Knox had returned, he had rushed back to silence him. ---- Tobiah huffed. "These people are all honored guests of our tribe. Othniel, don't be disrespectful." Othniel remained unfazed. "Honored guests? We don't welcome guests to our tribe. Haven't you learned your lesson yet, Chief? How many of our warriors have these damned outsiders slaughtered?"

They capture our people as slaves, treat them like animals, trample them at will, whip them, and torture them; all just to satisfy those savage oppressors' desires and serve them." He added, "And you call people like that honored guests? I'd say you really have gotten old and senile!" His words immediately stirred the emotions of the surrounding Highland Tribe members. They looked at Andrew and his group with renewed hostility, their gazes ice cold. Knox quickly stepped forward. "Everyone, please don't misunderstand. These are my friends, and they've come to help us.

I can guarantee that my friends have absolutely no hostile intentions."

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Chapter 3085

[682 words]

---- Chapter 3085, Othniel gave a mocking smile and said, "So that is who it is Turns out Knox finally came back. After running away for over ten years, you're still just as weak as ever. You survived back then by running for your life, abandoning the Highland Tribe and saving only yourself. So now that you are back, what right did you have to show your face? "As the chief's only son, you never once fought for the tribe and never contributed anything. When our young warriors were bleeding and sweating on the battlefield, where were you?"

And now you came back saying your friends meant no harm?" He scoffed and added, "Who the hell do you think you are? Do you even have any dignity left in the Highland Tribe? Do you even deserve to return to our tribe?" As soon as those words fell, one of

Othniel's followers shouted, " He deserves nothing! He's a coward, and we should get the hell out!" Another person snorted coldly, "Get out? I say we skin him alive and wash away the shame he brought to our warriors." "He's supposed to continue Chief Wieser's legacy, yet he was useless from the start.

Keeping someone like that only disgraced the tribe, so we might as well kill him." ----
The surrounding Highland Tribe members immediately erupted, shouting for Knox to be punished and driven out. Some were even more vicious, directly demanding that Tobiah execute him, saying this traitor did not deserve to remain in the tribe. Tobiah slammed his cane hard against the floor, his face filled with rage. "Enough. All of you, quiet down." When he finally lost his temper, the crowd slowly calmed down. However, many still looked openly disdainful.

It was clear they no longer respected Tobiah's authority. Tobiah looked at Knox, his expression complicated and full of pain. Knox could not help but cry out, "Father." Tobiah raised his hand. "Knox, Othniel was right. You should never have come back." Knox's face instantly changed. Tobiah continued, "This will be the first and last time. If you ever return to the Highland Tribe again, I will personally order your execution. Leave immediately and take your friends with you. Now!" By the end, he was shouting. -
--- Rinnah began to cry at the side, tears streaming down her face.

She said nothing and only looked at Knox. Knox clenched his fists, his heart filled with bitterness and anger, yet he felt powerless. He knew his parents were doing this for his sake. They were afraid he would be killed, which was why they forced him away. But now that he was back and saw how old they had become, how could he leave again? At that moment, Andrew's calm voice sounded beside Knox. "Your parents are getting on in years, and it's time for them to enjoy their golden years. Knox, you're a grown man who's been out in the world for half your life.

Now that you've finally made it home, how can you just leave again so easily? The way I see it, you should stay and take good care of your parents." Knox looked up at Andrew, and seeing Andrew give him a reassuring smile, his heart settled somewhat. Hearing this, Othniel sneered. "Who the hell are you to meddle in Highland Tribe internal affairs? Knox staying to serve his elderly parents? Sure, that's how it should be. But is he even qualified?

He just happens to show up right when his old man's about to step down and give up the chieftain position." He turned to Knox and asked, "Staying here isn't just about ---- honoring your parents, is it?"

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Chapter 3086

[704 words]

---- Chapter 3086 Knox swallowed the humiliation and said, "Mr. Fernsby, I really did come back just to see my parents, and also..." Othniel raised his hand and cut him off. "Also what? I don't want to hear it, and I'm not interested. If you only came back to see your parents, then fine, I'll allow it. But anything else, do not even think about it." Knox flared with anger, but Andrew laughed first and said, "Why can't he think about it? Mr. Fernsby, does the Highland Tribe belong to you alone? As of now, you're not the chief yet, right?"

And as far as I know, the leader of the Highland Tribe is Chief Tobiah Wieser, and only his words represent the tribe. "What Knox wants to do after coming back is Knox's business. Yet, you're here making a fuss and deciding for him. Anyone who knows better would call you a busybody overstepping your authority and putting on airs! Anyone who doesn't know might actually think you're already the chief of the Highland Tribe. But are you? Do you deserve to be?" Andrew's barrage of questions immediately made Othniel's face flush red with uncontrollable rage.

The muscles around his tightly clenched jaw bulged prominently, and he looked like he wanted to tear Andrew apart on the spot. ---- A Highland tribesman leaned in and whispered something in Othniel's ear. Immediately, Othniel sneered coldly. "So you're the one who injured my son, Hershel, huh? You've got some nerve. I've guarded the Highland Tribe's fortress, battling werewolves day and night without rest. When have I ever been disrespected? Who would even dare disrespect me? "But you, an outsider, come here pointing fingers and running your mouth. Who the hell do you think you are?"

With just one word from me, you and everyone with you will die here in Highland Tribe territory." Snorting disdainfully, Othniel looked down at Andrew with extreme arrogance. Andrew smiled. "Mr. Fernsby, what an impressive show of authority. Yes, I did injure someone earlier, but I just didn't realize it was your son. If I'd known he was your son, I would've beaten him so badly that you can't even recognize him!" Othniel exploded with rage, and the chair beneath him shattered with a boom as he pointed at Andrew with cold malice. "You keep testing my patience, so don't blame me for this.

I don't care what your relationship with Knox is, nor do I care if you're a guest or not. For speaking to me like that, I'm going to make sure you die a horrible death." ---- The Highland Tribe members supporting Othniel began shouting, waving their curved blades and war hammers with surging morale. Highland tribespeople were warlike by nature and loved fighting and bloodshed even when there was no real conflict.

Othniel's prestige within the tribe was even higher than Tobiah's, and for many years, no one had dared to defy him. Now, Andrew, an outsider of unknown strength, actually dared to stand up to Othniel. Many Highland Tribe members could already envision Andrew being torn to shreds by Othniel, their eyes flashing with cold gleams. Andrew slowly stood up and beckoned to Othniel. "Mr. Fernsby, since you're such a gracious host, I'd be happy to oblige. But you'd better be careful.

If you stumbled and lost here, you would never become the chief of the Highland Tribe." Othniel grinned viciously as the muscles throughout his body crackled and popped. "Even Kaelan, the Werewolf Lord himself, couldn't defeat me. And you think you're a threat to me? I will make you understand the true meaning of a fate worse than death!" After the threat, Othniel strode toward the exit of the hall, his ---- steps heavy and dominant, while the violent aura around him surged higher with every step.

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Chapter 3087

[608 words]

---- Chapter 3087 Andrew's expression remained utterly calm as he casually tossed out, "Knox, I'll kill him for you." Then, he followed Othniel outside. Tobiah immediately panicked and rushed forward to stop Andrew. "Don't be rash! Originally, our tribe shouldn't have involved ourselves in outsiders' affairs. But since you came here with Knox, and he considers you a friend, I can't simply ignore this. You're all Knox's good friends, correct?" Andrew nodded.

"Chief Wieser, don't worry..." Before he could finish, Tobiah barked, "Since you're all Knox's good friends, then don't meddle in this anymore! Take Knox and leave the Highland Tribe immediately, get as far away as possible, and never come back!" Knox was overwhelmed. "Father, I..." Tobiah roared, "Go! Do you want to see your friends and yourself die at Othniel's hands? Currently, the number of people supporting him in the tribe far exceeds those supporting me. Knox, don't come back anymore, and don't worry about your mother and me! "Our tribe is facing troubles from within and without.

The ---- werewolves are attacking us viciously, trying to enslave the Highland Tribe and make us their servants. Meanwhile, Othniel watches like a hawk, determined to take my position. Knox, our tribe is facing a catastrophe. I can't protect you. I can only send you away. Don't ever come back." Knox suddenly fell to his knees. "Father!" Tobiah

shouted, "Go!" Several tall tribesmen walked in side by side, staring coldly at Andrew's group. One of them spoke to Tobiah. "Chief Weiser, Mr. Fernsby says this outsider must die. He provoked Mr.

Fernsby on our territory and treated the entire Highland Tribe with contempt. This is an insult to our warriors and a travesty to our noble souls. We ask that you give the order for him to face Mr. Fernsby in a direct duel and accept Mr. Fernsby's judgment, granting him death." Tobiah's beard trembled as he raged, "Go tell Othniel that I will not allow bloodshed before the hall! If he wants the chief's position, I can give it to him as long as he lets Knox and his friends leave!" The warrior sneered coldly. "That, I'm afraid...

is impossible!" Andrew looked at Tobiah, caught between rage and helplessness, and said seriously, "Chief Wieser, since we dared ---- to accompany Knox back here, naturally, we're not afraid of anyone! To be frank, I came here to help Knox become the next chief and take over from you.

I won't kill Othniel because I respect the Highland Tribe warriors, but I will make him understand how severe the consequences are for defying authority and thinking too highly of himself." With those chilling words, Andrew strode out of the hall, leaving behind Tobiah, Rinnah, and some Highland Tribe members who supported Tobiah, all wearing shocked expressions. Tobiah looked at Knox. "Knox, this friend of yours, he Knox smiled. "Father, stop worrying yourself sick. He's actually my leader, the famous leader of the Dragonfang in the Wastelands. Mr.

Fernsby might be strong, but compared to Andrew, he's nothing. We need to trust him!" Suddenly, the entire hall shook violently. Everyone felt a chill run through them and knew the fight had already begun outside. Tobiah quickly said, "Come, let us go take a look."

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Chapter 3088

[745 words]

---- Chapter 3088 Outside the wooden hall, the open plaza was already packed. More and more Highland Tribe warriors gathered, forming a dark mass around the perimeter, men and women alike, and the number had already climbed past ten thousand. Even farther out, figures kept rushing in without end. Someone shouted, "Kill him, Mr.

Fernsby!" "Take down this outsider and show him the power of the Highland Tribe!" Another chimed, "Our noble mountain warriors will never tolerate provocation. Mr.

Fernsby, tear him apart." "Tear him apart, now..." "Tear him apart!" The thunderous roars blended together into one overwhelming wave. The watching Highland Tribe warriors shouted in righteous fury, waving their thick arms and yelling at the top of their lungs. Some of them might not have supported Othniel, yet they certainly would not support Andrew, an outsider. ---- The Highland Tribe only recognized strength, and only the strong could earn their friendship and respect.

Earlier, when Othniel's son, Hershel Fernsby, had fought Andrew and been knocked down in an instant, it did not dampen their morale. Instead, it ignited their fighting spirits even more fiercely. Andrew looked calmly at Othniel, who stood less than 30 feet away, his expression steady. These Highland Tribe members were so warlike and united, which suited him perfectly.

Warriors like this, born from the same tribe and bound together, would become the seed of a top-tier army once properly trained. As the shouts and curses around them surged to a peak, Othniel snorted coldly and took a firm stance. "Bring me my weapon." At once, four Highland Tribe warriors strained as they carried over an enormous cavalry saber. The blade alone was as long as a full-grown man, and rings of metal hung along its spine, clanking loudly with every movement. The edge gleamed with terrifying sharpness, and strange patterns rippled across it, flashing with bursts of eerie light.

Andrew raised an eyebrow slightly, surprised by the quality of Othniel's brutal weapon. It was clearly no ordinary blade, but a high-grade weapon reinforced by special power. ---- Nyx warned him, "Be careful. This was a ritual forged weapon, and its quality was not much worse than a Cathedral holy sword." Andrew laughed. "What a pity. None of you can really make use of this blade. Otherwise, once I take him down, I could just claim it and hand it over to you. Actually, Petra might be able to use it.

Never mind, I will grab it first and let Petra decide later." Andrew casually evaluated the weapon, completely ignoring Othniel as if he were nothing. That instant made Othniel explode with rage, his thick brows snapping upright. "Arrogant brat. I am the greatest fighter of the Highland Tribe. What makes you think you can stop me?" With a furious roar, Othniel's massive hand seized the cavalry saber. The metal rings crashed together in a dense, ear-piercing chorus. Then, he leapt into the air and brought the blade down in a brutal overhead strike at Andrew.

The strike was straightforward and overwhelming, the violent wind alone blasting nearby warriors off their feet. Nyx's expression changed. "This is bad. He isn't even using internal energy. This is pure physical strength. Andrew, do not underestimate him." Andrew heard her warning, but he did not care. With Godslayer in his right hand, a violent surge of energy condensed around his ---- left fist. After that, he drove that fist upward, meeting Othniel's descending blade head-on. Gasps and sharp intakes of breath erupted all around.

Even Juno and Nyx were stunned as they watched Andrew using his bare fist to block Othniel's strike. With Othniel attacking from above and Andrew responding head-on, it looked like madness. Othniel's raw power had already reached an unbelievable level. Not using a weapon and choosing his fist instead seemed reckless to the extreme. As Andrew's fist and Othniel's blade collided, a yellow shockwave exploded outward in an instant. The area erupted into screams as several so-called fearless mountain warriors, who had stood too close, failed to retreat in time and immediately spewed blood.

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Chapter 3089

[820 words]

---- Chapter 3089 Tobiah's graying long hair was whipped violently backward by the raging storm. He instinctively tightened his grip on Knox's hand and said in a trembling voice, "Knox... Andrew actually caught Othniel's blade head-on?" Knox also felt that Andrew was taking a huge risk, but after a brief hesitation, he chose to stay silent and watch what happened next. As the storm dispersed, blood dripped steadily from Andrew's left fist. Yet, there was a faint smile on his face. Othniel's heavy cavalry saber stopped just a finger's width from Andrew's forehead.

That tiny distance became an absolute barrier, and the blade could not move forward any further. Othniel's eyes widened as shock surged through him, his heart pounding. He knew exactly how devastating that strike had been. After all, he was a martial god-level fighter, combining the Highland Tribe's supernatural strength with his own natural combat prowess. Any ordinary human who tried to match his raw power was asking for death. Yet Andrew, clearly human, had dared to catch his blade with nothing but his fist. Even his mortal enemy, Kaelan, could not pull that off.

Moreover, werewolves were famous for having incredibly tough bodies. ---- "Mr. Fernsby, nice blade you've got there. Too bad your skills don't quite measure up," Andrew said with a cold laugh. His left arm rippled as surging power coursed beneath his skin. Then, an explosive force suddenly erupted from his fist. The cavalry saber shrieked as it was flung backward, flying straight toward Othniel's face. His expression shifted as he roared and gripped the blade with both hands, spinning several times in the air before he could dissipate the rebounding force Andrew had unleashed.

For the first time, he found himself unable to gauge exactly how strong Andrew really was. "What goes around comes around, Mr. Fernsby. You took your shot. Now it's my turn," Andrew said coldly. His greatsword blazed with light. With one motion, he swung it down in a devastating arc. Othniel stepped back and countered with his own strike. Two massive waves of blade energy and sword light collided head-on. Andrew's body shook slightly, but he held his ground. On the other hand, Othniel grunted and stumbled back a half- step. "So, Mr.

Fernsby, how's that feel?" Andrew asked with a smile that held no warmth, only ice-cold mockery. ---- Othniel took a deep breath and narrowed his eyes. "I'll admit it, you're strong. No wonder you put Hershel on the ground with a single punch. But no matter how strong you are, I haven't even started getting serious yet. Next, you're about to see what a real storm looks like." A ring of yellow energy surged up around Othniel's body.

With a savage grin, he slashed his saber diagonally, kicking up a towering wave of dirt that tore a massive trench through the ground and came crashing down on Andrew like a tidal wave. Andrew considered sidestepping and then countering with his sword. However, the Highland Tribe's sacred hall was right behind him. If he moved even one step, Othniel might destroy the whole building. Seeing Tobiat's furious yet helpless expression, Andrew decided not to retreat. Black and crimson energy surged violently around the greatsword.

Gripping it with both hands, Andrew unleashed a flurry of wild slashes. At the same time, he charged forward, his body following his blade as he plunged straight into Othniel's yellow storm. With a thunderous roar, Andrew swept his sword horizontally. In an instant, Othniel's earth-shattering attack was severed cleanly in two, split into upper and lower halves. ---- The two storm fragments, now broken apart, spiraled out of control. After tearing through the air for a moment and leaving devastation in their wake, they gradually faded away. Othniel stomped the ground.

The earth caved in beneath him as he launched himself at Andrew. Roaring furiously, he unleashed a relentless barrage of slashes and strikes on Andrew. Andrew raised his sword and blocked with one hand, effortless and unbothered. The black and red energy swirling around him rose into the sky, gradually forming a towering tornado. Othniel circled the outside, hacking away nonstop. Yet, he could not get close, much less touch Andrew himself. Slowly, cold sweat began to bead on Othniel's forehead. He was already going all out, and even a mountain would have been leveled by now.

Yet, Andrew only needed a single sword to summon such a terrifying vortex, which meant his swordsmanship and raw power had already reached a level that completely crushed Othniel's own.

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Chapter 3090

[766 words]

---- Chapter 3090 With a fierce roar, Othniel bit through his tongue and sprayed blood across his cavalry saber. Instantly, the blade turned blood- red, transforming into what looked like a demonic weapon. Knox shouted in alarm, "Watch out! That's the Highland Tribe's Blood-Forging Art. It amplifies combat power." Othniel's face twisted grotesquely. "Take this!" A crimson lightning bolt suddenly descended from the sky, striking his blade.

Othniel's entire body shook as he rose into the air, looking like a God of Thunder, wielding red lightning He raised the blade high overhead, then brought it crashing down. A column of blood-red light descended from the sky, hurtling straight toward Andrew. Nyx screamed, "Everyone, get back, now!" She grabbed Juno and flashed away to a safe distance. The Highland Tribe warriors cried out in terror, scrambling to flee for their lives. This one strike from Othniel was powerful enough to obliterate half the Highland Tribe settlement.

Andrew looked up at the descending pillar of blood-red light, ---- and his lips slowly curled into a fierce grin. "Looks like I need to teach you a real lesson." A column of light erupted from his body as well, rising into the sky. Within this black and red pillar, Andrew gradually ascended. With a thunderous roar, storm after storm began gathering around Godslayer. Eventually, they formed a massive cloud of swirling black and red energy. His greatsword slashed downward, stirring the dark crimson cloud.

The energy twisted and coalesced into a storm three times larger than the light column Othniel had unleashed. Then came the earth-shattering collision. When the smoke and dust finally cleared, half a minute had passed. The Highland Tribe members on the ground looked up in terror, faces full of dread. They saw both fighters slowly descending from the sky. Othniel's face was flushed and rigid, his eyes wide as he stared at Andrew, unable to speak a single word. The next moment, he coughed up a mouthful of blood.

His cavalry saber fell from his grip and plunged into the ground, and his massive frame collapsed to his knees as more blood poured from his mouth. ---- Andrew, aside from being slightly pale, showed no signs of injury. He stepped forward and looked down at Othniel from above. Suddenly, he raised Godslayer and brought it down toward Othniel's neck. Countless Highland Tribe members cried out in horror. Tobiah shouted urgently, "Sir, please spare Othniel's life, and the Highland Tribe would be forever grateful!" The blade stopped with a sharp clang.

As Othniel trembled in terror, the greatsword struck the ground just in front of his head. It missed his skull by a hair's breadth. The earth was sliced with a perfectly straight line, impossibly deep. Othniel stared at it, his face deathly pale, knowing full well that if that sword had landed on his head or neck, he would be headless, dead beyond any doubt. He released his cavalry saber and gave a bitter laugh. "I've lost. Your martial path stands at the peak, and your valor is unmatched. In my entire life, I have never heard of, nor seen, someone like you.

I ask only for death!" Highland Tribe warriors were proud by nature. Othniel, as the strongest among them, was even more so. Even after years of fierce battles with the Kaelan, he had never bowed his head. But ---- today, Andrew had come to his door and defeated him. It shattered Othniel's fighting spirit, and he found this outcome almost impossible to accept. In his humiliation and rage, all he wanted was for Andrew to end it. Besides, Othniel knew resistance was pointless. Andrew was far too strong and had come fully prepared. All his ambitions and schemes had gone up in smoke.

But then, to his surprise, Othniel heard Andrew's light chuckle. " Mr. Fernsby, get up. That was just a sparring match. In a match, you stop when it's decided. I came here as a guest, and you're the host. If a guest were to raise a hand against his host... well, that just wouldn't be a good look for me." Othniel's head snapped up, his expression stunned. "What did you say? You're not going to kill me?"

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Chapter 3091

[632 words]

---- Chapter 3091 Inside the hall, Andrew and his group took their seats once more. Tobiah sat in the place of honor, his expression more relaxed and joyful than ever before. When he looked at Andrew, his eyes were filled with gratitude. Knox sat beside Rinnah, talking to her nonstop. She was crying tears of joy, repeatedly expressing her thanks to Andrew. Although Andrew could not understand her words, the gratitude was unmistakable. Othniel sat on the opposite side of the hall, facing Andrew. After a long silence, he shook his head bitterly.

"I was outmatched, and my temper got the better of me. If you hadn't spared my life just now, I'd probably be dead already. A warrior dies, and so be it. But my people would have been left with no one to guard them. If that happened, I would have become the

eternal sinner of the Highland Tribe." Tobiah spoke up. "Don't beat yourself up too much. It's not too late to make things right." Othniel nodded and looked at Andrew. "I still haven't asked your name, sir." Andrew smiled. "It's all in the past. Mr. Fernsby, we're friends of ---- Knox.

My name's Andrew Lloyd, and I'm from the Wastelands." Othniel's expression shifted slightly. "The Wastelands haven't been peaceful lately. I heard the Ludendorff family is on its last legs, getting crushed by the Cathedral and the Dragonfang. I didn't expect that someone as young as you would be running Dragonfang." Andrew waved his hand dismissively. "I only just took over Dragonfang recently. Mr. Fernsby, I heard you mention earlier that you're in charge of defending the Highland Tribe's mountain fortress, correct?" Othniel replied seriously, "That's right.

Our tribe is backed into a corner here, and we can't find any other suitable place to settle. That's why we're locked in this endless fight with the werewolves." He explained, "If it weren't for the fact that the werewolf army is currently deployed in the Wastelands, you'd probably be looking at a destroyed Highland Tribe by now, completely enslaved to the werewolves." Andrew glanced around and saw that many Highland Tribe warriors were lowering their heads in silence, their faces filled with utter despair.

Meanwhile, some of the children peeked out from behind the adults, watching him curiously. Andrew nodded. "I understand the general situation now. I think ---- it's time the Highland Tribe made some changes." Othniel shook his head, his expression complicated as he gave Andrew a bitter smile. He glanced at Knox but hesitated to speak. Tobiah said, "Othniel, I know what you want to say... Go ahead and say it." Othniel spoke in a deep voice. "Knox, while you're indeed Chief Weiser's only successor, you simply don't have the strength to lead us.

My words may be harsh, but I'm speaking for the sake of every life in this tribe. Although I lost to Andrew, I still stand by my position. I can't let you become our chieftain. That would only doom our people." Knox smiled bitterly. "Mr. Fernsby, you're right, and I know it. That's why I don't dare hope for the position of chieftain." Andrew raised an eyebrow. "I have a question, though I'm not sure if it's appropriate to ask." Othniel replied politely, "Please, go ahead." Andrew said, "Knox is already at martial god-level strength, but why can't he access it? Why is his condition so strange?"

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Chapter 3092

[712 words]

---- Chapter 3092 Othniel said, "That has to do with the forbidden grounds of the Highland Tribe. But this matter must be explained by Chief Weiser because I don't have the authority to speak on it." Tobiah let out a long sigh and said, "From the moment Knox was born, he possessed divine strength. If we used the outside world's terms, he was already at the martial god level." Andrew, Juno, and Nyx were all stunned. None of them had expected Knox to be that extraordinary, born as a martial god. Even Andrew felt that this was something he himself could not compare to.

Tobiah gave a bitter smile and said, "But fortune and misfortune go hand in hand. Knox seemed blessed by the heavens, and at the time, I believed our tribe's golden age had arrived. I thought Knox was the rebirth of a true titan who would lead our people to success. "But in the end, I was wrong. Knox remained the same from birth to adulthood, with no noticeable changes. All the anticipation and excitement slowly turned into disappointment over the years. The Highland Tribe doesn't tolerate the weak, and infants born sickly or disabled are abandoned.

---- "However, I made a selfish decision and raised Knox, hoping that one day he would change. Yet, when he grew up, he couldn't even defeat an ordinary warrior of the tribe. As mockery and rejection grew, I knew I couldn't keep him here anymore. As his father, I had no choice but to drive him away from the Highland Tribe." Andrew frowned. "Mr. Fernsby mentioned earlier that Knox's condition is connected to the Highland Tribe's forbidden grounds. Does this mean that Knox should have been able to grow normally and become the tribe's true strongman?

But because of the forbidden grounds, he ended up like this." Tobiah's expression shifted unpredictably. He seemed to remember something, and his face turned extremely grim. Andrew did not rush him. Instead, he just watched calmly. If Tobiah did not want to talk, he would not press him. Either way, his purpose for this trip had already been achieved. As for Knox's problem, Andrew did not have a solution at the moment. However, he would definitely figure something out in the future. Suddenly, Rinnah spoke up. "The reason Knox became like this is all because of the werewolf clan's progenitor.

He..." Tobiah's expression changed drastically as he roared, "Enough. ---- Stay out of this. You are a woman, this is not your place to speak! Rinnah was also tall and muscular. It was obvious that she had been a hot-tempered Highland warrior in her youth. She snorted coldly and turned to Andrew. "Sir, you're not from our Highland Tribe. Normally, we can't disclose our past." She explained, "First, because it would reveal tribal secrets, and second, because it might bring trouble to friends like you. But today, I can't worry about all that.

Highland Tribe has been pushed into a corner with nowhere left to turn. With your strength, you don't need to fear the werewolf clan... So I'm begging you, please help Knox." With that, she dropped to her knees before Andrew. Andrew quickly stepped aside and went to help Rinnah up. " Please rise... How about this: first, explain

everything clearly. That way, I can decide how best to help your Highland Tribe." With Knox's support, Rinnah stood back up. Tobiah said, "Fine, I'll tell you everything from the past. The truth is, our tribe was originally a branch of the werewolf clan.

Long ago, our warriors were tall and fierce, feared neither heat nor cold, and like the immensely strong werewolves, could fight in any environment." ---- Andrew and his companions were stunned by this revelation. They had not expected the Highland Tribe actually to share ancestry with the werewolf clan. After all, it seemed almost impossible.

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Chapter 3093

[1,025 words]

---- Chapter 3093 Juno thought for a moment and then said, "There have always been stories in the Wastelands about the Highland Tribe and the werewolves killing each other. But every version said the same thing: that the Highland Tribe and the werewolves were locked in a fight to the death, each trying to wipe out the other. I never imagined the Highland Tribe and the werewolves came from the same bloodline." Among Dragonfang, Juno had spent the longest time in the Wastelands, so she knew more than most. Othniel replied, "Actually, those stories were all wrong.

In the beginning, the Highland Tribe and the werewolves were like brothers, not mortal enemies. The first ancestor of the Highland Tribe, Arcturus the Unbroken, and the first progenitor of the werewolves, Fenrir Marrock, were both slaves of the vampires. "That was an age when darkness ruled the world, so ancient it is hard to imagine.

Among all the vampire slaves, Arcturus and Fenrir were the strongest and most ferocious." He continued, "At that time, aside from the three vampire progenitors and the supreme Vampire Queen, Lilith Bathory, no vampire existed who could stand against Fenrir or Arcturus. Not even princes or dark lords were their match. ---- "During the first great clash between the powers of the eastern and western continents, the eastern martial masters and ancient cultivators forced Lilith into slumber within a river of blood, where she remained dormant for 1000 years.

"Within the vampire ranks, the three progenitors also fell into slumber or disappeared. That was when Fenrir and Arcturus found their chance to rebel. For countless years, they and their companions had been enslaved by the vampires, living a life worse than

death. "This time, they led the other slaves in revolt, eventually fighting their way out of the vampire stronghold and gaining their freedom.

Though Arcturus and Fenrir were the closest of friends, their personalities were vastly different." He explained, "Arcturus the Unbroken was born with divine strength, yet he never obsessed over gains or losses and would risk everything for his friends. Fenrir, however, was filled with hatred and jealousy. He longed to possess the blood queen Lilith and dreamed of slaughtering all vampires. He wanted to exterminate all vampires so he could become the dark lord himself and enslave other races. "That's where the seeds of division were planted.

After escaping vampire slavery, the two initially stayed together and wandered the world. But gradually, Fenrir grew tired of that dull life and demanded that Arcturus join him in pursuing ultimate power." ---- Tobiah sighed before saying, "However, Arcturus only wanted to find a peaceful land to settle down and start a family. So, he refused Fenrir, they had a huge fight, and went their separate ways." At this point, Othniel fell silent. Andrew and his group had already figured out roughly how things developed afterward.

Nonetheless, since it was so ancient and involved the origins of werewolves and vampires, they did not interrupt and waited for the Highland Tribe elders to continue. Nyx remarked, "I can't believe that werewolves, who are part of the Dark Clans along with vampires, were once vampire slaves." Tobiah's aged voice slowly followed. "Today's vampire clan is nothing compared to what it was in that era. But that's only when compared to 1000 years ago. Among the Dark Trinity now, vampires are still the dominant power.

"After Arcturus the Unbroken and Fenrir parted ways, Arcturus married a human woman. Over time, they gave birth to the original Highland Tribe. Every descendant carrying Arcturus the Unbroken's bloodline possessed immense strength and was a skilled warrior." He continued, "More importantly, we could use the secret ---- techniques passed down from Arcturus the Unbroken. These techniques differ from werewolf transformation but share some similarities. Andrew, when you fought Othniel earlier, you should have noticed his changes." Andrew nodded. "The red lightning Mr.

Fernsby summoned must be your ancestor Arcturus' legacy, right?" Othniel nodded. "That's correct." Tobiah went on, "We thought everything could continue like that. Our Highland Tribe gradually expanded in scale, with thousands of tribe members. Back then, we were one of the most powerful tribes in all the Wastelands. "Arcturus the Unbroken was invincible in battle. Even when vampires personally came to attack, they were no match for us.

But one day, a man in a black robe found our ancestor." Juno, completely absorbed in the story, chimed in instinctively, " That person must have been Fenrir, right?" Tobiah glanced at her, his weathered face weary. "You're right, it was Fenrir. But by then, Fenrir was no longer the same Fenrir. After parting ways with our ancestor, he went

back to find Lilith and willingly became her lapdog. He was obsessed with Lilith's beauty and would endure slavery, beatings, and abuse just to serve her. ---- "However, Lilith only tortured him and treated him like dirt.

She never had any intention of giving him a chance or becoming his mate. Fenrir had been infected by Lilith, bitten, that is. It became the most terrifying devil under her command, waging war and killing everywhere, helping the Vampire Queen seize territory and capture slaves. "Once, after Fenrir destroyed a primitive village, he was cursed by a shaman there. The shaman said he would suffer endless pain and torment for the rest of his life, and especially on full moons, he would transform into something inhuman, a monster.

"Fenrir didn't take it seriously, but when the first full moon arrived, his body began to undergo a transformation. That's how the world's first werewolf was born; savage, almost mindless, knowing only slaughter, no different from a wild beast." Nyx said, "Chief, you mentioned that Fenrir came to find the Highland Tribe's ancestor, Arcturus the Unbroken. What happened between them after that?"

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Chapter 3094

[709 words]

---- Chapter 3094. Tobiah sighed heavily. "What else could happen? Arguments, deeper conflicts, and more fighting. The two of them, once the closest of friends, comrades who fought side by side in rebellion, eventually turned their blades on each other. "Fenrir demanded that Arcturus lead the Highland Tribe to join him in conquering and ruling the world, but Arcturus thought he was being foolish and refused. Fenrir hung around our tribe for a while but got nothing out of it. Eventually, he lost control and attacked Arcturus.

"But at that point, Fenrir was incredibly weak from the curse, and his body had mutated. He was neither man nor monster, so how could he possibly match our ancestor? Fenrir was being beaten down, and in his furious roars of refusal to accept defeat, the full moon rose that night, and he transformed. He became a 26-foot-tall progenitor werewolf and easily leveled our homes." He continued, "Arcturus couldn't bear to hurt him and kept trying to talk him down. But Fenrir had lost his mind, went completely feral, and started slaughtering our people. Arcturus had no choice.

He flew into a rage and struck Fenrir down, injuring him badly. "Under the endless moonlight, Fenrir, in werewolf form and on all fours, fled wounded. He'd been corrupted by the Vampire ---- Queen's blood and was already broken; with the added curse and his twisted nature, he could never return to his human form. He became a savage beast forever, killing indiscriminately. "And those he bit who didn't die gradually mutated into werewolves.

That's how the world got its second werewolf, then its third, and eventually, countless werewolves appeared." When old Tobiah stopped speaking, Othniel picked up the story." You can probably guess what happened next. The werewolves and the Highland Tribe began slaughtering each other. Fenrir, manipulated by Lilith, fought Arcturus in a final battle, and they both perished together. "The place where the two progenitors died is now where our Highland Tribe lives, or more precisely, it's our forbidden ground.

Arcturus was bitten by Fenrir, and the werewolf curse and poison sank deep into his genes, passed down through every generation." He added, "As a result, the Highland Tribe will never again see a true descendant of Arcturus' bloodline. Even if one appears, it gets strangled by the progenitor werewolf's corruption, and Knox is exactly that kind of case." Andrew's brow smoothed as he let out a long breath. "Chief, Mr. Femsby, after hearing all this, I understand the whole story now.

So does that mean if we clear out the corruption left by the werewolf progenitor, Knox would have a chance to perfectly ---- inherit and wield Arcturus' bloodline?" Tobiah shook his head. "Don't even think about it. Our tribe is tuthless in our methods, but we would never harm our friends, even if it cost us our lives. There's no helping Knox. The first werewolf progenitor has been dead for 1000 years, and clearing his corruption is impossible. "Countless members of our tribe have died trying; Knox's own brother was one of them.

We've entered the forbidden ground and tried everything imaginable, but nothing works. If I let you take that risk and something happened to you, how could I live with myself? How could I still allow Knox to call you his friend?" Andrew fell into thoughtful silence. The other members of the Highland Tribe all lowered their heads, their faces filled with grief. Othniel gave a bitter smile. "I know your martial arts are supreme and you're invincible in battle. But the corruption left by a dark progenitor is the most vicious thing in this world. Knox's fate is sealed.

The heavens want our Highland Tribe to gradually die out, and there's nothing we can do about it." Andrew shook his head slowly. "I think I'd like to give it a try."

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Chapter 3095

[765 words]

---- Chapter 3095 Othniel said in shock, "Andrew, this isn't something to take lightly. If you're not careful, you could go insane, mutate, or even die. Our chieftain from two generations ago was a powerhouse who surpassed martial god level. He once led our Highland Tribe all the way to Dark Sacred Mountain. "Back then, the Highland Tribe actually had the advantage to crush the werewolf clan. But because of the poison left behind by the Fenrir, our chieftain was ultimately corrupted and died a horrible death.

After that, our Highland Tribe never recovered, and we've had no chance of rising again." Andrew said in a low voice, "Mr. Fernsby, Chief, I understand your good intentions and your concerns. But Knox is my friend. And honestly, wanting to try this is also a bit selfish on my part." "Here's what I'm thinking. If I can help Knox break free from the first werewolf progenitor's curse and poison, would the Highland Tribe be willing to let me take ten thousand elite warriors with me to fight in the Wastelands?" Tobiah and Othniel were first stunned, then fell into a long silence.

Finally, Tobiah sighed. "Othniel, what do you think?" ---- Othniel also sighed. "Chief, while I no longer dare covet your position, I'm still part of the Highland Tribe, and looking out for our people is what I should always do. I think we should let Andrew give it a shot. Even if the chances are slim, we can't just give up." Tobiah nodded. "Yes, we don't have much time left. However, this matter is too important, and Andrew's conditions involve the futures and lives of our warriors. Let's follow the ancient custom and put it to a vote.

As long as more than half the council votes yes, I'll authorize Andrew to enter the forbidden ground." Soon, the Highland Tribe's council of 13 elders was assembled. A considerable number of them could barely move and were extremely frail. They all bore the severe injuries, scars, and disabilities from battles fought in their youth, but without exception, every one of them had made great contributions to the Highland Tribe. Then, under Tobiah's direction, the voting began.

To everyone's surprise, it passed unanimously; every single vote agreed to let Andrew help the Highland Tribe try one more time. Meanwhile, Nyx was getting worried, and Juno and Knox were equally concerned. Juno said gravely, "Fenrir was one of the most powerful beings ever born into this world. I think it's too risky, and you can't ---- afford to suffer any mishaps right now. Plus, he was also tainted by the blood of the Vampire Queen. She's without a doubt the most terrifying existence in this world.

I strongly urge you, even if Knox gets upset with me for saying this, don't try it." Nyx did not say anything, just shook her head firmly. Knox remained silent for a moment, then

gave a complicated smile and said, "You've already helped me more than enough. The rest is just fate. Our tribe can't fight it, and neither can I. I don't want anything to happen to you, so let's just forget it." Andrew looked at them all and smiled. "Nyx, Juno, Knox... Did you forget that I carry the Cathedral's Holy Light legacy within me? Fenrir is indeed a legendary figure and truly terrifying.

But at the end of the day, he's a dark creature, and the Holy Light in me specifically counters darkness." He continued, "Besides, I've already absorbed a werewolf heart and blood core. My body doesn't reject them, so I think it's worth trying. Worst case, it just won't work, but as for it actually harming me, I'm confident it won't come to that." Nyx and the others fell silent; they could not argue with Andrew's reasoning. "Let's go to the Highland Tribe's forbidden ground." Andrew did not hesitate further, because time waited for no one.

---- He needed to take the Highland Tribe warriors and get back to. Abyss City as quickly as possible Nyx and the others clearly understood that time was of the essence. So, they all relented. Under the Highland Tribe's guidance, they headed for the forbidden ground.

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Chapter 3096

[1,162 words]

---- Chapter 3096 Inside the valley lay the Highland Tribe's fertile farmland. However, beyond the valley was an entirely different scene. A narrow path, just wide enough for one person, wound down from the towering canyon into unknown territory below. The passage was deep and dark, requiring torches to navigate safely. Ordinary Highland Tribe members were not allowed to visit the forbidden ground. This time, the group consisted of Andrew and the four outsiders, along with Othniel and the Highland Tribe's patrol commander.

That commander happened to be Othniel's son, the giant man Andrew had slapped earlier. Finally, there was Tobiah, Knox's elderly father, carried by two burly warriors. This small group traveled in secret toward the forbidden ground, and no one spoke. The dark passage ran along the cliff wall of the massive canyon, winding endlessly forward. Nyx said in surprise, "This was all carved out inch by inch... What a massive

undertaking by the Highland Tribe." Knox explained, "This secret passage took several hundred years to complete.

Generation after generation of Highland ---- Tribe members devoted themselves to it." Hershel walked at the front and led the way. When they stopped to rest, he looked at Andrew, scratched his head, and said with an awkward grin, "Sir, I apologize for my rudeness earlier." Andrew smiled and replied, "It's nothing." Hershel was about the same age as Andrew and only a few years older than Knox. However, his features were resolute, and he was already a capable young warrior of the Highland Tribe.

More importantly, Hershel was extremely talented, and Andrew could tell at a glance that he would one day break through to martial god level and become a pillar of the tribe. Andrew reached into his clothes and tossed a yellow pill to Hershel. Hershel did not know what it was. He instinctively caught it, his face filled with confusion. Othniel, who was much more knowledgeable, reacted with excitement and exclaimed, "An elixir? That's a rare treasure! You fool, thank Mr. Lloyd right now!" Andrew smiled. "No need for formalities. This elixir will help improve your physical strength.

When I get back and gather the right materials, I'll make time to refine better ones for you. Hershel, you have great talent, and I can help you become a martial god, which means you'll be one of the Highland Tribe's ---- elite warriors." Hershel was overjoyed and immediately dropped to his knees, bowing his head repeatedly. Andrew laughed helplessly and quickly helped him up. Highland warriors were simple folk with straightforward minds. If you were their enemy, they would face you without fear and fight to the end.

From what Tobiah and Othniel had said earlier, Andrew already knew what kind of person Arcturus had been. He was a simple, good-hearted man who had started life as a slave. Passed down through the generations, the temperament of the Highland Tribe had hardly changed at all. Tobiah's clouded eyes swept over Andrew, but in the end, he said nothing. The two warriors carried him in the middle of the group. Andrew walked ahead and did not see Tobiah's gaze. But at this point, he no longer needed to look.

Even the faintest attention, a shift in intent, or the slightest movement around him could be sensed. There was no doubt that Tobiah had seen Andrew give the elixir to Hershel. This not only filled Hershel and Othniel with joy, but also made the other Highland Tribe warriors look at Andrew with ---- hope. The meaning behind those looks was obvious: Andrew was steadily earning the goodwill, admiration, and even loyalty of the mountain warriors. Andrew could more or less guess what Tobiah was thinking. Regardless, he needed the strength of the Highland Tribe's warriors to work for him anyway.

So, he acted openly and unashamedly, doing exactly what he wanted right in front of Tobiah. He truly respected the Highland Tribe. With time, he believed Tobiah would understand. This was not about bribing hearts with rewards or temptation, but about genuine respect. After several hours, light finally appeared at the end of the passage. When they stepped out, what greeted them was a ruin hidden deep within a towering

forest. The surroundings were completely silent, without even the sound of a bird, and it felt as if they had been cut off from the world and entered another realm entirely.

Even the young Highland Tribe warriors fell silent, losing their earlier liveliness. Nyx whispered, "The dark energy here is ancient and lingers ---- without dissipating." Andrew's expression remained calm as he nodded but said nothing. Tobiah had his bearers set him down. After straightening his clothes, he climbed a stone stairway and beckoned Andrew and the others to follow. At the top of the stairs stood a stone statue. It was not particularly massive, just about 25 feet tall or so. It was clearly a powerful werewolf, now petrified. Beside the statue was a tall, muscular man.

He was frozen mid-leap, his fist smashing into the werewolf's face and tearing flesh. Though the statue had captured that single moment forever, the explosive power and impact seemed to burst forth from the stone. The leaping man's other hand had pierced the werewolf progenitor's heart. Meanwhile, the werewolf's massive head was lowered, its two giant fangs buried deep in the man's neck. Tobiah brought over a bowl of some liquid and splashed it before the statue. Othniel led the other warriors, including Hershel, to kneel before the strong man in the statue.

They chanted in the Highland Tribe's language, clearly performing some kind of worship. ---- Andrew and his group watched from the side without interfering. Knox stepped forward and also knelt and bowed. Then, he stood and said to Andrew, "This is our Highland Tribe's forbidden ground. The larger figure in the statue is Fenrir, the first werewolf progenitor. The other man is our ancestor, Arcturus the Unbroken." Andrew nodded and reached out to touch the statue. Tobiah warned him, "Andrew, once you touch it, you'll be drawn into a vision of the ancient battle between Arcturus and Fenrir.

Also, Fenrir's statue is formed from pure dark energy. Anyone who touches it will be corrupted and their mind tainted, so please be extremely careful." Andrew only paused for a moment at these words before calmly placing his hand on the statue. His entire body shook, and everything before his eyes faded away. Nyx and the others vanished. In their place, he found himself plunged into an ancient battle, with thunderous roars and the sounds of slaughter suddenly flooding his ears.

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Chapter 3097

[695 words]

---- Chapter 3097 Andrew's vision blurred at first, then gradually sharpened into focus. He saw beneath the bleak earth a world of devastation and raging war, fires blazing across the landscape. Black castles crumbled, consumed by flames. Villages burned one after another, and towering Highland Tribe warriors clutched their wives and children, leaping desperately to escape. Yet, they could not outrun the collapsing ravines that opened beneath them, swallowing them whole into eternal darkness. On the distant plains, two mighty beings fought to the death.

Fenrir's fur bristled like black steel needles, each strand gleaming with an oily sheen that rippled with every savage movement. This was a werewolf far more massive than even Kaelen. His eyes were not the typical green glow or black pupils common among werewolves. Instead, his eyes blazed blood-red, just like a vampire's. Its wide mouth was soaked in crimson, though it was unclear whether the blood belonged to itself or its enemy. Razor-sharp white fangs lined his jaws below the lips, and from deep in his throat came thunderous, rumbling growls that never ceased.

---- Standing against Fenrir was Arcturus. He was a powerfully built man with his upper body bare. His hair fell to his shoulders, partially covering his face. Yet, the exposed jawline, nose bridge, and lips looked as if they had been carved from stone, sharp and intimidating. With a roar, Arcturus planted his bare feet on the fractured earth, launched himself high into the air, and slammed his fist directly into Fenrir's enormous mouth. Howling in pain, Fenrir retaliated with a swipe of his claws, tearing bloody gashes across Arcturus' chest. Arcturus seemed to feel no pain at all.

He threw his head back with a roar and commanded his people to retreat. At this point, the Highland Tribe warriors were clearly losing ground and could no longer hold the line, yet wave after wave of werewolf armies kept coming. The horizon was a dark tide of werewolves, crawling forward on all fours, their guttural snarls swallowing the sky. The brave Highland Tribe warriors wielded battle axes, swinging them with devastating force. Werewolves yelped as they were sent flying, limbs scattered everywhere, blood flowing like rivers. But there were simply too many werewolves.

Even the most formidable Highland Tribe warriors eventually ---- exhausted themselves and fell, overwhelmed by the werewolf horde and finally consumed by the masses. Arcturus threw his head back with a grief-stricken roar. The muscles across his body swelled without limit, and his frame seemed to grow even larger. He drove his fist down, and the ground collapsed instantly. A solid shockwave of pure force slammed into Fenrir's chest. He wailed in agony, flipped over backwards, his chest caving in with a visible crater. But in the next instant, Fenrir sprang back to his feet and charged again.

Finally leaping forward, he sent Arcturus flying, carving a deep trench across the earth where he crashed. The battle between these two primordial beings quickly reached a fever pitch. Arcturus roared as he summoned blood-red lightning between his hands, wielding it like whips to bind Fenrir. Then, he struck directly at Fenrir's eyes. In that moment, Fenrir had one eyeball explode outright, and he screamed in torment.

Nonetheless, this only unleashed his savage fury even further. He charged across the ground, dodging and weaving at breakneck speed.

Even with Andrew's current level of power, he could not fully ---- track Fenrir's movements. He felt a deep shock, realizing the first -generation werewolf progenitor was far too powerful. More importantly, this creature had once been a slave to Lilith, the Vampire Queen. So, just how powerful must the sole Queen of Vampires be? As Andrew's thoughts raced and he watched without blinking, Arcturus and Fenrir collided once more.

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Chapter 3098

[650 words]

---- Chapter 3098 Blood mixed with scorching heat as it sprayed outward, brutal yet awe-inspiring. Fenrir let out an earth-shaking howl of agony. At his chest, Arcturus' fist had already driven straight through, dealing catastrophic damage to his heart. At the brink of death, Fenrir spread his arms and suddenly pulled Arcturus into a crushing embrace. Then, he lowered his head, and his savage fangs sank deep into Arcturus' neck. The golden light in Arcturus' eyes, once blazing, froze in an instant. After that, it slowly dimmed until all divine radiance vanished completely.

At the same time, Fenrir's arms loosened bit by bit. In the end, both figures collapsed in a twisted posture, their lives extinguished together. What remained were countless corpses and a shattered, ruined battlefield. This land had once held the Highland Tribe's beloved mountains, fields, and quiet valleys. It had also been home to the werewolves' dark, ancient castles, all of which were destroyed by the flames of war. Andrew did not dare lose focus and continued watching. He saw ---- the sun and moon cycle, the land shift, and mountains and rivers rise and fall without pause.

It was as if time itself had been fast-forwarded before his eyes. After an unknown span of ages and endless changes, mountains rose while plains collapsed. Gradually, the land became the Highland Tribe canyon Andrew had first seen, along with the wetlands nestled within it. The figures Arcturus and the Fenrir, locked in mutual destruction, still stood tall and unmoving. Only now did they slowly turn into statues, their surfaces fading and weathered by wind and time. Everything before Andrew's eyes dimmed and drained of color. Andrew shook his head and pulled himself back to awareness.

He realized he had returned to reality, where Nyx and the others were watching him with tense expressions. When they saw him awaken, they rushed forward at once. Tobiah trembled as he asked, "How was it? Were you able to hold on?" A smile slowly appeared on Andrew's face as he replied, " Fortunately, I didn't fail, and I didn't lose myself in the illusion. Chief, I saw your ancestor, Arcturus, and I also saw the first werewolf progenitor, Fenrir." ---- "Wonderful!" Tobiah said excitedly, his eyes filling with shock, joy, and hope.

In the past, any Highland Tribe member, including himself and Othniel, who dared touch the statues would fall into the illusion. Over time, they could not break free and would remain trapped until death claimed them. A few lucky ones could be awakened by desperate shouting from their clansmen, though they would wake drenched in cold sweat. The rest could not be revived, no matter what was done, slowly wasting away until both body and spirit were destroyed.

Othniel asked with both hope and fear, "Then, c-can you remove the curse and poison that Fenrir's bloodline inflicted on our people?" Andrew nodded, then shook his head. "Mr. Fernsby, I don't know if it will work. But I saw the ancient war between your two clans. I have some ideas I want to try out, but whether they'll work or not, I can't say for certain right now." Othniel replied, "Of course... At the very least, you've given us hope." Andrew took a deep breath, turned back to face the statues, and said, "Then I'll begin." Knox and Tobiah held their breath.

---- Othniel and Hershel's eyes were filled with anticipation, while Nyx and Juno also held their breath, not daring to make a sound.

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Chapter 3099

[838 words]

---- Chapter 3099 A mass of white holy light appeared in Andrew's palm. Then, he pressed his hand flat against the statue of the werewolf progenitor Fenrir. With a thunderous boom, layers of material peeled off the statue's surface. An extremely dense wave of darkness burst outward in an instant. It came so fast that Othniel, Nyx, and the others had no time to react before they were swallowed by it. At the same time, everyone heard a single deafening roar. It was unmistakably the howl of the werewolf clan. Tobiah, Hershel, and Juno were the first to collapse.

Blood poured from their eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, and their bodies swayed as they nearly lost consciousness. Nyx and Othniel acted at the same time, forcing themselves to resist the dizziness overwhelming them as they carried the others out one by one. When they retreated from around the statues and reached the stone steps below, they finally escaped the dark aura that had just erupted. Othniel's expression was filled with shock. "Fenrir has been dead for 1000 years, yet he still possesses such terrifying power." ---- Knox protected Tobiah and quickly asked, "Father, how do you feel?"

"Are you alright?" Tobiah shook his head, coughing nonstop. "Don't worry, these old bones can still take it. Mr. Lloyd can actually wield the holy light of Lomuia Grand Cathedral? Could it be that he's a follower of Lomuia Grand Cathedral?" Nyx replied, "Andrew has no connection to the Cathedral. This holy light is a legacy he acquired by chance." Tobiah and Othniel exchanged glances, both confused and shocked. "Only followers of the Cathedral can receive the acknowledgment of holy light. Since Mr.

Lloyd isn't a Cathedral follower, how could he possibly..." Nyx shook his head, indicating she did not know either. Suddenly, the entire ruins, not just where the statues stood, began to shake violently. No one could see Andrew shrouded in that dark aura, however, a massive pillar of dark light suddenly shot skyward from above, piercing straight into the clouds. In an instant, what had been an overcast day transformed into heavy, oppressive darkness. Thick masses of black clouds flew in from the distance, gathering above the forbidden ground.

After that, a huge black ---- vortex emerged from the dark clouds in the sky, slowly descending. It looked as though it was going to settle directly over the forbidden ground, dropping lower and lower. Nyx, Othniel, Tobiah, and the others were all horrified. Othniel said gravely, "This is the reappearance of the werewolf progenitor's power. When Fenrir unleashed his ancestral power, he could trigger such heavenly phenomena." Juno said decisively, "Let's go, Nyx. We need to get in there and save Andrew, now!" Nyx had wanted to act, but suddenly grabbed Juno and shook her head.

"Wait a bit longer. If the situation keeps getting worse, I'll go in, and you stay outside." Within the tangible dark aura, Andrew's body began to be invaded by Fenrir's ancestral essence. The Dark Clans, such as werewolves, vampires, and sirens, all naturally carried a corrosive nature. For example, a vampire's fangs and blood, a werewolf's infection, and a siren's temptation could all lead humans to fall into corruption or death. A trace of pain appeared between Andrew's brows. Ordinary dark aura had no effect on him whatsoever.

After all, he had already absorbed werewolf hearts and blood cores, so naturally, ---- he would not fear common corruption. Nonetheless, Fenrir was the first ancestor of the werewolf clan, the very first werewolf in existence. It could be said that any aura emanating from Fenrir's body was lethal. Unknown to anyone, changes began occurring inside Andrew's body. As Fenrir's dark, primal essence invaded, a milky-white radiance also began to circulate. Then, it suddenly clashed with the dark, primal essence, fighting and entangling with it.

Beyond that, the Blood-Eyed Black Dragon mark on Andrew's chest suddenly lit up as well. The ancestral power of the Lloyd family, which was the totem power, also began participating in the battle to destroy Fenrir's dark aura. Three completely different primal essences used Andrew's body as their battlefield, fighting and crushing each other. Andrew's body simply could not withstand it all at once. Opening his mouth, he spat out a huge mouthful of fresh blood, directly splashing onto Arcturus' statue.

At this moment, Andrew could only maintain that single thread of clarity in his mind, channeling the holy light with all his 'strength to try to suppress the residual ferocity left behind in the statue by Fenrir. Beyond that, he could not manage anything else and did not ---- even notice what was happening

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Chapter 3100

[777 words]

---- Chapter 3100 Andrew did not see that the blood he had coughed up was not dripping to the ground, but rather gradually seeping into the interior of Arcturus' statue. Suddenly, Arcturus' statue trembled slightly, and the hand that was thrust into Fenrir's heart turned bright red This change immediately provoked a reaction from Fenrir's, statue. Even more dark aura surged forth with increasing violence, cascading down like a waterfall to engulf Andrew. However, that red glow that had appeared was even more domineering.

It instantly transformed into thin streaks of red lightning, flowing out from Arcturus' hand. Then, it rapidly spread across Fenrir's entire body, crackling and hissing as the dark aura froze momentarily before being rapidly dissolved. Andrew's pained expression was eased But at this moment, another crisis emerged. The black vortex in the sky had nearly pressed down to ground level. From within it, the phantom of a massive wolf's head suddenly emerged, incredibly ferocious and vicious. It unleashed a powerful, violent howl toward the ground.

This single howl gave the aura within Fenrir's statue a ---- tremendous boost. It immediately counterattacked Andrew, instantly impacting him so that the holy light in his hands dimmed infinitely. Seeing that the light looked as though it was about to be completely extinguished, Andrew's heart grew cold. He knew that once the holy light was extinguished, he would inevitably suffer Fenrir's backlash. At that point, he would

either die or be gravely injured. Just a remnant statue and lingering dark energy from the first werewolf progenitor still carried such terrifying power after 1000 years.

If Fenrir had been alive, the terror of the first ancestor of the werewolves would have been unimaginable. Just as Andrew was about to lose his hold, the red lightning in Arcturus' hand seemed to panic as well, flashing wildly and erratically. Suddenly, in one burst, it shot out from Fenrir's statue and into Andrew's hand. Following that, it traveled up Andrew's arm in one swift motion, instantly surging into his mind Andrew felt his consciousness flicker like a flame struck by a violent gust, plunging him into chaos as his world spun violently.

When he finally regained consciousness, he discovered that inside his body there was now a strand of red light he could freely control. ---- This red light was precisely Arcturus' ultimate killing move that had slain Fenrir. Andrew naturally understood what the red lightning was. Arcturus' Wrath, also known as Primordial Thunder. At this moment, Andrew was already surrounded by Fenrir's dark aura, in critical danger. Without a second thought, he unleashed the red lightning, striking outward suddenly. The white holy light in his left hand surged violently.

Correspondingly, in his right hand, the red lightning, which was the Primordial Thunder, struck forth like a bolt from the heavens. Two high-level powers surged forth, crashing directly into Fenrir's massive werewolf ancestor statue. The surrounding dark aura let out a shrill, mournful wail. It was the howl of a giant wolf, filled with pain, struggle, despair, terror, and overwhelming rage. The dark aura instantly retreated, shrinking back into the statue in one motion. The enormous black vortex in the sky collapsed at once.

In moments, it dispersed completely, revealing a patch of sky once more. ---- Fenrir's statue began to shatter. One piece, two pieces, three pieces, more and more fragments broke away. Then, with a thunderous crash, it completely disintegrated before Andrew. Immediately after, Arcturus' statue also shattered. From within, tiny points of red light flew out, circling in the air for a moment before merging into Knox's body. All of this sounds complicated to describe, but in reality, it happened within just a few breaths. All the darkness had receded.

Within the Highland Tribe forbidden ground, the two ancestor- level existences that had been entwined for a thousand years were reduced to dust. The feud and enmity spanning a millennium seemed to have finally reached its conclusion in the mysterious beyond. Nyx rushed forward, supporting Andrew, and asked with concern, "How do you feel?" Andrew closed his eyes, immersed in sensing his body. He was certain that inside his body, there was now a strand of red lightning. This lightning was remarkable, as if it had already fused with his flesh and blood.

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