

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 3101

[762 words]

---- Chapter 3101 With a shift of thought, Andrew opened his right hand. A tiny spark of lightning flickered to life in his palm, crackling and dancing like a tiny red sprite that refused to stay still. Othniel stepped forward, his expression a mix of shock and complicated emotion. He stared at Andrew for a long moment before murmuring, "That's the original power of our Arcturus, the Primal Thunder. I never imagined it would choose you, Mr. Lloyd. Tobiah also walked up to Andrew, his aged face trembling as he opened his mouth, yet no words came out.

In the end, it all turned into a long sigh as he dropped to his knees and said with deep gratitude, "Thank you for lifting the thousand-year curse and poison from the Highland Tribe. I'm endlessly grateful and have no way to repay you." Othniel knelt as well, pulling Hershel down with him. Andrew quickly helped them to their feet, saying with embarrassment, "Chief, I don't think I really helped much! On the contrary, the statue was destroyed, and Arcturus' inherited power somehow ended up inside me by accident." Tobiah hastily replied, "Mr. Lloyd, you misunderstand!

You truly ---- did save our tribe. Knox here has already inherited Arcturus's ancestral power." Andrew looked at Knox in surprise. Knox nodded firmly and finally broke into a smile. "I feel incredibly powerful right now!" As he spoke, he raised both hands, and a tremendous aura swirled around him. Red lightning, just like Othniel's, crackled from his palms. However, it was slightly different from what was inside Andrew's body. It lacked Andrew's dark crimson hue and that sense of primordial, overwhelming pressure. Tobiah explained, "Knox also received his ancestor's inherited power!

The Arcturus bloodline has finally been fully awakened in his body. But you, Mr. Lloyd, don't carry our ancestor's bloodline. Yet what you possess is our Arcturus' most fundamental Primordial Thunder. In other words, Mr. Lloyd, you've directly inherited Arcturus' power. From this day forward, you would be able to face the werewolf progenitors head-on without being suppressed by rank or bloodline." Andrew took a deep breath and smiled.

"As long as it hasn't caused any problems for the Highland Tribe, that's all that matters." ---- Othniel chimed in with a laugh, "Not only has it caused no problems, but on the contrary, Mr. Lloyd, you've formed an extraordinary bond with our tribe!" Juno finally got

a chance to talk to Knox, her face full of irritation. "Knox, you're stronger than me now, is that it?" Knox started showing off, revealing his true nature. "Juno, you're no match for me anymore. You'd better be more respectful to me from now on. Otherwise..." Juno pursed her lips. "I don't care if you're Arcturus' descendant.

Try laying a finger on me, and you'll pay for it! Don't forget how many times I saved your life back when we were fighting side by side." Knox laughed heartily and scratched his head. "You know what kind of person I am. Juno, even if I've gotten stronger, I'm still your little brother." Nyx could not help but laugh, completely speechless at Knox's shameless bootlicking. Tobiah was in high spirits, and Othniel and the other Highland Tribe members all wore joyful expressions. They all urged everyone to hurry back to the tribe to announce the good news.

After that, they would hold a grand bonfire celebration to express their gratitude and praise for Andrew, their benefactor. ---- However, just as they turned around and had barely walked a few steps back, a tall Highland Tribe warrior came stumbling toward them from the path, covered in blood! "Chief, Mr. Fernsby, something terrible has happened. The werewolf army is launching a massive attack on the mountain fortress. We can't hold them off!" After struggling to deliver the message, the warrior collapsed.

On his back, three deep gashes torn by werewolves were visible, and he looked like he was about to die. Tobiah and Othniel were the first to turn pale. "This is bad! Quick, we need to get back. The commotion we caused here must have alerted the werewolves' Dark Sacred Mountain, and the remaining werewolf progenitors are furious!"

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 3102

[852 words]

---- Chapter 3102 Andrew's expression turned cold as he crouched down and treated the wounded warrior first. With his exceptional medical skill, even a man already standing at death's door was dragged back to life. Othniel was overwhelmed with gratitude and deep admiration. He ordered another warrior to escort the injured man back to the Highland Tribe settlement. The rest of them rushed straight toward the Highland Tribe's mountain fortress. The fortress stood at the far end of the tribe's territory. On both sides, towering canyon walls rose, forming a natural barrier.

In the narrow passage between the canyons, a massive stone fortress had been erected, standing at least 300 feet tall. When Andrew and the others arrived at the mountain fortress under Othniel and Hershel's lead, the entire fortress was already crawling with werewolves. Only a handful of Highland Tribe warriors remained, but they still gripped their battle axes and broadswords, fighting desperately against the transformed werewolves. However, after a series of agonizing screams, the Highland warriors were overwhelmed and killed one by one. ---- The fortress above was a scene of utter carnage.

Seeing his people slaughtered, Othniel's face twisted with fury and grief "I was only gone for a moment, but the werewolf clan launched a full-scale invasion. Mr. Lloyd, I'm asking you all to help protect the Chief first. Hershel, follow me into battle!" The father-son duo roared as they began their charge from ground level. Then, they leaped directly onto the mountain wall, climbing like agile apes as they bounded toward the fortress above. Othniel was extraordinarily powerful, among the elite of martial gods. His raw strength in particular had reached devastating levels.

He unleashed the Highland Tribe's strongest inherited power, wielding crimson lightning, and once he landed on the fortress, he went on an absolute rampage. Tobiah stared at the darkening sky and the werewolves continuously appearing on the fortress, his face filled with worry and fear. He murmured to himself, "Something's not right... It's been many years since the werewolves attacked our tribe with such reckless abandon. The only explanation is that the destruction of Fenrir's statue has triggered an uprising at the werewolves' Dark Sacred Mountain.

Quick, get back to the tribe, gather all our warriors, and prepare for a fight to the death." ---- As Tobiah's mind raced, he shouted orders to a Highland warrior beside him. That warrior turned and sprinted away Tobiah said to Andrew and the others, "Mr. Lloyd, the fortress will most likely fall. Originally, the werewolf army had mostly deployed to the Wastelands to fight the Cathedral, so they weren't much of a threat to our Highland Tribe! But now, it seems the situation has changed! "The fortress falling isn't Othniel's fault; it was inevitable.

Our tribe was never a match for the werewolves to begin with. The only thing we can do now is abandon the fortress, retreat to our tribe, and fight the werewolves to the death! So everyone, please come back with me. We can't take any risks!" Knox gritted his teeth. "Father, I'm not leaving! You go back first. I'm going to join Othniel and Hershel to defend our tribe!" Tobiah shouted, "You fool! Can't you see the werewolf army is coming in force, and the fortress has already fallen?" Knox stubbornly replied, "I didn't have a choice before because I was useless.

But now that the Arcturus' bloodline in my body has awakened... If I still behave like a coward, what right do I have to call myself your son? What right would I have to lead our Highland Tribe to freedom in the future?" Tobiah was about to say something more when Andrew ---- laughed. "Chief, I think Knox is right. Since he's already activated the Arcturus' bloodline and fully mastered his strength... Then, as a man, he should fight

and bleed for the Highland Tribe and for you! And of course, there's me too." Tobiah quickly responded, "Mr. Lloyd, you've already helped our tribe so much.

How could I have the nerve to ask you to risk yourself again? Absolutely not!" Andrew's Godslayer began to tremble in his hand as his voice turned cold. "Chief, by helping the Highland Tribe, I'm also helping myself in a way! The werewolf clan needs to be wiped out!" Before Tobiah could say anything else, Andrew had already given his orders. "Juno, escort Chief Weiser back to the tribe! Nyx, we're moving out!" Nyx nodded.

"Alright!" Juno did not waste time and headed back to the Highland Tribe with Tobiah and two warriors, At the same time, she reminded Andrew, Nyx, and Knox to stay safe. Nyx smiled. "Knox, come with me. Let's see what Arcturus' descendant is really made of!"

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 3103

[885 words]

---- Chapter 3103 The implication was clear. Nyx did not fully trust Knox to face werewolves head-on for the first time. With her by his side, any sudden danger could be dealt with immediately. Knox did not underestimate the situation, and together with Nyx, he charged toward the fortress. Meanwhile, Andrew remained at the rear and did not rush to make a move. From the moment they arrived, a pitch-black, terrifying aura from the far end of the fortress had already caught his attention. Since the other party had not moved, Andrew saw no reason to act first.

Although there were thousands of werewolves swarming the fortress, they could be easily killed. After all, they were no match for him. What he truly needed to face was the werewolf progenitor currently hidden among the werewolf army on that side of the fortress. It was not a Werewolf Lord or a Werewolf Prince, but a being at the progenitor level. This alone showed just how much commotion had been caused inside the Highland Tribe's forbidden ground earlier. Step by step, Andrew slowly began climbing up the fortress.

---- Meanwhile, on the other side of the fortress, upon the darkened earth, countless werewolf troops stretched as far as the eye could see. At this moment, they had all transformed into bloodthirsty beasts with glowing red eyes. Arestless, violent tension

hung over the entire werewolf army. Many young werewolves, craving slaughter and flesh, had grown irritable and were roaring continuously while attacking their own companions. The Werewolf Prince, Edmund, who commanded them, had not transformed and still maintained his tall human form.

On his gleaming bald head was a tattoo that ran from his forehead to the back of his skull. He wore a shiny black trench coat, black leather pants, and black leather shoes. His chest was completely bare, revealing only dark chest hair and bulging muscles. "Progenitor, the boys can't wait any longer. When can we launch a full assault?" Edmund's own temper was flaring as he turned to ask the short old man behind him. The old man's height only reached Edmund's chest. His entire body was shriveled, with just a few sparse gray hairs on his head. He looked like he was on death's door.

---- However, his eyes were amber-colored, and the cruelty and savagery within them made even Edmund afraid to meet his gaze. Ragnar Marrock, the Third Werewolf Progenitor and pure-blooded offspring of the first progenitor, Fenrir. He showed no reaction to Edmund's urging, his amber eyes simply stared viciously at the fortress, pondering who knew what. Suddenly, two young, massive werewolves could no longer contain themselves and let out challenging growls in Ragnar's direction. These bloodthirsty werewolves were Edmund's subordinates.

Having never seen this shriveled old man before, they could not sense any threat from him. Therefore, they did not take Ragnar seriously at all. Fueled by agitation, they dared not provoke Edmund, so they bared their fangs at Ragnar. A hoarse, unpleasant laugh slowly emerged from Ragnar's mouth. "Edmund, my servant, my obedient child, you may let your boys attack now! I have seen the prey, prey that belongs only to me, and it looks delicious." Edmund was startled. "Progenitor, you mean you're going to join the fight yourself?" ---- Ragnar looked up, glanced at him, and smiled menacingly.

"Why not? I already told you, on that fortress is my prey, my delicious prey!" Edmund immediately lowered his head, not daring to meet Ragnar's gaze. Ordinary werewolves, whose rank was too low, simply could not sense Ragnar's terror and horror. However, Edmund, as a prince-level werewolf and martial god powerhouse, understood all too well, Ragnar could probably snap his neck in a single exchange! That was the brutality and authority of a werewolf progenitor. Edmund let out a roar and swept his large hand toward the fortress.

Instantly, countless werewolves charged forward recklessly, launching a full-scale assault on the mountain fortress. The black tide of fury looked like it would smash the fortress to pieces. The two werewolves who had roared at Ragnar earlier had just turned and rushed two steps forward when they let out agonized screams, their whimpers filled with overwhelming terror. Ragnar had reached out from behind and grabbed both ---- werewolves by their necks.

With his tiny, shriveled body, he easily lifted the two massive werewolves that weighed over a thousand pounds each. Then, with a gentle squeeze, the two young werewolves

died for their earlier offense, dead beyond any doubt. Ragnar wore an indescribable smile that sent chills down the spine. He hunched his body slightly and followed the other werewolves, beginning his charge. However, in just two steps, he crossed over thousands of feet and shot straight up to the fortress. What greeted him was a massive blade of energy, cleaving straight down toward his head.

Ragnar's expression turned vicious as he snarled, "You are asking for it!"

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 3104

[669 words]

---- Chapter 3104 Stretching out his skeletal hand, Ragnar directly caught Andrew's massive black-red sword strike. Then, with a forceful squeeze, using only his physical strength, he crushed the sword beam to pieces. Andrew stood atop the fortress, holding Godslayer, coldly watching Ragnar rise into the air. The latter examined Andrew and spoke in a raspy voice. "A man from Holtrien? How did you end up mixed up with the Highland Tribe?" Andrew did not answer but asked back, "Which werewolf progenitor are you?" Ragnar smiled grimly. "The Third Progenitor, Lord Ragnar Marrock.

Now that you know my esteemed name, get on your knees and let me drain your brain and rip out your spine. Don't worry. I won't tear you apart directly. I'll transform you into one of my servants, making you an undead for eternity to serve me!" Andrew replied flatly, "You talk too much, you monster! I think you should follow Fenrir and meet your end!" Ragnar suddenly flew into a rage, opening his mouth to let out a beast-like roar. Endless savage light shot from his amber eyes. ---- He growled, "I will tear you apart, you lowly insect!" He shot forward, viciously clawing at Andrew.

Andrew blocked with his great sword, only to feel primordial power surging toward him. His heart jolted. Indeed, Ragnar was a progenitor of werewolves. The force of this single strike far exceeded anything Othniel, Kaelen, and other powerhouses could compare to. Andrew's sword slashed wildly, each strike carrying tremendous force in wide, sweeping arcs, mighty and fierce. Ragnar's face was twisted in a snarl, and without any exaggerated movements, he simply struck out with his withered palms. Andrew's sword beams were dispersed by those slaps. This.

ancient creature had lived for 1000 years and had become something nearly unkillable. That thought flashed through Andrew's mind. Taking a deep breath, he charged down from the fortress. Ragnar turned his head and laughed wickedly. "Trying to escape? Do you think you can get away from me?" He immediately gave chase, instantly closing the distance with ---- Andrew. Werewolves themselves did not possess flight abilities like vampires, but Ragnar did not need flight. His charging leaps could reach heights of dozens or even hundreds of feet.

On the ground, he rampaged like a primordial war machine, capable of smashing even mountain peaks. Meanwhile, Edmund led the werewolf army atop the fortress, locked in bloody combat with Othniel and the mere dozen remaining Highland Tribe warriors. Originally, the Highland Tribe would have been utterly defeated. However, Nyx and Knox's arrival had turned the tide. Knox swung his arms, red lightning wrapped around them as he charged and slaughtered relentlessly. Wherever he passed, werewolf limbs were severed as they howled and fell from the fortress.

Othniel roared like thunder, locked in fierce battle with Edmund Both were martial god-level powerhouses and strength-type berserkers. Combined with the ancestral hatred carved into their bloodlines, the fight instantly became one of mutual destruction. Edmund's savage roars tore through the air as his leather coat burst apart. His bulging muscles swelled even larger. He had transformed. ---- In an instant, a massive werewolf with dark red fur appeared atop the fortress. Othniel's eyes filled with hatred as he raised his cavalry saber and brutally slashed forward.

The giant werewolf reared up on its hind legs, its steel-like claws striking out violently. In that moment, the two berserkers exchanged blow for blow, trading life for life. Othniel roared, "Edmund, you want to wipe out my tribe? It won't be that easy! At the very least, you're going to die here with us!" +

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 3105

[735 words]

---- Chapter 3105 Edmund roared and beat his chest. "Othniel, your tribe has long been worthless! For 1000 years, you've been hiding and cowering, barely surviving. Compared to us werewolves, you're nothing but a third-rate race! No matter how stubbornly you resist, you can't avoid being wiped out. "The werewolves will tear apart

your women, children, and rip off the heads of your men! Progenitor Ragnar is taking action himself. Soon, you'll experience what true despair really means!" The mention of Ragnar made Othniel's face turn deathly pale with fear.

Edmund seized the opportunity and clawed three deep gashes across his chest. With a roaring howl, Edmund pounced on Othniel and pinned him against the wall. Drool dripped from the massive wolf's maw as it lunged to bite off Othniel's head. With countless Highland Tribe warriors lying dead around him, and knowing Ragnar had arrived, despair surged in Othniel's heart. He could not help but feel like the heavens themselves had turned against the Highland Tribe. Even Ragnar, the Third --- Progenitor of the Werewolves, had taken the field. What chance did they even have left to hold the line?

Suddenly, a streak of blue light carved a graceful arc through the air. Edmund howled in pain as his massive body jerked upright, and a huge gash tore open across the back of his neck. He spun toward the attacker and unleashed a furious roar. If he had not pulled back at the last instant, his head would have been sliced clean off. Nyx hovered in midair before Edmund, her expression blank. Then, she shot forward at explosive speed, her figure vanishing into thin air. Edmund wanted to take advantage of the moment to finish off his old rival, Othniel.

However, the threat Nyx posed was simply too intense. Roaring furiously, he gave chase after Nyx instead: Edmund's rampage had destroyed the wall. "Mr. Fernsby, if you lose your fighting spirit because of this and give in to despair, then everything Andrew has done will be for nothing." --- Nyx's voice echoed into Othniel's ears from all directions, cold and emotionless. She continued, "You're a member of the Highland Tribe. If even you give up and don't believe in yourself or in all your Highland Tribe people, then what was the point of Andrew fighting for the Highland Tribe?

What meaning would any of it have?" The anguish on Othniel's face froze, and then his dull eyes slowly brightened. He glanced down at Andrew, who had descended into the battle below and was locked in a death struggle with Ragnar. Othniel nodded heavily and said through gritted teeth, "Thank you, Ms. Kerrigan, for that reminder. Just now, I'd let fear control me... Our tribe has endured 1000 years of hardship. It's nothing compared to this moment. Death means nothing to me. I'd rather be dead than let down my family or Mr. Lloyd." Nyx snorted coldly.

"The ones you're letting down are yourself, your people, and Hershel, who's fighting to the death on this wall right now!" Shame washed over Othniel as he clenched his fists. "Edmund, you heartless beast, I'm going to cut off your head!" With a roar, crimson lightning surged around his body as he lunged forward. --- Edmund's massive werewolf body turned. Yet, before he could strike back, Othniel grabbed him. They grappled violently, falling from the fortress, their furious roars echoing as they plummeted. Nyx reappeared and asked Knox, "How are you holding up?"

Can you keep going?" Knox was drenched in sweat, his body ripped open by several wounds. Even so, he still replied stubbornly, "Relax. I'm fine." He charged back into the fray, blocking the gap where werewolves kept climbing up. Nyx's eyes filled with concern. She wanted to help Andrew, but she could not intervene in his battle with Ragnar because she might end up hindering Andrew. So instead, she shot off to assist Hershel. Wherever her blue- glowing dagger passed, werewolves were sliced in half and tumbled down the fortress.

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 3106

[728 words]

---- Chapter 3106 Andrew and Godslayer were slammed brutally by Ragnar and smashed directly into the fortress wall. Rubble rained down in all directions. Andrew grunted. If this had been before, he would have definitely coughed up blood. However, at this moment, he only felt intense pain throughout his body before recovering. Compared to before, his body had clearly grown tougher by more than one level, and that realization flashed through his mind. Gripping his sword, Andrew faced Ragnar from a distance, his expression ice cold. Ragnar stared back at Andrew with equally savage eyes.

He could not quite figure out how this weak human was still alive. That last hit should have split open even those of Edmund and Kaelen. Yet this human seemed only somewhat hurt, with no major damage. Low growls squeezed out of Ragnar's throat. Andrew's eye suddenly widened as he watched a werewolf, not particularly massive, slowly transforming before him. ---- Muscles emerged on Ragnar's withered body. Blue-green blood vessels appeared one by one, blood flowing through them as they spread across his entire form. The transformed werewolf stood only about 15 feet tall.

Though imposing, it was still significantly smaller compared to werewolf princes like Edmund and Kaelen. Yet, Ragnar's werewolf form gave Andrew an indescribable sense of danger. When those amber, savage eyes locked onto him, Andrew felt every hair on his body stand on end "You should be proud that a mere human like you managed to make me reveal my true form to kill!" Ragnar growled, then charged forward. Andrew thrust his great sword forward, his eyes turning equally fierce. With a clang, Ragnar's werewolf claw knocked the sword aside.

His other claw moved at blinding speed and grabbed for Andrew's throat. Andrew tilted his head, his legs intertwining as they wrapped around Ragnar's thick werewolf neck, Both the man and the wolf crashed toward the ground. A huge crater exploded into existence. However, neither figure ---- could be seen inside it. When the dust settled slightly, Andrew and Ragnar's forms emerged on opposite sides of the crater. Somehow, they had locked into another standoff. Ragnar's amber pupils snapped into narrow slits. Dense dark energy coiled around his massive body.

Andrew felt sharp pain prickling across his skin. He knew this aura far too well. It was the power of Fenrir, the First Werewolf Progenitor, devouring everything in its path. Without hesitation, the black and crimson glow faded from Andrew's greatsword. In its place, blazing white holy light erupted, and he slashed forward. Ragnar roared as the holy light struck him head-on, sending him rolling across the ground for over 100 feet. Explosions crackled across his body as burns spread everywhere. He hissed, "That cursed Cathedral holy light.

Are you from the Lomuia Grand Cathedral?" Then, Ragnar bellowed in fury before lunging forward again. His agile werewolf body flipped through the air with terrifying speed. Andrew retreated again and again, knowing that Ragnar was ---- nearly unbeatable in close combat. However, the holy light clearly harmed Ragnar. So, Andrew kept swinging his sword. Wave after wave of white radiance, like a surging river, slammed into Ragnar. Although the damage was not fatal, he was completely enraged. He threw his head back and let out a long, piercing howl toward the sky.

The already gloomy sky above the Highland stronghold darkened even further, and it was as if night had fallen in an instant. Andrew's heart sank. Sure enough, the black clouds parted and revealed a full moon, and Ragnar's body doubled in size. He now stood an astonishing 30 feet tall, moving like a beast. Even Kaelen and Edmund were completely overshadowed. 'As expected of a Werewolf Progenitor' Andrew thought and immediately grabbed his sword, sprinting across the ground. Thunderous footsteps chased after him.

In just two breaths, Ragnar crossed the distance and landed directly in front of Andrew. He opened his massive jaws, and the stench rushing toward Andrew nearly made him vomit.

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 3107

[777 words]

---- Chapter 3107 Andrew's great sword, wreathed in holy light, slashed out repeatedly. However, the strikes landing on the giant wolf had no effect. Or rather, the effect was negligible, only burning the giant wolf's fur, causing no real harm. Despite his massive size, his speed and agility remained undiminished. As Ragnar charged, Andrew slid low across the ground, passing beneath his belly. He thought he had escaped, but the massive tail suddenly whipped around. Andrew could not hold on any longer and spat out a mouthful of blood as he was sent flying.

As the giant, savage wolf walked toward him step by step, deep footprints sank into the ground. Andrew lay face down on the ground, motionless. Unseen by anyone, a blood-red lightning bolt sparked from the palm gripping his sword. At first, it was just a tiny electric spark. But gradually, the spark grew to the size of a hand with a crackling sound. It was Primordial Thunder. ---- The giant wolf, slowly walking forward to devour Andrew, suddenly stopped. For reasons it could not explain, a sense of danger surged in its heart.

Yet across a thousand years of life, slaughter had been carved into its instincts, and fear had appeared only a handful of times. As Ragnar shook his head, the faint unease was buried once more. He opened his massive jaws, leapt into the air, and came crashing down, ready to erase Andrew completely. Before Andrew even stood up, blood-red lightning surged from Godslayer. Then, a towering crimson beam of light shot skyward, striking directly into the descending giant wolf's body. The strike landed squarely on the beast's abdomen Ragnar, a Werewolf Progenitor, was effectively immortal.

However, being immortal did not mean having no weaknesses. The abdomen of his true wolf form was one of the softer points. Primordial Lightning could even kill Fenrir, the First Werewolf Progenitor. So, how could Ragnar withstand it? A piercing, agonized howl burst from Ragnar's jaws. Andrew's body slid across the ground for hundreds of feet before shooting into the air, his face ice cold with a trace of ruthlessness. ---- Once again, his sword tip was wreathed in crimson thunder as it violently struck down.

Ragnar was struck by the Primordial Thunder again, his entire body stiffening as he crashed to the ground. "Arcturus' Primordial Thunder... and it's from the source." Ragnar's voice carried a hint of panic and deep, venomous hatred. His massive wolf body leaped several hundred feet away before he spoke harshly to Andrew. "Who exactly are you? What did the Highland Tribe do? Why would they let you possess Primordial Thunder?" As the words fell, Ragnar lowered his head and vomited massive amounts of blood, mixed with what looked like organs. Andrew said nothing and raised his sword to attack.

Crimson Primordial Thunder descended from the sky, and threads of red electricity spread across the heavens. It looked as if blood had flooded the air, and a crimson sea was falling from above. In truth, Ragnar was not seriously injured. For a Werewolf

Progenitor, any wound could regenerate instantly, even something as severe as losing limbs. ---- Yet, Ragnar felt an instinctive terror toward the Primordial Lightning. This fear was unavoidable and deeply etched into his bloodline because the First Werewolf Progenitor had died from Arcturus' Primordial Thunder.

That mark of death would be passed down forever. Low-level werewolf soldiers felt almost nothing. However, the higher the rank, from lords to princes and all the way to progenitors, the clearer that fear became as their power grew. So amid furious howls, Ragnar clashed once more with the descending red lightning. After unleashing a scream filled with absolute agony, the giant wolf turned and fled. Even as he ran, red lightning continued to crackle across his body. "Human, I will have my revenge, endless revenge. You will die beneath my fangs!" The curse echoed from far away.

Ragnar threw his head back and roared toward the sky once more. In the fortress, Edmund and the remaining werewolves felt ---- Ragnar's call. Though they did not understand why, they all tured at once, leaping from the walls and retreating in force. The moment Ragnar fully unleashed his progenitor aura, it became an absolute command to all werewolves.

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 3108

[727 words]

---- Chapter 3108 Nyx and the others continued their pursuit, leaving behind hundreds of werewolf corpses. Finally, they returned to the fortress and watched as the werewolf army retreated like a receding tide. With that, the crisis at the fortress had been resolved. However, the brutal slaughter had left behind more than just countless werewolf corpses. Of the 3000 Highland warriors defending the fortress, nearly all had been wiped out. Othniel and Hershel looked devastated. Hershel was young and could not bear the weight of grief in his heart.

He dropped to his knees on the wall and roared continuously to vent his anguish. Knox said nothing. Despite being covered in blood, he did not stop to rest. Instead, he transported his kinsmen's bodies one by 'one, arranging them properly on the wall. As Nyx waited anxiously, Andrew finally climbed back onto the fortress. His face was slightly pale as he walked straight toward Knox. "Stop moving them and rest for a while,

or your body won't hold up!" ---- Knox shook his head. "Don't worry about me. This is what I need to do." Andrew frowned.

"I know it's what you need to do, but right now, what you most need to do is think about the Highland Tribe's future! The Werewolf Progenitor, Ragnar, has already awakened. The entire Highland Tribe is now hanging by a thread." He added, "This fortress can block the werewolf army, but it can't stop Ragnar, do you understand?" Knox said nothing, biting down hard on his lip until blood flowed freely. Then, he turned and continued carrying the bodies. A cold glint flashed in Andrew's eyes as he said flatly, "I told you to stop and rest.

Do you really think expressing grief like this is not childish and not an insult to your parents? What, are you thinking that if you died too, it would all be over and you would finally be free from the pain of living?" Knox was provoked and suddenly turned around, glaring at Andrew with fury. Andrew raised an eyebrow. "If you think I am wrong, then I will apologize. But Knox, don't forget this is your home, and the ones who died are your people. You should live well, grow stronger, and avenge them.

"Or you can keep doing this, giving up on yourself and using self- ---- torture to escape the pain. How you choose is up to you. I'll not try to persuade you again." With a dull thud, Knox clutched his head. He finally dropped to his knees, gasping for breath. Tears fell freely as sobs broke out. He cried out, "I never imagined the war between the Highland Tribe and the werewolves would be this brutal! Before, I'd never come to the fortress... Father protected me too well! I never thought Mr. Fernsby and the others faced such pressure, constantly in life-or-death danger!

"Today, I witnessed it... I truly witnessed it. I realized how weak and cowardly I am! You're right. I'm a coward, a worthless piece of trash who can't do anything when I see my brothers die!" Crying hard, he pounded the ground repeatedly. His fists immediately became covered in blood. Andrew exhaled and gazed toward the distant Dark Sacred Mountain. That place was shrouded in clouds all year long, steeped in endless darkness. That place was the werewolves' stronghold. "Knox, fight like a man, resist like a man, and never give in.

One day, believe me, you'll redeem your people and save yourself!" As Andrew spoke, a trickle of blood slid from the corner of his mouth, strikingly red. His sword hand also dripped steadily, ---- blood flowing freely. With a clang, Godslayer fell to the ground. Nyx rushed over immediately and grabbed his arm. Upon examination, Andrew's entire body was covered in injuries, and even his internal organs were seriously damaged. "You..." Tears instantly filled Nyx's eyes. Knox looked up. Seeing this, his heart twisted painfully. "Are you okay?"

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 3109

[735 words]

---- Chapter 3109 Andrew looked at Knox and said coldly, "Right now, I see no way to kill Ragnar, that progenitor. I still can't fully control Arcturus' Primordial Thunder or unleash its true power. "Knox, you're the future of the Highland Tribe. I can fight for you now, but one day, you will have to stand alone in front of the entire tribe. So don't give up so easily or lose heart." Knox lowered his head in shame. "I understand. I am sorry about earlier." Andrew smiled. "We are friends. Why say things like that?"

Come on, let us return to the Highland Tribe." All the fallen Highland warriors were carried back and given proper burials. Before the burial, according to Highland Tribe custom, the tribe's shaman would guide all the warriors' spirits back to their ancestral homeland. However, Andrew pointed out that the Highland Tribe had no time because Ragnar and the werewolf army could return at any moment. The fortress alone could not protect the Highland Tribe's land. ---- Knox came to Andrew and asked sincerely, "Tell me, what should I do?" Andrew replied calmly, "You already know what you should do.

Knox, your father is old, and you've awakened the Arcturus bloodline. By right, you have the authority to command the entire tribe. But whether you can shoulder that responsibility is up to you!" Knox turned and strode away. "I understand what you mean. Give me some time, and I'll lead the entire Highland Tribe to relocate and follow you!" Andrew remained silent. Originally, he had only planned to take the Highland Tribe's elite force of 10,000 warriors.

The Dragonfang Legion would be formed from them, and once fully armed, it would be enough to make him the absolute overlord of the Wastelands. Even if faced with the Cathedral or the Ludendorff family in direct warfare, he would have nothing to fear. But now, things were clearly not that simple. The entire Highland Tribe included elders, women, and children, and he could not ignore them. Otherwise, they would only become food for the werewolves, prisoners in chains, or nameless dead. Nyx hesitated before speaking. "I think we can't afford to take responsibility for the entire Highland Tribe.

Andrew, we can't ---- save them all." Andrew still said nothing. Nyx clenched her teeth. "I know what you are thinking. You are too soft-hearted. But this is reality. The dangers of the Wastelands are no less than what they face here. If you bring everyone with us, the burden on your shoulders will be unbearable." Andrew chuckled helplessly.

"Nyx, since you know me and understand my character, you know that no matter how much you say, I'll still do what I believe is right." Nyx froze, then suddenly embraced Andrew and whispered, "You fool, I'm only trying to persuade you because I love you and want you to have less responsibility! But if you won't listen and choose to take it all on... It will only result in one thing: I'll love you even more." In the wooden hall, the Highland Tribe elders gathered together, arguing endlessly.

"Let's fight the werewolf clan to the death Even if our entire tribe dies in battle, we won't let them have it easy!" Someone shouted, "That's right! Let's fight to the death! If our fortress can't stop them, we'll fight with our backs against the ---- wall." Another sighed. "It's useless. Now that the werewolf progenitor has awakened and is personally targeting our tribe, nothing will work. At this rate, our tribe has only one ending: death!" "Everyone, stop arguing. Let's first hold a memorial service for our fallen warriors and pray for their souls.

Our tribe has suffered so much tragedy!" Negative, gloomy emotions weighed on every member of the Highland Tribe. Suddenly, Knox strode into the temple hall. "Everyone, quiet! I believe our tribe still has one way to survive, which is for the entire tribe to relocate and follow Andrew into the Wastelands." Instantly, the room fell into silence.

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 3110

[620 words]

---- Chapter 3110 Tobiah spoke in a low voice. "Knox, you have no right to speak. Step down." However, Knox stood in the center of the hall. He clenched his teeth stubbornly and did not move. An elder of the Highland Tribe scolded him harshly. "You insolent brat. The Highland Tribe has taken root here for hundreds of years. Have we not migrated and fled enough times already? We were driven here from the Wastelands in the first place. Now you want us to go back? Knox, I think you are simply foolish." Knox shot back without hesitation. "Sir, I think you are wrong.

It is precisely because our tribe has never had a stable home and has always been driven out and slaughtered by others. We're always hiding, and that's why now we must finally stand upright. Hiding is not a real solution. Facing it is." The elder sneered. "That's easy for you to say. So tell me, how do we face them?" Knox replied, "By facing

death and confronting them with an attitude of sacrificing everything, by standing tall in this world even if it means being shattered to pieces!" ---- The elder fell silent.

He wanted to argue, but suddenly did not know what to say, Another elder shook his head. "No, absolutely not! Our tribe has taken root here. If we leave now, then hundreds of years of foundation will be destroyed!" Knox shouted, "If it's destroyed, so be it. As long as our warriors remain and the Highland Tribe spirit endures, then anywhere can be our homeland, and we can build a beautiful home again!" Othniel had been silent this whole time. Now he raised his head and glanced at Knox. "Knox, these ideas came from Mr. Lloyd, right?" Knox nodded, then shook his head. "Mr.

Fernsby, he does think this way, but this is also what I believe." Othniel shook his head. "Mr. Lloyd has already proven his friendship and affection toward our tribe. But his original purpose in coming was for our warriors. Now, having our entire tribe follow him? Knox, it's not that I'm being petty. It's that as an elder, I'm worried, afraid, and uncertain!" Knox looked bitter. He wanted to say something bold to reassure everyone, but he had no strength or credibility to back it up. After all, he had only awakened the Arcturus bloodline with Andrew's help.

---- His reputation within the Highland Tribe had barely begun, and his authority was almost nonexistent. Soft footsteps echoed into the hall. Tobiah and the others quickly greeted them. "Mr. Lloyd, Ms. Kerrigan." Andrew and Nyx entered, with Juno following behind them. "Chief, Mr. Fernsby, and all the elders," Andrew greeted them before slowly looking around. He then said in a deep voice, "It is true that when I first came here, I was after the fearless Highland warriors. I won't deny that I had my own selfish motives." Such an open admission made the Highland elders nod quietly.

Othniel showed a hint of shame; as compared to Andrew's honesty, he felt his earlier doubts had been unbecoming. Andrew continued. "But after seeing the simplicity, hospitality, loyalty, and unyielding courage of the Highland warriors. Elders, my heart changed, completely and instantly. Your warriors are good men who love their homeland and cherish their families."

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 3111

[606 words]

---- Chapter 3111 Andrew said, "If I take warriors away, wouldn't that hurt their loved ones, hurt all of you, and even hurt the warriors themselves? Wouldn't that be robbing them of something precious? Without a doubt, it would be. I'm painfully aware of that." Tobiah quickly replied, "Please rest assured. Although we lost many warriors in that last battle, you've done us a tremendous favor. We'll still let our warriors leave with you." Othniel added, "That's right, Mr. Lloyd. The Highland Tribe isn't ungrateful. We will repay what you've done for us." Andrew shook his head.

"I'd be lying if I said I didn't want brave Highland warriors who can fight. But after seeing the Highland Tribe's suffering, my conscience won't let me rest. So I won't take a single Highland warrior with me. "These fine men should stay with their wives, children, and parents. They should fight for their loved ones and battle the werewolves to the bitter end, not follow me far from home, never knowing when they'll return." Everyone in the great hall fell silent. The way they looked at Andrew now was filled with respect and deep emotion.

---- If Andrew's overwhelming power had made the Highland Tribe fearful before, now every Highland warrior respected and admired him from the bottom of their hearts, especially since Andrew had essentially saved them from total annihilation single-handedly during the fortress battle. Without him, no one could have stopped Ragnar's massacre. Tobiah struck his cane heavily against the ground, tears streaming down his weathered face. "Mr. Lloyd, though our tribe faces crisis after crisis, your arrival has been a blessing to us.

You must take some warriors with you, because we don't forget those who help us, and we don't treat our benefactors poorly." Othniel sighed. "I feel the same way. Mr. Lloyd, you truly deserve to have Highland warriors follow you." Andrew shook his head again. "But the Highland Tribe's future is what worries me most. Compared to my ambitions and conquering the Wastelands, I'd rather see the Highland Tribe have a bright, peaceful future." Knox shouted, "Everyone, that's exactly why our entire tribe should follow him. He has the ability to restore our people to our former glory.

The Highland Tribe needs a leader like him!" Othniel asked, "Knox, you mentioned that Mr. Lloyd has already taken two major cities in the Wastelands, is that right?" ---- Knox nodded. "Yes, Mr. Fernsby. He's now a major power in the Wastelands, so the Highland Tribe would have plenty of room to survive. But most importantly, the Highland Tribe needs him as our backbone. "His loyalty and strength are plain for everyone to see. If our entire tribe follows him, we'll have a future and be able to resist the werewolf armies and their ancestors. Otherwise, if we stay here, where will our tribe go?

How can we face Ragnar?" Tobiah sighed. "Then let's do it the old way and vote. All in favor of the entire tribe following Mr. Lloyd, raise your hands." After a brief silence, hands began to rise one after another. Knox's eyes filled with tears of joy, while Nyx and the others were overjoyed as well. It was a unanimous decision.

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.