

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

- Chapter 3112

Chapter 3112

[738 words]

---- Chapter 3112 Just like that, the Highland Tribe began their mass migration, leaving the valley behind. Through the narrow canyon pass, the Highland Tribe carried their families and possessions on a difficult journey. Young children and teenagers might have felt excited about the outside world, but the elderly and middle-aged wore worried expressions and remained silent for long stretches. Life in the Wastelands was not stable. The Highland Tribe had been driven from the Wastelands to their current settlement in the first place.

They all believed that returning to the Wastelands without powerful backing would just be jumping from one hell into another. "Knox, keep a close eye on your people the whole way," Andrew said. He stood on a mountaintop, watching as the Highland Tribe fully evacuated the valley before finally looking away. He added, "Juno, head back to Abyss City first and have Mr. Hearst send a convoy to pick everyone up. At this pace, we can't afford to wait." Juno nodded. "Got it, I'll go right now!" Then, she immediately took off.

---- Nyx chimed in, "Andrew, you're worried something might happen at Abyss City, aren't you?" Andrew nodded. "That's right. We've been gone for two days already. The longer we're away, the more I worry that Arya or the Cathedral's people will find out, and then Abyss City will be in real trouble. Mr. Hearst and the others definitely can't hold it on their own. Besides, the Ludendorff family is cornered now, and they might throw everything into a desperate attack on us, and that would be a huge problem." Nyx was shocked.

"Just the two of us?" Andrew looked toward the full Highland Tribe gathering on the open plain beyond the canyon and said in a deep voice, "Of course, it is not just the two of us. We'll also have 5000 Highland Tribe warriors. I think their battle axes and broadswords are already thirsting for werewolf blood!" Nyx's body trembled as she watched Andrew leap down from the mountain and race toward the plains. This man had finally secured his first major army to dominate the Wastelands. They now had 5000 Highland Tribe warriors, all young, strong, and battle-hardened men.

With the Highland Tribe's combat ---- abilities rivaling those of werewolves, this force would be terrifying. On the plains, Othniel roared, "Assemble!" Immediately, 5000 Highland warriors gripped their weapons and quickly formed up. Two minutes later, a battle formation stood ready. They appeared on the plains in perfect order, neat and disciplined. A solemn, heavy atmosphere of impending violence filled the air. The Highland Tribe children who had been crying, along with some of the women, fell silent.

Even the dispirited elders lifted their heads, and light once again flared in their clouded eyes. The Highland Tribe might have lost everything, but their warriors were still among the finest in the Wastelands. When they assembled, they remained an invincible spear capable of protecting their people. Othniel's face was grave, his emotions complicated. "From now on, I will no longer be your commander. 'll join your ranks and become one of you!" He suddenly raised his cavalry saber high and roared, "Long live the Highland Tribe!

We are the eternal, undefeated warriors of the Wastelands!" All the 5000 warriors roared back in unison, "Long live the ---- Highland Tribe! We are the eternal, undefeated warriors of the Wastelands!" Their shouts echoed through the plains, and the killing intent that followed surged forward. Knox had been going around checking on the tribe members, seeing which families needed help. He straightened his back, his expression growing excited. Nyx walked to his side and smiled. "You're the next Highland Tribe chieftain.

You can't just charge into battle recklessly anymore!" Knox snorted and shook his head. "I may be the next Highland Tribe chieftain, but I'm also a Highland Tribe warrior. My life isn't more valuable than any other Highland warrior's!" Nyx fell silent for a moment, then said admiringly, "Knox, you've finally grown up. Now you really are a man."

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Chapter 3113

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---- Chapter 3113 Knox grinned. "I don't know if I'm really a man or not. But Andrew is the real deal!" Nyx rolled her eyes. "Don't even try comparing yourself to him. He was fighting on battlefields way back when, and we were still living carefree lives back then." In front of the formation of 5000 warriors, Othniel bowed to the approaching Andrew. "Mr. Lloyd, I'm entrusting you with our 5000 Highland warriors.

The Highland Tribe isn't good at expressing emotions, but Chief Wieser, myself, and the other elders have just one hope: that you'll treat them well." Andrew returned the bow solemnly. "I will treat them as my own brothers!" Othniel's eyes reddened, and the iron-willed man quickly turned his head and returned to stand before the 5000 warriors. Andrew would lead the Highland warriors in a lightning raid on Kaelen's werewolf forces, adding even more chaos to the already turbulent Wastelands. Othniel would serve as commander of the 5000 warriors and lead them into battle.

Meanwhile, Knox would take over Othniel's former position and begin managing Highland Tribe affairs, preparing to assume the role of next chief. ---- Taking a deep breath, Andrew faced the 5000 Highland Tribe warriors. This scene was not unfamiliar to him at all. He had once had a group of elite soldiers under his command, brothers who had fought alongside him through life and death. Though the numbers had not been this large, the nature of it was no different. And today, after fighting alone for countless years, another force had been placed in his hands.

Without question, the Highland Tribe members were people of honor and loyalty. But precisely because of this, leading such an army filled with pain and hardship into battle made Andrew's heart ache with sympathy and reluctance. Nonetheless, that was life; it spared no one. "I will lead you charging forward, through smoke and gunfire, to face the enemy's fangs and savagery head-on!" Andrew's voice was not loud. He sounded very calm, yet it reached every Highland warrior's ears with perfect clarity.

"When it's all over, when the war finally ends, what awaits you is reunion with your loved ones and an era of peace. Let us fight for our families, our homes, and those we must protect! Fight until the end of time, until the world's edge!" As the final words fell, his low voice surged upward, like thunder exploding across the land. The greatsword in Andrew's hand rose with a roar, its blade light shooting straight into the sky.

---- The suppressed will and boiling blood in every Highland warrior ignited in an instant and was pushed to the edge of eruption. A unified and violent roar thundered outward. "Kill! Until the end of the world!" "The end of the world!" The echo rolled endlessly

across the plains. With Andrew's sword pointing forward, the 5000 Highland warriors turned in unison and began their rapid advance. Their target was the western outskirts of Abyss City, where Kaelan's werewolf forces were. Tobiah covered his face and wept, feeling both comforted and heartbroken.

The Highland Tribe warriors had not ridden freely across the Wastelands for countless years. Freedom felt beautiful and sweet. Yet when the price of freedom was paid in the lives and blood of one's people, its taste became bitter and painful. Still, for freedom and for the future of the Highland Tribe, everything now was worth it and worth any sacrifice. At the very least, the Highland Tribe had finally seen a glimmer of hope at the brink of extinction. ---- That hope was the man charging at the very front, who came from the Wastelands and from the distant lands of Holtrien.

His name was Andrew Lloyd! At the very end, Nyx spoke softly and said, "Knox, I'm leaving too. I'm going with him. Take care of yourself. We will meet again in Abyss City." Knox nodded heavily and said, "Go, Nyx. Following him is the right thing to do." Nyx smiled sweetly and pulled the mask beneath her black cloak over her face. She did not know whether it would be right or wrong. She only knew that she would never regret it.

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Chapter 3114

[662 words]

---- Chapter 3114 Meanwhile, in the West of Abyss City. After three brutal clashes, the Cathedral's Vindicator legions and Kaelan's werewolf army had fallen into a tense standoff. Overall, however, the Dark Clans were already showing signs of collapse. It was not because the Cathedral forces were unstoppable. It was because Arya's arrival had completely shattered the balance. Kaelan had been gravely wounded by Arya and had nearly lost his life. Fortunately, at the last moment, the vampire prince, Gaston Lafayette, arrived.

Together, Gaston and Kaelan fought Arya and barely allowed Kaelan to escape with his life. Even so, Arya's overwhelming power and seeming invincibility left countless Dark Clans soldiers terrified. Right now, though the vampire army had arrived late, they had already formed up their battle lines. They formed a pincer with Kaelan's werewolf forces to oppose the Cathedral. Though in terms of top-tier powerhouses, Arya completely

dominated both Gaston and Kaelan, the Dark Clans had far ---- superior numbers among the regular troops.

Because of this, the Cathedral side was also holding back and had not made any reckless moves. Inside a white command tent, Arya held a warm holy light in her palm, which slowly withdrew back into her body. She said, " There, Archbishop, your wounds are healed!" Kass put on his red robes and said seriously, "Thank you, Archangel!" Arya waved her hand dismissively. "No need for such formality, Archbishop. You're still the supreme commander of our forces. I've come here with a different mission. If you need anything at all, just say the word." Kass analyzed the situation.

"With the Archangel's addition, even though we're facing Gaston and Kaelan, two Dark Princes commanding the enemy forces, our numbers may be at a disadvantage, but victory still favors our side." Arya smiled faintly. "I'm not worried about the Dark Clans side. Gaston and Kaelan together may seem formidable, but if I wanted to kill them, I could do so by paying just a small price." Kass shook his head. "Archangel, your status is too precious. You're the sword in His Holiness, the Pope's hand. You cannot suffer even the slightest injury. My suggestion is to ally with Andrew from Abyss City.

That way, our chances of victory would ---- rise to one hundred percent. "This man's martial prowess is extraordinary, surpassing myself, Lysander, and Makhaylus. If he helps intercept one Dark Prince, you could eliminate the other without injury. With that, the overall victory would be secured in one decisive move." Arya's voice hardened as she said, "Archbishop, don't bring this up again. I must purify Andrew from Abyss City. To a certain extent, this man's evil and corruption far exceed that of Kaelan and Gaston." Kass frowned. "Oh? What do you mean by that?

Andrew is indeed ambitious, and he's the son of Reginald Lloyd from Holtrien. In Lomuia's archives, he's quite famous... He once led Holtrien's legendary Iron Cavalry unit. "From what I can see, this young man's growth and future potential may even surpass Reginald's. He's certainly a formidable adversary, but as for evil and corruption, forgive my poor judgment, but I don't see it." Arya raised her voice, speaking sternly. "Archbishop, you've been campaigning on the battlefield recently and are inevitably exhausted, so many things aren't clear to you.

I understand that, but Andrew's evil is absolutely real! "The moment I arrived in the Outlands, I sensed the unbearable dark aura emanating from him. Though he's human, his level of ---- corruption and blasphemy against our Lord is comparable to the progenitors of the Dark Clans themselves!"

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Chapter 3115

[630 words]

---- Chapter 3115 Kass was startled, though not visibly so. He had not expected Arya's hostility and concern toward Andrew to run so deep. Yet in his heart, he could not fully agree. After all, the Battle Angel was too pure. Her understanding of the Dark Clans and dark energy allowed for absolutely no tolerance. She was also someone who hated evil with a passion and acted decisively. The moment she encountered darkness, her instinct was to cleanse it. It was not wrong, but Kass wanted to say they were in the Wastelands and that this was wartime.

Sometimes, careful use and compromise were far better than rigid idealism. Nonetheless, he could only keep these thoughts to himself. Within the Cathedral, Mephiston was the absolute leader of Kass 'faction. Another faction, led by the Twelve Angels, quietly held ideals different from Mephiston's. In other words, Arya standing before him had positions that differed from his own to some degree. Due to that, Kass neither fully understood nor wished to deeply analyze Arya's convictions. Respect was enough. ---- After all, Arya was on their side and was a core figure in this war.

Lysander and Makhaylus entered the command tent. Kass smiled, made an excuse to step out, and left the space to the three angels. "arya!" Lysander and Makhaylus immediately got on their knees. Arya smiled and said, "You have both grown up and are fighting on the battlefield now, so why keep doing this?" Lysander stood up first, excited. "Arya, your arrival couldn't have come at a better time! The Dark Clans are doomed to fail. Next, we'll end the Ludendorff family's rule and spread our Lord's glory throughout the Outlands!" Arya nodded and smiled. "That's exactly my mission.

This sinful land should finally see an end to darkness." Makhaylus said in his deep, rumbling voice, "The Ludendorff family has already had its wings clipped. Arya, I think you need to watch out for one person." Arya looked surprised. "Who?" Makhaylus answered, "Andrew Lloyd, the lord of Abyss City. This man has always made me very uneasy." Arya nodded. "Don't worry, I've already had my eye on him. After ---- I deal with Kaelen and Rafael's forces, I'll go to Abyss City and finish him off for good." Lysander was exceptionally intelligent.

After thinking for a moment, he stated uneasily, "Arya, if you kill Andrew, the Cathedral will probably make an enemy of Holtrien. We from Lomuia and Holtrien have always stayed out of each other's way, maintaining distance by tacit agreement. But now, Andrew is Holtrien's most outstanding young leader. Once you purify him, Holtrien will inevitably react!" Arya frowned, her holy and flawless face filled with righteous resolve.

"I and darkness are naturally incompatible! Andrew is a blasphemer even more terrifying than darkness itself.

Even if it means our relationship with Holtrien falls apart, I must act. Otherwise, if left unchecked, this man will definitely become a mortal enemy of Lomuia Grand Cathedral." Makhaylus nodded and said nothing more. Arya suddenly remembered something and hesitated before asking, "You both know about Nyx from the Dragonfang organization, right?" Lysander smiled. "Of course, we know her. Nyx is the most feared martial god assassin in all the Wastelands. Come to think of it, she's changed so much. She once visited our Lomuia, and we thought she'd become an angel and join us."

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Chapter 3116

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---- Chapter 3116 Arya's expression darkened slightly as she said, "Nyx fell in love with Andrew, that devil. Lysander, Makhaylus, when the time comes, and I strike down Andrew, I'll need you to help me restrain Nyx. No matter what, I'll save her and bring her back to Lomuia. I'll not allow her to continue down this path." The two angels nodded in unison. "Understood. We will assist you." Suddenly, Arya's expression changed. She turned sharply and looked toward the north. Lysander knew that Arya's spiritual perception was unmatched in the world. So, she must have sensed something significant.

He immediately asked, "Arya, what's wrong?" Arya frowned, seeming uncertain. "It feels like a large force is rapidly approaching us... No, it's heading toward the Dark Clans' army! The distance is too great, and I can't be sure. Makhaylus, alert the Archbishop and prepare for battle! Lysander, come with me to investigate!" Lysander replied, "Sure!" ---- On the horizon, 5000 Highland warriors charged forward at incredible speed. These warriors all carried extraordinary bloodlines and martial abilities. Strictly speaking, the Highland Tribe did not follow eastern martial traditions.

However, the idea was the same. Every Highland warrior far surpassed ordinary soldiers, and they were elites among elites. A long-distance assault placed no real burden on them. Othniel broke away from the main force and angled up a nearby rise. There, Andrew and Nyx stood with their clothes billowing in the wind, gazing at the distant Dark Clans encampment. Othniel asked in a deep voice, "Mr. Lloyd, what are

your instructions?" Andrew said calmly, "We're still about 30 miles from Kaelan's camp. Mr. Fernsby, order the troops to accelerate and go all out Our timing is perfect.

It's just after sunrise right now, so the vampire army's fighting strength is severely reduced. "The sunlight blinds the vampires, forcing them to hide underground. As for the werewolves, though they don't fear sunlight, it still affects them. Fighting during the day significantly reduces their combat effectiveness." ---- Othniel responded, "Understood!" He immediately turned and let out a long battle cry. The 5000 Highland warriors received their orders and surged forward even faster. Under the morning sun, dust billowed as all the warriors drew their weapons in unison.

The early sunlight gleamed off their blades, forming a spectacular yet chilling sight Nyx's slender black silhouette quietly vanished from the hilltop, leaving only her soft words behind. "I'll break through Kaelan's first line of defense and lead the warriors in!" Andrew did not even turn around as he spoke to Othniel. "Mr. Fernsby, you attack as well. Take on Kaelan. The vampires will definitely send reinforcements, so I'll intercept them." Othniel licked his lips and grinned savagely. "Roger that, sir!" A violent impact, like a raging tidal wave, slammed into the dark encampment.

After the initial shock, the werewolves organized their first defensive line, but it did little good. The 5000 Highland warriors had struck from an unexpected angle, catching the werewolves completely off guard. ---- From deep within the dark camp, Kaelan's furious roar erupted. Wrapped in towering black energy, he shot into the sky. The great battle had begun.

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Chapter 3117

[641 words]

---- Chapter 3117 The dagger in Nyx's hand left behind a streak of blue light. She was already at a distance when the werewolf behind her, who had been standing upright and roaring, fell silent as his head dropped to the ground. Nyx moved like a blue phantom through the werewolf encampment. Wherever she passed, werewolves dropped instantly, their heads severed before they even realized what had happened. However, killing low-ranking werewolf soldiers meant little to Nyx. Her figure flickered as she reached the first defensive line of the werewolf camp.

Her dagger traced arcs of cold blue light, and the werewolves stationed behind that line died without ever knowing how. The Highland warriors crashed through like a storm, breaking the werewolf camp's first defensive line. Hershel fought at the very front. His battle axe flew from his hand, cleaving into a werewolf warrior's skull. Then, he swung both arms in wide arcs, sending two werewolves flying. He rushed forward, yanked his thrown axe back into his grip, and roared as he began a brutal slaughter. ---- Black blood sprayed everywhere, staining his body.

Yet, he pressed on without hesitation, fierce and unstoppable. Roars of rage and pain echoed throughout the camp. Before long, those roars turned into dying whimpers and desperate cries of fleeing werewolves. High above, Kaelan unleashed thunderous howls to stabilize his collapsing forces. High-ranking werewolves held absolute dominance over lower-ranking ones. However, just as the chaotic werewolf camp seemed to stabilize slightly, Othniel arrived riding crimson lightning.

He lunged from the air straight at Kaelan, and the two titans slammed into the center of the camp, rolling together as they began a savage fight. "Othniel, the Highland Tribe is asking for death!" Kaelan bellowed amid the rising flames. Othniel snarled back, "Kaelan, the ones who should die are you bunch of filth. Tonight, this ends between us." The assault of 5000 Highland warriors was like a hurricane. Everything in their path was swept away. The werewolves had already been worn down by continuous battles. They were helpless against the Cathedral's army and terrified of Arya.

Hence, their morale had long been wavering. ---- Being suddenly attacked by their mortal enemies, the Highland Tribe, was like adding insult to injury. The encampment that had covered the ground was torn to shreds instantly. Fires blazed everywhere, and werewolves fell by the seconds. The blazing sun overhead filled the werewolf soldiers with hatred and discomfort. Their vision was unmatched at night, able to pierce through darkness itself. But in daylight, their senses dulled, and the harsh sunlight burned their eyes. This weakness gave the Highland warriors an even greater advantage.

Soon, hundreds, then thousands of werewolves lay dead, bodies scattered across the ground as black blood pooled. At last, the werewolf camp collapsed completely. The survivors fled in all directions, howling in blind panic. Kaelan's eyes burned with fury. With his army destroyed, the werewolves could no longer mount any real resistance and were slaughtered easily. This army was everything to him, the full weight of his power as a Werewolf Prince. He had 20,000 werewolves, the result of 800 years of blood and ambition. Yet, they were all wiped out in a single ambush.

Driven mad, Kaelan revealed his true werewolf form and fought ---- Othniel with everything he had. In the distance, Arya arrived swiftly with Lysander. "Highland Tribe warriors?" Lysander said, recognizing the long-lost people of the Wastelands at a glance.

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Chapter 3118

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---- Chapter 3118 Arya spoke in a low, firm voice, "Lysander, go back and inform the Archbishop. This is the moment to launch the army." Lysander exclaimed in shock, "Arya, what about you?" Arya looked toward a distant hilltop, where Andrew stood alone. At the same moment Arya looked over, Andrew also turned his gaze toward her. Their eyes met in midair, and hostility began to boil between them: "I'm going to do what I must do: to purge evil." Arya snorted coldly as her white holy sword flared with light, and she charged straight at Andrew. Lysander froze.

As he followed Arya's charge, he finally saw Andrew clearly. He was both stunned and deeply confused. Could it be that the Highland Tribe warriors were brought here by Andrew? Arya's attack immediately infuriated Andrew. He shouted, "Get out of my way! I don't have time to waste with you!" Arya's face remained expressionless. "Andrew, light and darkness can't coexist. Your body contains energies from all ---- sides: vampires, werewolves, and even our holy power.

I don't know what kind of existence you are, but I absolutely cannot allow a menace like you to exist in this world." Andrew laughed coldly and retorted sarcastically, "Archangel, what you really mean is that you're afraid I'll continue growing stronger and threaten the Cathedral, right? It's common knowledge that holy light can only be wielded by faithful believers. But now, for me, it's a piece of cake! "This is something even your Pope probably can't figure out, much less you.

But you were taught by the Pope and follow one principle: anything you don't understand, anything unfamiliar, must be eliminated. After all, for the Lomuia Grand Cathedral folks, no threat can be allowed to exist, even if that threat isn't actually evil. You don't care about that, do you?" Arya replied stubbornly, "Andrew, no matter what you say, I will stand firm in my beliefs. The feeling you give me is absolutely terrible, utterly unbearable. I am the Cathedral's Battle Angel, born with the ability to sense evil.

You are the greatest evil there is; that cannot be wrong!" Andrew said coldly, "I know you won't give up, so come on then. But if I accidentally kill you, the Lomuia Grand Cathedral will be 'thrown into chaos. Arya clenched her teeth and said, "If you truly can kill me, then that is my fate, and I will blame no one. But I will always believe ---- that darkness can never defeat the light." Just as the two were about to plunge into a deadly clash again, the battlefield shifted. From the vampire camp, a surge of blood- red energy shot into the sky.

Gaston rode an endless tide of blood mist as he charged toward the werewolf battlefield. Behind him, more than a dozen crimson auras followed closely. Clearly, these were vampire Duke-level powerhouses. At that level, even under the blazing sun of daytime, they felt no fear. Arya hesitated, her expression conflicted. In the end, she abandoned Andrew and rushed toward Gaston instead. The Cathedral's army had already begun its advance. Arya had to stop Gaston first for the sake of the Cathedral. Otherwise, with a single strike, he could kill more than a dozen of their soldiers.

Andrew remained standing proudly on the mountain ridge, tilting his head up as he watched the Arya fly across the sky The golden armor on Arya's body was strikingly beautiful Beneath the armor, her flawless legs faintly showed. 1 Bathed in white holy light, Arya looked like a true angel descending into the mortal world. She was both sacred and ---- overwhelmingly authoritative, and every movement she made was perfection itself.

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Chapter 3119

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---- Chapter 3119 With a scornful laugh, Andrew withdrew his gaze. To him, Arya was just a product molded by the Cathedral, or rather, brainwashed by the old Pope. No matter how perfect, she was merely a tool of Lomuia Grand Cathedral. To a certain extent, when it came to evil, Andrew felt that Lomuia Grand Cathedral was not much better than the Dark Clans. If not for fame, profit, and ambition, why would the Cathedral launch an expedition to the Wastelands? All that talk about spreading the Light Lord's faith was complete nonsense.

In the end, it was all about satisfying the desires of the Cathedral's upper echelons and the Pope. A cold gleam flashed in Andrew's eyes, and a savage smile crept across his lips. Arya's existence was ultimately a huge threat. Andrew had been restraining himself from going after the Cathedral. On one hand, he did not want to make such a powerful enemy. On the other hand, the Cathedral and he shared similar goals to some degree. Nonetheless, people who once shared the same goals could ---- tum against each other at any time.

Ultimately, everyone had their own principles and their own interests to pursue. If that was the case, then no one could blame Andrew for striking them without mercy. The

werewolf camp was completely destroyed. Countless werewolf warriors lay dead across the ground. The few survivors, like mindless beasts, had already fled in all directions. With a single command from Andrew, all Highland Tribe warriors ceased fighting and began to withdraw. The Highland Tribe truly lived up to their reputation as the most outstanding warriors of the Wastelands.

Even while caught up in the bloodshed, the moment Andrew gave the order, they regrouped immediately and retreated in perfect order. Othniel abandoned his fight with Kaelan, returned to ground level, and led the troops away. Seeing his life's work and every asset he had reduced to ruin, Kaelan's expression twisted instantly. He hissed, "Othniel, I won't let you escape!" With a furious howl, Kaelan's massive wolf form charged across the ground, pursuing the retreating Highland Tribe warriors.

However, a sword light descended from the sky and struck the ground in front of him, forcing him to halt abruptly. ---- His blood-red wolf eyes lifted upward. What Kaelan saw was a sky full of sword beams raining down. Every hair on his body stood on end as he felt a life-or-death crisis. He unleashed all the power the werewolf progenitor had given him without holding anything back. Yet even so, Kaelan was no match for the current Andrew. Especially after Andrew had obtained Arcturus' primal power, his combat strength had surged to an entirely new level.

With a howl of agony, Kaelan's 26-foot-tall wolf body collapsed to the ground. Half of his head was severed by the red lightning carried by Godslayer, torn clean away. "it's you!" A venomous roar escaped Kaelan's mouth. He trembled as he struggled to his feet and reverted to human form. Half his face had been carved away, leaving him looking grotesque and drenched in blood. Yet the hatred in his eyes, along with a deeply buried fear, could not be concealed. Andrew had originally intended to finish Kaelan by force. However, in the distance, a black tide surged forward across the land.

---- Edmund had arrived, leading his own clan to the battlefield. After the battle at the mountain fortress, they were now charging into the Wastelands once again. It seemed the werewolves at Dark Sacred Mountain were getting desperate, too. If they let Kaelan die, the overall strength of the werewolves would plummet. Therefore, they had no choice but to intervene and save him. Ragnar was nowhere to be seen. Still, Andrew had no intention of continuing the fight, so he sheathed his sword and departed swiftly. Was the Cathedral army not rushing over to reap the spoils?

Andrew sneered inwardly, knowing he would not be staying to accompany them. Now that Edmund, another werewolf prince, had entered the battle, the Cathedral's advantage was unlikely to hold. Besides, Arya deserved to suffer a harsh lesson as well.

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Chapter 3120

[738 words]

---- Chapter 3120 With that, Andrew led the 5000 Highland Tribe elite warriors into Abyss City in grand fashion. Their strict military discipline and overwhelming battle aura sent inexplicable chills through the city's garrison. Franz, who had been holding down the fort in Abyss City, was overwhelmed with excitement and jogged over to greet them. "Andrew, Nyx, you're back!" Andrew smiled. "Mr. Hearst, thank you for your effort these past two days." Franz waved his hands repeatedly. "Don't mention it.

It's nothing compared to what you've done." He looked over the Highland Tribe warriors one by one, the satisfaction in his eyes growing deeper. Andrew said, "Mr. Hearst, let me introduce you. This is Mr. Othniel Fernsby." Franz straightened up and hurried forward. "Mr. Fernsby, it's nice to meet you. The Highland Tribe warriors truly live up to their reputation!" Othniel smiled. "You flatter us. The one who truly lives up to his ---- reputation is Mr. Lloyd." Andrew said, "Mr. Fernsby, Mr. Hearst will arrange lodging and meals for the 5000 warriors.

After such a major battle, they need time to rest and recover. As for Chief Wieser, I have already arranged for people to escort the rest of the Highland Tribe safely into Abyss City." Othniel bowed in gratitude. "Thank you, Mr. Lloyd." After everyone left, Nyx said, "Honey, the Highland Tribe has quite a few people. Besides the warriors, there are tens of thousands of other tribe members. If so many flood into Abyss City at once, the city will feel cramped, and supplies may not be enough." Andrew nodded. "I know. That's why it's time to attack Throne City.

Once we take it and use it as our base to dominate the entire Wastelands, we can intimidate the entire Wastelands and solve all our problems." Nyx gave a bitter smile. "But Throne City is still in the hands of the Ludendorff family." Andrew said coldly, "For now it is, but not for long. Whether in defenses, supplies, or strategic value, Throne City is the best choice in the entire Wastelands." Nyx said, "I know Throne City is the best choice, but have you ---- thought about this? We are not the only ones who want it.

The Cathedral, the Coven of Heavenly Radiance in Aurora City, and even the werewolves and vampires are all eyeing Throne City." Andrew replied calmly, "Of course, I know everyone wants it. So many battles and so many deaths have all been for one thing: destroying the Ludendorff family and taking Throne City to unify the Wastelands. But it comes down to strength. Whoever takes Throne City earns it." Calling over Petra, Andrew asked, "Petra, what's the situation in Aurora City?" Petra replied, "Prince Vance of The Coven of Heavenly Radiance has been pretty troubled lately.

Ramon has been relentlessly attacking him, and both sides are fighting to the death around the city walls, suffering heavy losses." Andrew was surprised. "Garal and Prescott died at Abyss City. Even so, Ramon still refuses to give up Aurora City and retreat to the Ludendorff family stronghold?" Petra shook his head. "He hasn't. At first, I thought it was strange too. But from what I can see now, Ramon has probably realized the Ludendorff family is crumbling. So he's going all out and attacking Aurora City, planning to set up his own operation and preserve himself." Andrew sneered.

"Even if he actually takes Aurora City, it won't ---- end well for him. His only way to survive now is to run far away." Petra asked, "What do you think? Should we team up with The Coven of Heavenly Radiance and take out Ramon before he can escape? We can potentially end the Ludendorff bloodline completely." Andrew shook his head. "No need. Ramon is alone. Whether he's Ludendorff blood or not, it doesn't matter anymore. On the contrary, Prince Vance of The Coven of Heavenly Radiance has quite the ambition and appetite. Let Ramon keep wearing him down.

Ideally, they'll both suffer devastating losses and destroy each other."

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Chapter 3121

[719 words]

---- Chapter 3121 Petra nodded. "Alright, I'll keep watch over there and await your command!" The Highland Tribe members were gradually brought into Abyss City. Settling so many people required considerable effort, but fortunately, no incidents occurred along the way. Just like that, the entire Highland Tribe had entered the city. Leaving the valley to live in a major city in the Wastelands was extremely difficult for them to adjust to. However, given the critical circumstances and Tobiah's strict orders, no one from the Highland Tribe caused any trouble.

The desolate night fell over the Wastelands. The warfare during this period had grown increasingly fierce, and all the factions were utterly exhausted. Even the formidable Ludendorff family and the Cathedral's warriors felt waves of fatigue washing over them. Inside Throne City, within the Throne Hall. The once bright lights that burned day and night were now dim. The yellow lamps. remained unlit, and the entire hall was empty and silent, devoid of any sign of life. ---- Alonzo, the second-in-command of the Ludendorff family, sat alone in the main seat.

He stared blankly into space for a long while. The seat was forged from gold and shaped like a skull. It possessed a twisted, perverse metallic beauty that perfectly embodied the Ludendorff family's philosophy of ruling the Wastelands through fear. "Well? Were you able to contact Lord Raiden?" Without lifting his head, Alonzo asked the subordinate who had just entered, his gaze still unfocused.

"Tell him the family is nearly finished, that Wyrmhelm's predictions were dead wrong, and that our family's century-old rule has been destroyed in an instant!" The subordinate wore black armor and a black mask, kneeling on the ground. He was a commander of the Black Knight Legion, the Ludendorff family's elite military force. His voice trembled as he replied, "Lord Alonzo, there's still no word from Lord Raiden. The Veiled Paradise remains sealed off from the outside world. I believe there's no way to reach Lord Raiden, no matter what we try. We can only...

only look for another way forward." Alonzo's head snapped up, his eyes flashing with menace. "What ---- did you say? Look for another way? Are you suggesting you want to betray the Ludendorff family?" The subordinate was terrified and immediately bowed, knocking his head on the floor. "I wouldn't dare! I only think that the current situation in the Wastelands is beyond our family's control. Throne City, the Ludendorff family... we can't hold on anymore. Lord Alonzo, you must find a way out.

Otherwise, catastrophe is inevitable." Alonzo's face twitched with bitterness, rage, grief, and indescribable emotions that nearly tore him apart. "What about the other major cities under the Ludendorff family? What about our more distant allies? The Outlands is vast! Is there really no 'one who will come to our aid'?" The subordinate answered, "None! I've contacted everyone I could and even sent messengers personally, but... no one has responded." Alonzo let out a bitter laugh. "How is this possible?

How could the Ludendorff family, a dynasty that lasted a century, fall to this level in such a short time? It doesn't make sense at all! What about Ramon? Did he follow orders and bring his forces back to defend Throne City?" This time, the subordinate fell silent for a moment before answering quietly, "Lord Ramon refused to return." ---- The smile on Alonzo's face slowly faded. Eventually, it twisted into a snarl. "That damned bastard! When Lord Raiden emerges from The Veiled Paradise, he'll tear him to shreds." However, these were just empty words.

No one knew when Raiden would return, and by the time he did, the Ludendorff family might be completely wiped out, leaving only him, a broken old man, behind. By then, it would all be pointless. Slumping in the golden chair, Alonzo waved his hand dismissively, his face etched with exhaustion. "Leave me. I need to be alone."

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Chapter 3122

[783 words]

---- Chapter 3122 Andrew thrust once, then twice, then a third time into Nyx beneath him. The fair-skinned beauty lay with her eyes half- closed, soft moans escaping her lips. After a long while, the storm finally passed. Nyx felt as if her entire body were falling apart. Her thighs, especially, were weak and sore, but her delicate face wore a blissful, satisfied smile. She wrapped her arms around Andrew's arm and murmured sweetly, "Honey, you're so amazing." Outside, the night was deep, while inside, warmth and passion lingered.

Andrew's muscular upper body was fully exposed, his physique well-defined with lean, attractive lines rather than the bulky build of a pure bodybuilder. Before long, Nyx drifted into a deep sleep, and Andrew quietly got out of bed and stepped onto the balcony. On the nearby rooftop, someone had been sitting there for some time. When she saw Andrew step out with only a blanket wrapped around him, those golden eyes instantly turned cold with killing intent. ---- Andrews expression remained equally impassive as he stared back at her.

The Godslayer was within easy reach, Arya stood up, her tall figure looking even more striking in her golden battle armor. She moved toward Andrew step by step, light and silent like a hunting cat. Arya said coldly, "I don't want to disturb Nyx, and I want even less for her to fight to the death for you. If you're a real man, come with me somewhere else and settle this once and for all." Andrew replied icily, "I've already told you, I have no grudges with the Cathedral. I'm not the Fallen One you claim I am, not some blasphemer, and certainly not darkness or evil.

You keep hounding me relentlessly. Is there something wrong with you?" A cold gleam flashed in Arya's eyes as she stated flatly, "Whether you are darkness or not, my instincts and senses will tell me. Andrew, I can't just let you continue growing stronger." Andrew grew impatient. "Then get lost already. Otherwise, I'll make you realize just how severe the consequences of your arrogance and recklessness will be." Arya let out a cold laugh, her face showing contempt. "Though pride is a sin I cannot possess... But Andrew, you're still far from being my match right now.

If the Cathedral weren't locked in a life-or-death struggle with the Dark Clans, with a major war ---- possible at any moment, I would have already purged you from this world completely." Andrew shrugged. "Or maybe it's the other way around, and you'd be the one I'd kill off." Arya responded indifferently, "Desire between men and women, and those so-called shames, mean nothing to me. I was raised at the Pope's side, and the things you say do not affect me.

Even if you stripped right now and exposed that ugly thing in front of me, I would not care at all." Andrew suddenly felt a chill run through his body and waved her off dismissively. "Get lost. A woman like you, more machine than human, would disgust men even if you looked like an angel." Arya's white holy sword flashed out, pointing at Andrew's chin. "You must die, Andrew. Come with me, let's go somewhere else and settle your fate quietly and without a fuss. Otherwise, I won't hold back even if it breaks Nyx's heart!" Andrew sneered.

"Setting aside whether you could actually kill me without paying a massive price, do you know how strong the forces under my command are right now? The Highland Tribe warriors are at my disposal. If something happens to me, Arya, my people won't care about the Ludendorff family anymore. "They won't worry about the Dark Clans either. They'll have only one thought, and that's to attack the Cathedral army with ---- everything they've got.

I imagine that even if they can't shake the Cathedral's overall strength, it'll be more than enough to inflict devastating losses on your Cathedral forces here in the Wastelands. When that happens, the Dark Clans and the Ludendorff family will wipe you out effortlessly." Arya's golden eyes narrowed. "You think that kind of threat works on me? Andrew, I'm the Cathedral's Battle Angel. I fear no battle." Andrew snorted. "Fine then, go ahead and make your move right now. Arya flared with anger. "You.

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Chapter 3123

[814 words]

---- Chapter 3123 Andrew sneered. "On the surface, you act like you don't care, but deep down, you know exactly how serious the consequences of my words are. You can kill me, but the Cathedral's war in the Wastelands absolutely cannot fail. "If your actions cause the Cathedral's efforts to crumble and tens of thousands of Vindicators to die for nothing, Arya, I'm afraid you'll be the one who ends up dead. The Pope will probably personally burn you at the stake in Lomuia's execution grounds." Arya took a deep breath. "No matter what you say, it's useless. Andrew, I will purge you.

The darkness in your heart and the evil within you can never coexist with me." She sheathed her white greatsword and leaped down from the City Lord's Mansion walls, quickly disappearing into the night. Andrew let out a long breath. That insane woman

had to be dealt with, one way or another. 1 The next day, as soon as dawn broke, Andrew brought Petra and headed for Aurora City. He did not bring anyone else along. When Vance saw Andrew arrive, his expression was not particularly welcoming. Still, he politely gestured for Andrew to ---- sit down.

"Your Highness, I've noticed Aurora City's morale seems pretty low these past couple of days," Andrew said with a smile as soon as he sat down. Vance snorted coldly. Instead of answering, he countered, "! heard you gained the Highland Tribe's loyalty?" Andrew did not hide it. "I just got lucky and picked up a bargain." Jealousy and wariness flashed in Vance's eyes as he replied with a forced smile. "The Highland Tribe is known for its pride, fierce nature, and unyielding spirit. Guess they're not all that, after all.

Andrew, you're really something, forcing them to work for you like that." Andrew smiled. "You're reading too much into it. The Highland Tribe chose to follow me willingly." Vance waved dismissively. "Everyone knows what kind of person you are, so there's no need to brag about yourself. Just tell me, what's your business coming to Aurora City?" Andrew felt contempt in his heart. Vance always assumed that he had used extreme methods to force the Highland Tribe into submission. However, the truth was something Vance would never imagine. Still, Andrew did not care what Vance thought.

---- "I want you to join me in attacking Throne City. Afterward, Throne City becomes mine, and I'll hand over my current base, Abyss City, to you." Andrew stated his purpose directly. Vance burst out laughing. "What did you just say? You want to attack Throne City? Don't you know that the Ludendorff family, even in decline, is still a force to be reckoned with?

Don't think that just because you got the Highland Tribe's help, you can let your ambitions run wild." He continued, "Whoever moves against the Ludendorff family first and provokes them into a desperate fight will be the first unlucky bastard eliminated from this war." Andrew nodded with a smile. "Your instincts are pretty sharp." Vance waved his hand. "So give up on that idea. My men, and our great warriors, won't be your cannon fodder. But if you really are stupid enough to attack Throne City, you'd better be prepared. I might take the opportunity to seize Abyss City.

When that happens, you'll lose on both fronts and watch your entire position collapse in one stroke!" Andrew replied with a calm smile. "You're quite bold, and you don't even beat around the bush. Still, even if you tried to hide it, I'd know what you're planning, just like you know my intentions. Between smart people, communication is simple." ---- Vance responded, "Andrew, no matter what you say, it's pointless. You gave Aurora City to me, but damn it, you also screwed me over pretty badly.

That lunatic Ramon nearly breached the city several times, and I've suffered massive losses, you know that?" He suddenly erupted in anger. Andrew ignored him and instead looked at the attendant standing beside Vance Andrew had noticed the lady once before at Abyss City. Initially, there was nothing particularly noteworthy about her. Still, whenever Vance lost control of his emotions, this attendant's reactions seemed to

fluctuate accordingly. Moreover, Andrew had caught glimpses that suggested this attendant harbored unusually intense hostility toward him.

'She wants to kill me!' The thought surfaced in Andrew's mind, and his gaze gradually turned ice-cold. He hesitated, wondering whether he should make a small move to test this person out.

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Chapter 3124

[694 words]

---- Chapter 3124 When Andrew's gaze shifted toward her, Iridessa's entire body suddenly tensed. As a master-level covert artist, disguising her expressions, appearance, and even her breathing rhythm were all basic skills. Iridessa could transform her entire appearance into that of another person at any moment. In other words, her disguise was perfect. Yet even so, Iridessa was shocked to the core when Andrew seemed to detect her.

Just moments ago, she had merely lifted her head slightly to take one extra look at him, and unexpectedly, that had made him aware of her presence, causing him to focus his attention on her. 'His martial prowess has reached an unfathomable level!' Iridessa thought gravely. Andrew stood up and said to Vance, "Alright then, I'll take my leave. Anyway, I've delivered my message. In the near future, I'll mobilize my forces and attack Throne City. This huge prize is right there in front of us, and I imagine plenty of people want a piece of it.

"You, me, the Cathedral, the vampires, the werewolves... We all want to occupy Throne City and become the King of the ---- Wastelands. So it comes down to who strikes first and seizes the advantage." Vance sneered. "Andrew, I assume you're an idiot. Yes, we all want Throne City. After all, it's the most fortified stronghold in the Wastelands. With enough troops and defenses, controlling Throne City essentially means controlling half the Outlands. But like I said, if you want to be the first to take a bite, will the other factions agree?"

"Will they stand by and watch you succeed?" He scoffed and added, "Whoever moves first will undoubtedly attract thunderous, devastating strikes from all the other sides." Andrew's expression darkened as he snorted coldly. "Even so, I can't wait any longer.

You should know how much effort I've put in, how many near-death experiences I've endured, all for this day to come, to send the Ludendorff family straight to hell." With that, Andrew beckoned Petra, and the two left Aurora City.

Outside the city, Ramon's forces were camped not far away, still locked in a stalemate with Aurora City. Andrew's smile was enigmatic as he and Petra quickly disappeared into the Wastelands. "Are we really going to be the first ones to attack Throne City?" Petra asked. It was clear he had reservations. ---- Andrew walked ahead and smiled. "Why not? I already said it. Whoever strikes first gains the advantage." Petra shook his head and said, "That only works when there are no powerful enemies surrounding you. But Vance is right... Too many people want Throne City.

Whoever moves first, the others definitely won't stand for it and will surely interfere, maybe even attack us directly. I don't believe you haven't thought of that." Andrew stopped and turned to look at Petra with an ambiguous smile. "So, do you think I've thought of it or not?" Seeing the smile on Andrew's face, Petra grinned. "You've definitely thought of it. Even a blockhead like me can figure that much out, let alone you. So what did you mean just now when you told Vance you couldn't wait any longer and were about to attack Throne City immediately?" Andrew sneered. "Simple!

It's just a smokescreen! Vance is very rational, and what he said is absolutely right. Whoever moves first will inevitably be doomed. The other factions, especially the most powerful one, the Cathedral, won't allow any side to lay claim to Throne City. After all, the Cathedral has been the main force pushing to exterminate the Ludendorff family, and they've suffered the heaviest casualties. "Think about it... After they've sacrificed so much, if someone else swoops in at the last moment and takes the prize, would ---- the Cathedral ever accept that?"

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Chapter 3125

[669 words]

---- Chapter 3125 Petra asked in confusion, "I know the Cathedral would never agree, but if you plan to move first, isn't that a contradiction?" Andrew smiled and said, "I already told you, it is a smokescreen. Vance is smart, but when dealing with smart people, you sometimes have to use clumsy methods. His rationality will keep telling him

that I am just talking and that I would never dare to act. "But after a day or two, Vance will not be able to sit still.

He will start wondering whether I was just bluffing, or that I might actually shock everyone by boldly grabbing that prize first." He explained, "If we somehow pulled it off and took Throne City, especially now that the Ludendorff family is already shattered and barely worth mentioning. Whether by luck or sheer madness, the other factions would beat their chests in regret. "To prevent even that tiny possibility, Vance will slowly plant a seed of doubt in his own mind. At that point, he will half believe it and half fear that we truly intend to attack Throne City. So what can he do?

He will have only one choice, to strike Throne City first." Petra frowned and mumbled, "But earlier, Vance said he might take advantage of our attack and strike Abyss City." --- - Andrew snorted. "That was something he said on purpose, and whether it's true or false doesn't hold up under scrutiny. Right now, there's only one prize worth having, and that's Throne City. If I succeed in taking it, would it even matter if I hand Abyss City over to him?

Once my forces are firmly established in Throne City, all the surrounding major cities will have to either submit to me or be destroyed." Petra was thoroughly convinced. "Brilliant! After you break it down like that, I suddenly see everything clearly. So when do we start the attack?" Andrew smiled mysteriously. "Very soon. But the attack won't be a real attack... Sometimes, a feint is the essence of warfare." In Aurora City's great hall, Iridessa had reverted to her true appearance. Her delicate face was small and elegant, pale and almost porcelain-like.

She wore a vibrant dress, and beneath her straight bangs, her bright eyes were remarkably clear and luminous. However, at this moment, they carried a murderous glint. "Vance, I suspect Andrew has seen through my disguise," she said plainly. Vance sat in the main seat, his expression grim. "He definitely ---- noticed something. I spotted it earlier myself." Iridessa pressed her lips together. "It's my fault for letting him see through me so easily. Please punish me, Vance!" Seeing her blaming herself, Vance could not help but chuckle. " Iridessa, you don't need to blame yourself.

This has nothing to do with you. It's entirely because Andrew is getting stronger day by day. "No matter how sophisticated the covert arts, they all leave traces eventually, so it's not surprising he discovered something. If he hadn't noticed anything at all, that would be strange. This guy gives me a real sense of crisis." Iridessa pressed her lips together again. "Then please give me orders to assassinate him." Vance asked, "What are your chances of success?" Iridessa's voice suddenly became much quieter. "Less than 30 %,.. Maybe even lower." Vance fell silent and sighed.

"Iridessa, we can't rush this. I need to use you, my trump card, at the optimal moment. Otherwise, if I send you now, you'll most likely never come back." Iridessa responded softly in her gentle voice, "Vance, what are your plans then? Should we mobilize the forces backing us?"

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Chapter 3126

[654 words]

---- Chapter 3126 Vance smiled. "You're sharp, knowing exactly what I'm thinking. I suspect that bastard Andrew is deliberately setting up a smokescreen for me. He says he can't wait and wants to attack Throne City, but anyone with half a brain can see that would obviously draw attacks from all sides, maybe even massive assaults, completely counterproductive. "So our natural assumption would be that Andrew just came here to spout nonsense and blow smoke, and that he has no real intention of striking first.

Based on this seemingly rational psychology, none of us would take his threat to attack seriously. But that's precisely when this bastard exploits that psychological gap and suddenly deploys his army to launch a fierce assault on Throne City; a surprise within a surprise!" He continued, "By then, we'd realize it too late, and trying to stop him would put us a step behind. By the time we actually get there, Throne City would already be in his hands." Iridessa's delicate face filled with shock and fear. "This man is truly terrifying! To think of something like that...

Vance, based on what you're saying, Andrew almost certainly has exactly that intention. He very likely will launch a sudden attack." Vance sneered. "We're all from the East. Though he's from Holtrien, and we're from Eastonia. But since ancient times, ---- Eastonians have continuously studied Holtrien's knowledge and culture, especially their philosophical and military strategies." He snorted. "By now, we've long surpassed them in both. Whatever Andrew can think of, I certainly won't fall short of either. Iridessa, it is time to mobilize the power behind us.

Once Andrew makes his move, we strike immediately." Iridessa smiled sweetly. "Vance, your wisdom truly lives up to your title as Eastonia's crown prince. So, when do we make our move? Do we strike at Throne City or Abyss City? Vance replied coldly, "Throne City, of course. Let them fight... While the cat's away, the mice will play. Better yet, let the Ludendorffs and Andrew tear each other apart. Then victory will be ours. Earlier, I told him I'd take advantage of the situation to raid his home base, Abyss City. That was just to scare him.

After all, revealing all kinds of misleading information can effectively disrupt an opponent's plans." Iridessa bowed deeply. "When you achieve glory in the Outlands,

that will be the day you return home and ascend the throne." Vance laughed heartily. "When that day comes, my dear sister, you will be my greatest contributor. I will arrange a marriage for you and have you marry into the most powerful family in Eastonia." Iridessa's face flushed as she shook her head. "I do not want to ---- marry.

If you allow it, Vance, I am willing to serve you for the rest of my life." 1 Vance waved his hand. "That will not do. You are a woman. How can you not marry? I know you have not met the right person yet. But there is no rush. Eastonia has no shortage of outstanding young men. When the time comes, I will personally choose one for you." Iridessa lowered her head and remained silent. For no apparent reason, Andrew's face surfaced in her mind.

'I will kill this powerful man, then disappear into seclusion and never marry for the rest of my life,' she thought In the first half of her life, she had only one goal: to study covert arts and grow stronger. As for everything else, Iridessa gave it no second thought.

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Chapter 3127

[647 words]

---- Chapter 3127 News spread that Abyss City was about to launch the final offensive against the Ludendorff family. No one knew how it leaked, yet it spread like wildfire across the Wastelands. In an instant, reactions erupted from every faction. They varied greatly, but without exception, none of them were willing to sit back and let Andrew succeed. Someone remarked, "Throne City belongs to the Dark Clans. Andrew of Abyss City is just dreaming." "The Ludendorff family is already a dying flame, barely holding on.

Raiden is trapped in the Veiled Paradise and probably never imagined that his family's rule over the Wastelands would end like this. How ironic." Another chimed in, "Andrew is sly and treacherous. Trust him, and you are finished. His talk of attacking is nothing but bluffing No matter how you look at it, it is deliberate smoke meant to deceive." "Whether it is smoke or not does not matter. That kid has an enormous appetite, and we are no less hungry." Aman said, "We have all been eyeing the Ludendorff stronghold, waiting to tear it apart.

He wants Throne City, but we want it ---- even more!" In just a single day, every major force in the Wastelands began to stir. Whether they planned to strike first and attack Throne City or had other purposes, all sides were gearing up and ready for war at any moment. After all, only by staying prepared could they respond to any sudden developments. In Abyss City, Andrew listened quietly to the intelligence that Juno had personally gathered, and Nyx had also brought back plenty of information. With Andrew's help, Juno was now only a step away from breaking through to the martial god level.

Petra was much the same and should be able to attempt to break through to the martial god level within the next few days. The core members of Dragonfang numbered only a few. Each of them had been handpicked by Reginald and left to Andrew. Every one of them was full of potential, with not a single weak link. For them, reaching the martial god level was only a matter of time once the opportunity appeared. And that opportunity had arrived through Andrew's support.

---- If they had relied solely on natural progress, Petra and Juno would have needed at least three more years to reach that level, even under optimistic assumptions. Knox had his own fortunate encounters and was now second only to Nyx among Dragonfang's experts. Though naturally, this ranking did not include Andrew himself. From a mediocre martial god to a powerhouse awakened with the Arcturus bloodline, Knox now walked with his back straight and his head high. Franz was getting on in years, and his martial arts had hit a bottleneck.

Reginald had quietly mentioned this to Andrew before, and once matters in the Wastelands were settled, Andrew would take Franz back to Holtrien. The old military intelligence agent had wandered for decades and deserved to retire and enjoy peace. Nyx said, "Aurora City has brought in a large number of troops. Vance really did keep something in reserve. Just by the numbers alone, there are over ten thousand soldiers. It looks like he had ambitions for dominance long ago and prepared thoroughly." Andrew replied calmly, "That is nothing surprising.

When it comes to strategy, we Easterners have always had an edge over the Westerners." ---- Nyx pouted slightly and said, "Are you indirectly saying we are the stupid ones?"

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Chapter 3128

[659 words]

---- Chapter 3128 Andrew smiled. "You're not stupid. You're smart as hell. Come to my room tonight and take care of me." Nyx's gorgeous face flushed red as she glared at him. Then, she turned and walked away in a huff. Juno chuckled and said, "I have some news too. Kaelan's encampment has been reinforced with more werewolf warriors. This time, the numbers are even larger than before." Andrew nodded. "The werewolf Sacred Mountain must have issued a total war order.

Edmund's werewolf legion and the armies of other werewolf dukes have probably all mobilized." Juno continued, "There is also movement on the blood clan side. Besides Gaston's vampire soldiers, a large number of vampires have arrived. They are all reinforcements sent by the Blood Sacred Hall, and their numbers are still increasing." Franz slammed the table and let out a breath. "Looks like the decisive battle for the Wastelands is about to begin." Othniel and Tobiah had now taken up residence in the City Lord's Mansion and become part of the decision-making circle.

Tobiah said, "The war over Throne City will be the most brutal. Whoever takes Throne City and holds it will become the next ---- King of the Wastelands." Othniel laughed with admiration and said, "Mr. Lloyd, without making a sound, you pushed the entire war into its climax. Even the Cathedral has been forced to follow our rhythm!" Andrew waved his hand. "Mr. Fernsby, I'm not as capable as you think. It's nothing more than gambling for survival. If we keep dragging this out, with so many Highland Tribe members to feed, Abyss City will be eaten into poverty even if it's not conquered.

So we must expand our territory as quickly as possible. "Among all sides, Cathedral and the Dark Clans are the strongest and best able to endure long-term losses. Especially the Dark Clans' armies. Even if this war drags on for decades, they can keep fighting since it is right outside their home base." Othniel nodded and said, "That makes sense. But with so many forces watching us closely, trying to seize gains from the chaos will not be easy." Andrew smiled and said, "That is not necessarily true.

The more mixed the players are and the more complicated the situation becomes, the easier it sometimes is to move and fish in troubled waters. Pass the order. Our army will begin assembling. At dawn tomorrow, we launch the full assault on Throne City." Petra and Othniel stood up at the same time and answered ---- directly to Andrew. "Understood." One commanded the original combat forces of Abyss City, while the other commanded the elite warriors of the Highland Tribe. At this point, Andrew stood at the head of two powerful forces moving in tandem.

Looking at the balance of power in the Wastelands, aside from the Cathedral and the Dark Clans, the third major force was clearly Andrew's. At that moment, a guard reported in, "Sir, someone outside the city requests an audience." Andrew raised an eyebrow and asked, "Do you know which faction he is from?" The guard replied, "He gave his name and said he is Petyr Gillen from the City of Hope. He said that as long as

I reported his name, you would know who he is." 'City of Hope? Is that not the border city where I had first set foot in the Outlands?

Petyr seems to be one of the key leaders of the City of Hope..." Memories flashed through Andrew's mind. He suddenly laughed and said, "Let him in."

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Chapter 3129

[587 words]

---- Chapter 3129 Soon, Petyr, dressed in red robes and accompanied by another man, entered the great hall of Abyss City's lord's mansion. "Mr. Lloyd, we're Petyr Gillen and Fineas Dubois. It's an honor to meet you!" The two former rulers of the City of Hope knelt respectfully. Andrew raised his hand in acknowledgment. "Please rise, both of you." Petyr stood up and finally dared to lift his head and look. Seeing Andrew seated in the main position, his expression became extremely complex. This man's first stop when entering the Outlands had been his City of Hope.

Back then, Andrew had been far from powerful, and as a newcomer, he had not even registered in Petyr's eyes. Yet, it had only been a short time, and Andrew had become one of the dominant powers of the Wastelands. The restrained martial aura emanating from him was something Petyr could not read or measure. He had no idea how strong Andrew truly was, but he was certain that compared to him now, he himself was nothing more than an ant, completely insignificant. ---- Time had not passed quickly, but people's circumstances had changed dramatically.

Back then, Petyr had been a noble in the City of Hope, extremely proud, but now he was a refugee seeking refuge with a young man he had never imagined would become a regional power. Bitterness appeared on his face as Petyr got on his knees again. "Please, sir, take in this humble one, along with my family and followers." Andrew looked surprised. "City of Hope is far from the center of the Wastelands war. Why would you come here to me, asking for shelter?" The bitterness deepened as Petyr replied, "I dare not hide it from you, but the City of Hope has been destroyed.

Not just the City of Hope, but other small cities across the Wastelands have also fallen into the flames of war one after another, some destroyed, others surrendered. In short, none have been able to remain unscathed." Andrew fell silent briefly, then said, "I can provide you and your people shelter in Abyss City, but I need to see your loyalty." Petyr declared loudly, "Thank you for your tolerance and generosity, sir. I'll fight for you and

for Abyss City." Andrew waved his hand. "Alright then, you may go. Someone will ---- show you where to settle." Petyr and his companion withdrew.

Franz asked curiously, "Andrew, you actually know Petyr?" Andrew smiled. "I met him when I first arrived in the Outlands and passed through the City of Hope. Back then, he was City of Hope's councilman, and we had some interactions, you could say." Othniel said coldly, "But Mr. Lloyd, he isn't human. He's a vampire, isn't he?" Andrew nodded. "That's right, he's a vampire, but he left the Dark Clans long ago and established his own territory in the Wastelands.

"I'm sheltering him because I need him to cooperate with me on something next." As he spoke, a mysterious smile appeared on Andrew's face. The others exchanged glances, completely baffled by Andrew's decision. There was no way to predict his thinking, as his moves were too quick and too unexpected. However, remembering that they would launch a full assault tomorrow morning, Othniel, Petra, Juno, Franz, and the others all felt their blood gradually beginning to boil with excitement.

The era of the Ludendorff family's rule over the Wastelands was finally about to end, though no one knew whether it would ---- ultimately end at their hands. Everyone wanted to witness this momentous occasion.

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Chapter 3130

[610 words]

---- Chapter 3130 Petyr let out a sigh and said, "I really never expected him to become this powerful." Petyr and his people had been settled inside Abyss City. Fineas had been another chief of the City of Hope back in the day. They had both been fleeing for their lives, but Fineas had chosen to follow Petyr to Abyss City and take a gamble. Unexpectedly, that gamble had saved their lives. Hearing Petyr sigh, Fineas said, "Petyr, are you sure the Holtrien man you crossed paths with back then is the same Mr.

Lloyd who rules Abyss City now?" He smiled faintly and continued, "I think you might be mistaken. Mr. Lloyd is a dominant power in the Wastelands now, and his reputation is massive. On the way here, we heard his name everywhere. But you are saying that half a year ago, he was just a Holtrien drifter who wandered into the City of Hope. I feel like there is an enormous gap between those two versions of him. I cannot connect them at all." Petyr's expression was dazed. "Yeah, I also found it hard to believe and thought it might be an illusion, but seeing is believing.

The current Lord of Abyss City is definitely that same ---- Holtrien man who came to the City of Hope back then." Fineas's face turned serious. "Petyr, remember this: you absolutely cannot mention this matter again in the future. Now he's a major player in the Wastelands who can take countless lives with a wave of his hand. Knowing about his past isn't a good thing, let alone casually talking about it. So keep silent, forget that past. It's better for both of us!" Petyr nodded. "I understand, Fineas.

Now that he has tremendous power and supreme strength, who am I to come here and bring up old stories?" As the two talked among themselves, someone came to deliver a message. "Mr. Gillen, Mr. Lloyd wants to see you privately." Petyr froze at first, then his face turned deathly pale. He looked at Fineas with terror in his eyes. Fineas was stunned, then smiled bitterly. "See? We just talked about it, and now it's already happening. Don't worry, go ahead. If he really had malicious intent toward you, there'd be no escape anyway.

Abyss City has more than one martial god, and wiping us out would be far too easy." Petyr took a deep breath and nodded. "You're right, I'll go see what this is about. If something happens to me, Fineas, please look after my family." ---- Fineas nodded. "I will." Led by a soldier, Petyr arrived at the City Lord's Mansion once again. This time, Andrew received him privately and smiled. "Please, have a seat." Petyr was extremely nervous and laughed dryly. "You're too kind, sir. I'm no longer the ruler of a city, just a homeless stray.

I don't need to sit, I'll stand." Andrew smiled and did not insist, saying instead, "I asked you here because I want you to help me with something. Don't worry, there's no danger. I just need you to make a trip." Hearing Andrew say this, Petyr breathed a huge sigh of relief and quickly replied, "Please give your orders, sir. Since I'm sheltering in your city, I should naturally serve you." Andrew was very satisfied and immediately began slowly explaining his plan. After hearing it all, the fugitive vampire hesitated briefly before agreeing.

"Rest assured, sir, I will do my utmost to complete your instructions. I'll leave the city right now and head to the vampire encampment." Andrew said, "Go ahead. Don't worry. I'll take good care of your family and your subordinates in the city."

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Chapter 3131

[566 words]

---- Chapter 3131 Petyr's heart clenched, and he could not help but glance at Andrew. Andrew's expression remained calm, showing no signs of anything unusual. However, Petyr knew deep down that Andrew was sending him a warning. If he went to the vampire camp and did not cooperate properly, his family back in Abyss City would die horribly. With that thought weighing on him, Petyr left Abyss City and disappeared into the Wastelands. Andrew stood on the city wall, watching his departure. "Nyx, follow him.

If he makes any other moves or doesn't stick to my plan, kill him." Nyx nodded and silently tracked the vampire, vanishing without a trace. Meanwhile, in the vampire camp, Gaston knelt respectfully on the ground. "Progenitor!" In the Blood Sacred Hall, Jorge Monreale, one of the vampire progenitors who slept here for ages, sat on his skull throne. His ---- crimson eyes studied Gaston as he let out a cold snort. "Gaston, you have disappointed me greatly.

The war has dragged on this long, and while the werewolves' stupidity and incompetence are one thing, our vampires haven't achieved a single victory either. I can't stand watching this anymore." Gaston trembled. "Please forgive me, Progenitor! With the Cathedral's Battle Angel joining the fight, we simply can't withstand them." Jorge extended his long, blood-stained tongue and smiled menacingly. "I will personally deal with Arya. From this moment on, you don't need to hold back anymore. And it's not just me, even that old monster Ragnar will be joining the fight." Gaston looked shocked.

"The werewolf progenitor, Ragnar Marrock, has also arrived at the Wastelands battlefield?" Jorge replied, "Of course. If he doesn't come now, the werewolves might as well give up entirely. The Cathedral is running rampant in the Wastelands, and our Dark Clans have suffered terrible losses. If we keep fighting among ourselves, it serves no purpose. We would only be watching our enemy grow stronger.

So next, the werewolves and vampires will advance and retreat together, and wipe out the Cathedral's forces." Gaston answered immediately, "Yes!" ---- Jorge's scarlet pupils shifted subtly as he asked, "As for Abyss City, that human named Andrew Lloyd... How much do you know about him?" Gaston said gravely, "He is very strong. At least for now, I may not be his match." Jorge bared his fangs and let out an unpleasant laugh. "Very good! From that child, I sensed a trace of the most ancient aura of our race. It seems connected to the Queen, though I'm not entirely certain.

"But one thing is clear: he's a descendant of our clan's former nemesis, the warrior Valerius Lloyd from Holtrien. When my consciousness was hidden inside Prescott, he forcibly expelled it. When I get the chance, I will devour him." Gaston was taken aback. "Progenitor, you said Andrew carries the Queen's aura? That doesn't seem possible. The Queen has been asleep for over 1000 years. She couldn't possibly have any connection to Andrew." Jorge's voice turned icy. "That's none of your concern.

Remember, I have only one objective: destroy the Cathedral's army, and the vampires will take control of the Wastelands. The Ludendorff family has outlived its usefulness. We'll need to find anew proxy for our clan's interests in the Wastelands going forward." -

--- Gaston replied, "Understood!" Jorge's eyes suddenly shifted toward the outside, and he warned, "Someone's coming." His body faded and vanished from the skull throne in an instant.

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Chapter 3132

[762 words]

---- Chapter 3132 Gaston looked toward the entrance and said in a low voice, "Who is it?" A guard replied respectfully, "Sir, it is me." Gaston said coldly, "Come in." At once, his personal guard stepped inside, bringing someone with him: Gaston's gray eyes swept over the newcomer. "Who are you?" The one brought in was Petyr. He pressed a hand to his chest and bowed respectfully. "Sir, I am Petyr Gillen." Gaston replied flatly, "There does not seem to be someone like you in my camp." Petyr explained, "I wasn't originally one of your servants, nor am I part of the Blood Sacred Hall.

But when the Progenitor awakened, he summoned me, so I came here specifically to serve." Gaston snorted. "Our vampire clan is spread across the entire world, so it's not surprising you found your way here. Now tell me, what do you want?" ---- Petyr said, "I just came from Abyss City. Your Highness, you should know that place." Gaston's eyes narrowed, a cold gleam flashing through them. "You came from Andrew's territory? That's interesting." Petyr spoke seriously, "To be honest, it was Mr. Lloyd who sent me to you, Prince Gaston.

He wants to invite Your Highness to join forces and attack the Cathedral together to eliminate this major threat." Gaston froze for a moment, then sneered coldly. "Petyr, was it? Do you really think I'd believe anything Andrew says? Compared to the Cathedral, he's far more cunning and treacherous. "You're one of our noble and distinguished vampire clan, yet you're willing to be his lapdog. Petyr, you've made me very angry. Do you understand?" The oppressive aura of a high-ranking vampire suddenly crashed down on him Petyr's face went pale, and he immediately showed signs of pain.

He collapsed to his knees, struggling to speak. "Prince, Mr. Lloyd really did say this. Whether you believe it or not doesn't matter. "He also said that attacking Throne City is just for show, to make the Cathedral think that's our target. The real goal is to weaken -- the Cathedral's army first. Otherwise, with the Cathedral present, none of the factions in the Wastelands will be able to claim Throne City." He added, "The ultimate victor will only be the Cathedral, dominating everything!

After all, none of us can withstand the Cathedral's offensive alone." Gaston's eyes darted around constantly, clearly hesitating over what to do. He did not know whether to believe Petyr's words. Just then, he heard Jorge's voice in his ear. "This worm's words are true." Gaston's spirits lifted. If Jorge confirmed it was true, then there could not be any mistake. "Fine. Since Andrew sent you to inform me, I'll trust him for now." With that, Gaston released the pressure he had been exerting on Petyr. He looked at Petyr, his gray eyes cold.

"Go back and tell him that one way or another, the Dark Clans will destroy the Cathedral. But if he dares to oppose us, he'll die without question. So I hope he keeps his word and doesn't try to play games with me." Petyr quickly replied, "Mr. Lloyd wouldn't dare play games with you, Your Highness. Everything I just said came directly from him, word for word. Mr. Lloyd also said that you wouldn't trust him at first, Your Highness. ---- "But he'll prove it to you. Abyss City will strike first and engage the Cathedral.

When the Cathedral's army turns to fight Abyss City to the death, Prince Gaston, you and the werewolves can launch a surprise attack from behind and succeed in one strike." Gaston's face remained expressionless. "Understood. You can go now." After Petyr left, Gaston immediately asked respectfully, "Progenitor, what do you think?" On the skull throne, Jorge materialized. His deformed face wore an ambiguous smile. "I can confirm that what this worm brought us is true. Just now, I invaded his brain and saw the scene where Andrew gave him these instructions.

Every detail matched perfectly!" Gaston bowed his head even more humbly. "Please continue enlightening me, Progenitor!" Jorge and these ancient beings, as vampire progenitors, naturally held absolute dominance over lower-ranking vampires. To a certain extent, they could even manipulate and plunder the thoughts of lesser vampires, knowing exactly what was in their minds. This was a terrifying ability, and if one was not careful, it could even kill the victim whose mind was being invaded. Normally, ---- the ancestors would not use such cruel abilities on their subordinate vampires.

However, Gaston had to be on guard because deep down, he could not say he felt much respect for Jorge at all.

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Chapter 3133

[791 words]

---- Chapter 3133 If the opportunity arose, Gaston would not mind draining Jorge's blood and absorbing his abilities, thereby ascending to become a progenitor himself. Jorge scoffed and said, "Andrew seems pretty fed up with being bullied by the Cathedral. He seized Abyss City, and the Cathedral has definitely been unhappy about it for a long time. The two sides have clashed before. If it weren't for our Dark army keeping the Cathedral too busy to deal with him, Abyss City would've been destroyed ages ago!" Gaston nodded. "That makes sense.

So, are you saying that Andrew can't sit still anymore? The Cathedral is likely planning to move against the Abyss City, so he's reaching out to us to strike first." Jorge pondered for a moment, then said coldly, "That's one possibility, but not necessarily the only one. Either way, this little schemer is incredibly cunning, and we can't simply trust him." Gaston asked, "But what if he actually does what he said and attacks the Cathedral first?" Jorge grinned menacingly. "Then whatever tricks or conspiracies Andrew is playing won't matter anymore.

We and the werewolves will immediately throw everything we have at ---- the Cathedral's army. As long as we destroy the Cathedral's forces, even if Andrew gains some small benefits from this, I can easily eliminate him afterward." Gaston smiled. "Wise as expected, Progenitor. I'll spread the word to prepare to strike at any moment." Jorge grunted in approval, then added, "I'm going to visit the werewolves and meet with Ragnar. I haven't seen that old friend in several hundred years. I heard he recently suffered a major defeat at the hands of the Highland Tribe.

The werewolves are becoming more and more useless. "Once the Wastelands are pacified, we should consider wiping them all out and occupying Dark Sacred Mountain, just like thousands of years ago, enslaving that filthy race!" Gaston licked his lips. "If that day comes, I'd be happy to lead the charge!" Morning came in the blink of an eye. When the sky was still dim with early light, the Abyss City army had already fully assembled. Andrew gave the order, the city gates opened, and the army marched out first. He himself stood fully armed on the city wall, his greatsword planted beside him.

---- Nyx asked quietly, "Will this really work with the vampires?" Andrew smiled slightly. "Not necessarily." Nyx frowned. "If it's not certain, then wasn't sending Petyr over there a waste?" Andrew shook his head. "Whether it's a waste or not is also uncertain. Nyx, remember this: human capability has its limits. No matter how much you scheme, manipulate, or maneuver, it's useless against absolute power. I sent Petyr over there with a 'might as well try' mentality. "Of course, it would be best if it works, but if it doesn't, I haven't really lost anything.

Many times, when facing obstacles ahead, all we can do is push forward head-on and fight with everything we've got." He continued, "Beyond that, playing tricks and using schemes are just minor embellishments. Because with some situations, like our current predicament, no amount of scheming will help." Nyx nodded. "I understand what you mean. Then we'll just take it one step at a time. When we attack Throne City, I'll be on

the front lines." Andrew turned to look at her, his eyes gentle. "No matter what happens, remember to look after your own safety first." ---- Nyx smiled.

"Yes, I'll remember. Because you'll worry about me." Andrew smiled back. "Of course, I'll worry. You're very important to me." Nyx tilted her head slightly and asked with a smile, "What about your lady friends back in Holtrien? How do I compare to them?" Andrew chuckled. "When you come back to Holtrien with me, you'll find out. You're all precious to me." Nyx pouted. "More like we're all your forbidden treasures, your playthings, you greedy man." With that, she turned and left. Franz walked over and said in a low voice, "As you requested, we made quite a spectacle of leaving the city.

Plus, Petra deliberately took some people and circled around the outskirts." Andrew gave a cold laugh. "Good. Now, let's march toward Throne City. It's time to put an end to this war in the Wastelands." Franz nodded firmly. "Understood." It was not until the entire army of over ten thousand had marched out that Andrew finally leaped down from the wall and followed behind them. Before leaving, Andrew glanced westward. That was where the ---- Cathedral's camp was located. It appeared completely still, showing no reaction whatsoever. However, he believed Arya would not just sit by and watch.

That crazy woman would probably come looking for him immediately, and that was exactly what Andrew wanted, for her to come stirring up trouble.

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Chapter 3134

[587 words]

---- Chapter 3134 Throne City erupted into panic; the entire place was gripped by fear. Someone shouted, "Move, quick! Get to the walls now. The Cathedral can still hold back, but Andrew could not wait. Damn him!" "The Ludendorff family will never fall. Fight them to the end!" Another roared, "The Black Knight Legion, all units deploy. Live or die, at any cost, you must hold the Ludendorff main stronghold!" Across the city, troops rushed through the streets, taking up defensive positions. From the Throne Hall, orders flew out one after another like a storm.

Alonzo was frantic as he stared at the massive electronic command screen. He needed to know where the next breach might be. Under no circumstances could the family headquarters fall, unless he died in battle. At last, most of the urgent matters were handled. Alonzo made a call he least wanted to make. He said, "Ramon, ---- the family

has reached a life-or-death moment. What to do next is up to you." He tried to restrain his anger, yet his words still burned with fury.

On the other end, Ramon replied calmly, "Uncle Alonzo, I am sorry, but there is nothing I can do." Alonzo suddenly roared, "You bastard. Have you forgotten that the blood of the Ludendorff family flows in your veins? Throne City and the Ludendorff family gave you everything. Now that the family stands on the edge of annihilation, how can you just stand by and do nothing? How can you be so cold-blooded?" Ramon's voice sank, carrying anger of its own. "Uncle Alonzo, I already told you, I no longer have the ability to support the family. Throne City has become everyone's target.

Andrew striking first does not mean he is the only one eyeing Throne City. "The Cathedral, the werewolves, the vampires, and even other factions all want it. Uncle, it is useless. The tide has turned. The era of the Ludendorff family ruling the Wastelands is about to end." He continued, "I am the family's only heir now, and I cannot afford to make a single mistake. Securing Aurora City and having a place to stand is the best choice for the Ludendorff family." ---- Alonzo screamed, "You traitorous bastard, you..." Ramon hung up without giving him any chance to vent.

Alonzo's eyes burned with fire. He suddenly smashed the desk phone onto the floor, shattering it into pieces. Outside his office, the guards trembled, yet none dared to enter. After a long while, Alonzo finally calmed down. He looked out the window, and his heart sank deeper and deeper. He mumbled, "The sky looks especially gloomy today." It was as if the weather itself was echoing the Ludendorff family's approaching doom. He shouted, "Bring me my armor!" With that order, guards quickly carried in his battle armor. They helped him suit up piece by piece.

Two minutes later, fully armored and gripping a heavy sword, Alonzo strode out of the Throne Hall. Outside, the Ludendorff family's senior members, along with more than 100 others, were already waiting. Their faces showed fear, rage, and helpless confusion. Alonzo's jaw tightened as his cheek muscles twitched violently. ---- In the past, when Raiden was still around, anyone in the family who dared to look so pathetic and defeated would have been severely punished. The Ludendorff family ruled the Wastelands through fear, and they ruled their own people the same way.

But now, a wave of exhaustion washed over Alonzo. He no longer had the strength or the heart to deal with any of it.

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Chapter 3135

[572 words]

---- Chapter 3135 The Ludendorff family's pillars of strength were nearly all dead. Prescott, Garal, and Cyril were gone. The only one left, Ramon, had betrayed the family and completely abandoned Throne City. Ramon was not dead, but Alonzo cursed him viciously in his heart, hoping he would suffer a fate worse than death. Things had gotten so bad that it was inevitable for those below to feel fear and terror. "Let's go!" With those simple words, Alonzo led the group toward the city walls.

"In this battle, either Andrew fails, or the Ludendorff family's hundred years of honor will be destroyed in one fell swoop! How you act, how you persevere, how you choose... It all depends on what's in your hearts!" His words were few and not particularly stirring or inspiring, but the remaining high-ranking members of the Ludendorff family, who had been demoralized and afraid, suddenly felt their fighting spirit surge. They all knew clearly what would happen to them if Throne City fell, and it would be too horrible to imagine.

So, in this battle, they could only hold fast and fight with ---- everything they had. Otherwise, the consequences would be worse than death itself. Climbing onto Throne City's towering walls, Alonzo gazed into the distance. At the edge of the horizon, he could already see two armies approaching. Attacking Throne City from Abyss City was the best route possible. There was nowhere more advantageous than this. Abyss City was originally positioned behind Throne City.

Its geographical location was even better than Aurora City's. Being attacked from one's own rear was the easiest scenario imaginable. Alonzo ground his teeth. "Since he wants to force the Ludendorff family into a corner, then he can't blame us for fighting to the death!" Someone beside him said, "Lord Alonzo, the army on the left is Andrew's original forces. The one on the right is his elite troops, the Highland Tribe! The Highland Tribe is excellent at warfare; they were born for battle." As these words fell, Alonzo heard several people near him let out trembling groans.

He felt another surge of anger but held back from slapping sense into these cowards. After all, he himself felt like the empire was crumbling and his entire world ---- was falling apart. One family elder said, "Sir, shouldn't we keep trying to get support from the vampires and werewolves? What they want is simply more slaves and resources. The family could promise them what they want first and get both of them to help stabilize the situation!" Alonzo replied coldly, "It's useless. The Cathedral is blocking the center.

For the werewolves and vampires to come support us, they'd have to get past the Cathedral's army. Do you really think that's possible?" Suddenly, a tremor erupted on the horizon. Alonzo's heart tightened as he gripped his heavy sword. He knew the attack was about to begin. Between the two armies, Andrew stood atop a massive war vehicle. Throne City truly lived up to its reputation as the greatest city in the Wastelands. Its walls towered high, reaching 300 feet. Moreover, they were virtually impregnable, capable of withstanding heavy artillery bombardment.

The black granite looked like the muscles of giants, silently stacked layer upon layer. A frontal assault was no different from climbing into the sky. ---- But even if it meant climbing into the sky, some things still had to be done. Without wasting words, Andrew gave the order. "Begin!"

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Chapter 3136

[589 words]

---- Chapter 3136 More than a dozen heavy anti-aircraft cannons were pushed to the front lines, and then a dense rain of shells blasted toward Throne City. Petra turned around and faced the 10,000 warriors behind him, then roared, "All units, get ready. Once the bombardment stops, launch a full-scale assault!" All the trained soldiers drew their weapons in unison and faced Throne City, their movements perfectly synchronized and intimidating. Beside them stood 8,000 warriors from the Highland Tribe. Originally, the Highland Tribe had given Andrew 5,000 men.

After arriving at Abyss City, Tobiah had sent 3,000 more. This was already the entire fighting force the Highland Tribe could mobilize, as what remained were only the old, weak, sick, and disabled Andrew knew the Highland Tribe had bet everything they had on him, and he truly cherished these warriors. When assembled together, every single one of them was an elite fighter, and wherever their weapons pointed, they conquered everything in their path, invincible in battle. ---- Hence, Andrew had to be especially careful not to let the Highland warriors suffer heavy casualties.

Finally, three rounds of artillery fire were complete. The top of Throne City's walls had turned into chaos, and large areas of heavy artillery installations had been destroyed. Next came the moment of direct contact and brutal slaughter. Petra suddenly raised his battle axe and shouted, "Charge!" He was the first to sprint forward. Andrew narrowed his eyes and looked toward Throne City, where Alonzo was also looking back at him. Although they were far apart, their gazes precisely locked onto each other, both filled with ferocity and a resolve to fight to the death. Othniel shouted, "Mr.

Lloyd, when will the Highland warriors move out?" Andrew pressed his hand downward. "When the city falls, then you move out." Othniel was stunned. "When the city falls?" Andrew replied flatly, "Yes, when the city falls. For now, you hold your position." ---- Othniel's brow furrowed deeply. Then, he suddenly said, "Sir, please forgive my bluntness. The Highland Tribe warriors are not cowards who fear death.

Your men have already charged ahead, and if we fall behind and watch them die in battle, well, I don't think that reflects our honor, and we can't accept that." Andrew turned to look at him, his expression ice-cold. This made Othniel freeze, and he quickly lowered his head. He did not know why, but this young leader before him had never really gotten angry at anyone, especially not his own people. Yet at this moment, seeing Andrew's cold stare, Othniel felt his heart tremble. This, perhaps, was what they called authority. Andrew's voice was steady and unhurried. "Mr.

Fernsby, I'm having your men hold their position because I have another plan. It's not to make you hide in the back like cowards. My tactical plan requires that when the city falls, the Highland Tribe warriors surge in and quickly help me stabilize the situation inside." He added, "Besides, your men are elite troops. I need them to guard against other factions taking the opportunity to ambush us." Hearing Andrew's explanation, Othniel breathed a sigh of relief and quickly responded, "Understood, sir!" Nyx's figure suddenly appeared atop Throne City.

Her blue- ---- glowing dagger, carrying the kiss of death, stabbed toward Alonzo, the only remaining core member of the Ludendorff family Alonzo let out a cold snort, reversed his greatsword, and slashed violently. However, what he hit was only Nyx's afterimage. "Nyx!" Alonzo gritted his teeth. Nyx remained unmoved and attacked again. The two powerful fighters engaged in battle.

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Chapter 3137

[565 words]

---- Chapter 3137 From another direction, Juno and Knox climbed up at full speed. In just mere seconds, they flipped onto the walls of Throne City, and then they unleashed a brutal slaughter. Alonzo had never imagined how terrifyingly powerful Andrew's subordinates had become. All along, people had only focused on Andrew and Nyx, the two martial gods who everyone believed were the core of Dragonfang. Yet, in reality, Petra, Knox, and Juno had all reached Martial God level, or were merely one step away from it. Moreover, they were battle-hardened and had incredibly rich combat experience.

Any one of them pulled out individually could match someone like Garal from the Ludendorff family back in the day. Each could completely hold down a territory for Andrew on their own. 1 At this moment, all of Dragonfang was attacking together. That meant Nyx, Knox, Juno, and Petra, four martial god-level powerhouses, were attacking

Throne City together. In terms of top-tier strength alone, the Ludendorff family was already being crushed and completely overwhelmed. On Andrew's side, Alonzo could not understand why Andrew had ---- been standing by and refusing to enter the battle.

However, Alonzo was not the only one confused. On the other side, in the direction of Aurora City, Vance felt the same. Nonetheless, Vance was not in a hurry. "Vance, shouldn't we make our move now?" Iridessa asked. She had changed into a tight-fitting combat suit with her face covered, gripping spiked weapons in her hands. These were the deadliest weapons of an Eastern assassin. Vance's eyes remained fixed on Throne City as he replied, "No rush. We'll move out once Andrew is deep in the battle." Iridessa nodded, then asked, "Vance, what about the Cathedral and the Dark Clans?"

"We can't completely ignore them either." Vance smiled. "As expected of my sister. Iridessa, I'm glad you thought of that, but I need to tell you something. At this moment, whether it's the Cathedral or the Dark Clans, we really don't need to worry about them. They're locked in a stalemate, checking each other. "If either side moves, the other won't just sit back and watch. So instead, this gives us the perfect opportunity to make our move and seize Throne City." Iridessa bowed. "Vance, you're right. I've learned much from you.

---- Suddenly, a massive golden pillar of light descended from the sky, slamming down in front of Throne City. Vance was a martial god, and even from 100 miles away, he could still see the situation clearly. "Arya!" He froze for a moment, then erupted in wild joy. "Iridessa, have all our people move out now! Heaven is on our side. That bastard Andrew has been intercepted by Arya right before the battle! "Without him joining the fight, Abyss City will definitely be locked in a death struggle with the Ludendorff family, and who knows who'll win?"

"This is our opportunity!" Iridessa's body trembled slightly with excitement as well. "Vance, let's head out now! Congratulations in advance on capturing Throne City and becoming the new King of the Wastelands!" Vance laughed wildly as his aura surged upward. He was also a martial god, and at the peak of that realm He drew an unusually long sword, fingers gliding along the blade as light shimmered across its surface. "Old friend, let's fight side by side once again. With your edge, we shall carve our deeds into history."

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Chapter 3138

[879 words]

---- Chapter 3138 Arya's expression was cold as frost. The white holy sword in her hand lifted a massive pillar of sacred light and slashed down violently. On the ground below, Andrew's expression was ice-cold. Storm energy swirled around Godslayer, and his aura surged wildly. With a single strike of his own, he met her attack head-on. "Andrew, you devil, I told you I wouldn't let you continue growing stronger." Arya's face was sacred and solemn, devoid of any emotion. "As long as I am here, you'll never achieve your demonic ambitions and desires in the Wastelands!" Andrew snorted coldly.

"Arya, you crazy woman, I've been waiting for you for ages!" Arya sneered. "Looks like you knew I wouldn't just stand by and watch, then you should be prepared to be completely annihilated!" Her white holy sword came crashing down again with overwhelming force. The dazzling sacred light was so bright it was blinding. Andrew's greatsword struck back in rapid succession. Even so, he was still being suppressed by the white sacred light, forced ---- downward toward the ground. Arya said coldly, "Nyx can't help you right now.

I know you won't wait around for death, so go ahead and call all your people to fight. Don't worry, I won't hold back. Since the Highland Tribe warriors have fallen into corruption just like you, I'll purify them along with you." Andrew held back the blood rising to his throat and laughed mockingly. "You're making yourself sound way too righteous, Arya. Looks like the Pope wants to be King of the Wastelands too. You should've just said so. For the sake of that old geezer, I could've handed Throne City over to him." Arya's sacred face flared with anger.

"Blasphemer, you're asking for death!" As she spoke, an overwhelming sacred light slashed down like a killing storm. Andrew's greatsword clanged as he blocked repeatedly, continuously retreating. Arya pursued relentlessly, her eyes cold and determined. She had already promised Kass that this time, she would kill Andrew for sure. The reason she had waited until now to strike was that Nyx was already tied up, fighting on top of Throne City. Arya had seized this opportunity to ensure Andrew's death ---- Though he put up quite some resistance, in her eyes, it was still far from enough.

Currently, on the entire battlefield, the only ones who could threaten her were probably the progenitor-level figures from the Dark Clans. Andrew and Arya fought their way in the opposite direction, killing their way deep into the Wastelands, far from the center of the battlefield. Arya began reciting a prayer. Immediately, the white color of her holy sword brightened another shade. Andrew's heart tightened as he cursed at how formidable the crazy woman was. Nevertheless, he had to hold on. Taking a deep breath, Andrew also activated the holy light inheritance within his body.

Instantly, the black and red on his greatsword faded, and white sacred light began swirling around it. The two greatswords collided in midair, a battle of holy light against holy light. Both Arya's snow-white face and Andrew's face were illuminated in the same bright light. Arya roared, "Blasphemer, I don't know what method you used to wield the power of holy light.

But I will let you know that no matter how cunning you are or how desperately you struggle, ---- you cannot escape the fate of being ended!" Arya's white holy sword suddenly vibrated, and a ripple of energy slammed directly into Andrew's chest. Throwing his head back, he could no longer hold it in and spat out a mouthful of blood. On top of Throne City, Nyx was frantic with worry. "Arya, if you kill Andrew, I'll end my life too!" Her voice carried a desperate shrillness. Arya turned a deaf ear. She swung her greatsword horizontally and fired three more white lightning bolts downward.

She thought, 'Nyx, even if you hate me and want to kill me, I still have to eliminate him. The Pope had personally given the order that this man must die.' Of course, the reason was sacred, because this Andrew was the greatest blasphemer, even more blasphemous than the princes of the Dark Clans, and already comparable to several dark progenitors. Arya had once felt a moment of confusion about this. Was Andrew's blasphemy really comparable to the dark progenitors? However, the Pope's stern teachings had once again purified her doubting heart.

By killing Andrew, she would be doing the most righteous thing of her life. ---- It had to be so. Andrew raised his hand and wiped away the blood pouring from his mouth. His expression turned ferocious. Without hesitation, he activated Arcturus' Primordial Thunder. Then, he shot into the sky and clashed with Arya once more. At the same time, Andrew began exerting all his might to force out the totem power of the Lloyd royal family. Andrew had no choice but to withstand Arya's assault because 'the critical moment he was waiting for hadn't arrived yet.

In the vampire camp, Gaston withdrew his gaze. He said in a deep voice, "Progenitor, Andrew and the Cathedral's archangel have started fighting. From the looks of it, Andrew won't last much longer and will surely be killed by Arya." Jorge said calmly, "Gaston, does Andrew look like he's putting on an act to you?"

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Chapter 3139

[799 words]

---- Chapter 3139 Gaston hesitated for a moment, then said seriously, "I don't think it's an act. Arya treats him as the greatest evil, a blasphemer. They're truly fighting to the death." Jorge let out an aged laugh, and the sound was chilling. "Then what are you waiting for? Arya has left the Cathedral's army and is deep in another battlefield. Since Andrew won't last much longer, we need to maximize our gains while he does hold on. You understand what I mean, don't you?" Gaston grinned savagely.

"Yes, Progenitor." immediately, the vampire army mobilized and charged toward the Cathedral's encampment. Echoing this move, the werewolf forces under Edmund also launched a massive invasion, joining the vampires in a fierce assault on the Cathedral's army. Feeling the tremors spreading across the land from afar, Kass's expression turned solemn inside the Cathedral command tent. "Lysander, Makhaylus, the Lord's test is upon us again." Lysander asked, "Archbishop, should we have Arya return to assist?" Kass pondered uncertainly. "We will wait for now.

It won't be too late for her to return after she deals with Andrew. His ambition ---- and appetite mark him as an absolute warlord. It's just a pity he can't comprehend how vast my Lord's power is, how utterly invincible it stands!" In the Wastelands, yellow sand flew everywhere as Andrew crashed down like a cannonball, smashing into a deep crater. Arya, expressionless, raised her sword and continued her assault. "I think you've reached your limit.

And perhaps you don't realize that, for me, this battle has only just begun." With difficulty, Andrew crawled out of the pit, leaning on his greatsword just to stand steady. Blood covered his entire body, and his face was twisted with pain Yet there was a smile on his lips. "Crazy woman, you can kill me. But before you do, tens of thousands of Cathedral soldiers will have to die first. The werewolves and vampires have launched a joint assault. With two dark progenitors added in, I doubt Archbishop Kass and the others can hold them back." Arya's rapid footsteps suddenly halted.

Fury blazed even brighter across her face. "I never imagined you had fallen this far. You're actually in league with both werewolves and vampires!" Andrew gasped for breath, glaring at her fiercely. "Don't put yourself on such a damn high pedestal, and don't look down on ---- me as if I'm insignificant. All I can say is that the current situation is because you forced my hand. The Cathedral deserves this!" Arya raged. "Then you can say goodbye to this world permanently!" Her blazing white holy sword transformed directly into golden light.

Behind her, a pair of angelic wings appeared faintly in phantom form. Andrew had always known this woman was powerful, but he had never expected her to be even more terrifying than he had imagined. With angel wings appearing, Arya had likely already reached true Beyond Mortal Limits, standing below the gods. Before long, she would reach the ultimate end of martial power, the level beyond gods. Taking a deep breath, Andrew knew that the moment of life and death had arrived, He was forced to unleash his final trump card.

Suddenly, from the direction of the Cathedral army in the west, an extremely sinister dark aura shot into the sky. Within that aura, Lysander let out a piercing, tragic scream. Then, like a kite with its string cut, he slowly drifted down from the dark energy. Crimson blood rained across the land. Whenever one of the Twelve Angels was in danger, their souls ---- resonated with each other. Arya came to a dead stop and completely ignored Andrew. She turned toward the west and screamed in agony, "Lysander!" Like a violent storm, holy light erupted from her body like a flood out of control.

She screamed in anguish as well, holding her burning white holy sword and soaring into the sky. In an instant, she reached the dark aura in the west and launched a frenzied bombardment. As darkness clashed with sacred light, the air itself seemed to seethe and vaporize, a baptism of chaos. A tidal wave of force swept across heaven and earth, leaving nothing but ruin in its wake. Jorge's cold roar echoed far and wide. "Ragnar, you and I will join forces to kill Arya. Such a rare opportunity cannot be missed!

Another dark aura shot into the sky, and the two progenitors officially engaged Arya in battle. Andrew sat down hard on the ground as he threw up another mouthful of blood. However, his eyes were exceptionally cold. He had achieved his objective. Arya had wanted to kill him. So in turn, he would ensure Arya and the Cathedral faced eternal damnation. ---- With darkness and light locked in battle, no one could stop him from taking Throne City now.

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Chapter 3140

[793 words]

---- Chapter 3140 "Attack!" Vance roared. The cavalry under him surged forward in a violent charge, and they immediately launched a fierce assault on the Ludendorff family's other city gate. Throne City had four main gates. Two of them had already been completely sealed for defensive purposes, leaving only one in the south and one in the north. Right now, the south gate was under siege, attacked by the forces from Abyss City. Without hesitation, Vance chose to strike the north gate. His choice was perfectly timed, because most of Throne City's forces had been deployed to the south.

While the north still had defenders, overall, it was far more relaxed and vulnerable. Throne City's strength was limited after all, and the north gate instantly fell into a precarious situation. Vance's hand trembled slightly as he gripped his blade. He was excited. Iridessa had already turned into a blur, going on a killing spree along her way up onto the walls. Her superior stealth techniques ---- turned her into the Grim Reaper herself.

Wherever she passed, the garrison troops did not even have time to react before their heads rolled. Iridessa's strength was only slightly weaker than Vance's. The siblings were two of Eastonia's greatest future prospects, having received the most perfect training and cultivation. Iridessa in particular had mastered stealth arts, making her extraordinarily skilled in assassination, invisibility, disguise, and intelligence gathering.

The Ludendorff family's experts on the north gate quickly caught on. They sent someone to report and notify Alonzo to come for support.

Meanwhile, they engaged in battle with Iridessa themselves. When the gate below began showing signs of collapse, Vance knew it was time for him to act. He leaped up from his war chariot. His sword traced a terrifying arc of killing intent through the air. A crescent-shaped blade energy spun and howled as it slammed into the gate. Finally, the gate forged from pure steel could no longer hold and collapsed with a thunderous crash. Vance pointed his long blade forward and growled, "Charge into the city!

Victory belongs to us!" ---- At Throne City's south gate, Alonzo was being pushed to the brink by Nyx. Nyx's strength had been improving rapidly lately. Combined with her current specialty, in a one-on-one situation, most martial gods would struggle against her. Nonetheless, Alonzo was the Ludendorff family's second-in-command. In terms of martial prowess, he was not much weaker than Ramon. The battle armor on his body lit up with a layer of energy light. Immediately, his aura surged dramatically. His heavy sword sealed off attacks from all directions.

Nyx did not want to clash with him head-on, so she retreated, leaving afterimages behind before finally landing on top of the city wall. "Lord Alonzo, the north gate has been breached!" Before Alonzo could catch his breath, a subordinate rushed over, shouting urgently, "It's the Coven of Heavenly Radiance's people Their leader is Prince Vance Titoria from Eastonia!" Beneath his battle armor, Alonzo's face was rigid and numb. The heavy sword in his hand suddenly rose. With a swift motion, the subordinate who'd brought the news lost his head.

---- "Spreading panic in our ranks deserves death!" Alonzo spat. Then, he called over a military officer and ordered, "Proceed according to plan. Abandon the north gate and fall back to the second line of defense. Also, drive out half the slaves and have them face the Coven of Heavenly Radiance in direct combat." The officer's entire body trembled. "Sir, half the slaves would be 30,000 people. Their combat abilities are generally weak, and if they face the Coven of Heavenly Radiance, I'm afraid...

they'll all be slaughtered!" Alonzo kicked the Black Knight Legion officer in the head and roared, "Do as I've ordered, or would you prefer to lose your head too?" The officer scrambled to his feet. "Yes, sir!" At that moment, the sound of massive drums rang out from the plains outside the city. Nyx leaped down from the wall first. The Abyss City warriors also turned around one after another, abandoning the siege Alonzo frowned and looked down at the city below. The Abyss City army, which had been surging forward like a tide, had actually just retreated like that.

He did not suspect anything and ---- immediately had someone take over his position. He himself grabbed his heavy sword and charged toward the north gate. Whatever games the people of Abyss City wanted to play did not matter right now. First, he had to drive out and slaughter the Coven of Heavenly Radiance enemies who had broken through the north gate. For these bandits who struck from behind to take advantage of

the chaos, Alonzo's hatred had reached its peak. Outside Throne City, the first wave of Andrew's siege forces had completely withdrawn.

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Chapter 3141

[757 words]

---- Chapter 3141 Petra's battle armor was badly warped, and several sections had folded inward and shattered. His expression was grim as he strode toward Andrew and said, "We were just one step away from breaking through the southern gate defenses. Retreating now feels like a waste, and everyone who died up there will have died for nothing." Andrew held his greatsword, the tip planted in the ground, and replied calmly, "You did well, but I'm fully aware of the situation. Petra, you need to understand that our ultimate goal is to take over Throne City completely.

That means the Ludendorff family needs to be wiped out as much as possible, or at least worn down completely. "Sure, you could storm Throne City with heavy casualties. But let me ask you this: if we push the Ludendorff family into a corner and they fight us to the death, what happens then? In the end, they're destroyed, but we're left with hardly any troops and countless casualties. So tell me, how are we supposed to hold Throne City afterward?" Petra froze. Then, he said quietly, "I understand. From now on, we will follow your plan!" Andrew nodded. "Go reorganize your men.

In the next assault, your troops will be in the rear while our Highland Tribe friends ---- lead the charge." Nyx stepped forward, gritting her teeth. "Arya hasn't seen the last of me! Honey, how are you feeling?" Seeing she was on the verge of tears, Andrew smiled. "Don't worry. I'm still breathing. Nyx, we're just one step away from living freely in the Wastelands, without a care in the world. No faction will be able to threaten us again!" Juno rushed over, speaking rapidly. "You were right on the money!

Ramon, that breakaway warlord from the Ludendorff family, really was planning to hit us from behind! "But the Highland Tribe warriors did not move a single soldier. They stayed on full alert the entire time. Back at Abyss City, Chief Wieser and his men never let their guard down either, and didn't give him an opening. So after Ramon scouted us out with his men, he withdrew." Andrew sneered. "The Ludendorff family looks isolated and helpless on the surface, but no one knows if Alonzo and Ramon are secretly working together or not, putting on a show for everyone else.

Imagine if everyone assumes Ramon's no threat and focuses all their firepower on Throne City... Then, he attacks from behind while Throne City strikes from the front. That would be a disaster." Juno beamed. "You called it again. Ramon didn't try to seize ---- Aurora City. Ramon, who's been stirring up talk of secession, must've had a change of heart or something. After seeing no opportunity on our side, he led his men straight toward the north gate of Throne City.

It looks like he's planning to flank The Coven of Heavenly Radiance from behind." Andrew said coldly, "War is a dirty game, and we're all unavoidably becoming filthy players. Vance and his Coven are finished. He was extremely cautious, thought everything through, and even hid a trump card. But in the end, he still lost this game." Nyx said coldly, "In the end, Vance was still stupid. He schemed to gain the most benefits from this decisive battle. He planned to come out and pick up the leftovers after we exhausted the Ludendorff family's strength.

Now he came out to pick up scraps and realized it was not that easy. Instead, he got flanked from behind. He thought he was the hunter, but he ended up becoming the prey. Ironic, isn't it?" Andrew said calmly, "Vance isn't stupid. This war began when the Cathedral's army descended on the Wastelands and has dragged on ever since. Too many people, too many factions have been wiped out. "The Cathedral was smart enough, wasn't it? The Dark Clans were even more cunning, right? But in the end, there were no winners, only losers.

If I weren't forced into this corner, I would ---- never have wanted to do things this way." Nyx spoke up. "Honey, you seem kind of down." Andrew forced a smile. "Not really down, I just think fighting to the death like this is pointless. But when you're in the game, you have no choice but to play." With a sigh, he added, "All right, everyone, rest here and wait for orders. In the next round of attack, we will take over Throne City. And while we're at it, we'll wipe out the Ludendorff family along with Vance's Coven of Heavenly Radiance!"

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Chapter 3142

[724 words]

---- Chapter 3142 Everyone answered in unison, their voices booming, "Yes, sir!" Andrew turned his head, gazing westward. The battle there was even more brutal than the one at Throne City. The Cathedral's Vindicators seemed stuck in quicksand, desperately trying to break free but unable to. Masses of white-armored warriors lay

scattered across the battlefield, their faces beneath the armor filled with terror and horror. They no longer show the fearlessness of the Cathedral's faithful followers. Ragnar and Jorge, the two Dark Progenitors, had dealt a devastating blow to the Cathedral's army.

The first casualty was Lysander, who fell right there on the battlefield. This nearly shattered Arya's composure as she pursued Andrew. She had always thought of Lysander as her little brother, after all Besides, as a fellow angel of the Cathedral, she had always been respected and adored by the angels beneath her as their big sister. But now, he was gone. Arya became like an enraged bulldozer, charging in and out of the Dark Army relentlessly. Her frenzied slaughter drew constant ---- roars of fury from the two Dark Progenitors.

For a moment, even their combined efforts could not suppress her. With Kass and Makhaylus' support from the sides, the Dark Army gained no advantage. Overall, the casualty ratio was one to three. For every Cathedral warrior who died, three from the Dark Clans fell. Gaston and Edmund, the two Dark Princes, had also become bloodthirsty killers. The forces of darkness and light had been in a standoff for far too long. They had clashed more than once before. However, it was unprecedentedly brutal and complete this time.

It seemed like the fighting would not stop until one side was completely wiped out. The Vindicators' casualties continued to mount. Kass could no longer stay calm. After all, such heavy losses were irreversible. Only vengeance, only crushing the current Dark Alliance in one strike, could justify the death of those fallen warriors. "Die!" The hate-filled roar echoed across the sky. Gaston seized the moment when Makhaylus was exchanging blows with Edmund to attack from behind. In one strike, his ---- sharp claws pierced straight through Makhaylus' heart.

From behind, they penetrated all the way through to his chest. Makhaylus let out an unintelligible grunt from his mouth. Then, he plummeted headfirst toward the ground. Another Cathedral angel had fallen. The sound of Kass rapidly chanting scripture suddenly stopped, jarringly abrupt. Pain and reluctance flashed in his eyes before disappearing again. He lowered his head and spat out a mouthful of blood. His opponent was Kaelan, the werewolves' newly risen Prince. With Kaelan blocking him, Gaston and Edmund easily joined forces to kill Makhaylus.

Kass had the will but not the power, and there was nothing he could do. Arya looked up to the sky and let out a piercing shriek. The angel wings on her back instantly spread to their absolute limit. Tears streamed down her sacred, perfect face "Makhaylus, Lysander... I failed you. Forgive me!" After extreme grief came an explosion of extreme rage and hatred, and Arya's pure white wings rapidly turned black. ---- Ragnar and Jorge's expressions changed dramatically. With a simultaneous roar, they struck, and the world itself seemed to heave.

Dark energy erupted, swallowing everything in its path. However, it was useless. From Arya's blackened wings, glowing feathers shot out one after another. They seemed to be unbound by space or time, beyond all restraint. In an instant, they pierced through the dark barrier and rained down like arrows into the two Progenitors' bodies. The two Progenitors twisted in midair, their mouths releasing earth-shattering screams. Then, Ragnar completed his transformation into a massive werewolf form. He was fighting for his life now.

Jorge, the vampire progenitor, completely turned into a cloud of blood mist. Within the blood mist, only a floating skull remained. He, too, unleashed his strongest power. Andrew, who had been watching the western sky, withdrew his gaze. On his face was a smile mixed with mockery and pity. Arya, no matter how pure, sacred, and supreme she had been as an angel, now also felt true helplessness and despair. From her current state, there were faint signs that she was transforming into a fallen angel.

That crazy woman had finally paid a brutal price for her hypocrisy, for her foolish worldview ---- that saw the world as only black or white.

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Chapter 3143

[743 words]

---- Chapter 3143 A flash of white light sliced through the air, and the snow-white blade arc tore across the front lines. With his longsword, Vance effortlessly took five heads in a single strike. Yet, his expression looked unusually grim. The north gate of Throne City had already been breached by his forces. The warriors of the Coven of Heavenly Radiance surged into the city in massive numbers. At first, victory seemed within reach. Without towering walls to block them, the defenders inside the city looked like livestock waiting to be slaughtered.

However, Vance had underestimated the century-old foundation of the Ludendorff family. He had also underestimated the resistance of the Wastelands' fallen king at the moment of collapse. Inside the city, secondary and tertiary defensive lines had already been erected, and they were all made up of slaves. These weak slaves were being driven forward, sent to their deaths as they charged at the Coven of Heavenly Radiance warriors. Some even had explosives strapped to their bodies, going for mutual destruction.

---- At first, Vance roared furiously, trying to intimidate these slaves into retreating. But soon, he realized how naive he had been. The insane Ludendorff family was worse than animals. These slaves were being herded out as cannon fodder, living walls of flesh. Vance knew his options were limited now, and there was only one path: advance or retreat. Win or lose, all his previous efforts and schemes would be wasted if he failed. Hence, he issued the order to kill without mercy. However, slaughtering massive numbers of slaves yielded no significant progress.

An endless stream of slaves kept being driven out from Throne City's underground dungeons. Iridessa moved like a wisp of smoke, constantly taking down the Ludendorff family's elite warriors. She was advancing toward the tower above: the ramparts. She was clearing overhead threats for the Coven of Heavenly Radiance warriors. Vance led the warriors, pushing forward from ground level. Iridessa was nearly breaking through to the central castle: the heart of Throne City, where the throne hall stood. Yet Vance was still several hundred yards behind.

Only by taking the central castle and killing all of the Ludendorff family's high command, making their last stand, could they ---- claim victory. However, those few hundred yards felt as difficult as a long-distance expedition to Vance. Iridessa flew back, landing beside Vance, speaking urgently. "Vance, you can't keep killing like this! These slaves are innocent." Vance's eyes were bloodshot as he roared, "Do I have a choice? If I don't kill them all, there's no path forward. And besides, these people are charging at me with weapons. Iridessa, fight!

This is war, and death is just the norm." As he spoke, his longsword slashed out. A large group of slaves was cut clean in half, a gruesome sight. Iridessa's eyes flickered with deep reluctance as she turned her head away. She wanted to beg Vance to stop attacking these lowly slaves because it was simply pointless. But in the end, she bit her lip and said nothing. Victory was right before them, and Vance was right; death was the norm in war. For their ultimate goal, what did these sacrifices matter? Yet her hand gripping the spiked weapons trembled slightly.

She could not be like Vance, killing indiscriminately, especially when these slaves had eyes so numb and hollow, filled with pain and fear. Iridessa was still just a young woman, no matter how brutal her ---- training had been. Faced with this hellish scene, she still felt sick inside. A piercing sound suddenly rang out. A massive greatsword descended from above, slashing wildly toward Vance. "Vance, watch out!" Iridessa screamed, knowing this was not some slave but a mighty warrior from the Ludendorff family.

She shot upward, spun, then stabbed her spiked weapons toward the blade of the greatsword. With a clang, the greatsword was deflected and crashed into the crowd of slaves. Another wave of casualties followed. Iridessa was shocked. She had not expected this person to kill even his own people. Alonzo's face was hidden behind his battle armor, his expression impossible to read. Only his eyes were visible; vicious,

dark, and predatory. Energy surged along his greatsword as he struck out violently once more.

At the same time, the Ludendorff family's high-ranking elites and the Black Knight Legion officers all freed themselves up and launched a major counteroffensive against Vance's forces. Immediately, the Coven of Heavenly Radiance warriors felt immense pressure and began falling.

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- Chapter 3144

Chapter 3144

[749 words]

---- Chapter 3144 Iridessa clenched her teeth and charged forward again, intercepting Alonzo to ease the pressure on Vance. However, compared to Alonzo, her strength was far inferior. If she had been harassing from the shadows, competing in speed, and striking with ambush assassinations, her exceptional covert arts would have allowed her to gain the upper hand for a while and avoid quick defeat. But now, Alonzo had seized the initiative and launched a ferocious counteroffensive against the warriors of the Coven of Heavenly Radiance. Iridessa had no choice but to face him head-on.

With a single swing, the heavy greatsword slammed against her weapon. She let out a painful gasp, and the spikes in her hands flew out of her grip. A bloodthirsty glint flashed in Alonzo's eyes. His greatsword did not slow down and cut straight toward Iridessa's

head. Iridessa was terrified and lowered her head as her covert arts activated. The greatsword cut through a wisp of smoke as Iridessa managed to escape. However, the moment she reappeared in ---- another location, Alonzo's greatsword was already there ahead of her.

Iridessa steeled herself, pushing out with her small hands while bending her upper body backward to the extreme, practically sliding past Alonzo's blade. Though she had avoided the life-or-death crisis, Alonzo's sword energy completely shattered her disguise. In an instant, Iridessa's true appearance was revealed, delicate and pale, with a calm yet cold expression. Her small hands were covered in blood. Vance roared and suddenly shot into the sky, charging toward Alonzo. Only then did Iridessa's trembling heart finally ease.

If the fight had continued, Alonzo's next strike might have killed her. But down below, without Vance holding the front line, the situation deteriorated instantly. Attacks erupted from every direction. Slaves resisted desperately from the front, while the Ludendorff family warriors who had rushed in from both sides launched brutal encirclement attacks. The only remaining escape route of the Coven of Heavenly Radiance warriors turned chaotic.

For the first time since their ---- siege, they began to hesitate between advancing and retreating, However, that retreat marked the beginning of disaster. As formations collapsed and fear spread, the Ludendorff family warriors seized the chance to unleash their pent-up hatred and fury. One by one, they launched all-out assaults, drenched in blood and reckless of their own lives. They wanted every Coven of Heavenly Radiance warrior who had invaded the city to die. Iridessa turned pale with shock.

In just a few breaths, she watched the warriors of the Coven of Heavenly Radiance fall in straight lines. Soon, even more of them died, and faint signs of collapse began to appear. The sight made Iridessa's mind tremble violently. Biting her lip, she chose to step into Vance's position. At the same time, she shouted, "Everyone, hold on, you cannot retreat!" However, she had never truly led these warriors before. Moreover, her personality was reserved, and she had never revealed her true self to others. She had always acted as Vance's shadow, hidden in the ---- darkness.

Now that she had given orders, her voice sounded weak and powerless, and it had no effect at all. As panic grew, Iridessa screamed, "Vance!" Vance, who was locked in a fierce battle with Alonzo, was fully focused. He was jolted awake by Iridessa's desperate cry and looked down. With that glance, his expression changed drastically, and his heart sank straight to the abyss. "Everyone, you cannot retreat. Advance at all costs!

Anyone who dares to retreat will be dealt with by military law!" Alonzo sneered and swept his greatsword horizontally, and Vance, distracted, had his armor sliced open with a resounding crack. He was just a little away from being cut in half at the waist. Rage exploded within him, and his remaining calm shattered completely as chaos

began to take over his mind. What had once been a perfect situation had now turned into this.

There was no need to guess that the Ludendorff family warriors from the south gate must have returned. Since even Alonzo had appeared here, it could only mean one thing: the forces from Abyss City had given up the siege. Now all the pressure had fallen onto the Coven of Heavenly Radiance. ---- 'Andrew, I'll never forgive you!' Hatred surged in Vance's heart. He had never imagined that after breaking into the city and watching everything unfold exactly as he had predicted, the final outcome would turn out like this. In the end, he had still been outplayed by Andrew, that bastard.

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Chapter 3145

[608 words]

---- Chapter 3145 However, what grounded Vance's gears and pushed him into greater despair was yet to come. Ramon and his forces had returned to Throne City. Entering through the north gate, they completely sealed off the Coven of Heavenly Radiance warriors' escape route. "Lord Ramon has returned! Kill them! Wipe out these invaders!" The Ludendorff family's morale surged. The Coven of Heavenly Radiance warriors were done for. Ramon, his face cold and hard, attacked furiously from behind. With each strike, three Coven warriors were torn apart and dismembered.

Tears welled up in Iridessa's eyes as she cried out, "Vance, let's go! We've lost!" Vance's longsword struck out wildly, forcing Alonzo back as he roared, "No! I won't be defeated. Hold your ground! We'll fight our way back out!" His mind had spiraled entirely

into chaos, unable to accept this outcome. But in that brief moment of hesitation, he'd given Ramon another opportunity.

Ramon's forces blocked the Coven's warriors inside Throne City ---- from behind, trapping them with nowhere to advance or retreat, They could only scramble in panic, completely losing all order as they were mercilessly slaughtered. Initially, with an orderly retreat, they could have evacuated a portion of their forces. However, Vance's madness had robbed the Coven's warriors of their last hope of survival. The brutal, bloody massacre continued for over ten minutes. The last Coven of Heavenly Radiance warrior let out a roar.

Before he could even strike, Ramon's greatsword came down on his head. With a crack, he was split in two and died on the spot. In an instant, only Vance and Iridessa remained. Tears streamed down her face as Iridessa screamed at Vance again, "Run, Vance! If we don't leave now, we're both going to die!" Vance looked up to the sky and, with a cry, spewed blood violently. Ramon laughed savagely, leaping up to join Alonzo in a pincer attack. Soon, two martial gods attacked Vance simultaneously. Even with his prowess, Vance felt the pressure reach its absolute limit.

The longsword in his hand bent under the force, reaching its breaking point. ---- Any moment now, it would snap. Vance roared and spewed another mouthful of blood. The longsword vibrated violently as he slashed left and right with explosive force. At the cost of severe injuries, he sent both Ramon and Alonzo flying. Vance laughed bitterly, then turned and leaped. He landed on Throne City's wall, then dove down. Iridessa stayed close to protect Vance as they fled together. Ramon's face darkened as he raised his sword to pursue. Alonzo gasped for air and shouted, "Come back! Don't chase them!

I... I need to rest! Ramon, gather the remaining warriors and lock down the city. I suspect... Abyss City might try a surprise attack on us. Hurry!" Ramon said nothing, but thinking it over, he agreed. At this point, chasing Vance and Iridessa was meaningless. The Coven of Heavenly Radiance was finished, and with just the two of them left, they posed no threat to the Ludendorff family. He had only wanted to chase them down to vent his rage. But now that they had escaped, pursuing them would take who. knows how long with no guarantee of results.

Alonzo was right; defending Throne City came first. ---- As he passed Alonzo, Ramon said viciously, "I came back only to prove that I am no coward! I'm still the most outstanding member of the Ludendorff family! But Uncle Alonzo, I'll still advise you: we can't hold Throne City." Alonzo's face turned purple as he gritted his teeth. "Even if we can't hold it, you should stand with Throne City and the entire Ludendorff family until the end!"

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Chapter 3146

[682 words]

---- Chapter 3146 Ramon fell silent for a moment, then strode away to organize the city's defense. His voice drifted back faintly, "If we can't hold it, I won't be as stubborn as you. I believe that as long as you're alive, there's still a chance to recover. Once you're dead, that's it, the end." Suddenly, a massive artillery shell streaked across the sky and crashed into Throne City. One explosion after another erupted as a new wave of assault began. Alonzo lay half-sprawled on the ground, looking up at the artillery fire whistling through the air, and let out a bitter laugh.

He knew Andrew would not let this opportunity slip by. Abyss City's forces were nowhere near depleted, and their trump card, the Highland Tribe warriors, had not even been deployed yet. Alonzo was a veteran powerhouse of the Ludendorff family. Naturally, he was able to see everything clearly. He knew that Andrew had been waiting for precisely this moment. Nonetheless, seeing clearly did not mean he had a way to deal with it. The cruelty of this world was exactly this: even if you were ---- smart, cautious, and fully prepared, you could still not escape a doomed ending.

A thunderous roar rose from the south gate of Throne City. The ground shook so violently that it seemed like the entire city would collapse. An officer rushed over, his face full of panic, to report, "Lord Alonzo, Andrew from Abyss City has launched another attack. This time, it's the Highland Tribe warriors." Alonzo's face twitched as he struggled to his feet. "Then we fight these savages to the death! Go, concentrate all our forces at the gate. I want Andrew to bleed for every inch he gains!" The officer laughed bitterly. "Sir, it's no use.

The Highland Tribe warriors chose an all-around assault on the city. T-They're attacking from every section of the wall." Alonzo sucked in a sharp breath, feeling darkness close in as if the sky itself was falling. Throne City was the greatest city in the Wastelands. If the Highland Tribe warriors were launching an all-around assault, completely ignoring the walls' existence, then it could only mean one thing: these warriors were the elite of the elite, extraordinarily powerful. Every one of them was comparable to a battle master. ---- So what was there left to defend? Nothing at all.

Taking a deep breath, Alonzo made his final decision. "Then we fight to the last breath! Death before surrender!" Just then, another subordinate came to report, his face filled with fury and despair. "Sir, Lord Ramon has withdrawn with his men from the north gate." Alonzo was not surprised by this. Or rather, Ramon had already shown him this outcome before, so it was not sudden at all "So be it.

Looking at it from another angle, this way, he can at least preserve the Ludendorff family's bloodline." Shaking his head with a sigh, Alonzo picked up his greatsword,

gathered all his remaining men, and chose to stand or fall with Throne City. Outside the city, about 20 miles out, Andrew stood with his hand on his sword, watching the swarms of Highland Tribe warriors scaling Throne City's walls. His expression was calm as he ordered, "Mr. Fernsby, Knox, Juno, Petra, you're up too!" The four powerful warriors all acknowledged the command and began their assault on Throne City's main gate.

---- Othniel shot into the air, his entire body wreathed in crimson lightning. With a furious roar, his cavalry saber brought forth a towering red radiance and struck Throne City's south gate. After a slight tearing sound, the south gate collapsed with a thunderous crash. Andrew waved his hand, and another battalion of warriors besides the Highland Tribe, all looking spirited and ready, launched the final assault. They made their way into Throne City almost effortlessly, massacring the Ludendorff family's fighters along the way.

Even standing outside the city, Andrew could see several tall towers inside Throne City toppling over. Atop the central throne hall, the Ludendorff family's banner erupted in roaring flames, then burned away to nothing. Screams echoed endlessly. 2

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Chapter 3147

[573 words]

---- Chapter 3147 Nyx and Franz stayed by Andrew's side. Franz said with a sigh. "The once untouchable Ludendorff family had ruled the Wastelands for more than 100 years, never thinking they would meet their demise in our hands." Nyx's expression turned cold as she looked toward the distance. "Honey, someone is coming." Andrew had already noticed it, so he smiled faintly and said, "Relax, they are not enemies. On the contrary, they might even be friends." Under Nyx's puzzled gaze, two figures stumbled toward Andrew. One of them had messy hair, torn clothes, and wounds all over his body.

His eyes glared at Andrew through the tangled hair, and he said nothing, but they burned with rage and hatred. The other person looked devastated and small. Her gaze was just as cold and furious as she stared at Andrew. Her fists clenched and loosened again and again. Nyx suddenly smiled and said, "Prince Vance, what brings you here?" The newcomers were Vance and Iridessa, the siblings who had ---- barely escaped alive from Throne City. At this moment, Iridessa no longer bothered to disguise herself, exposing her true form before Andrew.

Vance ignored Nyx and roared at Andrew, "Andrew, you're truly heartless! You had already predicted all of this, didn't you?" Andrew turned to look at him and said casually, "I wouldn't say I predicted it from the start, but it was close enough. The Coven of Heavenly Radiance did not have the strength to swallow the Ludendorff family, and even in decline, the Ludendorff family was not that easy to deal with. You were careless." Vance let out a bitter laugh, his voice bleak and filled with hatred. "Yeah, I was careless.

I should have known earlier that your ambition was not just to take Throne City, but also to make my side suffer devastating losses. No, what you wanted most was for my sister and me to die too, right?" Andrew raised his brows. "So this is your sister? Heh, she must be one of the top masters in Eastonia. We met several times before, yet I never noticed. That is impressive." When Andrew's gaze swept over her, Iridessa felt a chill run through her entire body. She gritted her teeth and said, "Mr. Lloyd, we are both from the East.

Yet, you stood by and watched us die, and you let Vance's people become sacrifices to pave your way. How could you do that?" ---- Andrew paused for a moment. "May I ask for your name, miss?" Iridessa said bitterly, "My name is Iridessa Titoria!" Andrew nodded. "Ms. Titoria, it seems your covert arts and your intelligence are inversely proportional. Do you really not understand that this was a war? In war, death is normal, isn't it? No great rise is without ruin.

If you wanted to take Throne City and replace the Ludendorff family as the King of the Wastelands, shouldn't you be prepared to pay the price of countless deaths?" He added, "How many people did Vance actually lose? What did that even count for? Besides, you blamed everything on me. Ms. Titoria, you are too naive and too foolish." Iridessa was left speechless, yet she wanted nothing more than to assassinate Andrew on the spot. Nyx looked at her coldly. They both understood each other's danger and strengths. Because of that, Iridessa knew she should not make a move.

If she did, she might be the one who would die first.

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Chapter 3148

[646 words]

---- Chapter 3148 Vance suddenly felt hopeless, so he lowered his head and said in utter despair, "Andrew, congratulations. Back then, in Eastonia, I couldn't beat you. And

even now, I still lost to you. I don't know whether this is fate or just a cruel joke." Andrew said coldly, "Vance, the one who destroyed you was yourself, not me. If you had not been greedy, if you had not tried to seize the biggest prize in the Wastelands, would you have ended up like this?" Vance sneered but said nothing.

Andrew continued, "From the day you reached for Aurora City and joined this filthy game, you should have been prepared to lose." Vance roared, "And what about you? Do you really think you are chosen by destiny?" Andrew smiled faintly. "Destiny? Sorry, I do not believe in that kind of thing. I can only say that I exhausted every strategy and every effort to reach today. And besides, this achievement was not created by me alone.

It was the result of everyone around me, my friends and my brothers and sisters, fighting together." Inside Throne City, a massive burst of fireworks shot into the ---- sky. They exploded in midair, spreading brilliant colors across the night. Iridessa watched the scene and murmured, "Vance, it is beautiful. It reminds me of the fireworks back home. Vance, I want to go home." As she spoke, the naive and innocent woman began to sob quietly. The pain of failure was not something ordinary people could endure.

Even someone as ambitious as Vance had almost drawn his sword to end his own life more than once. Let alone Iridessa, a young woman who knew nothing beyond covert arts and had lived carefree until now. Vance looked toward the sky as well, his eyes reflecting the fireworks that symbolized victory, and said, "Yeah, it is beautiful But the celebration isn't mine, so what is the point?" Hearing this, Andrew let out a silent laugh and said, "Vance, remember this. In this world, some beauty only needs to be seen. It doesn't have to be possessed.

If you try to grasp everything, you will suffer and drown in your own desires." At that point, Andrew paused, and his expression turned icy. " And besides, you didn't see how many of my people died in the shadow of this beauty. They believed in me, and that was why they chose to follow me. And now, all I can do is lead their remains home." ---- Vance fell silent, unable to respond. Andrew said calmly, "If the two of you are interested, come into the city and talk. If not, then I won't be seeing you off." He drew his greatsword and walked toward Throne City first.

Nyx walked beside him, and their figures slowly faded into the distance. Vance and Iridessa stood where they were for a long time. Iridessa whispered, "Vance, let us leave the Outlands and go back home. I am tired, and I do not want to stay here anymore." Vance's face darkened. "But Iridessa, have you forgotten that there is still one thing we have not done?" Iridessa lowered her head and mumbled gloomily, "I have not forgotten. I want to kill Andrew and take revenge for Mother. But he is very strong, especially after meeting him up close just now.

Vance, I know that in this lifetime, I will probably never be his match." Vance roared, "No! Iridessa, you are the most outstanding covert artist in Eastonia. Believe in yourself. As long as you disguise yourself and strike suddenly, you will absolutely have a

chance." Confusion appeared in Iridessa's eyes, and then she replied, "I'll do as you say, Vance." ---- Vance said, "Let's go, we'll follow them into the city. I have nothing left now, and I pose no threat to Andrew whatsoever. However, not killing me will be his biggest mistake!"

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Chapter 3149

[669 words]

---- Chapter 3149 Walking through Throne City's south gate, Andrew had warriors standing guard on both sides to greet him. They all saluted in unison with fanatic devotion. The Ludendorff family was finished, and Throne City had been conquered. Now it was time to receive their commander's inspection. Andrew's expression was cold as he strode to the grand plaza in front of the Throne Hall. All along the way, there were dead bodies everywhere. Some were enemies, some were his own men, and some belonged to the Coven of Heavenly Radiance. In short, the casualties were devastating.

Alonzo, the Ludendorff family's second-in-command, was now unrecognizable, completely broken and captured, kneeling before the Throne Hall. Alongside him were over a dozen Ludendorff family elites. These people had chosen to surrender and were all forced to kneel. Juno's blade rested against Alonzo's neck as she gritted her teeth. "Mr. Lloyd, you decide how to deal with them." ---- Andrew raised his hand and waved. Juno immediately withdrew her blade and stepped aside. Vance and Iridessa followed close behind. Alonzo, sitting on the ground, slowly lifted his aged and tortured face.

Then, he looked at Andrew and laughed like a madman. "Andrew... You finally got what you wanted. Throne City has fallen into your hands." Andrew nodded. "Yeah, I got what I wanted. But the Ludendorff family was still pretty tough. You held out until now." Alonzo suddenly spat on the ground, his teeth clenched and his face full of venom. "The Ludendorff family has 100 years of legacy that will never fade! You may have taken Throne City, but you will never wipe out my clan!" Andrew said calmly, "! am not that interested in wiping out the Ludendorff family.

Everything that happened was just the Ludendorff family destroying itself through its own crimes." Alonzo laughed bitterly. "Brat, what right do you have to judge the Ludendorff family? Because you stand there as the victorious conqueror? Or because of something else?" Andrew replied evenly, "Because I am about to execute the ---- entire Ludendorff family. Because you were inhumane and worse than beasts, sending countless slaves to die for nothing.

Because the Ludendorff family has long become the target of universal hatred, and the era of enslaving the Wastelands is coming to an end." Alonzo's face flushed red, and he suddenly began to cough violently. Large streams of blood poured from his eyes, ears, mouth, and nose, making him look utterly miserable. Othniel stood nearby and said, "I have already shattered all his meridians. His limbs have also been completely destroyed." Andrew looked at Alonzo and asked, "Do you have anything else to say?" Alonzo roared, "You will definitely pay the price for everything you have done!

Raiden is not dead yet!" Andrew said coldly, "Simple. When he comes out of the Veiled Paradise, I will kill him, and you can keep each other company. The Ludendorff family should stay together." Alonzo let out a final scream and spat out another mouthful of blood. He pointed at Andrew and stammered, "Y-You..." His head tilted to the side, and he died on the spot. A legendary warlord of the Wastelands, the second-in-command of the Ludendorff family, had fallen. ---- A figure who once dominated the entire Outlands vanished just like that.

Andrew did not even glance at the remaining Ludendorff leaders, handing them over to Othniel. Othniel's method perfectly matched the brutal style of the Highland Tribe berserkers. He slaughtered them all to eliminate any future threats. There was no talk of mercy and no talk of cruelty. This was simply the inevitable outcome of replacing the old with the new. One side had to perish so the other could rise. Vance and Iridessa watched the final Ludendorff leaders being executed from start to finish.

Just a few hours earlier, warriors of the Coven of Heavenly Radiance had still been dying tragically at the hands of these people Vance could not describe what he felt. There was only one winner, one that Vance was deeply unwilling to accept: Andrew.

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Chapter 3150

[629 words]

---- Chapter 3150 While Vance thought the Gods were blind, Iridessa's belief was much simpler. She thought Andrew could already be called a warlord in his own right. At the very least, the way he acted was completely in the style of a conqueror. Inside the Throne Hall, all the lights were turned on, and everything gleamed with gold. Despite the intense siege, the place had not been badly damaged. After all, it had been the pride of the Ludendorff family, so its structure was still solid. Andrew sat alone on the golden throne that had once belonged to Raiden and Alonzo for a long time.

Then, he slowly stood up and smiled. "Not bad, but the seat was kind of uncomfortable." The heroes standing below burst into laughter. Vance and Iridessa, however, let out cold snorts. Othniel said, "Mr. Lloyd, I already arranged for people to repair ---- the city defenses overnight. At the same time, as you ordered, all the slaves have been released and allowed to go or stay as they wish." Andrew nodded. "Very good. Petra, what about your side?" Petra grinned.

"Everything has been fully deployed, so even if Cathedral or the dark armies attack right now, we can hold them off." Franz said, "With strong fortifications and Throne City's unique advantages, our military strength is no longer inferior to the Cathedral or the Dark Clans. Holding the city will not be a problem at all." Andrew nodded again. "Very good." Then, he turned to Knox and said, "Start preparing to move your people into Throne City.

With its scale, resources, and infrastructure, Throne City can easily accommodate the Highland Tribe and allow you to rebuild and grow again." Knox was overjoyed. "Alright. I will handle it immediately." The overall scale of Throne City was comparable to five Abyss Cities combined. As the largest city in the Wastelands and the headquarters of the Ludendorff family, it could easily support 300 thousand residents. Therefore, housing the Highland Tribe presented no pressure whatsoever. ---- Andrew said, "Tear this place down and convert anything valuable to cash.

Then distribute it to the Highland Tribe so they can rebuild their homes in Throne City!" Othniel and the others were stunned and said, "Sir, such a magnificent hall should serve as your residence in the future. Wouldn't it be a shame to demolish it?" Even Franz could not help but say, "Andrew, just keep it. You didn't extort these things, so you shouldn't feel guilty." Andrew smiled and said, "It is not about conscience. I just think it is unnecessary. I'm not particularly interested in luxurious things. Plus, Throne City needs proper reconstruction.

So, just do as I say." Franz and the others immediately agreed and said no more. Othniel and the other Highland Tribe warriors were secretly delighted. They had achieved final victory, yet Andrew, their leader, had not neglected the Highland warriors and was still thinking of their people. Following such a wise leader was worth every sacrifice. Watching this, Vance felt extremely jealous and uncomfortable. He suddenly spoke up. "Andrew, the Throne Hall was decorated by the Ludendorff family for over 100 years. If you don't like it, then give it to me.

Consider it a favor I owe you." ---- Andrew glanced at him and smiled. "Sure. But giving it to you? Don't even think about it. You and I aren't friends, Vance, so you'll have to pay for it. If the price is right, I'll sell it to you." Vance's expression immediately turned dark. He snorted coldly. "Iridessa, we're leaving!" Taking his sister with him, he turned to go. Nyx said, "Honey, Vance represents Eastonia. Even though he's completely defeated and alone, he's still ambitious. How about we eliminate these siblings right here in Throne City to prevent future trouble?"

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