

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 3151

[637 words]

---- Chapter 3151 Andrew said calmly, "No rush. Vance is lingering around because he's still plotting something. I want to see what he's up to." There was another reason Andrew did not tell Nyx. Victory had just been secured, and now was the time to build up Throne City. Everyone needed a break, which was exactly what he wanted to see. It was not the right time for more fighting. Franz did what he did best, dealing with the wealthy merchants and stubborn factions in Throne City. Those who pledged loyalty to Andrew, the new ruler of the Wastelands, would be fine. Those who refused?

They had two choices: get lost and leave Throne City, or give up their lives Andrew did not actually have a tyrannical desire to oppress the people of the Wastelands. He simply wanted stability, harmony, and wealth for everyone. Initially, he had not really planned to overthrow the Ludendorff family's rule. Everything had changed step by step, gradually leading him to where he stood today. The battle between the Cathedral and the Dark Clans lasted a full day and night before finally ending. ---- Juno, who had gone to scout for information, returned with a pale face.

She exclaimed, in horror, "The casualties are ridiculous. At least two-thirds of the Cathedral's warriors are dead. The werewolves and vampires had it even worse!" Under the night sky, Andrew's face hovered between shadow and light. He had not expected that single spark to ignite such a raging inferno. At the time, he had genuinely needed the Cathedral and the dark army to fight to the death. Only then could he truly seize Throne City in one decisive strike. So, he had sent Petyr, the vampire who had pledged allegiance to him, to stir things up in the vampire camp.

In truth, Petyr's role could have been optional. As long as Arya was not with the Cathedral army, the Dark Clans would inevitably have the upper hand. After all, Kass and two angels could not possibly withstand two dark progenitors, not to mention two Dark Princes waiting on the battlefield, ready to strike at any moment. However, Arya's arrogance and stubbornness had escalated the situation to its extreme. For so long, the Cathedral had always held the upper hand in its conflicts, and the Dark Clans usually ended up defeated and humiliated.

---- This time, even the dark progenitors could not sit still and were forced to take action personally. That was a clear signal that the Cathedral would pay a devastating price. However, at that exact moment, Arya ignored her own people and came after Andrew instead, believing his evil surpassed even that of the dark army. And what happened? The werewolf and vampire forces launched their attack immediately, The two

progenitors struck directly, taking advantage of Arya's absence to maximize their gains. Lysander was the first to fall victim, dying on the spot.

After that, Makhaylus died as well. In an instant, Lomuia Grand Cathedral lost two great angels. The loss of top-tier combat power meant the lower-ranked warriors suffered as well. Forget everything else; the Cathedral's morale plummeted instantly. Kass fought alone, nearly getting killed himself. Only then did Arya realize what had happened, abandoning Andrew to confront the two dark progenitors. At that point, Andrew had achieved his goal. Lomuia Grand Cathedral and Arya, the Battle Angel, had finally paid the ultimate price.

---- In the Wastelands, the Cathedral had been the most promising transcendent force to dominate the Outlands and replace the Ludendorff family. Now, it was completely broken, turning what should have been a winning game into an endgame. Meanwhile, Andrew had grown stronger step by step. He had taken Throne City, claimed the brightest jewel of the Wastelands, and devoured its richest prize. He had become the biggest winner since this great purge began.

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Chapter 3152

[629 words]

---- Chapter 3152 That night, the Outlands was hit by a torrential downpour. It was as if the heavens wanted to wash away the scars of endless wars. The rain would rinse the blood from the ground and let the land breathe again. The warriors of the Highland Tribe stepped out into the streets of Throne City. They loved nature, and they loved rain, sunlight, and open fields. The joy of victory made Tobiah especially happy. He called Knox, Juno, Othniel, Hershel, and Petra to his place. Strictly speaking, it was not a home but the sacred hall newly built by the Highland Tribe in Throne City.

From now on, this place would serve as the residence of the Great Chief and the council hall of the Highland Tribe. It was easy to predict that it would soon belong to Knox because he would become the new chieftain of the Highland Tribe. Franz had to take charge of the night patrol and could not relax for even a moment. So, he only stopped by briefly, chatted a little, drank a bit of wine, and then left with his men to arrange the night watch. ---- He and Petra would take turns as the main defenders of Throne City.

As the commander-in-chief, Andrew had already given too much and worried too much during this time. Besides, those exhausting tasks should not fall on the commander-in-chief alone. So without any objections, Andrew was finally able to sleep peacefully. Nyx had changed into a casual silk nightgown. The hem fell just above her knees, and beneath it, the delicate curve of her legs glimpsed in and out of view. When Andrew entered, her long golden hair was still damp and draped over her shoulders.

She looked up and smiled gently, saying, "Honey, you are back." Andrew walked over and lifted her pointed chin. Nyx's large, blue eyes were breathtakingly beautiful, and it was as if they could mirror the soul. Her face was flawless and stunning beyond words. Andrew leaned in to kiss her, but Nyx dodged with a playful laugh, her movement fluid and graceful. Andrew's gaze trailed her tall figure, wrapped in the smooth silk ---- of her robe. Her cleavage teased through the silk, a glimpse of smooth skin and shadows deep enough to lose yourself in.

His throat tightened as a heat rose swiftly within him. They knew each other's bodies intimately and had traced every response through countless nights together. So, Nyx noticed the subtle change in him immediately. Her face flushed bright red in an instant. She bit her lip softly and breathed, "Honey... what are you thinking?" With a low growl, Andrew closed the distance. "You." A light gasp escaped her as he lifted the hem of her robe. Her legs wrapped around him, head tilting back with a sharp intake of breath. In one motion, she was full of him.

Outside, the rain poured harder, drumming against the world. Inside, candle flames wavered, seeming ready to go out at any moment. On the wide bed, bodies moved as one, Nyx's soft moans threading the air. "Honey... I love you," she murmured Iridessa lay flat on the rooftop. Dressed in black, she blended ---- into the eaves like a slip of shadow. The roaring storm swallowed any sound she might make, a perfect disguise. Yet even through the downpour, she could hear what rose from the room below: whispers, cries, the rhythmic impact of skin on skin.

Her body tensed with a strange, creeping warmth. Iridessa was no innocent girl; she knew exactly what was happening in that room Her face burned. She never expected that the icy beauty, Nyx, could sound like that; so raw, so unraveled. Even as a woman, the sounds stirred something restless in her own skin.

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Chapter 3153

[613 words]

---- Chapter 3153 However, what held Iridessa's attention most was not Nyx's voice. It was the man's growls. Every rhythm, every impact, punching through the rain and into the core of her. She thought Andrew was terrifyingly powerful. The innocent Iridessa instinctively interpreted everything through martial strength. In her mind, she calculated silently how a man like Andrew could be so fierce even in something like this. Nyx was a martial god, but even her body probably could not withstand him, right? Moreover, Andrew was like a perpetual engine, every movement precise, deep, and fatal.

His body was almost perfect, and no wonder his strength was so unreachable. Without realizing it, Iridessa listened too intently and became too absorbed. Nyx's cry suddenly pulled her back to reality. "Honey, I can't take it anymore. Let's stop tonight... just stop." Iridessa felt so ashamed that she wanted to disappear. She thought that tonight was really the worst time to come here. Then again, if she did not act tonight, there might not be many chances later. ---- Andrew really was a shameless womanizer.

Nyx was already saying she could not take it anymore, yet he still would not stop, still going at it relentlessly. If this had been in Eastonia, the boys back home would never be this rude. Once, Iridessa had almost crossed the line with the boy she loved. However, their mentor discovered them, and the boy was executed on the spot. The reason was that he had almost cost Iridessa the chance to practice the highest level of covert arts. Advanced covert arts required Iridessa to remain a virgin for her entire life.

That time, Iridessa cried terribly because she was also severely punished by her teacher. As for the boy's death, it did not impact her as deeply as one might imagine. Since childhood, Iridessa had been trained by the Eastonian royal family to obey Vance unconditionally. She was taught to prioritize her brother's lifelong mission above everything else and to serve it without hesitation. So in her heart, there had always been only Vance's mission and his orders. Fortunately, Vance had always treated her well.

---- Later, as Iridessa grew up, she came to understand matters between men and women very clearly. However, she had never experienced it, and she did not think much about it. Because she never believed she would like doing such things. Yet tonight, as the heavy sounds below washed over her like demonic whispers, Iridessa suddenly felt unbearably restless. Andrew's dominance never stopped, and Nyx's pleading gradually turned into a kind of cry that Iridessa felt was almost soul-leaving. That alone made Iridessa's delicate body tremble.

She felt unbearably ashamed, and her mind unconsciously imagined herself in Nyx's place. Then, she imagined being overwhelmed again and again by the man she was supposed to assassinate. Iridessa scolded and punished herself in silence, 'Iridessa! You are betraying Vance and Eastonia... How could you even think about such things?' Could it be that deep down, she was actually shameless? The impacts below finally stopped, and that final roar of release made Iridessa feel a wave of heat surge through her body again. ---- She opened her mouth and bit her tongue hard.

In an instant, her mind cleared, and her spirit sharpened. She held a dagger coated with poison between her teeth. Iridessa knew the moment had arrived. She lightly descended from the roof without making a sound. Then, she carefully looked inside. The naked man stood with his back to her. The bulging muscles of his back, his solid build, and his powerful thighs all made Iridessa unable to stop her thoughts. She realized that a man's body could actually look this good.

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Chapter 3154

[656 words]

---- Chapter 3154 Iridessa did not rush to strike and slowly removed her disguise. First, her hair, then her top, and her pants. She stood barefoot on the balcony. Taking a deep breath, Iridessa felt satisfied with her current self. Just then, a faint bolt of lightning streaked across the sky. For a brief instant, her figure appeared on the glass. Even in that split second, her golden hair, blue eyes, and doll-like, delicate face were clearly visible. She looked just like Nyx.

However, the real Nyx had already fallen into deep sleep in sweet satisfaction. Meanwhile, Iridessa, disguised as Nyx, stared at the man through the glass. Finally, Iridessa bent low and entered the bedroom. She took the dagger from her mouth and placed it outside the door. True, perfect covert arts could not allow even the slightest flaw. If she carried a blade, her heart would inevitably harbor killing intent. With killing intent, the powerful man before her would be able to sense it. ---- If that were the case, she would end in failure.

Her bare feet stepped on the floor, silent as a cat. Iridessa picked up her pace, passing through the bedroom door into the living room. At this moment, Andrew had poured himself a glass of water and was drinking while gazing at the endless rain curtain outside. Setting down the glass, Andrew turned around and smiled gently, "Why'd you get up? Huh... Nyx, your heartbeat's a bit fast." Iridessa flashed a bashful smile as she pursed her lips and said, "I can't sleep! You're such a bad man... You made me so sore all over.

"How could I fall asleep easily?" Andrew looked apologetic and sat on the couch with his gaze lowered. Iridessa took the opportunity to sit on Andrew's lap, wrapping her arms around his neck. A subtle, mysterious fragrance wafted toward him. Andrew held her and laughed, "You're a bit unusual tonight. Are you just too happy? Usually, you fall asleep right away every time!" Iridessa, transformed into Nyx, shook her head and said,

"I don't want to sleep." ---- Andrew smiled and squeezed the beauty's rear in his arms. Iridessa's face reddened, everything perfectly on cue.

However, her heartbeat was impossible to control. Fortunately, though the man before her noticed this, he did not overthink it. He assumed it was just an inevitable symptom after their passionate encounter. With Iridessa's desperate determination and near-perfect covert arts, she should have been able to control her heartbeat. Yet, at this moment, Andrew was completely naked. Yes, that fierce thing was exposed right before Iridessa. She had never properly looked at one in her entire life.

Although learning covert arts and assassination techniques required a precise understanding of the human body, she truly had no experience and had never studied that particular thing. After all, ultimately, she was still a girl. Feeling the overwhelming masculine scent so close at hand, Iridessa's beautiful legs felt somewhat weak. This was the only way she could think of to get close to Andrew. And to strike, she needed even more demanding conditions. Even in this current situation, with the two of them embracing intimately, she did not have confidence in a single fatal strike.

---- She knew very well that as soon as the thought of killing arose in her mind, the man pressed against her would instantly sense it and snap her neck. Iridessa's slender, soft fingers traced inch by inch across Andrew's back. She could clearly feel the endlessly flowing blood within Andrew's body, as well as wave after wave of condensed energy fluctuations. At any moment, he could unleash power capable of destroying everything 'Vance's combat ability is far inferior to Andrew's...' Iridessa thought somewhat sadly. Poor Vance always wanted to find an opportunity to duel Andrew one-on-one.

He would never accept his previous defeat. "Nyx, what's wrong?" Andrew suddenly looked up, somewhat puzzled. "Why do I get the feeling you're a bit down?"

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Chapter 3155

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---- Chapter 3155 Iridessa smiled and said, "Honey, I want you to kiss me." Yet secretly, she was thinking about how to make Andrew completely lower his guard. Or rather, how to push him into a state of absolute vulnerability. As she thought about it, Iridessa suddenly felt an indescribable tremor. Her throat became dry and hoarse. Before Andrew could make a move, she had already lowered her head on her own initiative and kissed him passionately.

Feeling the foreign beauty's renewed vitality, Andrew chuckled and said, "Nyx, you seem especially energetic tonight." His hand moved and seized a fatal spot on Iridessa's chest. Iridessa let out a soft moan and continued to respond to Andrew. Yet, the warmth from his hand made her feel as if she were suffocating. Gradually, Iridessa let go of her guard, let go of herself, and chose to immerse herself completely. With a sudden movement, she flipped over, pinned Andrew down, and then sat on him. At that moment, Andrew never imagined that the woman before ---- him was not Nyx.

Iridessa's nearly perfect covert arts concealed everything. And in this intoxicating moment, Andrew felt the beauty's increasingly intense passion. He was instantly ignited as well. He suddenly moved deeper and forcefully. Iridessa didn't know if she was screaming in pain, pitifully crying out, or feeling sorrow. She only felt a violent pain. Then, everything entered a wonderful realm she had never experienced before. After an unknown amount of time, the living room was in complete disarray. Iridessa could no longer feel her body. She did not even have the strength to move.

Fear, shock, and anger surged through her. She finally understood why she had heard Nyx begging earlier on the rooftop. This man really was terrifyingly strong, almost inhuman. Iridessa felt humiliated and furious, and she wanted to slap herself. She had clearly come to carry out a mission, with life and death hanging in the balance. Yet by a twist of fate, she had sunk into it. ---- Moreover, she had been completely consumed, her mind and body overtaken by the man she was supposed to assassinate. A tear unconsciously appeared at the corner of Iridessa's eye.

No matter how well she could disguise herself and impersonate Nyx, she couldn't mimic Nyx's psychology. This crying was purely Iridessa's instinct and emotions. Andrew was extremely perceptive and immediately noticed the tear. He froze and asked, "Nyx, you're crying?" Iridessa quickly wiped away the tear and smiled sweetly, "I am happy, honey, I love you." She pouted as she raised her chin provocatively and said, "Let's go again." Andrew was stunned again, then laughed, "Alright, let's go again then!" He pressed down on her neck, pushing Iridessa's head down.

Involuntarily, Iridessa's rear lifted up. Her eyes were filled with shame and fury, knowing what Andrew intended to do. She had never experienced anything between men and women before, and what just happened was already an unprecedented loss of her virginity. ---- In her heart, she thought that this time, when this guy penetrated deeply and was completely absorbed, she would bite through his skin. Hidden in her teeth was the most vicious poison from Eastonia. It only needed to be in contact with blood to take effect immediately.

Iridessa did not expect the poison alone to instantly kill this formidable man. She just needed the poison to take effect, then she would use the most lethal techniques from her covert arts to finish Andrew off. However, plans were one thing, reality another. Iridessa prepared herself for the violent impact that might come again. At the same time, she bit down hard on her tongue to stay alert, afraid she would fall into it again. But after

waiting a moment, the violent impact she imagined did not come. Instead, only Andrew's cold laugh sounded in her ear. "You're not Nyx."

Nyx never gets greedy; she only wants it once, and you actually wanted another round. I guess you must have some hidden agenda, right?" Iridessa's body went rigid instantly, and her mind exploded with noise. It was over. She had been exposed.

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Chapter 3156

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---- Chapter 3156 With a sharp shout, Iridessa suddenly twisted her body. She chose the most decisive yet also the most desperate option: to strike without hesitation. Andrew had already restrained her arm, so when she twisted, her arm should have been forced into a break. However, the twisted nature of Eastonia's covert arts revealed itself at that moment. Iridessa's arm bent a full 360 degrees into a bizarre arc, yet it did not break. Then, she opened her mouth and lunged toward Andrew's neck in a bite. At first, Andrew thought she might be some kind of vampire. However, she had no fangs.

With a cold snort, Andrew let Iridessa bite him. Energy surged wildly in his palm and poured straight into her body. In an instant, all her meridians were sealed. She gasped once and collapsed to the ground. Then, her disguise gradually faded as her strength disappeared. Andrew watched in surprise as the woman before him slowly changed. In the end, she became a beautiful girl with straight bangs, large eyes, and a delicate face. "Just kill me." Iridessa turned her head away in despair. ---- Andrew wiped his neck where she had bitten him.

Not a single layer of skin had broken, and it only felt slightly itchy. Seeing this, Iridessa's smile grew even more bitter. She had never imagined that Andrew's skin could be so resilient. A top-tier covert artist's body could be turned into a weapon, and their teeth were sharper than blades. Iridessa's teeth were exactly like that. From childhood, brutal covert arts training had forced her to bite through steel blades. If she failed, she would face merciless punishment. Yet her steel-like teeth could not even pierce Andrew's outer skin. So, what was the point of this assassination plan?

Andrew grabbed her chin without mercy, and she winced in pain as tears and stubbornness appeared in her eyes. Andrew stared at her and said coldly, "You have guts. I already gave you and your brother permission to stay in Throne City, which was more than enough respect for Vance. I didn't expect you to dare something like this."

Iridessa replied coldly, "If you want to kill me, then kill me. Why talk so much?" ---- Andrew sneered. "Vance sent you here, right?" Iridessa snorted. "If I say no, would you believe me?"

Andrew, you are Eastonia's greatest enemy, and I volunteered to die for my country." Andrew scoffed. "Stupid woman, the words 'dying for your country' are too heavy for you to carry. You are just looking for a noble excuse to comfort yourself after failure." Iridessa exploded in rage. "You are lying! You are Eastonia's greatest enemy, and killing you means removing future threats to Eastonia!" Andrew slapped her across the face without any hesitation. Blood flowed from the corner of Iridessa's mouth as she closed her eyes and waited for death.

At that moment, Nyx heard the noise and woke up groggily. When she saw Iridessa, her sleepiness vanished instantly, and her expression turned cold. "She actually came here to make a move. Honey, let me kill her." Nyx was never soft-hearted. With a casual gesture, a blue-light dagger flew into her hand as she moved to cut Iridessa's throat. Andrew said, "Wait." ---- Nyx looked at him strangely. "Honey, what are you trying to do? Don't tell me you want to play with her before she dies. I will not allow it." Andrew felt a headache and said helplessly, "What are you thinking?"

"Do I look that desperate? This woman is ruthless and dangerous, and I have no interest in her." Iridessa had already resigned herself to death, but she felt furious when she heard this. Just moments ago, this bastard had invaded her body and ravaged her forcefully. Now he said he had no interest. How could he even say that? Andrew only laughed coldly and did not care what Iridessa thought. Since she had tried to kill him, nothing he said or did felt excessive to him. As he saw tears streaming from Iridessa's eyes in clusters, he noticed that she was trying hard to appear fearless.

Yet, he could still tell that she was deeply frightened and heartbroken. For a brief moment, Iridessa's face overlapped with someone Andrew had once known. "What is your relationship with Eastonia's Imperial Consort, Chiara Agliate?" Andrew asked in a low voice. Iridessa's tears surged even more violently as she suddenly ---- screamed, "You pervert! Do not mention my mother's name!" Andrew understood immediately. "So you are her daughter. No wonder you look somewhat similar. If you are her daughter, then I guess I cannot bring myself to kill you directly."

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Chapter 3157

[783 words]

---- Chapter 3157 Iridessa said bitterly, "You don't need to put on this act! I'm telling you, it's because of you that my mother died heartbroken. She's no longer Eastonia's Imperial Consort. Everything is in the past!" Andrew fell silent for a moment before asking, "Is it really like Vance said, that your mother was dethroned by the Emperor and executed?" Iridessa said sadly, "What else do you think happened? A big reason I wanted to kill you was to avenge my mother! Andrew, you're nothing but a scoundrel!" Andrew snorted coldly.

"About what happened back then, all I can say is that I know nothing! Your mother was a good woman. Thanks to her, I was able to escape from the Eastonia royal family. "But the Emperor was truly unimpressive, at least in my eyes. Nothing happened between your mother and me. Executing his own wife like that? I really wondered if the Emperor had something wrong with his head." Iridessa sneered. "At this point, do you think I would believe what you said? My mother was taken away by you, and with her ---- beauty, would you really have let her go?" Andrew rolled his eyes.

"Who are you looking down on? You are so tempting, and I still let you go." Iridessa's face flushed red as she gritted her teeth. "After what you just did, you call that letting me go?" Nyx sensed something off and frowned. "What happened between you two just now? Honey, did you..." Andrew cut her off directly, without changing expression. "What are you thinking? She came to assassinate me, and I subdued her. That was all that happened. As for anything else, you are overthinking it. Nothing happened." Looking at Iridessa, Andrew said seriously, "You should leave.

But I want to make it clear that I am not letting you go out of guilt. It is only because your mother once helped me. Now I have repaid her by sparing you once, but there will not be a next time." After speaking, Andrew struck Iridessa's back with his palm. At once, her meridians opened and her martial power returned. She wanted to fight desperately, but his cold gaze made her heart tremble, and she knew that struggling would only mean death. Gritting her teeth, she shot him a hateful look, then flipped over the balcony and escaped. Nyx kept frowning.

"Honey, with your strength, it should have ---- been impossible for her to get close, right? Strangely enough, I shouldn't have slept so deeply just now." While muttering, Nyx walked into the bedroom to check. Then, she saw a piece of burned-out incense. She sneered. "Iridessa really deserves her reputation as a top covert artist... She actually used this. Honey, according to what she said, you had some connection with the former Imperial Consort of Eastonia?" Seeing Nyx's sensitive and suspicious expression, Andrew could only smile bitterly. "Don't overthink it.

She was indeed a gentle woman. But nothing happened between her and me. Besides, she was more than 30 years older than me, about the same age as my dad." Nyx did not believe it. "Then why did she help you escape back then for no reason?" Andrew replied helplessly, "Because your former boss, my dad, once had a beautiful encounter with her. Out of respect for my dad, she helped me." Nyx suddenly understood and

smiled sweetly. "Alright, I will believe you." Suddenly, she screamed again. Andrew's ears hurt, and he said helplessly, "What's wrong?" ---- Nyx pointed at Andrew.

"Honey, you have not been wearing any clothes this whole time! Does that not mean that Iridessa saw everything?" Andrew froze, realizing it was true. However, being seen did not really matter to him anymore. After all, he had even done it with Iridessa. Thinking about how Iridessa had perfectly disguised herself as Nyx, and how she had been so intimate with him, Andrew could not help but smile bitterly again. He did not understand why Iridessa had added this extra step to her assassination. Maybe she wanted him to completely relax so she could strike.

But when he was fully relaxed, why did she not strike? Andrew could not figure it out. What he did not know was that it was not that Iridessa did not want to strike. It was that, as someone experiencing intimacy for the first time, Andrew's impact had been too intense, leaving her mind in chaos, her body weak, and her mission completely forgotten. When she finally came to her senses, she wanted a second round to make Andrew sink deeper, and then she would act. But before anything could begin, she was already exposed. ---- It could only be said that fate was cruel.

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Chapter 3158

[990 words]

---- Chapter 3158 In the pouring rain, Iridessa rushed out of the Throne Hall and stumbled through the streets until she reached a dark alley. With her back pressed against the cold stone wall, she finally began to gasp for air. Escaping death and surviving was a kind of joy for anyone, and she was no exception. If she could live, Iridessa naturally did not want to die. But why had Andrew not killed her? Could it really be like what he said, that it was because of her mother? Iridessa felt her mind in complete chaos. More than anything, she felt lost. She was a simple and conservative woman.

Yet now, something unclear and irreversible had happened between her and Andrew. Originally, she should have resisted with everything she had, or even chosen death to preserve the purity of the Eastonia princess. Iridessa touched her chest, noticing that it was still warm. ---- Just moments ago, it had been firmly held by that man. Her breathing grew rapid. She remembered that shocking first time and the dizzy closeness just now. Maybe it was because he was the man she was supposed to kill, which made everything even more intense. Iridessa felt deep shame toward herself.

Yet, she had to admit the truth in her heart. She did not feel disgust or hatred at all. Instead, she knew that from this moment on, she had truly become a woman. She would probably never forget what happened on this rainy night. She would never forget that man's strong arms and his forceful yet gentle possession. Only when her entire body was soaked and icy cold did Iridessa drag her exhausted body back to the hotel in the city. Vance had already been restless with worry, and when he saw her return, he was overjoyed.

He asked, "Iridessa, did you succeed?" The forced smile on Iridessa's face made Vance's heart sink completely. He quickly realized the truth and said hoarsely, "So, you failed?" ---- Iridessa nodded. "I am sorry, Vance. I failed." Hearing her say it herself, Vance felt deeply disappointed, but then his expression changed. He said, "We can't stay in Throne City anymore. Let's leave immediately. Otherwise, Andrew's pursuit will begin." Iridessa did not explain anything and only hummed quietly. As they went downstairs, Vance asked anxiously, "What exactly happened?"

Iridessa, did you not even get close to Andrew?" Iridessa followed silently and shook her head. "No, I did meet him." Vance was shocked. "Since you met him, you should not have failed. I really cannot imagine how you could miss after getting that close with your covert arts. No matter how sharp Andrew is, he could not have had zero openings." Iridessa suddenly sighed. Her heart felt ashamed, and her face looked tired. "Vance, stop asking. I failed, and that's all. Let's leave. Let's get away from the Wastelands and Outlands forever. I want to go home." Vance's expression darkened.

"This trip to the Outlands accomplished nothing. If I had known, I would have fought my way into The Veiled Paradise myself. Damn it. Now Throne City has fallen into Andrew's hands, and a one-man dominance will ---- appear." Iridessa neither agreed nor disagreed. She suddenly lost all interest in Vance's ambitions, his dreams of conquest, and the family's future. All she wanted was to escape this place as soon as possible. Yet no matter what, she could not erase that man's shadow from her mind.

After they left Throne City smoothly and entered the Wastelands, Vance suddenly turned around and said coldly, "Iridessa, you are hiding something from me, right? If you failed, there was no way you could have come back alive. Tell me. I want to know everything that happened." For the first time, Iridessa felt offended by Vance's words and replied coldly, "Vance, I have nothing to say. I failed, and that is all. Please do not speak to me in that commanding tone." Under Vance's stunned gaze, Iridessa continued, "I was indeed captured by Andrew.

Originally, Nyx was ready to kill me." Vance frowned. "And then?" Iridessa said, "Then Andrew stopped her. He asked me what my relationship was with Mother. After he found out I was her daughter, he said he could spare my life for her sake." Vance gritted his teeth. "That bastard. I knew it. He was ---- entangled with Mother back then. This is a disgrace to our family and the Eastonia royal family!" Iridessa said calmly, "Vance, Andrew said he spared me because Mother once helped him.

As for any improper relationship between them, he said there was none." Vance roared, "Bullshit!" Iridessa lowered her head and whispered, "I think... what he said might be true." Vance said, "What did you say?" Iridessa shook her head. "Nothing. Vance, let's go." Vance snorted. "We won't return home for now. We are going to find someone." Iridessa was surprised. "Who?" Vance said coldly, "Ezekiel Beckett! Sorya also had deployments in the Outlands. That kid stayed low the entire time. He must have been plotting something else." Iridessa said without interest, "Whatever.

As long as we don't stay in Throne City and I don't see that man." Vance could not help saying, "You are very strange tonight, Iridessa. Forget it. Get some rest. I know you were terrified. ---- Someone like Andrew is not easy to deal with. It must've been hard." That night, Iridessa and Vance stayed far away from Throne City in another place. While sleeping, Iridessa suddenly woke up in shock. She opened her mouth in disbelief and lifted the blanket. She found that her nightdress, legs, and the bedsheets were all damp.

Iridessa's face burned red as she trembled and reached out to touch the wet sheets. They felt sticky. She hugged her head in shame. How could this happen? How could she dream of that man and that violent impact again? Iridessa felt like crying, but could not shed tears, and she thought she was beyond saving.

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Chapter 3159

[1,053 words]

---- Chapter 3159 The next day, the Wastelands welcomed a bright sunny sky after the rain. In Throne City, everyone was busy as countless matters needed to be reorganized and planned. This most perfect great city in the Wastelands had now become a land of freedom and ease. Why was it called a land of ease? Because Andrew had issued an order that everyone could freely enter and leave the city gates. As long as they followed the newly announced rules and understood the boundaries, everything was fine. Of course, the so-called laws were nothing more than a few simple guidelines.

Andrew had only ruled this massive city for one day, so it was impossible for him to draft formal laws, let alone fully implement them. Behind the freedom of movement, however, was strict defense. Every soldier of the Dragonfang Legion remained on constant alert. Taking the city had been difficult, yet Andrew had succeeded. If defending the city was the task now, the soldiers were full of confidence, because it surely could not be harder than ---- conquering it. The warriors of the Highland Tribe

were especially motivated because they had gained a new homeland they had never dared to dream of.

From now on, they would thrive and multiply in Throne City. They would no longer live like before, being driven away by other races and forces, forced to hide and survive in humiliation. Andrew alone patrolled the entire city once. Especially along the city walls, the damage caused by the earlier assault had already been repaired through nonstop work Petyr personally came forward and expressed his desire to stay and live in Throne City as well. Andrew agreed, but with conditions. "First, if you live here, then from now on, you are my subject.

Everything you do must follow my will." Petyr agreed without hesitation, and he even looked deeply grateful. Andrew asked curiously, "Why do you not return to your Dark Clans? The lifestyle of your kind is not really suited for human cities, is it?" Petyr smiled politely and said, "Sir, you may not know this, but I have lived among humans for nearly 100 years. In fact, I fell in ---- love with this way of life, and I have grown used to living in human cities." Andrew raised an eyebrow. "You drink human blood, right?"

What you did in the City of Hope is none of my concern, but on my territory, Petyr, you must follow my rules." Petyr hurriedly replied, "Sir, I have long known that you are a great ruler. Under your command, I would never dare to cut corners or break the rules. I do drink human blood, but I also drink the blood of other creatures. Human blood tastes better and benefits my body more, but compared to satisfying my desires, I would rather follow the rules, especially rules set by someone as wise as you." Andrew waved his hand. "Don't flatter me too much. I don't buy that.

In short, you must act legally and properly. Don't cause trouble. If you affect the stability of Throne City, you know the consequences." Petyr promised, "Of course. I am now a law-abiding citizen of Throne City. How could I harm my own home? Also, there are many ways for me to obtain human blood. For example, I can use money to exchange for blood donated willingly by people. Sir, you don't mind that, right?" Andrew replied, "As long as it is voluntary and you follow the rules, I don't mind." ---- Petyr placed a hand over his chest.

"Then, I'll take my leave." Andrew sat in the Throne Hall and fell into deep thought. For beings like Petyr, living in human cities was indeed inconvenient. Yet he had to follow human laws and could not kill at will. If Andrew were not a powerful lord with strong control, or if he were a cruel ruler who did not care about such matters, then ordinary people in the city would suffer terribly. The Ludendorff family had been exactly like that in the past, but Andrew felt he was different. Petra, who had been preparing for the next great battle, hurried into the hall.

His face was filled with excitement, yet it also looked peculiar. He exclaimed, "The Cathedral's army is withdrawing from the Outlands!" Andrew was extremely shocked and almost could not believe it. "Withdrawing from the Outlands? Are you sure it is not just a temporary regrouping?" Petra shook his head. "No, it is definitely not temporary

regrouping. I confirmed it again and again with Juno. Right now, she is still monitoring them. When the Cathedral entered the Wastelands, they had a full 30 thousand Vindicators. But now, ---- there are fewer than 8000 left.

The last battle was an extreme disaster. With such massive losses, I think the Pope must be kneeling to their god in repentance by now." Andrew let out a breath. The Cathedral's army had been reduced to fewer than 8000 people. This was not just heavy losses, but an outright catastrophe. The once-dominant top power in the Wastelands had fallen so dramatically, something Andrew had never expected Petra said, "It is confirmed that the two angels are already dead. The Cathedral has sent two new Scarlet Cardinals from Lomuia.

Together with Kass, they will escort the bodies of the two angels back to the Cathedral for burial." Andrew hesitated for a moment and said, "I will go see them off." Petra was stunned. "See them off? I do not think that is necessary. The Cathedral is completely immersed in grief right now. It might not be appropriate for you to go at this time." Petra's words were already very polite. What he really meant was that Andrew now dominated the Wastelands. If he went over at this moment, would it not feel like he was mocking the Cathedral?

---- If things went wrong, it could even turn into a confrontation fueled by hatred. There was no need to provoke them like that. Andrew smiled and said, "I am now, after all, the King of the Wastelands. If guests are leaving, it is only natural for the host to see them off." Petra's face twitched. He thought to himself, 'You should listen to what you are saying... Does that even sound like something a normal person would say?"

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Chapter 3160

[686 words]

---- Chapter 3160 White banners fluttered in the wind. They were planted all along the route the procession passed. Andrew's expression was solemn as he walked forward toward the white command tent, under the gazes of Cathedral warriors that were angry, cold, or blindly devoted. Two luxurious coffins were carried out on the shoulders of Cathedral knights. Andrew stood to the side and stepped aside in courtesy. Kass looked pale as he sat inside a luxury vehicle. As the car passed Andrew, he lowered the window. Andrew looked at him and nodded.

"Your Eminence." Kass' face was cold, and then he forced a bitter smile. "Farewell, Mr. Lloyd. Congratulations on taking Throne City and ruling the Wastelands in one decisive move." Andrew shook his head. "I never had much interest in ruling the Wastelands. Everything happened because I had no other choice. The era of the Ludendorff family should have ended long ago." Kass fell silent for a moment. Surprisingly, he did not mock or ---- argue, but only said, "Now, you are the greatest lord in the Wastelands.

You and the Lomuia Grand Cathedral never had any deep hatred toward each other; only minor friction. Andrew, I have a request. I hope you treat the people of the Wastelands kindly, because life here has never been easy." Andrew agreed, "Of course. Even if you did not say it, I would still do the same." Kass smiled faintly. "That is good. Although I've failed the Pope's expectations and let my Lord's glory be insulted, at least you're not the Ludendorff family, and you won't be as brutal as they were.

Though you're not a follower of my Lord, your kindness is seen by Him, and He will be comforted." Andrew remained silent, unsure of what to say. Kass said calmly, "Mr. Lloyd, you are very smart. Or rather, you are a truly formidable figure. Our Cathedral and the Dark Clans fought a brutal battle. Both sides suffered devastating losses. At least in the short term, no one will have the strength to start another war in the Wastelands.

And so, you gained the time and space to stabilize Throne City and the entire Wastelands." He scoffed and added, "I don't know whether this was heaven's will or whether you, Andrew, were truly chosen by fate. The final winner was not the Cathedral, nor the Dark Clans, but you." Andrew stayed silent. He could hear the unwillingness, ---- exhaustion, and deeply hidden resentment in Kass' words. Nonetheless, winners ruled, and losers fell, and the outcome had already been decided. In the end, the Cathedral had become a stepping stone for Andrew.

It was precisely because the Cathedral and the Dark Clans had both been badly wounded that he had risen to the top. Andrew did not deny this, yet it had already happened and become an undeniable fact. Now, he was the strongest power in the Wastelands. No matter how much hatred Kass carried in his heart, he could only swallow it in silence. He said, "Anyway, I will take my leave. After escorting the bodies of the two angels back to the Cathedral, I will be stripped of my title as Scarlet Cardinal.

After that, I will spend the rest of my life in a monastery, living in seclusion and never stepping into the outside world again." Andrew sighed. "Take care, Your Eminence." Andrew still respected Kass. This fanatical believer of the Cathedral had already done everything he could in the Wastelands. His persistence, strength, and unwavering faith were all worthy of recognition. As the window slowly rolled up, Kass suddenly said, "By the way, ---- Arya did not leave with us. If you see her, Mr.

Lloyd, please inform her that we have withdrawn and returned to Lomuia." Andrew narrowed his eyes slightly. "Arya did not leave? Does she still want to keep entangling herself with me?" Kass smiled helplessly through the window. "The Pope's order has

already been delivered clearly. She must return to Lomuia to face a trial for dereliction of duty, without any delay. So you can rest assured. She will not keep bothering you. But Arya... has disappeared."

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Chapter 3161

[698 words]

---- Chapter 3161 'Andrew was stunned to find that Arya was missing. At first, he thought Kass was just lying, deliberately trying to mess with his head. However, as the convoy drove away and the remaining Cathedral soldiers regrouped and slowly withdrew, Andrew finally realized that Kass was probably telling the truth. Firstly, he had no reason to. Second, Arya was critically important to the Cathedral. Since the Pope has given the order, they should return immediately. Yet now, she was nowhere to be seen. That could only mean she really might have disappeared.

Andrew wondered where that crazy woman had gone. There was no way a powerful existence like her could disappear just like that. Andrew thought it over from every angle but came up empty. His final guess was that she had probably gone to attack Dark Sacred Mountain or The Blood Sanctum. Then again, that did not seem likely either. Arya would surely be aware of how dangerous those two places were. Going there alone would be suicidal. Returning to Throne City, Andrew told Nyx about the situation at ---- the Cathedral. When she heard that Arya had disappeared, Nyx looked worried.

Andrew asked, "Nyx, where do you think Arya would go?" Nyx shook her head. "I don't know either. The Wastelands is huge. If Kass says she's missing, that means the Cathedral hasn't heard from her either. Arya is a straightforward person. She most likely couldn't accept the death of those two angels and found somewhere to hide and grieve. On the other hand, she might have gone off alone to seek revenge." Andrew sneered. "That crazy woman is strong, but going after the Dark Progenitors alone is just suicidal." Nyx said seriously, "Andrew, you don't really understand Arya.

Once she decides on revenge, no matter how difficult the path ahead, she'll move forward without hesitation until she achieves her goal." Andrew thought about it and agreed that Arya really was that kind of person. However, it was precisely this woman's recklessness that had exposed the Cathedral's weaknesses. + Ultimately, it had triggered the Dark Clans' massive assault. Nyx said, "I want to go out and look around." Andrew knew she wanted to search for Arya, but he did not stop her. Instead, he said, "Be careful." ---- Nyx smiled. "Don't worry. The Wastelands is mostly stable now.

Your reputation as the great overlord has spread far and wide." 'Andrew's fame was indeed spreading across the Wastelands like a storm. He had destroyed the Ludendorff family, seized Throne City, and become the new Wasteland overlord. On top of that, he had subdued the Highland Tribe and swept through the Outlands, and even the Cathedral could do nothing about him. All these achievements had made Andrew a popular subject of conversation among the people of the Wastelands. The war was finally over! As for governing Throne City and cleaning up the mess, Andrew left it to Franz and the others.

Originally, Andrew had assumed that once Cathedral's forces withdrew, the Dark Clans would be eyeing Throne City hungrily. Yet, after several days of observation, both the werewolves and vampires had retreated to the Dark Regions. In other words, after this clash, both the Cathedral and the Dark Clans were severely weakened, and Andrew had truly become the third-party winner, taking it all. This outcome was something even Andrew had not dared imagine at first. Initially, he'd figured that even if he took Throne --- City, a brutal follow-up battle would be unavoidable.

But now it looked like the situation played out far better than he had expected. Hence, it was time for the next move: returning to Holtrien. With overwhelming power and reputation, he would force Guillermo and Julien, and everyone else in both the political world and the martial world, to bow their heads. It was time to settle old scores. Andrew stood alone at the highest point of the Throne Hall and gazed toward the distant east. That was his homeland, and it was time to go back. Nonetheless, he was not in a hurry. With no more pressure or war, Andrew seized the time to strengthen himself.

And naturally, he felt that he was about to break through again.

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Chapter 3162

[667 words]

---- Chapter 3162 Two days later, Nyx returned to Throne City. She looked exhausted and shook her head. "I still couldn't find Arya. Andrew, I'm worried something happened to her." Andrew really wanted to tell her to stop worrying about it. However, remembering that Nyx and Arya used to be close friends, he said nothing. "Nyx, before we head back to Holtrien, I want to take a trip to the Deadlands. Do you want to come with me?" Andrew asked. Nyx hesitated for a moment, then smiled. "Wherever you go, I'll follow. That's what we agreed on, isn't it?" Andrew nodded. "Yeah, we did.

But let's wait a couple more days. The next few days, I'm going to help Petra and Juno break through to the martial god level first." Petra and Juno had already started pushing toward the martial god level with Andrew's previous help. The recent battles had further improved their strength. They both felt they were about ready. Besides, Andrew could see they had indeed reached the breakthrough point. So, he decided to lend them a hand. Only someone with his omni-constitution could easily help others ---- break through to the martial god level.

If it were any other martial gods, it really would have been tough Petra's constitution was extremely domineering and tough. Juno, on the other hand, carried a colder and darker aura. Fortunately, Andrew could handle both types of energy. He used the most brutal, most direct method: channeling his power into both of them and forcefully helping them break through the heavenly barrier to the martial god level. Juno broke through first without any complications. Meanwhile, Petra took two extra days.

Though physically, he had trained himself to the limit, his overall talent was not as exceptional as Juno's. So, his progress was slower. Nonetheless, for a martial artist like Petra, reaching the martial god level was already a once-in-a-lifetime blessing. Therefore, after Andrew went through great effort to help him break through, Petra's gratitude toward Andrew overflowed. The current Dragonfang was now entirely centered around Andrew, with no one having second thoughts. His orders were absolute, and everyone followed his words without question.

Knox had already started taking steps to assume the Highland Tribe chieftain position -- -- Tobiah could have stayed in power for a few more years. However, his wish was to pass the position to his son sooner rather than later. Andrew had no intention of interfering, since the Highland Tribe's internal affairs were theirs to handle. Andrew and Nyx simply congratulated Knox in advance. However, Knox grinned widely and said, "I've actually got a second piece of good news. I'm getting married!" Nyx was pleasantly surprised and sincerely congratulated him. " Really?

Knox, that's wonderful!" Andrew asked with a smile, "Knox, is the lady you're marrying from the Highland Tribe, or from somewhere else?" Knox laughed. "She's from our own tribe!. I like girls from outside. They're unlike our tribe's women, who are big and burly, not gentle at all. However, I have no choice. My father won't let me marry an outsider. Plus, I guess I'm okay with it too. She's not bad..." He continued, "Most importantly, she's Mr. Fernsby's daughter. You know what I mean, right?" Andrew smiled knowingly. "I get it, how could I not? Mr.

Fernsby is one of the most respected and powerful people in the ---- Highland Tribe. Right now, besides your father, Mr. Fernsby has the highest standing! Marrying his daughter means you've got the support of another Highland Tribe leader." Knox said, "Exactly. Man, being a chieftain isn't that easy. But at least I've got a backup plan." Seeing his sleazy grin, Nyx huffed, "What backup plan? If you don't like her, don't marry her. But if you do marry her, you'd better take responsibility.

If I find out you're messing around, I won't let you off easy." Knox quickly said, "Come on, Nyx, is that really what you think of me? I'm a romantic guy, okay? Don't believe me? Marry me and find out."

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Chapter 3163

[745 words]

---- Chapter 3163 Nyx pursed her lips. "No way! I already have a man." Knox replied smugly, "I knew you wouldn't be into me, but that's fine. The Highland Tribe doesn't prohibit polygamy, especially for the higher-ups like the elders and generals. They usually have three wives. Me? I'm marrying Mr. Fernsby's daughter as my main wife. "Then in a couple of years, I'll marry a few pretty ladies from the Wastelands to keep my bed warm! Better yet, I'll go to Holtrien with Andrew. I'll find a couple of beauties there and bring them back too.

That sounds amazing." Nyx snorted dismissively in disdain. Andrew, however, asked, "The Highland Tribe actually allows multiple wives?" Knox replied, "Of course! Mr. Fernsby himself has three wives!" Andrew thought for a moment before grabbing Knox's hand. Then, he said seriously. "Knox, I need to ask you a favor. Ask Chief Wieser if I can join the Highland Tribe." Knox looked puzzled. "What are you trying to do? Do you want multiple wives too?" ---- Andrew answered with a straight face, "Multiple wives aren't the important part.

The main point is that I admire the men of the Highland Tribe because they were responsible, considerate, full of justice, and able to help more good ladies find a happy home. Knox froze, then burst out laughing. Nyx's face flushed red as she glared furiously at Andrew. Andrew put on an innocent expression and said, "Come on, Nyx, it was just a joke. Are you taking it seriously?" Nyx sneered. "That joke wasn't funny at all." Knox said, "You should be grateful. A stunning beauty like Nyx is one in a million.

Let me put it this way: if I had to choose, I'd rather have one Nyx than any other woman. One of her is worth ten thousand others!" Andrew chuckled. "Well, what if I told you I have plenty like her?" Knox was stunned. "Are you serious? Are you really that lucky?" Andrew smirked and walked away. Some bragging was fine if it was done lightly. If he pushed it too far and Knox figured him out, the young man would probably lose sleep from envy. The next day, Andrew and Nyx headed to the Deadlands once more. ---- This land of death seemed forever unchanged.

The radiation clouds in the sky were always there, dark and heavy, suffocating everything beneath them. At the end of the plain, inside that massive rift. The deep blue glow had never changed, dreamy and unreal. They stood by the abyss, while the shifting light below reflected on their faces, sometimes dark and sometimes bright. Nyx said softly, "Let's go back. I wonder what Mr. Lloyd Senior is going through inside The Veiled Paradise right now." Andrew had checked every location thoroughly. He discovered that the entrance to The Veiled Paradise seemed to have never existed at all.

Perhaps to reenter, they would need to gather powerhouses from all sides and use overwhelming force to open it again. Right now, the people around Andrew clearly did not have the ability to reopen the passage. Andrew said, "Nyx, don't worry. Trust him; he'll be fine. Once we get back to Holtrien and I improve my strength further and settle old scores, we'll come back here, open the entrance, and investigate properly." Nyx nodded. "That's all we can do. Andrew, let's head back." ---- The two turned and started walking upward.

The surroundings were eerily quiet, and the eternal abyss continued emitting its ghostly glow. Suddenly, the light in the abyss began flickering. Andrew sensed something and immediately spun around. Nyx turned as well. They saw a figure clad entirely in black battle armor, bathed in radiance, slowly rising from the abyss. Nyx gasped, "It's Arya!" Andrew was also deeply shocked. The current Arya was completely different from the one he knew. The difference was night and day. However, what made Andrew and Nyx even more alarmed came next.

A towering pillar of blood-red light followed Arya, rising from the abyss. This blood-red light was immensely vast, shooting straight into the sky. Even the radiation clouds above had to make way for it. Within the blood-red light, a tall woman in a crimson gown, wearing a crown, slowly floated upward. ---- When her blood-red eyes casually opened and swept toward Andrew and the others, Andrew felt his heart jolt violently. A tidal surge of dread rose inside him as he realized this woman was impossible to defeat. 'Who... is she?' he wondered.

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Chapter 3164

[552 words]

---- Chapter 3164 Nyx reacted even more strongly, and her face instantly drained of color, turning deathly pale. In front of this woman, even just one glance made Nyx feel

as if her very soul was freezing over. "Arya Fleury, at your service!" The moment the woman's eyes opened, Arya, clad in full black armor and wielding a black greatsword, turned and knelt. The blood-hued woman seemed to smile faintly, yet she said nothing. Instead, she kept her gaze fixed on Andrew and Nyx, or more precisely, on Andrew himself. Finally, she spoke softly, her voice piercing directly into Andrew's mind.

"If I'm not mistaken, you are a descendant of Holtrien's Valerius Lloyd, are you not? Return to Holtrien. Inform the Divine Dragon Order, along with Holtrien's eight hidden ancient sects, that the Blood Queen has awakened. A new cycle of the Ancient War is upon us, and I will personally settle a millennium of grudges." As her words faded, she and Arya vanished into a surge of crimson light before Andrew could even respond. The two figures shot skyward, and the radiant column dissipated.

Andrew snapped his head up and shouted furiously, "Who are ---- you?" However, there was no reply, as if she deemed him unworthy or simply chose to ignore him. Only Arya, now changed, glanced down at Andrew one last time before disappearing. Her gaze was cold, utterly devoid of emotion, and her once-golden eyes had deepened into a dark crimson. Andrew's heart sank as he realized the truth: Arya, the sacred Cathedral Archangel and Battle Angel, had fallen. Nyx trembled as she asked, "Honey, that woman... the one surrounded by what looked like swirling blood...

Who is she?" Andrew looked at her and saw pure fear and confusion in her eyes. He quickly tried to calm her, saying, "Nyx, stay focused. We're safe for now. That woman mentioned my ancestor, Valerius, Holtrien's most secretive organization, the Divine Dragon Order, and the eight ancient martial sects. "Very few in this world know of Holtrien's hidden powers, let alone names like those. So, her identity isn't hard to guess." Nyx whispered in terror, "Could she be... the Vampire Queen? The creator of the werewolves?

The greatest source of darkness in this world?" ---- Andrew gave a bitter smile and nodded. "Most likely, it is her." The Vampire Queen was an existence above even the Progenitors. Werewolves were originally slaves to the vampires, and the first of their kind was said to have been created, or more accurately, tortured into existence, through her extraordinary and cruel experiments. Under her call, the entire Dark Clans would likely bow. And now, the Vampire Queen had just declared to Andrew that she would wage war against Holtrien's ancient powers.

This involved grudges stretching back 1000 years. Without a doubt, this would be a war shaking the entire world, a catastrophe sweeping across all of humanity. Andrew made a swift decision and said to Nyx, "Let's leave now. We must return to Holtrien immediately." Nyx urgently asked, "But what about Arya? She's in the Vampire Queen's grasp." Andrew fell silent for a moment before replying, "Nyx, I'm afraid she is no longer the Arya we knew. She has fallen. Now, she is a servant of the Vampire Queen. You saw it yourself earlier, how she talked to Vampire Queen."

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Chapter 3165

[597 words]

---- Chapter 3165 Nyx looked sad as she shook her head. "I don't understand why Arya would end up like this. She was the Cathedral's archangel, someone with a bright future ahead of her. But somehow, she still fell. Andrew, could there be some hidden reason behind this? Like maybe she was schemed against or harmed by the Vampire Queen?" Andrew thought for a moment and shook his head. "Probably not. While an angel's fall can be achieved through temptation, that only works on lower-ranking angels.

Someone like Arya, the Cathedral's strongest angel, the Pope's right hand, couldn't possibly be seduced unless a crack had already formed in Arya's radiant heart. Only then could the darkness find a way in." Nyx hesitated before asking, "Then did something break inside Arya during her last battles?" Andrew said coldly, "That's her own issue. I've always said Arya was too pure, and being so pure that she couldn't tell gray from black, fighting what she called 'evil' to the bitter end was just foolish. "When she was powerful, she hunted the darkness to extinction.

So when the darkness grew strong, it was only natural they'd retaliate. The deaths of the two archangels and the assault from two Dark Progenitors must have shattered her. That's how her ---- pure angelic heart developed a flaw. "With the Vampire Queen's overwhelming presence, even the slightest corruption in her was enough to ensure her fall." Without wasting another moment, Andrew and Nyx rushed back to Throne City. Once there, Andrew found Franz and instructed him to contact the Holtrien military high command immediately.

He was to inform them that the Dark Queen had awakened Franz's expression turned grave as he nodded. "Understood, I'll go now. But, Andrew, a few friends of yours just arrived in Throne City. They're waiting for you." Andrew frowned. "Friends from Holtrien?" Franz smiled. "That's right, from Holtrien. You should go see them right away." Puzzled, Andrew quickly made his way to the Throne Hall Inside, a few people sat looking uneasy. The moment Andrew saw them, his face lit up with joy.

"Luna, Valerie, what are you doing here?" Luna and Valerie both stood up immediately, their faces filled with excitement and happiness. ---- Luna held herself back, staying where she was. Valerie, however, could not contain herself. Her eyes welled up, and she rushed toward Andrew. "Honey, I've missed you so much! Finally, I get to see you again. You have no idea how hard things have been for us out in the Outlands. But

seeing you makes all that tiredness disappear." Feeling her soft body in his arms, Andrew held her gently and patted her back. "It's okay now, Valerie.

As long as you're here with me, you're safe." Valerie wiped her tears and wanted to kiss him, but she glanced back and saw Luna staring intently at her. "Alright, I shouldn't be too greedy. Luna hasn't had her turn to catch up yet." She let go of Andrew with a slightly embarrassed smile and stepped aside, though her eyes never left him. Standing at the entrance to the Throne Hall, Nyx watched this unfold. First, she frowned, then she felt a pang of discomfort, then she pursed her lips, and finally, she clenched her teeth. Luna stepped forward, her gaze deep and affectionate.

"Andrew, it's been a long time." Andrew paused, caught off guard. "What did you call me?" Luna blushed but tried to act composed. "Andrew. Is that wrong? ---- Andrew gave a cold smirk. "I suggest you call me what you're supposed to. Unless you've forgotten who I am now?"

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Chapter 3166

[583 words]

---- Chapter 3166 Andrew said, "I am now the King of the Wastelands, the ruler of Throne City, and the overlord of the entire Outlands. So if you make me uncomfortable, even a great beauty like you will not escape my hands." Luna felt both shy and embarrassed as she mumbled, "Do not be like that... We haven't seen each other for so long, and there are so many people here, I." Andrew cut her off directly. "I will give you one chance!" Feeling both embarrassed and frustrated, Luna opened her mouth and softly called out, "Honey..." Andrew laughed heartily and stepped forward to embrace her.

Luna could not hold back her emotions any longer and wrapped her arms around him in return. Even her usual reserve could not withstand the flood of longing in her heart. In the Throne Hall, Knox, Petra, and Juno, who were sitting in the corner snacking, all stared with their eyes wide open in disbelief. "Holy crap, Andrew has two more stunning beauties back in Holtrien?" one of them muttered. "No kidding... I always thought Nyx was his only woman!" ---- another whispered. "Petra, you just don't get it, do you? A man like Andrew is one of a kind.

How could he possibly have only one woman?" remarked the third. "You two, stop guessing so wildly. Look at the entrance... Nyx is jealous!" "Yikes, Nyx has a fiery

temper. She isn't going to start a fight with Andrew's other women, is she?" "I don't think so. Overall, Nyx is quite reasonable and well-mannered." "Reasonable? Look, Nyx is coming in, and she looks furious. She's ready to throw down!" Nyx walked in step by step, her face icy cold, as she headed straight for Valerie and Luna.

Sometimes, a woman's intuition is hard to explain, but they could sense the hostility in the air, especially when several women were gathered around one man. Valerie turned her head, watching Nyx warily. Luna also pulled away from Andrew, appearing casual but subtly shifting into a guarded stance. When it came to her man, she was not about to hold back. ---- She had always been clear about this: if you had to fight for something, you fought, to avoid regret and heartache later. "Honey, who are these two lovely ladies who've come all the way from Holtrien?"

Please, introduce us!" Nyx's tone suddenly shifted, becoming incredibly sweet as she lovingly clung to Andrew's arm, swaying gently. Before Andrew could speak, Luna and Valerie both stepped forward and grabbed hold of him. "Honey, who is this? Could you kindly ask her to let go of you first?" For a moment, Andrew was not sure which side to address first. Meanwhile, the onlookers, Knox, Juno, and Petra, could not help but snicker under their breath. Just then, someone cleared their throat and stood up. "Andrew, it's been a long time." Andrew looked over and smiled.

"Conrad, it really has been a while." Conrad jolted slightly, his expression complex. "Y-You're calling me by my name?" Andrew smiled sincerely. "Yes. Let's leave everything from the past in the past. We've all been through hell. Looking back, all those old grudges seem so petty now." ---- Conrad was taken aback for a moment, then bowed his head deeply. "Thank you, Boss." Andrew looked puzzled. "You're calling me Boss?" Conrad nodded. "That's right. You're the new leader of Dragonfang. And I was fortunate enough to be recruited by Mr. Lloyd Senior into Dragonfang.

So, you are my boss, without a doubt."

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Chapter 3167

[632 words]

---- Chapter 3167 Running into old friends in a distant land was always something worth celebrating. Andrew immediately invited Luna, Valerie, Conrad, and Kyrie to move to the dining area. They had clearly endured a long journey, and even the usually reserved Luna's eyes lit up at the mention of food. Throne City was now rich in supplies and

stable, with a peaceful environment. Andrew's rule here was much more relaxed and less oppressive than the Ludendorff family's previous reign. Because of this, the city's population, which had been drained by war, was gradually growing again.

Resources began circulating again, and you could find just about anything you needed. Andrew had a lavish feast prepared for his guests. Seeing how Kyrie ate and drank like a starved man, stuffing himself without restraint, Valerie snorted coldly. She said, "Someone should watch their manners. This isn't your home." Kyrie let out an awkward laugh and set down the chicken leg he was holding. After wiping his mouth, he turned to Andrew and spoke cautiously. ---- "Mr. Lloyd, thank you for your hospitality." Andrew smiled. "No need to be so formal.

You've all been working hard for our homeland, far from home. I'm from Holtrien myself, so looking after my own people is the least I can do." Kyrie hesitated for a moment before speaking with an awkward grin. "However, I believe the relationship between the Harding family and yourself isn't exactly... friendly." Andrew replied calmly. "I know. Sergio wanted me dead back home. So, I'll be returning soon to ask him what he meant by that, and whether he has a death wish." Kyrie choked on a piece of chicken, and his face went pale. He glared at Andrew with a look of anger.

Andrew, however, did not even glance his way and instead spoke gently to Valerie and Luna. "Take your time, eat slowly. There's more if you want it, and don't choke." Several icy gazes fell upon Kyrie. He shivered, instinctively turned to look, and immediately broke out in a cold sweat. He awkwardly turned back and pretended nothing was wrong as he continued eating. Not far away, Othniel, Hershel, Petra, and Juno were all watching Kyrie with unfriendly expressions.

If this brat dared to be even slightly disrespectful or act out of line in Throne City, they would ---- not mind teaching him a lesson. Andrew was now the Lord of Throne City and the undisputed ruler of the Wastelands. Even old-timers like Othniel bowed to no one but Andrew. In Othniel's eyes, an outsider like Kyrie was insignificant. With just one signal from Andrew, they would not hesitate to kill Kyrie. They did not care if Kyrie was from Holtrien or not. In the Outlands, no one's nationality mattered. The only authority they recognized was Andrew, the ruler of the Wastelands.

Once everyone seemed to have eaten their fill, Andrew finally asked, "Is it just the four of you? Are there any others?" Conrad answered, "There were others originally. A senior military general, Mr. Marco Acosta, was traveling with us. But we got caught up in the war that swept across the entire Wastelands. General Acosta was stationed at a secret Holtrien military base, and he was discovered and died fighting for our country." Andrew remained silent about this, as he could only offer his regret and sympathy. Luna then said, "Actually, we've been in the Outlands for a while now.

Back then, we were in the Deadlands looking for Mr. Lloyd Senior." ---- Andrew was surprised. "You were in the Deadlands too? I was. actually there myself, but I didn't see you." Luna's gaze was laden with implication. She glanced at Nyx, who was standing

beside Andrew with a cold expression. Then, she said, "You didn't see us, but Valerie and I both saw you then."

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Chapter 3168

[656 words]

---- Chapter 3168 Valerie said, "That's right, we both saw you. When the entrance to the Veiled Paradise opened, Mr. Lloyd Senior ordered us to leave ahead of time. We all knew there would be a battle, and staying would've meant certain death. So before the entrance opened, we evacuated. And while evacuating, we saw you and Ms. Kerrigan rushing over!" Andrew nodded in understanding. "You made the right call to withdraw. The situation back then was indeed very dangerous." Conrad finished every last drop of milk in his glass before speaking.

"A full-scale war swept through the entire Outlands, and many of Holtrien's military bases were affected. We held our position, first waiting for orders from back home and, second, for Mr. Lloyd Senior to emerge from the sanctuary. But things developed far more severely than we imagined." He continued, "In the Wastelands, besides the Ludendorff family as the dominant power, there was an invasion by the Cathedral's forces, followed by the rampage of the Dark Trinity. More recently, the four Western nations have been growing restless.

"Mirelan's special forces have repeatedly searched for our hiding spots. After reporting to military command, I received orders to evacuate. So I gathered Valerie and Luna to prepare to return home. But on the way, we were still pursued by forces ---- from other nations. We fled all the way until we reached your Throne City." Andrew nodded. "The four Western nations and even Eastonia are indeed keeping a greedy eye on our country. Meeting them in a lawless place like the Outlands meant clashes were inevitable. I'm glad you're all safe.

Here in Throne City, no one would dare to cause trouble." Seeing the stern expression on Andrew's face, Kyrie asked hesitantly, "Mr. Lloyd, is it true that you now have no rivals left in the entire Wastelands?" Andrew smiled but did not directly answer. Instead, he said, "Let's just say I'm getting by." Kyrie wanted to ask more, but he was too intimidated by Andrew's power to press further. His attitude toward Andrew had become one of extreme caution, as if walking on thin ice. This was especially true after Andrew rose to dominance in the Wastelands.

Kyrie could not even fathom how Andrew had managed it. But even if he could not imagine it, he was acutely aware of Andrew's current status. Andrew was surrounded by legions, with armies ready to mobilize at any moment. Moreover, he had reached the martial ---- god level. Kyrie did not know exactly how strong that was, but the title " martial god" alone was enough to make him keep his head down. Back in Holtrien, he used to dare to provoke Andrew. Now, in such a short time, he had been left far behind. To put it bluntly, he was not even worthy of shining Andrew's shoes.

Furthermore, Andrew now controlled the entire Wastelands. He was the uncrowned king of this lawless zone. The thought of carving out a kingdom in such a dangerous, rivalry-filled place was something Kyrie had never dared to imagine. But in his mind, he made another comparison. Back in Holtrien, the Harding family was a top-tier clan that could throw its weight around and get whatever it wanted. In the Wastelands, however, the Harding name meant nothing. It was utterly useless. In Andrew's eyes now, the Harding family held no significance at all.

This was the real reason Kyrie was so respectful when he met Andrew. In fact, when Conrad suggested seeking temporary shelter in Throne City, he objected with every excuse, refusing to come. However, he had no say in the matter. Luna and Valerie ---- did not care whether he agreed or not. In the end, Kyrie came. When he saw this massive city that belonged entirely to Andrew, he was almost scared out of his wits. He felt like a country bumpkin who had stumbled into a grand palace, trembling with every step he took.

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Chapter 3169

[1,037 words]

---- Chapter 3169 Andrew ordered another full spread of food to be served. They had been traveling nonstop, and as martial artists, their appetites were anything but small. Conrad looked a little embarrassed, but Andrew raised his hand and told him not to overthink it. So, Conrad lowered his head again and started eating like his life depended on it. Andrew said, "The global situation is about to shift, and we're actually going back home at a good time." Luna replied, "Exactly, we noticed it too. Recently, people from the four Western nations have been increasingly active in the Outlands.

What's more, they're openly clashing with us from Holtrien. All of these are bad signs. The main reason we evacuated was that our secret military base had already come under attack." Andrew chose not to tell them about the Vampire Queen's awakening just

yet, as that threat still felt too distant from their immediate concerns. The forces of the West had never been something to underestimate. Holtrien had its visible military and government, but behind the scenes, it also had its ancient sects and the old powers that had survived since antiquity.

---- In modern times, there was also the renowned and profoundly influential Divine Dragon Order, the mysterious organization Andrew himself had joined. All of these existed to protect the nation and its people. They were there to counter the mysterious and powerful forces from the West, or elsewhere in the world, that ordinary people knew nothing about. The Western nations and their alliances had always watched Holtrien with greedy eyes, leading to constant friction and conflict.

In the shadows, Dark Trinity had long acted as a supernatural force, endlessly clashing with Holtrien's ancient sects and martial elites. When the Vampire Queen awakened, her words to Andrew pointed directly at Holtrien's ancient forces. Andrew still did not fully understand that situation. He could only plan to investigate it more thoroughly after returning home. The wars in the Wastelands were ultimately limited to the Outlands. What truly made people tremble was the ancient feud between the Eastern and Western continents and the hidden figures fighting behind the scenes.

---- Christopher was a deeply hidden big shot in Holtrien. But strictly speaking, he was not exactly unbeatable. Holtrien was the number one Eastern power, ancient and mysterious, with countless hidden forces and legendary figures throughout history. In the past, Andrew had neither the opportunity nor the inclination to learn about these things. Nonetheless, things were different now. After returning home, both his status and his power destined him to become a pillar of Holtrien, standing among its very top tier.

That meant he would have the right to access all sorts of classified information and buried history. "Since you've made it to Throne City, there's no need to rush. You can all rest here for a day before we head back to Holtrien," Andrew said with a smile. Valerie and Luna naturally agreed with bright smiles. They were eager to reconnect intimately with Andrew. After all, absence would indeed make the heart grow fonder, and they had missed him terribly. Conrad was also pleased. Throne City was the number one city in the Wastelands, and he had long wanted to see it.

Now that Andrew was its ruler, he could explore freely and without worry. ---- Kyrie's position was a bit awkward, but Andrew was not petty or narrow-minded. He did not consider Kyrie a close friend, but since Kyrie served in Holtrien's military, Andrew saw no issue in hosting him for a meal. However, Andrew held no such courtesy for the Harding family behind Kyrie. He believed in keeping matters separate, and he was not one to forget a grudge. As evening arrived, Andrew held a banquet to once again warmly host Luna, Valerie, and their group of four.

He introduced them to the members of the Dragonfang Order and elders like Othniel. When they learned that Petra, Othniel, Knox, and Juno were all martial gods, Luna and

Valerie were so shocked that their mouths hung open. Even Conrad was left speechless, his feelings too complex for words. Kyrie simply kept gulping down wine, trying to calm the shock in his heart. Andrew did not even need to lift a finger now; the people around him could easily crush him and wipe out the Harding family back in Holtrien. Nyx was feeling a bit unhappy. She actively chatted with Valerie and Luna.

When the two women learned that Nyx was a martial god-level assassin, any thoughts of forming a united front to put her in her place quickly vanished. ---- As fellow women, Nyx's strength filled them with admiration and eared them a measure of respect. Luna, in particular, while unwilling to share her man Andrew, could not help but admire Nyx's excellence and talent. Kyrie got drunk at some point without even realizing how, and had to be carried off to rest. He was stunned to learn that Nyx, that stunning doll-like beauty, was a martial god.

That meant Andrew currently had five martial gods by his side. With such an overwhelming force, the Harding family was nothing in comparison. Feeling oppressed and terrified, Kyrie drank himself into oblivion, thinking it was better to pass out and leave the table early than to stay there trembling and uncomfortable. Finally, when it was time to retire for the night, Andrew himself had not given it much thought. However, Nyx, Luna, and Valerie exchanged looks, and sparks seemed to fly between them. Valerie grabbed Andrew's arm with a sweet smile. "Honey, Luna and I have missed you so much.

Won't you spend the night with us?" Luna flashed a captivating smile. "Yes, honey, it's been so long. Don't you miss us?" ---- Normally, she would not say something so sweet, but with a rival like Nyx present, Luna decided to go all out. Andrew laughed. "Alright, let's all go together." Nyx crossed her arms and said coldly, "Hold on. Our bed is only big enough for the two of us. Honey, where do you think you're going? Shouldn't you be coming back with me?" Andrew froze. "Uh..." A sudden headache hit him as he realized this was actually a huge problem. What was he supposed to do now?

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Chapter 3170

[686 words]

---- Chapter 3170 "We are heading to bed first." Knox, Petra, Juno, and the others showed zero support. The moment they sensed trouble brewing, they disappeared without hesitation. Othniel, however, looked thoughtful and smiled at Andrew. "You are truly blessed with an enviable situation. If we followed the rules of the Highland Tribe, it

would be simple: just sleep together. But four people on one bed would indeed be a bit crowded.

So I suggest you call them in one by one to serve you." After saying that, he walked away with a smug smile, convinced his brilliant advice would make Andrew happy. However, Andrew's expression was grim. Calling them in one by one to serve him? What a fantasy. In reality, it was he who would be dragged around to serve those little queens one after another. Nyx snorted and said, "Andrew, are you still not coming with me? Andrew forced a bitter smile and said, "Coming. Let's all go together!" ---- Valerie blocked him, while Luna hugged him from behind.

The two women said in unison, "Honey, no matter how sweet the wildflower may be, it's still just a wildflower. Be good now, come back to our room. We're family, and we'll handle our own business behind closed doors." Nyx narrowed her eyes. "Who are you calling a wildflower? Surely not me?" Luna rolled her eyes. Valerie, whose tongue was sharper, retorted directly. "Whoever tries to steal our man is the wildflower. We won't say anything about you enjoying your time with him all this while.

But now that we are here, if you don't step aside and show some respect, that's just being inconsiderate!" Nyx sneered. "Even if you were with Andrew before, so what? He's with me now, and he's my husband." Valerie sneered back. "You stole our man, and you still think you're in the right?" Nyx replied coldly, "I took him by my own strength. Why wouldn't I be right? This is the Outlands, where chaos is the rule. Isn't taking what you want perfectly natural? Don't just talk about taking. If you push me too far tonight, I won't just deal with this unfaithful rascal.

I'll take care of you two beauties as well." ---- Valerie shrank back a little, as she knew she was no match for Nyx's prowess. Luna stepped forward, her expression serious. "Ms. Kerrigan, Andrew's relationship with us began back in our homeland. We've traveled thousands of miles just to see him again. Please don't make this difficult." Nyx tilted her head to the side and crossed her arms. "Go ahead and see him. I'm not stopping you. You've already seen him and even shared a meal with him. Isn't that enough? Now, with the night deep and quiet, it's time for me to take him back to rest.

Also, there's something you might not know. Andrew and I are already planning to have a baby. We've been, well, working hard on it lately." As she said this, even Nyx herself blushed. However, there was no choice. Fighting for your own man was like going to war; if you were not ruthless and decisive, you could lose. And no one could accept defeat, right? Luna was stunned. "You two are already planning to have a child? Valerie flared up in anger. "What about us then? I don't care; I don't agree with you having a baby!" Nyx smirked.

"Whether you agree or not, this is the Outlands, not ---- Holtrien. Your opinion doesn't matter here." Valerie gritted her teeth. "Fine then! Let's hurt each other! If you're going to have a baby, then I'll have one with Andrew too. Let's see who has more!" Her eyes then lit up with an idea. She pulled Luna over, and suddenly, two against one, their

momentum was not weaker than Nyx's. "Luna and I will both have babies with Andrew. Ms. Kerrigan, let's see who's more formidable... You alone, or the two of us, who can offer twice the abundance.

Who's afraid of who now?" Nyx was so angry that her face flushed red. She pointed at Valerie, then clenched her teeth and glared at Luna.

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Chapter 3171

[685 words]

---- Chapter 3171 Andrew stayed on guard, secretly afraid that Nyx's arrogant temper might snap and that she would lash out and hurt someone. But thankfully, she had restrained herself and did not abuse her power or bully anyone. From the looks of it, Nyx knew exactly where the line was. She understood that Luna and Valerie were special to Andrew, and she could not really lay a hand on them. Luna was completely stunned by Valerie's boldness and wild imagination, almost stumbling on the spot.

After forcing an awkward laugh, she lifted her chin and put on a tough expression, as if to say, "We are really going to do this, Nyx. What can you do about it?" In truth, Luna's heart was already burning with embarrassment. Her personality was the total opposite of Valerie's. She tended to be reserved and calm, while Valerie exploded at the slightest spark and never backed down. In the end, the three women turned their gazes toward Andrew at once, all clearly up to no good and filled with anger. Nyx said coldly, "Andrew, you decide. Are you coming with me, or are you running away with them?"

"If you go with them, then I-I ---- will never talk to you again!" Valerie said, "What do you mean running away with us? Don't make things up. We are the real wives here. Honey, come over. Tonight, the two of us will take good care of you." The problem finally landed on Andrew himself. He looked left and right, facing three beautiful but aggressive faces.

After sighing, Andrew suggested, "How about all four of us together?" Nyx clenched her teeth and hissed, "No way!" Valerie and Luna shouted in unison, "In your dreams!" Andrew rubbed his chin, thought for a moment, and then said, "Then let's do what Mr. Fernsby advised. I will accompany each of you one by one." Nyx immediately replied, "Sure. Then you stay with me first, and after 100 days, you can go to them!" Andrew was speechless, Tonight, Nyx had been unusually dominant and unreasonable. War between women was terrifying, and they could use any weapon imaginable.

Luna argued, "We traveled all this way, and we haven't been ---- intimate with him in so long. So, he should be with us first." Valerie added, "That's right, no matter what, he should be with us first. As for the time, we're not asking for 100 days; just ten!" Nyx scoffed, "Trying to play mind games again? Ten days? With the hunger you two are showing, would my man even be able to walk afterward?" Valerie and Luna were instantly furious and mortified. Nyx's words had hit a nerve, and rather accurately at that, though they had not planned to exhaust Andrew.

Nyx continued pointedly, "Besides, in ten days, we'll already have arrived in Holtrien! Here in the Outlands, you dare to challenge me and act lawlessly. Once we're in your territory, on your home turf, you'd definitely gang up on an outsider like me." She finished firmly, "You'd probably tear Andrew and me apart for good. So, I won't budge on this." The tension instantly escalated, and the atmosphere became sharp and explosive. Andrew genuinely feared they might come to blows, or say things too hurtful to take back, ruining the peace. That would be a disaster and not worth the cost.

Yet, showing favoritism to either side was absolutely out of the ---- question for him. They were all dear to him; he could not bear to hurt any of them. Andrew waved his hand decisively and said, "Enough, all of you! With all this fighting back and forth, do you even consider me, the head of this household?" Seeing Andrew's voice turn cold and his expression suddenly serious, all three women looked over, confused. Andrew continued with a cold snort. "It's so late, and you're still making a scene here. If others find out, they'll all think I can't even control my own women!

If I can't even manage a few women, how will I rule the Wastelands in the future? How will I establish myself in the Outlands?" +

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Chapter 3172

[708 words]

---- Chapter 3172 In the end, Andrew's voice suddenly rose sharply, looking absolutely furious and genuinely angry. Valerie grew anxious and uneasy, while Luna bit her lip and lowered her head without saying a word. Nyx let out a cold snort, wanting to argue back at Andrew. Yet, when Andrew's gaze snapped toward her, she immediately shut her mouth, feeling extremely wronged inside. After all, he had never raised his voice at her. Still, at least he was not just yelling at her; he was being equally harsh with those two rivals. That made Nyx feel a little better.

Seeing that the intimidation tactic was working, Andrew was overjoyed inside. However, his face showed an even more authoritative and serious expression. He said, "Right now, I am the Lord of Throne City, the King of the Wastelands. No matter how you look at it, I'm a regional powerhouse, an extraordinary figure. My three beloved ladies, there must be a limit to your jealousy and rivalry, understand?"

Otherwise, not only will you undermine my dignity, but people will think I am nothing special." ---- He continued, "Soon, I'll be returning home to kill those who need killing and do what needs to be done. I need you all to unite and help me secure the home front, instead of letting internal chaos ruin my reputation. I'm a grown man, and I care about my pride too, got it?" After speaking, Andrew glared fiercely at each of them in turn. Valerie's eyes reddened slightly.

"Honey, don't tell me now that you've become this powerful expert, this invincible martial god, and conquered the Outlands, you look down on us and don't care about us anymore?" Luna laughed bitterly in anger, turning her head away. "Since you think Valerie and I did something wrong and embarrassed you, then why don't we just leave right now?" Nyx felt both hurt and angry. "Ever since you came to the Outlands, I've been with you the whole time... I haven't separated from you for anything, anywhere. I even... even gave myself to you! Fine then, Andrew, you're just so ungrateful.

Now that you're successful and famous, you're starting to despise me." Andrew was slightly surprised that Nyx would say that. Then again, his original intention had been to keep these three restless women under control. But now, instead of being subdued, each one was crying about being hurt and getting angry at him instead. ---- This had backfired quite a bit! Andrew's mind raced as he coughed. "I'm not blaming you or scolding you. I just want you all to live in harmony. You're all family from now on, understand?"

When you're all getting along, I can focus on my work with peace of mind." The three women looked at him with hurt expressions. Andrew said domineeringly, "Let's get some rest together. I'm saying this now: no more fighting, no more arguing. I'll decide how things are arranged. Nyx, come here, walk on my left! Luna, Valerie, you two walk on my right. We're one family, so no more of this division. Let's just go to sleep." Nyx bit her lower lip. "Fine!" Valerie and Luna did not say anything, but obediently complied. Andrew was secretly thrilled. He thought, 'Damn right!

I have to show them who's boss, or these women will turn everything upside down. If I can win over so many beautiful women, then I should be able to manage them properly. Otherwise, being able to attract them but not manage them just makes me a failure.' What Andrew did not know was that, behind his back, Nyx, Valerie, and Luna were still silently competing with each other. ---- Their eyes seemed to say, "Let's see who's better tonight, who can make Andrew unable to let go!" So that night, Andrew, with his mortal body, fought a great battle against three enchantresses.

They each possessed profound powers, able to drain him dry; they were formidable indeed. Andrew fought from late at night until dawn, barely managing to subdue them one by one. Fortunately, though he had a mortal body, he rivaled the gods. While the three enchantresses were difficult to handle, Andrew's stamina proved to be superior. In the end, under Andrew's supreme might and dominance, everything finally concluded harmoniously.

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Chapter 3173

[724 words]

---- Chapter 3173 The next day arrived, and the weather was still bright and clear. Andrew stood at the highest point of Throne Hall and looked out over the entire Wastelands. Merchants, mercenaries, and refugees were gradually entering Throne City. Little by little, the city returned to a scene of bustling prosperity. Conrad sighed and said, "Honestly, if you stayed overseas as an uncrowned king and lived like this for the rest of your life, it would not be bad at all." Andrew smiled and said, "I have thought about it too.

After I settle the grudges back home and find my father in the Veiled Paradise, I might actually consider coming back to Throne City to retire." Conrad smiled wistfully. "I really envy you. But that's all I can do, envy. Achievements like yours, becoming king of the Outlands, aren't something just anyone can accomplish." Franz walked over and patted Conrad's shoulder. "Here you are again, getting all sentimental! But you're not wrong. Andrew's accomplishments now are beyond your reach. Conrad, no need to put yourself down, but you also have to face reality." ---- Conrad stood up respectfully.

"You're right, Mr. Hearst. But I'm not the man I used to be. I understand my own worth clearly now. Franz nodded. "It's not that I'm deliberately bringing up the past. But your old way of thinking really deserved criticism. You and Andrew are both outstanding men of Holtrien, yet you ended up in a serious fight. I wasn't in the country then, or I would have slapped some sense into you!" Conrad's face flushed. He glanced at Andrew, who seemed focused on the distance and not paying attention, which made him feel a little relieved. He pleaded with Franz, "Mr.

Hearst, could we please not talk about the old days anymore? I truly recognize my faults now. Not to mention that Andrew has let bygones be bygones. Just the fact that Mr. Lloyd Senior trained me in the Outlands without holding my past against me is enough

for me to be endlessly grateful. If I were still foolish enough to cause trouble, I'd be worse than an animal." Franz chuckled.

"You're a good kid at heart, and I believe in you Go and get ready; we're returning home soon." Conrad understood that Franz wanted to speak with Andrew alone and that his presence was inconvenient, so he wisely got up and walked away. ---- Franz was silent for a moment, then smiled at Andrew. "Andrew, what do you think of Conrad now?" Andrew smiled back. "Mr. Hearst, you're worried I might make things difficult for him or still hold a grudge, aren't you?" Franz gave a wry laugh. "I really can't hide anything from you.

I'm a soldier of Holtrien, and the only reason I've been drifting overseas all these years is a single purpose: to serve my country, with no regrets. So, I hope to see you and Conrad both well, at the very least, not killing each other. That would be a loss for Holtrien. You are both pillars of the nation, especially you." He sighed and added, "I have no right to lecture you now and can find no fault with you. But Andrew, for this return home, I have just one request. I hope you will act with the bigger picture in mind." Andrew raised an eyebrow. "Mr.

Hearst, are you saying I shouldn't kill anyone? Or that I should just let all the old grievances go?" Franz quickly clarified, "Not at all. My heart is for the country, but I'm not rigid, and I would never ask you to swallow all your past grievances and injustices. On the contrary, if you have revenge to take, take it, and if you have grudges to settle, settle them. I only ask that you do not go too far, like wiping out entire families ---- or erasing everyone completely." He chuckled awkwardly. "That would be somewhat excessive and wouldn't look good." Andrew snorted coldly.

"So, that old fox Philip knew I was coming back and got anxious right away, didn't he? He sent you a message to whisper in my ear?" Franz waved his hands dismissively. "Andrew, don't think of it that way. I know you're very dissatisfied with the General. But these words are my own thoughts. If they upset you, I won't speak of them again."

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Chapter 3174

[740 words]

---- Chapter 3174 Andrew said calmly, "Mr. Hearst, don't worry. I know my limits. I'll definitely kill people, but I'm not someone who slaughters the innocent." Franz let out a breath and smiled. "I trust you. A great era of conflict is about to arrive. This time, the

trial facing Holtrien won't be small." Andrew said, "What's there to fear? There are still many hidden old monsters in Holtrien. Let them come out and deal with the Vampire Queen's forces." Franz shook his head. "I doubt it. The Vampire Queen has slept for a thousand years.

Those old fossils back home have either died or been replaced by new generations. The current ones only think of their own interests, and they won't be willing to lift a finger for anything else." Andrew shrugged. "Then that's a matter for Philip and the military to worry about. Such a large country must have someone who will step forward." Franz chuckled. "How about you?" Andrew's expression turned somewhat grim. "I'm not the sovereign ruler of Holtrien. Why should I step forward?

---- Guillermo, Philip, the Divine Dragon Order, plus the eight ancient sects and the three royal families of Holtrien... They've been enjoying the fruits of others' labor all this time. When the time comes, they're the ones who should step up." Franz sighed. "They are the ones who must bear the responsibility. Let it be. We should head home first; the helicopters are ready. My plan is for us to fly directly to Chetvine. Andrew waved a hand. "No need. We'll land at the Azure Gate. I want to pay a visit to the Swordhaven Keep." Franz's face twitched slightly, but he eventually agreed.

"Alright." Andrew was leaving, but Throne City still needed someone to guard it. Although the Wastelands could no longer stir up much trouble for now, he still had to stay cautious of the Dark Clans. Therefore, among the Dragonfang organization, only Nyx and Franz followed Andrew back home. The others, Knox, Petra, and Juno, stayed behind in Throne City. Besides, they were not people of Holtrien, and they had no obligation to serve it. Unless Andrew ordered them, the Outlands was their true home.

Andrew was not a selfish person, so he would never force the rest of Dragonfang to return home and serve him. Moreover, Throne City had essentially become his personal stronghold. No ---- matter what, he could not afford to neglect his own base. Hence, leaving powerful fighters behind to guard it was absolutely necessary. With the warriors of the Highland Tribe and top-tier fighters like Othniel, Throne City was secure without worry. Two helicopters descended with a thunderous roar. Andrew boarded with Nyx, Luna, and Valerie.

The four of them in one aircraft, while Franz took Conrad and Kyrie, along with two Holtrien military soldiers who had arrived, in the other helicopter. The helicopters lifted off and swiftly swept across the land below. Andrew withdrew his gaze, feeling quite emotional. Strictly speaking, the time he had spent in the Outlands was not long at all. Altogether, it was just over a year, not even two. Yet, the experiences he had gone through were countless, and the battles, big and small, were too numerous to count. 1 His growth in power was astounding, almost unbelievable.

To outsiders, it seemed like he had shot up like a rocket, soaring into the sky, an enviable rise. However, he himself felt something very different. First of all, he had faced life-and-death crises more than once. A single misstep, and he would never have

made it home. Second, ---- he had built the most substantial foundation of his life. A man without a cause would be incomplete. Take Andrew himself: back in Holtrien, he had been constrained at every turn, with various forces swarming to attack him.

And this was while he bore the prestigious title of the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince, with the backing of the Lloyd royal family and a larger-than-life father overseas. Even with all those titles, Andrew had still felt powerless at times. But now, he did not feel that way anymore. Because all external power ultimately did not belong to him. His current strength and the empire behind him were truly his own and could be used by him. To describe it with a slightly exaggerated phrase, the current Andrew dared to turn against any force in the world and draw his sword without hesitation.

That was what gave him his confidence.

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Chapter 3175

[776 words]

---- Chapter 3175 The towering Azure Gate gradually appeared in the distance. After circling twice, the helicopters descended toward the ground. Franz had already obtained permission to enter the border in advance. Therefore, Andrew's party arrived directly inside the gate. The military garrison at Azure Gate stepped forward to salute. " General Hearst, welcome back!" Franz held the rank of Major General in the military. After returning the salute, Franz said, "This is the leader of the Dragonfang organization. The Dragon Prince of Holtrien's Lloyd family, Mr.

Andrew Lloyd!" That soldier's expression turned fervent as he snapped another salute. "Mr. Andrew Lloyd, welcome home." The soldiers behind him also stared at Andrew with burning eyes, unable to stop looking. Nyx whispered with a smile, "Honey, you seem to be quite the celebrity in your country. You can tell just by their reactions." Andrew nodded to each of those soldiers as a gesture of ---- acknowledgment, then headed toward Swordhaven Keep. Not many people knew about his return home this time, but those who wanted to know only needed to put in a little effort to find out.

For instance, Guillermo, that old fox who ranked first on Holtrien's Titan List. Then again, so what if they knew he was back? Andrew wanted Guillermo to know that he was coming for him, and there was nothing Guillermo could do about it; there was no escape. Swordhaven Keep was the gateway to Holtrien's Eastern Regions. Its leader was the famous Sword Saint, Alfredo Topsfield, the most self-important person in

Holtrien's martial world. He had once been determined to compete with Reginald. After being thoroughly crushed, his confidence was shattered.

Later, turned to colluding with Guillermo and others to attack and kill Reginald, but they still failed. Alfredo was arrogant and insufferable, just like the sword in his hand, always believing himself to be in a league of his own. Of course, Alfredo had the strength to back up his arrogance, but unfortunately, in Andrew's eyes, he was no longer worthy. Swordhaven Keep was as ostentatious as ever, with many visitors paying their respects daily. ---- Andrew, with his three women, plus Franz, Conrad, and Kyrie, walked straight through the main gate.

A gatekeeping disciple asked in a demanding tone, "You there, state your business. Who are you here to see?" Andrew did not even glance at him, replying flatly, "I'm here to see Alfredo Topsfield. I've come to ask if he's ready for his death." The Swordhaven Keep disciple was first stunned, then flew into a rage. "What did you say? Do you have a death wish?" Andrew's icy gaze swept over him. Immediately, the other party wet himself in terror, unable to even stand steady, and plopped down on the ground. His heart was filled with horror.

He wondered how a person's single glance could be so terrifying, as if he had encountered a demon. A mocking smile appeared at the corner of Andrew's mouth. Then, he strode toward the higher grounds, heading straight for Swordhaven Keep's great hall Midway, they encountered Alfredo's son, Jericho! "Wait, you look somewhat familiar..." Jericho was puzzled at first, then his expression changed drastically as he screamed, "Holy c-c-crap, y-ou're Andrew? You've got some nerve coming to ---- Swordhaven Keep!" He was so flustered that he started stuttering. In response, Andrew simply slapped him.

Jericho's eyes rolled back as he fell straight to the ground, instantly knocked unconscious by the strike. "How annoying!" Andrew coldly dropped that single word. Nyx and the other ladies remained unfazed, but Conrad and Kyrie's Adam's apples bobbed as their hearts filled with shock. After all, Jericho was no pushover. Yet with just one slap, he was knocked out cold. It was unbelievable how strong Andrew had become! Before long, the group reached the center of the great hall. At the far end, one man sat elevated, chatting idly with some visiting dignitaries from the Eastern Regions.

His manner showed both superiority and impatience, as if merely going through the motions. It was the famous master of Swordhaven Keep, Alfredo! The moment Andrew stepped into the great hall, Alfredo casually glanced over. Then, it met Andrew's own eyes, which held a faint, mocking smile. ---- Alfredo instantly shifted from his relaxed posture to sitting up straight. The impatience and casualness on his face vanished at once, replaced by a grim expression. His right hand also immediately gripped the longsword at his side. "Everyone else, get out now!"

That's it for today!" Alfredo shouted stemly. Yet unknown to others, there was a trace of panic in it. He knew the visitor came with ill intent, and Swordhaven Keep was about to face a catastrophe.

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- Chapter 3176

Chapter 3176

[568 words]

---- Chapter 3176 In just a few moments, the guests in the main hall stood up and took their leave. Alfredo was known for his unpredictable temper. One second, he could be smiling, and the next second, he could turn hostile. No one could withstand his authority, so they obediently retreated one by one. Yet, as they left, they noticed Andrew and his group entering. The prominent figures of the Eastern Regions all showed puzzled expressions. They all wondered if these people were not afraid of Alfredo's wrath.

Soon, only Andrew's group and Alfredo, seated on the main throne, remained in the hall. For a moment, neither side spoke another word. Suddenly, a number of Swordhaven Keep disciples swarmed They shouted a stream of curses at Andrew and the others, brandishing their weapons with eyes blazing in anger. Andrew ignored them completely, his expression gradually turning icy. Seeing this, Alfredo's heart quivered, and he said coldly, "All of ---- you, step back.

This is none of your concern." Among the disciples who entered, one was his son, though not Jericho, the one Andrew had slapped unconscious. "Father, these insolent fools dare to barge in before you. They deserve death. Let me tear them to pieces!" Alfredo suddenly roared, "Get out! Are you deaf?" His son froze, stunned by the shout, then obediently retreated. No one dared to challenge Alfredo's authority. The disciples all waited just outside the hall, ready to receive orders at any moment. Unbeknownst to them, Alfredo was growing increasingly tense and uneasy.

Among the disciples who had entered was his own son. He believed that if they really fought Andrew, the ruthless man who had suddenly arrived, his lineage would end there and then. The hand gripping his sword gradually tightened, his knuckles turning pale. If it had been Alfredo in the past, he would have already swung his sword in a flashy and domineering strike. But today, he forced himself to endure it, no matter what, refusing to provoke trouble. ---- He carefully examined the people behind Andrew one by one. Franz, Conrad, and Kyrie were not worth worrying about.

Among them, Conrad of the Cunningham family and Kyrie of the Harding family were familiar to Alfredo. After all, as the number one figure in Holtrien's Eastern Regions, he was not ignorant of the power structures in Chetvine. He did not recognize Franz, but the man's calm demeanor made Alfredo wary. But what truly made him break out in a cold sweat was Nyx. As for Luna and Valerie, there was no need to mention them. These two women were both prodigies of Chetvine, but Alfredo was not exactly afraid of them. Then, there was Nyx with her Western features, stunning beauty, and cold expression.

Her mere presence at Andrew's side was enough to make Alfredo's eyes burn. 'That woman is a martial god with terrifying strength. How does Andrew have such a powerful expert helping him? Alfredo's thoughts raced rapidly. With a light chuckle, he looked at Andrew. "You've come to visit without giving advance notice. If you'd said something earlier, as your host, I could have prepared properly to welcome you!" ---- Andrew smiled. "We can skip the pleasantries, and you can just get on your knees and beg me.

That would be more appropriate!" Ignoring Alfredo's suddenly frigid expression, Andrew strode toward the master seat and casually sat down in the position that rightfully belonged to Alfredo.

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Chapter 3177

[615 words]

---- Chapter 3177 Moments before, Alfredo had stood up in his agitation upon seeing Andrew. Now, Andrew had naturally taken his seat, completely ignoring his presence. It was a brutal slap to the face, a direct insult to him, the number one figure in the Eastern Regions and a top-three name on the Holtrien Titan List. Alfredo should have drawn his sword and struck immediately, but once again, he chose to endure. Aside from his wariness of Nyx, he also could not gauge Andrew's true strength. Currently, Andrew's reputation had soared in the Outlands, but few within Holtrien knew the details.

After all, his capture of Throne City and his destruction of the Ludendorff family, the King of the Wasteland, had all happened within just a few days. Furthermore, news of the Cathedral army's defeat and retreat to Lomuia had not spread widely, as Lomuia itself was too ashamed to publicize such a disgrace. Therefore, the commotion around Andrew had not really spread abroad, let alone back home. However, Guillermo had indeed summoned Alfredo immediately, ordering him to Chetvine to discuss important matters. ---- Alfredo had refused outright, treating Guillermo's words as nonsense.

Did Guillermo think he could summon him around like a servant without dignity? Since the failed attempt to kill Reginald, the alliance Guillermo had gathered had fallen apart. Now, the various major players no longer trusted him. He had claimed that he never failed, calling himself Holtrien's master strategist, yet he had not succeeded once against Andrew or Reginald The last time, they had Andrew cornered in a seemingly inescapable situation, but he still got away. Because of this, top figures like Alfredo and Julius no longer respected Guillermo and preferred to act on their own.

Besides, they had always resented taking orders from Guillermo. anyway. Each of them ruled their own domain. What right did Guillermo have to command them? Since he clearly lacked the capability, they would no longer be playing along That was exactly how people like Alfredo thought, because they were all big names who cared most about pride and status. ---- "What is the meaning of this?" Alfredo turned to look at Andrew, who had usurped his seat, his eyes narrowing His right hand unconsciously moved to rest on his sword hilt as he added, "Have you taken a fancy to my seat?

Or perhaps to my position as head of Swordhaven Keep? We're all on the same side. If you just ask, as your elder and out of respect for your father, I might even consider stepping aside." Andrew glanced at him coolly and suddenly smiled, "I have no interest in any of that. What I want is your head rolling." Alfredo sneered. "That's not a joking matter." Andrew replied flatly, "What makes you think you're worth joking with?" The distance between them was too close, and Andrew's aura was overwhelmingly aggressive.

Alfredo had not wanted to strike first, but under the mutual pressure of their clashing energies, he could not hold back any longer and violently drew his sword. Alfredo thought that by striking first, he would gain the upper hand. He refused to believe this arrogant little bastard could actually turn the tables. A brilliant flash of sword light shot from the scabbard. ---- In that lightning-fast instant, Andrew struck out with his palm, and a thunderous boom echoed like muffled thunder.

Alfredo's sword, only halfway drawn, was forcefully slammed back into its scabbard by Andrew's palm strike. His face changed dramatically, and he let out a low roar, attempting to draw his sword again. However, Andrew seized his sword-drawing hand in a vice-like grip. Then, a sound like cracking marble began to emanate from the center of their struggle.

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Chapter 3178

[537 words]

---- Chapter 3178 Alfredo's face twisted with rage as he roared again and again. A torrential force surged against Andrew's wrist, yet Andrew remained perfectly calm and unmoving, simply watching him. Alfredo was horrified; this was impossible! With a sharp whistle of air, he swept a leg toward Andrew. Without even looking, Andrew dropped his shoulder and slammed it forward Alfredo instantly felt as if half his leg was about to

shatter. He screamed, "You bastard!" Abandoning the attempt to draw his sword, he brought his index and middle fingers together, conjuring sword energy from thin air.

This was Alfredo's famous signature technique, one he was most proud of. Without a sword, his hand itself became the blade. Immediately, countless sword energies enveloped Andrew in a dense barrage, descending to shred him apart. At such close range, the piercing attacks of the sword energies were unstoppable and devastating. Alfredo flashed a cruel smirk. Even if this brat had been reborn, ---- he was still far too overconfident. With just three moves, his sword could make even an expert like Guillermo suffer defeat. But the next second, Alfredo's eyes bulged wide as if he had seen a ghost.

Around Andrew, a black-and-red aura suddenly erupted, forming a swirling, protective barrier. Countless sword energies struck the barrier to no effect, only causing faint ripples. "You..." Alfredo's heart filled with terror. He released his sword, trying to leap back. "It's too late," Andrew stated indifferently. With a fierce, pulling motion from a distance, Alfredo realized in horror that he was being dragged toward Andrew through the air. He brought his hands together, unleashing another sword strike. Andrew gave a sharp laugh.

He violently swept his right hand forward, and everything before him was instantly shattered. Then, his fist shot through the air, landing solidly on Alfredo's chest. With a choking cry, Alfredo's body bent backward as he spat out a massive mouthful of blood. Nonetheless, he was still a martial god, and a peak-level one at ---- that. If he could just create some distance and unleash his most powerful sword techniques, he might survive. Unfortunately, Andrew gave him no such chance. After that punch, Andrew launched himself from the seat violently.

Then, he leaped into the air, delivering a series of vicious kicks. Alfredo's chest was nearly caved in, gushes of blood erupting from him with each impact. His face contorted, and he roared, "Get off me!" His entire body shook as a violent surge of energy erupted around him. Andrew sneered, thrusting directly through Alfredo's protective aura. As Alfredo's expression changed drastically, Andrew grabbed him by the throat. After that, he slammed Alfredo heavily to the ground. Alfredo hit the ground headfirst, his body trailing behind, and blood poured from his head.

His expression twisted completely as he forced himself to turn around, ready to fight to the death again. Andrew's foot was already planted on his chest, and an overwhelming force surged down and pinned Alfredo firmly to the ground. ---- Alfredo's eyes turned vicious as his hands crossed, ready to sever Andrew's leg. But at that moment, a massive sword was pressed directly against his neck. The icy blade sent chills through him, and his neck burned with sharp pain.

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Chapter 3179

[627 words]

---- Chapter 3179 Andrew looked down expressionlessly. "Mr. Topsfield Senior, you still remember the Godslayer, don't you? You'd better not move around. This bloodthirsty weapon is quite eager for blood. If I'm not careful and it slits your throat, then you, the Sword Saint, will be dead just like that." Pinned to the ground, Alfredo did not dare move anymore. He could only crane his neck and roar in humiliation. "H-How are you this strong now?" Andrew sneered coldly. "If I wasn't strong enough, do you think I'd come looking for your life? I still remember, Mr.

Topsfield Senior, how spirited and arrogant you were. Back when Sheena and I came to the Eastern Regions, to your territory, you really put on quite a show." Alfredo gritted his teeth. "Andrew, why must you bring up old matters to humiliate me? If you're going to kill me, just kill me. Do you really think I'm afraid of you?" Andrew lifted his greatsword and drew a half-circle arc through the air. Alfredo screamed in agony, veins bulging on his face, completely contorted. Half his arm had already been severed by ---- Andrew's sword.

Outside the great hall, Alfredo's son and disciples, who had been waiting for orders, all turned deathly pale. The light in their eyes instantly faded, as if they had become the walking dead. In their minds, Alfredo had been like a god, yet now he was trampled on the ground. Moreover, someone had easily cut off one of his arms, which was absolutely shocking. In the center of the hall, Franz let out a sigh as he watched Andrew take action. Meanwhile, Conrad and Kyrie's eyes widened in disbelief. Andrew was too fierce. This was Holtrien's pillar of strength, the Sword Saint, Alfredo Topsfield.

All those labels: arrogant, domineering, peerless, invincible with his divine sword, guardian of the Eastern Regions, once described this man's legendary grace. But now, he was in agony, looking pathetic, falling from the top of the pyramid to the dirt in an instant. Kyrie's feelings were even more complicated. The Harding family was nowhere near as capable as Alfredo, so how could they possibly withstand Andrew's reckoning? The only path left was death. ---- Nyx smirked. "Your so-called number one in the Eastern Regions of Holtrien really is a once-in-a-generation sword genius.

At least, I can't guarantee that I can handle him. Then again, if I can't, my dearest husband can. To him, this is just a small matter." After the intense pain, Alfredo clenched his jaw, his eyes bloodshot. "Andrew, I admit you are no longer the small fish you once were. But you will not humiliate me. At worst, it's just death Andrew chuckled and said, "Mr. Topsfield Senior, you're indeed stubborn. You thought I was humiliating

you?" Alfredo roared, "Aren't you? I've always stood tall and proud. When have I ever been treated like this?"

Andrew, not killing you back then is the regret of my life!" Andrew's eyes narrowed slightly. "The tide turned, and the world changed. You were too overconfident. Unfortunately, in my eyes, you were never that impressive, and now you're even less noteworthy. I know you're not afraid of death, but crippling both your hands so you can never wield a sword again, then watching the Swordhaven Keep be nibbled away piece by piece until you wish you were dead..."

That kind of torture, I think even you couldn't bear, could you?" Alfredo's face finally changed, and he cried out shrilly, "Andrew, ---- don't push this too far! I am, after all, the guardian of Holtrien's Eastern Regions! The Azure Gate has been held by the Topsfield family for generations! If you disgrace me and destroy Swordhaven Keep, the Azure Gate will have no one capable enough left to defend it!"

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Chapter 3180

[681 words]

---- Chapter 3180 Andrew snorted, his face full of disdain. "In the end, you're still afraid of death. Or perhaps the idea of never wielding a sword again, of letting Swordhaven Keep be ridiculed for all time. That's a blow you simply can't withstand." He added coldly, "For a swordsman, to be honest, your backbone isn't all that tough." Alfredo gave a bitter laugh. "I have nothing to say for my defeat. In this lifetime, I'm likely no match for you or Reginald. Living on holds little benefit for me now. "But Andrew, you can't destroy Swordhaven Keep!"

Holtrien's sword path relies on Swordhaven Keep for its legacy. If you wipe us out, one of the ancient eight sects of Holtrien will be lost forever!" Andrew raised an eyebrow. "Swordhaven Keep is one of the ancient eight sects?" Alfredo endured the pain and said, "That's right! The torch of the sword path has always been passed down by Swordhaven Keep, by us, the Topsfield family! The Topsfield family is the heir of the ancient Sword Sect!" Andrew made an acknowledging sound and nodded. "Alright ---- then, consider this your last words. I don't care about the ancient eight sects' legacy!"

That's that, Mr. Topsfield Senior, I'm sending you to meet your maker!" Alfredo's eyes widened, filled with terror. "No!" Andrew's great sword plunged into the ground beside his head, and a huge crack appeared. If it had been even an inch closer, Alfredo's life

would have ended on the spot. "I will be waiting for you in Chetvine, at the Lloyd royal family's ground," Andrew said calmly as he pulled up Godslayer. He added, "A new war between the Eastern and Western continents is about to erupt, and the ancient grudges are about to resurface.

Swordhaven Keep, I order your entire sect to join the war. Of course, you can choose not to come. In that case, I'll personally return to the Eastern Regions and annihilate the Topsfield family." With those cold words, Andrew left with his people. Outside the gates, the disciples of Swordhaven Keep were terrified and quickly made way for Andrew. Not a single person dared to make a sound. Only after Andrew and his group had completely left the Eastern Regions did Alfredo begin to tremble as he climbed up from the ---- ground.

The loss of his arm made his face contort again with unbearable agony. His disciples rushed in, scrambling to support him. "Father!" "Mr. Topsfield Senior, are you alright? We can't possibly swallow this insult! Swordhaven Keep won't stand for it!" Alfredo, pale and weak, snapped, "Shut your mouths! If anyone dares speak of what happened today, I'll kill their entire family!" The disciples looked at each other in fright, confused by his words. Were they just supposed to let this go? It felt utterly humiliating. Sitting back in his seat, Alfredo gasped for breath.

After a long while, he let out a wretched, hacking laugh. "The twin titans of the Lloyd family... What a pair the Lloyd family has produced!" His eyes bloodshot and full of venom, he cursed, "Reginald, I couldn't defeat you. Now, Andrew has completely crushed me. Dear Gods, why are you so cruel to me? Why?" After wailing for a while, Alfredo grew tired. While others stopped his bleeding, he contacted Guillermo, who was in Chetvine. ---- "Mr.

Topsfield Senior, have you finally come to your senses and decided to come over?" Guillermo laughed on the other end Alfredo's face was deathly pale as he gritted his teeth. "My retribution just passed. Now yours is about to come. Andrew has returned to Holtrien carrying unstoppable killing intent. I won't participate in any of your schemes and plans. Whatever the hell you want to do is your business. From now on, whatever you're up to, I won't be playing along again!" Guillermo asked urgently, "Are you injured? How strong is that little bastard now?" Alfredo hung up directly.

His arm was ruined. Right now, he had only temporarily stopped the bleeding and still needed to get proper treatment. He had no time to waste words with Guillermo.

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Chapter 3181

[576 words]

---- Chapter 3181 Meanwhile, back in Holtrien, Chetvine. Inside Guillermo's Ravencrest Manor, Guillermo held the now- silent telephone receiver. His face cycled between pale and flushed in waves of anger and shock. His two most trusted men stood nearby, Lorenzo from the Owens family, and Jose Castillo, who had been forcibly elevated to the martial god level by Guillermo over the last half year. "Mr. Vazquez, what happened with Mr. Topsfield Senior?" Lorenzo asked. Guillermo's expression darkened as he spoke through gritted teeth. "That useless fool seems to be injured." Lorenzo's jaw dropped.

"Alfredo is the Sword Saint, a peak martial god. Who could possibly hurt him?" Guillermo clenched his teeth, taking a long moment before responding. "Andrew. That little bastard is back! I never expected he'd have the guts to go after Alfredo the moment he crossed the border. If he didn't have some incredible martial power or a deadly trump card, there was no way he would dare to challenge Alfredo!" Lorenzo's face shifted from shock to complete disbelief. "We ---- got word from overseas that Andrew was coming back, didn't we? But how did he get here so fast? And why would he dare confront Mr.

Topsfield Senior? Could Reginald have come back with him?" Guillermo shook his head firmly. "That's impossible. Reginald entered the Veiled Paradise. That's confirmed beyond any doubt. Jose lounged nearby, looking utterly bored. "Why are you both so worked up? So the kid came back. Big deal. What's he going to do, flip the world upside down? We can't handle Reginald, sure. But Andrew? I think he's no problem at all." Guillermo sneered coldly.

"That reckless, arrogant attitude of yours is going to get you killed one day." Jose calmly poured himself a cup of tea, sipped it, and set it down with deliberate ease. Only then did he speak again. "Mr. Vazquez, I really don't appreciate that comment. Since when does a peak martial god in Holtrien just die on command? I am what I am today because you personally helped me get here. Andrew barely escaped from Holtrien two years ago. What could he have possibly accomplished in that time?

At most, he broke through whatever was holding back his energy core and stumbled onto some lucky break." ---- He continued, "But even heaven-defying opportunities need time to develop and mature. Mr. Vazquez, every time you deal with that father-son duo, you lose your cool and panic. Tell you what... Wherever Andrew is, I'll go meet him myself. Truth is, I actually kind of like the kid. "When I see him, I won't kill him outright. I'll just send him back where he came from. As long as he agrees never to return to Holtrien again, I think letting him go is perfectly reasonable. Huh? Mr.

Vazquez, why do you look so awful?" As Jose continued his confident speech, he noticed Guillermo staring at him as if he were a complete idiot. That was when he finally shut his mouth, clearly confused. Guillermo said icily, "Are you deaf? Didn't you just hear that Alfredo was already seriously injured by Andrew? Do you really think you're stronger or tougher than Alfredo?" Jose shrugged casually. "Maybe Alfredo really did get hurt. But who actually did it? We don't know yet. I refuse to believe Andrew was capable of that. Mr. Vazquez, you shouldn't think that way either.

It's too ridiculous, too unrealistic. It makes people think maybe you're getting old and losing your edge."

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Chapter 3182

[602 words]

---- Chapter 3182 Lorenzo shook his head. Jose had started talking without restraint again. His increased power was one thing, and Guillermo's favoritism toward him was another. However, this was getting out of hand. Pointing at the main door, Guillermo said coldly, "Get out right now. I don't want to see you." Jose chuckled and said, "Alright!" With that, he really left. Guillermo said, "Lorenzo, Jose is careless and lazy. Other than fighting, he is useless at everything else. But you are different. You are my most trusted man, and something serious clearly happened to Alfredo.

But that bastard won't reveal anything. So I need you to personally make a trip to the Eastern Regions. I need to know exactly what kind of force Andrew brought back with him and what his actual power level is right now." Lorenzo touched his empty sleeve where his arm used to be, his voice filled with hatred. "Mr. Vazquez, I'll go right away. He cut off my hand back then, and I'm still holding a grudge." Guillermo nodded and was about to speak when his phone suddenly rang again. He lit up, thinking it was Alfredo calling ---- back. Yet, when he looked at the screen, it was an unknown number.

Guillermo gave Lorenzo a look. Lorenzo immediately stepped forward and answered. "This is Mr. Vazquez's residence. Who is this? Who are you looking for?" On the other end, Andrew's cold voice sounded. "You're not Guillermo, so you must be his lapdog, Lorenzo. You don't need to waste your energy investigating what my current strength is or how many people I brought. I only brought one person, and I'll be landing in Chetvine in three hours. Anyone who has a problem with that can come find me at the airport. Just remember to bring your coffins along." Then, he hung up immediately.

Lorenzo's palm was sweating as he glanced at Guillermo. "Mr. Vazquez, it was..." Guillermo snarled viciously, "I know it was him... That little bastard! Damn it! He hasn't even arrived yet, and he's already threatening me directly. It looks like he really does have something to rely on." Lorenzo hissed, "Then we'll meet him head-on. This is Chetvine, and half the city is under your control. Are we really supposed to be afraid of him?" ---- Guillermo snorted. "Afraid of him? When have you ever seen me afraid of anyone? What frustrates me is that old bastard Wyrnhelm failed to take care of him.

If that kid had been killed in the Outlands, it would've saved me so much trouble!" He shouted, "Lorenzo!" Lorenzo immediately responded, "At your service, Mr. Vazquez! Should I mobilize our forces in Chetvine, or should I contact the other families?" Guillermo waved his hand and said, "Rules are rules. Chetvine cannot be thrown into chaos. No one dares to break that rule. However, a small test to probe him is absolutely necessary. Jose is eager for action, isn't he? Send him to the airport to 'welcome' Andrew properly. He can test the waters and see what we're dealing with.

If it doesn't go well, tell him to back off and lay low for now." He continued, "But if Andrew seems manageable, have him deliver a fatal blow to that little bastard if possible. If he kills him, it's fine. I can guarantee his safe escape from Holtrien." Lorenzo grinned wickedly. "Understood." After Lorenzo left, Guillermo immediately contacted his other allies. The first call he made was to Julius. Guillermo sneered. "Julius, you've been living comfortably these ---- past two years, haven't you? But I need to tell you something Andrew is back." 2

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Chapter 3183

[871 words]

---- Chapter 3183 Far away in the Western Regions on a snow-covered mountain, Julius remained utterly calm. "And so what? Do I care about some insects?" Guillermo snorted coldly. "He's definitely not an insect anymore. Just now, Alfredo already fell victim to him." Julius made a noncommittal sound, his tone casual. "What does that prove? It only proves that Alfredo has gotten weak. A swordsman like him got taken down? Please, stop wasting your energy trying to make me anxious. If you told me Reginald was coming back, I'd take it seriously. But Andrew?

That brat doesn't deserve my attention." Guillermo exploded in fury. "Julius, I'm being serious here. You're too arrogant, and you're going to get yourself killed one day!" Julius replied indifferently, "Are you done? If so, I need to get back to my training. Get myself

killed? You spend all day scheming and stirring up trouble over meaningless worldly affairs. Is fighting for power really that appealing to you? You and I are different. There are countless paths in this world, but only one truth: power.

Absolute, overwhelming power that crushes everything else!" He continued, "So what if you control the court and wield ---- influence across the land? Let me tell you something: my divine technique has advanced even further. Forget Andrew being insignificant. Even if that kid somehow defied heaven and came back with real achievements, I could still crush him with one hand." After this supremely confident declaration, Julius sneered and hung up. Guillermo was left staring at his phone, his expression grim and uncertain. Julius was no less formidable than Alfredo.

The fact that he had made even more progress in just two years made Guillermo feel an involuntary sense of crisis. He did not want these thorns in his side getting too powerful. But for now, he needed to deal with Andrew first. Julius was a stubborn fool who would not cooperate, completely obsessed with martial arts like some kind of cultivation fanatic. It looked like Guillermo would have to find another approach. So, he picked up his phone and dialed another number. "Sir, sorry to bother you.

This is Guillermo Vazquez..." After several hours in the air, Andrew and his group finally landed at Chetvine Airport. ---- Returning to familiar ground brought a flood of emotions. Both Valerie and Luna had smiles on their faces. "It feels so good to be home! These past few months in the Outlands were really rough." Luna looked at Andrew and smiled. "Honey, Valerie needs to go to the Reyes residence first to see her parents. As for me, I'll go back to the Lloyd family estate with you." Andrew looked surprised. "You're not going back to the military?" Luna's cheeks flushed pink. "No.

I'm staying at the new house now, the one you built for us!" Andrew's face lit up. "The big house I designed is finished?" Luna nodded, her face full of joy. "It's all done. Ever since you left Holtrien, we've put our hearts into finishing that house. We've been waiting for you to come home so you'd have a warm place to return to!" Andrew felt a surge of emotion and gratitude, nodding. "Alright then, let's go home first!" His heart raced as he thought about his beloved women and the Lloyd family members. As for Guillermo, Andrew suddenly was not in such a hurry to ---- deal with him anymore.

Nyx said pitifully, "Honey, ever since we arrived in Holtrien, you haven't been paying attention to me anymore. You're only talking to Luna and the others. I don't know anyone here, and you haven't even asked how I'm doing." Andrew smiled apologetically. "Look at me getting distracted. Sorry, sweetheart. I actually neglected you for a moment. Come on, I'll take you home. My new home is your home. Trust me, you're going to love it." Luna stepped forward thoughtfully and said to Nyx, "Nyx, we're all family from now on. You traveled thousands of miles to come to Holtrien, to Chetvine.

We all admire your devotion to Andrew. So, don't worry. From now on, we'll treat you like our own sister." Nyx smiled happily. "Luna, thank you. Actually, I was just

pretending to be pitiful in front of Andrew." Franz laughed. "Andrew, Nyx, Luna, Valerie... This is where we part ways! I need to report to the military first, then head to the Hearst family. Conrad and Kyrie will come with me." Andrew nodded. "Alright, sounds good. Mr. Hearst, we'll see you soon." After they separated, Andrew and his group left the airport. ---- That was when Jose swaggered up to them with a grin on his face.

"Well, well, kid. Welcome back to Chetvine! So, what'll it be? Do I break your legs myself, or do you choose to turn around and get the hell out of here right now?" As soon as those words left his mouth, Andrew's expression remained perfectly calm, treating Jose like he was nothing more than a speck of dirt. Nyx, on the other hand, looked at Jose like he was a complete idiot. "Honey, want me to take care of him? Sure, he just became a martial god and has some skills, but I could clean him up with just one strike."

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Chapter 3184

[700 words]

---- Chapter 3184 Andrew said calmly, "No need to trouble yourself. Don't dirty your hands." He looked at Jose with an indifferent expression. "Move aside. I'm in a decent mood right now, so I won't bother with you." Jose burst out laughing and took two steps forward, talking to himself. "Damn! You went to the Outlands and bummed around for two years. Who would've thought that when you came back, your skills barely improved, but your tongue got sharper. Deal with me? Andrew, take a good look and feel what level I'm at now!" As he spoke, Jose's face turned cold, and he released his aura.

Nyx rolled her eyes, not even bothering to give him a proper look. Meanwhile, Andrew was starting to get impatient. "Get lost. Otherwise, I'll cripple you right here." Jose's expression darkened immediately. "Andrew, honestly, even though I work for Mr. Vazquez, I actually admire your guts and your attitude as a man. That's why I haven't made my move yet. I'm giving you a fair warning: go back wherever you came from. "Otherwise, do you think I, a martial god, would waste my breath ---- talking to you like this? There are so many experts in Holtrien, but martial gods are extremely rare.

So you really should think this through carefully." Andrew said coldly, "I could make you kneel with one hand, one move. Think about it... Do you really want to try me?" Jose snorted. "Andrew, you're full of it. If your father had come here in person and said something like that, I'd believe him. But you? Come back in 50 years after more training!" With that, he raised his palm and struck directly at Andrew's chest.

There was no grand display of power, but he had channeled all his internal energy into the strike, confident that no matter how Andrew tried to defend himself, it would be useless. The only option was to surrender and be captured. However, Andrew's counterattack was even simpler. He raised his hand and slapped out. He completely ignored Jose's incoming palm strike. Jose first felt furious, thinking Andrew's action was looking down on him, and that he had a death wish. Then, Jose sneered coldly, letting Andrew's slap come at him. To him, it would be nothing more than a tickle.

Both strikes landed almost simultaneously. However, Andrew was completely unaffected. Jose's palm hit ---- his chest without even making him take a single step back. On the other hand, Andrew's slap landed on Jose's cheek. Jose felt as if his head had been smashed by an out-of-control heavy truck. His brain felt like it was about to fall apart. Jose's mind was buzzing. It was as if he were drunk. He staggered two steps and collapsed face-first onto the ground. His entire face twisted in pain, and his head felt like it was about to explode.

'How's that possible?' That was the only thought left in Jose's mind before he passed out. Looking at Jose lying on the ground, a flash of killing intent crossed Andrew's eyes. If he wanted to, he could simply lift his foot and crush Jose's head. Jose was just a barely-there martial god who had just advanced, yet he dared to show off in front of Andrew. Little did he know that in Andrew's eyes, Jose's level couldn't even match Petra or Juno's. Though newly promoted, Jose had stayed by Guillermo's side and lacked real combat tempering.

He had the strength but none of the actual battle prowess, a weakling among martial gods. ---- Of course, bullying martial emperors and showing off in front of top experts in Holtrien was still within Jose's capability. But in front of Andrew, the uncrowned king of the Outlands, he was nothing but a showpiece. "Let's go." In the end, Andrew did not kill him. Since he was going to find Guillermo anyway, there was no need to rush. Jose happened to be unconscious right in front of him, his face tilted upward. As Andrew walked past, he stepped on Jose's face.

Nyx walked past with a playful smile and stepped on his face as well. Then, Valerie smiled mischievously, fearless and bold, and followed with another stomp on his face.

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Chapter 3185

[618 words]

---- Chapter 3185 Luna hesitated for a moment. Then, under Valerie's encouraging look, also stepped on Jose's face before quickly scurrying away. Just like that, four sets of footprints were stamped across Jose's face. Although they overlapped, it was still easy to see that his face had been stepped on several times. "Huh? Isn't that Mr. Vazquez's man, Jose Castillo?" Soon, someone familiar spotted Jose lying on the ground. They immediately came over, helped him up, and woke him. Upon waking, Jose gasped in sharp pain because his jaw was dislocated, making it hard to even speak.

He roughly pushed away the people in front of him and staggered into the airport restroom, Looking in the mirror, he nearly fainted again on the spot. One side of his face was swollen and red, and not only that, it was imprinted with several clear footprints. A dignified martial god, Guillermo's right-hand man, a supposedly formidable expert and warrior, had been knocked unconscious with a single slap. To add the ultimate insult, someone had stepped on his face, and not just once. ---- "This is too much!" In his rage, Jose slammed his palm down, shattering the sink countertop.

In the mirror, he looked vicious and unhinged. After venting for a while, his expression shifted repeatedly as he finally left the airport. Soon, he returned to Guillermo's side. "W-What happened? Got your face slapped?" Guillermo and Lorenzo were both shocked by Jose's swollen face Jose said with a dark expression, "Mr. Vazquez, I screwed up this time. That kid took my palm strike and seemed fine, but I got slapped once by him and ended up like this. I suspect that little bastard learned some kind of witchcraft in the Outlands." Guillermo suddenly cursed, "Witchcraft?

I already told you not to be careless and not to underestimate him. But you treated my words like air. So you are saying you got slapped into the ground, right?" Jose nodded in shame and said, "Yes, but I was not paying attention at the time. If I had, he definitely could not have done that." Guillermo gritted his teeth and cursed, "You weren't paying attention to jack squat, you idiot! Do you know how much effort I ---- put into pushing you to the martial god level? Yet even then, you still can't get rid of your sloppy habits! Even Alfredo failed. Who the hell do you think you are?

Do you think you are better than Alfredo?" Jose felt incredibly humiliated and furious at being scolded. He snorted coldly. "Mr. Vazquez, as I said, I was careless. Next time, I'll make Andrew pay the price with my own hands!" Guillermo waved his hand dismissively. "Get lost! You're useless; more trouble than you're worth! You should count yourself lucky that he didn't kill you while you were unconscious, but I have to say, this beating was worth it. At least now I know that Andrew has the strength to stand up to a martial god." Lorenzo's expression turned grave. "Mr.

Vazquez, does that mean Andrew is already a martial god himself?" Guillermo's face looked extremely ugly as he sneered coldly. "I used extraordinary methods to rapidly elevate Jose to the martial god level. Andrew must have found a similar technique. He's pretty lucky in that regard. But if that's all he's got, he can't possibly fight against me. "If he dares to swagger into Holtrien and talk big to my face, that means he definitely has a

trump card, one that could threaten me. But just because he has one doesn't mean I don't have my own! That little punk...

I'm going to make sure he knows that if I could crush him once, I can crush him again!"

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Chapter 3186

[623 words]

---- Chapter 3186 In Chetvine, the Lloyd family estate was more lively and filled with a joyous atmosphere than it had been in two years. When Andrew arrived at the main gate with Nyx and Luna, the first to spot them was a young male member of the Lloyd family. "A-Andrew... is that you? You're back?" He was first incredulous, then overjoyed, and immediately sprinted inside at full speed. Less than a minute later, the sound of countless footsteps rushed toward the main entrance. Nyx's expression changed slightly, thinking something might be wrong. Andrew laughed heartily. "It's fine, relax.

They're all our own people!" Luna explained, "Nyx, um, Andrew's family is just a bit... huge. You're about to see for yourself." Under Nyx's stunned gaze, hundreds of people streamed from all corners inside the Lloyd family estate and quickly gathered at the gate. The first person was Donovan, the family head and helmsman of the Lloyd family. He exclaimed, "Andy? You're back?" ---- Two years had passed, and the hair around Donovan's temples had turned even grayer. These past two years seemed to have weighed heavily on him, aging him particularly fast.

"Andy, why didn't you tell us you were coming back?" He stepped forward and clapped Andrew on the shoulder twice, hard. It seemed like a scolding, but his aged face was full of emotion and trembling excitement. Andrew smiled. "Patriarch Donovan, I'm home!" He pulled Donovan into a firm embrace. Next, Sheena stepped forward. She had not changed much physically, but in those two years, she had also advanced to the martial god level. In Chetvine, Sheena had created a legend as the fastest person to reach the martial god level, even faster than Reginald had been in his time.

"You little punk, coming home without saying a word. Were you trying to surprise us?" Sheena said, her eyes slightly reddened Andrew knew that over the past two years, everyone in the Lloyd family had been endlessly worried about him. Many times, they had feared he would never come back. So, when they first heard the news of his return, the initial ---- reaction was not joy; it was shock. "Sheena, you've gotten even prettier!"

Andrew teased Sheena forced herself to hold back tears of joy and turned her head away. "Get lost!

I've always been beautiful, thank you very much." Then, the various department heads of the Lloyd family came forward one by one to greet Andrew, each with a warm smile. They quickly exchanged greetings with Andrew and then stepped aside, because there were still important people behind them waiting to meet Andrew. These department heads were all shrewd individuals. Just from a mere glance at Andrew, they could tell his strength was fully restored. He had escaped the shadow of death, spent two years in the Outlands, and had truly soared to new heights. Yet, just how powerful was he now?

They had no clear idea but were desperately curious. For now, however, the family was immersed in reunion, so it was not the time for questions. They would have to verify properly later just what terrifying level of combat power the future leader of the Lloyd family had reached. "Honey!" "Honey!" ---- "Andrew, we missed you so much!" After the Lloyd family members finished, the last group was a crowd of stunning beauties. Each was outstanding in presence, devastatingly beautiful, dressed elegantly, with alluring figures.

The moment they saw Andrew, they rushed forward without a second thought. Their eyes turned red instantly, tears streaming down their cheeks. In their extreme joy, they actually broke into sobs. Two years of longing and fear for Andrew's life and death meant many sleepless nights for these beloved women, their hearts flooded with constant worry and yearning.

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Chapter 3187

[561 words]

---- Chapter 3187 Before Andrew could say anything, Nyx asked Luna with uncertainty, "These women... Are they also Andrew's family?" Luna covered her mouth and giggled. "Uh... How should I put this? I guess you could say they're his family." Nyx breathed a small sigh of relief. But looking at the group of stunning beauties before her, each so breathtakingly beautiful that even Nyx felt a twinge of insecurity. As she watched all of them crowd around Andrew and hug him desperately, she felt her composure slipping. Several of them pressed their ample bosoms intimately against Andrew.

At that, Nyx's temporarily settled heart jumped back into her throat. She turned to Luna somewhat awkwardly and whispered, " Andrew's family members can act like this with

him? Even where I'm from, which is quite open, it's not this... exaggerated. The Lloyd family is truly different, worthy of being a great Holtrian clan!" Luna almost could not hold back her laughter. After composing herself for a moment, she finally explained, "Nyx, from now on, these women will all be just like our sisters." ---- She continued, "Their relationship with Andrew is the same as yours and mine with Andrew.

So when I said earlier that they're Andrew's family, I just didn't expect you might not have caught the deeper meaning in my words!" Nyx felt her head suddenly spin, nearly losing her balance as her jaw dropped in shock. She mumbled, 'W-What did you say? These women are just like us, and they're all Andrew's women? Does that mean before he met me, he was already this much of a player in Holtrien?' At that moment, Nyx felt like she was facing the Vampire Queen, a horror beyond comprehension. No, this felt even more surreal than facing the Vampire Queen would.

She pointed at the beauties surrounding Andrew and started counting. "One, two, three, four... six total! Plus you, Valerie, and me, that makes nine. Nine women! Andrew... H-How did he manage to do this?" Seeing Nyxx's disbelief, Luna finally could not hold it in and burst out laughing, doubling over with laughter. "Nyx, this is the man you fell in love with. Great minds think alike. Since he's so well- liked, there must be a reason. Congratulations on joining this big family!" Nyx waved her hands frantically, feeling like the blood was ---- draining from her brain.

"Luna, give me a minute to process this. That bastard never told me any of this! I don't have any issues with these women, but this jerk went and conquered them one by one, feasting to his heart's content. When I think back to when I fell into his clutches «If I had known he was this much of a scoundrel, I Luna teased with a smile, "What? Would you have stopped being with him?" Nyx blushed and snorted coldly. In her heart, she thought, ' Stopped being with him? Of course, not!

If I didn't stay with him, wouldn't that just benefit all of you?' Nonetheless, Nyx truly had not expected Andrew to have this many lovers. Just how much stamina did this man have? She was both angry and amused. Lauren, Francesca, Aspen, Natasha, Chantelle, and Rowan Andrew had not expected to encounter all six of these beloved women at the Lloyd family estate at once. Seeing the six women, tear-streaked yet brimming with irrepressible joy, Andrews heart softened.

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Chapter 3188

[599 words]

---- Chapter 3188 Andrew hugged each of them one by one, not kissing them even once. Given the crowd, even with his thick skin, he could not bring himself to do that. With so many beautiful women gathered, the men of the Lloyd family watched with various expressions. Some looked envious, some looked even more envious, some looked extremely envious, and others looked incredibly envious. Several young members of the Lloyd family were exceptionally talented and were the objects of secret admiration from countless young women in Chetvine.

Usually, these guys carried themselves with confidence, attending various events around Chetvine with great style. They had always felt pretty good about themselves, thinking they were heaven's chosen ones. But today, after witnessing Andrew, the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince, they all hung their heads low. They all figured this must be what it meant to be receiving royal treatment. Truly, he was the number one figure in the family, and this level of respect even gods might envy.

Seeing that the reunion was wrapping up, Donovan smiled and said, "Andy, you've traveled such a long way; you must be ---- exhausted, But it's a day of celebration, and I need to make arrangements. Take your guests back to your rooms and rest for a bit. Later, we'll have a big family dinner!" Andrew agreed. Smiling, he introduced, "This is Ms. Nyx Kerrigan" Among Andrew's lovers, Nyx was the only foreign beauty. With her blonde hair, blue eyes, long legs, and a striking figure, she looked every bit the princess in a castle.

She had a frosty, noble demeanor, yet with a hint of dominance and sharpness. The Lloyd family's younger male members almost drooled on the spot. While foreign beauties were not unheard of in Chetvine, one of Nyx's caliber was a first for most of them. Andrew did not linger any longer. With a light chuckle, he led his group of beauties back to his new house, which had been completed long ago. When Andrew arrived and looked at it, he saw a beautiful four-story villa standing on the land he and Reginald owned.

The exterior of the house had been designed by a famous Chetvine architect whom Aspen had hired. The interior decoration had been completed with input from all the ladies ---- working together. As Andrew stepped inside, he was surrounded from all sides by pleasant scents of perfume, cascades of long, beautiful hair, and a dazzling array of slender waists, shapely curves, and long legs adorned with slit dresses and stockings. In short, Andrew's eyes could not take it all in fast enough. "Finally, I'm home!" Andrew stood in the spacious living room, chuckling.

He felt truly relaxed and threw himself onto the couch. The Outlands had been great, and he had become the supreme ruler there. However, coming back home, surrounded by all these lovely, beautiful ladies gathered together, was the life Andrew truly wanted. Lauren walked over with a smile on her face and sat right on Andrew's lap. Wrapping her arms around Andrew's neck, she said sweetly, "Honey, I've already sent someone to make the cards. Tonight, whoever's card you draw serves you, okay? But I need to give you a little heads-up. You have to draw at least three cards for the night..."

No, wait, since this is your first day back home, we can't wait any longer. Tonight, you have to draw at least four cards!" ---- Andrew waved his hand with grand confidence. "What's four cards? Tonight, we're all celebrating our reunion, and I'll draw them all!" The villa immediately filled with delighted giggles and laughter.

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Chapter 3189

[538 words]

---- Chapter 3189 In the evening, a Lloyd family motorcade of no less than 50 vehicles headed to the family's flagship hotel, arranged by Donovan for Andrew's welcome banquet. Such a grand display immediately drew the attention of those who were watching. Before long, news that the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince had returned to Holtrien and was back in Chetvine spread like wildfire, instantly causing a huge uproar and storm across the city. Someone exclaimed, "It has been two years...

and Andrew is actually alive?" Another chimed in, "Two years ago, Guillermo organized so many forces to hunt him. Who would have thought that Andrew would survive that?" A man sighed. "Not only did he survive, but he's returned to Chetvine in such a high-profile manner. Even an idiot can understand what that means!" Someone scoffed. "There's no need to make it sound so dramatic. That brat barely scraped by for two years. What kind of threat could he possibly be? Fighting against someone like ---- Guillermo, a local powerhouse? He's still far from ready!" "That's not necessarily true.

Andrew was never just an ordinary person to begin with. Now he's returned to Chetvine openly and without hiding. The fact that the Lloyd family isn't concealing his return can only mean one thing: Guillermo might really be in for serious trouble this time!" Voices and debates buzzed endlessly through Chetvine. Some insisted that Andrew could not have grown strong in just two years, while others argued that his high-profile return would sweep all before him. Even someone as powerful as Guillermo could suffer, they said. Nonetheless, nobody really knew how terrifying Andrew had become.

They only felt that Guillermo would take a hit. Most just assumed Guillermo would take a loss, but few imagined he might even risk his life. At the Owens residence, Mikayla glared at Lorenzo, furious. "Dad, Andrew is back? He actually has the guts to return to Chetvine?" ---- Lorenzo's expression was not great, but he still smiled and said, * Mikayla, Skylar is here. Don't make such a big fuss." Sitting beside the father and daughter was a handsome young man, Skylar Nieves from the Nieves family of

Holtrien's Sylvan Peaks. He was currently dating Mikayla, and their wedding was approaching.

Two years ago, the Nieves family had responded to Guillermo's call and participated in the siege against Andrew and Reginald. After the failure, Lorenzo received instructions from Guillermo to arrange for Mikayla to get close to the Nieves family. The Nieves family was a great clan comparable to the established noble families. Under the careful planning of Lorenzo and Mikayla, Skylar had eventually become infatuated with Mikayla. Unlike Mikayla's panic, Skylar sat with his legs crossed, his suit impeccable, his shoes polished, completely nonchalant. "Mikayla, Mr.

Owens Senior, I think even if Andrew came back, it doesn't mean anything. Does he really dare to go on a killing spree in Chetvine? Besides, does he even have the ability? "Two years have passed; that only means he's been surviving for two years. Other than that, I don't think it proves anything. Maybe ---- he's still a weakling, still limited by his energy core injury, still completely useless." Hearing this, Mikayla quickly asked, "Dad, what's Andrew's strength like now?"

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Chapter 3190

[561 words]

---- Chapter 3190 Lorenzo's expression turned grave as he warned, "You can't let your guard down! Andrew isn't the same from back then. His power has skyrocketed, and even Jose is no match for him. Mr. Vazquez is currently figuring out how to deal with his arrival." Mikayla could not believe it. "Dad, what are you saying? Are you saying Jose isn't even his match? Jose is a martial god... How could he possibly lose to Andrew?" Lorenzo frowned deeply. "Don't ask for details... It's meaningless. Just remember this: don't run into Andrew.

If you do see him, take a different route and avoid confrontation for now. Besides, your wedding is coming up soon. Get married and live a comfortable, happy life from then on. That's what matters most." Skylar snorted coldly, though he did not say anything. However, his eyes held a dark glint. In his heart, he did not accept Andrew at all. He was the full representative of the Sylvan Peaks' Nieves family stationed in Chetvine. His status was extremely prestigious, and even Guillermo had to be polite to him. Even among Chetvine's scions, he was top-tier.

Now, Andrew returned and stole all the spotlight, which annoyed Skylar greatly. ---- How dare a man who should have died two years ago command so much attention now? If he found the opportunity, Skylar would not hold back. He would definitely make Andrew pay. Mikayla said, "I'm now a seventh-grade alchemist. Sovereign's Apothecary relies on me more and more. I don't have any particular feelings about Andrew. I just hope he doesn't interfere with my affairs. Besides, after I marry Skylar, I want to travel the world and take a half-year vacation to really relax.

"After that, when I return to Chetvine, I'll focus entirely on my career and build the Owens family into a great noble clan!" Lorenzo was very pleased. "That's exactly what you should do." Skylar said unhappily, "Mr. Owens Senior, so are we just going to forget about your severed arm? Andrew committed such an unforgivable crime against you two years ago. I think he should not be spared." Lorenzo waved his hand. "Skylar, I appreciate your concern, But Mr. Vazquez will handle Andrew. You don't need to worry about it" Skylar's gaze flickered with uncertainty.

The Owens family's attitude made him deeply uncomfortable. ---- Were they actually afraid of Andrew? However, the Owens family had tried multiple times to reach the level of the noble clans in Chetvine and had failed each time. Then again, they still fell short compared to his own family. So, he could understand their lack of confidence. If not for Mikayla's beauty and charm, plus the Owens family's connection to Guillermo, Skylar would never have stayed tied to her alone. The next morning, Andrew woke up on a massive bed. Francesca lay curled on his left, while Aspen rested on his right.

At his feet, Lauren slept deeply, exhausted from the night. Near his head, Natasha, Rowan, and others lay scattered around him. The night before had been an intense battle. Andrew had faced eight of them alone, and if Chantelle had not been on her period, he would have had one more formidable opponent. Still, it was exhilarating. Andrew had changed positions countless times throughout the night. ---- The women around him looked peaceful and satisfied, sleeping sweetly with faint smiles on their lips.

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Chapter 3191

[699 words]

---- Chapter 3191 When Andrew woke up, he did not disturb the other ladies, letting them rest. After going downstairs and finishing breakfast, he went alone to Medicine God's Covenant. This place had been an empire Andrew built when he left Chetvine two

years ago. Back then, he had intended to challenge the Divine Alchemists and their Sovereign's Apothecary head-on. But after two years, his mindset had changed entirely. Even if Sovereign's Apothecary had truly suppressed Medicine God's Covenant, he would not have cared much.

He simply did not consider Sovereign's Apothecary a threat at the moment. Even the Divine Alchemists behind them, along with their leader, Julius Bowen, meant nothing to Andrew. The reason he chose this moment to come check things out was that he cared about the people at Medicine God's Covenant, his friends. As Andrew stepped onto the familiar old street, the Medicine God's Covenant sign came into view. He was genuinely surprised to find that Medicine God's Covenant had actually expanded. The place was way bigger than it was two years ago. Moreover, the foot traffic was massive.

Rows of luxury cars were parked ---- out front, clearly showing customers were coming and going nonstop. Andrew walked inside quietly. Soon, a beautiful lady in a dress approached him and greeted him. "Good morning, sir. Are you looking for an alchemist, or do you need any elixirs?" Andrew smiled. "Before I tell you what I need, can I ask you something? Which is better: the Medicine God's Covenant or Chetvine's Sovereign's Apothecary?" The young woman, Nancy Perez, answered smoothly. "These days, Medicine God's Covenant holds its own against any establishment in Chetvine.

Sir, if you're genuinely making comparisons, that's my honest answer. You're welcome to go ask around if you don't believe me. But if you're here to stir up trouble, Medicine God's Covenant isn't afraid either." Seeing how even a receptionist had such composure and confidence, Andrew felt even more certain that Medicine God's Covenant had thrived during his two-year absence. He cleared his throat and said, "I'm sorry about that. I was a bit rude just now. I'm mainly here to find someone: your establishment's director, Mr. Amari Goodman." Nancy replied earnestly. "Mr.

Goodman isn't here right now. If ---- you need to see him, you can come back later. Also, I need to correct something, sir. At Medicine God's Covenant, Mr. Goodman is only the deputy director. The actual director is someone else: the Dragon Prince of Chetvine's Lloyd royal family." Andrew was speechless for a long moment. He had not expected everyone to still keep him in the top position. Just then, a tall, veiled woman came down from the second floor.

Just by looking at her slender, graceful figure and the part of her eyes exposed above the veil, one could not help but imagine how stunning her face must be beneath it. "Nancy, did you get those gifts I asked you to prepare yesterday? Go get them for me. I need to visit a general at the military headquarters." The veiled woman walked straight toward Andrew and addressed Nancy, without noticing him at first. Since the first-floor lobby was crowded with people buying elixirs and visiting the place, and because the masked woman moved quickly and decisively, she did not notice Andrew right away.

Nancy quickly replied, "Madam Baxter, I prepared them ---- yesterday. I'll go get them for you right away!" She did not forget to turn back and smile at Andrew. "Sir, please

wait just a moment. I'll be right back." Andrew did not respond, or rather, his attention was now completely fixed on the veiled woman. He greeted, "Madam Baxter, long time no see. You're still as youthful and beautiful as ever." Andrew's sudden voice made Brielle's body tremble violently. Then, she turned her head, looking over in disbelief. When she saw Andrew's bright, smiling face, tears formed in her eyes.

Her delicate hands clasped together as her voice trembled. "Andrew... you're back?" Her voice carried a sob born from overwhelming joy. Then, she grabbed Andrew's hand and pulled him toward the VIP room on the first floor. In a few quick steps, she pushed open the door and entered the quiet break room.

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Chapter 3192

[735 words]

---- Chapter 3192 Brielle suddenly turned her head, her vision blurry with tears as she stared at Andrew in disbelief. Then, she threw herself into his arms. "You finally came back! Andrew, I was really worried about you these past two years. If something had really happened to you, I would have felt guilty for the rest of my life." Feeling the warm, soft body of the voluptuous beauty in his arms, Andrew felt both awkward and at a loss for words. Especially when Brielle's chest pressed against his, it made the moment even more overwhelming.

This mature woman truly had an intimidating presence. In the end, seeing how hard Brielle was crying, Andrew could only pat her back and comfort her. "Madam Baxter, I am back, and I am fine. You've worked hard managing the Medicine God's Covenant for me these past two years." Brielle sobbed. "It's nothing. I just wanted to make sure I did a good job with the business you entrusted to me. Thankfully, I didn't let you down. Andrew, if it weren't for you saving him two years ago, Eric probably would have..." Andrew cut her off gently.

"Madam Baxter, we both know that I ---- was Guillermo and Julius' target. So, Eric doesn't owe me anything. Besides, I consider him a brother. If his life were in danger, I would never stand by and do nothing." Only then did Brielle release Andrew. Tears had dampened her veil, faintly revealing her true features beneath. She felt a wave of shyness and quickly lowered her head to wipe away the tears. After collecting herself, she looked up at Andrew. She was amazed to discover that after two years, Andrew's whole aura had changed so dramatically.

He now had an added layer of mature masculine charm. Compared to the somewhat youthful, spirited, and brilliant man from two years ago, he now possessed a unique, mature aura that was particularly alluring to mature, beautiful women. Indeed, two years ago, Andrew faced every situation and conflict with directness and fierceness, more like an ambitious young man. Although Brielle had admired it then, she had still seen Andrew as a junior, like her son Eric.

Yet, in just two years, he had gone through several trials and growth in the Outlands, completing his journey to supremacy and solidifying his position as the King of the Wastelands. What had changed was not just Andrew's martial power. There was also an intangible shift in the presence he radiated. ---- To put it plainly, it held even greater lethal force for mature beauties like Brielle. Remembering how, in her excitement, she had tightly embraced Andrew moments ago and even pulled him by the hand to come here alone, she felt a mix of emotions. They were a man and a woman alone in a room.

Moreover, she was a woman with a son, a mother who should be dignified, reserved, and in control of her emotional expression. Yet, faced with Andrew, she just could not restrain herself. Brielle felt her cheeks flush and her heart flutter uncontrollably. She was both ashamed and thought it was hard to speak of. She could not help but silently berate herself, 'Brielle, oh Brielle... You've remained celibate all these years, your heart as steady as a rock, never swayed! So why is it that now, just as this charmer returns safely, you lose your composure?

Just now, you were so unrestrained, so careless, and had such intimate contact with him! 'This charmer has always been someone who disregards constraints and rules. If he were to misunderstand and think I have some improper thoughts... wouldn't that create a huge misunderstanding? While lost in these chaotic thoughts, Brielle glanced up at ---- Andrew. Finding that he had not noticed her unusual state, she finally breathed an inward sigh of relief. She walked over and poured Andrew a cup of tea. With a slightly reproachful tone, she said, "Why didn't you say anything about coming back?

Is this how you act as the director? Andrew took the teacup, had a sip, and smiled. "I only arrived in Chetvine yesterday. Last night, the Lloyd family held a banquet, so I was truly too busy to come over." He asked teasingly, "Madam Baxter, you're not going to blame me, are you?" Brielle rolled her eyes and said with a playful smile, "I'm just your employee now, your subordinate. How would I dare blame you?"

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Chapter 3193

[645 words]

---- Chapter 3193 Andrew asked, "Where are Eric and Mr. Thornton?" Brielle smiled and said, "They have been training at Martial Tower long-term. Ever since what happened to you two years ago, Eric has thrown himself completely into martial cultivation." Andrew smiled and said, "That's rare for that guy. It's a good thing." Brielle looked a little awkward and said, "Andrew, give me a moment. I'm going to change my veil. This one got wet." Andrew smiled as he replied without thinking much, "Madam Baxter, there's no need to change it. There's no one else here anyway.

Why don't you just take it off and let me see what you really look like? We've known each other for so many years, and I still haven't actually seen your face." The words were meant as teasing banter, nothing more. Yet, when Brielle heard them, her face turned burning red, and even her neck flushed. She mumbled with slight embarrassment, "You little brat, do you really... really want to know what I look like?" Andrew answered frankly, "Why not? Madam Baxter, you're Eric's ---- mother, and we're close friends.

Of course, I want to know what you look like." Brielle's eyes darted away, her mind in turmoil. Finally, she slowly reached up to untie her veil and said softly, "Alright, there's no one here, so I'll show you. But Andrew, you'd better be careful. Anyone who sees my true face has to take responsibility. Andrew blinked, confused. "Take responsibility? What kind of responsibility?" Brielle's eyes gleamed playfully as she smiled. "Back when I first put on this veil, I made a secret vow to myself. From that day forward, if any man ever saw my true face, then I would...

Either his eyes would have to be gouged out and blinded completely, or he'd have to be the man I love most in this life." She added, "So, are you sure you still want to see my real face?" Meeting her teasing gaze, Andrew honestly felt like backing down for a moment. It was not that he was afraid of going blind. After all, Brielle did not have the strength to do so. However, the second half of what she said made Andrew feel like he could not handle this. There had already been a little spark between them just now. Now, with this twist, what exactly was this alluring mature ---- woman implying?

As Andrew hesitated, Brielle gave a soft chuckle. "It seems that someone as impressive as you is a bit of a coward. Well, if that's the case, I won't force you." Andrew laughed and said, "Madam Baxter, please allow me to witness your heavenly beauty. I may lack many things, but I have plenty of courage." Brielle's cheeks flushed, and her eyes glistened. After a moment of silence, she gracefully lifted her veil. An exquisite, fair, and enchanting face was revealed before Andrew. Andrew glanced at her, then looked away with a smile. "Indeed, a stunning beauty!

Madam Baxter, it seems time has left no trace on your face. I just remembered I have something to attend to. I should get going." Before he could turn to leave, Brielle snorted with a laugh. "You think you can just look and leave, Andrew? Did you really think my words earlier were a joke? Sorry, but you have to take responsibility now." Andrew's

eyelids twitched, and his heart sank. 'Damn it... She's serious! The look in her eyes and the amorous flush on her face were ---- very much not right. Nonetheless, this was Eric's mother. What could he possibly do? What should he do?

The next moment, Andrew's heart jolted with alarm when he saw Brielle lean in closer. The King of the Wastelands, who could casually defeat martial gods, was internally panicking at this moment. Truly, among all the poisons in the world, the alluring mature woman ranked first.

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Chapter 3194

[637 words]

---- Chapter 3194 At that moment, Brielle's eyes shimmered with moisture, and her beauty was captivating. She looked at Andrew tenderly and said softly, "Andrew, are you scared?" Andrew felt a little awkward and said, "Uh, Madam Baxter, scared of what? You should hurry and change your veil, so no one else sees you!" Brielle gave a soft snort and said, "This is my private VIP room. Without my permission, no one will come in. It has been a very, very long time since anyone has seen my real face.

Even I feel like I've forgotten what I look like." She asked softly, "Andrew, tell me honestly, have I aged? Am I still beautiful?" Andrew smiled. "Madam Baxter, even though you have a child, to be honest, your skin is truly excellent. I can't see any signs of aging at all. Plus, you're a martial artist. Advanced martial arts help you maintain your youth. How should I put it? You look like a gorgeous woman in her early 30s at most!" Brielle giggled and blushed. "Andrew, you're as smooth as ever. But do you really think I'm still young?" Andrew found it amusing.

Indeed, women everywhere feared ---- growing old. However, Brielle indeed appeared youthful, especially with her incredibly alluring, mature woman's charm, Combined with her figure-flattering, high-slit dress and her perfect, mature physique, she could captivate men of all ages. "Yes, Madam Baxter, I'm not lying. You really are very young and gorgeous," Andrew replied with another smile. A shifting light appeared in Brielle's eyes. Suddenly, she said, " Andrew, do you know? It's been many years since I've felt this. happy and relaxed.

After finding Eric, my greatest wish in life was fulfilled. "When Julius tried to force me back to the Divine Alchemists, I was ready to fight him to the death without any fear. In the end, he couldn't do anything to me. Now, Eric is improving every day, and watching

him get better makes my heart feel at peace. I suddenly feel like there's nothing left in life to desire!" She continued, "And all of this is because of you, Andrew. You've helped Eric and me so much.

So I want to thank you, with everything I have!" Seeing this mature woman suddenly acting coy, Andrew did not understand what was going on. Honestly, the Brielle he knew before was not like this. Today's Brielle was acting very boldly, and her words were quite suggestive. Nonetheless, Andrew did not overthink it. After all, Brielle had ---- always been a very charming woman, and time had not left many traces on her. Anyone who could command the Sovereign's Apothecary could not possibly be ordinary. Plus, Brielle had been quite the figure in her younger days.

Just the fact that she refused an arranged marriage and secretly gave birth to Eric showed that she was actually a rebellious and strong-willed woman. Women like Brielle would not show their tender side easily or fall for people lightly. Yet, once they did fall, it could only mean one thing: she had met someone who truly moved her. Andrew chuckled. "Madam Baxter, as I said, there's no need to keep thanking me. Given our relationship, you don't have to overthink it." Brielle's face grew redder.

She suddenly gathered her courage and said to Andrew, "Andrew, I want to give you my most important thing. Don't rush to refuse, because besides gratitude, I have another reason. "It's like I've never experienced the heart-racing thrill of love or being with a man in my entire life. The first half of my life was spent in pain and resentment. I-I want to try it right now, while that indescribable joy of suddenly seeing you is still here!" Andrew felt something was seriously wrong and, in shock, asked, "Madam Baxter, what do you want to try?" 2

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Chapter 3195

[714 words]

---- Chapter 3195 Brielle shot him a playful glare and rolled her eyes slightly. Her gorgeous face was already burning hot. Suddenly, she parted her lips slightly and pressed them directly against Andrew's in a kiss. The two were already standing quite close, and Andrew could have easily dodged if he wanted to. However, a surge of strange, thrilling feelings inside him kept him from moving away. Brielle was wild, kissing him passionately as her senses filled with Andrew's intense masculine scent.

Unconscious moans escaped her mouth Andrew's large hand gripped the curve of her rear beneath the high-slit dress. Brielle's entire body stiffened as if struck by an electric shock. She pulled her mouth from Andrew's, breathing heavily. "Andrew, if you want to... I won't mind or refuse. Don't worry, it will just be this once. Afterward, I won't do this again, and I'll forget everything that happened today." She murmured, "I don't know, if I were still young, whether I would throw all caution to the wind and be with you properly. But aman like you is truly perfect and very attractive.

So, I'm giving ---- myself to you willingly." Her warm breath brushed against his ear. It took immense willpower for Andrew to restrain himself. "Madam Baxter, you are Eric's mother. Even though we've known each other for a long time and I often joke with you, I know that if I really did that to you, you wouldn't stay in Chetvine and at the Medicine God's Covenant working for me anymore." He continued softly, "You'd leave and never see me again, right?" Brielle's expression twisted; she did not speak, but that was indeed her thought.

If Andrew took her body, she would be too ashamed to face him again afterward. She would find a place to live in seclusion, content just knowing Eric was doing well. Andrew smiled. "Madam Baxter, I'd still prefer that you stay and live well in Chetvine. So, you're right. Let's both forget what just happened." Disappointment flickered in Brielle's eyes, but she immediately let out a low, soft laugh. "I never thought you'd be able to hold back." Andrew really wanted to say that he had unleashed his full power the previous night and had been in a more serene state all day.

After all, he was not a true pile driver that could just keep going nonstop. ---- Brielle said, "Kiss me again, very hard this time, okay?" Andrew looked at her, their eyes meeting. Then, he kissed her with force. The feeling Brielle gave Andrew was completely different from that of ladies like Lauren and Nyx. There was really something different with mature women. Combined with the subtle, ambiguous atmosphere between them and her constant half- refusing, half-welcoming signals all this time, the atmosphere became more intense. Andrew poured his energy into the kiss.

Brielle gasped softly, feeling as if her whole body had been thrown into a furnace, fiercely scorched, and then suddenly dropped into an ice cellar. The dual sensations of fire and ice left her immersed and unable to forget the moment for a long time. After a while, Andrew released her. Brielle's long hair was slightly disheveled, and the collar of her dress had been pulled open considerably. Her face wore an expression of satisfaction and joy, mixed with immense shyness. She lowered her head and whispered, almost inaudibly, "I'm...

not quite presentable right now, so I won't see you out." Andrew understood what she meant. He simply smiled, turned, ---- and walked out of the VIP room. Brielle rushed into the bathroom alone. Her legs gave way, and she sat down before the vanity. Her heart was caught in extreme conflict. On one hand, she was terrified by her own boldness. How could she have done such a thing? On the other hand, she found it incredibly

thrilling. 'That young man... I just want to pull him into me and torment him fiercely!' After struggling for a long while, Brielle finally caught her breath.

Feeling both embarrassed and annoyed, she went to change into a fresh dress. Unfortunately, this private VIP room of hers did not stock spare underwear. Panicking for a moment, she realized she had nothing clean to change into after removing the soaked ones. 1 What was she supposed to do?

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Chapter 3196

[618 words]

---- Chapter 3196 Andrew left the Medicine God's Covenant and headed for the Martial Tower. The brief, pleasurable interlude with Brielle left him with an unreal feeling. Indeed, this woman had a distinct appeal of her own. The face beneath the veil was also stunning. The main point was that Brielle was no ordinary woman. She hailed from a reputable sect, had formidable martial arts skills, and possessed exceptional capabilities. Now that she was managing the Medicine God's Covenant, she was a coveted prize many wolves in Chetvine's upper echelons desperately wanted a taste of.

However, she had always kept to herself and deeply disliked the flattery of many. Therefore, there had never been any rumors of this mature woman being involved with anyone. Yet just moments ago, Andrew had almost experienced the full package. If others knew, they would probably be green with envy. But actually, he felt quite calm. Brielle was indeed a fine woman, but as she herself had said, their situations were not suitable. A moment of impulsive desire and underlying admiration could ---- not bridge everything. In the end, they still had to return to their previous relationship.

The Martial Tower remained as majestic as ever, towering over the main plaza in the heart of Chetvine. Countless martial artists from Holtrien came here as if on pilgrimage. Here, they could learn many martial arts techniques for free. Andrew's arrival did not attract anyone's attention. After finding out where Eric and Jerome were, he went to the 12th floor. In the training room, the two were sparring. "Eric, you're still too impulsive and restless. How many times have I told you? When training, your mind must be calm." Jerome's voice was stern.

Eric had cut his hair short, and his once feminine features had become masculine. Hearing this, he said flatly, "Dad, I have anger in my heart. It's hard to stay calm! But I think sometimes being calm isn't entirely good either. A heart full of passion, blazing

anger, and killing intent can make me explode with power beyond my usual limits." Jerome seemed somewhat angry, snorting coldly. "What you're saying makes sense, but only to a certain extent. When facing an enemy, when your blood surges, you can rely on anger and ---- passion to unleash more power.

"But right now, you're sparring with me. I told you, only with a calm mind can you experience the mysterious realm of martial arts improvement!" Eric said, "Dad, let's practice again. I still prefer this fierce, aggressive state!" Jerome frowned. He was about to scold Eric when the training room door slowly opened. A voice, full of amusement, said, "Mr. Thornton, why not let him do it his way? Many things can't be taught through persuasion alone.

Only when the person experiences it themselves, feels it personally, can they learn to control it freely." The voice continued, "Just as there are thousands of truths in this world that people already know, yet many still can't live by them. Why? Because they lack firsthand experience. Only progress forged in actual combat, through surviving desperate situations, is true progress." Jerome was slightly startled. This person had entered silently, which meant he was no ordinary expert. Even more impressive was that his words carried subtle insight and wisdom.

This level of understanding was something not even Eric or even ---- Jerome himself, after a lifetime in the martial world, could claim to have fully grasped. "Who's there?" Eric shouted coldly, turning to glare at the doorway. Then, he froze on the spot. Jerome followed Eric's gaze and also stood rooted in place. The next moment, overjoyed, he stepped forward and clasped his fists in the highest martial salute. "andy, you've finally returned! Greetings!"

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Chapter 3197

[727 words]

---- Chapter 3197 Andrew quickly stepped aside, not accepting the salute. To him, Jerome was both a teacher and a friend. There was no way he would allow Jerome to lower himself. "Mr. Thornton, it's been so long. I've missed you greatly!" Andrew laughed heartily, stepping forward to shake Jerome's hand firmly. Jerome's face held an inexpressible joy as he observed Andrew for a moment. Then, he said with surprise and uncertainty, " Andy, it's strange... I can't see through your strength at all!" Andrew waved a hand and smiled. "Mr. Thornton, it's not that exaggerated.

I'm considered a martial god now." Jerome let out a long breath. He was not particularly shocked, but filled with admiration. "In just two short years, you've achieved such progress... Andy, you truly are the chosen one." Walking past Jerome, Andrew smiled at Eric. "Aren't you going to come over and give your big brother a proper welcome?" Eric snorted coldly, acting like he did not want to acknowledge him. However, the next moment, he gave Andrew a big hug. "Andrew, you're back. I've been waiting for you for these two years.

I even said if you didn't come back, I'd storm into the ---- Western Regions to find Julius and avenge you!" Andrew smiled. "That's a true friend; loyal through and through! But right now, you're no match for Julius. You need to train for a few more years!" Eric's face flushed red with anger. "What do you mean? Are you looking down on me? Let's spar then!" Seeing his eager expression, Andrew beckoned. "Sure!" Jerome stepped back, watching the two with great interest. He also wanted to get a glimpse of how much stronger Andrew had become after two years. Eric shouted, "Watch out, Andrew!

If you can't handle my hits, I'm taking over as the big brother from now on!" Andrew smiled faintly. "You can forget about that for the rest of your life. Just be a good little brother!" Eric gritted his teeth and launched a flying kick. Andrew blocked it with one hand, but he suddenly felt his vision blur. Eric's Phantom Mirage had already activated silently. Andrew stood still, looking as if his mind had really been controlled. ---- Eric laughed smugly, his eyes spinning with swirling shadows.

He stepped forward to pat Andrew's shoulder, boasting, "It's not just you who's progressed in two years. I've now officially stepped into the martial emperor rank! With the Phantom Mirage on top of that, even against a peak martial emperor, I won't back down!" He grinned. "Andrew, didn't expect that, did you? My divine technique is this powerful, catching you so easily!" As he laughed, his hand was about to land on Andrew's shoulder. Once it did, it would mean Andrew had lost. However, Andrew suddenly twisted his body without any warning. Eric's descending hand swiped through empty air.

He was stunned. "You..." Andrew gave him a light push, and Eric staggered backward on the spot, unable to stabilize himself no matter what he did. Although the force Andrew used did not seem fierce at all, Eric still exhausted all his strength and could not stop himself. He roared repeatedly, sweat pouring down his face, and he was pushed back more than 20 yards until he finally hit the corner of the training hall. ---- After finally steadying himself, Eric asked in shock, "What kind of weird move was that?" Andrew smiled lightly. "It was not a weird move. It was just a very ordinary push.

That was why I said you still needed more training." Eric was not completely convinced, but he knew that this guy was even more terrifying than he had imagined. Besides, Andrew had always been stronger than him. Two years had passed, and it was still the same. "Forget it, I don't want to compete with you. You're just a freak!" Eric grumbled weakly. Next, his expression brightened as he said sincerely to Andrew, " Welcome

back." Andrew looked at him and smiled. "Thanks!" Jerome sighed and stepped forward with another salute. "Andy, your transformation in two years is truly remarkable.

I can't quite put my finger on what exactly it is, but I've practiced martial arts my whole life, always pursuing the realm of unity between heaven and man. Looking at you now, Andy, you've already achieved it. As for me, who knows when that day will come."

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Chapter 3198

[701 words]

---- Chapter 3198 Andrew said seriously, "Mr. Thornton, don't be discouraged. This kind of thing depends on timing. When the time comes, everything falls into place naturally. If I hadn't experienced life and death in the Outlands, I wouldn't have been able to reach my current strength so quickly either." Jerome nodded. "Thank you for the insight." Andrew looked back at Eric, puzzled. "What's with the swelling on your face? As far as I know, Mr. Thornton has never been willing to lay a hand on you, right?" Eric waved dismissively, acting like it was nothing. "It's fine. Nothing, really.

Just bumped into some jerk who thought he was. all that. Once my strength improves more, I'm going after him again!" Andrew frowned. "Someone at the Martial Tower is targeting you?" Eric said indifferently, "It's nothing, just a little scratch. Look, I'm not even bothered by it." Jerome said coldly, "It's the Nieves family from the Sylvan Peaks. They've sent people to be stationed in Chetvine. The heir of the Nieves family, Skylar, has clashed with Eric several times.

---- It all stems from the events two years ago when the Nieves family participated in the hunt for you, Andy." He continued, "After their failure, the Nieves family refused to let it go and has repeatedly picked fights with us here in Chetvine. Since this is the Martial Tower, a military territory, Skylar doesn't dare go too far, but minor frictions are quite often." Andrew said flatly, "What floor is Skylar on right now?" Eric waved him off again. "Don't. I told you, it's fine. You just got back; why bother with the likes of them? Skylar has some damn luck.

He's hooked up with Lorenzo's daughter, Mikayla. And Lorenzo is that old bastard Guillermo's right-hand man. We don't want to tear open the conflict with Guillermo just yet, so just let it go." Andrew understood the situation clearly. Guillermo's power in Chetvine was still at its peak. Even with the Lloyd royal family backing Eric and Jerome from behind the scenes, the two usually prioritized the bigger picture. They were

reluctant to make an enemy of Guillermo, simply because Andrew was not here, and their own strength was limited.

Nonetheless, Andrew was back, and he had already planned to settle scores with Guillermo and the others. The timing was perfect. ---- "Let's go. We're going to have a good chat with Mr. Skylar Nieves, " Andrew said with a smile, but his tone left no room for argument. Eric hesitated for a moment, then gritted his teeth. "Fine, let's go. then! Let's do this!" Jerome wanted to advise that Andrew had just returned to Chetvine and should not make a move so soon. However, he soon had a second thought. Andrew was already a martial god now, so why should he worry about such things?

He told himself that he should have complete confidence in whatever Andrew did. On the 20th floor of the Martial Tower, Skylar was cultivating his martial arts. As a scion of the Nieves family, his strength was already quite decent, having at least stepped into the martial emperor rank Although, to be honest, it was a very watered-down version Because of the upcoming marriage alliance with the Owens family, the Nieves family had invested significant resources to forcibly elevate Skylar's martial prowess.

---- That way, it could also make the Nieves family appear powerful and well-established More importantly, the Nieves family did not want the elites of Chetvine to look down on them. To some extent, Skylar now represented the Nieves family's reputation in Chetvine. Fortunately, he was not completely useless. At the very least, he had successfully won Mikayla over and trained diligently on a regular basis. With a loud bang, the door to the training room was pushed open. Skylar, who had been meditating, snapped his eyes open. Seeing it was Eric who entered, he immediately sneered.

"Eric, you're no match for me. Why come here just to humiliate yourself? I know you're bitter, angry, and resentful, but what can you do about it? I surpass you in every way. So, be sensible and get out of here. Go back to wherever you came from before my mood turns sour."

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Chapter 3199

[583 words]

---- Chapter 3199 Eric said coldly, "You only dared to act because you rely on the Nieves family's backing and because you were sure I wouldn't dare kill you in Chetvine. That's why you were so brazen. But now, I'm telling you: you're finished." Skylar stood up, his expression sinister as he sneered. "You bastard, you're absolutely right. Our

family does have a great backing. The chainmail I'm wearing is bulletproof and blade-proof, so what can you do about it?" He added with contempt, "Furthermore, I'm now aligned with Mr. Vazquez's faction.

A waste like you can only stand there and stare; you can't do a thing." Eric's expression remained impassive as he suddenly stepped aside. Skylar scoffed. "So you brought backup. Eric, it doesn't matter who you brought. Even if it's Sheena from the Lloyd family, see if she dares lay a finger on me at this critical moment!" However, when he saw that the person entering was Andrew, not Sheena, Skylar was taken aback.

He said disdainfully, "And who the hell are you?" Andrew walked directly toward Skylar and said flatly, "Two years ---- ago, Kelvin of the Sylvan Peaks' Nieves family came to Chetvine to hunt me. You might not know me, but he should be very familiar with me. Why don't you call him over?" Skylar snorted coldly. "What makes you think you're worthy of having him come here? Wait... You said Uncle Kelvin hunted you two years ago? Then you are..." His face finally changed, and his voice trembled.

"You're the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince, Andrew, who just returned to Chetvine yesterday?" Without a word, Andrew slapped him. Skylar roared, "Get away from me, you bastard! I wasn't even coming for you, but you came running to your death!" Gritting his teeth, he raised his fist and swung at Andrew. Andrew's slap landed directly on his fist. Instantly, Skylar's wrist snapped, and bloody bone fragments were exposed. It was a terrifying sight. A shrill, agonized scream echoed through the training room as Skylar clutched his broken hand.

He was utterly terrified, nearly going mad from the excruciating pain. ---- "You bastard! How dare you break my hand! I'll kill you!" Skylar roared, still not grasping the severity of the situation. With his other hand, he reached behind his back and immediately grabbed the dagger he carried on him, slashing it viciously toward Andrew's neck. Andrew's expression remained blank.

He raised his hand, and with two fingers, he lightly clamped down, catching Skylar's incoming dagger between them: Andrew tilted his head, looking at Skylar, whose face was drained of color and was straining to pull the dagger back. "You worthless piece of garbage. How dare you act so arrogantly and show off in front of me? Whether in my current state or back from two years ago, crushing you wouldn't have taken any effort at all. Let me ask you one more time: is Kelvin currently in Chetvine?" Skylar snarled, "You think you'll get a single word out of me?"

Go ahead, try touching me again!" Andrew suddenly pulled his hand back, then thrust it forward again. Skylar's eyes instantly lost all light as his body fell straight backward, his eyes wide open in death. ---- His own dagger was embedded in the center of his forehead Just now, Andrew had ripped the dagger away with two fingers. Then, with a simple forward push, it slid perfectly into the useless man's forehead. 1 In just the blink of an eye, Andrew had killed someone.

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Chapter 3200

[574 words]

---- Chapter 3200 Eric's body stiffened, feeling a moment of shock and awe. Skylar was dead just like that. This was a man from the Nieves family in the Sylvan Peaks; the very reason Eric had been hesitant to act was his fear of Skylar's formidable background. Yet now, Andrew had killed him as easily as stepping on an ant. Moreover, the severity of the situation went far beyond that. Killing was strictly forbidden within the Martial Tower. If a death occurred without a legitimate reason, it would inevitably lead to a military tribunal.

Holtrien had countless martial artists, but none dared to openly defy or challenge the military, the nation's most powerful institution. Even someone as notoriously arrogant as Julius still avoided the military when he came to Chetvine. Jerome stepped forward quickly and said gravely, "Andy, we should return to the Lloyd family estate first. This matter is bound to cause a storm. If we prepare ourselves before going to war with Guillermo, our chances of winning will be much better." Andrew shook his head. "It's just one dead guy. There's no need for any war. Besides, Guillermo is nothing.

He's not worth calling it a war!" ---- That indifferent, dismissive tone even stunned Jerome. In his mind, Andrew was not some lawless, arrogant fool who thought too highly of himself. So, why did he sound so reckless? Just then, someone noticed the commotion inside. It was one of Skylar's lackeys, and upon looking, he saw that Skylar was dead. He immediately let out a terrified scream and ran. "Murder! There's been a murder here! Someone, come quick!" In moments, the soldiers on duty were alerted. Following them came others who had come to the Martial Tower to train in martial arts.

Soon, the room where Andrew and his group were located was surrounded by people. Among the military personnel, the major leading them, Bryan Johnson, looked extremely grim. "Killing is not allowed in the Martial Tower. Damn it, why would you do such a thing? Take them all away for trial!" He recognized Skylar, Lorenzo's future son-in-law and a member of the Sylvan Peaks' Nieves family. And right now, Guillermo and the Sylvan Peaks' Nieves family were on excellent terms, building their alliance. The death of an important figure like this meant huge trouble for ---- the military.

As his gaze fell on Andrew, Bryan's fury intensified. Andrew raised a hand lightly and looked at Bryan. "I'm the one who killed him. You don't need to take everyone; just take me." Bryan exploded with rage. "How dare you say something like that at a time like

this! All three of you here on the scene are coming with me. If you dare object, I will resort to extreme measures." A cold glint flashed in Andrew's eyes as his hand shot out. Before Bryan could even react, Andrew grabbed him by the collar and lifted him off the ground. "I'm warning you, put me down! What do you think you're doing?"

Laying hands on a military officer within the Martial Tower? Even if you're from a royal family, you'll face severe consequences!" The observing trainees and martial artists erupted in an uproar. Most of those present did not recognize Andrew, as they were primarily a new generation of martial artists who had come to the Martial Tower to hone their skills. They had not yet had the chance to learn about the legend from years past.
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