

# Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

## Chapter 3201

[ 621 words ]

---- Chapter 3201 Andrew stared at the struggling Bryan suspended in mid-air and said coldly, "You're a military officer, so I won't lay a hand on you! But remember this: you don't have the right to touch me either. As long as I'm unwilling, uncomfortable, or unhappy, then forget about you, even that old geezer Philip can't do anything to me." With those words, Andrew let out a cold snort and released the pale-faced Bryan, who dropped to the ground. + Bryan pointed at Andrew, trembling with rage, his lips quivering. " You maniac! You dare to disrespect even General Turman? Who.

the hell are you? There's no one the military can't deal with." Andrew smiled coldly and replied, "My name is Andrew, from the Lloyd royal family. I said you can't touch me, and that means you can't touch me. I know that Martial Tower has a no-kill rule, but starting today, the rule no longer applies to me." The words "no longer applies" made Bryan tremble with rage all over again. He wanted to take action and apprehend Andrew, but the vast gap in their power dissuaded him from a suicidal attempt. He pressed the communicator on his chest and contacted his superior.

After reporting Andrew's name, his superior, Adair Harris, ---- immediately panicked and asked for confirmation, "What did you say? The man who killed Skylar is named Andrew, from the Lloyd royal family?" Bryan replied in a harsh tone, "That's correct, sir. This madman is Andrew Lloyd. Please give me immediate orders. Should we apprehend him on site, or use any means necessary, including lethal force?" On the other end, Adair, a brigadier general overseeing Martial Tower today, fell silent for a moment. Then, in a raspy voice, he said, "You and your men apologize to him, then withdraw.

I will come personally to offer my apologies and explain the situation." Bryan thought his ears were playing tricks on him. He could not believe he was expected to apologize. Moreover, Adair was coming personally. What kind of farce was this? He asked angrily, "Sir, please clarify what you mean. Aren't we going to arrest him and hold him accountable?" Adair roared, "I told you to back off, so back off immediately! Do you have any idea what the name 'Andrew Lloyd' represents? You fool! What happened to all the reports you were supposed to study?

---- "Andrew is the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince! General Turman has made it clear that no one in the military is to clash with him right now! Take your men and get the hell out of there, now!" The stern roar made Bryan's eardrums ache. He looked at Andrew again, swallowed hard, and felt shock beyond measure. Sir... are you the Lloyd family's

Dragon Prince? My apologies for my earlier offense, sir!" He snapped a sharp salute at Andrew, then immediately led his men away, not daring to linger a moment longer.

Although the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince had once been a soldier himself and had even represented the military in combat, the relationship between the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince and the military had become even more complicated and obscure. Forget a mere major like him, probably even Adair, the brigadier general, would not dare to handle today's situation. Then again, this legend of Chetvine had left two years ago, had he not? Now that he was back and so ruthless, what was he trying to do? Even a small major like Bryan could sense the suffocating pressure of an approaching storm.

And as he left, the crowd of onlookers exploded into noise. ---- Even the military could not deal with this killer? What kind of background did he have? How terrifying was he to be this untouchable?

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## Chapter 3202

[ 652 words ]

---- Chapter 3202 "The Lloyd family's Dragon Prince. He is the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince!" Someone suddenly screamed at the top of their lungs, their voice shaking with excitement. In an instant, the warriors and trainees outside exploded into chaos. Another commented, "No wonder he dared to kill someone from the Sylvan Peaks, the Nieves family, without hesitation." "So he is a monster even more terrifying than the Nieves family." "The Lloyd family's Dragon Prince is back in Chetvine? Something huge is definitely about to happen!" Many warriors turned pale and quietly retreated.

It was obvious they were rushing back to report the news. The fact that this insanely powerful figure from the Lloyd family had returned was too important to delay, so it had to be delivered immediately. Eric looked at Skylar lying on the ground and could not help but throw up his hands helplessly. "Andrew, was it really a good idea to kill him just like that? Guillermo is probably going to make a move now." ---- Andrew replied calmly, "Whether he makes a move or not, I'm going after him anyway. The Nieves family of the Sylvan Peaks?

Even if they were immortal gods, I wouldn't give them a second thought right now!" Pushing through the crowd, Andrew started heading for the exit. Just then, after a rush of dense footsteps, a middle-aged man with the rank of brigadier general approached.

His guards forcibly pushed the onlookers aside, clearing a path, and the brigadier general walked straight up to Andrew. It was Adair. "Mr. Lloyd, it's nice to meet you!" His attitude was extremely polite, and judging by his expression, he was incredibly nervous. Andrew said indifferently, "If you're here to hold me accountable, fine.

Have Philip come find me himself. This is Martial Tower, and I killed someone. I did what I did. If the military finds it difficult to handle, just push all the responsibility onto me!" Adair's heart skipped a beat. As expected, Andrew was completely fearless. With words like that, what else could he do except stay silent? Andrew continued, "Or if you still think it is difficult, you can let ---- General Phelan handle this matter." Adair smiled awkwardly. "Mr. Lloyd, you are joking. We all know the relationship between General Phelan and you.

That formidable lady wouldn't want to see you suffer the slightest grievance." Andrew smiled. "Then you can have General Reyes come. You know Valerie, right?" Adair inwardly groaned. Of course, he knew about those two legendary female generals. If he claimed he did not know them, that would be a lie. But precisely because he knew their stories, cold sweat broke out on his forehead. Both generals were Andrew's women. If he called them over, he would only be asking to be scolded. If they came, they would stand firmly on Andrew's side and show no concern for Skylar's death. "Mr.

Lloyd, please go ahead. I will report all the consequences to General Turman." In the end, Adair proved quite adept at handling situations. He cleared the way and invited Andrew to leave as he pleased. Andrew glanced at him coolly and remarked, "You're a newly promoted military general? Not bad... At least you're not some pigheaded idiot." -- -- When Adair heard Andrew inquiring about his background, his face lit up with honor, and he stood at attention, answering crisply, "Mr. Lloyd, I was only promoted to brigadier general last year. It's perfectly reasonable that you haven't met me before.

But if you ever need help in the future, Mr. Lloyd, the military would be more than happy to assist. After all, you were once a hero of our military." Andrew nodded and, without another word, left. Eric followed behind him, smirking. "The officers in the military are all cunning foxes! They obviously want to butter you up, but they dress it up by saying you're a military hero to make their flatteries look reasonable."

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## Chapter 3203

[ 635 words ]

---- Chapter 3203 Jerome snapped, "Eric, shut up. What do you know? This is called knowing how the world works. That man is a major general in the military. He has duties to uphold, but that does not mean he is not human. And besides, he knows when to bend and when to stand firm. Clearly, he will keep rising in the ranks, and his future is limitless." As he spoke, Jerome sighed and smiled at Andrew. "Andy, that guy was actually interesting.

From his attitude, it was obvious he was leaning toward you, so why not say a few nice words and build a connection with him?" Andrew smiled and replied, "Mr. Thornton, there's no need. I understand your intention; more friends, more opportunities, right? But right now, we really don't need to be so cautious anymore. I know you're worried about Guillermo, right?" He chuckled and added, "Very soon you'll see that Guillermo is nothing in front of me!" Jerome smiled without replying, but he was shaken to his core. In just two years, Andrew had truly changed drastically since his return.

If it were anyone else saying these things, Jerome would just listen politely and never take them seriously. ---- To him, it would be nothing more than empty boasting. After all, Guillermo was undoubtedly one of Holtrien's top strategists. However, since it was Andrew saying this, Jerome could not help but believe it. He wondered if Andrew was now powerful enough to suppress Guillermo. If that was true, Jerome did not dare to imagine it. The Titan List might need to be revised once again. The Owens family was the first to rush to the military headquarters.

When Mikayla saw Skylar's body, she screamed and grabbed her head, nearly collapsing on the spot. "Who did this? Who the hell did this?" Like a madwoman, Mikayla caused a scene inside the military building. Lorenzo's face was dark to the extreme. His jaw muscles twitched nonstop, revealing the fury boiling in his heart. Nonetheless, compared to Mikayla, he still had a bit more restraint. He said, "The Owens family demands an explanation and a resolution for this matter. Not just the Owens family, but Mr.

Vazquez as well, and the Sylvan Peaks' Nieves family." ---- In one breath, Lorenzo directly invoked the backing of these two powerhouses. Skylar's body lay in the military headquarters building. The officers surrounding the scene felt somewhat awkward, unsure of what to say. Mikayla stamped her feet and shrieked, "Skylar was my dearest fiance! We weren't even married yet, and he was brutally murdered! I don't want any resolution or explanation. I just want the murderer dead!" An officer cleared his throat awkwardly and was about to speak. "Ms.

Owens..." Just then, several men entered from outside. The epaulets on their shoulders indicated they were all at the general rank. The man at the front exuded authority without even trying. He wore a somewhat old-fashioned white shirt but no military jacket. However, within this building, even if he wore no jacket or nothing at all, everyone who saw him would still snap to attention and salute on the spot. "General Turman!" The newcomer was none other than the head of the military, Philip. His face was like frost as he approached Skylar's body.

---- After a glance, he said flatly, "Notify the Sylvan Peaks' Nieves family that the man is dead. As for a resolution, there is none. If the Nieves family wants to pursue the matter, they can come find me." Upon hearing this, Lorenzo immediately protested angrily, "General, what's the meaning of this? Skylar was my future son-in-law, my daughter's fiancé. Now he's been murdered, and you're saying they should come find you?" Mikayla screamed alongside him, "I want to know who the murderer was! I will definitely kill him!"

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## Chapter 3204

[ 625 words ]

---- Chapter 3204 Philip looked calm as he said, "Mr. Owens Senior, Ms. Owens, I'm truly sorry for what has happened. But as I said earlier, the identity of the killer could not be disclosed for now. You can go back and tell Guillermo. If he's unhappy, he can come to me directly." Lorenzo was so burning with anger. "General Turman, are you trying to protect the person behind this? Even if you stayed silent now, do you really think the Owens family won't find out who the killer was later? Skylar was killed inside Martial Tower, and there were plenty of witnesses on the scene." Philip shrugged.

"Frankly, you don't even need to investigate to find out who the killer is. It's quite straightforward. But go ahead and investigate it your way; I won't say a word. The reason is simple: our military owes that man. He killed someone in our territory, breaking the rules, yet I have to pretend I saw nothing. It's that simple." Lorenzo gnashed his teeth. "General Turman, as the head of the military, how can you say such a thing?" Philip's eyes narrowed. "Mr. Owens Senior, you are aware that I am the head of the military.

So who gave you the audacity to speak to me like that?" ---- The sudden surge of killing intent emanating from Philip jolted Lorenzo violently. He hastily lowered his head and said tremblingly, "General, I didn't mean to offend. But I beg you to understand my urgency and my demands! The Owens family and Mr. Vazquez will not let this matter rest easily." Philip snorted coldly. "Whether Guillermo lets it rest or not is his business. All I can say is that this Nieves family lad was simply unlucky. The one who killed him has done our military a great service.

So, you will find nothing here." Lorenzo's face twisted with fury as he pulled Mikayla along. "Mikayla, we're leaving!" Mikayla protested anxiously, "But Skylar's body..." Lorenzo roared, "Let it rot right here! The Nieves family will come to collect the corpse

themselves. And when they do, I doubt anyone will be able to hold back from demanding the murderer pay with his blood! Since no one here will give us justice, then we'll have Mr. Vazquez speak for the Owens family!" Skylar was his prized future son-in-law, a key figure in helping the Owens family rise to the status of a noble house.

Yet now, he was dead. The resentment in Lorenzo's heart was overwhelming. He did not care a whit about Skylar's life or death. His only concern was ---- the powerful Nieves family that Skylar represented. Once outside the military headquarters, Mikayla quickly dropped her earlier act of weeping and sniffing; it had all been a pretense. She said coldly, "Dad, I'll notify the Nieves family. I am, after all, practically their daughter-in-law now.

If I'm the one to report Skylar's death, I believe the Nieves family will spare no effort to come to Chetvine and handle this thoroughly." Lorenzo was about to respond when he saw several cars screech to a halt at the building's entrance. Then, several people got out of the vehicles in a rush. The person in front was none other than Guillermo! Lorenzo was overjoyed and hurried forward. "Mr. Vazquez!" Guillermo waved his hand dismissively, his face grim.

"I already know everything, Skylar was killed by Andrew in the Martial Tower." Lorenzo and Mikayla froze on the spot, too stunned to speak. Guillermo said with a slight snarl, "The Owens family should keep quiet about this for now. Everything will wait until after I've met with Philip!" With that, he ignored Lorenzo and Mikayla completely. Then, ---- with his people in tow, he strode into the military headquarters building.

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## Chapter 3205

[ 648 words ]

---- Chapter 3205 The top floor of the building was Philip's private office, and guards had stood watch at the door 24/7. When Guillermo arrived uninvited, the guard stiffened. "Mr. Vazquez!" Guillermo shoved the guard aside and kicked the door open. As he entered, he roared in anger, "Philip, I'm here today to ask you something. Are you really determined to let Andrew, that little bastard, stir chaos in Chetvine?" Jose had originally followed in to watch the drama. However, when he sensed things might turn violent, he quickly retreated outside.

The two men inside were the top figures in Holtrien. If they really fought, he would surely be implicated and could do nothing. Whichever side he helped, he would

undoubtedly be finished afterward. The door slammed shut with a loud bang. Jose stood outside, looking awkward. It was obvious that the two inside did not want outsiders to hear what transpired. Inside the office, Philip set down his teacup calmly. "What a temper. What do you intend to do? Kill me?" ---- Guillermo sneered. "Kill the illustrious General of Holtrien? I, Guillermo, wouldn't dare! But what about Andrew's actions?"

"I'd like to ask you, aren't you going to do anything about it?" Philip gave a cold laugh. "Do anything? Guillermo, listen to yourself. Is that a reasonable thing to say? If you want something done, why don't you handle it yourself? I know exactly where Andrew is right now. Should I give you his location so you can go settle the score personally?" Guillermo's face contorted with rage. "Philip, do you think I fear Andrew? If this weren't Chetvine, I would have already killed him long ago." Philip waved a dismissive hand and scoffed. "Your era of bluffing is over."

Ever since you let Reginald and Andrew escape overseas, your chessboard has been full of holes and impossible to play." He continued pointedly, "Before, we had different roles. You managed domestic politics; I handled international affairs. Your schemes were beyond my reach. But now? You've lost. You've been utterly defeated. I..." The word "lost" hit Guillermo like a high-voltage shock and made him explode with rage. His face suddenly became grotesque, veins bulging one by one, ---- making him look like a demon. Glaring at Philip, he interrupted with a roar, "Lost? You're full of shit!"

"I'm telling you, I will never lose! Reginald was the biggest mistake I ever made! But so what? Isn't he still trapped in a deadly situation because of a woman and emotions?" "The Veiled Paradise is a place where survival was almost impossible once you entered. Whether he can come out alive doesn't even matter anymore! And Andrew? What does he have to fight me with?" He scoffed. "I know he must have had some lucky encounter in the Outlands. But I am no small fish either. So what if he came back? So what if he broke the seal of the energy core? The forces behind me represent half of Holtrien."

"What does he have to fight me with? Huh?" Facing the vicious, nearly insane Guillermo, Philip raised his hand and wiped his face. "Hey, don't get so worked up. You're spraying spit all over my face. Yes, Andrew is still young after all, so what does he have to fight you with? Yes, you have half of Holtrien standing behind you, representing countless people's interests! So you can't have anything happen to you, and the big money backers behind you won't allow anything to happen to their spokesperson either." Guillermo said viciously, "You think I'm joking with you?" ---- Philip snorted coldly.

"I know you're not joking, but I'm not joking either. Stop fighting with Andrew, Guillermo. This is my final warning to you. Otherwise, you will die." The words "you will die" made Guillermo's eyes narrow. Then, he burst into wild laughter, as if he had just heard the funniest joke in the world.

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## Chapter 3206

[ 681 words ]

---- Chapter 3206 Guillermo's laughter was bitter and mocking. "Philip, oh Philip, when did you turn into some fortune teller? I'll die? Of course, I'll die, but that won't be for another hundred years or so. Aside from the passage of time and aging, I really don't know what else could kill me." His voice turned challenging as he added, "You're talking about Andrew, right? I'm asking you. What gives him the right?" Guillermo slammed his palm on the desk, loudly demanding to know what right Andrew had.

Philip ignored Guillermo's frenzy and said calmly, "Because he now has the power to kill you. Guillermo, you're one of Holtrien's rarest talents. This country needs you, but you're also pulling yourself step by step into the abyss. You never should have touched Reginald and Andrew. Everything about you is great except you're far too arrogant. "When people slip from your control, you refuse to give up. Instead, you insist on pulling them back. If you can't pull them back, you have to eliminate them.

Let me ask you something: have you ever considered that as the player moving pieces on Holtrien's grand chessboard, you've been making moves for far too long?" ---- He continued, "Even fortunes change. You've played for so long; you will eventually fail. And since you will fail, shouldn't we let a more capable, more brilliant player take over?" Guillermo's face stiffened, then turned grim. "You want me to step aside and let Reginald and Andrew take my place? Philip, of course, you'd like that because you've bet everything on that father-and-son pair.

"Unfortunately, you're right about one thing: I've been playing this game for too long. How could I willingly give up my position as the player? That bastard Andrew isn't worthy. He might have a sliver of a chance in the future, but right now, he is far from worthy!" Philip wore an utterly serene expression. "I knew you wouldn't turn back. Farewell, old friend. When you die, I'll come and place a bouquet on your grave. Oh, I can't remember... Do you prefer daisies or sunflowers?" The last line was, of course, pure mockery. Guillermo said nothing, turned, and walked out.

Once outside the door, he said coldly to Jose, "Notify the Sylvan Peaks' Nieves family that Andrew killed Skylar. The Nieves family will know what to do." Jose frowned. "But he died on military territory. Shouldn't we ---- pressure the military first?" Guillermo roared, "Pressure the military? Philip and I have completely fallen out! He has so much faith in Andrew, which means the kid must truly have some unbeatable advantage now. I have to find a way to test him further." Jose immediately shook his head.

"Sir, testing is fine, but this time, don't send me!" There were not many capable people left under Guillermo's command now, and his heart grew dark with gloom at the thought. Fortunately, someone from the Hearst royal family had already agreed to step forward. Originally, the Lloyd family's loss of both Reginald and Andrew at the same time had been good news for the other two major royal families. But now, Andrew has returned.

The Hearst royal family, which had always maintained an aloof posture, looking down upon all of Holtrien, could finally sit still no longer and was preparing to take action. Conveniently, their goal aligned perfectly with Guillermo's. If he could not test Andrew's true strength, he would just let the Hearst royal family's people make the move. Guillermo, already furious, became even angrier and cursed, " You useless fool! Didn't you say that after becoming a martial ---- god, you wanted to challenge Reginald? Why are you even afraid of Andrew now?" Jose's face darkened.

"That slap last time was no accident! The more I think about it, the more unnatural it seems. That kid has probably already reached the realm of a supreme martial god. Last time, I was caught off guard and defeated just like that. I still haven't recovered from it!" Guillermo's chest heaved with barely contained rage; he truly wished he could slap this prized subordinate to death.

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## Chapter 3207

[ 905 words ]

---- Chapter 3207 That night, Lorenzo and Mikayla trembled with fear and anxiety. Andrew's direct killing of Skylar, with that kind of audacity and ruthlessness, had already made the Owens family feel like a mountain was crushing down on them. Fortunately, when the Nieves family received the news, they were immediately enraged. Then, Kelvin personally set out to come to Chetvine to handle Skylar's matter. Kelvin had dared to go after Reginald before. He was the Nieves family's famous freak, a complete madman. What made him a madman? The fact that he feared nothing, of course.

Naturally, Kelvin's strength was beyond doubt. Otherwise, he would not have had the capital to be mad. After traveling through half the night, Kelvin arrived in Chetvine at dawn. Lorenzo and Mikayla had been waiting at the airport early. Kelvin brought only two attendants, both experts of the Nieves family. He traveled light with no one else. "Mr. Nieves, you've had a long journey. Please, join us at the Owens residence to rest first!" Lorenzo fawned. ---- However, Kelvin merely glanced at him indifferently and shook his head. "No need.

We're going directly to the Lloyd family estate." Lorenzo was horrified. "What? Directly to the Lloyd family estate? That won't do!" Kelvin ignored him and instead looked at Mikayla, suddenly sneering. "So you're the woman Skylar fancied. Mikayla Owens, right?" Mikayla answered, "Yes, Mr. Nieves. It's an honor to meet you." Lorenzo smiled and said, "Mr. Nieves, this is my daughter, Mikayla. She's very heartbroken over Skylar's death." Kelvin mocked, "Oh yes, very heartbroken. On the phone call I received, I heard her crying like the world was ending!

But looking at you now, your eyes aren't even red. You don't look like someone who's been overcome with grief at all!" The sorrow on Mikayla's face instantly froze. Lorenzo was equally embarrassed. "Mikayla was overcome with grief, but she couldn't just come to see you looking like that. So before coming, she put on some simple makeup. You just can't tell." Kelvin said coldly, "Lorenzo, you might fool others, but you can't ---- fool me. Mikayla's quite pretty, but she was barely good enough for my dead nephew.

She's way too manipulative, and the Nieves family has never liked overconfident people. Fortunately, Skylar is dead, so your pretty but useless daughter won't be marrying into my Nieves family after all." With that, he completely ignored Lorenzo and Mikayla, got in the car, and left. Lorenzo and Mikayla looked at each other, their expressions equally ugly. Mikayla spat and cursed loudly, "Kelvin is a complete psycho! What does Skylar's death have to do with me? Does he expect me to end my life too?" Lorenzo said, "Enough, keep your voice down.

It seems now our connection with the Nieves family is finished. Why is it so difficult for our family to rise to the status of a noble house? Two years ago, Andrew ruined our plans at the Advanced Medical Institute. And now, it's him again. That bastard is nothing but a curse on the Owens family!" Mikayla said coldly, "Dad, Kelvin is making such a grand entrance by going straight to the Lloyd family estate to find Andrew. Do you think Andrew and he will come to blows?" Lorenzo pondered for a moment before analyzing. "That's hard to say.

However, for Kelvin to dare go directly there, he must ---- have some ace up his sleeve. Let's just wait for the outcome. Either way, Andrew won't come out of this unscathed." Mikayla hissed with hatred. "I just hope justice will finally be served, and Andrew will disappear forever. Even thinking about that man now makes my scalp crawl." Kelvin, with his two attendants, drove directly to the gates of the Lloyd family estate. It was early morning. Kelvin got out of the car, straightened his suit, and his face was full of vicious intent. He warned his men, "Don't make a move just yet.

First, I want to personally ask the head of the Lloyd family, Donovan, if he intends to take responsibility. If he doesn't, then I will definitely make sure the Lloyd family pays with a few lives! The Nieves family has resided in the Sylvan Peaks for generations, but that doesn't mean we fear the northern royal families here in Chetvine." He added fiercely, "That little bastard Andrew... I will meet him and see just how capable he is." Kelvin strode through the main gate of the Lloyd family estate. Then, he raised his voice and bellowed, "Donovan, come out here!

I've come to ask you: just how do you discipline your ---- descendants? If you can't discipline them properly, then my family can help you!" His voice echoed far across the Lloyd family estate grounds. His two attendants both turned pale. One urgently said, "Mr. Nieves, before we left, the Patriarch did not instruct you to handle it this way. Moreover, Patriarch Donovan is a revered pillar of the older generation. To offend him so blatantly is unwise." Kelvin sneered, "What do you know? We need to make a big scene to force Donovan out; that's the only way we'll be safe!

It's the only way we can conveniently deal with Andrew. Otherwise, without first restraining Donovan, if I try to kill Andrew, the Lloyd family will definitely intervene. That would be troublesome and hinder my performance." The two attendants thought for a moment and then said admiringly, "Mr. Nieves, you are truly brilliant."

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## **- Chapter 3208**

### **Chapter 3208**

[ 598 words ]

---- Chapter 3208 The first to come out was Sheena. Her face was icy as she walked straight up to Kelvin. "Mr. Nieves, it's so early in the morning. Come on, say the things you just said now again for me." Kelvin put his hands on his hips, adjusted his suit, and chuckled. " One of the twin jewels of the Lloyd royal family, the captivating Ms. Sheena Lloyd. Oh my, your aura is truly intimidating. I'm just accrude man, and I really don't see

anything wrong with what I said." He added with a smirk, "All I want is for Patriarch Donovan to come out and give me an explanation. Unless...

you're saying I'm in the wrong here?" Sheena raised her leg and delivered a fierce kick. Kelvin neither dodged nor avoided it, taking the blow head-on and getting kicked flying a few yards away. He climbed to his feet, dusty and disheveled. His two attendants were furious. "Mr. Nieves, are you alright?" Kelvin gave a savage laugh and waved his hand dismissively, then came back to stand in front of Sheena. "Go ahead and attack. I won't fight back. If the Lloyd family has the guts, go ---- ahead and abuse your power and beat me to death.

If I retaliate even once, I'm not human; I'm a son of a bitch!" The famous Kelvin from the Sylvan Peaks was now playing the shameless rogue. Sheena was no pushover and sneered coldly. "You think I wouldn't dare kill you? I held back because you're technically a generation above me in seniority. Yet, you dared to speak so arrogantly about my grandfather. If I kill you, and your family comes after me seeking justice, I'll face them anytime." With those words, she actually moved to twist Kelvin's head off.

"Sheena, stop!" A sharp command rang out as Donovan emerged, flanked by several department heads. Kelvin spat out a mouthful of blood and stepped forward respectfully. "Patriarch Donovan, what an honor to meet you!" Donovan chuckled. "Well, well. The Sylvan Peaks' Nieves family truly produces outstanding talent generation after generation. It's been many years since I've heard anyone challenge me, let alone dare to call me old. You're right... I am an old fossil. So, how about it?

Will you put me in my grave right now?" Kelvin's face paled, and he quickly said, "Patriarch Donovan, my earlier words were pure anger talking. I acted on impulse and -- -- spoke without thinking. I apologize. My big mouth deserves a beating." As he spoke, he raised his hand and gave himself two hard slaps. Donovan shook his head with a wry smile. "Playing games like this is meaningless. You're just thinking that since this is the main gate of the Lloyd family estate, and you're acting so humble, the entire Lloyd family really can't do much to you.

Besides, the Lloyd royal family has countless eyes watching in Chetvine." He added pointedly, "So even if we truly wanted to finish you off, we'd hesitate and worry about the consequences. That's what you were thinking, right?" Kelvin laughed heartily, his face incredibly thick. "Patriarch, look at you, how could you say such a thing? Even if I really was thinking that, you didn't have to say it out loud. But luckily, I bet correctly, didn't I?" His smug expression showed no trace of fear or genuine apology.

Donovan said flatly, "You came looking for us, probably because of Andrew, right?" Kelvin grinned, revealing his white teeth. "That's right. It's precisely about your Lloyd royal family's precious Dragon Prince. ---- He beat my nephew, Skylar, to death."

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## Chapter 3209

[ 662 words ]

---- Chapter 3209 Kelvin continued, "Patriarch Donovan, you may not know this, but Skylar was my eldest brother's seventh son, the future head of the Nieves family. Although our family has many sons, every one of them is precious. "To have him trampled to death by someone from your family like this... As his uncle, I still have a shred of conscience, so I rushed to Chetvine overnight to seek a bit of justice for him." He added, looking straight at Donovan, "Patriarch Donovan, to be honest, what I'm doing isn't excessive, is it?" Donovan nodded, his expression calm. "It's not excessive.

It's perfectly reasonable. Just like how your family hunted Andrew two years ago. That matter between us still seems unresolved, doesn't it?" Kelvin shrugged nonchalantly. "Patriarch Donovan, what happened two years ago is in the past. Times have changed; I don't think there's any need to bring it up. Besides, Andrew returned safely, didn't he? I heard his strength has soared tremendously. Your family actually benefited from the misfortune. You could say you should even thank the Nieves family." These words were extremely cutting and provocative.

However, ---- that was just Kelvin's nature: arrogant to the extreme. First, he had the capital to support his arrogance. Second, behind him stood the massive Sylvan Peaks' Nieves family. Finally, he was right at the main gate of the Lloyd family estate. Technically, a guest. If the Lloyd family wanted to kill him openly, Kelvin would welcome it. It would probably push the Lloyd family further into becoming a target for everyone. He believed bold people got the spoils, and those unafraid of death, willing to gamble with their lives, were true heroes. Kelvin considered himself one such hero.

He did not even hold much regard for the position of the Nieves family head in the Sylvan Peaks. He simply loved representing the Nieves family, being all arrogant and domineering with his life-risking exploits outside. Years of dancing on the knife's edge had ingrained that thrilling, heart-pounding sensation deep into Kelvin's bones. That was why two years ago, even though he was not a martial god, he had dared to join the hunt for Reginald. That adrenaline was something Kelvin still savored to this day.

And this time, he brought only two men and dared to come to Chetvine to challenge the Lloyd family estate at their doorstep, ---- for no other reason than his insane courage to roam anywhere. Kelvin understood very well that the higher the social class, the more importance they placed on keeping up appearances. Unlike the lower levels, where people resorted to violence at the drop of a hat, the upper class was precisely the opposite. If you enraged a high-status person, even if you killed his whole family, he would first smile and exchange pleasantries with you.

And within this gap of social niceties lay Kelvin's survival strategy. In the end, he was certain that no matter how much he blustered, ranted, and caused a scene at the Lloyd family's gate, the Lloyd family would not touch him openly. Yet, behind the scenes, they would likely try to kill him. However, Kelvin was not afraid of the Lloyd family acting behind his back. Because he had already planned to cling shamelessly to the Lloyd family, refusing to leave. He would eat and sleep right there, watching how the Lloyd family would act.

Either until that little bastard Andrew came to him, or until Kelvin found the perfect opportunity to strike and crush Andrew in a single move. At that point, he would be the most dazzling star in all of Holtrien. He would not care about any Lloyd family revenge. - --- After all, life was all about the thrill. This was the essence of Kelvin's martial path: madness. Relying on this reckless, shameless madness, along with the massive influence of the Nieves family backing him, Kelvin had spent years indulging in the thrill of confronting major figures from all sides and emerging unscathed.

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## Chapter 3210

[ 758 words ]

---- Chapter 3210 Sheena, however, would not indulge Kelvin and said coldly, "Grandpa, let me kill him! This bastard really thinks that just because we're treating him with respect, he's actually somebody important!" Kelvin shrugged his shoulders. "Ms. Lloyd, I know you're just like me; both of us are reckless people! Yes, you really

wouldn't care about the consequences and could kill me at any moment. But I have a suggestion: why don't we change locations and have an open duel?" He grinned maliciously.

"Let's see if one of the Lloyd family's twin prodigies will die by my hand?" Once again, he displayed sudden aggression and viciousness. No matter how exceptional Sheena was, Kelvin dared to bet with 100% certainty that the Lloyd family would not let her make a move. After all, his life was worthless. If he died, that was it. Yet, if anything happened to Sheena, half of the Lloyd family's foundation would collapse, especially since the future of the Lloyd family rested half on Sheena's shoulders.

Sure enough, as soon as Kelvin made his life-or-death challenge, ---- the expressions of several Lloyd family elders changed. Then one by one, they stepped forward with cold faces. "Alright. If Mr. Nieves wants to play, we'll play with you!" Their voices were hard with anger. "Isn't it just a matter of gambling with our lives? Our lives are even cheaper. Let's see who's afraid of whom!" Kelvin jumped back with a look of alarm. Then, he said with utter disdain, "Sorry, but you lot aren't worthy. What's my status? What's yours?"

Why would I risk my life with lowly trash like you?" The department heads' eyes grew even colder. They all thought Kelvin really had no shame left. In front of Donovan, he played the clown. In front of Sheena, he was willing to gamble with his life without a care. Yet, in front of them, he used his status to pressure them, refusing to put himself at risk even if it meant looking shameless. This kind of cunning, untouchable person was the hardest to deal with. Even Donovan's expression darkened a couple of shades. Were they really supposed to let Kelvin run wild at the Lloyd family estate?

---- Just then, from a side path, Andrew strolled over leisurely. "It's early in the morning, and Mr. Nieves is already in such high spirits, coming to my home to make noise and disturb other people's sleep. Seems like there must be something earth-shattering going on." A fierce glint flashed in Kelvin's eyes. Dropping his earlier rogue act, he said fiercely, "You little bastard, you've finally shown your face! I thought you would hide forever!" Several department heads could no longer hold back. "Watch your mouth! Let's just kill this idiot outright. Damn it!

We've been way too nice to him." Andrew, however, wore a smile, completely casual and unconcerned. He only stopped when he was right in front of Kelvin. "Mr. Nieves is full of fire so early in the morning! Oh, I get it now... It's because of that dead loser, Skylar, right? What a pity you weren't there when that brat died; you missed the tragic sight." He continued with a mocking grin, "He got on his knees and begged me to spare him.

I didn't agree, so he swore he'd give me the highest respect, calling me 'Your Majesty' if I just spared him." Kelvin's jaw clenched, his sneer warping from nasty into something truly grotesque. ---- Andrew acted like he did not even see it, continuing with a casual smirk. "I barely lifted a finger. One little tap, and I put a hole right between Skylar's eyes. Let's be honest, Kelvin, the Nieves family doesn't exactly raise winners. I'll give the kid

this... He had decent manners at the very end. "Not only did he get on his knees, but he also said you're a complete fraud.

You put on this whole tough guy act, thinking you're so special. But word is, you've taken an epic beating every single time you've stepped up, and never once came out on top." Flames of pure rage flickered in Kelvin's eyes. "Are you seriously telling me Skylar said that with his dying breath?" Andrew spread his hands. "Swear on my life. He said plenty more, all begging me to spare him. He even called me 'Your Majesty'. So, by his own logic, I outrank you. I outrank your father. That makes me superior to the man running the entire Sylvan Peaks' Nieves family.

The pecking order is pretty clear, don't you think?"

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## Chapter 3211

[ 705 words ]

---- Chapter 3211 Sheena and the others could not hold back their laughter anymore. Anyone could see that Andrew was turning Kelvin's own tricks back on him. Since Kelvin wanted to play games in Andrew's own home, he would gladly play along Kelvin suddenly burst out laughing, looking at Andrew with complete indifference. "Why would I care about a dead man's words? You little brat, you're the same generation as Skylar, so calling you a brat isn't too much, right? Hey, you want to play? I'll play too. Come on, let's see who wins." Andrew's expression turned serious. "You're mistaken.

I'm not playing with you. What are you anyway? You think you're worthy of playing games with me? And what's this about you being my elder?" He scoffed and added, "You're about to lose your life, just like Skylar. You'll both end up dead. Tell me, why should I show you any respect?" Kelvin still smiled, wearing an infuriating grin as if to provoke Andrew. He said, "Andrew, I'm not trying to scare you. Why don't you try laying a hand on me? Let's see if I won't just drop to the ground and sue you for assault!" ---- Andrew stared at him, not saying a word.

Kelvin's smile vanished, replaced by a sinister grin. "Go ahead, touch me! What's wrong? Are you scared? Chickening out? Man up for once, will you? Come on, kill me! Aim right for my head." He shouted, "What happened? Were your words just hot air? Lost your nerve already? Andrew, you're such a tough guy... You could kill Skylar, but I'm not him. Two years ago, I had the guts to go after you and your father, and I still do now!" Andrew replied calmly, "Oh, so have you finished your last words?" Kelvin froze.

"What did you say?" Andrew's fist exploded forward without warning, like a sledgehammer breaking through a wall. It slammed straight into the center of Kelvin's face, blood bursting out instantly. Kelvin's nose caved in on the spot. His head buzzed as the world spun violently. His two attendants charged forward in fury. Andrew did not even turn his body; instead, he swung his arm back and sliced through the air with his palm like a blade.

Two sharp sounds cut through the room as the two bodyguards, ---- elite members of the Nieves family who had accompanied Kelvin everywhere for years, had their throats slashed open. They collapsed to the ground, blood spraying several feet before they finally went still. Kelvin's eyes widened with rage as he screamed, "You little bastard!" Andrew kicked him straight in the chest. Kelvin was slammed onto the ground and pinned there. His eyes blazed with murderous intent.

He pressed both palms against the floor, forcing himself upward as his aura exploded outward. Andrew's expression remained blank as he twisted his waist and threw another punch downward. Kelvin, with his face covered in blood, looked absolutely savage. He crossed his arms to block, but Andrew's fist shattered through his guard, smashing into the side of his face. Immediately, it was a bloody mess, bone visible beneath the torn flesh. Kelvin let out a wild howl and shot upward. "You little bastard, I'm going to kill you!" His eyes were bloodshot with madness as he dove straight at Andrew.

---- The overwhelming presence of a martial god swept through the room like a storm. Andrew suddenly reached out with his right hand. At the exact moment Kelvin's aura was about to peak, he grabbed him by the throat. Kelvin's fully released momentum was cut off instantly. It was the ultimate buzzkill; like having ice water dumped on you at the peak of ecstasy. Kelvin's entire body felt like it was about to explode, and he spat out a mouthful of blood with a choking cry. Andrew held him up, his expression calm. "You thought I wouldn't dare kill you?"

Fine, then watch this." As he spoke, he swung Kelvin down. Kelvin's body was dragged like a sandbag and smashed into the floor. The marble ground cracked and split open, spreading out for hundreds of feet. Blood poured from Kelvin's mouth, yet he still laughed madly, his face twisted and vicious. "Go on, kill me if you dare!"

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## Chapter 3212

[ 661 words ]

---- Chapter 3212 Andrew swung Kelvin's body like a whip, smashing it without restraint. He smashed him into the ground, then into the statues at the entrance. Next, even a thick support pillar was snapped in half. Kelvin lay on the ground, barely breathing. His entire appearance was unrecognizable, looking absolutely wretched. Andrew walked over and looked down at him from above, smiling. "Get up and talk. Or should I give your family in Sylvan Peaks a call and have them come get justice for you?" Kelvin raised his hand, trying to point at Andrew.

Yet, after several attempts, he could not muster even a bit of strength. He was half-dead. For the first time, fear appeared in his eyes as he realized Andrew really would kill him. Those rogue tactics that had worked for half his lifetime were completely useless against Andrew. Andrew crouched down and grabbed Kelvin by the collar again.

Then, he leaned close to his ear and said with a vicious smile, "I know you're not afraid of death, but I've dealt with plenty of people who aren't afraid to die; you're just one insignificant addition to that list." ---- He continued, "Right now, my people have already gone to the Nieves family's foothold in Chetvine. Skylar is dead, but there should still be some Nieves family members left here. As long as their last name is Nieves, I will bring them all back.

Take a guess, do you think I would dare skin them alive?" His voice was low, but to Kelvin, it sounded like a demon whispering straight out of hell. "You little bastard, you will die horribly. If you dare kill anyone else from the Nieves family, I will..." Andrew raised his hand and slapped him twice. Kelvin's injuries worsened, and several teeth were knocked out, rolling several feet away. "If threats worked on me, you won't be lying on the ground right now." Andrew looked calm, but his eyes were filled with pure killing intent. Kelvin screamed, "Andrew, stop! Let's end this here.

The Nieves family won't pursue Skylar's matter anymore, but you cannot touch the Nieves family people in Chetvine again, do you hear me?" Andrew let out a soft laugh, yet there was not the slightest warmth in it. There was only calm, a calm more terrifying than any cruelty. ---- He said, "You are panicking now. So, you've finally learned how to beg? Kelvin, it's too late. Killing you would be no different from slaughtering a pig. However, you're not the only one I want to kill. Among the Nieves family members still in Chetvine, there's also your illegitimate son, right?"

"You've hidden him well. Even though you've never been married in your life, you've certainly been with plenty of women. And you just happened to fall for one woman and had a son with her. You love that son dearly, don't you?" Andrew continued, "On the outside, you play the fearless and heartless wanderer; everyone thinks Kelvin has no weaknesses! But this illegitimate son means more to you than your own life, doesn't he? Tell me, if I bring him here and chop off his hands and feet while you watch, would that feel good?" With every sentence Andrew spoke, Kelvin's complexion grew bleak.

By the end, his face was as pale as paper. "Stop talking, Andrew! I'm begging you, don't do this! I promise I'll never cause trouble for you or the Lloyd family again. Can we just

let this go? I'll even get on my knees and beg for your forgiveness if you want!" In his desperate wailing, Kelvin actually turned over and knelt on the ground. ---- The sight shook everyone from the Lloyd family who had been watching. That included Donovan and Sheena. They were not strangers to big scenes, yet the Andrew before them felt unbearably distant.

It felt distant because they were witnessing a strength that demanded reverence. It was an unmatched power, crushing and suffocating in its absolute dominance.

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## Chapter 3213

[ 872 words ]

---- Chapter 3213 This kind of power was not just about Andrew's martial strength. It was also about how perfectly he understood the human heart. Someone like Kelvin, a seasoned street rogue who had even outplayed Donovan, barely made a ripple in Andrew's hands before being slammed to the bottom of the lake. Whether he drowned or survived depended entirely on Andrew's mood. That was the difference. Andrew raised an eyebrow and smiled. "Kelvin, I actually preferred the version of you who was not afraid of death. Begging me on your knees, though... I didn't expect that from you.

That was rare." Kelvin's face covered in blood, roared, "Andrew, what exactly do you want? I'm no match for you; I admit defeat. But the rest of my family are innocent." Andrew said coldly, "Whether they're innocent or not isn't for you to decide. Besides, haven't you killed quite a few innocent people yourself?" Kelvin's face turned ashen as he knelt on the ground, letting out a miserable laugh. ---- Andrew said calmly, "Just stay kneeling like that. When I'm in a good mood, you can leave.

But if you dare try to escape without my permission, then not a single Nieves family member in Chetvine will survive." Kelvin's body trembled violently as he gritted his teeth and shouted, "What level are you at now, exactly?" Andrew did not even look at him again and could not be bothered to answer as he walked away. Kelvin's expression shifted constantly. At times vicious, at times hollow and bitter. In the end, he did not dare take the gamble. He walked to the front gate of the Lloyd family estate and got on his knees obediently. When a true expert made a move, the difference was obvious.

From that brief exchange just now, Kelvin knew he was nothing in front of Andrew. Still, two years had passed, and he had not wasted his time. He managed to break through to the martial god level. And yet, Andrew had beaten him to within an inch of his life with

just a few moves. Facing such overwhelming dominance, Kelvin could not help but wonder whether Andrew was really the same man whose energy core had been sealed two years ago, someone who could not ---- even reach the martial emperor level. Could it all have been a facade?

And just like that, Kelvin knelt openly at the entrance of the Lloyd family estate. In an instant, the news exploded across Chetvine like a storm. Kelvin was a direct descendant of the Sylvan Peaks' Nieves family. He was the current family head's most favored youngest son. Yet now he had come all the way north to Chetvine and knelt at the gates of the Lloyd family estate. Those who did not know the inside story were just shocked and confused. However, those who knew the truth were scared pale, completely drained of color. For example, Lorenzo and Mikayla. "It's over...

Even Kelvin is defeated," Lorenzo muttered, his voice rising to a distorted shout. "He's kneeling at the Lloyd family gates in front of countless people in Chetvine like a watchdog... What on earth did he face inside the estate? Even death would not force a man like Kelvin to strip off all his dignity and kneel!" He had thought Kelvin, arriving with such fierce momentum, would thoroughly deal with Andrew. Instead, Kelvin arrived full - --- of swagger and left kneeling. From arrogant dominance to less than a beast of burden. That crushing contrast filled Lorenzo with a quiet sense of despair.

He thought, 'Is there really no one who can handle Andrew? Has he truly cut off every path for the Owens family to rise to the status of a noble house?' Mikayla looked panicked, repeating, "Dad, what do we do? What do we do? Even Kelvin is on his knees, begging. Could it be that even the Nieves family can't touch Andrew? Then his next move would be wiping out our family with a wave of his hand?" The barrage of questions made Lorenzo's face turn even paler. He shouted, "Mr. Vazquez! At this point, there's no other option but to find Mr.

Vazquez!" He rushed out the door, nearly tripping and falling. Only by seeing Guillermo would he feel safe. Meanwhile, Mikayla immediately ran to the Sovereign's Apothecary. She was a disciple of Theon, Sovereign's Apothecary's chief alchemist master. Since Sovereign's Apothecary was backed by the Divine Alchemists, even if Andrew wanted to deal with the Owens family, he could not possibly interfere here. ---- Theon was very arrogant, saying coldly, "Two years have gone by, and Andrew has really gotten full of himself! Don't worry, Mikayla.

Stay here at Sovereign's Apothecary, and no one can touch you." He huffed and added, "Andrew? Others may fear him, but I certainly don't." Just as he finished speaking, he received a notification from Titus, Sovereign's Apothecary's current manager. "Mr. Orben, come out for a moment. We have a distinguished guest." Theon was stunned. "A distinguished guest? You can receive it. I'm not available right now!" Titus' voice carried an awkward tone. "Mr. Orben, you have to come. The visitor specifically asked for you. If you don't come out, then he's going to force his way in!"

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## Chapter 3214

[ 769 words ]

---- Chapter 3214 Theon flew into a rage and roared, "Who the hell is it, coming to Sovereign's Apothecary to cause trouble?" Titus' voice trembled. "It's Andrew Lloyd. Get over here quickly! Today, our apothecary is in serious trouble. If we don't work together, we'll probably have to close down tomorrow!" Theon's legs gave out as he slumped into his chair, his face drained of color. "Damn it, speak of the devil, and he appears. How dare he?! I'll see what he can do!" Feeling utterly humiliated, Theon stormed out with fury in his eyes.

Mikayla trembled with fear, her face filled with despair. She could not believe that Andrew had even come to Sovereign's Apothecary. She wondered if he was here to cause trouble for her. In truth, Mikayla was overthinking it, and Andrew's arrival had nothing to do with her at all. The Owens family was nothing but ants in Andrew's eyes now. Once he found the time, he could crush them with a flick of his wrist. Andrew had only one purpose for coming to the Sovereign's Apothecary: to inform them of their last operation day.

They had ---- three days to vacate Chetvine and were forbidden from operating there any longer. All their assets were to be surrendered, not a single penny to be taken away. This demand made Titus furious. "Andrew, don't go too far! Sovereign's Apothecary is under the Divine Alchemists. You're being so aggressive, forcing us to forfeit everything and leave. Do you think the Divine Alchemists are just for show?" Andrew sat on the couch in Sovereign's Apothecary's first-floor reception hall with his legs crossed. He had only brought two people with him, Nyx and Aspen.

He glanced coldly at Titus, saying, "You're absolutely right. I consider the Divine Alchemists to be just for show. What's wrong, Mr. Sterling? You got a problem with that?" The latter's whole body trembled as he forcibly suppressed his rage and the urge to call for a deadly attack. Although Andrew had only brought three people here, Titus was not sure if Sovereign's Apothecary could currently stand against him. Even Kelvin, a martial god, had been beaten beyond recognition and was kneeling at the Lloyd family estate entrance to atone.

Right now in Chetvine, there was no one more ruthless or domineering than Andrew. Hence, Titus had to be cautious. ---- At that moment, Theon strode over in his black robes, his face grim. He said, "Andrew, I have no grudge with you. What exactly do you want?" His aura was fierce and pressing. Andrew said casually, "Mr. Orben, two years

have passed, and your temper is still just as bad. It's just that you were a loser in my eyes before, and you're no better now. I suggest you pack your bags quickly and get lost. Sovereign's Apothecary is done for." Theon was so shocked, he forgot his anger.

He turned to Titus and demanded, "What's going on? Is Sovereign's Apothecary really closing down?" Upon hearing this, Titus' face twitched violently again as he looked at Andrew. "Are you really going to push things this far?" Andrew's voice turned cold. "Either comply, or I'll eliminate everyone from the Divine Alchemists in Chetvine." Titus' blood rushed to his head as he roared, "You're outrageous! Try laying a hand on me! I'm telling you, what's happening here has already been reported to the Divine Alchemists. Mr. Bowen will know about this immediately!" Andrew sneered.

"Don't you realize that the reason I'm destroying your Sovereign's Apothecary is precisely to lure ---- Julius here? We still have unfinished business from two years ago." Titus' expression changed drastically as he pointed at Andrew. "Y -You've really lost your mind. When Mr. Bowen arrives, you're as good as dead!" Andrew's face remained expressionless as he struck out with a palm through the air. Titus let out a wail and spewed blood violently. He slid backward on his knees, carving a long, horrifying blood trail across the floor.

Clutching his abdomen, his face twisted in unbearable pain, he stuttered, "Y-You..." His head snapped back, and he passed out cold. Andrew had shattered his energy core. From that moment on, Titus was completely crippled. The remaining disciples of Sovereign's Apothecary all lowered their heads and stood frozen. A chilling cold ran through their bodies, and none of them dared to make a sound. Theon's beard trembled as he clenched his teeth, not daring to say a word. He was afraid he would suffer the same fate as Titus, "You have three days.

If Sovereign's Apothecary is operational ---- after three days. Then, I'm sorry, all of you would have to die."

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## Chapter 3215

[ 719 words ]

---- Chapter 3215 After leaving Sovereign's Apothecary, Andrew headed to his next stop: the Iron Sword Sect, a major sect in Chetvine. The Iron Sword Sect had long worked closely with the Medicine God's Covenant. Over the past two years, after tasting the benefits of this partnership, their ties with Andrew's side had only grown stronger.

They had even ignored the displeased looks coming from Guillermo "The Lloyd family's Dragon Prince gracing us with his presence brings honor to our entire sect." Andrew's arrival startled both the current and the previous generation's sect masters.

The previous sect leader, who had retired to focus on martial cultivation in seclusion, was so startled that he emerged from his closed-door training. Andrew directly stated his purpose. "War is imminent between Guillermo and me. I've come to ask you to join my side." The two sect masters' expressions shifted slightly as they fell into thoughtful silence. Andrew did not press them, merely waiting quietly with a faint smile. After a long while, the current master tentatively asked, "If I may ---- ask, Mr. Lloyd, what is your current realm? And if you go to war with Mr.

Vazquez, what are your chances of success?" Andrew smiled. "Realms are meaningless. Let me put it this way: currently, I can kill anyone on the Titan List." The two sect masters were left speechless. They hurriedly said to Andrew, "Mr. Lloyd, please wait a moment. We need to confer privately." Andrew nodded. "Of course." A short while later, the two masters returned. The elder master clasped his fists toward Andrew and said with a smile, "From now on, the Iron Sword Sect will follow you, Mr. Lloyd. Of course, our sect will fully heed your commands." Andrew did not drag things out.

"Then I'll take my leave. He stood up and walked straight out. His decisiveness made the two sect masters even more unsettled. At the same time, they felt relieved that they had not rejected him on the spot. The former sect master sighed as he watched Andrew walk away. "A great age of conflict is coming. In times like these, there is no room to survive in the cracks. You can only choose a side." ---- Aspen asked curiously, "Honey, where are we heading next? Is it really okay to recruit allies so openly like this?" Andrew replied calmly, "Of course, some might not want to see us succeed.

But in the face of absolute power, no one can stop me!" Nyx said, "The way I see it, you don't need to recruit other factions. Honey, with your current strength plus mine, we can totally go head-to-head with Mr. Vazquez in a fight to the death, and the odds are mostly in our favor!" Andrew said coldly, "Guillermo is just one of them. My ultimate goal is to unite people's hearts to deal with the Blood Queen. Nyx, we've been back in the country for several days now. By this time, the West should have already started mobilizing its forces!" Nyx's expression grew serious as she nodded.

"Yes, Juno and Knox have already sent me messages from Throne City. Of the Dark Trinity, besides the vampires and werewolves, even the sirens are making major moves this time." Andrew let out a long breath. "Let's go. We still have a lot to do. Next, we're going to the Reyes residence, where Valerie is." However, Andrew's group of three was intercepted on the way to the Reyes residence. ---- "Step out of the car. If I can persuade you with words, I'd prefer to use words.

After all, I don't want to take action in Chetvine." Atall, slender man with long hair, who looked to be in his early 40s and resembled a worn-out artist, stood directly in front of

Andrew's car. His eyes were melancholic, as if immersed in sorrow, and even his voice was soft and delicate. Nyx warned, "Honey, we need to be careful. Holtrien is full of hidden experts, This person is very strong, even more so than Kelvin!" Andrew remained calm as he opened the door and got out. He said, "You two wait in the car.

It's fine, I'll handle this." The long-haired middle-aged man looked at Andrew indifferently. "Do you recognize me?" Andrew shook his head. "I have some guesses, but I'm not interested and don't care."

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## Chapter 3216

[ 706 words ]

---- Chapter 3216 The long-haired man grinned. "You really are Reginald's son. That annoying tone is exactly like his. Anyway, my name is Nate Hearst, from the Hearstland!" Andrew let out an "Oh," then continued, "So you're from the Hearst royal family, which means you're part of the main Hearst line. In that case, please step aside. I don't want to create bad blood." Nate kept smiling. "Andrew, a young man like you shouldn't be talking so big. You're just going to get yourself in trouble with that mouth of yours." Andrew raised an eyebrow.

"The Lloyd royal family has always stayed out of the affairs of the other two families. Besides, Mr. Franz Hearst is from your family, right? Out of respect for him, there's nothing wrong with me talking like this, is there?" Nate shook his head. "Franz isn't all that important in the Hearst family, but you probably don't know that. To a certain extent, he barely has any connection to the family. Otherwise, why do you think he'd be working for the military?" Andrew narrowed his eyes. "So you're saying he isn't well-regarded in your Hearst family, or are you saying you look down on Mr.

Hearst?" ---- Nate shook his head. "It's not about looking down on him or not. Besides sharing the same last name as me, and don't get angry, but there really isn't much else connecting us." He continued, "I represent the interests of the Hearst royal family, our clan's unchanging authority and deterrence on this land. He, on the other hand, became a marginal figure within the Hearst family the moment he chose to serve the military and dedicate himself to people outside the family." Andrew sneered. "Isn't serving the military the same as serving this country?"

The way you talk makes it sound like your family's interests are above the entire nation of Holtrien." Nate paused for a moment, then actually nodded. "Actually, you're not

wrong about that. You're probably aware of the origins of the Hearst family. In terms of history, we're first among the three royal families, and we far exceed your family by who knows how much. When the first unified dynasty appeared in this land, our family had already been born.

"Times have changed, the sun and moon have cycled, and everything else has transformed, but the Hearst family never did. We have been around for 5000 years. Do you know how much weight that carries?" Andrew was silent for a moment, then grinned and said, "I hated listening to all these rules and labels the most. What does ---- boasting about your long history even prove? To grow old without dying is to become a parasite. You've lived off this land, fed on the lifeblood of its people, yet you speak such heartless words.

"The Hearst family is nothing special." The gloomy look on Nate's face finally changed, turning cold and indifferent. He said, "I have no interest in arguing these points with you because we're not on the same path. But the Hearst family has tolerated your provocations and your growth; that's the magnanimity of our thousand-year-old clan! "However, stop now and reconcile with Mr. Vazquez. Stay in your own lane. Otherwise, the Hearst family won't allow you to disrupt the current balance!" Andrew smiled, then suddenly tilted his head to look at him with fierce hostility.

"The Hearst family is that powerful? Well, I'm going to test that. What do you mean by 'the Hearst family won't allow me to disrupt the current balance'? Are you saying your family decides the current balance?" Nate growled, "Andrew, don't force my hand! Overall, peace between our two royal families is what's best for both sides." Andrew snorted coldly. "Cut the crap. I don't represent the Lloyd royal family; I only represent myself. Sheena will be taking full control as the next head of the Lloyd royal family, and the announcement will be made soon.

So right now, you're not facing off against the Lloyd royal family. You're challenging me." ---- Nate's eyes suddenly became sharp. The earlier gloom vanished without a trace. "Are you sure about that?" Andrew grinned viciously. "Absolutely!" Nate pressed his lips together, then threw a punch. Thunder roared, and an overwhelming terror descended.

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## Chapter 3217

[ 1,156 words ]

---- Chapter 3217 Andrew likewise raised his hand and threw a punch, and their fists collided directly in mid-air. Both of them were suppressing their energy because neither wanted to cause a massive disturbance. Their entire contest was decided in that single, locked punch. Within that contained space, at a microscopic level, the power they exchanged was explosive, enough to shatter a mountainside or tear a valley open. "Back off!" Nate clenched his jaw and suddenly roared like thunder. Their fists seemed like magnets, locked together.

His thunderous roar was enough to burst an ordinary martial artist's eardrums and kill them on the spot, but Andrew's hair only fluttered slightly. He was completely fine, let alone retreating. Andrew's expression remained blank as he commented, "Thunderclap Roar, the Hearst family's ultimate technique. Not bad, but that's all it is." His left and right eyes suddenly manifested two different colors: blood red and deep black. ---- Nate's expression changed as he felt a savage, dark aura enveloping his entire body.

The next moment, overwhelming power from Andrew's fist surged wildly into Nate's body, traveling all the way up to his arm. No matter how Nate forced out his internal energy to resist, it was useless. Finally, the dark aura that had invaded his body slammed violently into his heart. With a muffled grunt, Nate stepped back, gritting his teeth to hold on. However, large beads of sweat began streaming down his forehead and neck. "You..." His face twisted in pain as he glared at Andrew. Nate knew that this exchange had put him at a severe disadvantage.

This seemingly ordinary confrontation, without flashy movements, was actually the most dangerous. A single misstep could permanently damage one's foundation. And now, Nate was somewhat horrified. Right from the start, he had suffered such a major loss. He wondered if Andrew had already broken through to the martial god level. Then again, Nate was someone who would not easily lose even against peak martial god experts. Otherwise, the Hearst royal ---- family would not have sent him all the way from the Hearstland to Chetvine to talk with Andrew.

There were Hearst family members stationed in Chetvine, but the Hearst royal family's main base was not in Chetvine; it was in the Hearstland. The ones here were just a portion, merely representing the Hearst family's presence. Andrew took a step forward and said, "If we keep fighting, even if you don't die, you'll fall from the martial god level!" His fist still carried overwhelming power, pouring into Nate's body. He kept pushing his opponent back another step. With this, Nate had retreated two steps.

Strictly speaking, when experts clash, victory or defeat can be decided by the slightest margin. It was obvious that Nate was already defeated. Yet despite his battered appearance, Nate was proud to the bone. He roared again, activating all his potential and gathering it into one fist to fight fiercely with Andrew. The result was immediate. Andrew snorted coldly, and all the dark power within him surged ---- out. Instantly, Nate spewed blood and staggered back three steps. He even left three deep footprints on the ground.

Finally, he tilted his head back and spat a massive mouthful of blood into the air, even staining his long hair red. He looked utterly miserable. "Alright, I admit it. I'm no match for you!" Nate wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth while raising a hand painfully, signaling his surrender. He looked at Andrew with an extremely complicated gaze, tinged with faint jealousy. Then, he asked, "How exactly did you cultivate the power within your body? Among Holtrien's many schools and ancient sects, no one seems to follow a path like yours." Andrew shrugged.

"Even if I don't tell you, I'm sure you'll ask Franz afterward, so I might as well tell you. This is the dark origin power of Western vampires and werewolves. You may look lean, but you're actually a high-burst Martial God powerhouse. Unfortunately, I specialize in countering high-burst Martial Gods. Fighting violence with violence is my favorite combat style!" Nate showed a bitter smile and said, "I'm sorry about just now. ---- I'll take my leave now and won't meddle in your affairs anymore." Andrew said indifferently, "You can go, but take my words back to the Hearstlands.

I'm not afraid of the Hearst royal family. If you have any issues with me, come at me. However, Mr. Hearst is a soldier of Holtrien, loyal to this country and its countless people. He's also an elder and friend I respect! "If the Hearst family suppresses or harms Mr. Hearst because of me, then I swear I'll annihilate your ancient bloodline!" Nate's whole body trembled violently as he finally said fearfully, "Rest assured, the Hearst royal family isn't that petty." Andrew said flatly, "Verbal guarantees are worthless to me.

Only absolute strength, the kind that makes an opponent feel despair and pain, is effective. So, get lost." Nate felt utterly humiliated and hurried away. This clash had no overwhelming spectacle, no earth-shattering destruction, and no grand scene. But those who truly understood knew that Nate had done quite well. At the very least, he survived. If it had been another martial god, like Kelvin, Andrew could have destroyed his heart on the spot. "Let's go. We're heading to the Reyes residence!" Andrew returned to the car and drove off as if nothing had ---- happened.

Meanwhile, after Nate left Andrew and turned into a secluded area, he could no longer hold on. He collapsed to the ground, blood suddenly gushing from his mouth. With extraordinary willpower, he forced himself not to pass out. If he fainted now, the martial god level he had cultivated for half his life would be gone. Andrew's earlier warning was not an empty threat; he had truly threatened his life and nearly destroyed his cultivation. Trembling, he pulled out two golden pills, pain flashing across his face. In the end, he shoved them both into his mouth.

Saving his life was paramount; even the finest divine pills could not compare to his realm and his life. After regulating his breathing for a moment and stabilizing his condition, Nate sent out two messages. The first was to the Hearst royal family; they had to know his condition, or the consequences would be dire. Nate kept it brief. [He's already unbeatable. At the very least, he can't be defeated by one person alone] ----

The second message went to Guillermo. [Mr. Vazquez, forgive my incompetence. I couldn't fulfill your request.

But regarding the test you wanted, I managed to gather some information. Perhaps, besides you taking action personally, no one can handle him. Andrew's power is now in full ascent, a force that can't be stopped!] After sending these two urgent messages, Nate fled from Chetvine. He had to find a quiet place to fully recover from his injuries first. In half his lifetime, he had never suffered such a devastating loss.

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## Chapter 3218

[ 590 words ]

---- Chapter 3218 Soon, news from Nate reached the Hearstlands, thousands of miles away. The entire Hearst royal family was thrown into an uproar. Someone shouted, "Nate failed? That's unbelievable!" "There's nothing unbelievable about it. There's always someone stronger. It simply means we underestimated this guy." Another chimed in, "Then let's not hold back and eliminate him before he gets out of control." One of the guys scolded, "You fool! If we act directly, do you think the Lloyd royal family will just stand by and do nothing?" "What does it matter?"

He said himself he has no more ties to the Lloyd family. Clearly, he wants to break from the Lloyd family and stir up trouble in Chetvine on his own. In that case, this is exactly our chance to stop him early. We can't wait any longer, and we definitely cannot let him grow stronger and more arrogant." That very day, the Hearst royal family made its move. Their strongest martial god, Pablo Hearst, was ordered to leave seclusion and head straight for Chetvine.

---- Pablo was a heavyweight from the same generation as Reginald, and he was the Hearst royal family's ultimate combat power, only one step away from the Beyond Mortal realm. The Hearst family acted decisively, immediately deploying their strongest force to deal with Andrew. However, they overlooked a critical detail in Nate's message: a single martial god was not enough to deal with Andrew. The implication was clear. If the Hearst family wanted to make another move, they had to raise the stakes. At the very least, they would need two martial gods to go after Andrew.

Unfortunately, even the smartest people in the entire Hearst family failed to realize this. Back in Chetvine, Guillermo felt completely unsettled after receiving Nate's message. He fell into a long silence, his face completely blank. Lorenzo sensed the tension and

asked carefully, "Mr. Vazquez, did something happen on Nate's end?" Guillermo tossed his phone screen away. "See for yourself!" Lorenzo looked and saw a very brief message on the screen. ---- [Perhaps, besides you taking action personally, no one can handle him!] Lorenzo was dumbfounded. "How. Jose leaned in, dismissive as usual.

"What now? Don't tell me Andrew actually killed a powerful expert like Nate?" But after one look, he too fell silent. Normally sarcastic and always ready with a comment about everything, he now simply kept his mouth shut and did not dare say a word. Nate's suggestion that only Guillermo could personally intervene made the situation painfully clear. There was no one left to hold the line. Guillermo was tied for first on the Titan List, a genuine peak-level martial god. If he made a move, the chances of success were high.

However, as the main power player, if he personally stepped onto the field, how did one account for the risk? Was his own life not valuable? What if, just if... something went wrong and this core figure was killed? ---- That would mean a total defeat. If that happened, what would become of the countless forces Guillermo represented? Lorenzo broke the silence, declaring loudly, "Mr. Vazquez, no matter what, you can't take action yourself. You are the most important person, and you must not put yourself in danger!" Jose chimed in, "Mr. Vazquez, I feel the same.

If it really comes down to it, let's just compromise with Andrew. A true man knows when to bend, and if he's really that formidable, there's nothing wrong with us playing it humble. The wise adapt to circumstances, don't you think?"

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## Chapter 3219

[ 551 words ]

---- Chapter 3219 Guillermo's face twitched violently as he snarled, "If you've got nothing nice to say, then shut your mouth. Compromise? Have you ever seen a moving train just stop on command? Have you ever seen me bow my head to anyone?" Jose thought carefully for a moment, then said with a serious expression, "Mr. Vazquez, I'm not trying to call you out, but actually, yes! Getting a moving train to stop is simple... Just tear up the tracks and blow up the engine, right? "And you've bowed your head to Andrew's father, Reginald, before. Didn't you still get outplayed by him?"

I think this time wouldn't be embarrassing either. After all, those father and son are cut from the same cloth, both are not to be messed with." Guillermo flew into a rage and

struck Jose hard across the face with his hand. He pointed at the door and roared, "Get out! Get the hell out of here right now!" This was the first time the ever-sarcastic, loose-lipped Jose had ever been punished by Guillermo. Clutching his stinging cheek, his mind went blank. After a long pause, he hung his head and slunk away. On the way out, he muttered, "Mr. Vazquez, you're getting more and more on edge."

This slap is nothing, really, as long as it helps ---- you feel a bit better. But from what I can see, you're already losing your grip. If you, this mighty tree, comes crashing down, you'd better give me advance notice so I can make a run for it." Guillermo said nothing, but his expression was savage enough to kill. Lorenzo, watching, broke into a cold sweat, his heart pounding with fear. He was much smarter than Jose. Recently, Guillermo had been working day and night, racking his brains trying to figure out how to deal with Andrew.

But each failure, each setback, piled on the pressure until it felt suffocating. For Jose to make jokes now, thinking it was like the old days when Guillermo would just brush it off, was a fatal mistake. In reality, Lorenzo had clearly sensed the change in Guillermo's towering rage and resentment just moments ago. For a brief instant, Jose's insolence had triggered Guillermo's killing intent. That was the truly terrifying part. Unfortunately, the clueless Jose just thought Guillermo was merely angry, with no deeper intent. Well, he was dead wrong. Guillermo was like a king.

In his glorious days, he would not ---- mind the peasants below him squabbling and fighting over scraps. He would even watch with amusement, because everything was under his control. But now, the king felt a threat and knew his reign might be ending. If the peasants below still had no sense and acted up in front of him, taking nothing seriously, then it was no surprise that a cornered, desperate king, burning with rage, might snap and tear out the throats of these foolish underlings. After a long while, Guillermo finally gave the order in a hoarse voice. "Lorenzo, help me contact Thunder Sect."

Tell them that I can't keep things under control anymore. If they still act like everything's fine, staying high and mighty and throwing everything on me, then I'm sorry... If I'm going down, everyone's going down with me!" Lorenzo shuddered all over and quickly replied, "Yes, Mr. Vazquez!"

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## Chapter 3220

[ 660 words ]

---- Chapter 3220 At the Reyes residence, Elaine welcomed Andrew and the other two ladies with a warm, smiling face. Elaine covered her mouth and laughed softly. "This is my first time seeing this foreign young lady here. Andrew, are you not going to introduce her? She is absolutely stunning, truly a sight to behold." Andrew coughed lightly and said, "Ms. Theron, this is Nyx Kerrigan. Nyx, this is Valerie's, uh, stepmother." When introducing Elaine's identity to Nyx, Andrew hesitated, unsure how to phrase it. Elaine shot him a playful glance and giggled. "Oh, don't feel awkward.

Yes, I'm Valerie's stepmother, but we're the same age, and I'm still very young." Nyx gave Elaine a polite nod. She was not good with words and did not like pretending. Instinctively, Nyx could not care less about Elaine. In fact, Elaine was exactly the type of person Nyx would dislike. After all, Elaine had originally been Valerie's best friend, and they had grown up together. But in the end, she married Valerie's father. Anyone who understood the situation knew the reason ---- was ambition and climbing higher. Nonetheless, Andrew did not care about any of that "Ms.

Theron, where's Valerie?" Andrew asked. Elaine sighed and said, "When she heard you were coming in person, she's been getting ready. She'll be out in a bit." Andrew smiled wryly. "Actually, she doesn't need to go through so much trouble." Elaine rolled her eyes. "That silly girl thinks you're here to propose. This is the first time you're visiting the Reyes family so formally. All those previous times don't really count. Valerie takes this visit very seriously and thinks the wedding is approaching." Andrew replied, "I will indeed personally bring generous gifts to formally propose later.

But this time, I'm here to see Mr. Reyes Senior." Elaine was not surprised and nodded. "Finnegan is here. I've already sent someone to notify him. But whether he'll agree to see you is another matter." Andrew insisted, "Since I'm here, I must see him." Elaine made a sound of acknowledgment and said meaningfully, "After two years, you've become much more assertive in your ---- speech. You must see Finnegan? Don't you know he has always been this way, not just anyone gets an audience?" Andrew replied calmly, "I know Mr. Reyes Senior doesn't meet just anyone.

But I'll say it again: I must see him in person. Otherwise, I'm not leaving." Elaine got a bit angry. "You..." A hearty laugh cut her off. "What a rare occasion! To actually see you taking the initiative to visit the Reyes family. You want to see me? Well, I've been even more eager to see you!" Along with the booming laughter, an elderly-looking man walked forward. It was Finnegan, Valerie's father! Although he was in the same generation as Reginald, he was considerably older. Interestingly, Finnegan was old in years but not in spirit, having married his daughter's best friend, Elaine.

Consequently, Finnegan was often a topic of amused conversation in Chetvinde. When it came to being a womanizer, he never lost. His fondness for young beauties was a lifelong, unwavering hobby. Andrew greeted respectfully, "Mr. Reyes Senior." Finnegan waved a hand. "No need for formalities. Sit, let's talk. I ---- can guess part of your purpose here. But you'll have to convince me. Otherwise, it will be difficult for the Reyes

family to stand on your side." Andrew smiled. "You're indeed a man of humor and wit. You don't move without a guarantee. Very steady." Finnegan laughed again.

"I'm glad you know that. Anyway, you're planning to confront Mr. Vazquez head-on. The Reyes family doesn't want to suffer for it. I need some assurances, or I won't be comfortable. "On top of that, Valerie is madly in love with you. You could say half of the Reyes family's influence is already in your hands. I can't just give you the remaining half for free, can I? At the very least, I need to weigh this carefully."

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## Chapter 3221

[ 569 words ]

---- Chapter 3221 Andrew nodded and said, "Mr. Reyes Senior, whether or not you side with me, I'll still win. I won't hold it against the Reyes family if you don't. The reason, naturally, is Valerie." Finnegan snorted coldly. "That's all you have to say? Aren't you being a bit too arrogant? Andrew, you should know that I was once famous for my arrogance. But you're even more arrogant than I ever was. Is that appropriate?" Andrew laughed heartily. "Mr. Reyes Senior, you've got it wrong, Your past arrogance was indeed arrogance. But my current arrogance isn't arrogance at all.

I actually have this capability. I'm just stating facts, so it can't be called arrogance. If I really wanted to be arrogant, I wouldn't have come to the Reyes residence at all. I'd just announce to all of Holtrien that I'll take down Guillermo solo, without bothering with all these complications." Finnegan fell into silence. After quite a while, he clapped his hands and said with a bitter smile, "Alright, kid, you've convinced me. You're not arrogant, and you're more formidable than any arrogant person could ever be.

If this were you from two years ago, I definitely wouldn't give you a second glance. But now, I can't see through you. ---- "Though that doesn't matter. Guillermo's reaction will be my gauge. The fact that you've pushed our all-powerful National Advisor to his wits' end proves that your abilities are terrifying." Andrew said coolly, "So that means Guillermo has already made the first move to win over the Reyes family?" Finnegan nodded. "That's right. Guillermo offered great benefits, wanting the Reyes family to stand on his side.

But I refused, since neutrality has always been my family's stance. This time is different, though. You've shown me hope." Andrew asked with interest, "Oh? What kind of hope would that be?" Finnegan said, "The hope that Holtrien will see a complete change of

era. Guillermo's time is coming to an end. From now on, this country will belong to you, kid." Andrew neither agreed nor disagreed. He knew Finnegan was deliberately baiting him, hoping Andrew would declare some grand ambition.

Something like conquering Holtrien, becoming the ruler of Holtrien, dominating the world, and so on That way, Finnegan could use Valerie to elevate the Reyes family to even greater heights. In plain terms, he wanted to use Andrew to fulfill the Reyes family's ambitions. ---- Nonetheless, Andrew was not interested in becoming anyone's tool. He just wanted to settle the old grudges with Guillermo. Additionally, he needed to make thorough preparations for the upcoming war between the Eastern and Western continents. With a friendly smile, Finnegan said, "Valerie is waiting for you in the back.

Andrew, since you're here, go ahead and look around." Andrew did not decline and went with Aspen and Nyx to find Valerie. Once they left, Elaine said in shock, "What did you just say? Holtrien will be Andrew's world in the future? How's that possible?" Finnegan smiled. "See, you're acting like a shallow woman, and you still won't admit it. Elaine, do you know just how powerful Andrew is now? Others might not have picked up on his dominating presence, but I'm certainly not blind." Elaine thought for a moment, then suddenly smiled.

"No matter how dominating Andrew is, how could he compare to you? It seems Valerie told you quite a lot about Andrew, and not just a little either, right?"

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## Chapter 3222

[ 711 words ]

---- Chapter 3222 Finnegan felt a bit annoyed and laughed dryly. "Alright, you've seen through me. Valerie did tell me quite a bit after she returned. I can't tell you everything, and I won't tell anyone. "But I can say this much: Andrew now has the capability to take down Guillermo. The reason the final battle hasn't erupted yet is that the forces behind Guillermo and Andrew's supporters are both brewing and watching from the sidelines." He explained, "While Guillermo can keep his composure, Andrew can't wait any longer. Just wait. Guillermo is definitely going down at Andrew's hands.

He's already a king-like existence in the Outlands. "Now that he's back home, he's got the full support of the military. Add the Lloyd royal family and the unwavering loyalty of other factions, and Andrew will become the number one figure in Holtrien. The era is truly changing." Elaine's delicate body trembled, and her beautiful legs beneath her

form-fitting dress nearly gave out. She mumbled, "Is he really that formidable?" Finnegan smiled, his eyes filling with lust as he suddenly pulled Elaine close.

His hand slipped under the hem of her dress, lifting and gripping firmly, making Elaine blush deeply as her eyes ---- turned glossy. She whimpered, "Don't do this... There are other people here!" Finnegan sneered coldly. "Elaine, after seeing a one-of-a-kind man like Andrew, you must have felt tempted. And me? I'm already old, useless. At least, I could no longer satisfy your admiration for peak men, right?" Elaine's heart raced as she quickly replied, "That's not true. What are you talking about? My feelings for you are genuine!" Finnegan released his hand, suddenly losing interest.

"Go spend more time with Andrew and Valerie, chat with them. Actually, I don't care what happens between you and Andrew, understand? That includes Valerie... As long as it benefits my family, I don't care what happens. "I love her dearly, but I also truly hope she can tie Andrew down. Unfortunately, that girl is single-minded and only knows about love, not understanding anything else. But you're different.

You understand men's hearts very well; you're seductive and know how to play." As Elaine stood there in shame and anger, Finnegan said with a lewd smile, "If you can spread your legs and trap Andrew for me, I might just let you become the next head of the Reyes family." He continued, "I am indeed old and can't satisfy your desires or ---- your ambitions. But my wisdom and insight will only become sharper and more ruthless with age. From the moment I walked in, I saw you sneaking glances at Andrew. You practically wanted him in your arms. "You don't have to deny it; I saw it all crystal clear.

In fact, how should I put it? I actually find you quite impressive and admirable. Remember this: a woman who knows how to use her body wisely is also a hero!" Finnegan's speech left Elaine flushed and humiliated. She shot him a hard glare and surprisingly did not argue back. Instead, she twisted her hips and walked inside to find Andrew and Valerie. Finnegan called after her. "Fix your dress and pull it up a bit." Elaine turned back with a sultry smile. "I don't need you to tell me what to do. I already know." Finnegan curled his lips, ordered a bottle of liquor, and drank alone.

He murmured, "As for me, my life is set. I'm neither a great success nor a total failure. I've enjoyed and played with everything on the foundation my ancestors built. And now, I'm sending out both my wife and my daughter, yet I don't feel any shame, depravity, or humiliation about being cuckolded. It really doesn't matter at all..." 1 He clicked his tongue, adding, "I'm truly a great man, able to ---- bear and let go. For the future of the Reyes family, I'm bearing this burden with dignity.

When I die and go to the afterlife, ancestors of the Reyes family, you can't blame me for disgracing our family honor or for not being a man." However, while Elaine had the intention to get close to Andrew, he had no interest in giving the scheming married woman another glance. After spending some time with Valerie, he left the Reyes residence.

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## Chapter 3223

[ 581 words ]

---- Chapter 3223 Andrew's next stop was the Robertson residence. When Isabelle learned that Andrew had returned, she was overjoyed. The Robertson family had three prodigies, and the other two were Zion and Emir. Zion was a notorious martial arts fanatic, only interested in combat training. Emir, on the other hand, was much more calculating. After all, he was being groomed as the Robertson family's next successor. "You're saying you want the Robertson family to support you?" Emir asked with a strange expression. Andrew smiled. "What? You don't want to?" Emir's face twitched.

"Even if I said no, I'm afraid you won't accept that. Well, the Robertson family currently has no way to deal with you. Hey Andrew, did you take some miracle steroids these past two years or what? How did you become so terrifyingly strong that you can beat up someone like Kelvin so easily?" Andrew remained composed and said calmly, "That's something I can't explain to you in just a few words. So it's settled then. ---- After I start the war with Guillermo, the Robertson family knows what to do, right?" Emir snorted coldly. "Of course. From now on, I'm your man.

Just give me an order, and I'll do anything." Andrew found it amusing. "How are you able to say such shameless words with such a disdainful expression?" Emir felt extremely dejected and miserable. "In this lifetime, no one in the Robertson family will ever catch up to you. It's frustrating and depressing. Andrew, in a few years, I'll be leading the Robertson family, but I really don't want to become your errand boy right after taking charge." Andrew chuckled and ignored Emir's melodramatic complaints. Isabelle seized the opportunity and finally started chatting with Andrew.

"Andrew, you've changed so much in two years." Andrew smiled. "Belle, you've changed quite a bit too." Isabelle looked extremely troubled, "Stop teasing me. Have you ever seen a woman in her late 20s who's only five feet tall? And my chest hasn't grown that much either. Andrew, can you help me again?" Andrew glanced at this petite girl's chest. It was almost blocking her downward view, at least matching Natasha's. Yet, she still thought it was small. ---- Shaking his head, Andrew said, "Belle, your chest is already big enough. If it gets any bigger, it won't look good.

So, enough is enough." Isabelle giggled. "Since you think it's big enough, then how about you touch it once?" Andrew broke out in a sweat. He could not help but feel like Isabelle's 1Q was actually regressing. She was a grown woman in her late 20s, yet she

was still acting this crazy. Isabelle looked aggrieved and cried out, "Andrew, do you know how much I've missed you these past two years? Now that you're back, can I be one of your women? After all, you have so many already... What's one more?" Andrew quickly refused. "Forget it. I can barely handle the ones I have now.

"Adding you to the group will only exhaust me!" Isabelle's eyes widened in disbelief. "Andrew, are you really that tired? Do you have to be intimate with all your women every night? With so many of them, can your body handle it? You really need to take care of your health and not overwork yourself." Andrew's mouth twitched. He made up an excuse and quickly escaped from the Robertson residence. ---- Isabelle was great in every way, except that she had no idea how to have a normal conversation.

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## Chapter 3224

[ 595 words ]

---- Chapter 3224 Among the major families in Chetvine, the remaining ones were the Harding and Cunningham families, and Andrew had not gone to them yet. These two major families had both chosen to side with Guillermo two years ago. So, Andrew placed these two families last on his visitation list. If things went well, it would be a visit; if things went badly, it would be a bloodbath. He was not the merciful type, and since he was determined to take down Guillermo, there was no way the Harding and Cunningham families could play both sides. Andrew went to the Harding residence first.

When the Harding family learned of his arrival, they were extremely cooperative, opening their main gates wide in welcome. Moreover, all the direct descendants of the Harding family in Chetvine, from old to young, nearly 300 people, gathered together. All of them waited respectfully for Andrew's arrival. Sergio stood at the forefront with his hands respectfully at his sides. Two years ago, he had personally tried to kill Andrew. But ---- in the end, he failed and fled in disgrace. Facing the arriving Andrew, Sergio was all tense and respectful.

Andrew did not quite understand his reaction at first. However, when he saw Kyrie's evasive expression, he immediately understood. Andrew sat in the Harding family's main hall and asked casually, "General Harding, it seems you've told Mr. Harding Senior everything you saw and heard in the Outlands, haven't you?" Kyrie's whole body trembled as he said with a bitter face, "Mr. Lloyd, please don't be angry. I only mentioned things that could be disclosed. Rest assured, I didn't say much about your

affairs!" Andrew said flatly, "I don't care whether you said anything or not. Also, calling me Mr.

Lloyd? You're older than me, so addressing me so respectfully isn't appropriate, is it?" Kyrie laughed awkwardly. "Y-Yes!" Andrew's indifferent gaze swept toward Sergio with a half-smile. "Mr. Harding Senior, there's no need for you to be like this. Two years ago, you tried to kill me, but that was outside Chetvine. According to the rules, you were allowed to do that. Now, I'm inside Chetvine, and your entire family is in Chetvine, too.

If I were to make a move against you, that would be breaking the rules, and the consequences would be severe." ---- Sergio remained silent for a long moment before saying in a heavy voice, "Fate has a cruel sense of humor. Two years ago, I was blind and listened to Guillermo's order to attack you. But now, I want to seek protection for the Harding family. I know that Chetvine's rules no longer apply to you." Andrew sneered. "What makes you think that?" Sergio said bitterly, "The death of Skylar Nieves is proof enough, I have been navigating Chetvine my whole life.

I still have enough sense to read the situation." The smile disappeared from Andrew's face. He suddenly stopped talking, seemingly lost in thought. In this oppressive silence, Sergio felt like each second was an eternity. At over 60, his frail body began to sway. He was terrified. He knew that even within Chetvine, the Harding family was no longer safe. Andrew had become someone capable of breaking the rules. In just two short years, everything changed.

The Harding family, once a super-elite clan on the level of Holtrien's great houses, had been reduced to wagging its tail beneath someone else's feet. ---- In the face of absolute force, everything else was meaningless. What was more, Sergio knew very well that Andrew's strength was only one part of what made him truly terrifying.

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## Chapter 3225

[ 628 words ]

---- Chapter 3225 What truly made Sergio feel powerless and hopeless was what he had heard from Kyrie about Andrew's exploits in the Outlands. Andrew was now King of the Wastelands, and he had annihilated several martial gods from the Ludendorff family. Even the Dark Clans of the West, who struck terror into people's hearts, had been crushed beneath his feet. Such achievements and methods were already beyond what

Sergio dared to imagine In front of Andrew, what did the Harding family even amount to? They probably were not worth a damn.

"You want me to spare the Harding family, but what's your reason? Give me a reason that's convincing enough, and I'll spare your life," Andrew said, looking at Sergio as his smile gradually turned cold and sinister. He continued, "But if you can't come up with a reason that satisfies me, then I can tell you this: the Harding family will no longer be a noble house in Holtrien. At the very least, you'll fall to below third-rate status.

Moreover, everyone in the Harding family at the martial saint level or above must die." Sergio's shaking grew even more violent, and large drops of ---- sweat fell from his forehead A young, hot-blooded member of the Harding family suddenly roared, "Andrew, taking your anger out on my family makes you look weak! If you're so capable, go find Guillermo and settle your grudge with him!" He looked at Sergio and yelled, "Dad, there's no need to fear him. This is Chetvine... I don't think he'd dare to do something inhumane. Our family has hundreds of people.

Even if we all stuck out our necks for him to kill, would he really dare to slaughter us?" What answered him was Sergio's sudden and explosive rage. Sergio raised his hand and viciously slapped that man twice, hard and loud. He shouted in fury and panic, "You bastard, shut your damn mouth, do you hear me? Do you even have half a brain? Who gave you the nerve to say something so stupid? This is Chetvine, and you think he won't dare make a move? "Let me ask you then, is the Harding family planning to never leave Chetvine for the rest of our lives?

The moment we step outside, they could wipe us out completely. Would that make you happy? And once he kills Guillermo, he will command respect across Holtrien with a single word." He growled, "At that point, where do you think the Harding family will go, huh? When everyone turns against us, do you think we ---- can still survive? You idiot, get out and kneel outside, and don't come back in." That ferocious look scared the young man so badly that all the color drained from his face. He trembled as he glanced toward Andrew.

Then, he lowered his head and obediently went outside, waiting for judgment. The rest of the Harding family was dead silent, holding their breath even more carefully. Sergio suddenly clenched his teeth and walked up to Andrew. "A man takes responsibility for his own actions. Andrew, I'm willing to die as an apology to satisfy you. But the rest of the Harding family is innocent. Or rather, to you, they're like ants to you. Can you please not make things difficult for them?" Andrew let out a cold laugh. "Sorry, but no." Sergio's expression changed drastically as he laughed bitterly. "I knew it.

I knew you wouldn't let the Harding family off so easily. It's all fate... Do whatever you want with me. I won't resist in the slightest. I only ask for death." The entire Harding family immediately broke into tears and wails. One by one, they got on their knees before Andrew, their eyes filled with tears. They were terrified to the extreme.

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## Chapter 3226

[ 778 words ]

---- Chapter 3226 Andrew slowly rose to his feet and grabbed Sergio by the throat. The latter's face turned red as he felt like he was about to suffocate. In Andrew's hand, he was utterly helpless, unable to demonstrate any of his strength at all Sergio begged again, "If... killing me... can make you feel better, I- I'm willing to die. I only ask that you spare... spare my family!" All his former pride and lifelong triumphs had turned to bitter tears. Andrew snorted coldly and tightened his grip. After that, Sergio was sent flying and slammed heavily against the wall.

After hitting the ground, he spat out a mouthful of blood. Yet, he did not feel pain. Instead, he asked with slight hope, "Andrew, are you willing to spare me?" Andrew stood up and walked out of the Harding residence, his expression blank. "Sparing you is only temporary. Your life is still mine, and no one can save you." Sergio's face turned ashen again. He knew there was no way he ---- could survive so easily. He stuttered, "W-What exactly do you want?" Andrew said coldly, "Wait for my instructions. Soon, the people of the Harding family will have to go to the battlefield for me.

Killing you would be somewhat wasteful. It's better to send you to the battlefield to serve Holtrien. That way, I might think a bit more highly of you." Sergio did not understand what battlefield Andrew was talking about, but being able to live for now still filled him with overwhelming joy. After leaving the Harding residence, Andrew had only one last place left to visit: the Cunningham residence. The Cunningham family was among Chetvine's major families, and it had fought most brutally against the Lloyd royal family.

Aspen said thoughtfully, "Honey, are you hesitating about going to the Cunningham family because of your relationship with Conrad?" Andrew said flatly, "My relationship with Conrad is a separate matter. What I need to do has nothing to do with him, and he can't interfere." But before that, Andrew still gave Conrad a heads-up. The Cunningham family had one day to prepare. Tomorrow, he ---- would personally visit and ask Otto if he still dared to be as arrogant as before. Otto had always wanted to push out the Lloyd royal family and take their place.

Yet, after all these years, he had gained nothing. What awaited him now was Andrew's overwhelming suppression. Meanwhile, at Sovereign's Apothecary, the three-day deadline Andrew had given had arrived. However, the doors remained open for business. Moreover, two elders had rushed over urgently from the snowy mountains in

the Western Region to assist Titus. When Andrew ordered Sovereign's Apothecary to close in Chetvine, Titus immediately sent the news to the Divine Alchemists. When Julius, the leader of the Divine Alchemists, learned of this, his face instantly turned grim.

"That little bastard! He's courting death! Sovereign's Apothecary is the Divine Alchemists' most important business. Even the major royal families don't dare mess with me, yet you dare to cause trouble. It seems I really won't have peace until I destroy you directly!" Hence, Julius immediately ordered the elders of the Divine Alchemists to rush to Chetvine at once. ---- The instruction was simple: if Andrew dared to show up again, they were to kill him without question Andrew and Nyx did not bring anyone else when they went to Sovereign's Apothecary.

At the entrance, they saw the two rows of Divine Alchemists' disciples standing in formation. Nyx asked, "What do we do?" Andrew replied calmly, "Do what you do best." Nyx smiled, and for a moment, she seemed breathtakingly beautiful. Yet behind that smile was boundless killing intent. She and Andrew walked step by step into Sovereign's Apothecary. The disciples of the Divine Alchemists on both sides wore cold expressions. After the two entered, they all retreated in unison, followed them inside, and then shut the door. The scouts stationed outside Sovereign's Apothecary all tuned solemn.

Even without seeing what was happening inside, it was easy to imagine that blood would be spilled Titus sat in the main hall of Sovereign's Apothecary, coldly watching Andrew and Nyx arrive. He said, "Andrew, don't push things too far. The Sovereign's ---- Apothecary has already backed down repeatedly, yet you still came knocking. Do you really think the Divine Alchemists are afraid of you" Andrew did not stop walking and headed straight toward Titus. Titus' eyelid twitched as he shouted, "Stop right there.

If you take another step, don't blame us for being ruthless." The corner of Andrew's mouth curled into a mocking smile. " Fine, let me see how you useless people plan to be ruthless with me." 3

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## Chapter 3227

[ 787 words ]

---- Chapter 3227 Over 50 Divine Alchemists' disciples shouted in unison, raised their weapons, and surged forward. 1 However, before they could make their move, Nyx appeared like a phantom, flashing rapidly through the hall. Her speed was pushed to the

absolute limit. Not only were the ordinary disciples unable to track her, but even Titus and the other two Divine Alchemists' elders felt their vision blur and could not lock onto her. Then, her enchanting figure reappeared beside Andrew. It was as if she had not moved at all.

However, the next instant, a series of dull thuds rang out as all 50 or so carefully selected elite disciples of the Divine Alchemists fell to the ground. They were dead. Every single one of them had their throat slit, killed in one clean strike, ruthless and precise to the extreme. "Damn it!" Titus turned deathly pale as cold sweat instantly drenched his body. The other two Divine Alchemists' elders flew into a rage, their eyes burning with fury. 50 of their core disciples had died without even getting a ---- chance to fight, so how could they not be enraged?

The two elders struck at the same time, blasting toward Nyx. Nyx's expression remained calm as the blue-glowing dagger in her hand emitted a faint shimmer. She vanished from where she stood, and when she reappeared, the dagger was already pressed against one elder's throat. "What on..." That elder was at the peak of martial emperor level, just one step away from becoming a martial god. Yet he never expected to be subdued in a single move, without even touching the hem of Nyx's garment. The other elder's expression darkened.

His eyes were bloodshot as he roared at Andrew, "Let him go!" The Divine Alchemists had originally prepared everything thoroughly, just waiting for Andrew to show up for a final confrontation. None of them had expected that in the first exchange, they would be completely defeated. Some were dead, others captured. They were utterly outmatched, and humiliating so. Such a massive disparity of strength left Titus and the two elders suffocated with humiliation that threatened to make them explode. ---- Titus shot to his feet, his aura erupting.

"Andrew, tell your subordinate to release our elder!" Andrew smiled faintly. "You don't look nearly as calm as you did just now. Why don't you just keep opposing me?" Titus glanced at the blue dagger in Nyx's hand, a blade that killed so smoothly it was unstained by blood. He thought she was terrifyingly powerful beyond measure. Without a doubt, she must be a martial god-level expert. Among all the Divine Alchemists, Julius was probably the only one who could deal with her. However, Julius was currently thousands of miles away, so what could they do?

Beads of sweat dripped from Titus' forehead as anxiety consumed him. Andrew looked at him coldly. "I already told you, the Divine Alchemists are nothing but trash in my eyes now. Titus, get on your knees, now!" Titus's whole body trembled violently, and he felt his head buzzing. He roared, "Don't even think about it! Even if I die, I will never submit to your tyranny!" Andrew remained unfazed. He simply said calmly, "Nyx." ---- A trace of pity appeared on Nyx's stunning face. The dagger flashed, and she vanished from the elder's side.

The captured elder's eyes widened, the light in them fading away strand by strand. He fell to the ground, dead with his eyes still open. The remaining elder, overcome with grief and fury, let out a wild roar and leaped toward Andrew in desperation. "You beast, I will kill you!" Andrew did not even look at him as he casually struck out with one palm. It was his first time attacking since entering Sovereign's Apothecary. The elder had his chest blown apart, dying a miserable death as he smashed through the hall wall and flew several more yards before meeting his maker.

The few remaining men swallowed hard, their faces turning grayish purple from fear. Among them was Theon, the Sovereign's Apothecary's chief alchemist. He trembled, waving his hands frantically. "This has nothing to do with me! Mr. Lloyd, your business is with the Divine Alchemists. I'm innocent, I swear!" Andrew narrowed his eyes at him and smiled. "I told you to pack ---- your things and leave, but it seems you treated my words like background noise." Theon's legs shook so badly he nearly stumbled. "Oh, heavens no! How could I? If you don't wish to see me, Mr. Lloyd... Then I'll go now.

I'll leave immediately." Andrew gave a cold laugh. "Too late." Theon's whole body stiffened, feeling as if the sky had fallen. At that moment, he truly thought his life was over.

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## Chapter 3228

[ 753 words ]

---- Chapter 3228 Andrew ignored Theon as the old man was not worth his attention at all. Turning to Titus, Andrew asked coldly, "Still not getting on your knees?" The two elders sent by the Divine Alchemists had already met their end. The rest of the disciples were also all dead. Now, only Titus remained. He laughed bitterly. "Andrew, you're definitely going to regret what you've done today." He grabbed a long blade from nearby and aimed it at Andrew's throat. Andrew flicked his finger, and a powerful gust struck the blade with a clang, sending it flying from Titus' hand.

Titus dropped to his knees, his courage to resist completely shattered. Then, he said with utter bitterness, "Just do it. I'm at your mercy." Andrew looked at him and sneered. "You want to die? Sure. But I still need you to deliver a message to Julius. He can hide in the Western Regions mountains for now, but he can't hide forever. If he's smart, he'll come here and accept his death.

---- "But if he keeps hiding like a coward, then I'll make time to go to the Western Regions mountains and finish him myself." Hearing that Andrew even had plans to attack the Divine Alchemists' headquarters, Titus was even more horrified beyond belief. "H-Have you really gone mad?" Andrew replied calmly, "I haven't gone mad. It's just that the days of the Divine Alchemists abusing their power, sitting pretty, and acting high and mighty are about to come to an end." Titus shouted, "Do you really think you can take on the Divine Alchemists all by yourself?"

We're one of the largest ancient sects in Holtrien!" Andrew scoffed. "Maybe so. But from now on, you won't be anymore!" Just then, a large group of people entered from outside. Titus felt a surge of hope, thinking it was reinforcement from Chetvine coming to aid Sovereign's Apothecary. However, when he saw Brielle, his heart immediately sank. He roared with resentment, "Brielle, you must be enjoying everything that happened, aren't you?" ---- Behind her veil, Brielle's expression remained unchanged, her gaze calm. "Titus, this is something Julius brought upon himself."

Two years ago, he listened to Guillermo and did things he shouldn't have done. And now that the consequences have come, shouldn't he pay the price?" Titus shouted in fury. "But have you forgotten that you were once one of us in the Divine Alchemists? Brielle, can you really bear to watch Sovereign's Apothecary be destroyed?" Brielle was silent for a moment, then said softly, "I no longer care about Sovereign's Apothecary. Now, I work at Medicine God's Covenant. There, I can still use my skills and do what I love."

And besides, Medicine God's Covenant is fundamentally different from Sovereign's Apothecary." She added, "The Divine Alchemists only extract massive profits from the world to feed themselves. However, Medicine God's Covenant runs an honest business. The alchemists there can freely develop and create the elixirs they love."

Then, they will be sold at fair prices to martial artists throughout Holtrien who need them. "This is the grand vision that our predecessors had when they first established the art of alchemy, not Julius' approach, which is all about exploitation, sucking up to the powerful, and only caring about himself. ---- Titus shook his head, the last of his hope completely shattered. " Fine... Well said!" He pointed at Brielle and cried out in anguish, "Then why do you not strike me down too and kill someone as filthy as me along with the rest?" Brielle's emotions turned complicated.

"Titus, there's no deep hatred between you and me. Since Andrew is sparing your life, just go. But I must warn you: never come back to Chetvine again. Titus, heartbroken and devastated, left Sovereign's Apothecary. Andrew spared his life so he could return to the Western Regions and deliver Andrew's message word for word to Julius. Under Amari's direction, the people of the Medicine God's Covenant quickly cleared out Sovereign's Apothecary. "Andrew, doing this makes us look bad. This is no different from a smash-and-grab," Amari said helplessly.

Andrew replied coldly, "Setting aside whether or not I'm robbing them, even if I really am robbing them, who can do anything about it? Amari, just do it. Soon, the military will come and transport all the supplies away. In the upcoming war, no amount of medicine will be enough to meet the demand." ---- Amari sighed. "But the other factions won't understand your good intentions. They'll only think you're a brutal tyrant who's lost his humanity."

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## Chapter 3229

[ 775 words ]

---- Chapter 3229 Andrew said coldly, "I've long since lost patience and hope for these people. I don't care what they think of me. I only have one ultimate goal: to help Holtrien safely get through the great catastrophe that's coming. "A small Sovereign's Apothecary means nothing. If we can't withstand the ancient dark forces from the West and let the Vampire Queen completely crush Holtrien's martial arts heritage, that would be the most devastating disaster for Holtrien!" Amari nodded.

"Alright, I'll follow your lead unconditionally!" Theon came running over at that moment and suddenly knelt before Andrew. "Mr. Lloyd, please let Medicine God's Covenant take me in. I'm willing to give everything, even my life, to serve Medicine God's Covenant." Andrew waved his hand dismissively. "I don't need fickle opportunists like you. Just go. I may not like you, but I won't kill you either." Theon wailed, "I've devoted my whole life to the art of alchemy.

Now that Sovereign's Apothecary is gone, where am I supposed to go?" Amari spat angrily and cursed, "Theon, you have the nerve to say ---- that? What you care about isn't alchemy at all! What you care about is the wealth and status the Divine Alchemists gave you. Now that Sovereign's Apothecary is gone, you'll have to live off your savings until they run out. That's why you're panicking, isn't it?" Theon grew furious and wanted to argue back. However, his face flushed red, as Amari had completely exposed his true thoughts.

Brielle said coldly, "Theon is a man of poor character who values fame and fortune more than his love for alchemy. I strongly advise against taking him in. If he joins the Medicine God's Covenant, he will only become a liability." With Brielle speaking, Andrew immediately smiled. "Good, we'll do as Madam Baxter says. Theon, you heard her. The fact is, your reputation has been terrible for half your life. You can't blame

anyone for that!" Theon ground his teeth in hatred, his beard trembling wildly. In the end, he reluctantly turned and walked out of Sovereign's Apothecary.

From that moment on, Medicine God's Covenant stood alone at the top in Chetvine. Wherever Theon went, there would be no place willing to take him in. Was it possible that, in his old age, he would end up wandering ---- until his last breath? Swallowing his pride, Theon called his prized disciple, Mikayla." Mikayla, I'm homeless now. How about letting me stay with your family and giving me a place there?" Mikayla sounded terrified on the phone. "Mr. Orben, you were kicked out of Sovereign's Apothecary?"

Does that mean Sovereign's Apothecary has already been..." Theon hissed with deep hatred, "That's right. Andrew destroyed it completely. It's gone." Mikayla gasped. Sovereign's Apothecary had been one of the Owens family's greatest pillars, backed by the all-powerful Divine Alchemists. And now, it was gone. One by one, the supports the Owens family relied on in Chetvine were being pulled out. She suddenly asked, "Mr. Orben, how did Andrew treat you?" Theon cursed angrily, "How else would it be? He told me to get out of Chetvine and refused to take me in.

That little bastard will get what is coming to him sooner or later." Mikayla exhaled slowly and replied flatly, "Then there's nothing we can do. The Owens family can't take you in either, so where ---- you go next is up to you." Theon shouted in disbelief, "Why? Mikayla, even you look down 'on me now? I can still refine pills. I can lead the Owens family to build something great. Do you even understand that?" Mikayla's voice sounded distant and unfamiliar. "I'm sorry, Mr. Orben.

If Andrew doesn't allow you to stay in Chetvine, then no matter how capable you are, the Owens family will not shelter you. We can barely protect ourselves, and we don't want to provoke him any further. So wherever you go, go on your own. Goodbye." As the call disconnected, Theon's vision went dark. He suddenly realized he had no one left, and everything was truly over. It turned out everyone around him had been fair-weather allies, clinging to him when he was powerful. The moment he fell, they all turned their backs on him. His heart turned to ashes.

Like a destitute, lonely old scavenger, Theon gathered his few remaining belongings and left Chetvinde. He had thought about returning to the Divine Alchemists. However, Andrew had already made it clear that he was going to war with them. Going there now would only mean getting caught up in the conflict, with no guarantee of survival. ---- With no other choice, he decided to drift wherever fate took him.

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## Chapter 3230

[ 561 words ]

---- Chapter 3230 "Madam Baxter, you don't blame me for what's happened to the Sovereign's Apothecary, do you?" Andrew asked as he and Brielle walked together through the now-empty halls. This had once been Brielle's domain, where she had poured countless years of effort. Hence his question. Brielle stopped before the garden where she used to reside and shook her head. "No. On the contrary, I am grateful to you. The Medicine God's Covenant not only fulfills my dream but has also given me a true home for the rest of my life." Andrew smiled. "That's good.

Soon, I believe Julius will make his move. As long as he comes to Chetvine, I'll kill him and avenge you." Brielle's body trembled, and she said shyly, "Avenge me? So you're doing all this for me?" Looking at this mature woman's sparkling eyes, Andrew's heart skipped a beat, and he felt awkward. "Well, it's partly for you, Madam Baxter. But Julius and I already have plenty of bad blood between us. I have to make an example of him." Brielle smiled faintly. "Why do you seem more and more reserved around me?" ---- Andrew asked curiously, "Do I?" Brielle chuckled softly.

"Alright, I told you last time that it was just that one occasion. You have a sensitive position now, and many important people are around you. I know my own place and won't harbor any improper thoughts. Besides, the differences in our status and ages are too great. People would think I'm shameless." Andrew found this amusing. "I don't think so. You really aren't old at all. In fact, you're quite charming. Many younger men adore mature, experienced women like you." Brielle's face, even her neck, flushed crimson all at once.

She glared at Andrew in embarrassment and snapped, "Please stop flirting with me. If you kept talking like that, I would think you were trying to take advantage of me." Andrew immediately shut up. Some things did not need to be said too directly, and going any further would cross a line. Andrew knew that if he pushed hard enough, Brielle would probably give in. Playing with such a charming, mature woman would definitely be intoxicating. However, Andrew had standards for himself.

Doing something like that with Eric's mother was something he ---- could not bring himself to do, especially since he considered Eric just like his brother. The Sovereign's Apothecary was thus permanently shut down. The public destruction and intimidation had been witnessed by all the major and minor factions in Chetvine. From that day on, Andrew's reputation for ruthlessness and lawlessness spread everywhere. The Dragon Prince of the Lloyd family, who had returned after two years, was said to be even more unhinged than before Lorenzo once again went to see Guillermo. "Mr.

Vazquez, Andrew is getting more and more out of control. He already forced his way through several major families. Now, only the Cunningham family is left. "Without a doubt, the Cunningham family will bow to him tomorrow. Otherwise, there's only one outcome: death. But with him acting so wildly and crushing Chetvine's factions like this, shouldn't he be stopped?" Seeing Lorenzo seething with anger, Guillermo's expression turned cold. "The experts sent to deal with him are almost here. Lorenzo, calm down. I know you're afraid Andrew would target the Owens family next. But don't worry.

I won't stand by and do nothing."

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## Chapter 3231

[ 711 words ]

---- Chapter 3231 Lorenzo paced back and forth anxiously, unable to calm himself down. He said, "Mr. Vazquez, it's not that I can't keep my composure, but the whole structure is about to collapse. My family stands alone and weak, and there's no way we can withstand Andrew's wrath." He continued, "He alone is unbeatable. In all of Chetvine, the only ones who can deal with him are probably you and the hidden experts from the two royal families. However, the two royal families have been noncommittal and have never been at your disposal.

In the end, you're the only one I can rely on." Guillermo snorted coldly. "After all that talk, you're still hoping I'll step up and face Andrew in a duel personally, right? It's not impossible, but the timing isn't right! At the very least, I need other people, like the Cavendishes and the others, to join the fight before I make a move. Once I do make a move, it has to be a guaranteed kill." Lorenzo was still anxious and uneasy. "Then, Mr. Vazquez, if Andrew shows up at the Owens family's door, what should I do?" Guillermo roared, "Don't you have any ability to think for yourself?

What should you do? Of course, you should be practical. If you can't beat him, just submit obediently." ---- Lorenzo breathed a sigh of relief and even smiled. "Mr. Vazquez, in that case, don't blame me if I show no backbone when the time comes." The killing intent in Guillermo's eyes suddenly surged. Even though he said it, he could not believe Lorenzo actually dared to do it. That would mean completely discarding Guillermo's reputation and dignity. People would say that Guillermo had been forced, step by step, into a corner by Andrew, powerless against him.

Even his trusted confidant and right-hand man had knelt before Andrew. However, the next moment, Guillermo's anger subsided. He knew that loyalty was fickle when personal advantage was at stake. No matter how much power he once wielded or how brilliant he once was, it was all in the past. In Holtrien's current landscape, he had even mobilized the two royal families, the Hearst family and the Cavendish family, both ancient lineages with over 1000 years of history.

Yet even then, he still had no solution for Andrew, Nate was a renowned first-class powerhouse from the royal family, but he was already defeated and nearly killed. Now, the Hearst royal family's ace, Pablo, was rushing to Chetvine. As for the Cavendish royal family, they had remained silent, ---- patiently watching Guillermo was not entirely sure what their stance was. However, as a master strategist, he understood human nature all too well. The Cavendish family was such a massive powerhouse in Holtrien.

They would never stand by and watch another rising star climb to the top by trampling on the family glory that already existed. After all, no one wanted to be replaced or eliminated. So, Guillermo was confident that the Cavendish family would definitely react. And indeed, his cunning instincts were right. The Cavendish royal family from central Holtrien had already dispatched someone At the same time, the Nieves family from Sylvan Peaks had also made their move. Without holding anything back, Orson Nieves, the number one figure in Sylvan Peaks, headed straight for Chetvine.

Orson was the previous head of the Nieves family. He was Kelvin's grandfather and was over 105 Orson was a towering figure in Holtrien's martial arts world who. did not appear on any rankings yet had unparalleled, intimidating power. At the very least, the top-ranked person on the Titan List, ---- Luther Johnston, who was also the leader of Mount Lourneau, had once fought against Orson and lost. Yes, he lost. Martial cultivation was like fine wine. The longer it aged, the deeper and stronger it became. With over 100 years of accumulated power, could Andrew really stop Orson?

Most people were convinced he could not. They believed it would be a dead end for him. Nonetheless, the Lloyd royal family in Chetvine definitely would not stand by and watch. They would surely enter the fray and join the battle. Then, within Holtrien, an internal conflict involving the martial arts world and the major families in power would definitely stir up a massive storm.

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## Chapter 3232

[ 595 words ]

---- Chapter 3232 A day passed in the blink of an eye. Today, Andrew was set to head for the Cunningham family. At the gates of the Lloyd family estate, Kelvin was still kneeling. Though he had not been given food, he was given water. However, it was nothing more than plain drinking water. He had been kept barely alive like this, kneeling at the entrance of the Lloyd estate for almost a week straight. Kelvin was completely wrecked. Yet, he did not dare to pass out, nor did he dare to close his eyes and just drop dead.

Only by continuing to kneel and keeping Andrew satisfied would the people of the Nieves family in Sylvan Peaks remain safe for now. Only then would his illegitimate son be spared. Andrew squatted in front of Kelvin and smiled casually. "You weren't like this two years ago. You were full of confidence and looked down on everything. Back then, you even wanted to kill my father, didn't you?" Kelvin struggled to open his cracked lips. "Yes, I deserve death." Andrew said listlessly, "How boring. I still prefer the defiant man you used to be.

Given your current state, killing you would be easy, but it would feel meaningless. However, letting you go just ---- like this would be too easy on you. Really, this is quite a dilemma for me." Kelvin quickly said, "Mr. Lloyd, you don't need to trouble yourself. I'll just keep kneeling here as long as you don't harm the people of the Nieves family." Andrew said flatly, "You're not really a sentimental person, are you? You didn't care about Skylar's death at all.

So why does this illegitimate son of yours matter so much to you that you're willing to be a slave here?" Kelvin was silent for a moment. Then, he replied in a hoarse voice, "Because I loved his mother very much. She was the woman I loved most in this life. She died because of me, so I have to take good care of the only child she left behind. Even if it costs me my life, I'm willing to do it." Andrew nodded. "Get up and go to the Lloyd family estate cafeteria for a good meal. Then get out of here and go back to Sylvan Peaks to do something for me.

If you do that, I'll let you go." Kelvin looked up in disbelief. "Y-You're willing to let me leave?" Andrew said, "Originally, I wouldn't have let you go. But from what you just said, I can tell you were being sincere. For a woman who gave her life for you, you held on. That shows you're at least a man and a somewhat responsible father. Just for ---- those two reasons, I've decided to let you go. But as I said, you still have to do something for me!" Kelvin looked wary. "What is it? If you want to take down my family, I'm sorry, but I'd rather die than help with that. That's my family.

They raised me. I can't do it." Andrew scoffed. "Honestly, I really don't need your help if I want to destroy the Nieves family in Sylvan Peaks. I just need to give the order and bring enough people, and I could level your home city in two days." Kelvin trembled. "W-What do you want me to do?" Andrew said coldly, "I'll notify you when the time comes. For now, you don't need to know. First, go and have a good meal. Then, take a shower while you're there. You look horrible right now." 3

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## Chapter 3233

[ 561 words ]

---- Chapter 3233 Kelvin walked into the Lloyd family estate anxiously. The meal moved him to tears, and he swore it was the best he had ever eaten. Andrew and Nyx, as they did yesterday, set out together toward the Cunningham residence. Since yesterday, everyone in the Cunningham family had been in a state of panic. Many people had not slept all night, their eyes bloodshot from lack of sleep. Conrad had been kneeling outside Otto's room all night long. It was a desperate plea, a final protest "Grandpa, it's useless.

No matter how unwilling you feel, how humiliated you think this is, or even if you want to drag everyone down with you, none of it will work. You have no idea how powerful Andrew has become now. Forget the Cunningham family; even Mr. Vazquez's time is up. "Today is the deadline he gave us! I know this is out of line, but I only have one request... Grandpa, face your death!" When those last few words came out, all the Cunningham family's leadership exploded in fury. "How dare you! Conrad, have you gone completely insane? Are ---- you actually telling your grandfather to die?

Are you even human? Another chimed in, "This bastard has clearly betrayed the Cunningham family. His loyalty belongs to Andrew now." Someone shouted, "Patriarch, you should execute this traitor first. After that, the entire Cunningham family will fight Andrew to the death!" Curses, spit, and rage all poured down on Conrad. Yet, he remained unmoved and continued kneeling at Otto's door, shouting toward the room. "Grandpa, I beg you to end your life. Only if you die will Andrew's fury and hatred be appeased. Only then can the Cunningham family bloodline be preserved.

So please, Grandpa, think of the bigger picture!" A Cunningham family powerhouse finally lost control and struck out with a palm from midair, aiming straight for the back of Conrad's head "You worthless traitor. The family is facing disaster, but you're not looking for a solution; instead, you commit treason. I'll send you to your grave first!" Otto's door suddenly swung open, and an aged, hoarse voice roared, "Stop!" ---- The Cunningham family elder, who was about to strike Conrad, shouted furiously, "Patriarch, you shouldn't spare him!

Why are you showing him mercy?" Otto walked out of the room very slowly, as if each step was incredibly difficult. All the Cunningham family leadership waiting outside froze, shock written all over their faces. In just one night, half of Otto's hair had turned snow

white. The man no longer had his previous vigor and vitality. Instead, he looked completely worn down and withered. It was as if he had endured some tremendous torture and hardship. Only Conrad knew how much pain, helplessness, and despair Otto had experienced that night. Otto was an incredibly domineering figure.

Moreover, the Cunningham family had many hidden trump cards that others did not know about. Otherwise, they would not have dared to plot to secure the Lloyd royal family's status and try to replace them. However, Andrew's momentum was too fierce and unstoppable. Conrad had told Otto everything about what happened in the Outlands. Then he firmly demanded that Otto give up resistance and his delusions. He insisted Otto submit before Andrew and ---- let Andrew do whatever he wanted. Whether it was death, humiliation, or torment, everything would be left to Andrew.

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## Chapter 3234

[ 505 words ]

---- Chapter 3234 Otto was naturally unwilling at first, even saying he wouldn't accept fate and wanted to fight back. However, after a night of contemplation, his hair had actually turned white from the mental exhaustion. It was obvious how much pain and pressure his heart had endured. Now, as he stepped out of the tightly shut room, Otto stood with his hands behind his back. He lifted his head and looked at the newly risen morning sun. He mumbled, "Life has always been this unpredictable. Andrew is just like the sun right now.

No one can stop him as he climbs higher and shines brighter." These rambling words confused many people, but they could hear the powerlessness, desolation, and sorrow in Otto's heart. Several women immediately burst into tears and dropped to their knees. Otto remained unmoved and only looked at Conrad, saying, "Conrad, you're right. I should indeed face my death. Only this way can our family be saved! Conrad, I drove you away, disowned you, and sent you far away to the Outlands...

Even I ---- have to admire your growth on your journey." He added, "You said Reginald taught you many things, and you learned a lot from Andrew. How ironic. I spent my entire life's efforts cultivating you with no results. Yet from the Cunningham family's enemies, you achieved tremendous growth. I was stubborn and self-righteous all my life, only to discover in my old age that I was wrong... Terribly wrong!" With a long sigh, Otto suddenly spat out a large mouthful of blood all over Conrad's head.

Conrad's face twisted in pain as he looked up and screamed, " Grandfather." Tears were already streaming from his eyes. Otto had shattered his own meridians, and that single act was enough to injure him severely. "Conrad, I've wronged you, but I've always loved you... It's just that I've used the wrong methods, which led you to where you are today. So, use your hands to end my life. I willingly die by your hand. After that, you'll be the head of the Cunningham family." Conrad could not bear it and lowered his head. Blood mixed with tears streamed down his face.

"Grandpa, y-you shouldn't have to, you really shouldn't have to!" ---- Crushing pain, overwhelming sorrow, and a complete lack of choice forced Conrad, who had never lived a happy life, to taste that bitterness once again. He pulled out the knife he had long hidden against his chest. His body trembled as he clenched his teeth so hard that blood seeped out, and he stepped forward inch by inch toward Otto's heart. "Grandpa, I'm sorry... For the sake of the Cunningham family, I have no choice!" Several elders from the Cunningham family leadership nearby let out anguished howls.

However, Otto's resolute and ruthless gaze prevented them from moving an inch or interfering. "Do it, Conrad. You've been a wonderful grandson. Only a real man can be reborn from extreme pain. I'm willing to trade my life in exchange for your growth once more!"

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## Chapter 3235

[ 611 words ]

---- Chapter 3235 "Wait!" An urgent shout cut in, sharp with anger and panic. Everyone in the Cunningham family was startled and turned to look. Conrad was no exception. The dagger in his hand trembled twice as he looked outside. He asked, "Luna, why are you here?" The person who arrived was Luna. Her face was full of anger as she shouted, "Conrad, put down that knife in your hand. Put it down right now. Do you even know what you're doing?" Conrad said numbly, "I know. Luna, you can't stop me." Luna gritted her teeth.

"I may not be able to stop you, but Andrew doesn't want you to do this." Conrad whipped around, his voice breaking. "What did you say? Does that mean Andrew is willing to spare the Cunningham family?" Luna's expression was complicated as she shook her head. " Conrad, I can't guarantee whether or not Andrew will spare the Cunningham family. But I can guarantee that Mr. Turman doesn't want you to kill Mr.

Cunningham Senior. If you do that, then your ---- life will truly be ruined!" Otto shouted, "Conrad, do it. You're the heir to the Cunningham family. You're a real man!

This is the moment that tests you! Kill me! Kill me, right now!" Faced with Otto's pressure, Conrad gripped the dagger tightly and prepared to strike again. A cold snort rang out as Philip arrived with his people! "You fool! Put the knife down! Do I really have to beg you?" Conrad quickly stood up respectfully and bowed his head. "Mr. Turman, you're here!" Philip ignored him and looked at Otto on the ground with a cold laugh. "Otto, you're really going to extremes, using your own death to force your grandson into total opposition with Andrew. What?

Did you expect this to ignite Conrad's hatred so he would fight Andrew to the death one day?" Otto said darkly, "Philip, don't interfere with the Cunningham family's affairs." Philip scoffed. "Originally, I really didn't want to interfere. But Reginald recommended your worthless grandson to me. He said your grandson is a soldier worth cultivating who will definitely contribute to Holtrien in the future. So I can't bear to watch you destroy him like this. Your grudge with the Lloyd royal family is ---- your own doing.

But Conrad shouldn't have to pay for your hatred and insane obsession!" Otto gritted his teeth. "Philip, why have you come to the Cunningham residence at this time? What do you want?" Philip snorted coldly. "Nothing much. Just stopping your stupidity from getting Conrad killed... After all, this idiot is my student. Though I really don't want to acknowledge him." Conrad dropped to his knees again and called out, "Mr. Turman!" Philip sighed with frustration and disappointment. "Get up. Reginald and Andrew have no issue with you.

How can I be harsh on you?" Conrad had once been expelled by Philip. Back then, Conrad had insisted on a life-and-death duel over Andrew, which had enraged Philip. But now, all of that has faded into the past. "Thank you, Mr. Turman!" Having been forgiven, Conrad was overjoyed, and tears welled up in his eyes again Philip looked at him and shook his head. "You're a pitiful kid. It's just your luck to end up with a grandfather like him." Otto roared, "Philip, you old bastard! Why are you trying to drive a wedge in the Cunningham family relationships?

What are you ---- really after?" Philip said calmly, "I already told you: nothing! Besides, this trip of mine is just for show. The real guest of the Cunningham family is arriving now." As his words fell, Andrew and Nyx officially stepped onto the Cunningham residence.

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## Chapter 3236

[ 666 words ]

---- Chapter 3236 Otto forced a strained smile and said, "Andrew, just do it. If I resist even once or blink an eye, then I am not a real man." Andrew's face was icy as he replied, "You old fool, there's no rush. Still, I have to admit, you are pretty sneaky and hard to deal with. What's your game? You planned to let Conrad kill you so you could plant a seed of hatred against me in his heart?" He added, "The grandson kills his own grandfather, all because of me, the relentless enemy pressing him. That way, Conrad will resent me for the rest of his life, waiting for a chance to get revenge.

That's your plan, isn't it?" Otto shouted back, "That's right, that's exactly my plan! What are you going to do about it? The Cunningham family won't be spineless like the Harding family, letting you trample all over us!" Andrew sneered. Suddenly, he moved and grabbed the neck of a senior member of the Cunningham family. The elderly man was Otto's own brother, a pillar of the Cunningham family. His face instantly turned red as he gasped for air, suffering terribly. He wanted to break free but could not. Otto panicked immediately. "Let go! Andrew, you fiend!

Let him go!" ---- A cold gleam flashed in Andrew's eyes, and increased the pressure in his hand Blood immediately spurted from the corner of the man's mouth. He was clearly on the verge of death. Otto's eyes burned with rage, yet he did not dare to make a sound. His eyes filled with profound sorrow and fear. Finally, the old schemer showed signs of breaking before Andrew and began to beg, "Let him go... Please let him go! I'll submit! I'll do anything you say!" Andrew flung his hand, and the elder flew through the air, barely alive. "Otto, you think you can play games with me?

I can only say that you're a delusional man, even at your age. Wiping out the Cunningham family right now would be a trivial matter for me, yet you still try to pit Conrad against me completely. "Fine. I'll let you try. But the moment you die, I can immediately annihilate the entire Cunningham family. By then, what meaning would all the conflict, hatred, and schemes you created even have? When everyone's dead, what does the Cunningham family have left to fight me with?" Looking at Otto on the ground, filled with hatred, Andrew's voice grew even colder.

---- Otto finally let out a bitter laugh. "Fine! I admit it! You've won. The Cunningham family and I have lost. Andrew, whether you kill me or not, it is up to you. But you can't touch the Cunningham family. Because from start to finish, the only one who truly had a grudge against you and Reginald was me alone!" Andrew sneered and looked down at him. "Oh, now you remember sacrificing yourself to protect the family? Otto, I can only say it's too late." Otto felt a surge of dread and hurriedly asked, "What are you planning to do?" Andrew's face was filled with murderous intent. "What do I want?

Of course, to make the Cunningham family suffer forever. The Cunningham family has three generations, right? I'll kill the youngest generation directly, wipe them all out. "That way, they can conveniently keep you company in the afterlife. Sounds good, doesn't it? And while we're at it, the Cunningham family bloodline will be completely severed. That'll definitely be interesting. They'll become the first family in all of Holtrien to be completely wiped out. Are you satisfied now?" At the sight of Andrew's sinister smile, Otto completely broke down. "No! Andrew, you can't do this.

Spare the Cunningham family! I'm begging you, I'll beg you any way you want. I will submit and even give you my life... I'll do anything! Just please, ---- please don't touch the youngest generation of the Cunningham family. I'll take all the blame for everything; I'll shoulder it all!"

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## Chapter 3237

[ 737 words ]

---- Chapter 3237 Andrew snorted coldly. "Otto, you can reveal your trump card now. Your fake act makes me sick." Otto, in the midst of begging, froze. "W-What do you mean? The Cunningham family has no trump cards left!" Andrew glanced at the other Cunningham family members, some terrified, others furious. Then, he shook his head. He said coldly, "The other Cunningham family members might not know this, but you're deeply scheming. You even dared to covet the position of the Lloyd royal family. If you tell me the Cunningham family has no backup plan, I won't believe it.

Perhaps I need to kill a few more people before you're willing to let him show himself, right?" As his words fell, Andrew's right hand suddenly pulled inward. Instantly, a violent gust exploded out of thin air above the Cunningham family crowd. Then, a young man was lifted into the air. Andrew grabbed him by the throat. His face turned red as he desperately reached toward Otto for help. Yet, it was useless because Andrew kept increasing his strength. Seeing that the young man was on the verge of death, Conrad - --- rushed forward and dropped to his knees. He begged, "Andrew, spare Theodore!

He's just a kid. Let him go, and I'll die in his place." Andrew said coldly, "Get lost! You know better than anyone what kind of person your grandfather is. The fact that I haven't killed him yet is already mercy." He turned to Otto and added, "Otto, I'm giving you one last chance. Bring out whoever's backing you, or your great-grandson will die a terrible death!" Otto's face twisted with agony as he shouted, "Fine! Let Theodore go! Let him

go, and I'll do whatever you want!" However, Andrew's eyes turned icy, and he had no intention of releasing him as he prepared to crush the boy's neck.

"Stop!" An aged, low shout rang out from deep within the Cunningham residence, carrying suppressed fury. The Cunningham family members were confused and shocked. After all, everyone from the Cunningham family was already kneeling here, so how was there still someone inside? Under everyone's gaze, a tall, white-haired old man walked out ---- with a dark expression. "Andrew, you brat, you were looking for me, weren't you? Let go of that kid. I will play with you instead." When Conrad saw this elder, he first froze, then looked utterly disbelieving. He mumbled, "G-Grand Elder Wyatt?"

"You're still alive?!" Wyatt Cunningham glanced at him and sighed. "I've dragged all of you youngsters down. Conrad, step aside. Whatever Andrew wants, I will settle it with him." Andrew sneered and casually tossed Theodore away. He said, "You're Wyatt Cunningham, right? 30 years ago, the Cunningham family held a grand funeral for you, and now you suddenly appear here. So, are you human, or are you a ghost?" The Cunningham family members stared at the white-haired old man with uncertainty and fear. They were terrified that he might be a ghost, just as Andrew said.

Wyatt's face twitched as he said through gritted teeth, "I'm human, of course. If I were a ghost, I would have haunted you long ago. Since you've already investigated and discovered that the funeral 30 years ago was fake, why bother with this false righteousness, questioning me here?" Andrew scoffed. "False righteousness? You faked your death, nursed wild ambitions, and secretly went after the Lloyd royal ---- family, all to make the Cunningham family rise again.

The truly vile and shameless one is you and the entire Cunningham family, isn't it?" Wyatt was furious but forcibly held it in as he glanced at Nyx beside Andrew with a hostile look. Andrew said calmly, "Old fool, I know what you're thinking. You know you cannot stop the two of us, right? If Nyx weren't here, you'd want to drag me down with you in mutual destruction. With your life alone, you could protect the entire Cunningham family." He continued, "Nice plan, but let me tell you this.

In my eyes, your 30 years of painstaking effort and lying low are nothing but trash!" Wyatt roared, "Brat, since you think so highly of yourself, do you dare fight me alone?" Andrew smiled coldly. "Why wouldn't I?" Wyatt waved his hand forcefully. "Everyone else in the Cunningham family, step back. Today, I'll restore the might of the Cunningham family. I'll show him exactly why the Cunningham family stands among the top families of Holtrien."

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## Chapter 3238

[ 699 words ]

---- Chapter 3238 Otto, barely clinging to life, said anxiously, "Grand Elder Wyatt, you... Wyatt interrupted, "Otto, you don't need to say anything more. From the Cunningham family's perspective, you weren't wrong. The only mistake was that our family was no match for Andrew's strength. But now, even if it costs my life, I'll make him understand that the Cunningham family isn't so easily trampled on." Andrew rose to his feet with a thunderous momentum and swept out a kick, his aura surging dramatically. "Wyatt, you've lived all these years for nothing.

At your age, you still insist on judging right and wrong by strength. Then I will show you just how completely wrong you are!" Wyatt burst into wild laughter as his beard and hair flew. The peak martial god aura erupted from his body, and a crushing pressure gathered in front of him like something solid. Andrew's incoming kick was neutralized in midair. Nyx warned in a low voice, "Honey, be careful. This old bastard has hidden his strength well!" The power of a peak martial god was enough to make even Nyx ---- feel immense pressure.

With her current strength, she definitely would not be Wyatt's match, Still, that only meant Wyatt could not do anything to her either. After all, if she could not win, she could escape anytime. However, Andrew was now fighting Wyatt head-on. In a battle with their lives on the line, there was no running away. Luna's expression became extremely grave as she asked Philip, " Mr.

Turman, the Cunningham family actually still has such an ancestor?" Philip's eyes darkened as he stared at the overwhelmingly powerful Wyatt and said calmly, "All along, Andrew and I have shared the same suspicion about the Cunningham family. "With Otto leading them, the Cunningham family would never dare target the foundations of the Lloyd royal family. That would be suicide! Yet, Otto dared to go head-to-head with the Lloyd royal family, and that meant the Cunningham family definitely had something to rely on. "As you can see, Wyatt is the Cunningham family's ultimate trump card.

I just didn't expect he could lie low for 30 years, lurking in the shadows all this time. That kind of ambition and willpower is truly both admirable and frightening." Luna asked urgently, "Can Andrew defeat Grand Elder Wyatt?" ---- Philip waved his hand. "Don't act recklessly. Going up there will only get you killed. Relax, your dear little lover won't do anything he's not confident about. The fact that he could force Wyatt out so calmly means he has absolute confidence." Luna nodded, her cheeks flushing red. Philip glanced at her and snorted.

"You really think I know nothing I've known all along about you getting together with this boy, even sleeping with him!" Luna gasped, covering her mouth in shock. Philip waved

his hand. "Just because I know doesn't mean I was. spying on you. You silly girl, you always let your guard down around this boy. You're my prized student, so of course I had to keep watch the whole time. "However, you've done well. The reason Andrew and I have a somewhat better relationship now seems to be because of you. At this rate, I'd be happy if you become his wife." Luna said reproachfully, "Mr.

Turman, you should focus on Andrew's safety instead. You're saying all this nonsense with so many people around... Aren't you embarrassed!" Philip replied calmly, "If necessary, I'll naturally step in. Wyatt's existence poses a great threat. Let's see if Andrew can take care of him." ---- Andrew and Wyatt exchanged a palm strike. Both were blasted backward as their auras collided in midair, crushing against each other with neither yielding an inch. Andrew's eyes gleamed with a cold light. He had not brought Godslayer. In Chetvine, it ultimately was not convenient to go on a killing spree.

Even here, within the Cunningham residence, Andrew would not recklessly attack without regard for others' lives. Harming innocents was something he would never do. "Old bastard, let's take this outside!" Andrew sneered and shot out of the hall, landing in the open space outside Wyatt followed closely, his aura surging like a storm. "As if I'd fear you!" 2

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## Chapter 3239

[ 674 words ]

---- Chapter 3239 As the two changed locations, Otto was helped up by the Cunningham family members and followed closely to watch the battle. Nyx, Luna, Philip, and the others also followed. Their eyes fixed on the two fighters locked in combat. Nyx said coldly, "If anything happens to Andrew, I won't hesitate to join in and attack together. We'll definitely kill Wyatt." She was not from Holtrien and knew nothing about the Cunningham family. As long as Andrew was in danger, she would certainly intervene.

When that happened, the two of them would attack Wyatt together, and no matter how powerful he was, he would die. Nyx's words made Otto and the others' faces change dramatically. The hope that had just ignited in their hearts instantly plummeted back to the depths. After all, Andrew still had another female martial god watching like a tiger eyeing its prey. Although the Cunningham family had lain low and kept this trump card hidden, Wyatt alone definitely could not win against two great martial gods.

---- Andrew struck palm after palm, splitting stone and shattering structures as he attacked wildly. The scorching and violent Inferno Strike was unleashed by Andrew to a level that even gods and demons would avoid. Inferno Strike itself was mighty and domineering, carrying intense heat. In the past, Andrew's strength had not been enough to fully unleash its power. But now, he had reached the pinnacle and could fully activate Inferno Strike's full might. Wyatt roared repeatedly.

After exchanging several palm strikes with Andrew in mid-air, his face turned bright red, and steam began rising from the top of his head. However, with his overwhelming strength, he was not actually injured. Still, the force of Inferno Strike made him feel incredibly uncomfortable. Roaring furiously, Wyatt soared high and landed on the rooftop. However, the moment he steadied himself, the roof beneath his feet exploded. Andrew surged upward like an enraged dragon bursting from the depths and blasted the entire building apart.

Amid the explosion, he soared into the air, killing intent surging across his face. "You brat, don't get carried away!" Wyatt erupted in rage, exhaling forcefully as both palms struck downward. ---- Two solid streams of energy transformed into golden dragons in midair and slammed Andrew back down. Andrew's back slammed into a pillar below. The pillar shattered with a thunderous crack, and along with it, the tiles above and half the roof collapsed in a roaring cascade. A sharp cry of alarm rose from the crowd. Luna cried out, "Mr.

Turman, Andrew's in danger!" Philip clenched and relaxed his fist repeatedly, but he remained calmer than Luna. He said in a deep voice, "Let's watch a bit longer." Nyx had already tightened her grip on the dagger she carried with her. Whether she acted or not would depend entirely on her mood. Meanwhile, Otto and the others were overjoyed. At least for now, Wyatt had the upper hand. However, only Wyatt himself, as the person involved, knew how dangerous Andrew truly was. His face was tense to the extreme as he stared without blinking at the dust-filled ruins.

Suddenly, a figure shot up from the smoke. It was Andrew! ---- In midair, he twisted sharply like an eagle and once again launched himself at Wyatt. Wyatt raised his hands and, in a breath, threw out hundreds of punches. Each punch carried enough power to kill a fierce beast. The deafening explosions echoed through the air. The two moved like spinning tops at extreme speed, fighting from the air to the ground and back into the sky. They clashed nonstop across the rooftops, explosions erupting everywhere. The Cunningham family owned vast grounds in Chetvine.

In just moments, the two powerful figures had fought their way several hundred meters away. The Cunningham family members below craned their necks and chased after them without daring to relax. They were terrified that if Wyatt left their sight for even a second, he would be beaten to death by Andrew. Nyx had already leaped onto the rooftop, watching the battle unfold closely.

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## - Chapter 3240

### Chapter 3240

[ 668 words ]

---- Chapter 3240 Andrew pressed the attack while Wyatt focused on defense. Andrew's strikes were wide and forceful, while Wyatt's stance was steady and unshakable. Only when Wyatt could no longer hold did he roar and unleash one of his long-hidden signature moves. He used the Cunningham family's Dragon Palm, suddenly going on the offensive and forcing Andrew back. After another head-on clash of fists, Andrew let out a muffled grunt and slid backward. Wyatt also cried out in pain and staggered back a dozen steps. The two stood more than 100 yards apart, staring at each other from a distance.

Andrew's face was ice cold. Without saying a word, his aura showed signs of rising again. Meanwhile, Wyatt kept his lips tightly shut, veins bulging at his temples. Sweat poured down his face and neck, and soon, a small puddle formed on the ground beneath him. The people watching below held their breath, not daring to breathe. So far, neither of the two powerful fighters had won. But ---- from the looks of it, both had given their all. Could this end in mutual destruction? Otto was shocked beyond belief. He knew Wyatt's strength better than anyone.

He noticed how Andrew had been able to withstand Wyatt's violent assault until now. With this level of skill, if not for Wyatt's existence, the Cunningham family could have been slaughtered ten times over. He finally understood why Conrad feared Andrew so

much. Conrad feared him to the point of having no thought of resistance, singlemindedly seeking death to preserve the Cunningham family's safety. Moreover, Andrew had been back in Chetvine for several days now. Yet, Guillermo's side still did not dare make a peep.

This could only mean that Andrew was now truly someone no one dared to provoke. Andrew stepped forward, slowly assuming his fighting stance, and black and red energy began swirling around his bare hands. He said, "Wyatt, you've hidden for 30 years, and your cultivation is indeed profound. But today, you're still no match for me. I think you've reached your limit, haven't you? Meanwhile, I'm right in my prime, strong and unstoppable. ---- "Forget defeating you. If this drags on, you will burn out, and at worst, I will just be badly injured.

But in the end, you will die, and I will walk away just fine. If we let this feud continue for another 30 years, it would be enough for me to wipe you and the Cunningham family out countless times." He added, "But 30 years from now, I will only be stronger, breaking through a higher level and becoming truly unstoppable. This is the gap between us. What do you have to play against me?" As he finished speaking, Andrew let out a thunderous roar. Behind him, the black-red energy surged skyward. Dark clouds gathered above the Cunningham residence as the atmosphere itself began to change.

Wyatt looked up, and his face changed drastically. Countless thoughts flashed through his mind in an instant. In the end, he clenched his teeth hard. For the dignity of the Cunningham family, he would not give up until the very last moment. Besides, he still had the strength and the chance to strike back. With a hoarse roar, Wyatt spat out a mouthful of blood from deep within his chest. At the same time, his aura surged upward as well. Soon, dense, ---- overwhelming energy gathered above his head. Soon, it formed the faint image of a ferocious dragon, baring its fangs and claws.

It let out a silent roar toward Andrew, as if issuing a threat. Philip's face grew grave as he murmured, "Both of them have reached the strength to break through Beyond Mortal. The Cunningham family has certainly hidden deeply, far beyond the reach of ordinary people. But Andrew's growth is the true meteoric rise. "Could it be that his lifetime achievements will surpass Reginald's? If that is true, then the Lloyd royal family will stand alone at the very top of Holtrien, unmatched by any other force."

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## Chapter 3241

[ 559 words ]

---- Chapter 3241 Explosions echoed as the black and crimson energy above Andrew's head intertwined and suddenly surged forward. It looked like a dark current and a river of blood, clearly divided yet tightly entwined, crashing toward Wyatt like a raging flood tearing across the sky. The furious dragon above Wyatt's head let out a ferocious roar. With its fangs bared and pushed to the limit by Wyatt's full strength, it twisted violently and shot forward, smashing head-on into the ominous torrent. A massive shockwave exploded outward from the point of impact.

In an instant, one-third of the Cunningham estate's buildings collapsed completely. The commotion was so great that it shook half of Chetvine. Yet no one knew whether someone was secretly guarding the area or whether an unseen force was interfering, because no experts rushed over to investigate. Under the tremendous collision force, Andrew and Wyatt almost coughed up blood simultaneously. The ruthlessness in Andrew's eyes became even sharper, and his gaze began turning blood red. Drawn by his fury, the black and red river suddenly expanded in the air.

After that, it ---- transformed into a shadow resembling an ancient demon god, suddenly rising upright in midair. With this transformation, it became at least five times larger than Wyatt's dragon. It was like a grown man suddenly standing before a small dog. Then, its palm struck down viciously, resulting in a dull, thunderous explosion. It could be felt in everyone's chest. Wyatt's energy dragon, unleashed with all his power, was suddenly dispersed by a third. Its originally lifelike and fierce appearance began to fade. It raised its massive head and roared at the rising ancient demon god.

However, this roar lacked ferocity and instead seemed to carry fear and reluctance. The dragon's existence was intimately connected to Wyatt. In the same moment, Wyatt spat out another mouthful of blood. His entire face turned deathly pale, showing signs that he might fall at any moment. Andrew's eyes turned cold as his will shifted. The manifested ancient demon god raised its foot and stomped down again, causing the already dim dragon projection to twist and scream. The already dim dragon projection let out a distorted, agonized cry. It was crushed in midair, split cleanly into two halves.

After ---- one last unwilling roar, it completely dissipated. Wyatt staggered backward three consecutive steps. He threw his head back, and blood poured from his mouth like a broken dam. "Grand Elder Wyatt!" Below, the Cunningham family members cried out in anguish, crying out in grief. Otto had been barely holding on, but seeing this, he let out a bitter laugh. He closed his eyes and collapsed, no one knowing whether he was dead or merely unconscious. Wyatt's tall frame fell from the air with a loud bang. He crashed into the ground, creating a crater.

After coughing violently, Conrad quickly came to support him. Wyatt pointed weakly at Andrew, the blood at the corner of his mouth thick and tinged with black. This was the sign of an injury so severe that it had damaged his very core. It meant his internal organs had all been severely damaged by Andrew's attack. "Y-Your dark power is terrifyingly fierce. T-This absolutely isn't something Holtrien martial artists could... could cultivate. Andrew... if you want to kill me... then go ahead. I'm defeated. The Cunningham family is... at your disposal!"

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## Chapter 3242

[ 525 words ]

---- Chapter 3242 Wyatt struggled with extreme difficulty to say those words, and the light in his eyes dimmed completely. Once again, he coughed violently and spat out a mouthful of blood, clearly at the end of his strength. Conrad held him and let out a piercing, grief-stricken scream. Grand Elder Wyatt!" He could feel that Wyatt's entire skeleton had shattered in his arms. Even the spine and other crucial bones in the human body had been pulverized! Wyatt was like a heap of broken flesh, and from this moment on, he might never stand again.

At his age, suffering such devastating injuries meant death could come at any moment. Andrew's eyes were still blood-red. However, the overwhelming aura around him had begun to retract. He slowly descended to the ground. Then, step by step, he

approached Wyatt Conrad looked up, the anger and helplessness in his eyes intense. "Kill me, Andrew. I know you won't stop here. Ill trade my life for the lives of the Cunningham family. Do it!" Seeing this, Philip snorted angrily. "What an idiot! This fool still hasn't learned his lesson even now.

At this point, when his entire ---- family's lives are clearly in someone else's hands, he still says such defiant words. Does he really think Andrew won't dare kill him and will spare people for his sake?" Initially, Andrew had indeed seen red and wanted to finish Wyatt with one palm strike. However, as he raised his hand, ready to release the brutality in his heart, the Church's holy light suddenly coursed through his entire body. Immediately, the killing intent and murderous aura in Andrew's heart gradually dissipated. The rage and bloodlust that Wyatt had ignited also began to weaken.

Taking a deep breath, Andrew turned and walked away. He said, " My grievances with the Cunningham family end here. Conrad, the brotherhood between us also ends from this moment. From now on, we owe each other nothing. Lastly, Holtrien is about to face a great catastrophe. If the Cunningham family has any conscience, you should actively prepare for war and fight for the country on the front lines." After saying these few brief words, Andrew had already walked out of the Cunningham family gates. Then, he disappeared outside.

---- Nyx and Luna hurried after him, while Philip stayed behind alone at the Cunningham estate. Looking at Conrad, he said angrily, "You fool, what are you standing there for. Hurry up and save him!" Jolted by the reminder, Conrad fumbled to shove two pills into Wyatt's mouth. The pills were ninth-grade supreme elixir, the Cunningham family's ultimate life-saving treasure. As soon as Wyatt swallowed them, the damage to his meridians eased noticeably. He immediately sat up, not even bothering to speak, and began regulating his breathing.

Philip walked over and personally checked Otto's injuries. After a moment, he shook his head. He said, "Otto, you are luckier than you deserve. Forget it. Andrew already said that his grudges with the Cunningham family are settled. I can't really stand by and watch you die. The coming continental war will still need the Cunningham family to send troops." With that, Philip began treating Otto himself.

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## Chapter 3243

[ 644 words ]

---- Chapter 3243 The members of the Cunningham family stood around watching, all of them extremely cautious. Many of them finally relaxed once Andrew left and collapsed weakly onto the ground. Every single member of the Cunningham family had been on edge from the moment Andrew arrived at the Cunningham residence up until he defeated Wyatt. To them, it felt like they were dancing on the edge of a blade, without a single second of relief. Now that the pressure was finally gone, they realized just how exhausted their bodies truly were.

After settling the injured family members, Conrad walked off alone and sat on the ground, staring into space. Andrew had just said that their brotherhood was finished, and everything felt like fate playing its hand. He lowered his head and let out a self-mocking smile. Everyone in the family had survived, and even Otto and Wyatt, whom he thought would surely die, were still alive. Yet, he felt no joy at all. The Lloyd family was bound to rise again, and as a royal bloodline, the gap between them and the Cunningham family ---- would only grow wider.

As for Andrew, it was easy to imagine that he would become Holtrien's one and only legend. By then, even if Conrad became the head of the Cunningham family, he would never again find someone he could truly follow with conviction and peace of mind. Philip walked over and patted his shoulder. "Silly brat, are you still thinking about what Andrew said when he left?" Conrad nodded. "Mr. Turman, I really am stupid. I don't deserve to be Andrew's friend." Philip covered his forehead, looking like he hated how slow Conrad was. "You really are stupid... Honestly, you're stupid beyond belief.

Just because he said that, you believed it just like that?" Conrad froze. "Did I misunderstand what he meant?" Philip replied weakly, "Conrad, I have taught you so many things, but it seems you truly learned none of them. Andrew said he has nothing to do with you anymore because you are about to take the seat as head of the Cunningham family, and he said that for your sake." He explained, "The Cunningham family is crucial to Holtrien, and Andrew has already completely fallen out with your family.

If he ---- didn't make it clear that he has no ties with you, would your position as family head be secure? Even if you took the seat now, would you really keep it long-term? "Would the next generation of the Cunningham family not question whether their leader, once called the Dragon Prince of the Lloyd family, their sworn enemy, his friend? But now, he cleared the path for you by personally declaring that he has no brotherhood with you anymore. That way, you can lead the Cunningham family without worries.

Do you understand his intentions now?" Conrad trembled with emotion, his hands restless as he spoke in disbelief. "Mr. Turman, are you saying Andrew doesn't hate me and still considers me his friend?" Philip sighed. "Whether he considers you a friend or not is no longer that important. But at the very least, for your sake, Andrew left the Cunningham family a way out. Otherwise, judging by his resolve today, Otto and Grand Elder Wyatt would have died without question." Conrad stood there in silence. In the end, he nodded heavily.

He said, "I'll lead the Cunningham family well, and in the coming great war, we will follow him with everything we have and fight by his side." Philip smiled. "I'm glad your head finally cleared a little. That will do. I am leaving. As for Grand Elder Wyatt, I don't want to talk to ---- him once he recovers. That man is exactly the kind of scheming old fox people warn you about, and I don't like him." Conrad replied awkwardly, "Alright. Mr. Turman, let me see you out."

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## Chapter 3244

[ 630 words ]

---- Chapter 3244 Andrew left the Cunningham residence and walked alone down the long street. As he passed through the familiar alleyways, childhood memories surfaced of playing here when he was young. Back then, the Lloyd family and the Cunningham families were still very close. Conrad had been everyone's big brother. He often led a group of kids from Chetvine around town, sneaking around, causing trouble, and doing nothing good. Every time, they got caught and beaten badly. Only Andrew, the clever little kid, always managed to slip away.

Over time, in that small age group and tiny circle, Conrad became the leader because he was the oldest and the boldest. Andrew, though younger and smaller, naturally became the second-in-command. Every time they were about to do something stupid, the others would look at him, waiting for Andrew to decide whether they should go through with it or not. Eventually, even Conrad got into the habit of consulting Andrew first when problems arose. Those were carefree days.

---- But later, somehow, as they grew up and joined the organization, Conrad began to feel jealous and started slandering Andrew out of spite. Andrew was always first at everything, and wherever he went, he quickly bonded with others and became the center of attention. Seeing this, the competitive desire Conrad had buried deep inside as a child finally surfaced. It led to their eventual fallout to the point where they could no longer even be friends. Later, when Conrad was defeated, Andrew did not kill him. Conrad went overseas and received training from Reginald.

In the end, both returned home. By then, Conrad was past 30. His life had moved beyond those spirited, ambitious teenage years. He no longer envied or tried to chase after Andrew. Instead, he accepted reality, followed his heart, and chose to follow Andrew. However, Andrew's hatred toward the Cunningham family was undeniable. For many years, Otto had dreamed of killing Andrew. So, the conflict between both sides

was unavoidable. That conflict finally reached a complete resolution today. ---- Andrew crushed the Cunningham family with absolute dominance.

Conrad felt gratitude toward Andrew and Reginald for their help, yet at the same time, the Cunningham family was still his own blood. He was torn between both sides. In the end, he chose to offer his own life in place of Otto and Wyatt, asking Andrew to kill him instead. Andrew did not do so, even though there had been a moment when he truly wanted to. In the end, he let it go. Or rather, Andrew had grown. His true enemies and rivals now stood much farther away, stronger and more terrifying.

The Cunningham family and Conrad had unknowingly been left far behind during Andrew's rise. It was like when you were a kid, fighting nonstop with some buzz-cut neighborhood brat, secretly swearing that one day you would crush him under your feet. However, once you grew up and saw the vast world beyond, realizing how endless and immense it truly was, you became a major power in your own right. ---- Then, when you looked back at that childhood rival, it all seemed trivial. At that point, would you still want revenge or to make things difficult for him? No.

You would only feel boredom or even pity. You were no longer on the same level, nor in the same realm. So, Andrew chose to let everything from the past drift away with the wind. Wyatt and Otto had already paid their price. Without question, Wyatt's 30 years of patience had been completely wasted. Andrew's strike shattered his martial foundation. From that point on, his strength would only keep declining until death inevitably followed. It was as if Andrew had spared Wyatt's life. Yet in truth, it was no different from killing him.

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## Chapter 3245

[ 630 words ]

---- Chapter 3245 Footsteps suddenly sounded behind Andrew, steady and unhurried. He frowned, thinking that it was Nyx or Luna. However, in the next instant, he knew it was neither of them. Andrew spun around sharply, his gaze turning cold. Less than 30 feet behind him stood a man with both hands hidden inside wide, flowing sleeves. He wore an uncommon loose training outfit, tall and lean, with a sallow complexion. Only his eyes shone with sharp brilliance, clearly belonging to someone with terrifyingly deep cultivation.

"I am Pablo Hearst, the current head of the Hearst family of the Hearstlands," the man said calmly as he looked at Andrew. Andrew took a deep breath, then let it out slowly, and extended his hand. "Come on then. I just finished warming up." Pablo did not respond and instead studied Andrew carefully for a moment. Then, he said in a low voice, "You're injured. I can wait two days. The Hearst family never takes advantage of the wounded." Andrew grinned. "No need. Whether I am injured or not, as long as I am not dead, I can still fight." ---- Pablo frowned and snorted.

"You should know I am not someone Nate can be compared to. As for Wyatt, whom you just fought, he was indeed beyond my expectations, a peak martial god. But I would say I am still half a step above Wyatt. With your current injuries, fighting me will put you at a serious disadvantage." Andrew burst out laughing as his aura surged upward. "Why so long-winded? Come on.

You traveled all the way from the Hearstlands just to stop me, and for that effort alone, I owe you a proper fight right here." Pablo replied, "If not for your methods and actions breaking the unspoken rules my Hearst family tolerates... Andrew, the Hearst family has no personal grudge against you. Besides, Franz once owed you and Reginald a great debt, so by all logic, I shouldn't be standing against you. But as I said, you crossed the line." Andrew answered calmly, "Crossing the line or not depends on who set the line. You call it crossing because you made the rules.

If I set the rules instead, then you'd be the ones considered crossing the line." Pablo took a deep breath and withdrew his hands from his sleeves. Andrew's gaze sharpened as he saw that Pablo's hands were not flesh at all. They gleamed with metallic light, flickering faintly as ---- the light shifted. "Diamond Body Art. The Hearst family really lives up to its reputation," Andrew said in a low voice, without the slightest retreat. Pablo advanced step by step, his presence rising with each stride. "You recognize my martial path, which means you are no ordinary opponent either.

Today, the Hearst family will see for itself just how monstrous the rising star of the Lloyd royal family truly is. "Andrew, you're right. Rules are made by the strong. The weak can only live by the rules of the strong. But if you can become strong, or even surpass the strong, then your rules become the rules." With a thunderous shout, Pablo reached his peak aura. The stone slabs beneath his feet shattered instantly, and his figure vanished from where he stood. A massive diamond fist shadow expanded before Andrew's eyes. In an instant, it engulfed him completely.

At the end of the street stood Chetvine's famous landmark, the Skytower. Two people stood at the top: Guillermo and Lorenzo. ---- Lorenzo commented, "Mr. Vazquez, Patriarch Pablo has made his move." Guillermo replied, "Indeed. Pablo has never lost a fight in his life and has never faced Reginald either. So in this battle, he has no reason to lose. Especially since this little bastard was already injured at the Cunningham estate. The outcome is obvious."

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## Chapter 3246

[ 713 words ]

---- Chapter 3246 Philip, who had just left the Cunningham residence, sensed the violent fluctuations of battle not far ahead, and his expression changed instantly as he cursed out loud. "Damn it. People from the Hearst family actually showed up at a time like this." He had overlooked it and should have thought of this earlier. Gritting his teeth, Philip immediately placed an encrypted call. "Wendell, the person you value has already been targeted by the Hearstlands. If I really have no choice, I'll step in directly.

The Hearst royal family has never truly been on our side anyway, so we might as well go all the way and let Pablo die in Chetvine." A low, hoarse voice came from the other end. "Philip, don't act recklessly. The Hearst family's strength goes far beyond a single Pablo. 5000 years of foundation is not something you should underestimate. Pablo is not a despicable man, and he would not ambush Andrew. I suggest you observe for now." Philip's face darkened completely. "Observe? I can't believe you're suggesting that.

Pablo currently leads the Hearst royal family, and even he is making a move against Andrew. What does that mean? The Hearstlands has lost all sense of dignity and restraint. At this point, we don't need to play nice either. I ---- suggest we tear off all pretenses." Wendell Beaumont said in a deep voice, "No. The final layout of the Divine Dragon Order is about to be completed. If you act now, you'll only ruin everything." Philip roared, "Then what if something happens to Andrew? All sides are lining up against him one after another. Even Reginald did not face this kind of pressure back then.

You people in the Divine Dragon Order owe Andrew far too much, and I don't need to spell that out. "Wendell, you want Andrew to one day take over the authority of the Divine Dragon Order and guard Holtrien from the shadows. You can't be so cold and heartless now, or you will only make this kid lose faith in your organization entirely." Wendell fell silent. After a long moment, he gritted his teeth and hissed, "Then prepare to move. If it truly comes to it, kill Pablo. I'll immediately contact the Shatterer and the Predator, and have them lead people to the Hearstlands.

If the Hearst family riots, then before the war between the two continents even begins, we will deal with our internal threat first." Philip said grimly, "That is exactly what I want to see. All these years, I've taken a conservative stance toward Andrew. I was afraid of pushing him too far, leaving him no room to retreat. But now, every faction has already

played its last card. ---- "The two royal families will inevitably be dragged in. After that, the Eight Ancient Sects. Wendell, Holtrien's water runs deep. If we want to completely reshuffle everything and push Andrew to.

become the supreme leader, we still have a long road ahead." Wendell sighed. "Originally, if Reginald had been willing, none of this would have been necessary. But Reginald..." He sighed and added, "Now all hope rests on Andrew. He's not someone easy to control. If one day he realizes we forced him onto the throne of Holtrien, who knows if he will turn around and kill the two of us instead." Philip said in a low voice, "Even if that day truly comes, we have no other choice but to do this now." The call ended. Philip immediately rushed toward the battle ahead.

At the same time, a message was sent back to the military headquarters. It contained only three words. [Prepare for war.] At once, on the military side, more than a dozen generals received the message. Without saying a word, they began mobilizing their forces. ---- The total number of these soldiers was not large, only about 500. However, every single one of them was an elite among elites. Even though these men were at least in their 70s, their eyes still gleamed sharply. Moreover, they lifted their hundred-pound war blades with ease.

Any one of the 500 warriors possessed combat power close to a martial emperor. The Iron Cavalry, the elite unit that once dominated the dark world and contended with nations for Holtrien, had returned once more.

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## Chapter 3247

[ 651 words ]

---- Chapter 3247 Elite forces like the Iron Cavalry were not about numbers but quality. What was outrageous was that among these 500 Iron Cavalry warriors, nearly a third were retired generals. In the past, they might have been major generals or lieutenant generals in the military. However, after reaching a certain age, they retired and stepped aside, though their martial arts only grew stronger with time. After that, Philip and the Divine Dragon Order secretly recalled them and arranged for them to train at overseas bases.

Eventually, they forged another special operations squad that struck fear into nations worldwide. This squad had no commander. From the moment it was established, it had only one deputy commander: Philip, the top leader of Holtrien Military. The position of

chief commander remained vacant, and everyone who knew understood who they were waiting for. "Move out!" With one command, all 500 squad members boarded their vehicles. However, they were not heading toward where Andrew and Pablo were fighting.

Instead, they headed to Chetvine's ---- border checkpoint, waiting for the main target to take the bait. From the south, Orson was charging north in a fury. His first line of resistance would be the Iron Cavalry interception unit. At the top of Skytower, Guillermo pressed an earpiece against his ear. "What did you say? The military has made its move? Good, understood. Continue to hold position. Everything proceeds. according to plan." After quickly finishing this exchange, Guillermo's eyes flashed with a cold gleam as he gazed into the distance.

Through gritted teeth, he said, "Philip didn't make a move two years ago and kept holding back all this time. Now he finally can't hold back anymore." Surprised, Lorenzo exclaimed, "Mr. Vazquez, what do you mean by that? Could it be that General Turman intends to clash directly with you?" He continued, "One of you presides over Holtrien's political sphere, while the other maintains Holtrien's international balance and suppresses the martial world.

If he attacks you, wouldn't that be betraying his oath and killing his own?" ---- Guillermo said coldly, "Of course, but he won't attack me directly. His people have gone to intercept Orson instead. Damn it! Originally, I planned to join forces with Orson as the third wave of the attack to kill Andrew. It seems that the third wave will never arrive now." He added, "Wyatt went first and has already fallen. Pablo followed right after, and his outcome remains uncertain. But if I added Orson and struck as the third round, it would have been a rotation assault.

With four martial gods surrounding and attacking Andrew in sequence, he would have died for sure. But Philip was sharp enough to cut off that move completely. Fortunately..." Seeing the cruel grin spreading across Guillermo's face, Lorenzo quickly asked, "Fortunately? What is it? Please enlighten me." Guillermo smiled, his expression vicious and eerie. "Fortunately, my third move is something no one can predict. Not even Philip, nor the people of the Divine Dragon Order, will ever figure it out. In the end, Andrew will still die.

"I may suffer heavy consequences because of this, and I might even be forced by all sides to step down from my position as the National Advisor. But by then, none of that will matter anymore. "Is the war between the Eastern and Western continents not ---- about to begin? In times of chaos, I'll thrive and rise with ease. The Hearst and Cavendish royal families, as well as the Eight Ancient Sects, will still need me as their spokesman." Lorenzo gasped. Guillermo had never told him these secrets before.

He had always considered himself clever and well versed in Holtrien's situation, yet he knew absolutely nothing about this. Watching these great figures scheme against one

another was truly terrifying. He thought that if he were caught in it himself and faced an opponent like Guillermo, he would probably be dead before he knew it.

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## Chapter 3248

[ 721 words ]

---- Chapter 3248 Andrew slammed forward with both palms, each strike carrying crushing force. Clanking sounds echoed, as if he were striking solid steel. Pablo puffed out his chest and took every hit head-on without retreating. Andrew pulled back and stepped away twice. However, the opponent reacted instantly, reaching out and forcing Andrew to duck and spin. Suddenly, Andrew's right leg snapped upward, and his knee smashed forward. Pablo staggered back three steps in a row. Each step cracked the ground beneath him, leaving several deep craters behind. "No wonder Nate was no match for you.

Even setting aside cultivation levels, your combat instincts alone are the finest I have seen in my entire life," Pablo commented. His entire body had already transformed, his skin turning into something like gold-plated steel. His gaze fixed on Andrew, his voice was low and heavy. He added, "But from here on, I will fight at full strength." ---- Andrew raised one hand into a fist, and the other hand flattened into an open palm. "Patriarch Pablo, go ahead." Pablo snorted and strode forward. He suddenly lifted his leg and brought it crashing down toward Andrew's head.

At the same time, he rubbed his palms together, compressing a mass of golden energy smaller and smaller. As Andrew dodged the crushing kick, the condensed blast of energy shot straight at him. He let out a low shout and threw a punch straight ahead. A massive shockwave erupted from the point of impact and slammed into Andrew's chest. He grunted and stumbled backward again and again. Pablo moved at an unbelievable speed, shooting forward in a blur. Then, using his elbows, fists, palms, knees, and feet in a constantly shifting barrage, he launched a dense storm of attacks around Andrew.

Andrew's face remained icy cold, blood spilling from the corner of his mouth. Yet, he refused to give ground and drove his elbow forward in return. His kicks chained together, sometimes striking upward, sometimes sweeping sideways, as he engaged Pablo in close-quarters combat. Suddenly, a sharp tearing sound rang out as Andrew's clothes ---- shattered. His exposed body was covered in blood. Pablo's Diamond Body Art had reached its peak. Even though Andrew's physical body had been tempered to an inhuman level, it still could not match this absolute defense.

At the far end of the long street, a figure strode forward. Philip arrived, sneering coldly. "Patriarch Pablo, you're showing up uninvited like this. I never expected someone of your stature to do such a thing. Have you forgotten that Chetvine is mine and Guillermo's territory? Your home turf is in the Hearstlands. You doing this puts me in a very difficult position!" Pablo pushed both hands forward, then suddenly transformed his palms into fists mid-motion. Storm clouds gathered on his fists, exploding with two sharp cracks.

Andrew retreated again, and the blood in his mouth finally dripped down uncontrollably. However, his aura kept increasing without diminishing "again!" Andrew roared as battle lust surged through him. Every part of his body became a lethal weapon. He continuously struck Pablo's metallic form, but his opponent seemed to have no weak points. ---- Pablo's Diamond Body Art had reached complete coverage. Apart from being forced back by Andrew's strikes, Pablo remained completely unharmed. Philip saw this clearly. He also knew that if the fight continued, Andrew would inevitably be at a disadvantage.

Thus, he said gravely, "Patriarch Pablo, if you don't stop, I won't be so polite anymore. You know very well who Andrew is. Both our military and the Divine Dragon Order have placed our hopes on him. If you want to destroy him, we won't stand idly by." As he blocked Andrew's attacks, Pablo replied coldly, "Of course, I know the military's choice. But the Hearst family also has its own position to protect. Guillermo has already been backed into a corner in Chetvine by this young man.

If this continues, my family will be forced down the same road as the Divine Alchemists, completely driven out of Chetvine. The military chooses him as its hope, but does that mean the Hearst family must give up its own interests?" Philip shook his head. "Some conflicts have been building for thousands of years. I know words are useless now. Since that is the case, Patriarch Pablo, I have no choice but to make you stay in Chetvine."

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## Chapter 3249

[ 811 words ]

---- Chapter 3249 Pablo's attack paused for a brief moment, then he burst out laughing. "General Turman, you and I each serve our own cause. Go ahead and make your move. I understand where your sense of justice comes from." He added, "But on my side, I will not hold back. The Hearst family may be rough around the edges, but in

Holtrien, we've always stood tall and faced difficulties head-on. Even if you charged in alone, or if the military troops rushed over right now, I would still have nothing to fear." Philip burned with suppressed anger.

With Pablo's divine technique making him impervious to blades and bullets, numbers meant nothing to him. If they couldn't find his weak point, continuing to fight would be futile and would only wear them down to death. It was also why Pablo was confident. Nonetheless, Andrew had fought consecutive major battles, having just finished fighting Wyatt, a peak martial god. Now he was facing Pablo, the ruler of the Hearstlands. Moreover, Pablo was stronger than Wyatt. The foundation of the Hearst family was also far beyond what the Cunningham family ---- could compare to.

Andrew being pushed into a deadlock was not his fault, but the result of facing an overwhelmingly powerful enemy. Philip took a deep breath, knowing that more words were useless, and prepared to forcibly intervene. "Fine. Since you've made your stance clear, I have no choice but to act." Yet, at that moment, Andrew suddenly said, "No need." Philip cried out, "Andrew, don't be stubborn!" Andrew's head slammed viciously into Pablo's chest. Then, he leaped up, mounted Pablo, locked his hands around his neck, and yanked upward fiercely.

The fight between the two had reached a life-or-death struggle. From Andrew's posture, he intended to rip Pablo's head off. The latter roared and spun his body violently, then crashed headfirst toward the steel and concrete beside the street. Andrew leaped off him, and several more bloody gashes appeared on his hands. He looked at his blood-soaked hands and smiled. "The Diamond Body Art seems to truly be invincible, never breaking." Pablo said in a deep voice, "It's not truly invincible.

As long as you can hold out until my technique completely fades and my ---- inner energy is completely exhausted, you can break it "But I've maintained the Diamond Body Art while fighting someone continuously for three days and nights without it fading. So if you want to defeat me, Andrew, you'll need to endure at least three days and nights." Andrew shook the blood off his hands. His wounds had already completely healed. He smiled as he replied nonchalantly. "I don't have the time to fight you for three days and nights, Patriarch Pablo. Besides, that's not necessary.

I'll break your technique. I guarantee that." Pablo laughed in anger. "Fine. If you can do that, then from this day on, the Hearst family will no longer interfere with your purge in Chetvine." Andrew cast a cold glance at the anxious Philip nearby. "I don't need you stepping in." Today, either I get beaten to death by Patriarch Pablo, or it's the other way around." Philip cursed loudly. "Have you lost your mind? Why trap yourself in a fight like this?" Andrew smiled. "Holtrien is full of hidden experts; true masters are everywhere. If I want to reach the top, challenges like this.

are unavoidable. Facing an opponent like Patriarch Pablo is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. Naturally, I have to seize this. ---- chance." Philip could not help but shake his head repeatedly. He seriously wondered if Andrew's brain had been rattled loose by

Diamond Body Art. After all, Andrew had plenty of room to continue growing before fighting Pablo again. If they were going to fight, it should have been at full strength, without holding anything back. Wyatt had already drained much of Andrew's combat power earlier.

From Philip's point of view, this fight was a losing deal no matter how it was approached. However, Andrew did not see it that way. He regarded Pablo as a rare opponent, but he did not qualify as a mortal enemy. When he fought Arya before, there had truly been moments of life-and-death danger. The same went for the werewolf progenitor and the vampire progenitor at that level. Those could be called mortal enemies who could threaten his life. Honestly, Andrew was not afraid of Pablo.

Even though his opponent's defense and attack power were both maxed out, virtually indestructible, Andrew's attacks were ---- not necessarily weaker. Yes, in terms of defense, he could not match the monstrous Diamond Body Art. However, Andrew had one thing Pablo could not match: his recovery. He was injured, but he had not suffered fatal wounds. That meant he could recover instantly or heal quickly. This way, Andrew could keep fighting. If it really came to a three-day, three-night battle, he would not back down

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## Chapter 3250

[ 566 words ]

---- Chapter 3250 Andrew and Pablo brushed past each other, exchanging another strike. Andrew's hand aimed at Pablo's neck, with enough force to slice through metal. Yet it left only two faint marks on Pablo's body. Breaking through his defense still seemed hopeless. Meanwhile, Andrew's chest was heavily struck by his opponent. His organs spasmed violently, yet his face remained expressionless, as if he felt no pain at all. Inside his body, multiple forces surged at once. In an instant, the damage to his organs stabilized. Andrew turned and clashed with Pablo again.

Philip watched in sheer alarm. By now, every move between the two was aimed straight at killing the other. Any single strike could have easily ended a low-level martial god. It was power and terror at point-blank range. Pablo roared, and his fist continuously struck Andrew three times. Andrew countered by striking his forehead, temple, and groin; ---- each strike targeted Pablo's vital points. Even so, they had no effect. Pablo's vital points seemed completely covered by the Diamond Body Art. In other words, there were no weaknesses. However, Andrew refused to believe it.

He struck again, his foot sweeping Pablo's shin. Pablo lost balance and was forced down onto one knee. Andrew's eyes bled with killing intent. Then, three bone spikes suddenly extended from his fingertips, plunging viciously toward the crown of Pablo's head. At this moment, Andrew carried abilities from both the vampires and werewolves. One of them was the ability to manipulate his bones into weapons sharper than blades, a vampiric trait. This made his body itself a terrifying arsenal. Pablo finally let out a furious howl, laced with intense pain.

He slammed his palm into Andrew's waist, the force surging like a collapsing mountain. That blow alone could have flattened a heavy armored vehicle Pain flashed across Andrew's face, and he spat out a mouthful of blood. Yet, he made no sound at all. Inside his body, his ribs cracked violently. No one knew how many had shattered in that instant. ---- Cruel resolve filled Andrew's eyes, and he wrapped his legs around Pablo's neck like coiling serpents. Ignoring the agony tearing through his waist, he twisted hard. Then, he dragged Pablo down and sent them both rolling across the ground.

Everywhere they passed, the ground collapsed and plowed into a deep trench. Blood-red vicious light shot from Andrew's eyes. Both hands gripped Pablo's head as bone spikes extended from his body again. After that, he stabbed viciously into Pablo's skull. A cracking sound rang out as the bone spikes snapped. Philip felt his scalp go numb just watching. It was like having fingernails torn out by force, pain no ordinary person could endure. Andrew's face only turned pale, yet he still made no sound. He kept attacking without pause.

Under Andrew's relentless assault, blood finally seeped from the crown of Pablo's head. Scaling blood ran down his face, turning him into a living, breathing mass of red. The two rolled apart and separated. As they split, broken bone spikes regrew from Andrew's fingers. They were shorter and less rigid than before. Even so, they were ---- still as strong as steel. Suddenly, he stabbed them into the wound on Pablo's head. Then, he twisted hard, stirring viciously. Another massive spray of blood gushed out again.

The great master of the Hearstlands, Pablo, finally let out a stifled grunt and began to sway unsteadily. 2

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