

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 3301

[653 words]

---- Chapter 3301 In the last two hours, Andrew had only dozed off briefly before getting up to pack. Fortunately, he now possessed extraordinary abilities and strength. Hence, he felt refreshed and energized, while his beauties were all thoroughly satisfied. Their pale, slender legs were tangled across the bed, creating quite a pleasing sight. Early that morning, Andrew gathered his people and quietly left Chetvine. His first stop was Mount Lourneau. After a morning of travel, they arrived at the foot of Mount Lourneau. Eric gazed at the magnificent scenery and smiled.

"No matter where I look, the landscapes of Holtrien are still the most beautiful." Jerome sighed in agreement. "That's absolutely true. Nowhere else in the world will you find people like us Holtrien folks who are so devoted to and passionate about nature, and who truly understand it." Before long, the group climbed the mountain and reached Trinity Grand Hall on Mount Lourneau. Two years had passed, and Andrew was revisiting this familiar ---- place.

Valerie, who had rushed over from home that morning, smiled and said, "Honey, do you still remember what happened between us here at Mount Lourneau?" Andrew nodded with a smile, "Of course, I remember. You were absolutely amazing back then, Valerie." Valerie beamed with joy and approached a young man, "We're from Chetvine. Could you please let Mr. Luther Johnston know we're here? We'd like to see him." The man replied, "Mr. Johnston went to attend a council meeting. He probably won't be back until later this evening." Valerie seemed anxious, but Andrew waved his hand dismissively.

"Valerie, it's fine. We'll just wait." It was not until nightfall that Luther finally appeared and returned to Mount Lourneau. When he saw Andrew, he looked surprised and uncertain. After observing him for a long while, he finally laughed heartily and approached. "Andrew, you look even more impressive than before. It seems your martial arts have reached a level that even I can't comprehend." Andrew smiled. "Mr. Johnston, it's nice to meet you again." ---- Luther gestured, "Please, let's talk in the back courtyard." Soon, the group arrived at Luther's meditation retreat.

Luther got straight to the point. "Andrew, I more or less know why you are here. You want to ask me about the Eight Ancient Sects, don't you?" Andrew nodded, "That's right. I don't know much about the Eight Ancient Sects. First, there's Mount Lourneau. Second, there's Rainveil Sect. Third is the Divine Alchemists, and fourth seems to be the Advanced Medical Institute. As for the fifth, I'm not entirely sure. Does Umbral Peak Sect, the one backing the Reyes family, count?" Luther smiled and said, "That's correct, and your understanding is far more complete than I expected.

However, there's one thing you should know. The Advanced Medical Institute itself doesn't truly count as one of the Eight Ancient Sects. It is merely a later-established alchemy sect. Compared to the Medicine Sect of the Eight Ancient Sects, it falls far short." Andrew asked curiously, "The Medicine Sect of the Eight Ancient Sects? Why haven't I heard of it?" Luther stroked his beard and smiled. "You may not have heard of it, but you've definitely encountered it. Isn't your alchemy inherited from the God of Medicine, that legendary figure in ---- Holtrien's martial world?

He's a successor of the ancient Medicine Sect." Andrew suddenly understood and smiled, "I see now. It's just that I haven't seen him in many years." Luther sighed, "He travels the world, appearing and disappearing. Even I have no idea where he might be." Nyx had considerable interest in Holtrien's ancient sects and smiled. "Mr. Johnston, I'd like to ask you something. Andrew only mentioned the Medicine Sect, the Divine Alchemists, Mount Lourneau, the Rainveil Sect, and the Umbral Peak Sect, totaling only five major sects. So who are the remaining three sects?

Please, enlighten us." She gave a formal bow that looked surprisingly proper, which made Luther burst into laughter.

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Chapter 3302

[636 words]

---- Chapter 3302 Jerome and the others could not help but smile as well. Nyx was a foreigner and did not truly understand Holtrien culture. However, the way she mimicked the gestures still looked sincere and oddly charming. Luther smiled warmly and asked, "Young lady, what is your name?" Nyx blushed and replied, "My name is Nyx Kerrigan." Luther nodded and looked at Andrew with some regret. "If she had not broken her purity and come to cultivate at Mount Lourneau, she could have directly replaced me as the head of Mount Lourneau one day.

What a pity..." Andrew cleared his throat and said, "Mr. Johnston, honestly, having a good husband might give her a better future than suffering through years of cultivation up here. If you don't believe me, you can ask her yourself." Luther's eyes widened in exasperation, "Andrew, if you're going to talk like that, then we can't continue this conversation. Fine, besides the five major sects you mentioned earlier, there's also the Sword Sect, Thunder Sect, and the Harmony Sect." Valerie asked excitedly, "May I ask, Mr.

Johnston, is the ---- Harmony Sect what I think it is?" Luther's eyes widened, "Yes, and no. You must understand that the dual cultivation method has existed since ancient times. Its legacy continues to this day, and its power remains undiminished. "The leader of the Harmony Sect, Madam Dorothy Fontaine, is an expert whose abilities are not much inferior to mine.

If you think the Harmony Sect is some indecent or corrupt faction because of that, then you are gravely mistaken." Andrew said, "I haven't actually seen anyone from the Harmony Sect moving about in the secular world." Luther stroked his beard and replied, "Most of the Harmony Sect disciples are stunningly beautiful women. When they appear in the world, it is never in ordinary places. Most of them are extraordinary women, and once their cultivation is complete, they leave worldly life and return to the sect for secluded practice." Andrew nodded, showing that he understood.

Among Holtrien's ancient sects, there were very few like the Divine Alchemists that maintained massive industries in the modern world. As for ones like Mount Lourneau, which were widely revered by the public and constantly visited, they were almost nonexistent. ---- The Mount Lourneau sect was one of the most successful ancient sects to transition into modern society. Jerome suddenly spoke and said, "Mr. Johnston, I heard you recently attended an ancient sect assembly. May I ask about it?" Luther sighed, "Even if you didn't ask, I would have mentioned it.

Andrew, there's nothing wrong with your inquiring about the Eight Ancient Sects. After all, the Eight Ancient Sects have, across several eras and generations, successfully repelled the Western Dark Clans. Even now, Mount Lourneau's archives still contain records from those times. However, the overall strength of Holtrien's Ancient Sects has declined." Luther added with a heavy tone. "If we were to clash with the Dark Clans again, we would most likely lose." Andrew replied calmly, "Even if we are going to lose, we can't just sit back and do nothing.

Right now, war has already broken out at the Eastern Azure Gate. Those living on Holtrien land, especially the Ancient Sects that have enjoyed comfort for centuries, should step up as well." Luther shook his head and replied, "That was exactly what the meeting discussed, but almost no one agreed to take action. Every faction only wanted to shut its doors and protect itself." Andrew laughed loudly, but there was no humor in his eyes.

He ---- asked, "Then what if I force them to come out of seclusion?" Luther turned serious and replied, "Then it is very likely that before the external threat is resolved, internal chaos will erupt once again." Jerome, Valerie, and Eric all felt their expressions change slightly at those words.

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Chapter 3303

[545 words]

---- Chapter 3303 Andrew remained calm and unreadable. He said, "Mr. Johnston, are you saying that people from the Eight Ancient Sects would stir up trouble within Holtrien during this time of crisis?" Luther replied, "Cause trouble? That certainly won't happen. But Andrew, getting them to contribute to Holtrien's cause will be extremely difficult." Andrew snorted coldly, "Then what about your Mount Lorneau?" Luther sighed, "Mount Lorneau has an unavoidable duty. General Turman has already contacted me.

Well, now that our nation faces a crisis, we'll step up." Andrew nodded, "Your righteousness is admirable. As for Rainveil Sect, their successor is Madam Bridget Ashford, and she's already headed to Azure Gate ahead of everyone else. That means only the people from the Eight Ancient Sects haven't made a move yet." Luther said, "Actually, it's seven sects.

Because the successor of the Sword Sect is none other than the current Swordhaven Keep, and Alfredo is the sect leader, though I've heard he's still taking a wait-and-see approach regarding the war in the East." A flash of killing intent flickered in Andrew's eyes, "When I first ---- entered Holtrien, I settled some scores with him. Yet, he's still acting this way? It seems he thinks there's truly no one in Holtrien who can force his hand." Luther's expression turned serious. "Andrew, this is a national crisis.

You can't execute a major figure at such a moment." Andrew replied indifferently, "I'm not Holtrien's supreme commander, so I don't have the authority to execute anyone. But personally, I can't stand that arrogant bastard. Swordhaven Keep loved to posture and show off when it suited them. Now that real action is needed, he hides away and refuses to contribute. If that's the case, I'll smash his head in myself." Luther could only chuckle bitterly. He knew Andrew's temperament well enough. However, in this time of war, Holtrien truly needed someone with an iron will to step forward.

Valerie remembered something and asked, "Mr. Johnston, has Mr. Bowen, the sect leader of the Divine Alchemists, left the Western Regions' mountains?" Luther nodded. "That's correct. Julian actually arrived secretly at Thunder Sect three days ago. The Divine Alchemists are based beyond the borderlands, so it is inconvenient for them to interfere directly. He came early to align himself with Thunder Sect. From the looks of it, he seems intent on standing against your beloved little partner." ---- Valerie was not embarrassed at all and laughed openly, "Then he's doomed.

My dear husband will definitely come knocking on his door." Rowan, who had been silent the whole time, suddenly spoke up, I know where Thunder Sect is located. Honey, if you need me to, can lead the way." Luther looked somewhat surprised, "You actually know where Thunder Sect's headquarters is? In that case, I won't play the villain. If I led

the way, Julius and his people would definitely cause trouble for Mount Lourneau." Andrew said coldly, "Alright, then we'll head to Thunder Sect first. Luther warned, "Andrew, be careful of Thunder Sect's defensive formation.

Even with your current strength, if you rush over unprepared and they are fully ready, it could still be dangerous." Andrew replied flatly, "Then I guess I'll just have to go on a killing spree." Luther's smile froze. "You've certainly become quite bloodthirsty lately."

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- Chapter 3304

Chapter 3304

[755 words]

---- Chapter 3304 Night had already fallen, and Andrew and the others stayed at Mount Lourneau for the night. Mount Lourneau was not particularly tall. At the very least, it was not one of those towering, sky-piercing mountains. However, it made up for that with its natural harmony and dense spiritual energy. It was a true geomantic treasure, a sacred site long revered by practitioners. Acting as hosts, Valerie and Rowan took Nyx, the foreign beauty, around to explore the area. The three women were all stunning in their own ways, each with her own unique radiance.

The young disciples of Mount Lourneau stared with drool practically streaming down their faces, their eyes filled with longing. Meanwhile, Jerome and Eric had retired early to rest. They had been to Mount Lourneau before and did not find much worth seeing.

Andrew sat cross-legged alone in his room, and wisps of white vapor rose from the top of his head. After a while, when this ---- vapor accumulated to a certain degree, it retracted back into his body. Before long, he finished his meditation and exhaled a breath of stale air. His current realm was Beyond Mortal Limits.

The actual feeling was worlds apart from being a true martial god. He had also completely refined the Elixir of Immortality. This was accomplished with no small amount of help from Bridget. He thought the Rainveil Sect's techniques were truly miraculous. Andrew could not come up with a precise concept of just how strong he now was. However, he had a vague feeling that he was not far from Reginald's level. Before entering The Veiled Paradise, Reginald had already reached Beyond Mortal Limits. And now, Andrew had caught up to his father's level at breakneck speed.

The last time he left Mount Lourneau, he had just broken through his energy core blockade and restarted cultivating a brand new martial path. He was not particularly strong then. Now, as time passed and circumstances changed, he possessed power vast enough to shake the heavens. Even Andrew himself sometimes felt as if all of this was unreal, like a dream. As for the Cavendish royal family and the martial god he had --- captured, Andrew had originally planned to use that man as leverage for negotiations.

However, pushing the Eight Ancient Sects to fully mobilize against the Western forces was his true priority. So, he had Finnegan take the captured Cavendish martial god to the front lines to hand him over to Philip instead. Philip should know how to handle it. The moonlight shone down brightly from the center of the sky. Valerie and the others had already gone to sleep, while Jerome and Eric were in a separate room together. Andrew needed to practice his techniques, so he was alone in his own room. Under the moonlight, a shadowy figure climbed Mount Lourneau with exceptional smoothness.

Then he scaled walls and flew between buildings in the complex, his movements incredibly effortless. Finally, he quietly sneaked toward Andrew's room. He pressed against the window and listened for a moment. Next, he pulled out a copper tube, poked it through the window paper, and blew in some powder. "Mindfog Powder... This stuff is pure gold," the man muttered. Dressed entirely in black and not even bothering to cover his ---- face, the skinny and sneaky-looking man was Eren Kirstein. After blowing in the powder, he let out a lewd chuckle and mumbled, "Holtrien's supreme leader?

The Dragon Prince of the Lloyd family? Ha! I'll have you lying obediently on the ground, at my mercy." After waiting a moment, he figured enough time had passed, and the person inside should have passed out. He pulled out a hemp rope and swaggered inside to tie up his victim. Instead, he was immediately met with a punch right to the nose. With a crunch, not only did his nose bridge break instantly, but he was knocked unconscious. Before losing consciousness, he saw Andrew's indifferent expression and thought in shock, 'How is this person not knocked out?'

The Mindfog Powder could easily take down even rhinos and elephants! Not even martial gods can resist the effects... What the hell was going on?' A large basin of cold water was thrown from Eric's hands, Eren, still dressed in black, jolted awake to broad daylight. He realized it was already the next morning, When he finally saw the situation clearly, he shouted, "Do not do anything crazy. I am a disciple of Thunder Sect! If anything happens to me, none of you will have it easy!"

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Chapter 3305

[659 words]

---- Chapter 3305 Valerie sneered. "Perfect timing. We were just about to go to Thunder Sect, and you've delivered yourself right to our doorstep. What's your name?" Eren smirked coldly. "It depends on who's asking." Valerie replied calmly, "That answer works, but that depends on how many rounds of beating you can take." She swung her fist and punched him without hesitation. In just a few hits, Eren's face was swollen and bruised. He screamed miserably, "Stop, stop! Please spare me, I was wrong!" Valerie punched him a few more times before finally stopping.

She looked at him and asked, "So now, are you going to cooperate?" Eren cried with a pitiful face and said, "Y-Yes! My name is Eren Kirstein, nickname Swift Shadow, an unofficial disciple of Thunder Sect." Eric shouted, "I don't care who you are! What were you trying to do, sneaking onto Mount Lorneau in the middle of the night?" Eren shrank back and replied, "I was gathering intel. And I figured I would try my luck and see if I could kidnap the Lloyd ---- family's Dragon Prince." Andrew nodded, "Good idea, but unfortunately, you failed." Eren exclaimed, "Exactly, I failed! How are you fine?"

The Mindfog Powder is impossible to avoid!" Andrew did not tell him that he was immune to all poisons. He turned to Eric and said, "Force him to lead the way. We'll go to the Thunder Sect. This actually saves us some trouble." When Eren heard this, he immediately raised his neck and said stubbornly, "Lead the way? That's impossible. Kill me if you want. I'm not afraid of death, and I definitely won't betray my sect." Valerie smiled and said, "Honey, let me interrogate him, okay?"

I guarantee I'll make him obediently cooperate." Andrew frowned, "Valerie, don't mess around." Valerie said, "Oh, come on, just trust me this once. Oh, and lend me a couple of your acupuncture needles. Nyx, Rowan, you two stay here with me!" The other two women did not understand what was happening. However, they still stayed to see what Valerie had up her sleeve. Outside, Andrew heard several shrill screams, and then Eren surrendered completely. ---- "I'll lead the way! I'm begging you, please, I won't dare again! I'll lead the way..

I'll lead the way!" His voice was shaking uncontrollably, and the pain was clearly beyond what he could endure. Jerome said in surprise, "Ms. Reyes, I didn't expect you to be such an interrogation genius." Andrew went back inside and saw Eren drenched in sweat, his face pale and his body trembling nonstop. Nyx and Rowan both looked flushed and oddly excited. Valerie, on the other hand, stared at Eren with ill intent, as if she was not quite finished yet. Andrew asked, "Valerie, what did you do to him?" Valerie smiled and said, "Nothing much.

I just gave him a little taste of something nice." Seeing that she would not explain, Andrew looked at Eric and asked, "You were there too. What did she do that terrified him so badly?" Eric threw up his hands in surrender, "Your girl is an absolute devil. She had me insert the acupuncture needles into this guy's third leg." ---- Andrew winced and said to Valerie, "Aren't you ashamed?" Valerie rolled her eyes, "What do I have to be ashamed of? I didn't do it myself. Eric did it, and I just watched. Besides, it was through his pants, and it was over in a few pricks.

I just told him where to insert them." Eric added, "Besides inserting them into his third leg, we also inserted them in his nostrils, his energy core, and his tongue." These locations were all vulnerable parts of the human body. Valerie's twisted sense of fun was indeed quite horrifying. However, the results were undeniably effective. After resting on the ground for two minutes, Eren dared not protest and obediently agreed to lead the way. Andrew's group immediately set out for the Thunder Sect.

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Chapter 3306

[697 words]

---- Chapter 3306 As was typical of ancient sects, Thunder Sect was hidden deep within a blessed pocket of land. At this moment, inside a vast mountain range, the Thunder Sect stronghold stood in silence. Within the main hall, Thunder Sect's leader, Rupert Hudson, wore a cold and grim expression as he looked down at more than 1000 disciples gathered below. Then, he began questioning them. "Are you all willing to leave the mountain to fight?

To risk your lives?" The thousand disciples answered in unison, "We are not willing!" Rupert nodded and asked again, "Then tell me, what's the true purpose of us cultivating and seeking the Way?" The disciples answered once more, "To seek freedom and transcend the mortal world, and to escape the sea of suffering of ignorant men." Rupert looked extremely satisfied and asked his final question. Last question: are you people of Holtrien, or are you disciples of Thunder Sect?

Do you listen to me, or to outsiders?" The disciples roared in unison, "Until death, we are only disciples of the Thunder Sect. Besides the sect leader's orders, we listen to nothing else." ---- A smile appeared on Rupert's face, gradually turning into loud laughter. He turned his head to look at Julius, who sat nearby with gray hair and an expressionless face. Rupert said, "What do you think? Are my disciples united in purpose? According to what you said, Andrew wants to come and force Thunder Sect to do things against our will. Who does he think he is?

He's not worthy!" His words were extremely domineering and confident, full of arrogance. With that, he also sat down in the sect leader's throne. Julius glanced at the Thunder Sect disciples' mental state and said flatly, "We still can't be careless. Even if your thousand Thunder Sect disciples are united, Andrew has considerable forces backing him as well." Rupert said disdainfully, "So what if he does? They're nothing but a pack of useless nobodies. We who cultivate truth and practice the Way are all martial artists; how can those mediocrities around Andrew compare?

"However, you're acting quite strangely. With your strength and your pride, why do you now seem to be boosting others' morale while diminishing your own? Are you actually afraid?" Seeing Rupert's smirk, Julius retorted coldly, "In my entire life, ---- I've never known the meaning of fear. I'm just reminding you not to be arrogant. Trevor died in Chetvine, didn't he? Andrew is capable of doing anything." Rupert snorted coldly, "If he has the guts, then don't blame us, Thunder Sect, for being ruthless.

"I'll kill that little brat sooner or later to avenge Trevor." Julius had absolutely no interest in these matters. "By the way, have you been able to contact Guillermo yet?" Rupert replied with an air of confidence, "Can't reach him. He probably saw things going south and had already fled. It's hard to imagine Guillermo would have such a day. Years ago, he didn't listen to me. If he had acted earlier to eliminate Andrew, we wouldn't be in this situation today." Julius frowned, "You make it sound easy. Back then, Reginald and the Lloyd royal family were no pushovers.

Do you think killing Andrew is child's play?" Rupert replied arrogantly, "It's too bad that the Thunder Sect didn't enter the world to compete for dominance. Otherwise, the 'one standing in Holtrien's court wouldn't be Guillermo; it would be me!" Julius admitted he himself was arrogant. Yet, Rupert was not just arrogant, but also somewhat foolish. ---- Unfortunately, he could not find a more suitable partner to cooperate with.

Sword Sect had no one available, and Harmony Sect was not appropriate, since those women were always trying to dual-cultivate with him and take advantage of his peak martial god cultivation. As for Mount Lorneau, Luther's stance was unclear, and he never gave Julius an opportunity. Julius stood up with an indifferent expression. "Since there's no news of Guillermo, I'll go back to rest first. For now, our two sects are temporarily joining forces for mutual survival. If you have any questions, you can consult with me anytime." Rupert said arrogantly, "No need.

There's currently nothing the Thunder Sect can't handle on its own."

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Chapter 3307

[776 words]

---- Chapter 3307 Julius stood up and left without another word, yet for some reason, a faint sense of unease lingered in his chest. Once he was gone, Rupert's expression turned icy, and there was even a trace of disdain in his eyes. He sneered, "That stray dog crawled over from the Western Regions and still dares to put on airs in my territory. If it weren't for the Divine Alchemists still being somewhat useful, I wouldn't even bother cooperating with him." Ancient sects were never truly united to begin with.

Even in peaceful times, they despised each other and fought to the death behind the scenes. "Eren should be back by now," Rupert muttered under his breath. He had sent Eren to Mount Lorneau to keep watch, just in case Luther secretly made contact with Andrew. At that moment, a disciple rushed in to report. "Mr. Hudson, Eren has returned, and he has fallen into the hands of the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince." Rupert narrowed his eyes but did not panic. "Are you saying the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince is here as well?" ---- The disciple nodded repeatedly.

"He is here." Rupert quickly asked, "How many did they bring? Five thousand?" The disciple shook his head. "No. He only brought a few people." Rupert was stunned, then burst into hearty laughter. "Excellent! Since this boy doesn't know when to quit and delivered himself to our doorstep, Thunder Sect will settle all old and new grudges with

him at once! Someone, prepare to activate the mountain defense formation. I'll personally kill this little thief!" Not long after Andrew and his group entered the Thunder Sect's mountain gate, they felt the stone slabs beneath their feet shake violently.

Immediately after, more than 1000 Thunder Sect disciples rushed out from the main hall, each holding a sword and radiating killing intent. They quickly spread out in an orderly manner across the massive plaza in front of the hall. Soon after, they formed a strange and ominous formation. Nyx asked, "Could this be the Thunder Sect's defense formation that Mr. Johnston mentioned?" Andrew said nothing and simply carried his greatsword forward. A loud shout echoed across the plaza. "Andrew, the Thunder Sect does not welcome you.

If you take one more step forward, ---- you'll die where you stand." Andrew stopped and looked at the speaker with a calm, expressionless face. Eren quickly said, "That's our sect leader, Mr. Rupert Hudson." Rupert stood atop a massive sword. He shot out from inside the hall in one swift motion. After circling once around the plaza, he landed in front of the thousand Thunder Sect disciples. Then, he pointed his sword directly at Andrew with immense power and presence. Andrew said calmly, "Mr.

Hudson, this is no way to treat a guest." Rupert said coldly, "You killed Trevor, an elder of the Thunder Sect. Do you seriously consider yourself a guest?" Andrew's face remained calm. "Trevor was killed because he deserved it. That old bastard even joined the siege against my father earlier. Tell me, how is that not a death he earned?" Rupert scoffed. "So you really did come here seeking death. But you've underestimated the Thunder Sect. I'll make sure you don't leave this place alive!" He immediately rose on his sword, rushing into midair. The heavy sword in his hand swung down forcefully.

Following his movement, a massive sword beam howled toward Andrew. ---- Andrew casually slashed with his own sword, striking out as well. A black-red sword beam echoed forth. With a thunderous explosion, the entire Thunder Sect mountain gate shook. Andrew did not move an inch. However, Rupert felt his blood churn violently inside his body. His earlier sword strike had been completely neutralized by Andrew, and the rebounding force made his entire body uncomfortable. Rupert thought grimly, 'This kid really is terrifyingly strong.

No wonder no one in Chetvine could stop him, and even Guillermo suffered at his hands...' After these thoughts flashed through his mind, he took a deep breath and raised his heavy sword vertically before his forehead. "Disciples of Thunder Sect, heed my command! Activate the mountain defense formation! All outsiders are to be killed without mercy!" The thousand disciples swung their swords in unison. Countless sword energies crisscrossed and danced into the air. Rupert's entire body was wreathed in a massive sword of light. ---- He swept up all those thousand sword energies together.

Then he turned, and his heavy sword slammed down toward Andrew. A colossal sword arc, formed from the combined power of a thousand disciples, crashed down like a

collapsing mountain toward Andrew. Nyx and the others immediately retreated in shock, their hearts pounding at the sight.

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Chapter 3308

[730 words]

---- Chapter 3308 "Andy, we probably can't step in," Jerome said quickly as he watched Andrew's back. Andrew did not turn around and only replied calmly, "Don't worry. Just stay farther back." Godslayer left its sheath as Andrew gripped the sword with both hands and charged forward in a brutal assault. The massive black-and-crimson sword arc slammed straight into the sword energy empowered by Rupert's mountain defense formation. Everyone's vision was instantly flooded with blinding white light, so intense that they could not open their eyes.

When the light faded, Andrew had switched to holding his sword single-handed, legs spread apart, having slid back only about 30 feet. However, that was all. He himself was completely unharmed. "It seems the Thunder Sect's mountain defense formation is nothing special after all," Andrew said flatly as he lifted his greatsword and straightened up. Rupert, suspended in midair, laughed coldly, "Don't be hasty. That was just an appetizer. The real show is still to come." ---- Andrew stared at him coldly, "In a moment, I'll make you watch yourself kneel." Rupert flew into a rage.

"You're welcome to try." With a cold snort, his heavy sword slashed down again. The thousand disciples danced their swords in unison, releasing another thousand sword energies. The Thunder Sect mountain defense formation had ferocious power. Even a peak martial god could not withstand it head-on and could only temporarily avoid its edge. Fundamentally, its formidable nature lay in this: it was enhanced by the sword energy of 1000 disciples, then gathered together, turning trickling streams into raging torrents.

Andrew's eyes turned icy cold as he gripped Godslayer and charged directly into the air. Before the second wave of formation sword energy could arrive, he had already slashed three consecutive strikes wildly around him. The massive sword beams formed a semicircle, crashing into Thunder Sect from all directions. However, a gleaming translucent barrier slowly appeared and effortlessly dissolved Andrew's attacks. Rupert laughed heartily, "Andrew, it's useless. Thunder Sect ---- formation excels at both offense and defense.

With you alone, you have no choice but to struggle like a cornered beast." Andrew once again faced the overwhelming surge of sword energy. He chose not to meet it head-on but instead kept flashing through the air, leaving trails of afterimages behind him. Yet, the energy sword formed by those thousand sword energies pursued relentlessly. In an instant, it shattered the afterimages Andrew had left behind. Then, it exploded with a thunderous blast. Rupert laughed loudly. "How does that feel?" Where the sword energy had exploded, Andrew had already vanished.

From another location, he materialized, still expressionless. Rupert sneered outwardly, but inwardly, he was shocked. After going through two waves of coordinated sword strikes, Andrew was still unharmed. That was somewhat absurd Rupert knew the power of this mountain defense formation better than anyone. With him personally directing it, there should be no one who could emerge unscathed. However, the Thunder Sect had not encountered a major enemy ---- in 100 years. Andrew shot straight into the sky, and the black-and-crimson light burned bright in his eyes.

Intense killing intent gathered on the Godslayer as Primordial Thunder shot down from the swirling vortex in the sky, attaching itself to the greatsword. Andrew slashed downward with immense, crushing force. However, his target was not Rupert or the Thunder Sect disciples behind him. Instead, he aimed at the membrane formation on the outer perimeter. Outside the formation lay the Thunder Sect's mountain grounds, serene and beautiful, like a secluded paradise. Rupert roared in fury, "Andrew, you want to destroy Thunder Sect? Keep dreaming." He swung his heavy sword wildly in place.

The Thunder Sect disciples roared in unison and unleashed countless sword energies once more. Guided by Rupert, the attacks surged toward Andrew again Two muffled thunderous explosions rang out one after another. The first was Andrew's Primordial Thunder strike. Dark red lightning tore violently across the surface of the translucent barrier. ---- The barrier bulged outward in a massive arc. It looked like stretched flesh on the verge of tearing apart as dense red lightning crackled across its surface. Yet even so, the barrier did not shatter. Meanwhile, Rupert's attack had already arrived.

Andrew spun his greatsword wildly in front of him, forming a circular defensive blur. In the end, he clashed head-on with the incoming sword energies and was pushed backward, sliding continuously toward the Thunder Sect's mountain gate.

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Chapter 3309

[813 words]

---- Chapter 3309 Nyx spoke rapidly, "This is bad. That sword energy is too strong; Andrew might get pushed out of the Thunder Sect's mountain gate." But in the end, Andrew let out a low roar and violently shoved the greatsword forward. The explosive force made his body lean slightly ahead, and the stone slabs behind him shattered backward for hundreds of feet. Because of that, he finally blocked Rupert's third wave of sword energy. In the end, Andrew was not forced out of the Thunder Sect's mountain gate. Rupert was shocked and furious.

It was already the third strike, yet Andrew was still completely fine. Being pushed back meant nothing at all. To outsiders, it would look like the Thunder Sect's mountain defense formation was nothing special. Not only was Rupert shocked and angry, but the other disciples also exchanged bewildered glances. They could not help but wonder if the sect's mountain defense formation could actually be broken. ---- Perhaps something had actually gone wrong. Otherwise, why was it not working at all?

They remembered how a prominent figure from the Northern Martial Union had come to provoke the Thunder Sect. With just one strike from the mountain defense formation, he had coughed up blood and was sent flying out of the Thunder Sect. From that day on, he never recovered. Later, he survived less than 20 years before dying in melancholy, his martial arts never advancing an inch. Yet now, compared to that, the Lloyd family's Dragon Prince looked far too relaxed. "Again!" Rupert shouted, his face dark. He organized all the disciples to release their sword energy once more.

Andrew had already shot back into the air, his eyes revealing a mystical, strange gleam. Another sword strike slashed toward the same location as before. This strike also carried Primordial Thunder. Countless red lightning bolts, like electric serpents, covered every corner of the formation. It looked strangely magnificent yet sent shivers down everyone's spines. Suddenly, a clear shattering sound rang out abruptly across the ---- field. Rupert, who had raised his sword high overhead and was about to strike furiously, was forcibly stopped. Disbelief showed in his eyes.

Asinister smile appeared at the corner of Andrew's mouth. "So the formation's core is here. I told you your mountain defense formation was nothing special." With those words, Andrew shot forward like a meteor, charging directly into the membrane with both himself and his sword. He struck the same spot repeatedly, never shifting his target. All the attacks focused on a single point. Andrew gripped the greatsword and forced it straight into the barrier. The shattering sounds grew louder and clearer.

In the end, everyone could clearly see that the barrier was breaking apart where Andrew's sword had pierced it. At the same time, the massive backlash force from the formation surged into Andrew's body. It felt like countless sword energies tearing through him. An ordinary martial god would probably bleed all over and have their entire body scorched. Yet, Andrew was completely fine. He ---- simply endured the countless sword energies ripping through his body without even flinching. Then, with a violent roar, all the muscles in his body bulged outward.

Dragging Godslayer with him, he slammed straight down toward the ground. The Thunder Sect formation was torn open by sheer brute force, creating a massive gash nearly 60 feet long. The tear stretched from the point of Andrew's strike in the sky all the way down to where he stood on the ground. Andrew stood there with his greatsword planted firmly in his hand. The dense sword energy on his body crackled and exploded before fading into nothing. "You..." Rupert panted heavily, his eyes turning bloodshot.

The Thunder Sect disciples stared as if they were facing a demon, their mouths hanging open in horror. The Thunder Sect formation was broken, and it was even ripped open so violently. How was that even possible? Andrew lifted his sword and said coldly, "I'll give you one last chance. Kneel." ---- Rupert roared, "You want me to kneel to you? Even if the head of the Lloyd royal family showed up, even if the heavens themselves came, none of them would be worthy. I am the head of the Thunder Sect, and we are one of the Eight Ancient Sects.

You think someone like you deserves to make me kneel?" Andrew did not bother listening to any more nonsense and slashed down without hesitation. Without the protection of the mountain defense formation, the strike fell like a meteor smashing into the earth. The overwhelming sword arc detonated in the center of the Thunder Sect buildings. Just like that, a sacred land that had stood for 1000 years was reduced to ashes in an instant. The entire mountain range where Thunder Sect stood trembled violently.

Rupert's eyes widened with fury as he roared to the sky, "Andrew, I will fight you to the death!"

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Chapter 3310

[620 words]

---- Chapter 3310 The thousand Thunder Sect disciples launched another thousand streams of sword energy. They gathered onto Rupert's heavy blade and slammed toward Andrew. However, the effect was still minimal. Andrew was only pushed back, and he suffered no injury whatsoever. Rupert was starting to panic. What that meant was painfully clear. Thunder Sect faced an unprecedented enemy: someone at Beyond Mortal Limits.

Rupert wondered when Andrew had turned into someone with Beyond Mortal Limits level power, Andrew held his greatsword horizontally across his chest and once again

neutralized the remaining sword energy from the mountain defense formation. He stepped forward quickly as red lightning crackled violently across his blade. "Rupert, I gave you a chance. But you didn't take it, and there's no one else's fault." ---- Two massive sword beams swept into Thunder Sect's mountain gate again.

Another wave of destruction followed, and the entire Thunder Sect was reduced to ruins, its foundation completely shattered. Rupert went berserk, roaring nonstop. Yet he had absolutely no way to deal with Andrew. Another sword beam came flying, and the thousand Thunder Sect disciples screamed in unison. This sword beam skimmed right over their scalps. If it had gone just one inch lower, those disciples would have been decapitated. "Mr. Hudson!" "Save us, Mr. Hudson!" "Run, run now! He has broken through the mountain defense formation. We're doomed!" Fear and panic spread rapidly.

Without Andrew even needing to strike again, the Thunder Sect disciples began fleeing in all directions. These ancient sect disciples had lived pampered lives for far too long. They had spent their entire lives with everything handed to them and had never faced real hardship. ---- Now, Andrew looked like a divine being descending from the heavens, and his overwhelming presence could not be resisted. Their mental collapse happened so fast that even Nyx and the others were caught off guard. "Come back. All of you, come back! We haven't lost yet!

There's still a chance!" Rupert roared frantically. He raised his sword to chase after the fleeing disciples. However, not a single person listened to him, because another sword beam from Andrew's greatsword was about to strike. Rupert fumed with rage, his face incredibly ferocious. He gripped his sword with both hands, turned, and clashed with Andrew. The two powerful fighters battled from the ground to the sky. Then, from the sky, they fought back down to Thunder Sect's ruins. Rupert suddenly spewed a large mouthful of fresh blood.

He crashed from the sky like a meteor, slamming into the ground. Without the support of the mountain defense formation, even at the peak of martial god, he was utterly helpless against Andrew. Andrew landed on the ground and looked at Rupert, who lay in the crater, his expression unchanged. "Now tell me, are you still ---- going to be so arrogant?" Hearing the mockery in Andrew's voice, Rupert's face twisted violently. He grabbed his heavy sword and tried to fight back one last time. Andrew slammed the hilt of his greatsword forward and struck Rupert square in the head.

Half his face instantly tured into a bloody mess, and fear finally appeared in his eyes. He stuttered, "I-If you dare kill me, Andrew, Thunder Sect will never let you get what you want." Andrew sneered. "Killing you would take no effort at all. Now do exactly what I said before. Kneel." The word 'kneel' made Rupert's head buzz. "Never! I am the leader of one of the Eight Ancient Sects, Andrew, you..." Rupert tried to lean on his grand status again. Andrew had no interest in listening. With a casual lift of his sword, one of Rupert's arms was severed and sent flying.

A piercing scream echoed across the Thunder Sect mountain grounds.

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Chapter 3311

[564 words]

---- Chapter 3311 Andrew barked coldly, "With my next strike, I'll take your heads off! So, kneel!" Rupert felt despair wash over him. Finally, gritting his teeth, he dropped to his knees. To survive, he had no choice. At the same time, hatred burned in his chest. From the beginning, Julius had just stood by and watched, refusing to help. He thought that if Julius had intervened, Thunder Sect would not have fallen so quickly. Rupert said hastily. "Andrew, don't kill me. I can tell you something important. Julius Bowen from the Divine Alchemists is here at Thunder Sect right now.

You two have such deep grudges between you, and I know you've been wanting to find him." Andrew replied indifferently, "That coward already ran off. But it doesn't matter. I'll find him eventually." He had been focused on breaking through Thunder Sect's formation earlier, so he did not have time to chase after Julius when he slipped away. Even so, he had sensed Julius' aura slipping away. If he had not been busy shattering the formation, he would have caught up and forced Julius to stay.

---- Still, Julius could not escape his grasp Of the Eight Ancient Sects, the Thunder Sect had already submitted. That left Julius with fewer places to hide. Andrew withdrew his blade and glanced down at Rupert. "You should know why I came here. Right now, Holtrien is in crisis, yet the ancient sects lock themselves away and live in comfort. Don't you think that's just ungrateful?" Rupert clutched his severed arm, angry but not daring to speak out. Finally, he growled resentfully, "Andrew, the ancient sects have always avoided worldly conflicts.

We rarely leave the mountains and don't get involved in secular disputes. Isn't it excessive to demand our help now?" Andrew's voice turned cold. "You should say that out loud so everyone can hear what kind of garbage comes out of your mouth. You claim Thunder Sect never steps outside, but how does your entire sect survive? Isn't it all funded by the people of Holtrien?

You may stay behind closed doors, but that doesn't mean you haven't profited from society." He questioned, "Just like the Divine Alchemists, do you really think Thunder Sect is any better?" Rupert suddenly spat with resentment, "But what do those common people's lives and deaths have to do with us? Even if ---- Holtrien falls, the ancient sects

will survive just fine." Andrew's smile turned chilling. "So you really are stubborn to the end. Since you think your life is more precious than others, then I'll let you watch your own head hit the ground.

After that, you can think about whether you're really so special." Seeing the killing intent in Andrew's eyes, Rupert panicked. "Wait, don't kill me! You can't kill me. I'm still the head of the Thunder Sect, after all. Just tell me what you want, and we'll obey." Andrew sneered. "As expected, only in the face of death do you bastards finally learn to behave. Take your disciples and head to the eastern Azure Gate immediately. Holtrien's war to defend the nation has begun. As part of Holtrien, Thunder Sect has no excuse not to contribute. Of course, you can ignore my words.

But you'll surely pay with your life for that." Rupert gave a bitter laugh. "Fine. I'll take all of Thunder Sect with me and head out right away."

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Chapter 3312

[695 words]

---- Chapter 3312 After the disciples of Thunder Sect headed down the mountain to join Holtrien's war against foreign enemies, Andrew and his group did not stay any longer. Their next stop had to be either the Harmony Sect or the Umbral Peak Sect. As long as two of the ancient sects agreed to step in, the only one left would be the Divine Alchemists, and they would not be much of a threat. Before Andrew left, Rupert spoke up. "Andrew, let me give you a piece of advice. Neither the Umbral Peak Sect nor the Harmony Sect is easy to deal with.

That coward Julius will definitely run to them and scheme against you." Andrew replied casually, "Then I'll just cut them down too." Rupert's face twisted with resentment, since he was one of those who had been cut down. He had been lucky enough to keep his life, but losing an arm was still quite a high price to pay. "Next stop, Umbral Peak Sect," Andrew decided. With that, he led Nyx and the others away from the Thunder Sect. At that very moment, inside the Umbral Peak Sect, the most ---- secretive and sinister of the Eight Ancient Sects, the atmosphere was dark and isolated.

The sect was built on top of an old mass grave, cut off from the outside world, and the air felt heavy and chilling. Julius, with his snow-white hair and long flowing robes, arrived at the Umbral Peak Sect's territory with his disciples. Suddenly, harsh, grating laughter echoed from the dark forest surrounding them. The Divine Alchemists' disciples

turned pale with fear. "Ghosts!" they shouted, drawing their weapons in panic. Only Julius remained expressionless. In a low voice, he announced, "I am Julius Bowen of the Divine Alchemists, here to visit the Umbral Peak Sect.

"Please come out and show yourself." The strange and spine-chilling laughter continued to echo through the mountains and woods. It showed no sign of stopping. At the same time, a sinister voice mocked him. "The Divine Alchemists are thousands of miles away in the Western Regions. You say you're Julius Bowen, then I might as well say I'm the ruler of Holtrien. If you don't want to die, get lost. Umbral Peak Sect doesn't welcome outsiders." A cold glint flashed in Julius' eyes. "Fool, I'm giving you one ---- chance.

"Come out and face me, or your end will be miserable." The other party flew into a rage. "You're asking for death!" Julius's expression turned icy as he suddenly raised his hand and struck toward the trees above. A massive shower of leaves fell, along with a figure tumbling down in disarray. The moment he hit the ground, he coughed up a mouthful of blood. "C-Could you really be the head of the Divine Alchemists', Julius Bowen?" the injured Umbral Peak Sect disciple gasped, clutching his chest in shock. Julius sneered. "I gave you a chance, but you were too useless to take it.

"Now you only have yourself to blame. Take me to your sect master, or I'll send you to your grave myself." A cold snort rang out as Umbral Peak Sect's experts arrived on the scene. An elderly man spoke coldly, "Well, well, so it really is Mr. Bowen from the Divine Alchemists. But our sect has always stayed out of the Divine Alchemists' business. What brings you here?" Julius's voice was icy. "Who are you?" The old man bristled. "I am a Guardian Elder of the Umbral Peak Sect. Mr. Bowen, you're being far too arrogant." ---- Julius strode toward him calmly.

"Since you're an elder of the Umbral Peak Sect, then lead the way. I need to see Mr. Monty Reyes, and I have critical information for your sect." The elder frowned. "What critical information? Mr. Bowen, you must be exaggerating." Julius looked at him calmly. "That the Umbral Peak Sect is about to be destroyed. Do you think that's an exaggeration? Andrew from the Lloyd royal family in Chetvine is preparing to storm the Umbral Peak Sect next. Don't you think that's important?" The elder's expression changed drastically. After a long moment of hesitation, he gestured respectfully toward Julius.

"Mr. Bowen, this way please."

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Chapter 3313

[840 words]

---- Chapter 3313 Julius' face remained cold, showing no hint of joy. He had fled from Thunder Sect the moment Andrew shattered its grand formation. Julius knew well enough that he could never break through Thunder Sect's formation, but Andrew had actually done it. Two years ago, Andrew had been nothing more than a nobody in Julius' eyes, someone he could kill with a single move. Yet in just two short years, Andrew had become frighteningly powerful.

Julius had always been a man who feared nothing and no one, but Andrew's overwhelming presence forced him to abandon his plan to team up with Rupert and kill Andrew immediately. Running was the only option. Julius had come straight to the Umbral Peak Sect. Originally, Julius had zero interest in cooperating with the Umbral Peak Sect. The sect was gloomy, strange, and unsettling, and Julius had always looked down on them. But now, he had no other choice, because he had few potential allies left. He was not willing to face Andrew alone.

At the very least, it would take two ancient sects joining forces to stand a chance. ---- Thinking about how he had fled pathetically from the Western Regions to the Thunder Sect, then from there to the Umbral Peak Sect, Julius felt deeply humiliated. At the same time, his murderous intent toward Andrew had only grown stronger. He could not defeat Reginald, and now he was being hunted by Reginald's son. This father and son from the Lloyd family made Julius hate them to the bone.

Soon enough, Julius arrived at the mountain gate of Umbral Peak Sect, escorted by one of its elders, his presence once again imposing. Umbral Peak Sect always kept a low profile, yet it walked a thin line between righteous and wicked. People from the sect were often involved in brutal acts throughout the martial world. In the past, Julius would have scored them as petty criminals. But now, he had to lower himself and seek refuge at the Umbral Peak Sect.

The sect's main hall was not particularly grand, and the entire place had an eerie, ghostly atmosphere. The Divine Alchemists' disciples were all getting spooked. However, seeing Julius show no signs of stopping, they steeled themselves and followed. ---- Before long, inside a natural cavern, Julius and the Divine Alchemists finally met the upper ranks of the Umbral Peak Sect. Umbral Peak Sect's master was Monty Reyes. Among the Eight Ancient Sects, he kept the lowest profile, but rumor had it that his martial prowess was the most formidable.

It was said that even Luther of Mount Lorneau could only defeat Monty by half a move. Julius found this claim contemptible, as he had always thought highly of himself. Still, the Umbral Peak Sect's power came not just from Monty but also from its unclear ties to the Reyes family. Holtrien's elite all knew that the Reyes family had close ties with the Umbral Peak Sect. However, few knew the specifics. Besides Monty, the Umbral Peak Sect had another renowned master: the Eastern Wanderer. Andrew had once wanted to find the Eastern Wanderer to learn how to break the seal on his energy core "Mr.

Bowen, you've come from so far away, and we failed to greet you properly. Please forgive us!" Monty was a clean-shaven, scholarly-looking man in white robes, and cutting a dashing figure. He stood up immediately to ---- welcome Julius' arrival No matter how arrogant Julius was, he still returned the courtesy with a bow. "Mr. Reyes, I hope I'm not intruding." Monty smiled warmly. "Not at all. Just now, I heard from our elder that you came from Thunder Sect?" Julius replied coolly, "That's right, just came from Thunder Sect." Monty chuckled. "How strange.

If you were already visiting the Thunder Sect, why would you suddenly come to our Umbral Peak Sect?" Julius snorted coldly, knowing the man was deliberately trying to humiliate him. In other words, Monty was exposing the fact that he had fled to the Umbral Peak Sect for his life. "Mr. Reyes, I came here to seek an alliance with the Umbral Peak Sect," Julius said in a deep voice. He added, "Our Eight Ancient Sects may not interact much, but we are bound together. If one thrives, all thrives. If one falls, all fall. To be honest, Thunder Sect has already been taken by Andrew.

Next, it will be Umbral Peak Sect's turn." Monty still wore a smile. "I know a bit about that boy's abilities. But this is the Umbral Peak Sect's territory. I doubt he'd dare to act rashly here, and even if he dared, he wouldn't be able to do much." ---- Julius laughed coldly. "Mr. Reyes, Rupert thought the same way. But in the end, Andrew split open Thunder Sect's defensive formation with a single sword strike, and Thunder Sect's thousand-year legacy was destroyed by Andrew in an instant. What if, just what if, Umbral Peak Sect ends up walking the same path? I wonder then, Mr.

Reyes, if you would still be able to smile like this."

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Chapter 3314

[674 words]

---- Chapter 3314 The smile finally disappeared from Monty's face as he said coldly, "He wouldn't dare!" Yet his heart skipped hard in his chest. He knew exactly how powerful Thunder Sect's defensive formation had been, and the fact that Andrew had broken it still felt unbelievable That kind of strength was simply monstrous. Monty's tone quickly softened. "Mr. Bowen, since you came to Umbral Peak Sect, I assume you're here because survival is at stake. In that case, why don't we join forces and deal with Andrew together?" Julius replied calmly, "That is exactly why I came.

But from what I just saw, the Umbral Peak Sect didn't seem too interested. I was even thinking that if you weren't willing, I would simply leave." Monty quickly laughed. "Mr. Bowen, what are you saying? Umbral Peak Sect certainly welcomes you!" Then, he ordered his men, "Someone, bring out the finest food and wine. I'll host a proper welcome feast for Mr. Bowen!" Before the disciples could prepare anything, another disciple rushed into the cave and announced loudly, "Mr. Reyes, we have ---- visitors." Both Monty's and Julius's expressions changed. "Could it be Andrew?"

Did they catch up already? How could they be this fast?" Both men felt a jolt of alarm. Monty asked darkly, "How many came? Is Andrew with them?" The disciple shook his head. "There's no one named Andrew. They claim to be from the military. Their leader is General Clarence Burnham from the military." Monty immediately breathed a sigh of relief. He looked at Julius and asked, "Mr. Bowen, what do you think the military wants at a time like this?" Julius said coldly, "What else could they want? Obviously, they hope we'll fight for Holtrien.

We of the Eight Ancient Sects have lived in seclusion and freedom. To ask us to leave our sects and risk our ancestral foundations is a joke." Monty nodded. "My thoughts exactly." He turned to the disciple and said, "Tell them that I'm not here and to come back another time." The disciple acknowledged the order but had not left the cave when a voice called in. ---- "Mr. Reyes, Clarence Burnham from the military is here to see you. If you're on the grounds but claim you're not here, does that mean you have some issue with us military folks?"

If so, then I must come and apologize to you in person!" As the speaker finished, a group walked in. There weren't many, just fewer than ten people. Leading them was Clarence, who had once intercepted the Grand Elder of the Nieves family, Orson. Monty forced a stiff smile. "General Clarence, arriving uninvited is hardly proper guest etiquette." Clarence replied steadily, "The nation is in crisis, so I apologize for the intrusion. After this is over, I will personally come back to the Umbral Peak Sect to make amends.

But for now, I have been ordered to invite the people of Umbral Peak Sect to leave the sect and resist foreign enemies, so we can restore peace to Holtrien." Monty's eyes narrowed instantly. Clarence's words were polite, yet he had laid out his demands clearly and left no room to dodge. If Monty had rejected him outright, it would have meant openly disrespecting the military. Umbral Peak Sect might be one of the Eight Ancient Sects, but it was impossible to disregard the military just like that. Monty's expression darkened, and he instinctively glanced at ---- Julius.

Clarence noticed Julius at that moment and smiled. "You must be the renowned Julius Bowen, head of the Divine Alchemists. It's an honor to meet you. Since you're here, I'll deliver General Turman's message as well. Please, lead the Divine Alchemists' disciples to fight off our foreign enemies. The people of Holtrien will be eternally grateful!" Julius scoffed. "General, you're very smooth with words, and very clever too.

Everything you say is perfectly crafted to make refusal impossible. But I do whatever I please. You can bring up General Turman or even God Almighty himself.

I have absolutely no interest in Holtrien's current war!"

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Chapter 3315

[675 words]

---- Chapter 3315 The moment Julius spoke, Monty followed smoothly. "General Burnham, Mr. Bowen's position is the same as mine. As you already know, we ancient sects have never involved ourselves in outside conflicts. Perhaps you should try asking somewhere else." A flash of anger crossed Clarence's face. He replied firmly, " That's completely wrong. Whether someone belongs to an ancient sect, the military, or is just an ordinary martial artist of Holtrien, when the nation is in danger, everyone has a duty. In my view, with the country facing a crisis, everyone should step up for Holtrien.

That's what it means to be a true man of Holtrien." He added, "And you two are leaders among Holtrien's strongest forces. Shouldn't you lead by example?" Accold glint flashed in Julius's eyes. "You can save your breath. Even if Holtrien turns upside down and fights the western Dark Clans to the death, it has nothing to do with the Divine Alchemists. We just need to close our gates and stay out of worldly affairs." Monty smiled with false sincerity. "Exactly. General Burnham, soldiers live and die on the battlefield because that is their duty.

But the ancient sects have few members and limited strength. We've lived this way for thousands of years. And now you ---- suddenly want us to go to war? We don't even know how." Clarence gritted his teeth One of the soldiers behind him could not hold back any longer and said furiously, "After all this talk, you're just trying to dodge responsibility, right? You hold the reins of Holtrien's top powers. During peacetime, you've taken massive resources and benefits from Holtrien, haven't you?

"For example, the Divine Alchemists alone made enormous wealth in the outside world just by selling their elixirs. Whenever there are benefits, the top powers grab them all for themselves. But now that the nation is in crisis and Holtrien's people face danger, you're hiding away. I may be just an insignificant soldier, but honestly, what you're doing is truly shameful!" Monty whipped his head around, fury on his face. "What did you just say?" Julius was even more domineering. "Since you already know you're insignificant, who gave you the nerve to criticize me like this?

You're asking for death!" As his words fell, he struck out with a palm from a distance, and its force tore through the air. That soldier was a member of the Iron Cavalry and no slouch either. His battle blade shot up instantly, blocking in front of his ---- chest. However, his strength was far too inferior to Julius' The blade shattered with a loud crack, and the remaining palm force struck his chest directly. He immediately coughed up blood and was sent flying backward. "Leo!" The other military soldiers erupted in fury, rushing to help him.

Clarence, as their leader, watched Julius attack without restraint and wound one of his men. Rage rose in his chest as he said, "Mr. Bowen, you're the leader of a sect. Yet you attacked a humble soldier who protects our homeland. Doesn't that seem beneath your distinguished status? Julius looked thoroughly impatient and completely lost his temper. "Forget just attacking him. I could kill him outright, and even if General Turman came, he'd have nothing to say. Since you know my prestige, then your people should watch how they speak to me." Clarence took a deep breath, suppressing his anger.

Then, he said through gritted teeth, "General Turman and his men are fighting desperately on the front lines. As Holtrien's top powerhouses, shouldn't you also shoulder your responsibilities and come down to help? Or are the ancient sects truly just parasites who don't care about anything?" ---- Monty's face darkened. "What do you mean by 'parasites'? The ancient sects simply don't want to get involved in worldly conflicts. General Burnham, if you have nothing else to say, please leave. Umbral Peak Sect doesn't welcome you." Clarence gripped his sword hilt.

"Before I came, I gave General Turman my word. I'm not going back unless I manage to convince the Umbral Peak Sect!"

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Chapter 3316

[713 words]

---- Chapter 3316 Monty sneered. "You think you can play games with me? What if I refuse to budge?" Clarence snarled, "Then don't blame me for getting rough!" Monty scoffed. "Getting rough on the Umbral Peak Sect's turf? Forget being the military's top general, even if you were the military's war god, even if General Turman himself came here, I could refuse him if I wanted to!" Julius chimed in coolly, "Mr. Reyes, why waste so many words? Or are you saying the Umbral Peak Sect actually lacks prestige?"

If someone dared to cause trouble in our Divine Alchemists' territory, I'd make sure he regretted ever being born." Monty's expression darkened instantly, and he felt humiliated. Julius' words had basically called the Umbral Peak Sect spineless, as if even a military general could barge in and push them around. "Elder Redford, show them out!" Monty ordered coldly, preparing to expel Clarence and his men. Glenn Redford approached Clarence expressionlessly.

"Get lost, or the Umbral Peak Sect will wipe you all out!" With a sharp metallic ring, Clarence drew his combat blade and ---- said coldly, "So, the Umbral Peak Sect really doesn't care whether the people of Holtrien live or die? If that's the case, then what's the point of your sect even existing? You're nothing but parasites feeding off the great nation of Holtrien." Glenn raged. "You've got a death wish!" He drew his sword and immediately clashed with Clarence. The other Umbral Peak Sect elders swept forward with contemptuous expressions, attacking the remaining military soldiers.

Within moments, even though the military soldiers were battle-hardened veterans, they began to falter. One soldier was struck so hard he was sent flying, and both his arms snapped on impact. An elder from Umbral Peak Sect strode toward him with a vicious grin and said, "So what if you're military? You dared to stir up trouble at Umbral Peak Sect, and now you're done. Die!" From the main seat, Monty and Julius watched with cold smiles. Monty thought to himself that it was time to teach the military a lesson, because otherwise they might really think the Umbral Peak Sect was just a pushover.

They had even dared to draw weapons on his turf, and to him that was practically suicide. Clarence, seeing the situation spiral, roared and slashed an elder ---- in front of him, sending the man flying. However, before he could rush over to save his fellow soldier, another elder intercepted him and blocked his path. He watched helplessly as the injured soldier was about to be cut in half. Clarence's heart burned with fury and anguish. He had only brought a small team because the front lines were stretched thin, and Philip could spare no more men than this.

Yet not only was the Umbral Peak Sect unmoved, but they were also abusing their power to kill. In that instant, Clarence's blood boiled, and he swore that even if he died here, he would not let his brothers fall in vain. These were men who had followed him through life and death. Suddenly, there was a sickening sound as a blade pierced flesh. A body dropped, dead on the spot. But it was not the military soldier who fell. It was the Umbral Peak Sect disciple who had raised his weapon to strike him down. The disciple let out a scream of agony before collapsing to the ground.

Only then did Monty, Julius, and Clarence react at the same time. "Who did that? Whoever dared to kill a disciple of my sect, I'll tear you limb from limb!" Monty roared as he shot to his feet, his aura exploding violently. ---- Julius' eyes locked onto the entrance of the main hall, and his body tensed without him even realizing it. For the first time, a flicker of unease crept into his expression. Clarence stopped fighting the elder and turned toward the entrance in shock. Several figures walked in slowly, as if they were taking a casual stroll through a park.

Leading them was a man in black, wielding an absurdly massive greatsword. The moment Clarence saw him, his head buzzed with disbelief." Captain!" Julius, on the other hand, snarled through gritted teeth, "Andrew, you punk! Your timing is perfect, but coming here will only get you killed!"

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Chapter 3317

[639 words]

---- Chapter 3317 The ones who arrived were none other than Andrew and his group. An Umbral Peak Sect elder shrieked, "Andrew, you've trespassed into the Umbral Peak Sect! Where are the disciples standing guard? How did you get up here?" Andrew replied calmly, "Sorry, we killed them all." At those words, the Umbral Peak Sect elder's face went pale with horror. Monty's expression turned extremely dark as he asked through gritted teeth, "The Umbral Peak Sect and the Lloyd royal family hold no grudges against each other, do we?"

Andrew, what's the meaning of killing my disciples?" Andrew said indifferently, "No particular meaning. They're just a bunch of selfish animals, and killing them is no big deal. It's like this, Mr. Reyes... Imagine you raised a dog. But one day, that dog tries to bite you. What would you do?" Monty roared, "You arrogant bastard! How dare you mock me by calling me a dog?" Andrew looked at him with a contemptuous smile. "You're right, I do see you all as dogs who only bite the hands that feed them.

If ---- that's the case, why should I keep you around?" Monty howled, "Fellows, kill these lunatics who don't know their place!" In an instant, shadows flickered through the massive cavern hall. From the dark tunnels carved into the surrounding rock walls, waves of Umbral Peak Sect disciples poured out. Their eyes burned with killing intent as they locked onto Andrew and his group. However, Andrew acted as if he did not see them at all, his expression calm and unreadable.

Then, he walked straight toward Clarence and asked, "You alright?" Clarence shook his head and said excitedly, "Captain, what are you doing here?" Andrew replied, "I just came from the Thunder Sect. Didn't expect you'd arrive first, though. Did Philip send you?" Clarence nodded. "Yes. He sent me to ask the Umbral Peak Sect to fight the western invaders together. Unfortunately, they have no intention of doing so." The other military soldiers gathered in front of Andrew at that moment and snapped to attention with a salute.

"Captain!" Back when Andrew was with the Divine Dragon Order, he had held the rank of Major General. Not only was he responsible for ---- missions assigned by the organization, but he also trained military officers. And it was officer-level training, not basic boot camp for regular soldiers. The Divine Dragon Order was Holtrien's most mysterious and elite force, far more secretive and lethal than the public-facing military. While the military was the visible powerhouse, the Divine Dragon Order posed a far greater and more deadly threat to the West.

Anyone who entered it had first been handpicked from the military and then put through brutal layers of screening and evaluation. "Everyone okay? Valerie, bandage up this brother here." Andrew had Valerie step forward to treat the injured Iron Cavalry soldier's wounds. Then, he slowly turned toward Julius. "Julius, you ran pretty fast. But unfortunately, as I said, it doesn't matter where you run; it's futile. At first, I wanted to kill you outright, but now Holtrien faces tremendous pressure from this war.

So I'm considering keeping your head attached and having you go to the Eastern Azure Gate to serve the country and atone for your sins." Julius stood up, his robes billowing dramatically, and he carried himself with the presence of a true warlord. ---- "Andrew, you foolish brat, you probably don't realize that I really don't need to run, and I don't need to fear you." Andrew laughed mockingly. "You don't need to run, and you're not afraid?

Then why didn't you show yourself at Thunder Sect and settle things with me?" Before Julius could respond, Andrew continued with contempt, "Julius, you've wanted to be Holtrien's number one for your entire life. However, you're still far, far away from being truly number one."

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Chapter 3318

[610 words]

---- Chapter 3318 Andrew mocked Julius, "Two years ago, you thought you were untouchable. But now, in my eyes, you're nothing more than an ant." Julius burned with rage and snarled, "Andrew, the louder a man boasts, the harder he falls. I know you've gotten incredibly strong, but I have ruled across Holtrien for half my life. I've never feared anyone, and certainly not you." Andrew chuckled and said, "Never feared anyone? Julius, don't you feel embarrassed saying that? You were afraid of my father, weren't you?"

And since you claim you're not afraid of me, why don't you come down here and fight me one-on-one?" Julius wished he could kill Andrew on the spot. However, actually stepping into a solo fight was the last thing he wanted. He was not stupid. Since Andrew was here, it meant Guillermo was already finished. Julius and Guillermo were roughly equal in strength. Though he believed he was slightly superior to Guillermo, that did not matter now. Since Guillermo had gone down, he would not be taking that risk. Hence, with a righteous tone, he said, "Mr. Reyes, you've witnessed this punk's arrogance.

Originally, I intended to take ---- him down myself. But considering he doesn't take the Umbral Peak Sect seriously either, I think it's best if the Umbral Peak Sect joins forces with the Divine Alchemists to teach him a proper lesson. We must make him wish he were dead!" Monty said coldly, "My thoughts exactly! Mr. Bowen, let's strike together and destroy him." The two powerhouses exploded into action simultaneously. One from the left and the other from the right, they blasted toward Andrew with overwhelming palm strikes that shook the entire cave, causing rocks to tumble down.

Nyx's eyes turned cold as she prepared to engage one of them. Andrew barked, "No need! Nyx, Mr. Thornton, you all protect the others." The disciples of Umbral Peak Sect roared as they charged forward in waves. Clarence rallied his veteran officers and prepared to counterattack. However, Nyx, Rowan, Jerome, Eric, and Valerie had already moved first, engaging the enemy without hesitation. Clarence was stunned. The people around Andrew were all formidable fighters. He was especially intimidated by Nyx, who was a martial god.

---- Andrew swung his left palm and drove his right palm forward at the same time. He collided head-on with Monty and Julius, palm against palm. A massive blast of energy erupted from the clash, shaking the cavern violently. Monty's face twitched as waves of force rippled across his skin, and shock filled his eyes. Andrew's power was overwhelmingly domineering. Julius was even more horrified. That palm strike had been his full power, yet Andrew had not dodged or evaded, choosing to meet them head-on instead. Moreover, he had split half his strength to deal with Monty simultaneously.

If Andrew had been fighting him alone, Julius realized he might have been defeated in the very first exchange. Cold sweat broke out across his back, but it only deepened his killing intent. He must get rid of Andrew! "Mr. Reyes, go all out!" Julius shouted. With two thunderous impacts, Andrew's palms trembled violently and blasted both men backward at once. The three of them leapt into the vast open space of the cavern and unleashed their full power. ---- Andrew did not draw Godslayer because with its strength, a single swing would have brought the entire cavern crashing down.

He did not care if the Umbral Peak Sect's people died, but he refused to let his own allies or the military soldiers be caught in the collapse. Then again, even without Godslayer, Andrew was more than enough to deal with these two pieces of trash.

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Chapter 3319

[640 words]

---- Chapter 3319 A mass of black energy howled in Monty's palm before bursting outward. "Stormrend Strike!" he roared. The dark mist twisted in midair, transforming into a massive skeletal hand that slammed down toward Andrew. At the same time, Julius unleashed his ultimate technique. He retreated and hovered in the air, then spat out a single word, " Destroy!" This was the Word of Ruin he had cultivated for years. Once before, Andrew had been struck by one of his word techniques, the word "Break." Invisible rules instantly wrapped around Andrew's entire body.

However, he let out a cold snort, and the true force inside him surged out like a tidal wave crashing backward. In an instant, the invisible rules coiling around him were torn apart like fragile spiderwebs. Julius grunted in pain, shock filling his face as he jerked his head back and retreated abruptly. The air where he had been floating suddenly exploded without warning. ---- This was the backlash from his technique. If it could not harm the enemy, it would injure the caster instead. If Julius had not mastered the Word of Ruin to perfection, that attack would have crippled him.

Meanwhile, the black skeletal hand of smoke crashed down on Andrew. Monty was about to celebrate when he realized Andrew's figure had dissolved into thin air. In the next second, Andrew appeared at his side. "Mr. Reyes, you're really weak." The icy voice, full of contempt, reached Monty's ears. He spun and threw a punch that shattered the air, yet Andrew vanished again. This time, he appeared above Monty. Monty tried the same move, preparing another punch. However, Andrew's eyes flashed with cold light. Inferno Strike descended from the sky, wrapped in roaring flames.

Monty cursed inwardly and dodged backward so fast he slammed into the cave wall, causing rocks to rain down. Still, though he looked disheveled, he had managed to evade ---- Andrew's palm strike. Andrew could now easily unleash Inferno Strike's strongest form: Tides of Hellfire. A sea of fire swept downward toward Julius' position below. His white hair was instantly scorched. He cursed inwardly, thinking that Monty's dodge had left him to take the hit. With a cold snort, he formed a defensive barrier in front of himself and then retreated rapidly.

Andrew's face remained expressionless as he pursued, Monty followed close behind, roaring as he unleashed attack after attack. Explosions echoed through the cavern, and the entire mountain hall began to show signs of collapse. Several Umbral Peak Sect disciples were crushed by falling rocks, their screams ringing out in terror. Fortunately, Julius was in front, Andrew in the middle, and Monty at the rear, and the three top-tier

powerhouses carried their battle outside. Julius hovered in the air beyond the sect grounds, his robes and white hair whipping wildly in the wind.

His expression was grim as he took his stance. Monty positioned himself diagonally across from him, both of ---- them facing Andrew and forming a pincer formation Julius attacked first, launching a fierce assault Andrew did not move from his position in midair and casually knocked him back with a single hand. Julius shouted, "Mr. Reyes, make your move!" Monty did not need further urging and immediately followed up with another strike. Once again, the Umbral Peak Sect's secret art manifested as a black skeletal hand of smoke that tore toward Andrew.

Andrew threw a straight punch and shattered the smoky hand instantly. Monty's entire body trembled as he suffered internal injuries from the impact. "Destroy! Destroy! Destroy! Destroy!" Julius' face turned sinister as he unleashed the Word of Ruin four times in a row. Four invisible killing forces wrapped around Andrew in an instant. Three of them were shattered immediately by Andrew's power. However, the last one exploded with a sharp crack, and the fabric over Andrew's chest was ripped apart.

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Chapter 3320

[561 words]

---- Chapter 3320 Julius burst into wild laughter and said, "Andrew, I thought you were indestructible. Now you're seriously hurt, aren't you?" Andrew looked at him as if he were an idiot and replied calmly, " Do I look seriously hurt to you? I just wanted to test how powerful the ultimate technique of the Divine Alchemists really was. And from what I can see, it's nothing special." Julius' pupils shrank violently as he blurted out, "That's impossible!" He had clearly seen Andrew's chest explode open earlier, yet there was not a single drop of blood, let alone any real injury.

The Word of Ruin he used had drawn upon the very laws of heaven and earth, striking and killing invisibly. Even a peak martial god could not withstand his technique, yet Andrew had voluntarily taken the hit to test its power and walked away completely unscathed. Julius unconsciously swallowed hard. His expression was extremely bitter. While his mind wavered, Andrew laughed coldly. "Now it's my turn." His right hand shot out, violently tearing at the sky above, ---- Immediately, a vortex appeared in the Umbral Peak Sect's already gloomy sky, and a strand of crimson lightning struck down.

This time, Andrew did not use Godslayer as the conduit. Instead, he grabbed the Primordial Thunder with his bare hand. Then, he shot forward suddenly, pressing it toward Julius' head. The latter's face turned vicious as he raised his hand, pointing at Andrew. Through gritted teeth, he snarled, "Destroy! Destroy! Destroy! Destroy!" He unleashed the Word of Ruin four times in a row, which was already his absolute limit. Any more than that, and his body would overload, and he would start coughing up blood on the spot. Yet, this time, it still had no effect whatsoever.

In fact, as Andrew deflected them, the technique rebounded before Julius could dodge. His shoulder exploded with a crack, blood flowing freely. However, that was not all. Andrew's palm strike had reached the top of his head. Julius activated his movement technique to escape, but the next second, he discovered in horror that his body could not move. ---- An enormous pressure cage had trapped him completely. Julius struggled and roared. He watched helplessly as the red lightning in Andrew's descending hand grew brighter and more violent. "Monty, help me!

Help me now!" Julius screamed in utter terror. From the red lightning in Andrew's hand, he sensed an aura of total annihilation. This could actually kill him! The red lightning exploded, and the entire dark sky was instantly woven into a web of blood-red electricity. Julius threw his head back and vomited blood uncontrollably. Before long, a piercing scream erupted from his mouth. As he fell, his clothes and even his hair were burned away, and the Primordial Thunder nearly roasted him alive, leaving him charred and smoking. Monty had instinctively rushed over to support him.

Even so, he was still a step too late. He watched helplessly as Julius fell toward the ground below. Monty instantly lost all courage to attack. He thought Andrew was absurdly, impossibly strong. With just the two of them, they stood absolutely no chance, especially now that Julius was gravely injured and barely alive. "Sir, show yourself and help me!" Monty shouted desperately toward the mountain behind the Umbral Peak Sect. ---- He was calling forth someone even stronger than himself: the Eastern Wanderer!

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Chapter 3321

[857 words]

---- Chapter 3321 A massive surge of energy erupted from the back of the Umbral Peak Sect's mountain, shooting straight toward the front in an instant. The Eastern Wanderer, Byron Ashby, had arrived! Andrew stood on top of a withered tree, his greatsword

gleaming faintly as he watched the figure emerge. The man had long salt-and-pepper hair and, much like Monty, dressed in a scholar-style robe. He was handsome, almost refined. However, beneath that polished exterior ran a current of pure malice. "To think such prime offerings would walk right up the mountain .

Breaking out of seclusion was absolutely worth it," Byron murmured, his lips tinged with an unnatural shade of purple. " He was not even looking at Andrew. His eyes were locked on Nyx, Valerie, and Rowan, and the corner of his mouth curled into a crooked smile. Andrew knew exactly what the man meant by "offerings," and it made his blood run cold. Byron was practically legendary in the world of dual cultivation. He was a master of the dark arts, someone who had pioneered ---- techniques most would not dare touch.

Andrew had once intended to track him down through the Reyes family, but that was no longer necessary. The hunger in this man's eyes as he stared at the three women was more than enough reason to put him down. Monty snapped urgently, "Kill Andrew first! Stop wasting time and strike with us now!" Byron let out a low, mocking laugh. "You've gotten so pathetic. If I'd ever wanted the sect leader's seat, I would've buried you and taken it ages ago. The two of you couldn't even handle one man.

You've dragged the Umbral Peak Sect's fearsome reputation straight into the dirt." Monty's face twisted with fury. "This is not the time for that. Just kill Andrew. Those women he brought are yours; do whatever you want with them!" That got Byron's attention. The dark aura around him thickened as his gaze finally shifted to Andrew, and his pupils shrank sharply. He exclaimed, "Your strength is actually Beyond Mortal?" Andrew raised his greatsword slowly and pointed it at him. "I didn't come to the Umbral Peak Sect looking for a massacre.

But if this sect keeps pushing for one, then the Eight Ancient ---- Sects will be down to seven." Byron burst out laughing. "That's the funniest thing I've heard all year! You want to wipe out the Umbral Peak Sect? Fine, I couldn't care less about this place. But those ladies? I want them. Hand them over, and I'll stay out of your business. Or don't, and I'll gut you first and take them anyway. Your call." Andrew's voice was flat and cold. "I'll take option three: your head." Byron's aura exploded behind him, his voice turning savage.

You really do have a death wish." He let out a sharp, guttural shriek, and the corners of his mouth tore open in a vicious grin. His entire form warped into something between man and demon; monstrous, wrong, pushed far past the edge of sanity. However, the power radiating off him spiked violently, and he reached the peak of martial god in an instant. Before long, he broke past that peak and rose to the same level as Andrew. "You think you're the only one who's reached this height?

I'm the true number one among Holtrien's Eight Ancient Sects." His monstrous presence swept across the battlefield. Byron completely merged into the black mist behind him. Then, a stream of black energy shot out, transforming midair into a ---- charging

ferocious beast that lunged at Andrew. Andrew swung once. A single, devastating arc from his greatsword destroyed the shadow beast into nothing. Then he pressed forward, a massive wave of red sword energy ripping through the air. From inside the black mist, Byron just smirked.

He raised one hand, and a monstrous black palm materialized and caught the full force of Andrew's strike dead-on. Nyx and the others watched from below, their expressions grave as they stared at Byron in the sky. They had not expected the Umbral Peak Sect to have hidden such a reclusive powerhouse. Rowan spoke quickly, her voice tense. "Something's off... Byron is on the Titan List, but he shouldn't be this strong." Valerie shook her head slowly. "Umbral Peak Sect has drifted apart from my family for years.

My father never liked the way they acted like they were in charge of us, always barking orders from above. But Byron was always at the core of this sect, until word got out that something went wrong with whatever forbidden technique he was cultivating "Now I'm thinking his real power was never reflected in that ranking. He must have surpassed everyone on the list long ago. It was only because of that cultivation mishap that his level dropped, which is why people placed him on the list." ---- Andrew's greatsword hammered into Byron's black mist again and again.

The mist bent and warped under each blow, but then contracted sharply, swallowing the destructive sword energy whole. Monty snarled and launched himself into the fight, joining Byron's assault. Together, they drove another massive black palm strike crashing down toward Andrew.

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Chapter 3322

[894 words]

---- Chapter 3322 Andrew let out a cold shout, his expression arrogant and commanding. It was perfect timing, because ever since breaking into the Beyond Mortal realm, he had not met an actual opponent he could fight without holding back. Byron had clearly been hiding his strength, and only after running into Andrew today had he finally revealed it. With this level of power, there was no way he was just a senior member of Umbral Peak Sect. He might very well have been the true hidden leader behind the entire sect. What made Andrew even more certain was the look on Monty's face.

Monty was shocked that Byron's strength far exceeded anything he had known. Although Byron had always been stronger than him, it had never been by such an outrageous margin. Moreover, Monty was supposed to be his senior. A massive pillar of sword energy came crashing down from above. Monty let out a strangled grunt and was sent flying backward, smashing through a vast stretch of withered forest before he hit the ground and coughed up a mouthful of blood. ---- Byron erupted in fury.

Five massive phantom beasts made of pure dark energy came charging in one after another, relentlessly, all of them going straight for Andrew. Andrew planted his feet and swung his greatsword in a full, wide arc. Roaring sword light burst out around him like a rotating machine gun, spraying in every direction. The phantom beasts were torn through, one by one. However, some still slammed into Andrew's body. In that instant, Andrew felt his mind jolt violently, and even his sword hand trembled slightly. Byron burst into laughter. "You're strong, truly strong.

Even I have to admit you are a once-in-a-generation genius, born for the martial path. Anyone born in the same era as you would be doomed. "However, raw power won't break my Demon Waltz. My attacks don't go for the body; they go straight for the mind. They go for the soul. So tell me... are you starting to see things? Warm things? Tempting things?" Another wave of dark phantom shapes came surging toward Andrew, but these were not beasts. The forms had changed into something far more disturbing: writhing silhouettes of entwined figures, arching bodies, provocative shapes designed to set his.

---- blood on fire. It looked almost seductive, but Andrew felt nothing but danger. He recognized instantly that letting those phantoms wrap around him would be catastrophic, the kind of thing that could crack a person's mind wide open and send them spiraling out of control on the spot. Andrew steeled himself fast. He kept hacking his sword through the phantoms to destroy them while simultaneously stepping back, widening the distance between himself and Byron. Down below, Valerie and Rowan had both made the mistake of looking up.

Their eyes locked onto the figures drifting through the air, and their bodies froze without them even realizing it. Nyx, sharper and more experienced than both of them, understood exactly what was happening. That old monster's technique was designed to awaken the most primal urges buried in a person's body, and once those urges got their hooks in, they would scatter your focus completely, until you died without ever knowing what had hit you. "Valerie! Rowan! Don't look!" Nyx's voice cracked out like a whip.

Both women flinched hard and snapped back to themselves, their faces going pale with alarm. Nyx said quickly, "Don't look, don't listen to the sounds either. ---- Lock your mind down and hold it." Eric was struggling the worst of all. Caught in the outer edges of Byron's assault, his entire body had gone wrong in an instant. Jerome, though not the most powerful fighter in the group, had spent decades navigating the world's worst situations, and his mental discipline was iron. He stepped forward without hesitation.

"Eric, don't circulate your energy, hold your breath, shut down your senses!" he barked, and before Eric could respond, he moved in and struck two precise pressure points at the base of Eric's skull, cutting him off from the technique's influence. Eric had changed. He was a different person now than he used to be. However, his past was still his past, and it was complicated. Among those old complications was a particular detail about his preferences that he had never once shared with another living soul.

In that split second when Byron's technique hit him, a vision had surfaced in Eric's mind: a man, broad-shouldered and perfectly built, pressing him down. What shocked Eric the most was that this perfectly sculpted, naked man was Andrew. ---- These were thoughts no one knew except himself. With Jerome's help, Eric immediately shut down his senses, sat cross-legged on the ground, and desperately resisted Byron's influence. Yet, his mind was in complete turmoil. Had he once harbored improper thoughts about Andrew? Eric felt so ashamed that he wanted to disappear. He was not that person anymore.

Under Brielle and Jerome's careful guidance and genuine investment in him, he had built himself into someone respectable, someone who could stand shoulder- to-shoulder with the best scions the Chetvine family had to offer, with a future wide open ahead of him. However, the past would not just erase itself because you moved on from it. Eric made a silent, iron vow right then and there: that secret would go with him to his grave, no matter what.

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Chapter 3323

[818 words]

---- Chapter 3323 Byron cackled, his voice dripping with twisted delight. "Think you can run from it? These desires come from inside you, from your own body, your own heart. The Demonic Art reaches beyond death itself. There is no escaping it." He let out a cold, satisfied sneer. Suddenly, a massive cloud of black mist, threaded through with a sickly pink haze, exploded outward and blanketed the entire sky above the Umbral Peak Sect. Instantly, the disciples below began to unravel. Some howled, while others gasped and panted like animals.

The ones with stronger discipline dropped to the ground and sat cross-legged, gritting their teeth and barely holding on, while the weaker ones collapsed entirely, writhing across the dirt in ways that no one should have to witness. Monty's face had gone a shade of furious and desperate that Andrew had never seen on him before. He roared,

"Have you lost your mind? Stop the Demonic Art! Your own disciples are being destroyed by it!" Byron did not even flinch. From within the black mist, only two glowing red eyes appeared. ---- "Monty, who do you think you are, telling me what to do?"

Get on your knees." A crushing wave of pressure slammed down onto Monty. Even with his peak martial god strength, he dropped to his knees in shock. "H-How is this possible?" From the black mist emerged a twisted face, aged and shriveled like a dried vine, ugly and withered beyond belief. Compared to the fairly handsome Eastern Wanderer from before, it looked like a completely different person. Yet, Monty recognized that hideous face all too well. He was overwhelmed with terror. "W-Wait... You're not Byron Ashby..."

Are you the founding ancestor of Umbral Peak Sect?" Seeing Monty's terrified expression, Byron sneered. "Byron Ashby was merely another identity of mine. And you truly believed I was your junior? Foolish thing. I am the true ancestor of the Umbral Peak Sect. "Lonely disguised myself with that identity and appearance in order to cultivate the Demonic Art. After 300 years of work, I've finally succeeded!" ---- After the shock, Monty's fear turned into wild joy. "What an honor to be in your presence!" Byron did not spare him another glance.

He had already turned his full attention back to Andrew, relentless and hunting. The Demonic Art struck at the innermost part of a person: the tangled mess of emotion, longing, memory, and desire that every human being carried. No one with a heartbeat was immune to it. Andrew grunted through gritted teeth. He had to admit that the old monster was the real deal. In front of him, a glowing protective barrier expanded, barely holding back the erosion of the surrounding black mist. Andrew's mind raced as he searched for a way to counter it.

Suddenly, he heard a sharp cracking sound inside himself. He was startled and first thought it was his protective barrier shattering. But it was not. Byron burst into laughter. I can feel your soul. It is vast, truly powerful. But your heart is filled with tangled emotions and desires. Perfect. I need someone exactly like you. Once I refine you, my strength will reach a new level! Demon Waltz, activate!" ---- With a furious roar, the black mist around Andrew's barrier began to boil. Alluring figures formed from the mist, circling the barrier as they danced and struck provocative poses.

Andrew was not someone whose heart could be shaken easily. His will was as solid as bedrock. However, his desires and complicated emotions were an open plain without walls. Under the influence of the Demon Waltz, he gradually felt his defenses slipping. His mind flickered violently, like an old television screen when first powered on. Then, a scene appeared, completely out of his control. It was a lady with straight bangs, kneeling on a wooden floor, her figure delicate yet curving in all the right places. She softly called out, "Andrew." Her voice was gentle and sweet.

At first, Andrew thought it was Isabelle, because she sometimes called him just as sweetly. However, the voice was not quite the same. Moreover, this woman was much

taller than Isabelle. While Isabelle was flat-chested, this woman was anything but. ---- Suddenly, the woman raised her head. The flush on her face, the seductive look in her eyes, and the string of saliva at the corner of her lips made it clear what she wanted and what she longed for. She whispered his name again and then lunged at him. Andrew tried to pull back. He told his body to move, but it did not listen.

His arms closed around her instead, pulling her in, and his hands moved on their own without his permission. When he finally saw her face, the shock hit him like a punch to the chest. He recognized her! It was the female covert artist from Throne City, the one who had once disguised herself as Nyx.

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Chapter 3324

[732 words]

---- Chapter 3324 It was Iridessa of the Eastonia royal family, a top-tier female covert artist. She was also Vance's biological sister. She was the one who had once taken on Nyx's appearance and shared an unexpected, intoxicating night with Andrew. When the deception was uncovered, Andrew had let her go So why was she surfacing now, here, in his own mind, and in an image like that? From some detached, out-of-body angle, Andrew watched himself pin Iridessa down and take her, fully and without restraint.

She moved beneath him, endlessly flexible, impossibly soft, clinging close and whispering in a voice like a warm breeze in the dead of night, gentle on the surface and laced with temptation underneath. Then, the scene cut, and Andrew's grip on himself slipped another notch. Byron's laughter filled his ears. It sounded grating, obscene, and delighted. He crooned, "Sink deeper. Oh, this is delightful... What a rich, complicated soul you are. I've taken the lives of countless people with this technique, but a heart as tangled as yours?

---- That's genuinely rare." Andrew forced his energy to circulate, trying to wall out the voice. However, the laughter easily seeped through everything and rushed straight into his head. Then, the world shifted again. He was on a bed, sheets twisted and disheveled, his shirt gone. Beneath him was a woman. Her skin was almost luminously pale, her figure lush and unmistakable. "Are you sure you want this, sweetheart?" she murmured, her voice low and achingly tender, like a question that already knew its answer. Andrew was jolted and looked down. The beauty beneath him was completely naked.

Her mature, elegant face was flushed red with both desire and shy embarrassment. When she saw him looking at her, she quickly turned her gaze aside, even her neck turning crimson. Yet her strong, toned legs wrapped around his waist, locking him firmly in place. "Victoria, what are you doing here?" Andrew was shaken to the core. The woman beneath him was Victoria! Their bodies were pressed so close that only a single step ---- remained before he fully claimed her. Victoria lifted her graceful, gentle face. At the corners of her eyes, faint lines had formed with age.

When she smiled, those lines rippled like soft waves. Yet, they did nothing to lessen her charm. Instead, they made her even more captivating, stirring dangerous thoughts of conquest and possession. Andrew heard a rough sound tear from his throat. "No!" He resisted with force, instinctively fighting back. However, Victoria suddenly extended her smooth arms and wrapped them around Andrew's neck. Then, she leaned up and kissed him. Andrew felt his blood surge, and everything in his mind seemed to vanish. "Let yourself go.

I'm here willingly..." Her warm, tender words brushed against his ear, full of deep affection. Yet they also felt like a siren rising from the abyss, pulling him toward hell. Andrew felt his will to resist weakening rapidly. He wanted to give in, to crash forward without restraint. However, deep within his heart, one last thread of clarity held on. It was a final boundary, an unspoken rule he had never let himself break, and it refused to let him fall. ---- He roared violently, his face twisted.

Then, everything before his eyes shattered under the explosive force of his aura. The king-sized bed vanished, and Victoria, with her glowing white skin, disappeared as well. Yet, just before she faded away, the look of disappointment and tears streaming down her face made Andrew's heart tremble. In the end, he closed his eyes and chose not to look. Byron snorted and growled, "You're tougher than I expected." Furious, he launched the Demon Waltz again. At the same time, he launched a fierce assault on Andrew's protective barrier.

Inside the barrier, Andrew had to withstand Byron's attacks while suppressing the raging desires in his heart. It was exhausting beyond words. Just then, the scene before him shifted once more. Andrew inwardly cursed. This time, he saw two alluring figures at once. "Andrew, you came." "Andrew, I do not want to deny my feelings anymore. I want to give myself to you. Please don't reject me." ---- Their soft voices, tinged with pleading, bombarded his mind. Andrew clenched his teeth, trying to look away. However, the two figures grew clearer and clearer before his eyes.

He could hardly believe it! One was Brielle, and the other was Tiana:

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Chapter 3325

[558 words]

---- Chapter 3325 Andrew's thoughts were in complete chaos as he wondered what was going on. He could understand why Iridessa would appear. After all, they had once shared an intimate night. However, why were Victoria, Brielle, and Tiana appearing in his mind as well? Even if it had been Lauren, Francesca, or Nyx, he could have explained it to himself. Did that mean these were emotions and desires buried so deep inside him that even he had never noticed them? Byron let out a sharp, mocking laugh. "Confused, aren't you? Can't quite make sense of it? Good. That's exactly the point.

I take the things you've told yourself you'd never do, the lines you swore you'd never cross, and I plant them so deep in your mind that they start to feel like your own thoughts. "I make you fall. I make you let go. I make you enjoy everything you once fought so hard to resist. When a man's limits and moral boundaries are shattered, is he still human? No. He becomes something beyond that. Something like a god." He added, "Andrew, once you cross that final threshold in your mind, everything else will seem trivial in comparison. You'll be ---- free, like me, above it all, answerable to no one.

That is the ultimate power buried inside every human being. That is the Demonic Art." The words coiled around Andrew like smoke, seeping into the cracks. However, what they ignited in him was not surrender; it was murder. The moment he broke free of this technique, he was going to kill Byron. That was decided Andrew had once considered seeking the man out for answers about his own condition, back when he had not known how deep the rot went. However, he knew now, and knowing meant there was only one outcome.

However, his immediate problem was how to resist the desires rising in his heart under Byron's manipulation and the outrageous emotions being forcibly implanted into his thoughts. As the black mist sizzled and thickened around him, Andrew's consciousness sank again. Brielle appeared, her robe loosened, her long legs faintly revealed in a way that stirred wild imagination. She climbed onto the bed, her face flushed red, and said shyly, " Andrew... You wouldn't mind that I have had a child, would you? I know you would not. From now on, I will belong to you alone.

---- Whatever you want me to do, I will do." Her obedient posture, almost like a servant offering herself completely, would have ignited any man's most primitive instincts. The urge to grab her and dominate the situation surged uncontrollably. Andrew was no exception. As he watched Brielle approach, shy yet inviting, he roared inwardly in resistance. However, his body still moved, and his hand reached toward a place it should not have touched. Everything seemed to tumble toward chaos. Then, another figure joined the scene. "You really do have all the luck, don't you?

Even I came personally to serve you. Feels good, doesn't it?" Tiana's laugh rang out, clear and cutting, and landed in Andrew's ears like a bell. Unlike Victoria and Brielle, she was far bolder and more intense, She stepped forward without hesitation and moved close, her red lips curved in a teasing smile as she looked down at him "So, what's it going to be? Tonight, I'm all yours."

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Chapter 3326

[582 words]

---- Chapter 3326 Andrew was overwhelmed with fear, cold sweat pouring down his back. He watched helplessly as Tiana slipped off her last piece of clothing. Then, she grabbed his hand and placed it against her waist. Biting her lower lip, she moved against him as if riding a horse. Andrew's thoughts grew more chaotic by the second, and an icy chill spread through his entire body. He knew this was the sign that his mind was about to collapse completely. If that happened, he would become a creature ruled by madness. He would fall under Byron's control, becoming nothing more than his puppet.

A massive black void opened beneath him, and he felt gravity take hold. He was falling, and at the bottom were even more faces, all turning toward him with expressions ranging from shy affection to longing to outright devotion. There were Bridget, Arya, and Elaine. Each of them was barely dressed, bodies on full display, utterly shameless in their invitation. Some of the figures turned and showed him everything; no hesitation, no boundaries left. ---- Andrew felt his head throb, the pressure building, the chaos swallowing him whole.

In the real world, the protective barrier around him began to flicker and flash. It was fracturing, starved of the energy that he could no longer sustain, collapsing piece by piece. Byron's grotesque, withered face slowly surfaced from the black mist, eyes gleaming with hunger and triumph. "Once I devour you, I'll ascend to heights beyond imagination. A Beyond Mortal cultivator as prey? There's no sweeter meal than this." He was trembling with excitement, unable to contain himself any longer. Finally, the barrier shattered completely.

The black mist surged in like a flood, crashing over Andrew from every direction, wrapping him in suffocating darkness. Andrew's heart sank. But then, deep inside him, from somewhere untouched by the corruption, a soft, milky-white glow began to rise. At the exact moment, the totem mark on his chest flared to life, burning bright and fierce,

flooding him with raw, cleansing power. Andrew threw his head back and roared. A massive pillar of light erupted from his body and shot straight ---- into the sky. "What?" Byron's scream tore through the black mist, laced with horror and disbelief.

The holy light was evaporating the darkness around him, burning it away, purifying it faster than it could regenerate. Andrew gripped his greatsword with both hands and brought it down in a single, earth-shattering slash. White light spiraled around the blade like a tidal wave crashing forward. The black mist exploded. The impact tore through the Umbral Peak Sect's gates, ripping apart the stone archways and sending entire sections of the entrance collapsing inward. Disciples who had not managed to escape in time were crushed on the spot, killed instantly by falling debris.

Byron stood directly before Andrew, and the sword went clean through his chest, punching a hole the size of a barrel straight through his torso before he even had time to react. He looked down at himself, eyes wide, trembling. "Y-You..." His face twisted in agony, and he let out a bone-rattling shriek. Yet, somehow, he did not die. He struggled, clawing at the air, trying to pull himself together. Andrew's expression did not change. His grip on the sword was rock-steady as he swung horizontally, and Byron's head went ---- flying. And just like that, it was over.

After breaking through to the Beyond Mortal level, Andrew had just claimed his first kill against someone at the same level.

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Chapter 3327

[610 words]

---- Chapter 3327 Byron's body fell toward the ground below, but before it even hit, it crumbled into ashes and vanished into thin air. The black fog that had blanketed the entire Umbral Peak Sect slowly faded, revealing a dark, battered landscape that no longer looked like the end of the world. "The Patriarch is dead? Just like that?" Monty muttered to himself. He threw down his sword and tried to run, but Andrew slashed his blade down, blocking the only path Monty could take. Monty let out a painful grunt and was sent flying, crashing hard onto the ground.

Clutching his chest as blood poured from his mouth, he gasped, " Andrew, are you really going to wipe us all out?" Andrew's greatsword was already pressed against the center of his forehead, and his eyes were ice cold. "You deserve to die, and I did want to end you with one strike, but I am giving you one last chance." He asked, "Will the

Umbral Peak Sect join the fight?" Monty roared hoarsely, "Umbral Peak Sect will follow your lead. You call the shots, and we will obey.

Is that enough?" ---- Andrew's expression did not soften in the slightest because he had truly been on the brink just moments ago Byron's real strength had not been his raw power, but his invasive Demonic Art that twisted the mind and shook the soul. If Andrew had not possessed an iron will, he would have fallen long ago and lost himself in that warped illusion. The memories of those vivid, almost real scenes still made his blood churn, but the deadly clash had also pushed his strength and especially his willpower to a whole new level.

He took a deep breath and forced the chaotic thoughts out of his mind From the ruins, a figure suddenly shot into the air and fled toward the outer edge of Umbral Peak Sect. Andrew did not even glance up as Godslayer began to spin in his palm with a low hum. With a sharp buzz, the massive sword spun to its limit, and he flicked it forward. It streaked through the sky like a blazing meteor, catching up to the fleeing man in an instant. The blade pierced straight through his back and burst out of his chest, and a cloud of blood exploded into the air.

A shrill scream of pain and terror echoed across the ruins. Julius, the once untouchable leader of the Divine Alchemists, ---- was cut down just like that by Andrew. Julius struggled to speak, staring at Andrew as he rasped, "Y-You Then his eyes rolled back, and he died completely. Andrew walked over step by step, his face completely expressionless. He yanked Godslayer out of Julius' body, and only then did the corpse finally collapse to the ground. The tall, imposing frame had lost every trace of life. Monty swallowed hard, his throat bobbing.

Byron was killed, and now Julius, the famed leader of the Divine Alchemists, had also fallen by Andrew's hand. Was Andrew really about to crush the eight ancient sects and trample these long-standing powerhouses into the dust? Without sparing Julius' body another glance, Andrew lifted his greatsword as his black coat fluttered in the wind and strode toward the exit of Umbral Peak Sect. He commanded, "Move out! All disciples of the Umbral Peak Sect and the Divine Alchemists will follow Mr. Reyes and head to Azure Gate immediately.

Anyone who disobeys will be executed on the spot." Monty let out a bitter laugh, not daring to resist. Then, he quickly ---- gathered his people before leaving the mountain stronghold that had stood in isolation for hundreds of years.

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Chapter 3328

[625 words]

---- Chapter 3328 Andrew's next stop was Harmony Sect, and it was also his final stop. As for the Eight Ancient Sects, he had now "invited" all the ones he needed. Though calling it an invitation was stretching the definition more than a little. Clarence and his men parted ways with Andrew at the base of the Umbral Peak Sect. "Captain, we will be waiting at Azure Gate for you to take command," Clarence said, giving a sharp salute. After witnessing Andrew kill Byron and then cut down Julius with a single strike, they were overwhelmed with excitement.

That absolute dominance and unstoppable momentum were exactly the kind of battlefield presence soldiers like Clarence dreamed of. Andrew, however, did not mention how close the fight had truly been. He simply nodded calmly and said, "Clarence, you and your team monitor the people from the Umbral Peak Sect and the Divine Alchemists as they head to Azure Gate. I'll need another two days before I arrive." Clarence replied, "Understood, Captain. We will move out first.

---- See you at Azure Gate." Although Andrew had mentioned keeping an eye on Monty's movements, Clarence knew Monty would not dare to act out of line. He would have no choice but to report obediently to Azure Gate. Byron had been split in half by Andrew, and Julius, who was no weaker than Monty, had also been killed. It was clear that in Andrew's eyes, if you refused to cooperate, it did not matter whether you were a sect leader or not; you would die all the same. Monty did not have the courage to test Andrew's bottom line again.

Without wasting a second, Andrew and his group set out at full speed toward the Harmony Sect. Among the Eight Ancient Sects, the Harmony Sect was the most unique of them all. For one thing, nearly two-thirds of its disciples were women, and it was said they were all stunningly beautiful. In fact, to become a direct or core disciple of the Harmony Sect, a woman had to possess both exceptional talent and exceptional looks. If she had talent but average looks, Harmony Sect would not even consider her.

As for the remaining small portion of disciples, they were men, ---- and their status within the Harmony Sect was very unusual. Eric made a strange face and remarked, "The male disciples in the Harmony Sect barely have any standing. They exist mainly to serve as cultivation partners for the high-ranking female disciples. "It is said that the Harmony Sect's leader, Madam Dorothy Fontaine, has as many as 30 male disciples as her cultivation partners. It's... honestly kind of shocking when you think about it. Valerie blushed slightly and laughed.

"Well, this Madam Fontaine sounds like a true champion among women! Honey, at this rate, your list of lovers can't even compete with Madam Fontaine's roster of men." Nyx

jumped in with a grin. "Exactly. We can't let her win, can we? Maybe you should add a few more ladies to the family?" Andrew ignored both of them and turned to Jerome. "Mr. Thornton, how strong is Madam Fontaine?" Jerome thought for a moment before answering, "She's definitely not on your level, Andy. But she's no pushover either. At minimum, she's no weaker than Monty, so we'll need to stay sharp." Andrew nodded.

"We'll be careful. But as long as another monster like Byron doesn't show up, we should be fine." ---- Jerome's expression turned solemn. "Andy, the odds of Harmony Sect having someone like Byron hidden away are basically zero. But out of all the Eight Ancient Sects, the Harmony Sect is one of the trickiest to deal with. We need to be ready for a real fight." Andrew nodded and said, "Alright. Everyone, stay sharp."

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Chapter 3329

[605 words]

---- Chapter 3329 At the same time, deep within a hidden paradise-like realm, the scenery was breathtaking. The mountains were lush and green, streams flowed gently, and the air was filled with the scent of blooming flowers. Young women who looked like they'd stepped out of a fairytale wandered through the flower beds. Some were gathering blossoms, others just enjoying the sunshine. A few knelt by the water's edge, washing their clothes in the stream, their movements graceful and unhurried. Not a single man could be seen anywhere.

Beyond this heavenly stretch of land stood rows of delicate, villa-style buildings, and at the center rose a grand hall. This was the headquarters of the Harmony Sect. The leader of the Harmony Sect, Dorothy Fontaine, sat elegantly on a snow-white chair, dressed in a soft yellow gown. Her slender fingers, pale as porcelain, slowly stretched out before she lifted a cup of floral tea and took a gentle sip. She set the cup down with a satisfied smile, her lips curling in a girlish grin as if she genuinely enjoyed the taste.

Dorothy looked no older than 23, with fair skin touched by a rosy ---- glow and eyes that carried natural charm without a hint of makeup. Her cheeks were slightly rounded, giving her a faint baby-faced softness that only added to her pure and ethereal beauty. Every glance and every smile seemed to tug at the heart and stir the soul. This was the unique allure of Dorothy. Seated below her on both sides were more than a dozen elders of the Harmony Sect. Each one was breathtakingly beautiful in her own way, radiating a different kind of charm.

Some appeared untouchable and refined, like angels, untouched. Others wore playful smiles that carried a natural seduction, while a few were full-figured and striking, exuding a bold and mature appeal. There was only one man among them, dressed in white, while everyone else present was female. The man in white spoke with a troubled expression. "Madam Fontaine, Andrew's group has visited every sect except ours. Once he arrives here, it's going to be a confrontation. We all know that." Dorothy let out a soft sigh.

"There is no avoiding it, so let him come." ---- Even her sigh carried a fragile beauty that made her seem even more captivating, and the male elder below stared at her in open admiration. Ignoring his gaze, Dorothy turned to one of the female elders." Charlotte, how are your preparations?" The elder, Charlotte Easterling, kept her head lowered. Her face remained unseen, but her chin, collarbone, and graceful neck were flawless, like a perfectly sculpted masterpiece. Her voice was soft and gentle as she replied, "Everything will be done according to your instructions.

For the sake of the sect, I'm willing to do anything." Dorothy nodded in satisfaction. "Good. I see your dedication, and I'll remember it. And you don't need to feel that you are losing out on anything. Andrew is said to be tall and impressive, both powerful and handsome. More importantly, his martial strength is extraordinary, and his status is unmatched. To cultivate alongside such a man will surely be... unforgettable." Charlotte responded quietly, her voice trembling slightly as if even speaking of it made her nervous. The only male elder suddenly looked alarmed.

"Madam Fontaine, what do you mean by that? You intend to send Elder Easterling, your sole direct successor, to serve Andrew? That's ---- impossible! According to our ancestral rules, only the Guardian of Harmony Sect is allowed to cultivate alongside Madam Fontaine's lineage. Andrew is an outsider. How can we hand him such an advantage? I absolutely refuse."

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Chapter 3330

[562 words]

---- Chapter 3330 Dorothy looked at the opposing elder and said calmly, "Elder Cantino, you're fully aware of Andrew's current strength. Do you really think opposing him would make a difference?" Giovanni Cantino snapped angrily, "Even if Andrew were some divine being descended from heaven, does that mean he can do whatever he wants? The Eight Ancient Sects are bound together. If we unite, I refuse to believe we can't

stand against him." Dorothy's voice remained clear and steady. "I just received news that Andrew has already wiped out the Umbral Peak Sect.

The Divine Alchemists' sect leader, Julius Bowen, was killed on the spot at the Umbral Peak Sect. On top of that, Byron Ashby of Umbral Peak Sect was also killed. Elder Cantino, do you still wish to object?" Giovanni's face changed dramatically, fear and disbelief flooding his expression. "Even someone as strong as Julius was killed? Is Andrew truly that terrifying?" A faint, almost dreamy look surfaced in Dorothy's luminous eyes as she said softly, "The stronger Andrew is, the more beneficial it is for the Harmony Sect, isn't it?"

Charlotte has already reached the critical point where she needs a breakthrough. For a long time, I haven't been able to find a suitable partner to cultivate alongside her. Now that Andrew has arrived, with Charlotte's ---- beauty and talent, I believe he won't refuse." Giovanni fell silent. Even though resentment burned in his heart, he no longer dared to speak against her. Compared to Julius, he was far weaker. If he were to confront Andrew out of jealousy, it would only lead to his death. Dorothy's voice turned crisp again. "Then it is settled.

Have the disciples at the gates remain on high alert. The moment Andrew and his people arrive, inform me immediately. We'll all go out to receive them." In the east of Holtrien, a brutal battle had just ended at the Azure Gate. Outside the fortress walls, bodies lay scattered across the ground, and Philip stood there with a blood-streaked face, his expression cold. "Prepare the next defensive line. These Dark Clans don't fear death, and they could launch another attack at any moment. And what is Alfredo doing over at Swordhaven Keep?"

There has been no movement from him at all, correct?" Hearing Philip's anger, Franz replied grimly, "Mr. Topsfield Senior has shown no intention of taking action. Our men have gone to request his support, but after repeated attempts, he has grown impatient. He made it clear that if we continue to disturb him, the sword in his hand will not show mercy." ---- Philip slammed his fist against the fortress wall. "That arrogant rogue. So he truly intends to stand by and neglect his duty. And what about Clarence? How are things on his end?" Franz finally smiled.

"Sir, we have good news from Clarence. They have already left the Umbral Peak Sect, bringing disciples from both the Umbral Peak Sect and the Divine Alchemists to Azure Gate." A smile finally appeared on Philip's face. "Clarence didn't let me down after all." Franz shook his head. "Clarence said it was not he who persuaded the Umbral Peak Sect and the Divine Alchemists. It was Andrew who personally went to the Umbral Peak Sect and killed Byron. And Julius... well, he was killed by Andrew with a single strike." Philip abruptly turned his head. "Andrew killed Julius?" 2

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