

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

- Chapter 3361

Chapter 3361

[685 words]

---- Chapter 3361 Nyx was a martial god-level assassin, and she was one of Andrew's people. That alone was enough to make any enemy feel a chill down their spine. After all, she had once saved the old martial god of the Cavendish royal family. Asher spoke up, "Mr. Miller, please, for the sake of my family, let this one go. Ms. Kerrigan is an honored guest of the Cavendish royal family. Be the bigger man here and stand down." Jakob's expression turned ugly. He let out a cold snort, ready to walk out entirely.

He had already figured that the Cavendish royal family was siding with Andrew and Nyx. Even though he was a representative of the Divine Dragon Order, it did not matter. Andrew's voice cut through the tension, calm and flat. "Jakob, don't go yet. Sit down. I've got an important plan to lay out, and I'm going to need you to help execute it." Jakob spun around, fury rising in his voice. "Andrew, get this straight: I don't take orders from you. And you sure as hell aren't the supreme leader of Holtrien. Nobody's obligated to listen to you." Andrew stared back at him, cold and unbothered.

"Then what are you even doing here? Throwing a tantrum? We're both ---- supposedly here to serve Holtrien, so the least you could do is hear out my plan." Asher quickly smoothed things over with a smile. "Mr. Miller, have a seat. Let's hear what Mr. Lloyd has in mind." Jakob straightened up, eyes sharp as ice, and said, "I'll say it again: I'm not some low-level grunt, and I'm sure as hell not taking orders from him. If you want me

to do something, the order should come from someone within the Divine Dragon Order." Asher went quiet, his expression darkening.

Beside him, Atticus frowned slightly because he could tell that Jakob and Andrew were not on the same page. Andrew stood up fast, pointing straight at Jakob. "Who the hell do you think you are, putting on a show like this? Back when I was running with the Divine Dragon Order, you were probably still out somewhere playing in the dirt. What, you think being part of the Divine Dragon Order makes you special?" Jakob snarled, "Andrew, how dare you insult me like that!" Andrew laughed it off without a shred of hesitation. "I'm not insulting you; I'm giving you a direct order.

Sit down right now and follow the plan. Otherwise, I'll put you down myself and go deal with those two old men backing you up." ---- Jakob was so furious his chest felt like it would explode. He let out a wild roar as his aura burst out around him. He shouted, "Andrew, don't think just because you're stronger than me that you can suppress me! If you've got the guts, touch me and see what happens. You'll only dig your own grave." Before Jakob even finished talking, Andrew was already there. He moved so fast that no one saw it. Then, he slapped Jakob twice across the face, sending him flying.

Jakob's face twisted with pure, seething rage, eyes blood-red and ready to go all in. The Cavendish royal family's fighters surged forward in alarm, trying to intervene, but Andrew was faster. He planted his foot down hard on Jakob's chest, pinning him to the floor. He looked down at Jakob the way someone looks at a dead man walking as he growled, "You have two options: I end you here, or you get up, sit down, and do what you're told. You've got three seconds. Three... One..." Jakob nearly passed out on the spot. "I pick the second one! I'll sit down and listen. Just back off!

Damn it, didn't you say three seconds? Why did you jump from three straight to one?" That pitiful outburst was enough to make more than a few members of the Cavendish royal family bite back a laugh. At the ---- same time, they looked at Andrew with undisguised shock. This man truly dared to kill, even if the other party came from the Divine Dragon Order.

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---- Chapter 3362 Only Atticus and a few of the Cavendish royal family's senior elders exchanged subtle glances. In terms of sheer nerve and presence alone, Andrew clearly outclassed the younger two generations of the Cavendish royal family. Even setting martial strength aside, just his boldness and ruthlessness were beyond Cormac, the one the Cavendish family had placed their highest hopes on. Andrew released Jakob and let him stumble back to his seat.

Without even sparing the man a glance at his thoroughly humiliated expression, Andrew swept his gaze around the room and spoke in a low, firm voice. "Right now, Holtrien is up against all three of the Western Empires at the same time. And that's not all, we've also got the Dark Trinity to deal with. Any one of those threats alone could be fatal to us." After everyone in the room gave a nod of agreement, Andrew pressed on, "It's pretty clear that Holtrien is outmatched, both in numbers and overall strength.

So if we want any shot at keeping the enemy from crossing our borders, there's only one way to do it" No one spoke, but every single person in the room, including Jakob, straightened up and locked in, waiting for what Andrew ---- was about to say next Andrew explained calmly, "It's simple: we strike first. Instead of handing the initiative over to the enemy, we take it for ourselves. The moment we do that, we flip from being reactive to being in control, and the odds start tipping in our favor." Everyone in the room frowned at the idea.

Jakob, still seething from earlier, let out a cold laugh. "I get what you're saying; you want us to go on the offensive. But have you actually thought this through? We'd be doing well just to hold our ground as it is. With a gap this wide in strength, what kind of shot do we realistically have at attacking?" Andrew glanced at him and said calmly, "Opportunities don't just show up; you build them." Jakob scoffed again. "Then explain how you build one. An offensive push doesn't match where our strength actually is right now.

This has never been done, not in ancient times, not now, not ever." Andrew's voice went cold. "Who told you it's never been done? Valerius Lloyd, the founding ancestor of the Lloyd family, did exactly this. He led Holtrien's Eight Ancient Sects and its warriors straight into the Western Continent, and he made sure the final battle was fought on their soil, not ours. ---- "Because of that, Holtrien was kept whole and spared from the devastation of war. Through his sacrifice, he forced the Vampire Queen herself into a deep slumber.

Does anyone here dispute that?" The room fell completely silent. Jakob had been ready to push back, but the facts were not on his side, and he knew it. After all, Valerius had been one of Holtrien's greatest champions. He had led the warriors of Holtrien and the masters of the ancient sects all the way into the Western Continent, nearly wiping out the vampires, werewolves, and sirens of the Dark Trinity entirely. Moreover, an existence as ancient and powerful as the Vampire Queen had been forced into slumber because of him. Every major faction in Holtrien knew that history well.

The totemic power of the ancestor that Andrew now carried had been obtained in the Outlands, and it was all part of Valerius' legacy. Asher asked respectfully, "Mr. Lloyd, if we're going on the offensive, what exactly would that look like? Are you talking about a direct, head-on confrontation with the three empires?" Andrew shook his head with a slight smile. "Definitely not. The ---- combined military strength and top-tier fighters of the three empires are in a completely different league from what the Cavendish royal family can field right now. So we do this in two steps.

"First, we pull some additional forces from Azure Gate and send them north to reinforce Cliffside Gate. Second, the Cavendish royal family puts together an elite strike team and hits the joint military camp of the three empires in a surprise raid. Even if it only works once, the chances of holding Cliffside Gate go up dramatically." Asher and the others went quiet for a moment, thinking it over, and then slowly began to nod. Atticus asked seriously, "Mr.

Lloyd, when would be the right time to launch that strike against the allied forces of the three empires outside the gates?" Andrew answered, "The sooner the better, ideally within the next 24 hours. Right now, the allied forces have only launched one offensive. Both sides haven't really dug in yet, and things haven't tured into a full-blown, no-holds-barred war. "However, Azure Gate is a different story. Philip and his men are already deep in a bloody fight with the dark races. By the time things get to that point here, it'll be too late, and the enemy will be on guard around the clock.

---- "Right now, the northeast front is still in a watch-and-wait standoff. This is the Cavendish royal family's best window, the perfect strategic moment to strike hard, build real momentum, and break the enemy's formation. Once this drags into a drawn-out war of attrition, we won't have the luxury to pull elite forces for a raid or take any kind of risk."

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---- Chapter 3363 Jakob crossed his arms and said, "Andrew, you just admitted yourself that this is a gamble. So if it's already a risk, especially one that involves sending our best people into a surprise raid, can we really just go ahead with it like it's nothing? What if we walk straight into a trap?" Andrew looked at him with undisguised contempt. "If everyone thought like you, second-guessing every move and shrinking back at the first sign of risk, nothing worth doing would ever get done. "Let me ask you something. You think pushing your limits in martial training isn't a gamble?"

You think breaking through to a higher level doesn't carry the risk of your body giving out entirely. So what's your alternative? Sit back, do nothing, and let the enemy take full control later on? Because waiting around to die isn't a gamble, right? Is that seriously your logic?" Jakob snapped his mouth shut, furious but out of answers. When it came to military strategy and warfare, he was completely out of his depth. His personal combat ability was decent enough, but beyond that, he was a total amateur. Andrew's voice turned cold.

"Jakob, you're not in any position to question my tactics, are we clear? Back when I was with the Divine Dragon Order, I was leading Iron Cavalry units into ---- combat on my own. You, on the other hand, like I already said, were probably off somewhere playing errand boy. So just listen and follow orders." Jakob was seething inside and wanted to bark something back just to prove he mattered, but he had nothing to stand on. After getting a firsthand look at what Andrew was capable of, he was not about to pick another fight for no reason. Atticus spoke up.

"Putting together an elite strike team isn't really an issue for the Cavendish family at the moment. But whoever leads it needs to have the absolute ability to bring that team into the allied camp of the three empires. Forgive my ignorance, but I genuinely don't know how we'd pull that off." Andrew smiled. "Patriarch, it's actually not that complicated. We split into two groups, using the terrain outside Cliffside Gate to our advantage. One

group launches a diversionary attack from one direction, making enough noise to throw the allied camp into chaos.

Then the other group moves in from behind, hitting hard, taking out as many of the allied forces as possible, and destroying everything they can. We'll take casualties, no question. But we'll absolutely hit our strategic objective." Asher broke into a grin. "Brilliant. That's just absolutely brilliant." The other senior members of the Cavendish royal family joined in, smiling and nodding in agreement. ---- Atticus smiled as well. "Then we do it exactly as you've described, Mr. Lloyd.

Though I do have one small request: I'd like to put you fully in charge of this operation." Andrew understood what was behind the ask. They wanted to maximize the raid's success by leveraging his capabilities directly. However, he shook his head and replied, "Patriarch, it wouldn't really be appropriate for an outsider like me to be the one commanding the Cavendish family's warriors. Don't worry, I'll be there. But the person leading the operation should come from your own family." Asher jumped in quickly. "Mr. Lloyd, that's really not an issue. Everyone here is willing to follow your lead.

You have the full trust of the Cavendish family." Andrew held his ground. "I appreciate that, but it's still ano. I already have the right person in mind: Cormac. He's the one for this." Asher and the others exchanged glances, with a slight frown, but did not press it further, turning their eyes toward the patriarch instead. Atticus sighed lightly. "The thing is, Cormac is tied up with something pressing right now and can't easily step away. It's a ---- bit of a problem...

Let me reach out to him and see if he can set whatever it is aside for now." Jakob looked puzzled and asked, "Patriarch, is there really anything going on for the Cavendish family right now that's more important than dealing with the combined forces of three empires?" Atticus gave a rueful smile. "Honestly, it's not all that major in the grand scheme of things. There's a clan in the Holtrien martial world, the Greene family... "Most of you have probably heard of them.

Right now, the Greene family's Saintess has come into Cavendish territory with a group of her people, and from the looks of it, they're searching for something significant. "Cormac went out to negotiate with them, to make sure the Greene family didn't start causing trouble on our turf. However, the Saintess isn't easy to deal with, and her martial ability is exceptional. Cormac's been having a tough time holding his own in those talks." Jakob let out a dismissive snort. "The Greene family? Yeah, I've heard of them. If we really wanted to deal with them, they're just remnants.

It wouldn't be difficult." No one noticed that Andrew's expression had completely ---- changed. He shot to his feet with a loud thud and said in a deep voice, "Patriarch, please take me to see the Saintess immediately. She is one of my people." The moment those words left his mouth, every single person at that table wore an expression that was absolutely priceless.

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---- Chapter 3364 Nyx looked at him in surprise. "Honey, what do you mean by that? Who exactly is the Greene family's Saintes, and how do you even know her?" She was a woman, and her instincts were sharp. She had a quiet feeling already that this was about to be another one of his ladies. Andrew said quickly, "Nyx, I'll explain everything once we find Shiloh." Then, he turned to Atticus and added, "Patriarch, is there any way you can have someone take me to her right now?" Atticus froze for a second, then nodded. "Of course. She's not far.

She claims that the Greene family's hidden treasure is somewhere within our territory, and that's why she's here. Personally, I've always thought that was just a cover story. I suspect she has some other agenda entirely." He smiled and continued, "But if you can help us resolve this headache, Mr. Lloyd, then the timing couldn't be better." Asher stepped forward right away. "Mr. Lloyd, I'll take you there myself." Andrew nodded. "Good. Let's head out now." ---- Nyx was already on her feet.

"I'm coming too." Andrew did not try to stop her, and with Asher leading the way, the three of them left the Cavendish royal family's main base immediately. A few hours later, they arrived in the far northeastern reaches of Holtrien. It was a remote, barely-touched stretch of land where few people ever ventured. Asher gestured ahead and said, "That fortified mountain stronghold up there is where Cormac has been holding the standoff with the Greene family's Saintess.

It's also one of our family's key defensive outposts against outside threats." As he finished explaining, all three of them had already walked inside. It looked like a mountain stronghold on the surface, but in reality, it was a whole military garrison manned by Cavendish warriors. They found Cormac quickly. He was in the middle of rallying his men when Asher called out to him "Cormac!" "Asher, you're back!" Cormac spun around, and the moment he saw Asher, his face lit up with pure relief and disbelief.

However, when his eyes landed on Andrew and Nyx right behind ---- him, his expression shifted entirely. Asher smiled and quickly filled him in. "Cormac, the Cavendish family and Mr. Lloyd are on the same side now. Back at Cliffside Gate just a little while ago, Mr. Lloyd came through for us in a big way." He went ahead and ran

through everything, from Andrew's journey north and everything that had gone down, until Cormac had the full picture. Cormac was not wearing a mask this time.

He stood there looking solid and sharp, the kind of man who radiated elite martial ability just from the way he carried himself, with prominent temples and a focused intensity behind his eyes that never quite dimmed. Once he had taken in everything Asher told him, he broke into a wide grin and walked straight over to Andrew with his hand extended. "Andrew, thank you for letting go of any hard feelings between us. The fact that we managed to move past all that and get on the same page really means a lot." Andrew smiled back.

"As long as you're not still sore about me putting you down back in Chetvine, we're good." Cormac blushed a little. He let out an awkward laugh and said, "That was on me. You were just flat-out better. And honestly, I was out of line back then. I had no idea you'd already broken ---- through to Beyond Mortal. That genuinely caught me completely off guard." Andrew moved on. "Enough about that. Can you take me to the Greene family's Saintess right now?" Cormac replied, "I can, but just be careful. She's not someone you want to take lightly.

Her growth in martial ability has been almost unreasonable. Two years ago, when I first crossed paths with her, she had just reached the martial god level. And now, just two years later, she's already at the peak of the martial god level. "On top of that, the Greene family has their own unique combat techniques and a few other tricks up their sleeve. I honestly can't say with full confidence that I could completely overpower her." Andrew was mildly surprised. He had not expected Shiloh to have come this far in just two years. Nonetheless, he was not uneasy or wary about it.

Shiloh was his woman. Ever since returning to Holtrien, he had been looking for her, but between one thing and the next, he simply had not been able to break free long enough to track her down. He had been quietly asking around about her whereabouts in the meantime, so running into her here on Cavendish territory was the last thing he had expected. ---- Cormac noticed the softness in Andrew's expression and asked curiously. "It really seems like you know her personally. Are you two actually that close?"

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---- Chapter 3365 Nyx beat everyone to it with a cold laugh. "Something tells me* close' is a serious understatement. It's more like they're close enough to have spent some time together, if you know what I mean." She was not normally the jealous type, but ever since arriving in Holtrien, the sheer number of women in Andrew's life had genuinely caught her off guard. She had slowly gotten to know each of them, warmed up to them, and things had finally started feeling like one big, comfortable circle. Yet now, out of nowhere, another one had shown up.

Even with Nyx's easygoing nature, she could not help but wonder at the rate Andrew was going, would his body even hold up by the time he was old? Andrew let out a helpless smile and replied, "Cormac, Shiloh and I... Well, yeah, we're pretty close. She listens to me, at the very least." Cormac's expression went from puzzled to wide-eyed to fully impressed in about two seconds flat. "I'd heard the rumors that you've got more than a few remarkable women around you and that somehow, every beautiful woman out there has a soft spot for you." ---- He laughed and added, "And after meeting Ms.

Kerrigan and General Phelan, I believed every word of it. But Ms. Greene too? That woman is a force of nature, and you've somehow won her over as well. Andrew, your martial arts? Decent. But your game with the ladies? Legendary." Asher chimed right in, grinning. "That makes two of us! Cormac and I are both still single! There are plenty of beautiful women in the world, but women like Ms. Kerrigan and Ms. Greene, who are strong, stunning, the full package, are genuinely rare. Mr.

Lloyd, you're seriously hoarding all the good ones and leaving the rest of us with nothing." While the three of them were still laughing and ribbing each other, they had already crossed to the other side of the mountain stronghold. Cormac pointed toward a small two-story building and explained, "Right now, the Cavendish family and Ms. Greene have reached a temporary agreement. She's looking for the Greene family's hidden treasure, but she agreed to coordinate with us before making any moves. "From what I can tell, she's not even entirely sure she has the right location.

Since I didn't want any conflict with her, I had her and her people set up here for the time being." Andrew was already walking toward the building with long ---- strides. "Thanks for that. Let me go check on Shiloh first." Nyx stomped her foot, a little annoyed, but followed right behind him anyway. When Andrew reached the entrance of the two-story building, he was immediately stopped. "Who are you? Ms. Greene said she isn't seeing anyone. If you're from the Cavendish family, she'll only see Cormac. Everyone else, please leave," one of the guards said, blocking his path.

Andrew smiled to himself. Shiloh had not changed one bit. She was still as cold and unapproachable as ever, keeping the world at arm's length. He also found himself wondering how her condition was doing, the ageless syndrome, the memory loss, whether any of that had gotten better or worse. He said gently, "My name is Andrew Lloyd. I'm a friend of hers." The guard still did not budge. From inside, someone had clearly heard the name. A moment later, rapid footsteps came rushing toward the door. "Stand aside and let Mr.

Lloyd in, now!" A handsome face appeared before Andrew, though it carried ---- fatigue and the kind of quiet exhaustion and weathering that only came from years of hard living. The man looked at Andrew with a mix of emotions and a hint of excitement. "Andrew, it's been a long time." Andrew took one look at him and broke into a genuine smile. " Mr. Driscoll. It really has been." It was Joe Driscoll! He had once been connected to the Driscoll family back in Blumedale. After Andrew had dismantled that family entirely, Joe had left with Shiloh and never looked back.

Andrew had always known that Joe carried feelings for Shiloh, but Shiloh had never given him a clear answer. And then there was that night at Swordhaven Keep, when the Godslayer had emerged. In a moment of confusion and chaos, Andrew ended up sleeping with Shiloh. Thinking back on those past events, it felt like many years had gone by, with so many other things happening in between. The Joe standing in front of him now was a fully mature man. Andrew could not help but feel a wave of emotion. ---- "You're here for Shiloh, aren't you?"

She's upstairs," Joe said, and without hesitation, he stepped aside and gestured for Andrew to come in. There had been a time when Joe had held a certain edge of rivalry toward Andrew, but standing here now, none of that remained. Andrew nodded and said, "Thank you."

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---- Chapter 3366 Andrew headed straight for the stairs. The thought of seeing Shiloh again stirred something in his chest that he had not quite expected. However, when he reached the top of the stairs and took in what was in front of him, he went completely still, and disbelief and complicated feelings washed over him. A woman with a breathtaking profile was standing near the window, and at her side was a small child. The little boy, no older than three, was pressed up against her leg.

He repeatedly called out, "Mommy, Mommy, can we go outside and play?" The woman's expression had been distant and cold, as if she had been deep in thought. But the instant she heard the word "mommy," her face softened. She smiled gently and reached down to brush her hand through the little boy's hair. "Sweetheart, give me just a little longer, okay? Then we'll go play. Be good.

I have something important to take care of these next couple of days, and once it's done, I'm taking you somewhere far away from all of this, somewhere ---- nobody knows us, and we're going to live happily ever after." The little boy's small voice piped up. "What kind of place is that? Is it the place you talked about, where there are no more bad people? But what about Daddy? Is he really gone?" The woman's eyes dimmed for just a moment, but she held onto her smile. Just as she was about to answer, something made her stop.

She turned sharply toward the top of the stairs, and her eyes met Andrew's. For a split second, her gaze was cold, the look of someone who had been interrupted and was not happy about it. Then, it shifted. Shock and disbelief followed. After that, confusion filled her gaze as though she could not believe that Andrew was actually standing there in front of her. Andrew gave a bitter smile and walked over slowly.

"Shiloh, it's been a long time." He had come up with so many things he wanted to say, but the moment he saw the little boy, every single one of those words disappeared. Shiloh already had a child, and Andrew honestly did not know what to do with that. ---- Shiloh drew in a slow breath, visibly steadying herself against the wave of emotion rising inside her. Then, she patted the boy gently on the head and said, "Remyn, go find Uncle Joe. I need a moment." "Remyn? Andrew repeated the name silently in his heart. He looked down at the boy, who was also staring up at him curiously.

The child had a small, straight nose and bright, clear eyes. His eyes were luminous and strangely familiar. Most of all, he showed no fear at all toward Andrew, a complete stranger. "Mommy, who is this man?" Remyn asked. Shiloh's face went pale for just a beat before she composed herself. "Don't be rude. Go find Uncle Joe. I will come check on you in a little while." "Okay, Mommy!" Remyn shot one more curious glance at Andrew, then turned and thumped down the stairs. Andrew could not hold it in any longer. He looked at Shiloh, his voice carrying a quiet ache. "Is that your child?

Your own, biological child?" Shiloh pressed her lips together. "When did you get back? Two. ---- years ago, I heard something had happened to you. I didn't think you were still alive." Andrew's composure started to slip. "Shiloh. Answer me first. Is that child yours, biologically?" "Yes. He's mine," Shiloh said evenly. Andrew's voice came out rough. "I didn't expect you to have a child. The father isn't Joe, is it? I noticed you had Remyn call him Uncle Joe." A faint flush crossed Shiloh's face, somewhere between embarrassed and irritated. "Of course it's not Joe.

Andrew, does any of this actually matter to you? Because if it doesn't, stay out of my personal life." Andrew reached out and caught her hand. Shiloh's eyes flashed, and she snapped, "What do you think you're doing?" Andrew's voice turned cold. "I'll only ask you one thing. Just answer me honestly and don't lie. After that, I'll leave." Before Shiloh could refuse, Andrew pressed on, his tone heavier now. "Shiloh, was there ever anything real between us?" Seeing the pain in his eyes, Shiloh turned her face away. "I don't know, and I don't want to answer such a meaningless question."

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---- Chapter 3367 Shiloh said, "I have something very important to take care of right now. Andrew, if the only reason you tracked me down was to ask me pointless questions like these, then I have nothing more to say to you." A flash of something dangerous crossed Andrew's eyes. His grip on her hand tightened as he said, "Shiloh, you haven't changed at all. You're still just as stubborn and self-righteous as ever.

Do you still remember what happened between us at Swordhaven Keep, at the sword lake behind the mountain, almost three years ago now?" He continued, "What were you feeling toward me back then? If you truly felt nothing, then when I crossed that line with you, why didn't you just kill me?" His voice cracked on the last words, rising into something raw and barely controlled. Downstairs, Nyx, Cormac, and Asher all went quiet at once, their expressions shifting. Nyx moved immediately toward the stairs. However, Joe stepped in front of her, shaking his head.

---- He whispered, "It's better if you don't go up there. There may be some things between them that need to be worked out." Nyx's gaze went cold. "Move. Can't you hear that something is off with Andrew right now? If anything happens to him, I will take it out on every single one of you." The intensity rolling off Nyx hit Joe like a wall, and he swallowed hard. He held his ground as best he could and said, "Please trust me. Andrew is going to be fine. There's something unresolved between him and Shiloh, and they need the space to work through it themselves.

If you go up there, it'll only make things worse between them." Nyx's brow stayed tightly furrowed. "I'm giving it two more minutes. After that, I don't care what kind of misunderstanding it is." Cormac and Asher exchanged a glance. Both of them had picked up on the situation, and neither of them quite knew what to say. Cormac let out an awkward laugh and offered, "Ms. Kerrigan, let's just wait a little longer. With Andrew's ability, nothing's going to go wrong up there." Nyx said nothing and just kept her eyes fixed on the floor above.

---- Upstairs, Shiloh said coldly, "Andrew, can you let go of my hand?" Andrew's voice came back just as cold. "And if I don't?" Shiloh's brow furrowed. "You're hurting me." Even though Andrew looked deeply pained, he still let go. In a low, defeated voice, he said, "Fine. I am sorry. Shiloh, seeing that you're doing well is enough for me. Since you don't want to tell me anything, I can't force you." "This is goodbye then. And about you

looking for the Greene family's hidden treasure while staying with the Cavendish royal family...

I will have their people cooperate with you the entire time." With that, Andrew turned to leave. Shiloh stood up and called out, "Wait." Andrew did not turn around. "Take good care of that boy. He's a sharp kid, so do him a favor and don't let him grow up like you, always cold, always keeping everyone at arm's length, locking yourself away from the world. He's just a child. I hope you do not let him become like you." Shiloh suddenly exploded in anger. "Andrew, what right do you have to judge me?" ---- Andrew's heart skipped, and he turned back.

Shiloh's eyes had already turned red, and tears swirled inside them. "Andrew, I named him Remyn. Do you know why I gave him that name?" Andrew looked confused and murmured, "Remyn... as in remembrance? Could it be... that boy is..." In an instant, a possibility he had never dared to consider hit him, and he could hardly believe it. Shiloh burst into tears, but she had always been strong, stubborn, and even a little extreme. So, she glared at Andrew angrily, trying to force herself not to cry. Yet the grievance and hurt in her eyes were impossible to hide. She said, "That's right.

Remyn is your son. He is two years, four months, and twenty-five days old. You can do the math yourself. That night at the Sword Lake behind Swordhaven Keep was when it happened between us. Not long after I came back, I found out I was pregnant."

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---- Chapter 3368 When she finished, it was as if every last bit of strength drained out of Shiloh all at once. She sank back down, buried her face in her arms, and broke into full, heaving sobs. "Andrew, do you have any idea what these past two years have been like, raising a child on my own? Remyn came into this world without a father!" As her sobs grew heavier and she could barely speak, Andrew's throat tightened. However, his heart was overwhelmed with shock and wild joy. He asked, "Then why...

didn't you come find me in Chetvine?" Shiloh wiped at her tears, her voice hollow with exhaustion. "Because I heard you had been cornered by Guillermo, and that no one knew if you were alive or dead. After that, everyone was saying you were gone, that you were dead. "When I finally confirmed that something really had happened to you, it felt like the sky collapsed on me. So, I got as far from Chetvine as I could, away from

anything and everything connected to you. I had Remyn, and I named him the way I did because I wanted a piece of you to live on in him...

So I could remember you, always." ---- Her voice broke completely as she added, "You know I have memory loss. I was terrified that one day I would forget you." At those last words, Shiloh's breath suddenly gave out. The color drained from her face in an instant, and a thin line of blood appeared at the corner of her lips. Andrew felt like something inside him had been torn open. He wanted to kick himself. Remyn was his son. Shiloh had given him a son, yet he had been so blind just moments ago. He should have known. Someone like Shiloh would never give herself to just anyone.

The moment she had let him in, she had already decided, in her own way, that she belonged to him completely. That was who Shiloh was: proud, absolute, and unwavering. It was the very thing that made her who she was. "Shiloh, I will take care of you and the child. No matter what, I will see it through," Andrew said, his voice steady and certain. He moved without hesitation and pulled her into his arms. ---- She tried to struggle, but his palm pressed gently against her back. A warm surge of inner strength flowed into her body. Almost immediately, her coughing stopped, and her emotions calmed.

However, as he checked her condition, he realized she was injured. A killing intent flashed in his eyes, though his face remained calm. Gradually, Shiloh settled down and stopped resisting. Tears still streamed down her face as she looked at him with grief and pain. That look was full of love and hate intertwined. Two years had changed her, and she was softer with him than she had ever been before. He was certain that two years ago, she never would have let herself be this open, this raw, looking at him the way she was looking at him now. His heart softened, and he held her close.

She resisted at first, but slowly, she relaxed in his arms as she whispered, "Andrew." "Yeah." "You know... even if you hadn't come, I would have raised Remyn ---- on my own just fine." Andrew insisted, "Remyn is my son, and you're his mother. There was never a world where I wasn't going to come find you both." Shiloh mumbled, "But..." "No buts. Once things are settled here, you're both coming back to Chetvine with me, to the Lloyd royal family. Everything you and Remyn could ever need will be taken care of." Shiloh went quiet. But at the corners of her lips, the faintest smile appeared.

Andrew kept his hands on her shoulders and looked at her, his expression full of warmth. "Shiloh, one time, and you were already pregnant. I didn't expect the universe to be this generous to me!" Shiloh's face flushed red. She gritted her teeth and snapped, "You've got a lot of nerve laughing about that. You're the one who forced that situation on me in the first place. And you didn't even bother to ask me whether I actually have feelings for you, or whether I want to be your woman." Andrew blinked. "You mean you don't?" Shiloh's face went even redder.

She let out a sharp, dismissive laugh and said, "No, I don't. I have never in my life met a man as shameless and upfront about it as you."

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Chapter 3369

[622 words]

---- Chapter 3369 Andrew finally understood. He realized that what he had just said really did sound like something a clueless guy would say. Asking her directly whether she liked him was not exactly smooth. With Shiloh's pride and rebellious streak, there was no way she would admit her true feelings so easily. "Shiloh, I like you, and I will treat you well from now on," Andrew said as he held her close. His warm hand slid to her waist. "Will you be my woman? Can we stay together for the rest of our lives?" Shiloh lowered her head and murmured shyly, "That's more like it.

Andrew looked at her blushing face, and even the tips of her ears had turned red. After two years apart, she seemed even more gentle and feminine. Maybe after having a child, she had grown softer and more affectionate. Shiloh had always been stunningly beautiful, and although she carried a cool, distant air, she was obedient in front of Andrew. ---- They said time apart made love stronger, and they had been separated for two full years. The memories of that night at Swordhaven Keep, when their bodies had tangled together in passion, suddenly flooded Andrew's mind.

Heat rushed through him, and he lowered his head to kiss her lips. Shiloh had not been prepared and tried to push him away. However, Andrew had already deepened the kiss, wrapping his tongue around hers. With a low growl, desire surged through him, and he scooped her up, moving toward the bed nearby. Shiloh let out a soft cry, her heart racing as she instantly understood what might happen next. Even though she felt her own resistance weakening, she suddenly remembered that downstairs were not only her own people but also members of the Cavendish royal family.

And just moments ago, she had heard a woman's voice that sounded very concerned about Andrew. At the last second, Shiloh forced herself to pull away from his lips and gasped for air. "Not here. Andrew, let's wait until I finish what I need to do. We can go somewhere else after that, okay?" ---- Andrew felt disappointed but quickly regained his senses. Nyx was still downstairs, and this really was not the right moment. Besides, he had not even officially acknowledged his son yet. Clearing his head, Andrew set Shiloh down. Before letting her go, he pulled her back and kissed her hard once more.

Shiloh bit her lip in embarrassment and annoyance, yet her heart felt warm with sweetness. She warned, "Don't let Remyn see that, or how am I supposed to set a good example?" Andrew ignored her completely and laughed. "Come on, let's go downstairs.

I want to get a good look at Remyn." One minute later, downstairs, Andrew held the boy in his arms, smiling brightly. "Remyn, call me Daddy." Remyn looked shyly toward Shiloh. Shiloh blushed and said in a composed tone, "Remyn, he's the father I told you about. See? I didn't lie to you.

Your daddy came to find you." Remyn was quiet for a moment before finally saying, "Daddy. But it's strange... Mommy said Daddy was dead, and now he ---- suddenly showed up again." Kids spoke without filters. Andrew's face darkened instantly, though he did not blame the child. He knew the boy must have heard it from his mother. So Andrew looked at Shiloh with a hint of frustration. Shiloh put on her most innocent face. "At the time, you really were missing and presumed dead. I didn't know you were still alive, so that's just what I told him." Andrew gave a helpless smile.

"All right." Still holding the boy, he walked over and said, "Nyx, this is Shiloh Greene, the mother of my child."

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Chapter 3370

[651 words]

---- Chapter 3370 Nyx let out a cold laugh. "Andrew, I honestly didn't expect this. You already had countless women around you in Holtrien, and now you even have a kid this old." She suddenly gritted her teeth in embarrassment and anger. "You jerk! How are you this reckless? And why did you not tell me any of this beforehand?" Andrew knew he was in the wrong, but the truth was he had not known any of this himself. He replied apologetically, "I'm sorry, Nyx. It's not that I didn't want to tell you, but I didn't know either." Shiloh spoke calmly. "You don't need to explain yourself.

You're the father of my child. If Ms. Kerrigan doesn't believe it, we can go to a hospital and run a DNA test." Nyx clenched her jaw. "I never said I didn't believe it. Just looking at Remyn, it's obvious he is Andrew's son. I can tell that much." Shiloh frowned and said coldly, "What do you mean by that? Are you saying my son is not handsome?" Nyx sneered. "It's not that he is not handsome. He's too handsome. I just hope that when he grows up, he doesn't flirt ---- everywhere like his father." Shiloh lifted her chin proudly. "That would just mean Remyn is amazing.

If a lot of girls like him and can't stay away, what can he do about it?" Nyx snapped, "You..." She did not want to argue directly with Shiloh, so she turned her frustration toward Andrew. "Later... No, in a while... No, tonight. It has to be tonight. You're going to

have a child with me too. And it has to be a boy. I want to compete with her. If you can't give me a son, Andrew, I'll kill you." Her fierce expression made Cormac and Asher's scalps tingle. The two brothers quietly stepped back and pretended to admire the clouds, as if the weather had suddenly become very interesting.

Even Andrew felt overwhelmed. "Nyx, is that really necessary? You two are competing over kids now?" Nyx shot back angrily, "Why not? If she can have your child, so can I. But the real problem is you. You didn't even know you had a son. Andrew, you really are something." Shiloh said calmly, "Andrew truly was unaware of this, so you can't blame him. Back then, it was just an accident. We never ---- expected a child to come from it so quickly. But that only proves Andrew and I were meant to be.

We were destined to have a child together." To everyone's surprise, she suddenly stood on Andrew's side and defended him. Maybe it was just a woman's instinct. She might complain about her own man all she wanted, but the moment another woman attacked him, she would immediately stand by his side without hesitation. Nyx was furious. "Don't get ahead of yourself. When I have a son, he'll fight your son." Shiloh shot back angrily, "Fine. Remy was born first, and he'll grow up faster.

When that time comes, it will be your son getting beaten." The childish argument made Cormac and Asher retreat even farther. They glanced at Andrew, the root cause of all this, with a mix of envy and sympathy. It seemed that having too many beautiful women around also came with its own troubles. Andrew decided not to get involved in their competition. Still, he stayed alert, worried that either Shiloh or Nyx might lose control and start fighting. Both women were exceptional in every way, whether in martial ---- skills, looks, or personality.

However, they were also equally strong-willed and fiery. Andrew feared that bringing them together for the first time might spark a real clash. Fortunately, they both held back. They clearly understood that arguing was one thing, but throwing punches would be another matter entirely. If Andrew truly got angry, neither of them would be able to handle the consequences.

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