

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 3381

[623 words]

---- Chapter 3381 The inside of the melted stone wall was not big at all. It was. about the size of two regular bedrooms combined. However, the moment Andrew stepped in, his eyes landed on mountains of gold and silver stacked in glittering piles. Even Andrew, who had long grown used to wealth, could not help but be secretly impressed. It seemed the Greene family's legendary vault was not just a rumor after all Nyx gasped, "Oh my! Look at all this gold and silver!

Back home, something like this would only exist in the lair of an ancient dragon that had been hoarding treasure for a thousand years!" Shiloh barely gave the glittering piles a second glance before turning away. Andrew understood that she was not here for the gold. She was searching for something that could reverse her ageless syndrome and restore her lost memories. Joe, on the other hand, was practically blinded by the glare of all that gold. He had to force himself to look away. To be safe, Andrew told the others to hold their positions while he swept the entire chamber himself.

Only after confirming there were no threats did he give them the go-ahead to spread out and ---- explore Shiloh's brow furrowed as fragments of memory guided her to the center of the room, right between the towering piles of gold and silver. There sat a small stone platform, its surface cluttered with objects coated in a thick layer of dust. She blew the dust away, and several lines of names appeared carved into the surface. Above them, written in what looked like liquid gold, was a single sentence that somehow still shimmered brilliantly despite what must have been centuries of neglect.

Written there was "Write your name here", and below that, a second line that read "This vault can grant whatever you desire, but don't get greedy". The four of them exchanged glances, none of them quite sure what to make of it. Then, Andrew's eyes dropped to the names. already carved below, and one of them stopped him cold. Wyrnhelm! That crafty old man had actually been here. Christopher Fillmore, known across Holtrien as Wyrnhelm, was Guillermo's master. The two of them had wielded enormous influence over the entire country.

Guillermo himself had been the National Advisor, the most ---- dominant figure of his era, at least until Andrew had put an end to that. However, Christopher was a different story entirely. He was on a whole other level compared to his former student. The fact that his name was carved into this platform was deeply interesting. Joe spoke up cautiously. "This has to be a prank or some kind of trap, right? A mystical wish-granting vault? Come on... Something like that doesn't actually exist." Shiloh and Nyx did not respond. They both just looked at Andrew. Andrew considered it for a moment.

"This whole place is only so big... And yeah, all this gold is worth a fortune, but if the Greene family's big secret were just a stockpile of coins, that would be pretty underwhelming." Shiloh said, "I remember that platform from one of my memory fragments. But it's dangerous. We need to be careful about how we... She never got to finish. A raspy, grating laugh cut through the air, shrill and jarring, like nails on a chalkboard, growing louder as it closed in fast. "The vault of the Greene family, the legendary hidden chamber... I've finally found it!

The empire I've spent my entire life dreaming of is finally within reach!" ---- Three sharp movements sliced through the entrance in rapid succession Andrew and the others turned coldly toward the entrance and saw that the ones who entered were three men dressed in black robes.

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---- Chapter 3382 The one leading the group had a pale, almost sickly complexion. His features were androgynous, his entire presence radiating a dense, suffocating dark energy that seemed to cling to the air around him. He let out two short, eerie laughs before sweeping his cold eyes across Andrew and the others. "The Lloyd family's Dragon Prince and the Greene family's Saintess... If you know what's good for you, step aside right now.

Everything here belongs to me!" The two Guardians flanking him did not even try to hide their excitement, their eyes wild and frenzied as they took in the mountains of gold and silver all around them and broke into loud, triumphant laughter. Nyx scoffed coldly. "They must be from the Crimson Flame Cult Let's just wipe them out and be done with it." Andrew said suddenly, "Stand down! Nyx, Shiloh, Joe... Let them through." Everyone froze for a moment, thrown off by the instruction. However, the quiet, unreadable smirk on his face made it clear he already had a plan.

Hence, without another word, they all ---- stepped aside. The Crimson Flame Cult's High Oracle barely spared Andrew a glance. "The Lloyd family's Dragon Prince, it's a shame my people failed to take you when they had the chance back then. Then again, what we lost on one end, we gained on the other." He added, "Years ago, my operatives infiltrated Holtrien and uncovered the Greene family's greatest secret. All my patience and careful planning finally paid off." He drifted toward the stone platform like a man in a trance, his eyes tracing the names carved into its surface.

Then, he extended his hand and began writing his own name in the blank space below. Andrew's eyes narrowed sharply. The High Oracle of the Crimson Flame Cult, known as the Crimson Flame Lord, was a citizen of Augania, though his roots traced back to Holtrien. He did not hesitate for even a second as he carved his name boldly beneath the others, right alongside the likes of Wyrmhelm and the rest. Andrew wondered if this place could really grant any desire someone named on that platform might have. The name "Crimson Flame Lord" now sat etched at the bottom of the list.

Yet nothing in the vault changed. ---- Everyone stood still, confused. Even the Crimson Flame Lord looked uncertain, his confidence flickering as he scanned the room before letting his gaze settle back on the pedestal. His two Guardians exchanged glances and spoke in low, cautious tones. "High Oracle, has anything changed? Do you feel a difference in your power?" "No, not yet. Give it a moment," the Crimson Flame Lord snapped in his sharp, grating voice. He continued, "This place can't be fake. I refuse to believe that. And honestly, it doesn't even matter.

Even if nothing activates, this gold alone made the trip worth it. I'll just kill the rest of them, take the Greene family's Saintess, and eventually, I'll pry the secret of her immortality right out of her." Shiloh's gaze went ice-cold, but she held her tongue for now. Suddenly, the piles of gold and silver around the room began to flicker. Every last coin, every bar, every glittering heap started radiating light all at once, flooding the chamber in a blinding blaze.

And then, as if drawn by a single invisible force, all of that light converged and poured directly into the Crimson Flame Lord. His entire body jolted violently. Then, he threw his head back and laughed maniacally. ---- "It worked! It's finally working! My power has increased!" The shockwave that erupted from his body hit like a physical force. Andrew felt it instantly, and his expression went stone-cold as he realized this was not the same man who had walked through that entrance.

The Crimson Flame Lord was already at a Beyond Mortal level of strength, but what Andrew was sensing now was something else entirely. He had jumped ahead by at least a full tier. Even Andrew could not help but be shaken by that as he thought, 'Is this place actually real? If the Greene family's vault can pull off something like this, it's on a completely different level than anything I've encountered before!' Shiloh had hit her limit. "You twisted lowlife!

Get the hell out of the Greene family's territory!" The Crimson Flame Lord laughed and swatted back with one casual palm strike, unleashing a massive surge of dark energy that sent Shiloh flying across the chamber. Andrew no longer hesitated and shouted, "Nyx!"

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---- Chapter 3383 Nyx understood immediately and shot forward, catching Shiloh. Andrew, in the same breath, swung his greatsword in a powerful arc and drove it straight toward the Crimson Flame Lord. The Crimson Flame Lord raised his bare hand and met the blade head-on without flinching. "You're not in my league, Dragon Prince," he said, his arrogance thick. The collision between the two powerhouses made the entire vault tremble violently. Andrew's eyes turned icy, and suddenly he shifted his strike and slashed directly at the stone platform.

The platform burst with blinding light and cracked with a sharp snap, as if it were about to split apart. The Crimson Flame Lord roared, "You are asking for it!" A relentless barrage of attacks rained down on Andrew from every direction. Andrew swept his greatsword back in wide, sweeping arcs to hold the assault back, but the Crimson Flame Lord, riding the surge of power he had just absorbed, was pressing closer with --- every exchange. "Shiloh, go write your name on the platform... Now!" Nyx called out urgently.

Shiloh sprinted to the platform and pressed her hand to the surface, starting to carve her name. Silently, she held onto the hope that the vault could undo her ageless syndrome and restore her memories. The Crimson Flame Lord roared, "Get away from there! From this point on, this place belongs to me, and no one else gets to touch it! Guardians, take them out!" The two Crimson Flame Cult Guardians, both martial gods, launched themselves into the fight without hesitation. Nyx dashed out and blocked the two of them.

Shiloh made several attempts to finish writing her name, but the Crimson Flame Lord was an overwhelming force, positioning himself directly in front of the platform and refusing to give her even a sliver of an opening. He taunted, "What exactly are you going to do, Andrew? Holtrien is drowning in trouble right now. If you walk away today, you leave with your life. But if you stay, you die. So think carefully about which one you want." It was a clear attempt to get Andrew to back off and let go. ---- However, there was no way that would ever happen. The cold light in his eyes intensified.

The red lightning began threading itself along the length of his greatsword, thin and crackling, coiling around the blade like a living thing. Then, the boom of Primordial Thunder detonated through the enclosed space. It was not something the Crimson Flame Lord could absorb or deflect, and he let out a choked grunt as the impact launched him clean off his feet. Andrew landed in front of the platform in an instant. Shiloh was still mid-motion, her hand moving toward the stone. He called out sharply, "Stop writing, Shiloh!" She turned, confusion written all over her face.

Andrew made a split-second decision, saying, "Trust me. Whatever you do, don't put your name on that thing. This place is real and can actually give people what they want. But nothing in this world comes free. Every wish that gets granted here comes with a cost hidden somewhere you can't see." The confusion in Shiloh's eyes slowly faded. She took in a slow breath, then stepped back from the platform. ---- "Okay. I trust you. I don't need the Greene family's secrets anymore. I don't need to chase any of that.

"I'm just going to follow you, wherever you go." The words held a finality to them, as if she had just broken through a wall she had been carrying in her chest for a long time. Something in her had clicked back into place. The Crimson Flame Lord came screaming back in, his fury barely contained as he drove toward Andrew again. "Get out of the way! If you don't want what this place is offering, then step aside!" Having just been forced back by Andrew, he now looked twisted and frantic. It was as if he feared someone else might write their name on the platform at any moment.

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---- Chapter 3384 The Crimson Flame Lord let out a loud, mocking laugh. "You ignorant fools! Did you actually think that pedestal could hold unlimited names? The slots are finite. And since none of you want yours on there, I'll gladly take what you're leaving behind. "Once every last one of my Crimson Flame Cult members gets their name carved onto that stone, there won't be a single force left in this world that can stand above us!" A flicker of dry amusement crossed Andrew's eyes. Then, he unleashed Godslayer in a relentless chain of strikes.

The Crimson Flame Lord ground his teeth and met every blow with his bare hands. His raw combat ability was genuinely staggering, and with the boost he had absorbed from the vault, he had jumped to an entirely different level of power. Suddenly, Andrew pivoted sharply and brought his greatsword crashing down onto the pedestal a second time. The Crimson Flame Lord looked like he was about to snap. "You absolute lunatic! That is the single most important relic in existence, and you're just destroying it?

"You deserve to die for this!" He lunged forward with everything he had, but before he could ---- reach Andrew, the pedestal gave out. It let out a sharp crack and shattered completely, collapsing into fragments across the floor. At the same moment, every mountain of gold and silver in the room lost its luster all at once, dimming as though something vital and irreplaceable had been quietly drained out of the air itself. The

Crimson Flame Lord was still mid-lunge, absolutely unhinged, ready to tear Andrew apart. Then, he dropped.

He hit the ground and rolled, and the scream that tore out of him was unlike anything anyone in that room had heard before "What's happening? W-Why is my power fading? Why is my strength just... gone?" Andrew pulled Shiloh back and put distance between them and the Crimson Flame Lord, motioning sharply for Nyx and Joe to do the same. The Crimson Flame Lord writhed on the floor, his screams growing more and more desperate.

Then, the skin on his face began to peel away in front of everyone's eyes, and the two Crimson Flame Cult Guardians standing nearby went completely still, frozen in place, too horrified to move. The Crimson Flame Lord convulsed and spat a mouthful of blood onto the stone floor. In an instant, he aged at least fifty years, withered and frail like a dying old man at the end of his ---- life. His face was a mask of pure terror as he wheezed out the words. "W-Why is this happening to me? Was this vault...

a trap?" With a low rumble, and a translucent figure rose up from the ruins of the shattered pedestal. It took the shape of an elderly man, his face twisted with bitterness and deep, festering resentment. His eyes locked onto Andrew with intense hatred and rasped, " Why didn't you make a wish? Why didn't you leave your name? Don't you want immortality? Don't you want power beyond measure? You destroyed me... You've destroyed everything I built Mad ravings poured from the phantom's mouth. Andrew stayed on guard at first, worried it might suddenly attack.

This thing, whether human or ghost, gave him a terrible feeling. But then, something completely unexpected happened. The figure drifted forward and stopped directly in front of Andrew, dropping to its knees. "My lord." The word hung in the air. "Whoever destroys this pedestal becomes my master, and that's ---- the law I am bound by. I'm a remnant spirit from ancient times, trapped here for 1000 years. I can grant you one final request, and then I can finally reincarnate.

So I beg you, state your request and set me free." Nyx quickly said, "Andrew, don't trust him." However, Andrew showed a calm, confident expression and spoke boldly. "Since I am your master, then listen carefully. The Greene family's Saintess is suffering from two conditions that have no cure. Heal her completely, and I'll set you free."

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---- Chapter 3385 The remnant spirit hovered in place and studied Shiloh for a moment. Then, it drifted closer and circled her several times, muttering words no one could understand. Andrew did not relax for even a second, and Godslayer remained ready in his hand. Then, the spirit's form pulsed and expanded with a sudden burst of energy. "I'm free! I'm finally free! The two conditions afflicting this young woman are gone. My lord, thank you. I'm going into the light now!" With one last elated cry, the spirit's form dissolved and scattered into the air, leaving nothing behind.

Nyx blinked in shock and quickly asked, "Shiloh, how do you feel? Shiloh did not seem any different on the surface. She looked at her hands and touched her face, then hesitated. "I'm not really sure... I..." Then, her head snapped up, and something shifted behind her eyes. Memories came flooding in one after another. It took nearly ten full minutes before her breathing steadied and the storm behind her eyes finally calmed. ---- Her face cycled through confusion, shock, and disbelief before settling into something quiet and still.

Nyx leaned toward Andrew and murmured, "Honey, do you notice that? Something about Shiloh just... changed." Andrew had already noticed. He was watching her eyes, and what he saw in them now was a depth that had not been there before, something worn and ancient, like someone who had lived through far more than her appearance let on. Then, just as quickly as it surfaced, it was gone. "Shiloh, are you..." Before Andrew could even finish, Shiloh was already moving straight toward the Crimson Flame Lord and his two Guardians with long, unhurried strides.

The two Guardians broke into a charge and came at her simultaneously. Shiloh raised one hand and threw a casual, open-palmed strike into the air in their direction. Two explosions rang out in quick succession, and Guardians instantly burst into clouds of blood and died on the spot. The Crimson Flame Lord stumbled backward, his face drained of every last drop of color. "Stay back! What are you doing?!" ---- Shiloh said calmly, "I don't like the Crimson Flame Cult. The previous two High Oracles were both killed by me. I didn't expect the Crimson Flame Cult to survive.

Since it still exists, I will destroy it again." She lifted her hand and closed it into a grip aimed directly at him. An invisible force yanked the Crimson Flame Lord off his feet and launched him into the air, and then her hand was around his throat. Andrew and Nyx looked at each other, and the shock in both of their eyes said everything. There was a sharp crack as the Crimson Flame Lord's neck snapped in Shiloh's grip. "Shiloh, are you alright?" Andrew called out softly. She turned around, her expression unreadable and layered with something complicated. "I remember everything now...

All of it. Thank you for bringing me here to the Greene family's vault. My memories are back. The conditions I had are gone too. And with all of that came a lot of people and a lot of things I hadn't thought about in a very long time." "So what now?" Nyx asked carefully. "Now?" Shiloh's tone went flat and cold. "Now there are people who need to

be dealt with." ---- Nyx shifted slightly on her feet. "Like... who exactly?" Shiloh replied without hesitation, "Wyrmhelm, for one. He's already marked for death. But my real problem isn't in Holtrien right now. My old rival has just woken up too.

And this time, we'll see who finishes who." Something clicked in Andrew's mind, and his expression sharpened. "Your old rival isn't in Holtrien, and just recently awakened? Is she with the Dark Trinity from the West?" Shiloh glanced at him and nodded. "That's right. She's also known as the Vampire Queen or the Blood Queen, and she rules the Dark Clans. Sounds like you already know about her." Andrew and Nyx both froze.

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---- Chapter 3386 The idea that Shiloh's oldest enemy was the Blood Queen herself was almost too much to wrap one's head around. But then again, Shiloh came from the Greene family, one of the most ancient bloodlines in existence. Moreover, no one truly knew how many lifetimes she had lived, how many centuries she had walked, or what she had witnessed and survived throughout it all. Even when fragments of her memory had returned before, they were scattered and incomplete, confusing even to her. But now, with the remnant spirit's help, everything has come back in full.

Her ageless syndrome and her amnesia were both completely gone, and with that, the entire weight of her long, extraordinary life had returned to her all at once. Andrew said quickly, "Shiloh, the last time the Vampire Queen fell into slumber was because..." Shiloh cut him off, "You already figured it out. Yes. Lilith Bathory went into slumber because of the battle between the two of us. She went into a deep sleep, while I lost my memories. Now she's woken up first and launched a full offensive against Holtrien. She planned to eliminate me before I had a chance to recover.

Unfortunately for her, she didn't account for me getting my memories back too." ---- With that, Shiloh seemed to have no interest in being around Andrew and the others. She turned and walked straight out of the vault, tossing words over her shoulder as she went. "You can take all the gold and silver here. It's over a thousand years of the Greene family's accumulated wealth. I have no use for it anymore. Consider it yours." Joe stepped forward quickly, his voice tight with emotion. "Ms. Greene, I don't want any of it.

I just want to stay by your side." He was visibly shaken because the woman standing before him seemed like a completely different person from the one he had known. Shiloh turned and looked at him with cold, distant eyes. "I'm not your teacher anymore, and don't follow me. If you do, I'll kill you." Joe went rigid, the color draining from his face in an instant. He looked like he wanted to say something, but Andrew stepped in and put a hand on his shoulder. Andrew said, "Take it easy. Shiloh just got all of her memories back at once, It's a lot.

She probably feels like a stranger to all of Us right now, so let's give her time." Then, he approached Shiloh and said, "Shiloh, you're not at full strength yet, are you? You're not ready to go up against the Vampire Queen right now, and you know that." ---- Shiloh's brow furrowed, and the impatience in her expression was unmistakable. "I haven't fully recovered yet, but I've already waited long enough. I want her dead." "Exactly. Which means you need to recover first and get ready. Then we go after her together," Andrew said, keeping his tone steady.

Shiloh stopped and turned her head slowly to look at him. * Andrew, did you and I have a child together?" Andrew replied, "We did. So you need to come with me. Otherwise, our child will grow up without a mother." Shiloh looked annoyed. "I'll look after the child, that's not the issue. But don't think for a second that gives you any say over what I do. If I ever get the sense that you're trying to control me or get too close without my permission... I won't hesitate to strike." Andrew gave a bitter smile and thought, 'Shiloh with her full memory back is something else.

She doesn't recognize anyone, doesn't owe anyone anything.' Nonetheless, he understood it, even if it stung. Shiloh's past was layered with centuries of history that none of them could fully grasp. And now, during a period when she had lost her memory, she had become his woman and even had a child with him. ---- From the perspective of someone as ancient as her, that was not easy to accept. Just now, Andrew had even prepared himself. He had thought she might attack him directly. In truth, he had not been far off.

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---- Chapter 3387 Shiloh stepped outside the vault and stood still for a moment, taking in the open expanse stretching out before her. The look in her eyes deepened into something unreadable. She took in a long, slow breath, then let it out. And then the

energy around her began to rise. Without any catalyst, without any outside help, as naturally as breathing, her power surged toward the Beyond Mortal threshold and crashed through it like it had always belonged there.

She mumbled coldly, "Lilith, let's see if this is the time you finally fall." Later, Shiloh crossed her legs and sat down on a large rock, forcing herself into stillness. Yet, her heart was anything but calm. Her memories had fully returned. She was the last surviving descendant of the Greene family. She had awakened again and again across the ages, wandering through the mortal world. Now the missing pieces of her memory had finally fused back into her soul. She remembered who she was and how long she had lived. It had been a very long time.

---- Empires had risen and fallen, and the world had changed beyond recognition "Andrew," she murmured to herself, barely above a whisper. "Should I kill him or not?" She had once stood at the absolute peak of Holtrien, a figure so powerful that the Eight Ancient Sects answered to her without question. Yet, somewhere in the fog of lost memories, in the cycle of rebirths and wandering, she had ended up with this man named Andrew Lloyd. She had figured it out quickly enough.

Andrew had to be a descendant of Valerius, a man who had once fought alongside her as an equal, someone from her own era, her own tier. Yet somehow, through a twist of fate she still could not fully make sense of, she had ended up losing herself to his descendant. If it were not for Remyn, Shiloh would have acted on the impulse more than once already. She would never tolerate any man claiming her body, especially not some young man she had only met in this modern age, after living for so many centuries. In the eyes of the fully awakened Shiloh, Andrew was just another young, presumptuous man.

Yet, there was another feeling that she could not shut down, no ---- matter how hard she tried. Her rational mind told her she should kill him, but the part of her that had lived and loved him still carried real feelings. She liked this man, though she hated admitting it. As for the treasure inside the Greene family vault, Andrew took nothing. Nyx and Joe also left empty-handed. The three of them walked out and saw Shiloh sitting on the rock, staring into space. Finally, Nyx stepped forward. "Shiloh, come with us. Even if you want revenge against the Vampire Queen, we should go together.

"There is strength in numbers." Shiloh replied calmly, "There is strength in numbers, but you are all weak." Nyx bristled, then caught herself because she had just remembered that the woman sitting in front of her had been alive for centuries. So she stuck out her tongue and signaled to Andrew that she was done arguing and that he should handle it. Andrew walked forward and sat beside Shiloh on the rock. ---- Before he could settle, she slid away without even looking at him. "Don't," she said flatly. "I have my memories back now.

"That kind of familiarity feels like an overstep." Andrew let out a short, amused laugh. "I've done a lot worse than sitting next to you, and you know it." Shiloh's eyes narrowed.

"Your ancestor, Valerius, would have addressed me as a senior. So watch yourself, kid." Andrew felt a dull ache set in somewhere behind his eyes. Of all the situations to find himself in, he had actually slept with the woman from his ancestor's era. He replied, "Alright. But you still have Remyn to think about, don't you? Come on, come back with me.

I won't control or manipulate you, and I would not even dare to, okay?" Shiloh snorted softly, but at least she did not refuse.

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---- Chapter 3388 Shiloh's entire personality had shifted. After returning to the Cavendish royal family's headquarters, she kept almost entirely to herself. Nyx was the only one she would occasionally exchange a few words with. Whenever Andrew got too close, she went cold and distant, like a wall had come down between them. He was self-aware enough to read the room and kept his distance without being told twice. However, something else was quietly unsettling him.

Nyx had pulled him aside the moment she got back and whispered that Shiloh had already broken through to the Beyond Mortal level, and that was not even where it stopped. From what Nyx had carefully managed to piece together through indirect questions, Shiloh's power was not plateauing. It was still climbing, steadily and continuously, and it was not going to stop until it reached the peak she had once stood at in a previous life. What that peak actually looked like, Shiloh had not said outright.

However, she had let one thing slip: that she could go toe to toe with the Vampire Queen without losing ground. That was enough for Andrew to fill in the rest. The mother of his ---- child was operating at the absolute ceiling of human potential, the final tier after Beyond Mortal: Beneath the Gods. Nyx could not quite hide her amusement. "Honey, I'm warning you right now... You need to let go of any ideas you have about getting close to Shiloh again. She remembers who she is now, and she remembers her past. "Think about it.

She's a woman who has lived for centuries, watched entire societies rise and fall, and fought in wars that shaped both the Eastern and Western continents. She's not just a senior, but a woman, and a woman whose temperament is impossible to predict. When she looks at you and me, what do you think she actually sees?" Andrew's expression

soured. "What does it matter what she sees? The fact is, what happened between us already happened. That doesn't just disappear." Nyx sneered. "You're right, it doesn't disappear. But I said you can't change it, that doesn't mean she can't.

You took advantage of her while she had no memory of who she was, got her pregnant, and now the mother of your son turns out to be a living relic from your ancestor's era. Honestly, honey, you might be the boldest and most unhinged man alive." She added, "And let's be real... Shiloh is no longer someone you can measure yourself against. If she genuinely decided to do something about you, you'd be gone before you could blink." ---- Andrew went quiet, his expression somewhere between irritated and resigned. Deep down, he was not truly worried.

She was the mother of his child, and he could not quite bring himself to believe she would actually come after him. Besides, he had been keeping his distance and was not pushing anything. Honestly, even if he wanted to, he would not dare. So most likely, Shiloh would not come looking for trouble. After all, not long ago, they had been deeply in love and inseparable. She had even admitted that he was her man. And now fate had played a cruel joke, bringing her memories fully back.

The ancient, supreme version of her had awakened completely, and suddenly, he was nothing more than a clueless kid in her eyes. Andrew had lived a bold life and rarely found himself on the back foot. But this? This was a new kind of humiliation entirely. Nyx quietly savored every second of it Outside Cliffside Gate, the massive camp of the Three Empires' allied forces had finally calmed down. ---- The casualties and losses had left Azrael furious beyond words. But before he could explode in anger, a majestic projection descended into the main command center of the camp. "azrael.

I hear things haven't been going smoothly on your end." The projection was of a tall, slender man with golden hair. He wore an old-fashioned aristocratic court outfit, his features almost androgynous, and his eyes deep and unfathomable.

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---- Chapter 3389 Azrael's expression turned solemn. "Your Majesty!" The projection before him was none other than the great emperor of the Fraines Empire, Silvio Caesar. Silvio let out a cold snort. "I have no interest in whatever happened on your side. So you do not need to be so nervous. I contacted you for only one reason. You need to speed

up the war against Holtrien. Winning or losing is not important, but there's a special individual you must investigate thoroughly." Azrael was startled.

"Your Majesty, please enlighten me." Silvio paused for a moment, then said coldly, "The progenitor of the Dark Clans, the Vampire Queen, came to see me. Not just me. The emperors of the other two empires also received notice. "The Vampire Queen believes that someone has awakened within Holtrien who poses a fatal threat to her. She's deeply unsettled right now. Or rather, she's afraid. She has strongly demanded that we find the person she is looking for." Azrael was shocked. "Who could that be?"

Your Majesty, is there really someone in this world who can make the Vampire Queen afraid?" Silvio's smile turned strange. "Whether such a person exists ---- doesn't concern me. In fact, I hope they do. If Holtrien truly has someone powerful enough to kill her... That would be the best possible news for our three great Western Empires." Azrael lowered his voice. "I'll do everything in my power." Silvio nodded. "According to the Vampire Queen's sensing, the person she fears should be within the area under your command. Azrael, remember this. Don't underestimate Holtrien.

We have clashed countless times. But we have never truly gained the upper hand. So I want you to stabilize our foundation first." Azrael answered firmly, "I won't disappoint you, Your Majesty." Silvio nodded again, and the projection slowly faded away. Azrael remained where he was, deep in thought. On the Western continent, the oldest and most terrifying existence was naturally the Vampire Queen. However, only a handful of people knew that. Even Azrael himself only knew fragments.

Among the political elites and royal families of the great empires, being able to contact Dukes or Princes of the Dark Trinity was already considered impressive. As for an ancient being like the Vampire Queen, the number of people who truly knew of her existence was shockingly small. ---- The reason was simple: a being like that had no reason to move openly through the world Centuries had come and gone, societies had been built and dismantled, and none of it had required her direct attention.

She simply kept her grip on the leaders of the world's most powerful empires, pulling strings from the shadows, and that was enough. Silvio Caesar was one of those leaders, which was precisely why he wanted her dead Even an emperor had his pride, and no one, regardless of their title, enjoyed being someone else's puppet. Azrael knew, beyond what had just been said aloud, that Silvio's ambitions ran even deeper than simply eliminating the Vampire Queen. He wanted her power for himself.

Nonetheless, that was the kind of knowledge that stayed buried; Azrael would not have breathed a word of it even in his sleep. The forces involved were far too profound, far beyond his understanding. The recent assault had left the Three Empires' allied army shaken and demoralized Azrael executed several generals, and the matter was temporarily suppressed. However, the anger and hatred in his heart only grew stronger. ---- "Andrew Lloyd of Holtrien, come out and face me!" A thunderous roar exploded above Cliffside Gate.

Azrael stood alone before the gate in full combat armor, energy crackling around him, long spear in hand, challenging the entire fortress alone. His plan was straightforward: cut Andrew down first, strip Holtrien of its backbone, and then launch the full offensive. Andrew had been the reason the last time things had gone wrong. And if Azrael could eliminate him one-on-one, he was confident the Cavendish royal family's defensive line would crumble not long after.

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Chapter 3390

[712 words]

---- Chapter 3390 Azrael's voice carried through the walls of Cliffside Gate loud and clear. Every member of the Cavendish royal family heard it, and so did Andrew. Cormac let out a cold scoff. "Ignore him, Andrew. Don't even bother." Asher nodded in agreement. "Azrael's play is obvious. He wants to wound you or kill you and create an opening for the Three Empires' allied forces. But we don't have to take that bait. As long as we hold Cliffside Gate, the ones who can't afford the delay will be the allied armies." Andrew chuckled and said, "I know exactly what he's after..."

But here's the thing: what Azrael wants out of this might be the same thing we want. If I can take him out, the Cavendish royal family pushes out immediately and sweeps through the coalition in one move. The entire northern situation gets settled right there and then, doesn't it?" Asher's expression shifted with visible unease. "That's... Well, Azrael isn't your average martial god. Please don't take that risk." Cormac looked at Andrew. "If Azrael actually falls, the coalition outside that gate collapses on its own.

But what are the odds you pull it off?" ---- Andrew picked up his sword and launched himself off the top of Cliffside Gate without another word. "Only one way to find out." Two massive waves of energy collided in the open air outside the gate an instant later. Andrew's greatsword met Azrael's spear in a clash that sent a shockwave of force rippling outward in every direction. Andrew came in wide and aggressive, his strikes broad and relentless. Azrael matched him with equal intensity, every last drop of his pent-up frustration and his burning desire to end Andrew fueling every blow.

For both of them, this was exactly the opening they had been waiting for. When two armies reached a deadlock with no way through, the death of a key figure on either side could tip the entire balance in a single moment. Andrew understood that, and Azrael clearly did too. Hence, from the second they met, neither of them wasted a single breath on words. They just fought, fully and without holding anything back. On top of Cliffside

Gate, the Cavendish royal family's experts and Nyx gradually gathered to watch, all anxious. Atticus kept his eyes fixed on the fight below.

He said to ---- Cormac and Asher, "The moment anything goes wrong for Mr. Lloyd, the two of you move immediately." Cormac replied, "Don't worry. We know what to do. But we shouldn't act lightly. The remaining martial gods on the Three Empires' side are also watching. If we move, they'll move too. In the end, this still depends on Andrew." After watching for a while, Nyx suddenly turned and left Cliffside Gate. Cormac and the others were confused to find Nyx leaving just like that. Was she not worried about Andrew? Jakob curled his lip and said, "Don't try to figure out women, especially Ms.

Greene. She feels like a completely different person now. When she glanced at me earlier, I felt a chill straight to my bones." Nyx found Shiloh and said with a smile, "Shiloh." Shiloh was sitting cross-legged in her room, and beside her, Joe was looking after Remyn. She opened her eyes and glanced at Nyx. "Stop being all that friendly. We are not that close." ---- Nyx kept smiling without missing a beat. "Well, I can't exactly call you 'ancient elder' now, can I?

You look like you're in your late 20s, an absolutely stunning one, I might add." Shiloh said calmly, "If you want to call me that, I genuinely don't mind. But if you have nothing important, leave. Don't disturb my cultivation." Nyx replied, "Actually, I do have something important to say. Andrew is already fighting the commander of the Three Empires' allied forces. Shiloh, can you go out and help him?" Shiloh answered indifferently, "I'm not interested." Nyx did not push. "Shiloh, you should think carefully. Andrew is the father of your child.

If you don't help him, Remyn will lose his father." Remyn, who had been playing nearby, immediately looked at Shiloh timidly. In a small, pleading voice, he said, "Mommy, can you go help Daddy? I just found him, and I don't want anything to happen to him!"

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