

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 3411

[619 words]

---- Chapter 3411 Philip's black combat boots pounded hard against the stone steps as he charged up Blood Sanctum. A massive surge of martial energy exploded from his body, accompanied by a furious roar. With a thunderous boom, he drew back his fist, ready to smash it down onto the building from above. However, a searing wave of energy shot out from within the Sanctum first, and it collided directly with Philip's fist. The overwhelming shockwave exploded outward. Consequently, Philip grunted, blood trickling from the corner of his mouth.

As the shockwave dissipated, he locked eyes with his opponent before him. It was the Emperor of Soraine, Alejandro Ruiz! Elio scanned the battlefield in a single sweep, and then the killing began without warning, without any buildup at all. He moved instantly, his hands forming rapid seals. Soon, a massive circular symbol descended from the sky above. It radiated a mysterious and overwhelming presence. ---- A thunderous crash echoed out as the symbol slammed down, onto the Blood Sanctum. But the very next second, a figure emerged from the top of the building.

Crimson flames blazed around his entire body, surging toward the heavens. His limbs looked like severed pieces stitched together, and bearing the weight of the symbol, he charged upward once more. Elio's eyes narrowed as he let out a low growl. Immediately, he began wrestling with this blood-red figure, who was actually one of the three vampire progenitors. Storm-like ice spikes shot from Bridget's hands. The werewolves and vampires that had been pursuing from the mountain's base let out anguished cries as they fell in droves. Soon, corpses began piling up.

They accumulated from the foot of the hill all the way toward the summit, and blood quickly converged into flowing streams. Monty clashed fiercely with the blood progenitor prince, Gaston Lafayette. Orson roared continuously. He alone faced off against two werewolf princes. One of them was even Kaelen Soros, among the most elite of the werewolf princes. With a sickening crack, Kaelen transformed into his werewolf ---- form and ripped out Orson's head in one swift motion. Then he threw his head back and howled triumphantly.

However, his show of dominance had barely begun when Nyx's dagger pierced straight through the back of his neck. Kaelen's howl died instantly, and his massive body crashed down the mountainside with a thunderous boom. Nyx's face was cold as ice as she weaved through the battlefield of prince-level fighters. Her blue-glowing dagger had become a weapon of death Luna led the Iron Cavalry in a direct push toward the main

gates of Blood Sanctum. Vampires guarding the entrance swarmed in from all directions, their shrieks making it feel like the gates of hell had opened.

Luna's face turned slightly pale, yet she did not retreat even a single step. Every Holtrien powerhouse had entered this battle fully prepared to die. Sheena's opponent was also a vampire prince. The two powerhouses grappled with each other, rolling down from the mountain where the Sanctum stood. Sheena punched straight through her opponent's heart, but the latter's claws also tore through her stomach. It was brutal beyond measure! ---- Between the werewolves and the vampires, both sides combined had five progenitor-level beings!

There were three great vampire progenitors, along with two werewolf progenitors. They were engaged by Elio, Pablo, and Alfredo. At that moment, the remaining two leaders of the Divine Dragon Order, Pietro and Lachlan, descended from the clouds. They possessed power even greater than Elio's. They had arrived at the Blood Sanctum early but had not made their move. They had been waiting for Andrew and the others to arrive. Lachlan and Pietro exchanged glances, their expressions grim, and they were completely committed to the fight.

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Chapter 3412

[612 words]

---- Chapter 3412 Andrew had already clashed with Arya, and after her fall into darkness, her power had risen to an entirely new level. She was now no weaker than a dark progenitor, and in fact, she might have been even stronger. Otherwise, the Vampire Queen would never have made Arya her personal attendant. At the highest point of the battlefield stood two legendary figures. One had once been the Grand Archangel of Lomuia Grand Cathedral, the Number One Battle Angel, while the other was the brightest war star of Holtrien. Their clash lit up the sky in every direction.

For some time, neither side gained the upper hand, and it was impossible to tell who would win or die. Pietro and Lachlan breathed a long sigh of relief. Andrew had not failed them, nor had he failed Holtrien. Lachlan spread his hands, shifting them continuously through the air. Immediately, an energy cage formed and trapped the vampire progenitor, Jorge Monreale, inside. Jorge roared and began his transformation. ---- Lachlan pointed a finger, striking the transforming Jorge right between the eyes. Instantly, the latter's body began twisting, erupting with massive amounts of blood.

It looked like someone was draining him dry! Lachlan seized the opportunity, his figure shooting forward. In an instant, he charged into the Blood Sanctum. This was the plan he, Pietro, and Elio, the three leaders of Divine Dragon Order, had agreed upon beforehand. One of them would storm the Sanctum first, forcing the Vampire Queen to make her move. The plan was so dangerous that Elio had not even told Andrew about it. However, the moment Lachlan rushed into the Blood Sanctum, he was met by the last of the three emperors, Alfonso Ortega of Mirelan.

The opponent was fully armed, and his iron-clad hands clenched abruptly toward Lachlan. Invisible forces surged forth as Lachlan's figure dissolved into a wisp of smoke and vanished. A storm strong enough to overturn mountains erupted from inside the Sanctum. Lachlan stumbled back out, his expression grim. ---- Alfonso stood alone at the Blood Sanctum's entrance. His entire body was covered in black armor, with only his eyes visible. He scanned the battlefield with a cold, detached gaze. No matter how many died, he was not shaken at all.

He had only one mission: not to let anyone enter the Blood Sanctum and disturb the Vampire Queen. The only way anyone would get through was over his dead body. With a cold snort, Lachlan's figure exploded in midair. All at once, 99 white-robed figures spread out across the sky. It was impossible to tell which of the Lachlans was real. Then, they all surged toward Alfonso. Alfonso's gaze remained indifferent, tinged with contempt. He took a single step forward and spread his arms wide.

On the other end, two beings approaching the level of Beneath the Gods were locked in a fight to the death "Arya, stop! You can't serve the darkness!" Arya heard Nyx's anguished cry, but she remained unmoved. The burning black greatsword in her hand suddenly spun in a massive circle. Then, it came crashing down on Andrew's Godslayer. ---- Enormous sparks exploded outward as the two battled from the sky down to the mountain's base. After that, they climbed the mountain wall continuously. Within a few breaths, they reached the summit once more. Andrew's eyes grew cold, gradually transforming.

One side darkened, while the other burned red. Finally, a black-red sword beam, like a collapsing pillar of heaven, slashed out. Arya grunted in pain, gritting her teeth hard as she was sent flying from the mountaintop. The lifeless look in her eyes finally shifted. She exclaimed in disbelief, "You're actually stronger than me now?"

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Chapter 3413

[613 words]

---- Chapter 3413 Andrew said coldly, "Just realizing that now? Too bad for you, it's too late!" Nyx hurriedly called out, "Andrew, don't kill Arya!" Andrew continued his relentless assault as Arya, like a candle flickering in the wind, struggled desperately to defend herself. In the end, she spat out a mouthful of blood. A surge of fury deepened the darkness around her in an instant. Andrew said icily, "Nyx, you can't persuade her. She has already become a slave to the darkness!" Arya howled in agony, "I'm nota slave! I don't want this... I don't!

But I can't break free at all!" Andrew replied flatly, "If you can't break free, then let me end this for you. Arya, my target right now is the Vampire Queen. If you continue to get in my way, then despite our past, I won't hold back." Arya's face twisted with pain as she struggled. Suddenly, she roared, "Andrew, just kill me! Do it!" The moment she finished shouting, her eyes turned blood red, and a sinister, dark aura reappeared around her body. Gripping ---- her sword, she lunged at Andrew. Andrew took a deep breath, knowing Arya had sunk too far down the path of corruption to turn back.

The black and red in his eyes faded, replaced by a pure milky white. Next, brilliant holy light flooded across the blade of Godslayer. Andrew swung his sword, and a massive wave of white sword energy engulfed Arya like an ocean. Within that sea of white light, Arya suddenly screamed in agony. Then, the darkness around her body began to evaporate, pulling away from her form. A look of relief appeared on her face, and she gazed deeply toward Andrew one final time. Finally, with an expression of peace, she fell toward the base of the mountain.

Tears welled up in Nyx's eyes as she shouted, "Arya!" She wanted to chase after her, but reason made her stop. She knew well that the battle at the Blood Sanctum was the top priority right now. Even though Arya was once her best friend, she could not afford to care about her life or death at the moment. Andrew withdrew his greatsword, breathing slightly heavily. ---- Arya had given up her resistance. In the end, she chose to perish within the holy light. It seemed this archangel of the Cathedral had not given up her fight against the darkness after all.

This earned Andrew's respect, at least to some degree. The current battle situation had already reached a fever pitch. Without hesitation, Andrew shot forward once more. From his greatsword, holy light poured out in waves. Alfonso, who had been locked in a brutal exchange with Lachlan at the gates of Blood Sanctum, suddenly widened his eyes in shock. With a furious roar, blue light surged from behind him like a tidal wave. Then, he unleashed his full power, meeting Andrew's attack head-on Andrew showed no emotion. He soared into the sky, raising his greatsword high above his head.

Then, wrapped in crackling red lightning, a sky-splitting strike came crashing down. Alfonso bellowed, "How dare you!" He shot into the sky, spreading his arms wide in midair. He was actually trying to embrace Andrew's descending sword energy directly. However, Lachlan manifested countless figures once more, and they all wrapped

around Alfonso, dragging him downward. ---- Andrew's devastating strike landed squarely on the Blood Sanctum. In an instant, one corner of the building was completely blown off.

It felt like the earth was collapsing, and the entire mountain began to tremble as if it were about to crumble. The other Dark Clans' powerhouses let out furious roars, and they attacked with even greater desperation than before.

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Chapter 3414

[573 words]

---- Chapter 3414 Alfonso went absolutely berserk, "Andrew, you're asking for death!" He was responsible for guarding Blood Sanctum's security, and he never expected Andrew's strike to succeed. Of course, he was furious. However, Andrew did not even spare a glance at Alfonso. He dropped straight through the massive hole he had blasted open and descended into the Blood Sanctum itself. The moment he entered, a strange force rippled outward. The sounds of slaughter from outside faded into the distance. Inside the Blood Sanctum, it was eerily silent.

Even though Andrew had already broken through one corner, the inside and outside were seemingly completely different worlds. "Very good." The calm, indifferent words drifted down from the towering throne above. Andrew looked up to see the Vampire Queen, like a true sovereign, gazing down at him. He heard her voice, filled with ---- bone-deep hatred. "Descendant of Valerius, I will strip your bloodline piece by piece. I will make sure Valerius finds no peace, even in death." Andrew said nothing and took three consecutive steps forward. Then, he unleashed a strike through the air.

The sword light surged like boiling water, tearing upward along the massive, hundred-yard throne, ripping from its base toward the red-dressed woman seated at the very top. A flash of mockery flickered through the Vampire Queen's eyes. "Little boy, just what do you think you are in the face of my unmatched power?" Her long, flawless fingers spread wide in anger, and her crimson nails gleamed beautifully. In the next instant, Andrew's sword light vanished completely. It left no trace behind Andrew was shocked, but he showed nothing on the surface.

Three more massive sword beams shot out from three different directions, all converging on the Vampire Queen. However, she remained seated motionlessly, even propping her chin up with one hand in amusement. She watched Andrew's ---- attacks

as if they were child's play. A layer of red protective energy shield instantly appeared around the Vampire Queen, enveloping her completely. The three sword beams all carried Primordial Thunder, containing enough power to tear apart Dark Clans' progenitor-level beings. Yet, they continued to vanish harmlessly one by one.

The Vampire Queen remained completely unharmed. Andrew took a deep breath and landed back on the ground. The Vampire Queen sneered, "Do you know what level of existence I am?" Without waiting for Andrew's answer, she said coldly, "There are no true gods in this world, and I'm the only one truly Beneath the Gods. Not a god, yet greater than any god. Kneel!" That final word felt like judgment, like a command. Andrew felt a thunderous explosion go off beside his ears.

Then, his knees ached, and he involuntarily began kneeling toward the ground. He roared furiously, driving his greatsword into the floor. Gritting his teeth again, he forced his bent knees straight! The Vampire Queen sneered coldly. "You've got the same spine Valerius had, and the same goddamn stupidity to go with it." ---- The moment her words fell, two streams of blood shot from Andrew's chest. However, they did not drip to the ground. Instead, they stretched like threads across 100 yards, drawn into the Vampire Queen's grasp as she controlled them effortlessly.

Andrew felt as if something had suddenly invaded his mind. Everything became hazy and heavy, making resistance impossible. He cursed inwardly, realizing this old witch was finally getting serious. Even with his current strength, he was still unable to withstand her power.

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Chapter 3415

[619 words]

---- Chapter 3415 "Kneel and submit at my feet!" The Vampire Queen threw her head back and laughed, her voice thick with a sinister aura. The fog in Andrew's mind grew heavier by the second, and he knew he could not let her keep controlling him like this. With a sudden burst of clarity, he swung his greatsword in a horizontal slash. The blood threads were severed instantly. Andrew's mind took a sharp backlash, and he let out a low roar as blood sprayed from his mouth. Nonetheless, at least he had broken free of the Vampire Queen's control.

High upon the throne, the Vampire Queen's expression turned cold and vicious. "You dare resist? You're dead!" As she spoke, she reached out toward Andrew from afar.

Andrew's body immediately began to lift off the ground against his will. At the last moment, a figure suddenly descended from above, forcefully inserting itself between him and the Vampire Queen. Andrew shouted with joy, "Shiloh!" Shiloh's lips pressed tightly together, and she glanced back at ---- Andrew. But without saying a word, she flashed forward and was already at the Vampire Queen's side.

A phantom form shot out from within Shiloh's body. Instantly, it lunged at the Vampire Queen. From within the Vampire Queen's body, a phantom form rose as well. The two phantom forms began battling each other. Meanwhile, Shiloh's physical body and the Vampire Queen's physical body remained frozen in place. The Vampire Queen smiled calmly, "Shiloh Greene, I've been waiting for you for a long time!" Shiloh's expression remained indifferent. "Lilith, you've lived long enough. Now, die!" The Vampire Queen burst into wild laughter. "Die? You think you are worthy of ending me?"

Even with your addition to the Holtrien expedition force, shaking me is nothing but wishful thinking!" Their spirits left their bodies and tangled together in the grand hall, tearing at each other in a brutal mental battle. Andrew felt his vision spin. It was as if a blade was slicing through his mind, nearly tearing his consciousness apart. ---- The pain was unbearable, but Andrew forced himself to maintain his consciousness. Gripping Godslayer, he staggered to his feet and, with a furious roar, shot forward again to hack at the Vampire Queen's physical body.

A red energy barrier appeared once more, blocking Andrew's attack yet again. Suddenly, Shiloh's voice echoed beside his ear. "Blood! Andrew, use your own blood. Smear it on the blade and strike this ancient monster." Without a second thought, Andrew immediately complied. He ran his palm across the sword's edge, and instantly, the greatsword was covered in blood. Andrew gritted his teeth and struck with his sword again. This time, the protective shield in front of the Vampire Queen's body actually shattered! For the first time, Andrew stood this close to the supreme being of darkness.

On the spiritual plane, the Vampire Queen was still locked in combat with Shiloh. The entire Blood Sanctum began to shake, and then large ---- chunks of stone came crashing down from the high dome. It looked like the whole place was about to collapse. This was the sheer power of two peak supreme beings clashing. The Vampire Queen remained seated on her throne, her expression unchanged as she looked at Andrew. "So, you broke one layer of my shield. And what of it? Do you know why your weak little strength was able to break through that barrier?" Andrew said nothing and slashed again.

He wanted to know why his blood could penetrate her defense, but killing this demon mattered more. The Vampire Queen laughed loudly. "You really are just like Valerius, ruthless and heartless!" She casually lifted her right hand, and Andrew's greatsword was knocked straight out of his grasp.

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Chapter 3416

[616 words]

---- Chapter 3416 Godslayer spun through the air before slamming into the wall of the grand hall, burying itself completely into the stone. Shock flashed across Andrew's face as red lightning coiled around his body, and he lunged forward. However, the Vampire Queen's hand had already seized his throat in an iron grip. Her devastating power flooded into Andrew's body in an instant. In that split second, Andrew felt the shadow of death. Shiloh's true form released a cold snort.

Immediately, the phantom that had been locked in combat with the Vampire Queen's spiritual projection snapped back to her body. Then, Shiloh launched herself forward. The Vampire Queen's spiritual form likewise returned to her physical body. She let out a mocking laugh as massive wings unfurled from her back, stretching wide enough to blot out the sky. With Andrew dangling from her grip, she slowly rose into the air, her presence radiating outward from the great hall as her thunderous voice echoed everywhere. She declared, "I'm the ruler of this world.

All of you rebels will ---- die!" As her words rang out, the Dark Clans outside the palace received another surge of power. Holtrien's forces, already on the brink of collapse, were instantly pushed into a death trap with no way out. Andrew's mind was spinning in chaos. He could feel that the Vampire Queen's power was overwhelming, far beyond anything he could possibly withstand right now. Yet strangely, she did not seem in any hurry to kill him immediately. Shiloh's eyes betrayed obvious anxiety. However, she did not act rashly, because rushing in recklessly would accomplish nothing.

It would only result in both her and Andrew being obliterated in a sea of blood. Shiloh said coldly, "Lilith, let him go. He's Valerius' descendant. Whatever's between us can be settled separately, but do you really have no feelings left for Valerius after all this time?" The Vampire Queen's wings spread like two massive banners. With each beat, hurricane-force winds blasted through the entire palace. Her voice was ice-cold and laced with deep hatred as she hissed, "Valerius was cruel to me back then.

If I hadn't loved him, if I hadn't trusted him, how could you have joined forces to ---- cast me into the abyss and forced me into a deep slumber? If you hadn't mentioned Valerius and me, I might have let Andrew live. But since you brought him up, he must die!" As her words fell, the Vampire Queen tightened her grip on Andrew's throat. Blood vessels erupted from her arm like writhing snakes, driving toward Andrew's neck to pierce his skin. In seconds, she would drain every drop of blood from his body.

Shiloh finally lost her composure and screamed, "No!" A blue tempest exploded around her entire body. The domed ceiling of the Blood Sanctum was blown straight into the sky, and a pillar of light connecting heaven and earth crashed down onto Shiloh. She rose slowly within the column of light, her eyes transforming completely to glowing blue. The Vampire Queen threw her head back and laughed. "Shiloh, you've actually developed feelings for a mere mortal? You're just as pathetic as I once was! Too bad for you, I'm not the same person I was back then.

The blood of Valerius's descendants can pierce my defenses, but from this day forward, it will never again pierce my heart!" Shiloh thrust both hands forward. Destructive blue energy surged toward the Vampire Queen, whose perfect features suddenly melted away. What remained was the terrifying true form of the Vampire Queen. ---- Two long fangs extended from the corners of her mouth. As she roared at Shiloh, a surge of blood-red energy shot out to meet the attack.

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Chapter 3417

[622 words]

---- Chapter 3417 The Vampire Queen and Shiloh clashed in midair, locked in a direct collision of power. The cataclysmic powers collided, tearing through everything around them. The Blood Sanctum began to collapse piece by piece. Soon, the stone walls, the foundation, and even the entire dark mountain started to rise into the air before being vaporized. Nothing was left behind. The powerful fighters battling outside were all injured, and every one of them froze in shock. They retreated again and again, flying into the air with fear in their eyes.

On the ground, the remaining Holtrien warriors scrambled down the mountain, fleeing for their lives. "Shiloh, you can't save him. I want you to watch helplessly as he dies by my hand. Get a good taste of how I felt when Valerius betrayed me all those years ago," the Vampire Queen said with a savage laugh. With her maniacal laughter echoing around them, those blood vessels plunged into Andrew's neck. The tubes instantly turned red as his blood was violently drained from his body in mere seconds.

---- In that moment between life and death, white holy light erupted uncontrollably from within Andrew's body. Like a branding iron, the sacred light set the Vampire Queen's hand ablaze. However, the Vampire Queen's expression remained indifferent, and she did not budge an inch. She declared, "Forget this pathetic holy light! Even if the Pope of

the Lomuia Grand Cathedral himself showed up, I'd make him kneel before me!" Her supremely arrogant words rang out from the Vampire Queen's mouth.

She was simultaneously locked in a death struggle with Shiloh while also draining Andrew's life force and strangling him. Her power clearly exceeded Shiloh's, and even the Church's holy light had absolutely no effect on her. In his final moments, Andrew suddenly became calm. Shiloh's desperate, anguished voice reached his ears. "Hold on! I can save you. Don't fall asleep!" A faint smile appeared at the corner of Andrew's mouth. But in his mind, a vision suddenly materialized out of nowhere.

It showed a man in black and a breathtakingly beautiful woman in a red dress walking together across an endless field under the ---- night sky. The woman's face radiated happiness as she nestled against the man. The man wore a doting expression as he held the red-dressed woman's delicate hand. Suddenly, the scene shifted. The man's hand had now pierced into the red-dressed woman's chest, gripping her heart. The red-dressed woman's face was covered in blood, her expression one of disbelief.

Though there was no sound, Andrew knew she had asked one word, "Why?" The handsome man in black was filled with pain and struggle. In the end, he hardened his heart and crushed the heart in his hand. At the same time, his own body was shattered in the explosion of energy. In that instant, Andrew understood who they were. The man was his ancestor, Valerius. The woman in the red dress was the Vampire Queen, Lilith. They had once loved each other. Or perhaps, Valerius, the great human powerhouse of Holtrien, had possessed extraordinary wisdom.

---- In order to kill the Vampire Queen, he had deliberately approached her while she was disguised as a human. He had entered her heart. Through love, Valerius forced the Vampire Queen into a thousand-year slumber. It should have been a glorious achievement. Yet Andrew felt no joy at all. If he were in Valerius' place, could he have done the same? As death approached, his thoughts refused to slow down. Shiloh's eyes, ears, nose, and mouth bled as she fought without fear of death. The two opposing forces began to press toward the Vampire Queen.

Bit by bit, Shiloh's hand broke through the invisible boundary and reached painfully toward Andrew's body.

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Chapter 3418

[696 words]

---- Chapter 3418 The Vampire Queen's eyes were filled with mockery. "You can't save him!" Andrew's body suddenly convulsed as if his heart had slammed hard against his ribs. Right before the Vampire Queen's disbelieving gaze, the Blood-Eyed Black Dragon totem on Andrew's chest lit up. Then, it tore free from his body, spinning as it rose into the air. From within it, the ancestral power of the Lloyd family burst forth, a totem force that crashed downward like a river in the sky, breaking through a dam. The Vampire Queen was swallowed by it. All the while, her face remained expressionless.

However, her grip on Andrew loosened. Her crimson gown began to shred into thin strands, turning to ash and carried away by the storm. "Valerius, even 1000 years after your death, you still treat me this way. You passed your power to this Lloyd family descendant because you knew that one day, I would awaken, and you wanted him to continue fighting me, didn't you?" she said in the calmest tone while speaking the cruelest words. Across 1000 years, a man long dead was still plotting against ---- her. Her body suddenly transformed, becoming a massive blood-red monster.

Her fangs jutted out, and her eyes burned with savage hunger. Then, she threw her head back and released a shrill, bone-piercing scream. The entire darkness around them churned like a storm-tossed ocean. Andrew's body plummeted downward. With a wave of her hand, Shiloh caught his lifeless form and pulled him close. She held Andrew tightly, her voice trembling. "Don't die!" The Holtrien forces were utterly demoralized and hopeless. Everyone could see that Andrew had stopped breathing, and they believed that he was already dead.

The Vampire Queen was just one step away from true godhood, the supreme existence Beyond Mortal, Beneath the Gods. This was when her true power would finally be unleashed. Everything before had been merely the opening act. The black clouds above began swirling in reverse. An oppressive force, like the wrath of heaven, blanketed everything in every direction. Even the three emperors felt the urge to drop to their knees. ---- "Valerius is gone. In this world, who else but me!" The terrifying roar thundered from the giant monster in the sky.

Shiloh's eyes streamed with tears, but she paid no attention to anything happening around her. "I won't let you die. I won't allow it" She pressed her lips to Andrew's mouth, but it was not a kiss. Instead, she extracted a glowing orb from her own body and placed it in Andrew's mouth. Andrew gasped desperately, his entire body convulsing violently as his eyes snapped open. The moment his eyes opened, his body naturally floated into the air. Once again, Andrew gripped the Godslayer tightly in his hand as unprecedented power flooded through his body. Shiloh had given him all of her strength.

Meanwhile, she closed her eyes peacefully with a gentle smile on her face. In the raging storm, Nyx darted forward and caught Shiloh's unconscious body. After casting a worried glance at Andrew in the sky, she retreated far from the center of the battlefield. The Vampire Queen's voice turned hoarse. "Even if you've absorbed the cataclysmic

power of the Greene family into your body, it's useless against me! This world can be destroyed, but darkness will endure...

forever!" ---- She opened her mouth, and a pitch-black beam of light shot downward, aimed at Andrew Andrew raised his sword and launched himself skyward, charging straight toward the black column of light with man and blade united as one. His eyes showed neither sorrow nor joy, only calm and an unfathomable depth. At that moment, Andrew was no longer just himself. He carried the Primordial Thunder of the Highland Tribe, the very first power born in this world Then, there was the holy light, the power from the Lomuia Grand Cathedral.

Third was the elemental force within his own body, the ancient power from Holtrien. And finally, the totemic power left behind by Valerius. Even after being dead for a thousand years, Valerius had left that special power behind for his descendant, Andrew. Because that power could wound, and even kill, the Vampire Queen.

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Chapter 3419

[558 words]

---- Chapter 3419 In the very last moment, as Andrew stood on the brink of death, he had gained Shiloh's power as well. It was the Greene family's world-destroying force, a high-level ability that had once been strong enough to perish together with the Vampire Queen. The black beam of light collided head-on with Andrew's soaring strike. A blinding brilliance exploded outward in every direction, like a storm of falling starlight. Even the three great emperors could not keep their eyes open against it.

Within that halo of light, unseen by anyone, Andrew's great sword carried him straight into the Vampire Queen's chest. Her face, twisted into the hideous form of the original vampire, froze in confusion. Then came pain, and finally disbelief. "How could this be..." Her body began dissipating strand by strand, converting into energy that dispersed into the air before suddenly converging toward Andrew's body. The Vampire Queen's face finally showed shock and terror. "An omni-constitution! You can actually absorb even my dark primal power!

I thought you were just part of Valerius' plan, but now I ---- see... No, you're not! No..." After one final, piercing scream, the Vampire Queen's body began breaking apart. It was a massive disintegration. Along with her body, the entire mountain also began collapsing. What had started as a structural failure now became a complete cataclysm.

At this moment, even powerful beings like Philip, Elio, and Bridget did not dare linger and fled in all directions. The three great emperors of the three empires stood stunned at first, and then their eyes lit with wild joy.

Without saying a word, they turned and left as well. The Vampire Queen was the progenitor of werewolves and vampires, the progenitor of progenitors. With her death, Jorge, Gaston, Ragnar, and all the other dark beings began disintegrating one by one. They returned to the most primordial darkness, unable to sustain their forms any longer. "No!" "No!" "No, no, no!" ---- Struggles, resistance, and furious roars echoed in all directions, but it was useless. They all perished without exception. Andrew floated in midair, arms spread slightly, eyes tightly shut.

He absorbed the Vampire Queen's power endlessly, and it even seemed to be spiraling beyond his control. At a certain moment, his eyes snapped open, and they were completely empty inside. That was the domain of true gods. He had entered the forbidden zone that all living beings in this world dared not tread. He had broken through the boundary of Beyond Mortal, Beneath the Gods. A fierce wind blew past, and before Andrew, a phantom figure appeared. It was the man in black from before. He looked at Andrew and smiled. "Well done.

I never imagined the Lloyd family would produce such an outstanding descendant. Andrew's heart stirred, realizing this was Valerius' shadow. The figure seemed to know what Andrew was thinking. "I was not like you. I couldn't contain the dark power. So back then, I could only take an unconventional path and force Lilith into ---- slumber. "I know you think my methods weren't entirely honorable. Yes, I deceived her feelings and exploited her love for me.

But Andrew, I have no regrets, because this was my path!" Hearing that, a thoughtful look flickered in Andrew's eyes as he watched Valerius' shadow scatter in the wind. And just like that, everything had finally come to an end.

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Chapter 3420

[509 words]

---- Chapter 3420 "Was the Vampire Queen really killed?" "It's real... It has to be real!" "It was Andrew. Andrew killed Lilith!" After the remaining powerhouses of Holtrien escaped the range of Blood Sanctum, they stopped at a distance. Their faces showed exhaustion, fear, and lingering shock. When the Vampire Queen completely vanished,

everyone saw it with their own eyes. First came disbelief, then came overwhelming joy. Of Holtrien's two top-tier giants, Lachlan and Pietro, one had already fallen. Pietro had blown himself up to buy the others a chance to escape.

As for Lachlan, he had fallen from the peak of Beyond Mortal to barely clinging to life. Meanwhile, Elio had lost an arm, yet his laughter now was louder than anyone else's. Holtrien had won. Andrew had won! ---- This supposedly impossible expedition had truly achieved victory. Luna was covered in wounds, but her face was filled with the joy of victory. Supporting Bridget, she asked, "Mom, how are you feeling?" Bridget's face was pale, completely drained of strength. Even so, she still forced a smile. "Luna, I'm fine.

Go check on the others and help anyone who needs it." Philip had fallen unconscious. Half of his chest had been blown apart. Worse still, his energy core had been completely shattered. Nonetheless, at least he was alive. He had escaped only because Clarence Burnham from the Iron Cavalry had carried him out at the risk of his own life. Sheena's injuries were also extremely severe, but she forced herself to resist the urge to pass out. She gritted her teeth and mumbled, "I can't sleep... I have to wait for Andrew to come back!" Nyx, surprisingly, had not sustained much injury.

As a master assassin, her speed was unmatched. At her feet lay a person: Arya. ---- "I hope you can break free from the darkness," Nyx whispered. Beyond that, Alfredo, the head of Swordhaven Keep, had died in battle. Monty, the leader of the Umbral Peak Sect, had likewise fallen. Pablo, the patriarch of the Hearst royal family, was gravely wounded and could not get up. During their escape, he had used the Diamond Body Art to withstand nearly half the destructive force. However, warriors like Zavian and Asher had all perished as well.

In total, of the 1500 Holtrien warriors who had come, over two-thirds had been killed or wounded. Only an extremely small number had survived, and of Iridessa's people, only four remained alive. Iridessa stared with concern at the collapsed dark mountain. She murmured to herself, "Andrew, where are you?" At that moment, Andrew stood deep within the darkness, and beneath his feet was a field of thorns. He was standing where the center of the Blood Sanctum had once been, though now everything had been leveled to the ground. In his arms, he held the unconscious Shiloh.

---- Andrew gently laid her on the ground. His upper body was bare, muscles bulging prominently, and the Godslayer was planted in the ground beside him. He carefully sensed the surging currents of power rolling endlessly within his body.

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