

Chapter 855

Registus fell silent.

Andrius had extraordinary courage!

The Swallow family was currently the strongest among the four ancient martial families. They were undoubtedly giants.

Despite that, Andrius planned to go to the Swallows to apprehend the fake emperor. That was tantamount to trampling on the Swallow family's pride. How would they let this slide?

However, judging by Andrius' determination, even if he did not tell, he feared that Andrius would find another way to learn about all of this.

"The Swallow family is about 30 kilometers north of Kiyoto. There's a place called Drache Valley, which is the Swallow family's stronghold."

Drache Valley...

Andrius remembered the address.

Then, he ordered Noir to gather 10,000 elite soldiers, and they set out in full force toward Drache Valley.

"Oh, Andrius..." Registus shook his head as he watched the departing troops and said to someone nearby, "Dennis, hurry to Master's residence and inform him of this matter."

"Yes, sir!"

A moment later, Old Hagstorm arrived.

"Master!" Registus immediately reported, "Andrius has just gathered 10,000 elite soldiers and set off to Drache Valley, the Swallow family's stronghold, in an attempt to capture the fake emperor!"

"Although the fake emperor's crimes are heinous, he's still a member of the Swallow family."

"Won't Andrius die if he goes to the Swallows like this?" Registus spoke quickly and anxiously. It was clear he was not optimistic about Andrius' actions.

"Drache Valley..." Old Hagstorm gazed toward the north and said slowly, "You and Andrius are people outside the usual rules and are not bound by all the rules."

"Furthermore, he's an orphan of the Kleins and has an irreconcilable grudge with the Swallows. Going to the Swallows now is reasonable and justifiable. Whether it's from the perspective of the nation or family, there are no faults to be found."

“Thus, letting him personally break the rules that have been in place for many years is the best choice ”

Registus knew those principles as well.

However, that was the territory of the Swallows, one of the four ancient martial families!

He continued to ask, “But, Master, with Andrius’ current strength, going to the Swallows to capture the fake emperor is biting off more than he can chew. He might even be risking his life.”

That was what he was worried about.

“Don’t worry.” Old Hagstorm smiled with confidence. “From the moment Andrius made the decision, he probably already anticipated the possible outcome.

“He will charge headfirst into death to live. He is just remaining true to his heart, even if it means death. He wants to seek justice for the Kleins and the many innocent people.

“Whether the Kleins can rise again will depend on whether he survives. If he does, then anything is possible. If Andrius revives the Kleins, then Florence will be even more dazzling than before!” Old Hagstorm trailed off.

If he died, then everything would return to dust. All the plans and hope he nurtured over the years would go up in smoke.

Of course, he still believed in Andrius and had faith that Andrius would not disappoint them.

Registus fell into silence.

Andrius’ battle this time had far-reaching implications.

In Drache Valley, perpetual mist shrouded the area, making it impossible to see the situation inside clearly.

Beyond the mist, about half a kilometer away, stood a magnificent group of buildings- pavilions, towers, rockeries, and flowing water. It looked like paradise.

This was one of the strongholds of the Swallow family, one of the four ancient martial families in Florence.

Inside one of the most luxurious rooms, the Seventh Elder was resting with his eyes closed. Behind him sat the fake emperor, relaxed and carefree.

At that moment, a shout disrupted the quiet.

“Sir.”

“Speak.” The Seventh Elder slowly opened his eyes, which flickered with a chilling coldness

“Andrius has led 10,000 elite troops and surrounded Drache Valley!”

“What?!“