

The Ashes 1560

Chapter 1560

Andrew lowered his voice. "Ms. Garcia, stop talking. Let's keep going and see what's ahead!"

His sense of smell and hearing were both exceptionally sharp. When they first entered the cave, he had already detected the strange odor.

Chantelle's face immediately grew tense. She could sense something unusual from Andrew's tone, but since he did not explain, she could only continue step by step.

The cave's depth curved ahead, and the faint moonlight from the entrance completely disappeared around the bend, leaving only darkness.

Unable to see the ground clearly, Chantelle felt her foot step on something brittle that snapped under her weight.

She jumped in fright. "Mr. Lloyd, w-what was that?"

A weak light gradually flickered to life in the darkness—it was Andrew's last remaining waterproof lighter.

This type of lighter was specifically designed for outdoor exploration and fire-starting, with its greatest feature being that it would still work even after falling in water.

It was one of the few pieces of equipment Andrew had managed to keep.

By the faint light, they could see the scene before them clearly. The entire cave floor was covered with countless white bones-human and animal bones piled together like a mountain of remains.

Chantelle felt her voice turn hoarse. "W-What is this place?"

Andrew's expression darkened slightly as he examined the cave walls, which had been worn smooth from constant friction. He ran his hand along the surface and came away with a handful of black fur.

Seeing this, Chantelle nearly stopped breathing. "Is this... Is this some wild animal's den?"

Andrew said nothing but carefully stepped forward two paces, avoiding the bones on the ground. He bent down and pulled something from a pile of remains—a curved sword.

Chantelle's lips turned pale. "Ralph's weapon... I know what this is! This is that beast's lair!"

Her voice changed completely, filled with terror.

Ralph had died in that Dire Tiger's jaws, his body dragged away while he clutched his sword in his death grip. Now that the sword was here, the implications were crystal clear.

Andrew gripped the curved blade tightly and said grimly, "Turn around—we're going back, now!"

Chantelle did not need to be told twice and had already spun around, rushing toward the cave entrance. However, after just a few steps, a low roar echoed from outside the cave.

The moonlight streaming through the entrance was gradually blocked by shadows as a massive dark shape squeezed its way inside, accompanied by a nauseating stench.

This beast fed regularly on human flesh, so its foul odor was particularly heavy and pungent.

Chantelle was so frightened that her legs trembled as she looked desperately at Andrew, nearly in tears.

Andrew's expression remained calm

as he quickly scanned the cave walls. Then, he grabbed Chantelle and pulled her behind a protruding rock formation. He raised his finger to his lips, signaling her to stay quiet while his own body tensed gripping the curved sword tightly as he prepared to strike at any moment.

The massive feline clearly had not expected two uninvited guests in its lair. After entering its den, it sniffed around the bones on the ground, making rumbling sounds in its throat like distant thunder. Then, it yawned and padded deeper into the cave with its characteristic gait.

At such close range, Andrew could even see the distinctive marking on its forehead and its thick black fur along with its powerful limbs. If he could not kill it with one strike, they would be in grave danger. In such a narrow cave, this thick-skinned beast would have every advantage in a fight.