

## The Ashes 1566

### Chapter 1566

Instead, he was an old man sitting in a wheelchair, drowsy and nearly bald,

looking like he could kick the bucket at any moment.

"Once the doors are broken... then the geomancy layout inside will be disrupted! At that time, we can... plunder freely!"

After saying just two sentences, he was gasping for breath.

Andrew and Chantelle, hiding behind an artificial rock formation, looked at each other in bewilderment.

"Why does Stanley suddenly look like a frail old corpse?" Chantelle whispered, stunned. "He looks like he's over a hundred years old."

Andrew frowned. "This old man is far from simple-even Mosby and Rafael listen to him. And he seems incredibly familiar with this Fallen Crimson Dynasty underground palace! The reason Rafael and his crew were able to get in here, as well as the identity of who's buried in this palace, all came from him."

Andrew had his suspicions about why Stanley now appeared so frail and aged. He had likely previously used advanced disguise techniques to conceal his true elderly appearance.

When Andrew first met Stanley at the Wrights', he sensed that the man's eyes were very weathered. However, he had not thought much about it at the time.

Just then, another violent explosion rang out. The two bronze doors of the palace, towering over ten meters high, finally could not hold and crashed to the ground with a thunderous bang.

The commotion even caused the entire underground palace to shake several times.

Andrew's expression grew even colder, knowing these insane bastards were planning to steal every last bit from this underground palace.

Chantelle clenched her fists and cursed under her breath, "What a bunch of scumbags- they're destroying such a beautiful royal tomb, an ancient emperor's underground realm! Don't they fear the wrath of the one sitting on that throne?" Andrew glanced at her. "Ms. Garcia, that throne holds a wooden puppet. It's been dead for over a century. Do you really think it's going to punish anyone? Could you be a little less superstitious?"

Chantelle flushed, realizing how naive and superstitious that had sounded.

Suddenly, a booming voice echoed from the far end of the tomb. It came from the direction of the throne.

"You dare trespass into my realm, desecrate my eternal resting place, and disturb my sleep beyond death! Then you shall remain here... forever, in the kingdom of the dead

The voice carried an overwhelming pressure-majestic and undeniable.

Andrew and Chantelle both froze, goosebumps rising all over their skin.

Chantelle gasped. "Mr. Lloyd, did you hear that? The puppet on the throne just spoke!"

Andrew's eyes were wide in disbelief. He stared at the throne, heart pounding.

Then, they could hear the sound of wooden joints twisting and see the puppet's eyes move, locking onto Stanley and the others with a cold, venomous glare.

Just like that, the entire tomb fell silent. Kevin, Mosby, and the rest of them looked like they were about to piss themselves.

One of Rafael's men screamed, dropped his weapon, and collapsed to his knees, covering his head like a terrified child.

Panic and dread swept through the chamber like a wave of ice.

Rafael turned ghost-white and stammered, "Mr. O'Higgins, w-what the hell is going on?"

Stanley did not answer at first.

With two bony hands, he slowly pushed himself up from the wheelchair.

After that, he spoke. His voice was trembling but filled with emotion. "Your Majesty, it's me, Stanley

O'Higgins. Your childhood friend

from the Luminous Palace. Do you... still remember me? I kept my promise. I came back to see you." Content

The moment was surreal.

If the mannequin on the dragon throne speaking was already terrifying enough, then Stanley's words were absolutely shocking, like something out of a movie.

Chantelle gasped. "Wait... are you saying Stanley is from 100 years ago? And he

knew the man on the throne? They were... childhood friends?"