

The Ashes 1567

Chapter 1567

Rafael stared blankly. "Mr. O'Higgins, w-what nonsense are you even saying?"

Stanley shook his head and barked, "Watch your mouth! Who gave you the guts to question me? I'm not making anything up. It all began over 100 years ago when I was just seven!

"You see him, the emperor on the golden throne? He was also seven back then. We met for the first time that year and instantly became best friends. All these years, I've thought constantly about returning to that palace to find him.

"But I knew I could never go back. So, I spent enormous effort and half my lifetime searching until I found this place."

Stanley's voice carried incomparable excitement and ecstatic joy.

Struggling, he tumbled down from his wheelchair. When his subordinates tried to help him up, he pushed them away. Under everyone's disbelieving gaze, the frail, withered man dropped to his knees.

He straightened his robes, then lowered himself, face to the floor, offering a full bow.

"Long live the Emperor! Long live the Emperor! Long live the Emperor!"

Kevin's heart pounded as he said, "Damn, he's telling the truth! He really is someone from 100 years ago, and he actually knew that dead guy on the throne!"

Rafael's expression looked extremely grim. He himself had no idea that Stanley had this kind of past. He only knew that Stanley was someone with enormous influence abroad, so much so that even coming from the Driscolls, Rafael had to treat Stanley with utmost respect.

Moreover, this foreigner was incredibly knowledgeable about Etharia's history, especially the affairs of the Fallen Crimson Dynasty. Being able to successfully enter this underground area and find this palace could be said to be entirely Stanley's doing.

Behind the artificial rock, Andrew exhaled deeply and said, "Stanley has lived for at least over 100 years!"

Chantelle replied, "A 100-year-old

man is rare but not impossible! It looks like Stanley really is someone b from the Fallen Crimson Dynasty era, and he really does know the person on the dragon throne they have a deep friendship.

"While everyone's attention is focused elsewhere right now, Mr. Lloyd, should we make our move to rescue people?"

Andrew calmly shook his head and said, "Let's wait a bit longer. Now isn't the best time! That puppet on the throne can't possibly be alive. I feel like there's still something fishy going on here!"

Chantelle shuddered, realizing he was right. Then again, she could not help but wonder if the puppet that was speaking like an emperor was a ghost.

Then, the puppet's voice echoed once more across the tomb. "Stanley, if you still honor our old friendship, then leave. Take your people and go. Leave this place for good."

Stanley knelt on the ground and said in disbelief, "It's been over 100 years since we parted... I should've died long ago. But I held on-clinging to life-just to see you one last time. And now that we're here again, you want to send me away?"

Andrew and Chantelle exchanged glances. Stanley was quite sentimental, conversing with a ghost who had been dead for who knows how long, with such devotion.

Rafael, Mosby, and the others all had somewhat strange expressions on their faces.

Kevin smirked and said, "This is absolutely ridiculous!"

From the dragon throne, the puppet's voice carried a hint of anger. "Stanley, we are now

separated by death itself! You've seen me again. Your wish is fulfilled. I have long rested here; I seek no more disturbance. So now, take your people... and leave."

Stanley slowly raised his head and smiled. "Your Majesty, I will leave. But before I go, I ask for one thing."

The puppet replied, "What do you want? Gold? Jewels? Ancient relics? Everything in this tomb belongs to me. You may take one thing—but only one."

Stanley lifted a trembling hand and pointed to the pavilion at the center of the underground lake.