

The Ashes 1568

Chapter 1568

Stanley's eyes locked onto the golden teakwood safe, his gaze burning with obsession.

"Thank you, Your Majesty, for your generosity. There's only one thing I want-the Elixir of Immortality you were buried with, the one meant to accompany you to the afterlife. With it, I can live another 100 or even 200 years!"

The term Elixir of Immortality hit the others like a truck.

It was not just Rafael and Mosby who reacted-Andrew and Chantelle froze too.

An elixir that could extend life by a century or two?

Did something that fantastical really exist?

Could it be that within the treasures of the Fallen Crimson Dynasty's royal tomb, even mythical artifacts like that were real?

"Stanley!" the puppet's voice rang out, now anxious and thunderous. "You may have any treasure, but not the elixir. That belongs to me. I cannot give it to you!"

Stanley let out a bitter smile. "Your Majesty, I was your closest friend in childhood—the one who never stopped thinking about you. You'd really let me die of old age like this?

"I've used up nearly all my strength to find your tomb. I should've died long ago, but I've held on-just to see you. As your loyal companion... as the friend who knew you better than anyone... please, grant me the elixir."

The puppet's voice turned cold. "I've said no, Stanley. Do not force my hand."

Stanley lowered his head, defeated.

Rafael muttered, "Mr. O'Higgins... Maximus Newmont, the Demon Queen's youngest son, has been dead for a century. You don't need to be groveling to a corpse. If you ask me, give him a bullet—he'll know exactly whether or not to hand over that elixir."

However, Stanley waved him off with a smile. There's no rush or need to panic. That old friend of mine, the little prince, the older brother of the last emperor of the Fallen Crimson Dynasty... he had a kind heart.

"When we were kids, we played cockfighting and wandered the Luminous Palace together he would let me have everything. So I believe that even after His Majesty's passing, he would still agree to my request!"

The puppet's voice sharpened with fury. "Stanley, I told you! The Elixir of Immortality is a sacred relic! It cannot be given away. It belongs to the royal bloodline—to me!"

Stanley signaled for his men to help him up. Once on his feet, he dusted off his knees and smiled. "Then you're not him. For one, your voice doesn't sound right. And second, he never called me by my foreign name, Stanley. He always used my original one. So tell me... who are you really? And why are you pretending to be my old friend?"

The room fell into stunned silence, and even Rafael and Mosby stared, dumbfounded.

Mosby finally asked, "Mr. O'Higgins, are you saying... the puppet on the throne isn't the prince from the Fallen Crimson Dynasty?"

Stanley scoffed. "Please, your people literally warn against 'messing with forces beyond mortal ken'. Think about it. A dead prince from over 100 years ago suddenly coming back to life? You really believe that?" Rafael frowned. "Then why did you kneel and shout 'long live the emperor'? What was that all about?" Stanley replied calmly, "I did get on my knees out of respect. The prince who once sat on that throne was my liege, and I was his subject. But I also knelt to test something..... to see what was truly happening here.

"Now I can confirm that it's not the deceased emperor from back then! So... open fire!"

A series of flashes exploded throughout the underground palace. Gunfire raged, blasting the puppet on the throne to pieces.

The puppet's head rolled to the ground with thuds, and one of the eyeballs inside fell out. Behind the throne, a person frantically dodged while covering his head, exposing himself.