

The Ashes 1570

Chapter 1570

"It's mine! All of it's mine!" Axel shouted, eyes crazed, slashing his blade like a man possessed. He had clearly gone mad, driven insane by his lust for the treasure.

With another wild swing, he lunged again.

Andrew furrowed his brow, about to knock him out cold. However, before he could move, Axel collapsed in a heap.

Andrew watched as a massive gunshot wound bloomed from Axel's back, blood pouring freely. Just like that, the cunning, obsessive village chief who had spent his life scheming to hoard the tomb's treasure for himself was dead.

From the far side of the lake, a wave of fighters stormed in.

The one who had pulled the trigger was none other than Rafael. He stood at the edge of the platform, grinning at Andrew.

"You little bastard. Not only are you still alive, but you managed to sneak in right under our noses! Well then... if the first attempt didn't kill you, the second or the third sure as hell will!"

Mosby charged ahead, voice barking like thunder. "Andrew, step away! Whatever's inside that pavilion isn't for you to touch!"

Andrew scoffed. "So I'm not worthy to reach for it, but greedy vultures like you are? Please."

Mosby's face turned red with fury. "You arrogant little punk! You're already as good as dead and still talking back? Fine. This place will be your grave!"

Leaping up from the water, Mosby's clothes fluttered as he delivered a flying kick toward Andrew from above. A second figure screeched from the shadows, his neck wrapped with a venomous serpent as he lunged into the fray.

It was none other than Grand Viper, the martial king-level martial artist and one of Rafael's most brutal men. Together, he and Mosby launched a two-on-one assault against Andrew.

Stanley sat in his wheelchair and urged, "Don't worry about Andrew. Focus on the Elixir of Immortality! Get it at all cost!"

At this point, the entire underground palace completely erupted into chaos.

Every group, every side, every ambition collided in one final, bloody showdown.

Beneath the dark ceiling of the ancient tomb, surrounded by priceless relics and glittering gold, a gathering of the living, none of whom belonged here, tore each other apart in pursuit of selfish dreams.

Andrew, facing both Mosby and Grand Viper alone, held his own with ease.

Meanwhile, Chantelle struck right when the timing was perfect, charging from the shadows and knocking out two guards who had been watching over Tiana and the others.

"Ms. Garcia, quick! Cut these ropes-I'll help Andrew!" Tiana shouted, relief flooding her face.

Chantelle swiftly untied everyone. "Mrs. Rhodes, where's Mr. Keller?"

Tiana gritted her teeth. "They forced us down at gunpoint. He managed to escape and is out there somewhere."

Chantelle nodded. "We'll find him later. First, we help Andrew!"

With Tiana—another martial king—joining the fight, the tide quickly turned. In mere minutes, Stanley's mercenaries and Rafael's men were overwhelmed and taken down one by one.

Soon, the situation began tilting in Andrew's favor.

Rafael was panicking, and he screamed, "Damn it-kill them! Kill everyone over there!"

He had spotted Tiana and Chantelle, and his anger exploded.

"Mr. Driscoll-down you go!" Tiana shot across the room in a blur and landed a slap across Rafael's smug face that echoed through the tomb.

With a loud thud, Rafael went sprawling, face-up, unconscious before he hit the floor.

Chantelle leveled a stolen assault rifle at Stanley's chest, her tone like steel. "Mr. O'Higgins. Tell your men to stand down. This circus ends now."

Stanley's aged face twisted in bitter defiance. "Ms. Garcia, I've known Governor McCormick for years. I have ties with Holtrien's government. Put the gun down. Let me take what I came for—and we'll walk away quietly."

However, Chantelle did not waver.

"Mr. O'Higgins, I'm afraid you're mistaken about which side controls the situation now! You and your people are done. And this land? It's Holtrien soil. The treasure you want to steal belongs to us. Do you really think you have the right to take it? The strength to claim it?"

Stanley started coughing-deep, rattling coughs that left streaks of blood on his handkerchief. Yet, despite the blood and wheezing, he suddenly began to laugh. Gone was the weak, dying man. In his place, something darker and stronger.

"So it's come to this... I suppose I'll have to stake what's left of my life," he said, voice low but charged. "You

kids actually think you can stop me? How delusional."

Then, the sound of bones snapping echoed through the chamber as the withered old man rose from the wheelchair, his posture slowly straightening. His face flushed

unnaturally red. His hunched frame expanded, growing taller, more imposing.

From the center of the lake, Andrew's voice roared across the water. "Chantelle, get back quickly—you're no

match for him!"