

## The Ashes 1571

### Chapter 1571

With a single palm strike, Stanley smashed the wheelchair in front of him into pieces.

Chantelle gasped and stumbled backward in fear.

Then, Stanley's body expanded, swelling with raw power as a brutal energy radiated off him. As the sound of tearing flesh echoed through the air, pain twisted across his face.

His fists clenched tight, and his frame swelled again, growing broader and more bear-like by the second. His shirt split open at the seams, shredded completely by the violent bulge of his muscles.

Tiana had initially intended to charge straight into the man-made lake to support Andrew. However, she was forced to stop and pivot, stepping before Chantelle to shield her.

With a fierce roar, she punched through the air straight at Stanley.

Tiana's strike carried the devastating might of a martial king and slammed directly into Stanley's forehead. If it were any regular martial artist, their skull would have been crushed.

Yet, Stanley did not even budge an inch. He smirked with disdain and growled, "Holtrien warriors are nothing but worms. Die already!"

His voice was more beast than man as he stepped forward and launched a heavy punch at Tiana. Compared to his massive fist, she looked tiny.

Tiana snapped, "Mr. O'Higgins, you can look down on Holtrien martial artists all you want, but you picked the wrong woman to mess with!"



She was no pushover. With a cold sneer, she tilted her head just in time to dodge Stanley's punch. Letting out a sharp cry, she slipped in close and drove a brutal knife-hand strike right at Stanley's lower abdomen.

But the moment her hand landed, her face twisted in shock.

It did not feel like flesh—it felt like steel.

Even with her strength as a martial king, her hand began to throb with pain.

Stanley grunted and snapped, "Get out of my way! I told you already—Holtrien warriors mean nothing to me!"

As he said that, he let out a scream that echoed like a thunderclap. He unleashed a storm of punches, raining down on Tiana with savage force.

Everything around them crumbled. The marble statues and ancient stonework were all reduced to rubble under Stanley's rampage.

Tiana could not dodge in time and

took a full-force punch square to the chest. Her body trembled, and blood surged up her throat, nearly bursting out. Yet, she forced it back down, skidding across the ground for dozens of meters before finally

coming to a halt.

"Mrs. Rhodes!" Jerry and the others shouted in alarm and immediately charged at Stanley.

Chantelle dove forward, sliding beneath Stanley's arm and pulling the trigger of her submachine gun. She unleashed a full barrage straight at him.

The next moment, something absolutely shocking happened.



"Bullets this weak are like a gentle massage to me now!" Stanley sneered coldly as he simply raised his arm to protect his face.

He let Chantelle's bullets rain down

on his arm without flinching. With a powerful flex, he squeezed out all the bullet fragments that had embedded in his muscle tissue

Though his flesh was torn and

bloody, his entire arm had only suffered minor bleeding.

Tiana gasped in disbelief, "Ms. Garcia, fall back! Get back now! Stanley has surpassed the martial king level and is approaching that of a martial saint!"

Chantelle's breath hitched. A martial saint?

That was a level only achieved by the true legendary masters of the martial world, the towering pillars of the martial community. In all of Holtrien, any martial saint would be a mythical figure on the Titan List, and they would have to be among the top ten powerhouses at that.

Yet, here in this dark underground crypt, Stanley had just revealed monstrous strength that belonged to that very realm.