

The Ashes 1572

Chapter 1572

Stanley laughed like a madman. "If not for the passage of time wearing me down, aging and decaying my body... Give me another 100 years, and I will definitely reach the pinnacle of global martial arts and become the supreme martial master!"

He flexed his massive frame as his eyes gleamed with twisted ambition and added, "Of course, as long as I get my hands on the Elixir of Immortality, my dream can still become reality. Now, you pathetic Holtrien insects can all die!"

Tiana made a split-second decision and shouted, "Everyone, hold this maniac back and buy Andrew some time! Only Andrew can deal with this monster!"

At the center of the artificial lake, Andrew's left fist shot out and collided directly with Mosby.

With a sickening thud, Mosby spat out a mouthful of blood and nearly tumbled head over heels backward. "You little punk, where did you get such devastating power?"

He clutched his chest in absolute terror.

Andrew remained completely expressionless and did not even spare him a glance. He leaped into the air and kicked one of the white marble pedestals from the pavilion, sending it flying straight toward Grand Viper like a missile.

The pedestal weighed several hundred pounds. Yet, it moved as light as a feather under Andrew's force.

Grand Viper roared furiously as the muscles in both arms exploded with power, and he clamped his hands together in front of his body. Even though he managed to catch the massive stone pedestal between his giant palms, the momentum still carried him backward as he crashed headfirst into the artificial lake.

Grand Viper screamed in rage while the snake around his neck flicked its tongue menacingly at Andrew.

In just an instant, Andrew had knocked back two elite fighters. His face showed no signs of strain or exhaustion as he strode confidently into the pavilion and reached toward the golden teak safe.

Just then, two silver needles whistled through the air, aimed directly at both his hands.

Andrew jerked back instantly and, without even looking, threw an elbow backward.

Mosby shrieked as he stumbled right into the path of the blow, barely dodging with a twist of his neck. However, he was still too slow.

Andrew's elbow slammed into his shoulder, sending him flying again.

This time, Mosby crashed into the ground, unable to stop the blood that finally burst from his throat.

"Y-You freak... What kind of power level are you even at?" he croaked. "How the hell are you standing up to both of us martial kings at once?"

Mosby was stunned, and real fear crept into his heart for the first time. He had never fought Andrew directly before, and though he had heard the kid was talented, he had always believed his vast experience would win out.

Ever since he had decided to search for this treasure, he had devoted himself entirely to martial arts training. Finally, when the treasure hunt began, he used miracle pills and assistance from Grand Viper and Rafael to force his way into the martial king level.

From that moment on, Mosby had felt completely confident that this treasure expedition would be a sure thing, and his future advancement would be absolutely guaranteed.

Yet, reality had slapped him hard across his face, and Andrew had taught him a brutal lesson.

Two martial kings working together could not even touch Andrew-they had not even managed to tear off a piece of his clothing.

Naturally, Mosby was terrified.

Grand Viper burst up from the lake water, completely soaked, and roared, "Mosby, keep going! combine forces, there's no way we can't take him down!"

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Andrew's eyes narrowed as he growled. You're thinking too highly of yourself. Anyway, I don't have time to kill all of you right now. So, if you know what's good for you, back off. s^novel

"Cultivation has never been an easy journey, and dying in this crypt and becoming some wandering ghost? That's not exactly what I'd call a happy ending."