

The Ashes 1574

Chapter 1574

Mosby swallowed hard and cast one last greedy glance at the safe containing the Elixir of Immortality. Without saying another word, he turned around and bolted toward the edge of the lake, abandoning the fight entirely. He was done trying to steal the treasure.

He had only one thought-immediately get out of this underground tomb and return to Blumedale. Then, he would pack his bags and disappear, never to set foot in Gabo Creek province again.

Andrew was someone he could not afford to mess with, and he did not dare provoke him any further.

However, misfortune struck Mosby once again. After reaching the shore of the artificial lake, he busied himself gathering some valuable treasures that he could carry away. Just as he finished collecting what he could and was about to rush toward the tomb's exit, a massive black shadow slammed directly into his body.

In an instant, Mosby was sent flying through the air, blood gushing out of his mouth as the world spun around him, and he felt like his entire body was about to fall apart.

"You beast!" Looking at the blood-soaked and completely enraged Dire Tiger, Mosby struggled to stand up.

The Dire Tiger had already finished off everyone else it could kill in the area. It was covered in blood and extremely agitated. As it fixed its gaze on Mosby, it showed no hesitation whatsoever and charged forward with a low growl rumbling from its throat.

Mosby let out a roar, his face contorting with rage as he raised his hand to strike with a devastating palm blow. He wanted to imitate the legendary hero who killed a tiger with his bare hands, hoping to end this with one fatal strike.

After all, a beast was just a beast, and Mosby believed that as a martial king, he could handle one small wild animal. Yet, the next moment, the Dire Tiger's gaping maw, reeking with a foul stench, clamped down directly on half of Mosby's body.

Mosby wailed in agony as he faced his final moments. After letting out two final agonized groans, his eyes bulged out while blood dripped from the corners of his mouth, and he allowed the Dire Tiger to shake him back and forth in the air.

Blood rained down everywhere as severed limbs and body parts were scattered across the ground.

Mosby died with deep regret and resentment.

The Dire Tiger licked the human blood from its body as its eyes gradually turned blood red, and its gaze focused on Andrew in the center of the lake pavilion. The next moment, it shook its head in frustration and turned to charge in a different direction.

This black-furred beast's instincts were incredibly sharp, and it could sense that the man in the center of the lake was not someone to mess with. fit charged over there, it would likely end up as nothing more than free prey, serving as a delicious pot of tiger soup.

Andrew could finally claim the Elixir of Immortality undisturbed. However, after just one glance, he gritted his teeth and stepped across the water's surface, rushing toward the battle on the shore.

Tiana and Chantelle could no longer hold on and were in mortal danger.

Stanley sneered. "I thought you didn't care about your women's lives and only wanted the Elixir of Immortality!"

Andrew replied coldly, "Mrs. Rhodes, Ms. Garcia, step back!"

After the two women retreated, Andrew faced Stanley directly. "Of course I want to see what's so miraculous about the Elixir of Immortality, but compared to my people, so-called immortality means nothing to me!"

Stanley was stunned for a moment, then burst into hearty laughter. "Excellent! You have the bearing of a true Holtrien hero who puts righteousness above all else! Andrew, I see my younger self reflected in you."

His expression grew nostalgic as old memories surfaced.

"The Demon Queen had two sons, and the first was the one who sat on the dragon throne-he was my childhood friend and the only true friend I've ever had in my entire life. I'll never forget those days we spent together in the Luminous Palace, which were the most carefree and happy times of my entire existence.

"But fate took him too soon. He died as a child, and with him, I lost my one true friend. I didn't understand back then I cried, screamed, begged to die with him, just to find him in heaven and keep playing like we used to.

"But in the end, I went home, back across the ocean. And for 100 years, I never returned to Holtrien, this mysterious, ancient land.

"Through the warlord chaos of the early republic and the establishment of the new nation, everything here changed completely-nothing remained the same as I remembered it."

Andrew let out a cold laugh, his lips curling with mockery. "Yes, a century is enough time to change many

people and things. Take you, Menet

O'Higgins. After so long, you returned to Holtrien and headed straight for your childhood friend's tomb!"