

The Ashes 1579

Chapter 1579

Chantelle snapped, "This foreign bastard has to die! Only then will this nightmare end."

Andrew's eyes went ice-cold as he stared at Stanley. "From the beginning, I never believed a word that came out of your mouth—not a single one. I had no proof, but my gut told me you couldn't be trusted.

"A damned man who refuses to die, coming back after 100 years to rob his friend's grave while pretending to grieve, wearing that fake look of mercy. Stanley, I was right—you're no different than the colonizers who came before you!

"A hypocrite, despicable to the core. At your roots, you're no better than a savage beast—only here to plunder, never to understand or respect. But there's one difference now—back in the days of the Fallen Crimson Dynasty, our ancestors were fooled and slaughtered by men like you.

"Today? I, and the proud people of Etharia, are no longer your helpless lambs!"

With those words, Andrew let out a guttural roar and suddenly kicked off from where he stood, shooting forward like a human missile.

Although he knew the Little Emperor from back then could not possibly still be alive and that there had to be some trick with the wooden puppet, Stanley's true nature had at least been exposed for all to see.

This greedy wolf of a foreigner, this foreign bastard, still dared to maintain the same sense of superiority his ancestors had possessed. He actually had the audacity to come to this sacred resting place of the dead and swagger around like he owned the place.

Andrew could not tolerate it any longer. As an Etharian and descendant of Holtrien, he had to kill Stanley.

And not just kill him, but make him die the most agonizing death imaginable.

Stanley scoffed. "Good! If the lambs are finally awake, then let me show you what happens when they challenge wolves. In the eyes of predators like us, you Holtrien folk are still just meat. You're born to be eaten!"

Stanley roared furiously and charged forward as well, his massive fists hammering toward Andrew.

Two thunderous explosions erupted in the underground chamber like bombs going off simultaneously. The stone bricks beneath their feet cracked and shattered completely from the impact.

Andrew grunted and staggered backward several steps.

Stanley remained standing in place, grinding his teeth in a cold sneer. "You're still

not worthy to face me! If you want to avenge some pathetic dead man, you're not strong enough!"

Andrew's expression remained

emotionless as he charged forward again. "I'm not trying to avenge anyone just want to show you that you don't get to run wild on Hoftrien soil! You compare yourself to a predator, but in my eyes, you're no different than a rabid dog"

The two fighters collided again in a devastating exchange of blows. This time, it was Stanley who staggered backward while Andrew's entire body radiated intense heat, his eyes flashing with the fierce gaze of a wild beast. His full combat power had been unleashed and brought to bear against his enemy.

Stanley's pupils shrank. "No... no, this isn't right! That energy inside your body is still rising! I've trained for 100 years and already possess martial saint-level combat power-there's no way you should be able to compete with me!"

Andrew shifted into a strange, flowing stance his hands forming an ancient posture as he attacked again. The air rippled and cracked from the surge of his force.

"You old bastard, if I were at my peak, I could've crushed you like snapping a twig!
You're only standing now because you rely on our secrets-Holtrien's martial legacy!

"The very techniques passed down through the royal court of the Fallen Crimson
Dynasty-now preserved only by the Eastern Azure Horizon Order You can unleash
combat power approaching that of a martial saint because you learned the martial arts
legacy from the palace back then!"

Stanley's massive frame thundered forward, and the stone bricks cracked

beneath his feet as he crashed into Andrew once more.