

## The Ashes 1580

### Chapter 1580

"In the blink of an eye, the two had exchanged over a hundred blows, each strike booming like muffled thunder inside the tomb.

"You know that much about my background? Tell me—who the hell are you?"

Stanley roared, stunned.

Fury flared in his chest, but beneath it was something far more dangerous—fear.

He could not see through Andrew at all. Worse, he could feel this young man's power seemed somehow suppressed or restrained.

If he were to unleash his full strength without any limitations, Stanley feared that even with his 100 years of training—hell, even with another 100 years—he would face nothing but the miserable fate of being crushed to death.

That horrifying realization crept deeper with every strike.

Andrew was simply unfathomable, making even an old monster like himself feel completely exposed and vulnerable as if he had been stripped naked.

Andrew's movements flowed like a celestial dragon, swift and fluid as he soared forward. Energy surged between his palms, spiraling into a visible force.

Stanley did not dare block—it was pure instinct to dodge. However, Andrew's form exploded into a blur of afterimages, and his speed reached the absolute limit of human capability.

In an instant, he executed a complex maneuver and landed a brilliant palm strike squarely on Stanley's chest with perfect precision.

Stanley reeled backward, coughing up a wave of blood as his chest caved under the force. "Dragon-Slaying Palm—you're actually using the Dragon-Slaying

Palm... You're from the royal Lloyds bloodline of Holtrien, aren't you?

"The palace upheaval, the warlord era, the overseas conflicts... The Lloyds were behind all of it! A hundred years ago when we formed The Octet Accord, and even now internationally, the most troublesome Holtrien power is the Lloyds—that damned Lloyd royal family!

"To think... you're from that monstrous family. And if you can use Dragon-Slaying Palm, that means you're from the Dragonblood lineage of the Lloyd royal family!

You were born with a sacred tattoo, weren't you? A Black-Eyed Azure Dragon or maybe even a Blue-Eyed White Dragon!"

Stanley spat blood-stained teeth as he coughed violently, but he ignored his injuries and stared at Andrew with undisguised terror and dread.

With a ripping sound, Andrew tore

open the shirt on his chest. "No,

you're wrong—none of those things

you mentioned are worthy of

appearing on my body! I do indeed

come from Holtrien's Lloyd royal

family, and my ancestors did

assassinate countless leaders of

your foreign kind back then.

"But none of that has anything to do with me personally, because I am absolutely

one of a kind!"

Stanley's massive frame shook violently as he stared fixedly at Andrew's exposed

chest, his face showing complete disbelief, and then—his entire mind cracked

wide open.

"One of a kind Dear God, what am I  
seeing? You actually bear the  
Blood-Eyed Black Dragon—that's the  
mark of the Dragon Prince, the  
future head of the Lloyd royal family,  
a sacred totem that hasn't appeared  
in over 100 years, a divine symbol  
forbidden to all but the chosen one!"

Stanley's voice cracked with the weight of this revelation.

He mumbled, "The Lloyds have actually produced another chosen one! H-How is  
this even possible?"

In a series of trembling realizations, Stanley suddenly turned and fled desperately  
toward the center of the lake without any regard for his dignity. Only by obtaining  
the Elixir of Immortality would he have any chance of survival.

At that moment, his mind was sharp—crystal clear.

A century ago and even in the

century before that, both his

ancestors and he himself had

learned a harsh lesson that was now

burned into their collective memory.

The Blood-Eyed Black Dragon Mark

of Holtrien's Lloyd royal family had

only one meaning, and that meaning

was absolutely terrifying—the arrival

of Death itself.