

The Ashes 1581

Chapter 1581

"S-Stanley is actually scared?"

Tiana, Chantelle, and the other onlookers were completely stunned.

Chantelle muttered, "Blood-Eyed Black Dragon Mark... the Lloyd royal

bloodline... Andrew Lloyd... So, he was hiding his true identity all this time?

Dragon Prince... Isn't that the same name that triggered the uprising in Chetvine years ago?"

She gasped, realizing a man straight out of legend was standing right in front of them.

As she stared at Andrew's side profile, Chantelle felt a strange mix of familiarity and unfamiliarity. She had always known he was powerful, and clearly not just an ordinary man, but she had never imagined his true identity would be this mind-blowing.

Thinking back to their passionate encounter by the hot springs during this trip, and remembering their first meeting and all their past interactions, Chantelle felt like she was living in a dream.

"Stanley, as long as I'm here, you won't get so much as a whiff of the Elixir of Immortality!"

With a cold snort, Andrew launched forward like a streak of lightning. Two splashes exploded across the lake's surface as he rocketed toward the pavilion at its center.

Stanley's hand had already reached for the safe, but as soon as he felt that deadly pressure hurtling toward him from behind, he had no choice but to give up and turn around.

With a furious roar, Stanley spun around and clashed palms with Andrew.

The two warriors-both nearly at the level of martial saints-collided fiercely over the lake, exchanging blows with terrifying speed.

Tiana, Chantelle, and the others could not tear their eyes away, their hearts pounding as they watched the explosive battle unfold.

Tiana opened her mouth slightly and murmured, "Andy is even scarier than Reginald was back in the day!"

Only two people nearby were still breathing.

One was the unconscious Rafael, who was groaning and slowly regaining consciousness. Tiana's eyes turned cold, and she stepped forward to kick him unconscious again.

The other was Kevin, the head of the Wright family.

When Tiana and Chantelle turned their eyes on him, he immediately raised both hands in surrender, trembling as he said, "I surrender! Whatever Andy wants, I surrender!"

Tiana sneered. "Mr. Wright Senior, you're the legendary head of one of the Five Apex Families. Are you sure about surrendering?"

Kevin's face turned deathly pale, and his lips trembled as he replied, "No one wants to surrender in disgrace if they have a choice, but I don't want to be Andrew's enemy anymore! If he's willing, the Wright family will meet any condition he sets. All I ask

is that he spares me."

Seeing Kevin practically shaking in his boots, Chantelle felt an even deeper wave of complicated emotions.

At this rate, it would just be a matter of time before Andrew ruled over the entire Blumedale.

Clearly, the Five Apex Families did not even register on his radar anymore. Sure, they were considered top-tier in Gabo Creek province, but compared to him?

Not even close.

The only ones who might still stand a chance were the Three Titans families.

Nonetheless, if Andrew decided to leverage the full power of the Lloyds' royal lineage from Chetvine, even the Driscolls and the rest of the Titans would not have a choice left.

They would only be left with one option-bow and submit.

With a bitter smile, Chantelle thought that even Derek, her ideal number one, would probably have to treat Andrew with utmost respect and courtesy.

Under the brutal power of two near-martial saints, the pavilion at the center of the

lake finally collapsed.

Andrew's body shot through the air

like a phantom. The sheer force of

his speed sent the pillars flying from

the impact. His hand had already

formed a dragon claw shape,

stretching open before clamping

down viciously.

Stanley let out a strangled groan as though his throat was about to shatter. His

face turned red, and he growled in resistance.

Yet, it was pointless. Andrew had him by the neck and slammed him hard into the

lake below.

With a deafening splash, Stanley burst back out of the water.

Andrew raised his chin and looked

down coldly. The Eastern Azure

Horizon Order's style may be bold

and aggressive, but it's got a fatal

flaw. Your body's already pushed

past its limit, and all that's left now is

a burnt-out shell."

Stanley roared, slamming both palms toward the top of Andrew's head with all his

might. At the same time, he shifted his weight, planning to dive past Andrew if the

strike missed and snatch the Elixir of Immortality.

Andrew's eyes flashed with mockery.

A foreigner practicing Holtrien martial arts was trying to play mind games with

him?

What a pathetic, ridiculous display.