

The Ashes 1582

Chapter 1582

Andrew mocked, "A century-old or not, I'll still kill you today!"

Murderous intent erupted from his chest, and he raised his fist and met Stanley in another airborne clash.

Stanley tried to use the recoil to twist away and make a break for the Elixir of Immortality. However, Andrew

did not even need to reset his footing—he pushed off the ground and shot upward.

In an instant, he vaulted above Stanley. Then, with brutal force, he drove his knee down toward him. At the

same time, he grabbed the last remaining wooden pillar in the ruined pavilion and yanked it free.

With a sickening thud, he slammed it against Stanley's head.

Blood sprayed in every direction as the pillar exploded into splinters, and Stanley's spine snapped under the

crushing impact of Andrew's knee. He coughed up a thick stream of dark, almost black blood before crashing

hard into the ruined pavilion, barely clinging to life.

"No!" Stanley let out a desperate, ragged scream—a dying howl of disbelief and rage.

This was a man who had lived through a century, now brought to ruin.

Andrew stepped forward, staring down at him silently. Then, he knelt, grabbed Stanley's skull with both hands

and twisted hard.

The sickening crack rang out as Stanley's eyes bulged wide before he died completely.

Outside the lake, Kevin swallowed hard. "He just killed a martial saint... like that! The Wright family really

pissed off a damn demon!"

Tiana's eyes lit up with joy. "Andy, the Elixir of Immortality! Go grab it!"

Chantelle clenched her fists and called out, "Mr. Lloyd, the Elixir of Immortality belongs to you!"

Andrew felt a surge of heat rise in his chest. Even he could not deny the temptation of a divine medicine that

could make someone immortal.

Eternal life was a temptation no human could resist.

Looking at the golden teak box, he could not help but take a step forward.

However, after just one step, Andrew stopped. His gaze turned to the other end of the underground palace,

toward the blood-stained puppet in front of the throne.

Somehow, the puppet's eyes had also turned toward Andrew, and their eyes locked.

Andrew took a deep breath and spoke to the puppet.

"You died because of this Elixir of

Immortality back then, and with a

century of hatred, you finally waited

in this dark underground palace for

your revenge! You are the Little

Emperor of the Fallen Crimson

Dynasty, and I'll not take what

belongs to you. I hope this will let

your tormented soul finally rest in

peace."

Outside the lake, Kevin could not help but blurt out, "Has he gone crazy? That's the Elixir of Immortality!"

He continued incredulously, "Stanley, that major enemy, is already dead—what's there to fear? Just take it!"

Tiana frowned deeply, thinking the same thing. Although the puppet had come to life and seemed to truly

contain the soul of the Fallen Crimson Dynasty's Little Emperor, it posed no real threat.

Chantelle said softly, "Mr. Lloyd is

such a gentle and loyal person! The

grudge between the Little Emperor

and Stanley took a full hundred

years to resolve, and it all started

because of that Elixir of Immortality!

"Mr. Lloyd helped the Little Emperor get his revenge but didn't take the Elixir of Immortality! He's doing this

just to let the Little Emperor rest in peace—if this isn't kindness, what is?"

Suddenly, black strands of hair burst out across the lake, racing toward the pavilion. Before Andrew could

react, they snatched the golden teak chest and yanked it away.

His eyes snapped up, sharpening in focus.

The long-missing Night Hag had reappeared, dragging the chest with her as she crept up to the puppet.

Everyone watched, breathless, as the scene unfolded.

The puppet, slumped and broken,

reached out with stiff, jerky motions,

gently resting its hand on the chest.

Then, with a soft rustle, it collapsed

completely, as if its spirit had finally

left its body.

Its eyes slowly closed and never opened again.

The Night Hag let out a haunting wail, circling the puppet like a loyal hound guarding its master. After a long

silence, the terrifying creature climbed up the walls of the tomb.

Step by step, she crawled toward Andrew.

Andrew's expression turned cold, but he said nothing as she approached.

The Night Hag, with her eyeless black sockets, stared right back at him. Then, she flung her hair forward and

hurled the golden teak chest directly toward Andrew.

He instinctively caught it, stunned.

The creature had actually given him the Elixir of Immortality?

He looked up in disbelief at the puppet's still body.

Could it be that this tragic Little Emperor from a century ago had chosen to give the Elixir of Immortality to

him?