

The Ashes 1583

Chapter 1583

A figure suddenly burst out from behind the throne. "You damn fraud, I'm going to kill you!"

Andrew and the others were startled and looked over—it was actually Logan, who had done nothing

throughout this entire ordeal. He looked a mess, covered in dust and fuming with rage.

Andrew leaped to the lakeside and strode toward him. "Logan, where the hell did you go?"

Wiping sweat from his face, Logan pointed furiously at the puppet. "That filthy old scumbag tricked me! That's

where I've been! I barely made it back in time!"

He pulled back part of the puppet's torso as he spoke and yanked hard. To everyone's shock, a body came

tumbling out from inside.

Chantelle gasped. "Mr. Veyne?"

Tiana's eyes blazed. "Wait—so you're saying that cranky old scammer has been pretending to be the Little

Emperor this whole time?"

She looked ready to lay into Magnus right there.

Andrew quickly stepped in, his expression tense. "Mrs. Rhodes, don't hit him! There's no way that was a

person in disguise!"

Chantelle agreed. "Exactly. Even Stanley admitted that the puppet was the actual Little Emperor from the

Fallen Crimson Dynasty. Mr. Veyne couldn't have pulled that off."

Logan flipped Magnus over and suddenly let out a startled cry, unable to say another word.

Andrew looked over, and his eyes immediately widened—Magnus was already dead.

Moreover, his entire face and body had withered as if he had been dead for countless years. However, his

clothes were still brand new, exactly the same as when Andrew had last seen him—nothing like someone who

had been dead for a long time.

"Uhm..." Everyone was stunned, not knowing what to make of this situation.

Chantelle suggested, "Could it be that the Little Emperor borrowed Magnus's body to return from the dead?"

After venting 100 years of resentment, Magnus's body couldn't handle it and was drained dry!"

Andrew glanced at the throne right in front of him. He also took in the massive, mystical arrangements

throughout this underground palace.

This was the Little Emperor of the Fallen Crimson Dynasty's Kingdom of the Dead, filled with powers even he

could not explain.

Poor Magnus probably just got caught in the crossfire and paid with his life.

Andrew said quickly, "Stop standing around in a daze! Take what you need, but don't make too much noise,

and don't be too greedy! Once everyone has their stuff, we're getting out of here!"

Immediately, everyone scattered.

Kevin chuckled nervously, "Andy, what about me?"

Andrew said indifferently, "Do whatever you want!"

"Much obliged!" Kevin cheerfully replied and hurried off to search for treasures.

Facing the puppet in front of him,

Andrew sighed and said, "We all

came a long way and went through

a lot to get here. Thanks for giving

me the Elixir of Immortality. You

already handed over the best—so I'm

sure you won't mind us taking a little

gold and silver while we're at it."

High above them, the Night Hag clung silently to the ceiling of the tomb. Since she had not shown any

murderous intent, Andrew finally relaxed a bit.

He looked back down at the puppet

and spoke again. "When I get out of

here, I'll make time to visit the

Luminous Palace where you once

lived—and I'll light some candles for

you. Coincidentally, I'm also from

Chetvine. I guess that makes us

neighbors in a way.

"Too bad your dynasty's long gone now. Anyway, the palace has become a tourist trap... and lighting candles

there might be frowned upon. I'll do what I can, so don't hold it against me."

Chantelle walked up beside him, chuckling softly behind her hand. "Mr. Lloyd, are you seriously talking to a

puppet? That's kind of adorable."

Andrew raised a brow. "Ms. Garcia, what's wrong? Are you not even a little tempted by all this treasure lying

around?"

Chantelle shook her head. "I mean,

I'd be lying if I said I wasn't tempted.

But honestly? I don't really want any

of it. All these rare artifacts and piles

of gold are not going to do much for

me in the long run."

Andrew laughed. "Well, of course! You're filthy rich already! You're a top government official—probably

reached the point where nothing excites you anymore."

A faint blush crept up Chantelle's otherwise cold and composed face. "Mr. Lloyd, I'm not without desires."

Andrew asked curiously, "You don't care about all these rare treasures, so what else could you possibly

want?"