

The Ashes 1585

Chapter 1585

Just as the group turned back, a swarm of Blood Ghouls burst through the tomb's main entrance. Logan and the others froze, eyes wide with terror.

The creatures wasted no time, launching straight into a frenzied massacre. There had to be hundreds of them, and they were tearing into anything that moved.

The Driscolls' guards, who had been focused on rescuing Rafael, were completely blindsided. The Blood Ghouls plowed into them like a tidal wave, shredding through their formation and sending bodies flying amid blood-curdling screams.

Gunfire exploded in every direction, turning the tomb into a warzone.

Meanwhile, Rafael—still tangled in the Night Hag's hair—was dragged slowly toward her ghoulish face.

"No! I don't want to die! Please, no!"

His scream echoed across the chamber.

The black strands wrapped tighter, layer after layer, until his fat body was completely mummified by the living hair. From within the cocoon came the sickening sound of bones being crushed, enough to make anyone's scalp crawl.

A loud thud echoed as Rafael's body fell from above. From the neck down, everything was crushed.

And his head? Nothing but a clean, bare skull.

The lake water beneath them surged with even greater force. Within moments, it had fully submerged the tomb's stone floor.

Andrew led the group toward different corridors, searching desperately for an exit, but found nothing. The only way in or out had been the tunnel he and Chantelle used earlier, but now, it had completely collapsed.

"Are we going to be buried alive down here?" Logan asked, his voice trembling.

Another explosion rocked the tomb-it was like the entire underground chamber was giving way. The hidden river below roared with unrelenting force, flooding every inch of space.

In a matter of seconds, Andrew and the others were backed into a corner with nowhere left to go.

"Andy, do something!" Tiana shouted, panic taking over.

Andrew's gaze flicked toward the center of the lake, where the river water continued to erupt. Then, he turned to Chantelle, and she met his eyes with a firm nod.

"Mr. Lloyd, there's only one way left," she said.

Andrew did not hesitate and shouted, "Everyone-grab onto one another and stay close. Follow me!"

The group linked themselves together in a chain. Without another word, Andrew dove straight into the surging lake.

The underground lake connected directly to the flowing river below. If there was any way out, it had to be through that current.

Sure enough, Andrew quickly spotted a submerged opening large enough for a person to swim through.

They dove deep beneath the water and were immediately caught in the force of a rising thermal current-an underground hot spring had erupted. It blasted them through a twisting channel, dragging them far from the original tomb chamber.

Andrew silently cursed, realizing they had been swept off-course. He glanced behind him. To his relief, the others were still gripping one another tightly, and no one had gotten separated.

Wait a minute, one person was missing!

It was Kevin, the unlucky one in the group. He instinctively followed

when they ran, but no one had been nearby to grab onto during the eruption. Just like that, he was swept away and vanished in the current.

Kor

Andrew had no idea where Kevin had ended up, but he could not afford to worry about it. He kept swimming, pushing forward through the tunnel until finally, they surfaced in a deep cavern outside the tomb structure.

However, the moment Andrew looked around, he cursed out loud. Not only had the tomb collapsed, but so had the outer underground world around it.

In an instant, he understood that this was the ultimate fail-safe built into the ancient tomb. It was designed to leave no survivors—no one to return and expose its secrets.

"Then we gamble," Andrew muttered.

With one deep breath, he plunged beneath the surface again, leading the others back into the water. They had to return the way he and Chantelle had come in—the only route they had ever escaped from before.

If the hot spring eruption had redirected the flow or destroyed that path, they would have been doomed. However, there was no time to weigh the odds—there were no other options.

If they stayed here, they would die just like the Driscolls' men, those hundred-some elite fighters who had rushed in and ended up in body bags.