

## The Ashes 1587

### Chapter 1587

A gentle breeze blew from the nearby water, bringing a rare sense of peace.

Even for Andrew, this treasure hunt had been dangerous. But from beginning to end, he had kept his cool, never once panicking under pressure.

It had been a long time since he had felt the raw intensity of surviving on the edge. The last time was when he led a team on an overseas hostage rescue mission. His squad had run out of ammunition and supplies, and his comrades had fallen one by one around him.

In the end, he was the one who held on until the very end and completed the mission perfectly.

Now, after facing another brush with death, Andrew was too wired to sleep, too keyed up to rest. The others nearby had already fallen into a deep sleep, with Logan's snoring particularly loud and ungraceful.

However, Andrew could not sleep. He stared at the sky, watching clouds drift and shift, feeling like life had slowed down.

Unconsciously, he thought about the Little Emperor of the Fallen Crimson Dynasty in the underground palace, who still carried resentment after a century. He also thought about Stanley, that foreigner who had been rotten to the core since 100 years ago.

They had both found their end-vengeance had been served, and scores had been settled. However, the price had been high because many people had died

on this journey.

Mosby was gone.

Rafael, Grand Viper, Kevin, Ralph, and even Magnus... all of them had perished in that tomb.

And finally, Axel—the scheming village chief of Patoaja—had also lost his life, undone by his own greed.

Andrew reached into his gear and pulled out the treasure map he had been carrying. Despite being soaked, the parchment was still intact.

With a casual flick, he tossed the remaining fragments into the river. One by one, the pieces drifted with the current and disappeared into the underground depths—gone forever.

"You're really throwing them away? What if they're still useful someday?"

A soft voice broke the silence.

Andrew turned his head and saw Natasha watching him with a smile in her eyes. He grinned. "It's all over now."

Natasha bit her lip, her voice coy. "Well, my part's not over yet."

Andrew let out a long sigh. "Natasha, come on. Just let me rest for a bit, alright? You have no idea how much energy it took to dive through those tunnels and drag all of you out of there."

Natasha chuckled. "That's exactly why I'm not in a rush."

After a short two-hour rest, just as the

Clin Sun began to set, the group

hovel

the hillside trail and

followed it down toward the village.

Tiana suggested, "Let's not rush back tonight and just spend the night here in the village to get some real rest."

Chantelle nodded in agreement. "I second that, Mrs. Rhodes. Honestly, I'm dying for a hot shower."

Logan added, "Good timing too—this village actually has a couple of decent little guesthouses. Let's stay in one of those."

Andrew thought for a moment and said, "You guys go ahead. I want to take a walk around the village first."

Chantelle immediately offered, "I'll go with you."

Natasha looked like she wanted to join too, but with Chantelle already speaking up, she hesitated.

Andrew glanced back. "It's nothing important. If you want to come along, Natasha, you're welcome."

With the two women in tow, Andrew

made his way to the stilt house

where Axel had lived. Before they

even reached it, they saw a crowd of Patoaja villagers—men and women alike gathered around it, chattering excitedly in their native dialect.

The three of them pushed through the crowd, and a cheerful voice called out, "Mr. Lloyd, you're here!"

Andrew looked over and saw it was Mohave. He asked, "Mohave, what's going on here?"

Mohave's face was flushed with excitement. "Mr. Lloyd, come see for yourself! Hurry!"

Entering the stilt house, Andrew and the others immediately saw a massive black corpse hanging on the first floor.