

The Ashes 1588

Chapter 1588

It was the Dire Tiger-hung up by its limbs, completely lifeless.

Natasha stared in shock. "Wait... did the Patoaja warriors actually take this thing down?"

Just then, Buzz walked over. He said, "We found the beast up in the mountains. By the time we got to it, it was already half-dead. It didn't take much effort for us to put it down."

Andrew did not know how to respond. He could not explain exactly how the Dire Tiger had already been dying inside the tomb.

Chantelle stepped forward to offer context. "Captain Buzz, Chief Flintspire has already—"

Before she could finish, Buzz raised a hand and cut her off. "Axel is no longer our chief. For years, he did terrible things behind the villagers' backs. We don't want to talk about the details, but as far as we're concerned, whatever happens to him is no longer our concern."

He continued, "Our village just wants peace from now on. If outsiders want to be here for tourism, we welcome that. But if there's any other agenda, we won't be involved. Whatever happens, it's your own responsibility."

Andrew raised an eyebrow, impressed at how Buzz really handled things. It would not surprise him if Buzz knew about the Fallen Crimson Dynasty tomb inside the mountain—or maybe he had uncovered some of Axel's secrets.

Andrew smiled. "So, has a new village chief been elected?"

Buzz shook his head. "For now, I'm acting as interim. Eventually, when Mohave and the younger ones grow up and get an education, they'll be the ones in

charge."

Chantelle smiled warmly. "That's wonderful. I'd be happy to help Patoaja preserve its cultural heritage."

Andrew added, "And I plan to sponsor Mohave and the others to study nearby. Since you're acting chief now, Buzz, I'll discuss it with you directly."

Buzz frowned slightly. "Mr. Lloyd, when you say sponsor... do you mean give them money?"

Andrew chuckled. "You're pretty blunt-but yeah, I mean money. Of course, if Mohave and the others need anything else, I'll help however I can."

A smile finally broke across Buzz's face. "In that case, thank you, Mr. Lloyd."

Mohave and his friends were beaming, faces flushed with excitement as they repeatedly thanked him.

The best way to help these Patoaja kids get a proper education would be through Chantelle, as the government liaison.

Andrew could technically set up a private foundation just for them, but that felt like overkill.

After all, Patoaja was not a big village, and creating an entire charity fund would have been a bit too much.

As they stepped out of the stilt

house, Chantelle was beaming. She

turned to Andrew and salved!

Lloyd, I didn't expect you to be such a generous man!" fo

Andrew shrugged. "I'm not trying to be anything. I just like Mohave—that's all. Figured I'd give the kid a boost."

Chantelle looked at him seriously.

"Even so, Mr. Lloyd, your heart is in the right place. These days, we need more wealthy people, business owners, and entrepreneurs to

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their eyes toward rural and remote places like this."

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Andrew waved it off. "I just do what feels right. But let me be clear—I don't want this support to go through any local government channels. I want you, personally, to make sure my contributions go straight to Mohave and his family."

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Chantelle nodded. "I understand. You're worried someone might take a cut along the way, right?"

Andrew gave a small chuckle. He did not need to say more.

When it came to doing charity work in Holtrien, he had learned to tread carefully—the waters ran deeper than they looked.