

The Ashes 1604

Chapter 1604

"Sir, that kid said he never saw the Elixir of Immortality!" a shrill voice spoke respectfully in the dimly lit room.

By the glow of an oil lamp, one could make out a stern, square-jawed man wearing reading glasses, his eyes fixed on an old, weathered book.

"The tomb has already collapsed and sunk deep underground, completely destroyed. And this kid is the most likely person among those who returned alive to have obtained the Elixir of Immortality. His claim that he didn't see it sounds completely fake, no matter how you hear it!"

The shrill voice chuckled coldly. "That was my thought too. I almost wanted to rip his shoulder blade out just to see if he'd confess. But Mr. Joe gave clear orders, so I held back and didn't lay a finger on him."

The man with the square face turned his head, revealing a large, dark bruise spread across one cheek. This was none other than Maurice Driscoll, the ruling patriarch of the Driscoll family.

Standing before him respectfully was the leader of the Driscolls' Shadow Division - Walter Burke, the same eerie castrato who had approached Andrew earlier.

"A mere ant isn't worth worrying about! Is Joe still moping around over that Rhodes girl?" Maurice asked as he set down the ancient book in his hands and stood up, clasping his hands behind his back.

Walter bowed his head. "Ever since Mr. Joe learned that the Rhodes bitch was with Andrew, he's been locking himself in the training room. Sir, it seems this matter has greatly affected Mr. Joe!"

Maurice snorted coldly. "The path of martial arts is harder than reaching the heavens, yet it hasn't been able to defeat my son! How could mere romantic feelings possibly trap him? Nevertheless, young people always have their emotional moments. After some time passes, he'll naturally get over it!"

Walter asked cautiously, "Then, sir, do you wish for me to make a move?"

Maurice waved him off. "No need. That'd be akin to nuking a fly. We're not that bored. Let this Andrew punk serve as a training target for Joe. My e

precious son is unmatched in

martial skill—he's the number one talent in the Driscolls.

"But he's still young, and he still has growing to do on the inside. This little shakeup will serve him well."

Walter nodded with a sly smile. "As always, I follow your lead. Maybe this will help Mr. Joe finally forget about that Rhodes bitch. In my humble opinion, Ms. Luna Phelan is a much better match for him."

Maurice nodded. "If Joe can truly win Luna over, then it's a blessing for the Driscolls. The balance of power among the Three Titans of Gabo Creek will be shattered—with us in the lead."

He paused, then added, "By the way, Walter—it's been a year. Any word on the target your division was supposed to track down?"

Walter dropped to his knees. "Please forgive me, sir. Under my command, the Shadow Division mobilized fully. But ever since that person was last seen at the edge of Gabo Creek a year ago, they've completely vanished.

"In the past year, my men have combed through every district in the province and haven't turned up a single lead."

Maurice's tone dropped, deep and

heavy. "Get up. But the search must intensify. I'm certain that person is still somewhere in Gabo Creek. And no matter the cost, you must find them before the

other two titan families or those vultures in the southern martial community get to them first."