

Chapter 1170 Who Did It

As Liam caught sight of Townsend, a smirk laced with anger blossomed on his face.

He smirked because he finally got the chance to get even with Townsend for all the things Townsend had done.

This was also an ideal moment for Liam to pry some information about Julie and Asher from Townsend.

For Liam, such an opportunity was incredibly rare.

Thus, he didn't hurry away. Instead, he stood his ground, eyes fixed intently on the earth beneath his feet.

At that time, Townsend's team was embroiled in a skirmish with a rival team.

Liam squinted slightly; the adversaries challenging Townsend's team were none other than the Prescott family's team!

The most formidable fighters of each group, Idris from the Prescott family's team and Townsend's ace, were engaged in fierce combat.

The Prescott family's team was significantly outnumbered, left with only Idris and Susannah, giving Townsend's team the upper hand.

Townsend, along with his team members, observed from the sidelines as Idris fought with a formidable opponent from the Chapman family.

Both combatants were elite sixth-rank warriors, making

the fight intense and evenly matched.

Townsend's confidence in venturing into the maritime secret realm was bolstered by having a peak sixth-rank warrior as his guardian, which almost guaranteed safety from any major threats along their journey.

Initially, Idris was holding his ground well against the Chapman family's fighter.

However, just as Idris thought the duel might end in a stalemate, his opponent unexpectedly produced a spear from his storage.

Idris's face fell the moment he saw the spear, realizing it was of ordinary grade.

The ordinary-grade weapons were typically unattainable even for the most influential members of the Saint Society, which highlighted their exceptional rarity.

With this ordinary-grade weapon in hand, the Chapman family's fighter's power surged dramatically.

Idris, formidable as he was, now appeared feeble against such a mighty weapon.

In an instant, Idris was forced on the defensive, recoiling and spitting blood as he retreated.

Slowly, Idris had no strength left to defend himself!

Witnessing Idris injured like that, Susannah, who was nearby, grew visibly pale with shock.

Fearing that Idris might be permanently injured, Susannah, her brows drawn together in anger, rushed forward to confront Townsend.

"Townsend! What is happening here? Wasn't this

supposed to be a small match? Why are you letting your man go so hard on Idris? Stop him now! Otherwise, when we leave this place, my father will ensure you regret it!"

As Susannah spoke, a dismissive sneer crept across Townsend's face. To him, Susannah's father, Rollins Prescott, was insignificant compared to his own uncle, Adamson.

Townsend had no fear of any comeback from Rollins.

In fact, he believed Rollins wouldn't even contemplate revenge.

With a mocking laugh, Townsend said, "You want me to stop him? Sure, but it'll cost you. You'll have to marry me. Just give the word, and I'll stop him. Once we leave this maritime secret realm, I'll go to your Prescott family's residence to formalize things. But we can spend a night here together in advance!"

Townsend smirk was utterly despicable. His gaze swept over Susannah with obscene interest.

He even made a crude gesture that caused Susannah's brows to furrow in revulsion.

Susannah was trembling with rage now.

Clearly, Townsend had struck a nerve.

Susannah took a moment to compose herself before pointing at Townsend and shouting furiously, "Townsend, you're nothing but a jerk! I'd rather die than be tainted by someone like you! Get that vile thought out of your mind!"

Townsend's face hardened, his look turning menacing as Susannah branded him a jerk.

Then, with a sneer, Townsend turned to the formidable

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+120 Points at most

fighter from the Chapman family. "Fulton, keep at it! Kill the old man first! Without him, let's see how boldly Susannah can strut around!"

At Townsend's command, Fulton nodded. "Yes, young master."

He then advanced on Idris once more, his spear gleaming dangerously.

As Fulton prepared to deliver a deadly blow, Susannah couldn't bear to watch and shut her eyes, bracing herself for the inevitable.

But at that moment, a brilliant flash of sword light descended from the sky, forcing Fulton to retreat!

Fumbling to regain his footing, Fulton looked around in panic and asked, "Who? Who did it?"