

Wrong Table 1201

Chapter 1201 What Sort of Man Did I Marry?

“Alright!” Emmanuel smiled knowingly and started the car.

Finally, Ashton cautiously walked out of the restaurant, muttering to herself, “Looks like something big is going to happen with this couple tonight.”

After a moment of consideration, she quickly got into her car and contacted the police station. She paid no mind to her still weak body, feeling that the opportunity to repay Emmanuel for saving his life might be approaching.

After approximately half an hour, Emmanuel drove onto the national highway with a fork road at the end of it, a smooth drive all the way.

Just as Mackenzie was still contemplating which route Emmanuel should take, Emmanuel’s phone rang.

“Hello, Grandpa!” Emmanuel answered on speaker, making it convenient for Mackenzie to listen in.

“Emmanuel, where are you? Wally just said you don’t need their escort home.”

“Grandpa, I’m currently taking Mackenzie home! Don’t worry!”

“What? Where are you? I’ll immediately arrange a team of professional bodyguards to meet you!” Terence’s tone was quite worried. After all, the Holy Fire organization was an international organization with a notorious reputation, and many big families feared it. Of course, the Quillen family couldn’t compare to the Holy Fire organization, but Yeringham was their turf. They had home turf advantage, so Terence wasn’t completely afraid of them.

Mackenzie hadn’t decided which route to take, but Emmanuel responded, “Grandpa, please send someone to wait for us at the entrance of the mountain road tunnel. We’ll take that route!”

After leaving the national highway, two roads would lead to the Quillen residence. One was an estuary road, which was relatively open and less suitable for ambush. The other was the mountain road. Although it was more dangerous, it was also considered safer, as the enemy might predict that they wouldn't dare to take the mountain road and thus choose to ambush them on the estuary road.

Mackenzie obviously also guessed Emmanuel's thoughts and agreed with his choice, thinking that this seemingly naive man was quite smart when he put his mind to it.

"Alright, I'll immediately arrange a team of a hundred bodyguards to pick you up!" Terence didn't dare to be careless; this was about the safety of the Heart of the Sun and his beloved granddaughter. He had to be fully prepared.

After hanging up the phone, Mackenzie's anxiety alleviated a little more. With Emmanuel by her side and the Quillen family's bodyguard team dispatched by her grandfather, there shouldn't be any problems now.

The Bentley would soon exit the national highway and enter the mountain road.

Meanwhile, in a building near the downstream of the estuary road, Blake guffawed upon receiving the news. "Magnus, you miscalculated! Emmanuel is taking Mackenzie back through another route! You're really

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really incompetent!"

Facing Blake's mockery, Magnus didn't show any irritation and remained motionless. After a while, he pushed his glasses and said, "Don't rush, Blake. You can go take a nap. It's not time for us to move yet!"

Blake made a dismissive sound, stretched lazily, and turned around, saying, "I'll take a nap then. Hopefully, I won't have to intervene tonight and can sleep until tomorrow morning! Too bad I don't have a woman to sleep with tonight."

The other experts behind Magnus were displeased with Blake's attitude toward Magnus. However, since Blake was the ace of the Zelinsky family, they could only resent him but couldn't eliminate him.

On the other hand, Magnus maintained a polite smile and said, "Alright, you go to sleep. I'll kick you awake when I need you."

Meanwhile, on the mountainous outskirts, a shocking scene unfolded.

Boom! Rumble...

As the Bentley approached the tunnel, a blaze suddenly erupted in front.

Mountain blasting with explosives!

To achieve such a terrifying effect, one could imagine the amount of dynamite that was buried.

Mackenzie's face turned pale in an instant. At this moment, she realized that her understanding of the Holy Fire organization was too shallow. Or perhaps she knew nothing about the true forces of evil...

"Mackenzie, don't worry too much!" Emmanuel's hand promptly rested on her delicate hand, giving her courage.

As soon as he nodded, Emmanuel quickly turned the steering wheel.

Being able to make a quick U-turn on a narrow two-lane road made Mackenzie marvel. What sort of man did I marry?

Chapter 1202 The Detail

How can he remain so calm even in such a situation? It's like he's a seasoned veteran! Did he often advance in the front lines, braving artillery fire?

However, after the amazement, she returned to her worries. The entrance to the mountain tunnel ahead was blocked by rocks. The reinforcements sent by her grandfather would certainly not be able to get through.

She couldn't believe she and Emmanuel had guessed wrongly. Was the Holy Fire organization waiting for them to take this route? Or, regardless of the route they took, was it essentially a dead end?

"Honey, be careful!" Emmanuel, however, had no time to think. After escaping the danger zone, he quickly stopped the car and jumped out with his wife in his arms because there were already several glaring lights shining on their car behind.

Then, two commercial vehicles suicidally crashed into the back of their car.

If they had jumped out of the car a bit slower, they might have met their demise.

Everything happened very suddenly.

The sudden turns, bright lights, and various unexpected situations made Mackenzie a bit dizzy. But she didn't scream or cry like other women; she just let Emmanuel take charge. All she needed to do was trust that this man could protect her.

After Emmanuel jumped out of the car, he rolled with Mackenzie on the nearby grass until they escaped the light. Only then did he pull his wife's hand, stand up, and run to a concealed area.

"Emmanuel, what do we do now?" Mackenzie whispered.

“We can only go on a killing spree!” Emmanuel’s eyes suddenly became as grim as the Grim Reaper. With no way out and pursuers behind, there was no choice but to fight back.

Moreover, the Holy Fire organization, an evil force that killed innocents to achieve its goals, deserves to be eliminated.

Mackenzie shivered slightly, looking at the man before her, who exuded a murderous aura. Although she felt a bit cold and unfamiliar, she couldn’t help but think, Is this the same foolish guy who could mistake tables during blind dates?

“Mackenzie, stay here. Call me if there’s danger!” Emmanuel instructed.

“Okay.” Mackenzie nodded. The feeling was strange. No man had dared to order her around before, especially men of the same age. She didn’t like being told what to do, but now, she didn’t hate it.

Whoosh!

Emmanuel suddenly leaped, instantly jumping dozens of yards away from Mackenzie. He shouted loudly, “Heart of the Sun is here!”

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Sure enough, in the next moment, several gun barrels were aimed at him.

“One, two, three... seven, eight!” Emmanuel silently counted while observing the surrounding enemies.

In the next moment, gunshots erupted like firecrackers.

Mackenzie hid in the darkness, feeling a bit jittery. Her husband was fighting for her. But he’s unarmed. Can he make it?

In a moment of worry and suspicion, Mackenzie suddenly lost sight of Emmanuel. She searched around, and when she saw Emmanuel again, two big guys had fallen in front of him.

“This idiot... How is he so formidable?” Mackenzie couldn’t help but be reminded of the Wolf Warrior in Yeternia.

Suddenly, she thought her husband might actually not be inferior to the hero. Could this be what they called ‘seeing through rose-tinted glasses and favoring the underdog?’ Her husband was just an obstetrician-gynecologist in Yeringham. How could he be compared to Nathan’s master?

Bang, bang!

Two more gunshots pulled Mackenzie back to reality.

In the darkness, two big guys hiding in the shadows fell from a high place. Bullseye!

Mackenzie was completely shocked by her husband. How could he be so capable?

Emmanuel didn’t expect the enemies to be fewer and easier to handle than he imagined. In no time, he took care of all the discovered enemies, remained vigilant for potential ambushes, confirmed the absence of anyone around several times, and then quickly ran back to where he had just been before.

“Mackenzie! Mackenzie!” Emmanuel immediately panicked when he noticed Mackenzie was no longer there. Just as he was about to shout at the top of his lungs, Mackenzie suddenly appeared in front of him.

“You scared me! I thought you were gone!” Emmanuel finally breathed a sigh of relief and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

Chapter 1203 No One Around

It seems this fool really cares about me.

Lies could be told, but subconscious actions couldn't be feigned.

“I just found a better hiding spot.” Mackenzie pursed her lips and took the initiative to ask, “Are you okay?”

At that, she nervously examined him from head to toe, afraid he might be injured.

“I'm fine. They're just a bunch of small fries!” Emmanuel casually smiled. His wife was starting to show concern for

him. A lot had changed from before.

“But the tunnel ahead is destroyed, and we can't go back using this road,” Mackenzie said with concern. This meant her grandfather's bodyguards sent to pick her up wouldn't be able to meet up with them.

“We can only take the path by the river.” Emmanuel thought for a moment and said, “But they might ambush there too.”

“How about notifying Captain Payne now?” Mackenzie suggested.

Being a powerful woman in the business world, she was also well-versed in military strategy and various tactical books. Now that the mountain tunnel was destroyed, and the attackers were not many, it was obvious that it was a feigned attack. Their goal was to divert them onto another route, where there was a high likelihood of a genuine ambush.

“Notifying Sage now can indeed engage in a bloodbath with the Holy Fire organization, ensuring our safety home, but...” Emmanuel left his words hanging, clearly hesitating.

“You don’t want to do that,” Mackenzie, intelligent and witty, immediately responded. “Do you have a deeper purpose?”

Emmanuel nodded. He believed the matter had to be resolved. Magnus was certainly behind the events of the past two days. Even if Magnus wasn’t the mastermind, Emmanuel wanted to take down the mastermind behind this incident, seeking revenge for his cousin and the deceased members of the Terence Group.

Moreover, this would also deter others who wanted to seize the Heart of the Sun, making them think twice before laying hands on the Quillen family. Otherwise, the Quillen family would have to constantly hide under police protection in the future.

“Alright, we’ll take the estuary road.”

“Mackenzie, you-” Emmanuel suddenly became nervous and quickly tried to dissuade her, “I’ll go alone. It’s too dangerous. You don’t need to take risks with me!”

“Aren’t we a married couple?” With just one sentence, Mackenzie silenced Emmanuel, starting him. “Besides, since the other party’s meticulously planned scheme, you won’t be able to lure out the mastermind without me and the Heart of the Sun.”

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“But...” Emmanuel still didn’t want Mackenzie to take the risk with him.

“What? You just said that no matter what, you’ll protect me, Was that just a casual remark that can’t withstand a test?” Mackenzie deliberately provoked him, “You protected Ashton for two days. Are you so annoyed about protecting your wife? Do men always prefer women outside?”

“Nonsense!” Emmanuel retorted immediately, worked up. “My relationship with Ashton is just business, but protecting you is a lifelong commitment!”

Bang!

Mackenzie thought a shot had been fired at her temple, and she seemed to be growing fonder of being with this fool.

The affectionate statement brought brief silence. Emmanuel’s face also blushed slightly. Since when did he start saying such cheesy things? Was it because Rhea had taught him well?

“Let’s go then!” Mackenzie said and turned around directly.

Emmanuel quickly followed.

Although the Bentley’s rear was wholly deformed from the impact, given the decent quality of this luxury car, it could still run if the engine was intact.

They turned the car around and headed back onto the national highway.

Before entering the estuary road, Mackenzie had already called her grandfather and explained the situation. Emmanuel also called Sage to ask him to send someone to deal with the situation on the mountain road.

After that, the car left the national highway and entered the estuary road.

Both of them were mentally prepared. They thought there would be a loud commotion like the mountain explosion just now, but unexpectedly, the journey was silent, to the point of being eerie.

Although the traffic on the estuary road would be scarce after 7 p.m., that night, besides their car, there was no one

Chapter 1204 We Can Resolve It Legally

Seeing this situation, Emmanuel suddenly thought he might have made a wrong decision and couldn't help but secretly glance at Mackenzie.

Mackenzie seemed to know what he was thinking, only staring blankly ahead and reminding him, "Keep your eyes on the road. Controlling the flow of people on this road is not difficult. Just block it at the estuary, place obstacles, put up signs, or even impersonate traffic personnel... Arrange real traffic control personnel to manage the flow. For some people, it's not difficult at all!

"It's you who should stop being indecisive. Since you've decided to do this, go ahead and do it! I am your wife. I will support you!"

Mackenzie's words warmed Emmanuel's heart. He was grateful that she didn't blame him for taking such a risk. It seemed that the ice-cold Mackenzie was well-prepared to face challenges with him.

The commotion had yet to occur. Just when the two of them were wondering if they had made a wrong guess and were about to pass through the section of the estuary road, a person's head suddenly hung upside down in front of the window.

Mackenzie was startled, almost screaming. But upon closer inspection, she realized it wasn't a ghost but a living woman. She recognized her-it was Trisha!

These people were incredibly agile; Mackenzie wondered how they had trained.

"Mackenzie, be careful!" Emmanuel, upon seeing Trisha, loudly warned, remaining vigilant in case she pulled out a gun and shot at them. But she didn't.

In the next moment, a piece of black fabric completely covered their front windshield. Trisha's intention was clear- to force their car to stop!

Mackenzie immediately looked at Emmanuel.

Emmanuel had no other option. Unable to see the road, he had to stop the car, or if they accidentally crashed, it wouldn't be a joke for Mackenzie.

Signaling his wife with his eyes, Emmanuel made a sharp turn and stopped the car, simultaneously opening the doors and jumping out to the sides with Mackenzie.

Bang!

Almost simultaneously, their car exploded. Trisha used a bomb to destroy their car. This made it less easy for them to escape the besiege.

"Mackenzie!" Emmanuel hurriedly shielded Mackenzie.

"I'm fine," she said plainly, her beautiful eyes staring fixedly in one direction.

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Both of them showed great respect for the woman in white, keeping a cautious distance, slowly following her.

In the next moment, Mackenzie took the initiative to hold Emmanuel’s hand and secretly slipped something into his palm.

Emmanuel trembled slightly, unable to resist glancing at her.

Mackenzie’s eyes signaled him to stay calm. She was well aware that there would be a tough battle ahead, and the safety of the Heart of the Sun would be better ensured in Emmanuel’s possession. Otherwise, with her strength, it could be taken away at any moment.

“Mr. Lowe, Ms. Quillen, we meet again.” The woman in white didn’t rush to make a move. Instead, she stood still and spoke with interest.

“You again. I knew it!” Mackenzie stared at her, showing a disdainful look, and coldly scolded, “You orchestrated everything, didn’t you? For your selfish interests, you committed murder and arson and caused widespread destruction. Have you no humanity?”

“Oh, it’s me, alright!” The woman in white wasn’t angered. Instead, she coldly laughed and countered, “If you hadn’t claimed the stone as your own, would we have to cause so much trouble? Blame yourself for grabbing other people’s things and not returning them obediently. You are the real troublemaker!”

“Lies!” Mackenzie angrily retorted. “Is it yours just because you said it? You shameless witch, absolutely despicable!”

“Watch your mouth!” shouted the man in red angrily, pointing at Mackenzie, who insulted their Saintess.

Mackenzie wasn’t afraid of him. You witch have a man following your lead. Do you think I don’t have a man protecting me?

Seeing the look in his wife’s eyes, Emmanuel quickly stood before her and said to the woman in white, “The Sun Stones belongs to the Quillen family, and now, it belongs to my wife. If you believe it’s yours, you can take it to court. We can resolve it legally without hurting innocent people or damaging public property!”

Chapter 1205 Emmanuel Is Mine

“Haha...” The woman giggled upon hearing Emmanuel’s words, her proud chest heaving as if she was intentionally provoking Mackenzie.

Mackenzie bit her lip lightly, growing even more certain that this woman was indeed her sister, Sarah, for she had always loved flaunting her larger assets. Of course, Mackenzie also flaunted being taller than her. After all, it was about 5’6” and 119 pounds versus 5’5” and 125 pounds, each with its own merits.

“Mr. Lowe, you are quite humorous.” The woman in white laughed for a while before responding to Emmanuel. “Several decades ago, the Holy Fire organization used the Heart of the Sun to build a great project. Our organization was born because of this stone. So whose is it if not ours?”

What?! Emmanuel and Mackenzie started.

They really didn't know the story of the Holy Fire organization, but judging from the woman's gaze and tone, it didn't seem like she was making things up. However, the woman's next words made them flabbergasted.

"Not only the Heart of the Sun, but Mr. Lowe should actually be my man. You snatched him away shamelessly, Ms. Quillen."

"You shameless woman!" Mackenzie immediately scolded in anger. She treated the woman in white differently than other women.

Many people actually had two sides to them. For example, some people appear cold and reserved in front of others but become talkative and lively in front of familiar people. Mackenzie was no exception; she had a particular dislike for the woman in white, so she was more prone to anger around her.

Trisha and the man in red were also shocked to hear the Saintess speak like that, for she held an extraordinary position in the Holy Fire organization, admired by many, and considered by many as an incredibly pure woman. How could she utter such words?!

Moreover, they came to seize the Heart of the Sun that night, with over a hundred brothers guarding the bridge at the estuary, ready to fend off the police and Quillen family bodyguards.

Shouldn't the Saintess make a swift decision and act quickly? Why was she leisurely engaging in an argument here? Due to the Saintess' high status, they didn't dare to act without her orders.

"Now, you've gone way too far, Ms. Saintess. And it undermines the credibility of your previous words!" Emmanuel, on the contrary, remained calm and objective. "I've never had a girlfriend growing up, and Mackenzie is my only wife. So how am I yours?"

Unexpectedly, the woman in white sneered, "Mr. Lowe, are you trying to deny everything now?"

Mackenzie immediately stared at Emmanuel, whose forehead broke out in cold sweat, quickly doing damage control. "I haven't done anything. I am not yours! When did I touch you?!"

"That night, at The Paradise, you... Oh, I won't say more. It's embarrassing!" The woman in white deliberately left her words hanging. wife. So how am I yours?"

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"Don't do this!" Emmanuel was genuinely becoming anxious, hastily explaining to Mackenzie, "Mackenzie, don't listen to her nonsense. Nothing happened between us that night!"

"Mr. Lowe, you're so fierce when dealing with me. Why are you so afraid of your wife now?" The woman in white deliberately said. "Is your wife fierce? Why don't you divorce her? There are plenty of women gentler than her, like me!"

"You-" Emmanuel was rendered at a loss, feeling challenged by the woman's tactic. Did she intend to dismantle their marriage first and then break them down one by one?

"Enough!" Mackenzie cried out.

Sh*t! Emmanuel thought.

The woman in white seemed quite pleased and said mockingly, "Ms. Quillen, Chanaea has always valued chastity. You probably haven't become Mr. Lowe's woman yet, but he's already mine. So, aren't you just stealing someone else's man?"

Emmanuel was truly infuriated by this woman. How could a supposed Saintess say such things?!

Trisha and the man in red were also utterly shocked. Why did the Saintess adopt an entirely different attitude in front of this couple compared to her usual sacred and untouchable demeanor?

“Men, it’s normal for them to have some flings outside, especially for men in the business world.”

Chapter 1206 They Can Easily Win Against Emmanuel

Fortunately, Mackenzie was not a foolish woman. She immediately lightly hooked her arm around Emmanuel’s, disdainfully smiling at the woman in white. “I often make nourishing soup for my husband with added exotic Angelica. Do you know what that means?”

The woman in white’s triumphant expression immediately disappeared, replaced by a hint of irritation.

“It means that no matter how wild he is outside, he better remember to come home every night! As for the women outside, they may enjoy him for free, but do they really think they can enter my house?”

Mackenzie was completely different from her usual self in dealing with this woman. Since she knew the other party’s intentions, why should she lose? Moreover, she had never lost to this woman, whether in wits or storytelling. Bring it on!

“Shut up!” Trisha couldn’t bear it any longer. How dare this woman insult the Saintess like this?!

The Saintess in the hearts of countless people in the Holy Fire organization was supposed to be sacred and inviolable. Now, she was portrayed so shamefully, allowing her man to freeload!

Emmanuel was also at a loss. How could these two women embellish the situation to such an extent?! Now, they were even talking about freeloading! Was this something women with their looks should say?! Moreover, he was still a virgin, for goodness’ sake!

Bang! Bang!

Just when the two women were about to continue arguing, gunshots rang out from the other end of the bridge.

“Your Holiness, it seems someone is coming to rescue them. Please let me deal with this man before more trouble arises!” The man in red couldn’t tolerate Emmanuel any longer. The Saintess was a holy woman to him.

“Go ahead, but-”

Before the woman in white could finish her sentence, the man in red leaped impatiently into the air, pouncing directly at Emmanuel’s vitals.

“Die, scum!” He couldn’t believe the audacity of this man, repeatedly insulting the Saintess. He’d like to see just what Emmanuel was made of.

Emmanuel quickly shielded Mackenzie behind him, and Mackenzie gently held Emmanuel’s clothes, showing a hint of nervousness. She knew very well that these three were no small fries, especially the woman in white. After all, even Cage wasn’t her match.

Grow!!

Emmanuel suddenly erupted with a terrifying aura. Though he didn’t scream, the terrifying aura resembled the roar of a dragon. He struck out with his palm like a dragon emerging from the sea. The man in red was completely engulfed by his aura, like a helpless little creature in front of a giant dragon.

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Slap!

Crack!

Their palms clashed, followed by a horrifying sound of bones breaking.

Mackenzie took a closer look, somewhat horrified. The bones of the man in red's arm seemed to have pierced through his own back. It was evident how terrifying Emmanuel's palm strength was.

"Ah!" The man in red screamed in agony. The powerful force sent him flying backward over twenty yards, directly into the river.

Kerplunk!

It wasn't until the sound of a splash reached them that Trisha snapped out of her daze. Emmanuel is so formidable!

"The Northern Region's Reverse Dragon Palm? It truly lives up to its reputation!" the woman in white couldn't help but exclaim.

As a Saintess, she had naturally heard of the ten famous martial arts in the martial world, and among them, the Northern Region's Reverse Dragon Palm, consisting of seventeen palm strikes, ranked third in the world. It was said to be the supreme martial art skill passed down through generations by the Northern Region Supreme Commander, displaying unparalleled strength and fierceness.

Even with her status, she had never seen anyone use this move before. Seeing it tonight was truly a stunning display of skill.

However, the woman in white also noticed that Emmanuel used his left hand for the palm strike. Is he left-handed, or does he look down on my subordinates, or is there another reason?

Mackenzie also stared at the man in front of her. How is he getting more formidable each time?

Before, she thought Emmanuel was Sage's subordinate in the Northern Region. But judging from his martial arts skills, she couldn't help wondering if he was Sage's superior instead. But if that were the case, why did he end up so poorly? After all, his three years as a gynecologist at the hospital were an undeniable fact.

Mackenzie was momentarily confused.

“Attack together!” The woman in white, realizing the urgency of the situation, called Trisha to join her in facing Emmanuel.

Earlier, she thought that given that everyone on the periphery was on her side and with a three-against-one advantage, they could easily win against Emmanuel.

Chapter 1207 It Can Only Mean One Thing

Now, with the situation turning dire, she had no choice but to go all out.

“Mackenzie, stay behind me!” Emmanuel shielded his wife behind him, his expression serious.

He had exerted all his strength to swiftly defeat the formidable opponent, significantly depleting his internal energy. Now, facing two strong opponents simultaneously while protecting Mackenzie, he couldn't afford to be careless.

“Concentrate, don't worry about me!” Mackenzie also reassured him.

She was well aware of how powerful these two women were, especially the woman in white. If she truly was Sarah,

Mackenzie wondered where she had learned her martial arts. Although Sarah had claimed to be away for studies many times, spending at least a decade away from the Quillen residence, she had still spent

a decade within the household!

While Sarah did possess martial skills, the abilities she displayed were nowhere near those of the woman in white. Could Mackenzie and Emmanuel really be mistaken?

Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh...

—

The woman in white took the lead, with the woman in blue supporting her. Their attacks were dazzling and fierce,

not like a storm but akin to an endless drizzle. Yet, every drop of rain held unexpected lethality.

Emmanuel had to resort to a desperate fighting style, putting all his strength into each move to drive them back and prevent them from getting close. However, the woman in white quickly discovered a weakness-Emmanuel's right arm seemed injured, rendering it practically useless.

"Trisha, I'll keep him busy; you go all out and attack his right side! If you get a chance, grab the woman behind him!"

The woman in white loudly instructed.

“Yes, Your Holiness!” Trisha was initially cautious, given Emmanuel’s overwhelming power in defeating the man in red. The pressure was immense. Her own strength was not much different from that of the man in red. If it weren’t for the Saintess leading the fight, she wouldn’t even have the courage to face Emmanuel. But she soon noticed that Emmanuel consistently used his legs to block her attacks, seldom employing his right arm—a clear sign of an injury. Understanding this, she unleashed a relentless assault.

Emmanuel realized that his weakness had been exposed, and continuing this prolonged struggle was not a viable option; sooner or later, he would be overwhelmed. In the next moment, he took the initiative to grab both women’s hands and, using the momentum, fell backward off the bridge into the dark waters below.

“Emmanuel! Emmanuel, you idiot!” Mackenzie hadn’t anticipated Emmanuel’s decision and hurriedly leaned over the bridge, watching the pitch-black river. The currents were swift, the night dark, and she had no idea where the three of them would end up.

At the estuary intersection, a large-scale life-and-death struggle was unfolding with great intensity.

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Logan, as the captain of the Quillen residence security team, personally led a hundred guards to pick up Mackenzie and bring her home. Just moments ago, they were blocked at the mountain junction, but upon receiving orders, they quickly arrived at the estuary section.

Right then, at the head of the estuary bridge, well-trained guards were engaging in a fierce battle with the Holy Fire organization’s thugs. Unlike the security guards of the Terence Group, this hundred-strong force, led by Logan, received higher pay and was more professional in life-and-death combat. In a situation with similar numbers, the two sides were evenly matched for a moment. However, sirens were soon heard from the bridge’s other end, and the momentum of both sides took a different turn. The Holy Fire organization, always a group of criminals, began to feel a bit uneasy, but without orders from above, these desperate individuals wouldn’t retreat easily. Taking advantage of this opportunity,

Logan and a few elites rushed ahead of the bridge, sprinting for hundreds of yards until they finally saw a graceful figure.

At last, they had found their young lady!

However, what Mackenzie was doing right then almost scared him out of his wits.

She was standing on the bridge railing. He certainly couldn't allow her to do something like that.

"Ms. Mackenzie! What are you trying to do?"

Ignoring the people behind her, Mackenzie looked at the turbulent waters in deep thought. Normally, this river's current is so rapid, and tonight's abnormality can only mean one thing!

Chapter 1208 Will I Die Trying?

Someone upstream secretly opened the floodgates! Who on earth is responsible for such mischief?!

On the other side, after Emmanuel dragged two women into the river, he immediately sensed that something was wrong.

He often escorted his wife home, so he was familiar with this route, and he had also observed the flow of the river before. It was never as swift as it was now. Originally planning to use his swimming skills to defeat the two women underwater, he almost got disoriented by the strong current after jumping in.

The two women, on the other hand, were nowhere to be seen.

Emmanuel vaguely heard Mackenzie's voice coming from the bridge. He also heard sirens on the other side of the bridge. Confirming that Mackenzie should be safe, he followed the current downstream.

As soon as he surfaced, he heard a piercing sound. A string seemed to cut through the night wind and flew toward his neck. Emmanuel quickly ducked back into the water, avoiding the attack, and then leaped back up.

The woman in white struck out with a palm.

Her soaked clothes clung to her graceful figure, emphasizing the pair on her chest, with warm water droplets still dripping. It was evident that she had also just come ashore,

As for Trisha, it seemed like she was still in the water.

Swoosh...

The woman in white's lightning-fast palm missed, leaving her a bit frustrated.

At this point, she was truly giving it her all to take down Emmanuel. She realized that the situation was slipping out, of her control. If she failed that night, it might not be so easy for the Holy Fire organization

to regroup and make a comeback. Unfortunately, even with his right arm injured, Emmanuel was not an opponent she could easily overcome.

After a series of attacks, the woman in white quickly realized that something was wrong, and her entire body began feeling weak.

“What... What’s going on?” She halted her attack, looking at her own palm, her eyes showing a hint of panic.

Emmanuel didn’t care about her reaction and seized the rare opportunity, using a grappling move to control her. However, in the next instant, he also trembled violently.

“Hahaha...” A triumphant laughter echoed in the night.

The next moment, a specially crafted metal net descended toward the two.

Emmanuel quickly released the woman in white to save himself.

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Although the woman in white felt weak all over, she used her swift agility to escape the large net and

struck out at the ugly man emerging in the night.

Clang!

Her palm successfully hit the opponent, but it didn't have the expected effect. Instead, it left her hand numb.

"Golden Bell?!" The woman in white's eyes widened with horror, not expecting to encounter such a skilled opponent. It seemed she was ambushed.

D*mn it! She couldn't even dream of someone daring enough to counter the Holy Fire organization's Saintess in such an underhanded manner.

"Hehe, so this is all you, the Saintess, have, huh? Or is it that the power of our bone-softening powder thrown into the river is so potent that even you, a tigress, have turned into a little kitten? Haha..." Blake said, then heartlessly punched the woman in white in the abdomen.

Coincidentally, after the woman in white took the blow, she flew straight toward Emmanuel.

He was torn, but he still reached out to save his enemy from a moment ago. He held her in his arms, quickly pressing a few acupoints to prevent her from suffering an outburst of qi and blood.

He originally intended to team up with the woman in white to deal with Blake, but the next moment, a large net on the ground suddenly closed, quickly enveloping them. Not only that, but successive metal nets also fell from above. It was like a trap, making escape impossible.

Emmanuel tried to struggle, but like the woman in white, he found it challenging, and in the end, he could only be tightly bound by the metal net, unable to move!

Under the cover of the night, a group of figures suddenly appeared around them.

The woman in white gritted her teeth, clearly realizing they had fallen into a trap.

“Haha, Magnus sure is something. He actually got everything right!” Blake laughed, approaching and looking at the pair tightly bound by the metal net, chuckling. “I wonder if the Saintess’ skin is any different from other women. Oh, how I wish to touch it!”

“Ptui! Try touching me, you ugly man!” The woman in white coldly threatened.

“Haha, what will happen? Will I die trying?”

Chapter 1209 Despicable

The more she resisted, the more excited Blake became. But just as he was about to reach out and touch the woman in white’s face, the sirens from the other side of the river became louder.

Helplessly, he cursed and said, "These police are really getting in the way. Throw them into the trunk and take them away!"

"Yes, sir."

Very quickly, two men walked over and lifted Emmanuel and the woman, tossing them into the trunk of a van as if they were big fish they caught.

These henchmen seemed indifferent to their tasks, paying no attention to Emmanuel and the Saintess' positions. Emmanuel happened to land with his entire body pressing on her.

The Saintess was slightly more voluptuous than Mackenzie, making the pressure on her quite comfortable.

Moreover, like Mackenzie, this woman also emitted a unique fragrance. Although it wasn't the same as Mackenzie's, it was still quite pleasant.

Their faces were almost pressed together, and Emmanuel had to use his chest to keep his head slightly raised to avoid accidentally kissing her.

"Hmph, aren't you the Wolf Warrior? Why are you so incompetent? You were easily captured by a few riffraff!" In the trunk, the woman in white, clearly in a bad mood, mocked Emmanuel.

Emmanuel's expression was the opposite of hers, still wearing a relaxed smile. "Let's not talk about me not having any position in the Northern Region. The fact that you're a Saintess-which I'm sure is a title no inferior to the Wolf Warrior-yet you're still easily caught."

"You-" The woman in white was infuriated, her chest puffing, and through gritted teeth, she said, "Have you been assimilated by Mackenzie? I can't believe you're still arguing with me at a time like this!"

Emmanuel sneered, looking at the woman in white up close without care, only silently staring at her.

The woman in white blushed suddenly, her breathing becoming short as she stuttered, "W-What are you doing? Why are you suddenly staring at me like this?"

He's not thinking of taking advantage of me, is he?

To be honest, the woman in white had a fantastic figure, especially now that her whole body was drenched, exuding a warm and moist feeling. It could easily drive a man crazy with desire. However,

Emmanuel was an exception.

He stared at her for a long time before suddenly asking, "Can you tell me whether you are really

Sarah?"

He felt it was impossible to be mistaken. People could undergo cosmetic surgery, but the eyes wouldn't change. The eyes of the woman in white were clearly the same as Sarah's!

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"Hmph, you guess." The woman in white deliberately played coy, her eyes showing a hint of pride.

Engaging in banter with this man, she seemed to have completely forgotten the sense of danger from being bound. Maybe she was influenced by this idiot...

"I give up then," Emmanuel said simply. From her behavior, he already had an answer.

"Why won't you guess? You're really no fun!" The woman in white complained.

Blake, who was in the driver's seat, clearly heard the conversation between the two and grumbled discontentedly, "Hey, can you two be more serious? You're being kidnapped by me, yet you're acting like you're having a love affair in my car. What do you think I am, your chauffeur?!"

Pfft!

The woman in white burst into laughter. This feeling was quite enjoyable. Perhaps even wealth couldn't buy this kind of feeling.

Emmanuel casually responded to Blake, "Since I'm going to die anyway, why shouldn't I have a bit of fling? Magnus is definitely going to kill me, no?"

"Haha, this guy!" Blake grinned. "To be honest, I don't want to kill you anymore; you're quite interesting!

But too bad you provoke Magnus. That kid is much more vindictive than me. Just accept your fate!"

His response didn't surprise Emmanuel.

The woman in white, however, gritted her teeth. "That b*stard Magnus, how dare he use me?! I will

definitely kill him!”

“Haha, Saintess, you’re quite naive!” Blake laughed. “Do you really think Magnus will let you leave alive? If you disappear like this, the Holy Fire organization will only chalk up your death to Emmanuel and the Quillen family!”

“Despicable!”

Chapter 1210 Half Sincere and Half Feigned

Emmanuel and the woman in white cursed simultaneously.

“Haha, you two are quite a match!” Blake continued to laugh. “Unfortunately, in this world, beautiful women are always paired with losers, not handsome guys. Call me lucky tonight ’cause I get to slowly savor the Saintess’ body! Hehe...”

Emmanuel couldn’t help but sigh. This ugly man is lecherous, yet he never hides the fact that he is.

Frank of him, though.

Just then, a pair of warm lips pressed against Emmanuel’s.

What the heck?! Emmanuel was caught off guard, his eyes widening as he stared at the woman beneath him. His gaze seemed to say, “Have you gone mad?”

The woman in white paid no attention to his expression and passionately kissed him. She even stuck out her tongue, acting recklessly. Since she didn't expect to survive the night and dared not think about what kind of man would mistreat her next, why not seize this opportunity to be intimate with the man she liked?

Emmanuel wanted to resist, but his entire body was tightly bound, and he couldn't resist at all. Oh God, please save this poor soul...

"What's going on? Hey, you two, why is it so quiet?" After a while, Blake's voice came from the driver's seat. They were chatting fine, so why did these two suddenly fall silent?

"Say, are you still thinking about escaping?" Blake continued, "It's useless. We sprinkled bone-softening powder on the river, and you are both poisoned. Besides, this steel wire net is specially made. Given your current condition, you won't be able to break free!"

However, no matter what he said, the two people in the back remained silent.

After a while, Emmanuel shouted, "Help, save me!"

What the heck?!

Blake, seeing that they were almost reaching their destination, accelerated, made a turn, stopped the car, and quickly got out.

Opening the trunk, he was instantly dumbfounded. The two were kissing each other! Moreover, it was the Saintess who took the initiative. What the f*ck is going on?!

“What the hell! I can’t believe the Saintess of the Holy Fire organization is actually this kind of woman!

Listening to your title, I thought you were the kind of woman who would die for chastity!” Blake shouted.

Isn’t the Saintess supposed to embody qualities like purity and virtue? How come she’s a loose woman?!

The woman in white finally stopped kissing and turned triumphantly to Blake, saying, “What’s wrong?

Are you only finding out I’m a shameless woman? Let’s see if you’re still Interested in me!”

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Are you only finding out I'm a shameless woman? Let's see if you're still interested in me!"

Whether Blake was interested or not, Emmanuel certainly wasn't.

If Mackenzie knew about this, it would be troublesome! He was forced into this!

"Hahaha..." Blake burst into laughter. "I just love liberated beauties like you. I was worried you'd be the kind of woman who knows nothing and only lies on the bed like a dead fish when undressed! Exciting!

I'm in luck!"

Tsk tsk, what a cheap taste! Emmanuel and the woman in white silently scorned Blake.

Ignoring them, Blake picked up the steel wire net and carried the two into a building.

Though the surroundings were dark, Emmanuel and the woman in white were both martial artists with heightened senses, allowing them to discern that they were in a mountainous forest. Judging by the distance traveled, they should be near the junction between the estuary and the mountains.

"You stay put here; I'll go find Magnus!" Blake tossed the two on the ground, clapped his hands, and walked away.

Despite his lecherous nature, this ugly guy still had professional ethics; he had to let Magnus finish his business before attending to his own matters.

This time, the woman in white ended up on top of Emmanuel, and if she wanted to forcefully kiss him, Emmanuel would have even less room to resist.

“Wait, don’t you want to safely escape from here?” Emmanuel quickly whispered.

The woman in white was slightly taken aback. “Do you have a plan too?”

Too? Emmanuel took a second to come around. “So, you’re also thinking of a way to break free, huh? I thought you had resigned to your fate!”

“Hmph, as if I’m desperate for you.” The woman in white said with feigned pride. Only she knew that her kiss with Emmanuel was half sincere and half feigned-for escape reasons and personal preferences.