

## **Wrong Table 361**

### Chapter 361

Suddenly, Jonathan's gaze gradually turned malicious as he glared at

Emmanuel and shouted, "So, you refuse to heed my advice and prefer doing

this the hard way? If you don't leave now, you'll regret it!"

However, Emmanuel finally looked at Jonathan and chuckled. "I'm drinking

wine, and it's a toast from the birthday princess! Come on, don't make a fuss.

According to the cliches in TV dramas and novels, antagonists like you are

bound to have a bad ending!"

Jonathan's face turned beet red in response. He, too, enjoyed reading novels,

but he always imagined himself as the protagonist. Now that Emmanuel had

pointed it out, he realized that he had been playing the role of the antagonist

all along. "Hmph, there's a huge gap between reality and novels!" he retorted

coldly. "It seems you're unwilling to show me respect!"

"Why should I show you respect?" Emmanuel laughed, adding, "I'm not part of

the upper echelons, and you haven't paid me to show you respect!"

After hearing this sarcastic remark, Jonathan's face turned red again, and he immediately looked behind him.

Bam! A burly man in black followed his instructions and hurried over, landing a large hand on Emmanuel's shoulder hard. He intended to lift Emmanuel up, but to his surprise, Emmanuel pressed down on his hand, rendering him immobile.

"Why do you people insist on causing trouble? Especially you, Jonathan. You provoke me for no reason, forcing me to beat you angrily. Isn't this such a petty demand? I'm 28 years old and rarely encounter such behavior!"

Emmanuel spoke honestly. He knew getting into fights could land him in jail, so he avoided violence. However, after getting to know Mackenzie and Claudette, his frequency of brawls skyrocketed! He eventually realized that Mackenzie and Claudette, despite their beauty, were actually a double-whammy in his life.

After hearing this, Jonathan laughed heartily and remarked, “Emmanuel, have you been reading too many novels? I want to see you suffer! Toss him out!”

The man who had grabbed Emmanuel’s shoulder earlier was Black Bear, the undisputed judo king in Yeringham, and his specialty was body slam.

At this instant, Jonathan believed Black Bear could easily toss Emmanuel out with a shoulder throw.

“Gah-” Even Black Bear’s patience was wearing thin, and he angrily yelled, attempting to forcefully throw Emmanuel out. Crack! As he exerted force, the sound of bones breaking reverberated throughout the room.

However, Emmanuel remained seated in a calm and composed way.

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At the moment of impact, Black Bear suddenly felt a force pushing his wrist down. So, he forcefully exerted more strength, only to realize that his wrist

had broken! “Ah! Argh!” he screamed, pricking the nerves of everyone present.

Emmanuel had effortlessly broken someone’s wrist! Is he still human?

Then, he released his grip with mercy, and Black Bear stumbled back several steps, clutching his broken hand. His face was filled with horror as he looked at Emmanuel.

Jonathan, his face white with fear, backed away a few paces and stared at Emmanuel. “No wonder you have been so arrogant. Your martial arts skills are truly formidable!” During their previous encounter at the restaurant, he had already sensed Emmanuel’s extraordinary skills, but he never imagined that even the judo champion couldn’t match him!

In the meantime, Claudette sighed lightly and shook her head. “Listen, just listen. Your words are so biased. Clearly, you barged in here to bully Emmanuel, and when he retaliates, suddenly, he’s the arrogant one? How is he the one bullying you people?”

Her righteous words instantly made Jonathan turn red with embarrassment.

Afterward, Emmanuel stood up and looked at the group of people standing outside the door with a hint of resignation in his eyes. "Well, since you've all called me arrogant, I guess I'll have to act arrogant for once!" Otherwise, wouldn't that be unfair to me?

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Meanwhile, a group of people stood outside the private room, quietly watching the scene unfold.

Then, Magnus turned around and looked at an old man behind the crowd, and he asked politely, "Mr. Quinn, what do you think of this young man's skill?"

Quinn sneered and replied, "He's strong but lacks sophistication. He can't be considered top-notch."

Magnus nodded and said, "Then, go and give him some guidance."

"All right!" After Quinn finished speaking, the people around quickly cleared a path. The man walked speedily and suddenly appeared in front of

Emmanuel, staring at him indifferently.

On the other hand, Emmanuel also sensed that the old man was not an ordinary opponent, and his expression became serious. "Are you with those two just now?"

"Hmph, what are they? Are they worthy of being on the same level as me?"

Quinn shook his head coldly.

"Since you're not with them, why did you come to find me? We have no grudges against each other!" Emmanuel did not want to fight these masters, nor did he want to be driven away by them. He had his own pride and dignity since nobody wanted to be bullied for no reason!

"No grudges?" Quinn was momentarily taken aback, then burst into laughter.

"Since we're competing in martial arts, why would we need grudges to do So?"

"Martial arts?" Emmanuel was stunned and explained, "I'm sorry, but I don't

want to compete with you! As you can see, I'm here celebrating a friend's birthday. This is not the right place for a martial arts match!"

However, Quinn replied confidently, "It won't take much effort, and it won't damage anything here." He implied that he was confident in quickly defeating Emmanuel, and he wouldn't make a mess like Emmanuel did with those two so-called Yeringham masters earlier, which had ended up damaging the restaurant's property.

After hearing this, Emmanuel looked at the old man, furrowing his brows, then asked, "Must we fight?"

"We must!" Quinn nodded affirmatively.

Nonetheless, Emmanuel asked again, "Why must we? Give me a reason!"

"Because you are someone worth defeating by me!" Quinn replied proudly, and his every expression and gesture was filled with arrogance and self-importance.

"However, you're not worth the effort for me to defeat." Emmanuel chuckled. I

have no idea who this person is and have no grudges or enmity against him.

Why should we fight?

“That’s not up to you!” After saying this, Quinn directly swung his palm toward

his head. His force wasn’t particularly powerful, but it was flashy and was

aimed at a vital point!

It was the Palm Drop technique! The moves were intricate and fantastical, with palm shadows appearing in all directions when his arms swung, and

whether it was the artful dance of five shadows followed by a single true

strike or the intricate display of eight shadows leading to one decisive blow, it

was reminiscent of a whirlwind sweeping through a peaceful orchard,

causing petals to rain down in unison. The virtual moves appeared feeble

and ineffective, but they aimed to lure and distract the opponent. During the

decisive moment, the virtual and real movements could transform into real

strikes, which would be fatal to the opponent. Similarly, to the adage “a single

leaf foretells the changing of the seasons”, those with keen vision could



discern great significance from the subtlest cues.

When the old man made his move, Emmanuel realized he was up against a

formidable opponent, far more challenging than the two so-called

Yeringham masters he had defeated earlier. Quinn's palm techniques had

reached a level of mastery where he could control them effortlessly, and for

a moment, Emmanuel couldn't see any flaws within them that he could

expose.

On the other hand, Emmanuel was a hothead, and considering he was only

there for a meal, these people insisted on forcing him to fight. If he didn't

show his strength, they wouldn't leave. Whoosh! Suddenly, he threw a

powerful punch, intending to break through Quinn's defenses. He firmly

believed that the Palm Drop technique would, at most, severely injure him,

but his powerful punch would definitely take Quinn's life with a single blow.

Unexpectedly, Emmanuel's counterattack was successful, and Quinn did not

expect him to use such a reckless attack. This was exactly the kind of thing that arrogant people like Quinn feared. He had always believed that his life was more valuable than his opponent's, so he did not confront Emmanuel head-on, and Quinn retreated swiftly. Then, without pausing for thought, he took off in whatever direction he pleased, circling behind Emmanuel as his hands transformed into countless layers of illusions.

He had assumed that Emmanuel would be unable to see through his techniques, let alone respond in time, but Emmanuel's adaptability and responsiveness far exceeded his expectations. It was just that those two useless guys from earlier didn't require Emmanuel to demonstrate any adaptability!

Boom! Emmanuel accurately identified the reality and illusion of Quinn's palm techniques and directly collided his fist with Quinn's real palm. A burst of explosive sound followed, and a powerful whirlwind shattered the chair between them.

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Since Emmanuel was younger and stronger, Quinn was sent flying backward.

Thud! Thud! Thud! Quinn took three steps back, each like a boulder falling

from a mountain, and when he finally stood firm, the sturdy stone floor bore

clear shoe prints.

Silence!

There was a deathly silence!

A fist that could shatter stones and feet that could split the ground.

Many people thought that fighters at this level only existed in novels, but they

never expected that there would be someone in real life who could reach

such a realm. This was far from the brute strength of an ordinary person!

On the other hand, the chair Emmanuel had sat in earlier had broken apart,

so it was obvious that he couldn't sit down for any more meals. He stood

there, his gaze coldly fixed on Quinn. No one could have imagined that

Emmanuel was actually a gynecologist! “Your Palm Drop technique is too crude. Each move is too treacherous and vicious, which is not the essence of martial arts!” he commented coldly.

The Palm Drop technique was originally about change and artistry, and it was not a lethal technique that caused disability or even death with every move.

On the other hand, Quinn unleashed his internal power with each strike, aiming to cripple or kill with every move!

If it weren't for Emmanuel's timely response that forcibly repelled him, he would be crippled or dead if he had been hit by one of Quinn's strikes.

“All martial arts techniques are meant to kill. It's just that you lack knowledge!”

Quinn retorted coldly, though secretly shocked in his heart.

His Palm Drop technique had countless variations, and his continuous attacks were nearly invincible. In the past, many masters had fallen under his hands, and no one had seen through the secrets of his techniques after just one move, let alone a kid in his 20s. However, Emmanuel had seen through

his flaws with Quinn's second move, even countering and forcing him back. It

was evident that this young man, who didn't see through his palm

techniques at the beginning, had astonishing talent and comprehension in

martial arts. Quinn had never met a martial arts prodigy like him before.

"A killing technique? So, you want to kill me?" Emmanuel questioned coldly. He

knew these people were not good, but he didn't expect them to dare to

fatally attack him in a restaurant!

"If it is not used for killing, do you think it is used for performing?" Quinn asked

mockingly. He always looked down on those flashy and showy moves, like the

ones displayed by the two Yeringham masters earlier.

Emmanuel's face immediately darkened in response. Anyone who wanted to

kill me would be considered an enemy on the battlefield! At this moment, the

Northern Region Wolf's bloodthirsty side had awakened. The Northern

Region's veteran commander had taught him that he must never let his

guard down on the battlefield, let alone show mercy, since kindness couldn't command an army! Without the determination to kill the enemy, one would inevitably die on the battlefield!

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As Emmanuel approached, Jonathan retreated as quickly as a mouse facing a cat.

However, Black Bear, Jonathan's family's bodyguard, was concerned about his young master's safety. He disregarded his broken wrist and rushed toward Emmanuel to grab him. Boom! Before he could pounce, Emmanuel kicked him. Thud! Thud! Thud! With his massive 200-pound body, Black Bear was repeatedly shoved back by the kicks until he collided with the wall and stopped.

Everyone was astonished by the unfolding scene! What kind of power is this?

At this instant, Black Bear had the impression that his internal organs had been flipped upside down. His eyes turned bloodshot, and blood trickled from

the corners of his mouth, leaving a shocking sight as he fell to the ground. He thought he could still fight, but the moment he moved, his entire body limped and slumped on the floor.

On the other hand, Jonathan had brought two bodyguards today who were both masters in the Yeringham martial arts world. Seeing Black Bear defeat, another bodyguard suddenly launched a sneak attack on Emmanuel from behind!

Nonetheless, Claudette wasn't worried about Emmanuel because she had witnessed his strength. The difference in power between Black Bear, a martial arts master of this level, and the previous Black Spider is obvious! If

Emmanuel is at his peak, dealing with two Black Spider masters will be a piece of cake, let alone these so-called top masters from Yeringham!

As expected, Emmanuel dodged the surprise attack with a sideways step and, with a backhand punch, hit the other bodyguard's ribs under his armpit.

Crack! A crisp fracture sound resounded, and the second bodyguard

coughed up blood and collapsed.

After witnessing this, Jonathan trembled, his eyes widened in shock, and he finally understood why Claudette was drawn to Emmanuel rather than him.

Jonathan had always regarded his two bodyguards with admiration, which gave him the confidence to speak arrogantly, but he hadn't expected his bodyguards to be of no match for Emmanuel!

Meanwhile, Magnus' attention was riveted on Emmanuel the entire time. This man, Emmanuel, is extremely dangerous, as evidenced by the fact that he had beaten two masters of Yeringham in a row with relative ease and without batting an eye. Finally, I have a clear and intuitive grasp of this rival. Apparently, he is not an average Joe. My princess wouldn't have such poor taste!

Meanwhile, Jonathan froze in place and showed obvious fear as Emmanuel got closer to him. Dang it! Oh, how I wish I could back out of here right now!



However, if I do this, I will never again earn my master's appreciation. Even if I achieve great heights in the future, I will have no position in the family! "Do you dare to touch me? I am from the Verkade family. If you dare to harm me, the consequences will be more than you can bear!"

People die for wealth, just as birds die for food, but he could only brace himself and make one last effort! Without a word of response, Emmanuel smiled and inched closer.

"Emmanuel! Put yourself in the right place! Indeed, you have some skills, but you should know that the forces in this world are always stronger than individual strength. I'll say it again! If you dare to touch me, the consequences will be more than you can bear!" Jonathan grew more courageous as he spoke, and his body gradually stopped trembling. "The Verkade family has strong connections in Yeringham. If you inflict even the slightest harm on me, you will be imprisoned for the rest of your life, and your life will be ruined!"

“Are you threatening me?” Emmanuel’s face became as hard as steel. This group of animals appeared to have roused the former Wolf King of the Northern Region.

At this instant, Claudette found something attractive in Emmanuel’s serious demeanor. It seemed that the hidden story he had been concealing was gradually being revealed.

“You... Don’t come any closer!” Jonathan shouted.

However, Emmanuel grabbed his neck tightly and lifted him with one hand.

Then, the entire room watched this scene, feeling their hearts pound violently!

After that, he slowly approached the window to dangle Jonathan’s body outside and leave his feet hanging in the cold evening breeze.

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On the other hand, Jonathan’s hair was tousled by the wind, and he felt a bone-chilling coldness. Then, he looked down and noticed the abyss below

his feet, and fear quickly crept into his heart. He was genuinely scared out of his mind. He wanted to plead, but his throat was constricted, and he couldn't say anything.

Then, Emmanuel said coldly, "This is what a threat looks like! As a dog, you can't even be ruthless enough. What use are you?"

In response, Jonathan's face instantly turned red. Is there anything more humiliating than not being able to be a good dog? To me, this feeling is worse than death!

This scene was too frightening, and everyone was momentarily speechless with fear!

Meanwhile, Eleanor quickly realized the situation and hurriedly ran over, shouting, "Stop it! Don't do anything reckless! You can't afford to take a life!"

Yes, Jonathan just slapped me, but if he dies here, I will also be held responsible as the head captain!

Bam! Emmanuel swung Jonathan back and threw him into the private room.

Although this Wolf Warrior was provoked, he hadn't lost his sanity. He wouldn't

be so foolish as to kill Jonathan in front of everyone. It was just a profound

lesson for this clown!

However, Jonathan was already frozen with fear and was lying on the

ground, clutching his throat and coughing violently. At this point, he was so

terrified that he was about to wet himself.

Then, Eleanor quickly helped him and anxiously asked, "Mr. Jonathan, are you

alright?"

In fact, Jonathan hadn't suffered any actual injuries, but he was terrified, and

Emmanuel seemed to have drained all of his strength. How could he even

stand up?

"You can get out now, right?" Emmanuel asked Jonathan coldly.

After hearing this, Jonathan quickly looked behind him.

Things had escalated, and his usefulness as a lackey had already been

severed, but Hubert didn't respond immediately.

Afterward, Emmanuel sat back in his seat, and Claudette quickly and gently wiped off the dirt from him. Then, she handed him a bottle of strong liquor.

"Tired? Thirsty? Have a drink to replenish your energy!" she said with a sweet smile. She knew that Jonathan was no match for Emmanuel, so she wasn't worried at all just now. Besides, she knew that the matter was far from over and had only begun. She had heard that drinking during a fight could boost one's combat power, so she wanted to take good care of her beloved.

On the other hand, Emmanuel, who had completely transformed from his usual self, grabbed the bottle and drank deeply. His Adam's apple moved seductively, which Claudette found incredibly attractive! This is the charm of a man drinking, something my older brother's average-looking bulky figure couldn't imitate.

"This is good wine." He slammed the empty bottle on the table, wiping his

mouth casually.

“Of course! This is Serenity Resort’s signature liquor, which is rich and strong.

How could it be inferior?” she said proudly, delighted to receive his praise.

Later, as she helped him cut the steak, she said, “Let’s just eat quickly and ignore those people standing outside the private room. After we finish, we’ll go somewhere else and pretend like nothing happened.”

Pretend like nothing happened? Emmanuel chuckled, amused by the Lenoir family’s princess’ playful words. He laughed, saying, “Fine, I won’t pursue the matter of them trying to bully me anymore!”

“Yeah, you’re such a forgiving man. That’s amazing!” Claudette exclaimed, lifting her fork unabashedly and skewering a tender piece of beef, intending to feed him. She was truly an expert in torturing the single men who watched!

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“I know who you are, Quinn the Cat! Why would someone like you become a lackey for others?” Emmanuel asked, looking at Quinn.

Quinn trembled slightly, then smiled and asked, "You know me?"

"Of course!" Emmanuel said confidently. "You're one of Chanaea's Five

Shapeshifters, and the only one who can achieve such mastery in Palm Drop

must be the great Quinn The Cat of West End, right?" After a pause,

Emmanuel sighed and continued, "It's a pity. You're a great master, yet you

stoop so low and serve others like a dog. It's truly a tragedy in the martial

world!"

Everyone's gaze shifted between Emmanuel and Quinn. They wondered how

familiar he was with the martial world, but when they realized how renowned

Quinn was, it was no surprise that his martial arts were exceptional!

-However, Quinn retorted coldly, "By saying that, you only make me want to kill

you even more!" Everyone had their pride, and being a grandmaster, working

for money was already a blow to his self-esteem. To have it said out loud in

public was even more embarrassing!

Taking advantage of the gap in the conversation between Emmanuel and

Quinn, Hubert felt that he should do something. Hence, he quietly walked toward Claudette and gently patted her shoulder. He believed that Emmanuel wouldn't live long, and as long as Hubert could convince her to give up on Emmanuel, there would be no one to plead for his life. Moreover, he knew killing Emmanuel tonight was only a matter of time. Once Emmanuel was gone, there would be one less obstacle for him to pursue Mackenzie!

However, to his surprise, as she felt someone touch her, she quickly turned around and abruptly plunged the fork in her hand into his. Splat! Blood splattered all around!

"Ah!" Hubert screamed in pain, staggering backward. His hand was instantly covered in blood. The blood began dripping on the floor, filling the private room with an increasingly strong and pungent smell.

Everyone was dumbfounded by this sudden turn of events!

On the other hand, Claudette calmly discarded the bloody fork, straightened



her dress and hair, and sat back down, instructing, "Waiter, please bring me a new set of cutleries."

When everyone in the room heard this, there was an immediate and deafening hush as no one dared to respond to her request.

Even Eleanor was in disbelief. Undoubtedly, Ms. Lenoir is one of the most stunningly beautiful women I have ever seen. She appears elegant and noble, but who could have predicted that such a goddess would be cruel and vicious? Just what sort of demons are partying tonight at Serenity Resort?

The men were equally astounded by what they saw! In their eyes, Claudette was incredibly enchanting, and many knew she was the princess in Magnus' heart, but who could have expected that this princess would be so inconsistent with her image? She had stabbed someone in the hand with a fork and ordered another set of silverware without batting an eye. What a bold woman she was!

However, Magnus frowned and looked at Hubert, asking, "What were you trying to do?"

At this instant, Hubert did not realize that Magnus was a perfectionist or that his princess would never allow another man to touch her. Hence, he explained, "Mr. Magnus, I was worried about a fight breaking out and Ms. Lenoir getting hurt. I wanted to persuade her to give up on Emmanuel and come to you, but who would have thought she would be so ruthless and attack me directly? She's my relative, after all!"

Seemingly enjoying the situation, Magnus chuckled and replied, "You meddled too much!"

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In the meantime, Hubert realized he had made a foolish mistake when he saw Magnus' gentle expression when he looked at Claudette. Then, he gritted his teeth and said, "The Lenoir family's princess is truly unique!"

“How could someone bestowed with the illustrious title of ‘princess’ by countless high society individuals possibly be lacking in any form of individuality?” Magnus commented.

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After saying those words, Magnus looked at Claudette with an appreciative smile.

Meanwhile, Hubert's expression froze, realizing only now that she had been too low-key in her daily life, which had caused him to underestimate her! In the upper echelons of Yeringham, many people had always compared her to Mackenzie, but he was too fond of Mackenzie and always believed that Claudette didn't deserve to be compared with Mackenzie.

However, looking at the situation now, the energy contained within Claudette might be no less than that of Mackenzie. The fact that even Magnus, one of the four young masters of Zovince, was enamored with her spoke volumes.

Nevertheless, Hubert's self-inflicted little trouble ultimately didn't hold people's attention for long. Soon, their attention quickly returned to the two

top experts dueling in the private room.

Since Quinn The Cat was widely regarded as a martial arts master,

Emmanuel had heard of him while practicing martial arts in the Northern

Region. Quinn's style was diverse, and his movements were as fast as

lightning. He had defeated countless experts, most of whom were either

dead or severely injured, rendering them unable to practice martial arts

again. Also, Emmanuel had even heard that Quinn had once assassinated a

major figure in the war. He eventually disappeared because of a failed

attempt, and many people thought he was dead! Unexpectedly, he had

reappeared now, but he no longer had the demeanor of a master. Instead,

he had become a jackal by Magnus' side, going by the alias "Mr. Quinn."

Nevertheless, Emmanuel knew that Quinn was not the traitor from before, so

he had no plans to kill him. However, now that Emmanuel knew Quinn's true

identity and malicious intent, he could not let him off so easily. "Do you want

to kill me? Does it have something to do with what happened in the past?"

Emmanuel asked patiently. Since Eve had mentioned that the traitor had returned to Yeringham, and now there was another expert with a war background who wanted to kill him, he couldn't let this opportunity go to waste without testing the waters.

After hearing this, Quinn looked at him coldly and answered vaguely, "You, young man, possess such cultivation at such a young age. You're truly extraordinary! I've wanted to meet you for a long time, and today is the best opportunity to extinguish a martial arts prodigy like you!" After saying this, he had already started making his move. As his palms waved, the entire private room filled with swirling air, and his movement resembled a gigantic fan spinning so quickly that it was impossible to see clearly!

Emmanuel was shocked by his technique. His palm motions are over twice as fast as before, making it extremely challenging to see through them. A true master! He truly lives up to the name. Then, he felt a chilling sensation

invade his entire body as the palm force of his opponent moved inexorably closer to him. His opponent's palm strikes are like a raging storm that could strike a fatal blow anytime! However, he kept evading until he found a small opening. Then, seizing that split-second opportunity and using all of his strength, he threw a punch!

At this instant, it appeared as if everyone saw a shaft of light breaking through the gloomy clouds.

Claudette stood up in excitement! As she anticipated the light breaking through the darkness, Quinn's figure disappeared on the spot, only to reappear above Emmanuel like a dark cloud!

What incredible speed! What a high-level duel!

On the other hand, Jonathan's two bodyguards finally realized they were no match for these two people.

Eleanor couldn't believe it either. She felt that she had witnessed something incredible today. It turned out that there were levels that the ordinary public



had never seen before, but they did exist!

“Go to hell!” Quinn opened his mouth wide and howled like a bloodthirsty

predator, intending to ruthlessly kill his prey with his claws! His palm strike

was different this time as it had become straightforward and forceful as it

opened up widely at his opponent. All martial arts techniques are meant for

killing. No matter how fancy the preceding moves may be, the final strike that

takes a life must always be real!

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Before the strike even reached Emmanuel, the force he felt was like a sharp

blade. However, he was oblivious to the opponent’s changes and closed his

eyes! Then, he recalled what his veteran commander had taught him during

his martial arts training in the Northern Region. “When the opponent’s speed

exceeds your ability to visually recognize, block your vision and feel it with

your heart!”

Nevertheless, Claudette’s nerves were ratcheted up after she noticed that he

had closed his eyes.

The others were similarly astounded!

Quinn could injure people with just the force of his palm. If he were to make a direct hit, there was no doubt that Emmanuel's body would be like splattered mud.

At the critical moment, Emmanuel dodged to the side. Whoosh! The heavy palm strike landed above his head but missed him completely.

Everyone was shocked! Emmanuel has seen through Quinn's ever-changing

Palm Drop technique?

Nonetheless, Quinn couldn't believe it and was unwilling to accept it! Come again! He was determined to kill this kid in front of him. For him, it was about more than just completing the mission; it was also about earning back the respect he had rightfully lost.

Suddenly, Emmanuel's feet swayed, and his body spun, allowing him to again.

avoid the opponent's deadly move with his eyes still closed. Sometimes, one's eyes can deceive, but one's heart won't! Like a gentle breeze, he eluded Quinn's grasp just as the old man believed he had him. I'll let Quinn be strong if that's what he wants. In that case, I will transform into a soft breeze caressing a rugged mountain. His master had said that the highest realm of martial arts was first refining the body to the extreme and then personal enlightenment.

The first level of enlightenment was to see a mountain as a mountain. This was the level of Black Bear and others, where they practiced their techniques to the utmost.

The second level was to see a mountain, not as a mountain, which was Quinn's current level. His moves appeared deceptive and already capable of fooling the human eye.

The third level was returning to seeing a mountain as a mountain, not just a mountain. This was the legendary state of returning to simplicity.

Even though Emmanuel had never mastered this level before, he would burst forth with terrifying potential whenever life and death were at stake. Like now, he was at his peak, surpassing any previous moment in his life!

On the other hand, Quinn kept believing that the next strike would kill Emmanuel, but often at the last moment, he couldn't actually land a substantial hit. "What is going on here?" He began to panic. After more than three decades of exploring the world of martial arts, I rarely encounter situations like this. The last time I witnessed such a bizarre scene was ten years ago when I was fighting an old man with white hair, but this kid in front of me wasn't even 30. How did he get to this level of martial arts? "Die!" he shouted again.

His speed increased again, with a series of strikes aimed at Emmanuel's heart, head, face, side, and back. The onlookers were in awe and could not utter a sound, and even experts like Black Bear couldn't help but admire

Emmanuel's skill. He soon realized that the difference between their level and that of a master was truly night and day.

Nonetheless, Emmanuel deftly dodged every attack, and no matter how fast his opponent moved, he couldn't land a hit because Emmanuel appeared ethereal and untouchable!

Soon, Quinn grew even more desperate.

At this moment, Magnus, who had been composed earlier, now furrowed his brow. I assumed that martial arts took time and cultivation and that Mr.

Quinn's expertise should have surpassed Emmanuel's. Under normal circumstances, Emmanuel should not have been able to decipher Mr. Quinn's thirty-year-long techniques, but if Mr. Quinn becomes flustered and loses his footing, variables will appear!

After much effort, Quinn hit Emmanuel's arm, thinking he had discovered a weakness in his defense. However, Emmanuel extended his other hand and effortlessly pressed it against Quinn's head. Quinn was shocked, and his

violent movements abruptly ceased. He knew that if Emmanuel had even a fraction of a second, he could crush his skull instantly, so Quinn quickly abandoned his frenzied attack and retreated.

On the other hand, Emmanuel had predicted his every move, and he came at him at full speed, delivering a powerful punch! Caught off guard, Quinn had no chance to counterattack and could only continue his frantic retreat.

Emmanuel pressed on, advancing and retreating until Quinn's back touched the wall, leaving him with no escape. At that moment, Quinn realized his impending doom, and the shadow of death engulfed his mind, suffocating him with darkness!

However, in the final moment, Emmanuel opened his fist and pressed his palm against Quinn's head again. As the scene unfolded, everyone in the room held their breath out of fear of witnessing his skull burst open.

Meanwhile, Quinn attempted to free himself from his grip, but Emmanuel's

hand seemed to follow him like a shadow. No matter how he shook his head and struggled, he ultimately found his head pressed against Emmanuel's palm. Then, he gave up his struggle and looked up at Emmanuel. His face was purplish-red, and he was gasping for breath. "W-Why didn't you kill me?"

Despite his denial, Emmanuel could have killed him, and he would have been a lifeless corpse now.

Smack! Without answering, Emmanuel delivered a resounding slap across Quinn's face. Smack! It was followed by another slap. Smack! After three strikes, Quinn's mouth was filled with blood. His teeth hung loose, and he resembled a deflated balloon. He leaned against the wall, barely clinging to life as he slid down.

Emmanuel turned around and walked away, calmly stating, "I'm not that foolish. Why should I kill you? Although you're despicable and arrogant, you needed a profound lesson!"

The entire room fell silent as everyone watched Emmanuel's victorious

departure.

“Darn!” Quinn screamed in despair. He didn’t feel grateful for being spared by

Emmanuel; he only felt profound humiliation and wished he were dead. How

could I, a renowned grandmaster, be shamelessly slapped and spared in

public? How could I stand tall in the future if I didn’t kill Emmanuel today? How

could I keep my place in the martial arts world? At this thought, he went mad

and charged forward recklessly, disregarding the principles of the martial

world. He was determined to kill Emmanuel, even if it meant resorting to an

ambush! Whoosh! He struck Emmanuel’s back with a powerful palm strike.

However, Emmanuel swiftly countered with a backhand slap. Due to his

height and long arms, his strike landed first, sending Quinn flying.

Quinn then soared through the air like a broken kite, crashing through the

wall and disappearing outside, leaving no trace of his whereabouts!

The entire room stood frozen, with no one daring to move.



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Coincidentally, Magnus chose that moment to enter the private room. Since

Emmanuel hadn't returned, he pulled up a chair and sat across from

Claudette. "Claudette, the last time I came to Yeringham was three years

ago on your birthday. I remember it was much livelier than it is now." He

looked at her with gentle eyes, attempting to create a warm atmosphere as

if the previous fight had nothing to do with them. Nonetheless, he didn't seem

to care whether Quinn lived or died.

However, she continued to slice her steak at the dining table while remaining

silent.

"I'm sorry. I was too busy during your two birthdays to come from Zovince to

Yeringham and celebrate with you. I'll toast to you as my apology." Magnus

raised a glass of wine and drank it in one gulp.

Still, Claudette didn't speak but looked at him with a gaze that seemed to see

him as a fool!

Chapter 368

After Magnus put down his glass, he pretended not to understand

Claudette's gaze and smiled, saying, "The taste of the wine is so good, and

I'm in a great mood. I hope your birthday is lively and that more people come

to wish you well and congratulate you!"

Nevertheless, she continued to listen silently without responding.

"We've both expressed how wonderful it is to be with someone we like! Now,

you've met the person I like, and I've met the person you like. Those who like

you but you don't like them and those whom you like but don't like are here to

celebrate your birthday. I hope you have a happy birthday!" After saying this,

he snapped his fingers, and Hubert hurriedly walked over to pour him a drink

despite the pain in his hand.

Pfft! Suddenly, she burst out laughing, her smile as bright and beautiful as a

flower in bloom. Then, she glanced at Magnus and asked, "Do you want more

people to celebrate with me? Wasn't it you who ordered to drive Emmanuel away earlier?"

He shook his head and replied, "Believe me, I'm not that foolish!"

However, Claudette continued to mock, "Then, wasn't the guy who got knocked out by Emmanuel just now one of your men?"

He could no longer deny it but still responded with the same expression. "It was embarrassing. I admit I had high expectations for him!"

She asked again, "Magnus, do you think what you're doing is meaningful?"

After hearing this, Magnus replied solemnly, "A knight's duty is to protect the princess; that's his meaning of life!"

Claudette chuckled again, asking, "Do you think you're protecting me this way? Do you think I need your kind of protection?"

He sighed and stated, "Everyone knows I came to Yeringham for your birthday, but if the man who ends up celebrating your birthday with you isn't

me, what do you think others would think?”

She nodded, indicating her understanding.

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Then, he continued, “So, I can’t let someone else take my place. Actually, I

don’t want to resort to violence either!”

However, she said, “So, you’re willing to destroy all my efforts? Then, you

openly claim that you’re protecting me? Do you know how rare it is for me to

have such a special birthday?”

Magnus had no words in response, so he raised his glass wisely and said,

“Claudette, happy birthday!”

Claudette smiled but didn’t say anything or raise her glass since she didn’t

like dining with hypocrites.

“10!”

\*9!”

“8!”

Suddenly, he began to count down.

His actions confused her, and she asked, "What are you counting? Is it the seconds I have left to talk to you?" At the same time, her delicate hand had already grabbed the plate on the table.

Magnus smiled faintly and suddenly moved aside. Clang! He deftly dodged

Claudette's thrown plate and continued counting, "0."

Claudette flicked her hair and laughed. "Looks like you counted right again!"

wwwww

However, he wasn't proud of himself but rather sad, as he admitted, "I wish I had counted wrong, then I wouldn't feel so upset like now."

Nonetheless, she showed no sympathy, only mockery. "You truly are a genius and know me quite well."

Magnus nodded and explained, "Since I was ten, I've tried various ways to understand you. Only then can I bring you the happiness you deserve!"

“But even so, you can’t give me any happiness!” Claudette interrupted

mercilessly. “You always think you can predict everything so well, but do you

know there are things you can’t predict? Like how you could never predict

when you were a kid that you could never win my affection?”

Chapter 369

“No, you will eventually like me!” Magnus said confidently.

“When will that be?” Claudette asked, amused.

“On this day next year,” he replied earnestly.

However, she became tense after hearing his response because she was

familiar with him. Unless he has a specific plan, he would not say such things.

Now that he has said it, it implies that he is confident, and the first step

toward that confidence is to erase the person in my heart! “Do you want to kill

Emmanuel?” she asked nervously.

“The path of a knight’s love and power is always filled with thorns and

bloodshed. A knight is willing to risk his life for the sake of his princess, no

matter the cost." Magnus' answer revealed his intention.

"Magnus, beneath your handsome appearance lies a cold, dark, and ruthless heart. You're a terrifying devil," Claudette said directly, her eyes earnest.

"Yes, I am merciless toward anything and anyone I don't care for, and I can be even more cruel than a devil!" he confessed. "But when it comes to things I like, I will treat them well wholeheartedly, like you."

"But I don't like devils, and I don't want to be with one," she asserted confidently and honestly.

www

Then, he sighed, downed the wine, and uttered, "You may not need to like me for now, but no matter what, I am the most suitable man for you. I am the man who can protect you and make you happy. That's an objective fact!

When women choose men, isn't security the first consideration? How can a man without money or power protect you and bring you happiness?"

"You're wrong!" she retorted. "Firstly, having money and power is not the

source of a woman's sense of security. Secondly, being forcefully protected by a man I don't like will never make me happy but more like being in a cage!"

Suddenly, he burst into laughter upon hearing his explanation. "Claudette, everyone lives in a cage; it's just that the cages of the bottom class are heavier than those of the upper class. If you choose to be with that gynecologist, you will have a difficult life ahead. So, I will never allow you to do that!"

Knock! Knock! At that moment, Emmanuel finally approached and lightly tapped on the table. He had been eavesdropping on their entire conversation and had formed an impression of Magnus based on what he had heard. Nonetheless, he wasn't particularly interested in Magnus and Claudette's story, but he wanted to figure out if Magnus, this wealthy young man, had any connection to the traitor from the Northern Region Wolf Warrior



Unit. He was curious if Quinn could work for Magnus; the traitor might also be persuaded to join Magnus. However, their conversation was not about that topic. Emmanuel knew listening further wouldn't provide the information he wanted, so he walked over to reclaim his seat.

"Is there something wrong?" Magnus was displeased with this rival as he raised an eyebrow calmly.

"This is my seat," Emmanuel said.

"I came to Yeringham from Zovince to celebrate Princess Claudette's birthday. I made the reservation for this seat even earlier than you," Magnus replied calmly.

On the other hand, Claudette enjoyed the current atmosphere. Previously, she had always competed with other women for a spot next to Emmanuel, but now he had to compete with other men for a place next to her. However, she was a wise woman. Firstly, she didn't want Emmanuel to clash with Magnus again because she knew Magnus surely had a backup plan.

Secondly, she was afraid Emmanuel might give up voluntarily, so she preemptively said to Magnus, "Well, then, you can have this seat." After saying this, she stood up, took Emmanuel's arm, and said tenderly, "I just finished eating. Let's go!"

#### Chapter 370

Emmanuel nodded and walked with Claudette toward the exit of the private room. No one dared to stop them without instructions from Magnus, so they could only watch the two leave.

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"Mr. Magnus, you let them go just like that?" Hubert found it unbelievable.

Though I don't know Mr. Magnus as well as Gautier, I've heard of this wealthy young man from Zovince. I look up to Mr. Magnus the same way I look up my older brother because I believe this genius can achieve anything he sets his mind to. He brought so many people with him today to drive Emmanuel away, but he couldn't celebrate Claudette's birthday alone, and it baffles me

that he gave up so easily. Did Mr. Magnus miscalculate this time?

“Let it be. Sometimes you need to broaden your perspective. When the outcome is already determined, don’t worry about short-term gains or losses.” Magnus stood up, smiled, and patted Hubert’s shoulder, leaving him with an enigmatic statement before walking away confidently.

Today, Claudette didn’t harm his physical body, but she deeply wounded his heart.

He was a rational man, and even with his wealth and power, he would never openly commit murder, especially not in Yeringham. However, he would never allow anything that harmed what belonged to him to continue to exist!

Meanwhile, Claudette reminded Emmanuel after they got into the car, saying, “Emmanuel, don’t think that no one tried to stop us from leaving means we won. Although I hate Magnus, I have to admit that he is a genius. He can calculate everything accurately. His calm demeanor now means he

has a hidden move, and a storm may be brewing.”

He nodded and smiled. “It seems you know him so well!”

Then, she hurriedly explained, “It’s all out of necessity, unlike with you.” Her

reply implied that she consciously chose to understand him.

However, he pretended not to hear and started surveying the surrounding

area.

Observing Emmanuel’s reaction, Claudette couldn’t help but sigh, feeling a bit

sad. “It’s my tragedy that the person I understand the most and who

understands me the most is the person I hate the most. But...” She paused

and looked at him, who was the only one who had caused Magnus to

miscalculate his plan. After that, she smiled sweetly and said, “But today, the

person I like emerged victorious, and I had the happiest birthday with you!”

After hearing this, he smiled awkwardly but politely. It is a shame that she is

not the person I like; otherwise, tonight would have been equally joyful.

At that moment, Emmanuel’s phone rang. His eyes lit up when he saw it was

Mackenzie's office number. "Hello, Mackenzie? Is that you? Where are you?"

His heart was filled with hope, hoping that it was his wife who was late and

not him and that he hadn't caused her to leave in anger.

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"Emmanuel, this is Ms. Quillen's assistant, Lexi Summerton!" Lexi said from the

other end of the line.

His excitement instantly turned into disappointment, but he still asked

anxiously, "What's wrong? Did Mackenzie ask you to call me?"

"No, our warehouse just exploded. Ms. Quillen is dealing with it urgently. Can

you come and help?" she requested urgently.

"What? An explosion?" When Emmanuel heard this, he was shocked because

that was the warehouse he had successfully completed by risking his life to

infiltrate the nightclub and deal with Samuel's gang. It was the beginning of

his story with Mackenzie, and now someone had ruined it. He couldn't stand

by and do nothing!