

Wrong Table 481

Chapter 481

After all, Felicity was from the esteemed Lenoir family, and it seemed inconceivable that she had no authority within her own household.

She refused to accept the reality.

Just then, a gentle knock came from the door, signaling Lexi's arrival.

With Mackenzie's permission, she entered and reported, "Ms. Mackenzie, Mr.

Bryant is highly confident, with over 90% certainty, that Emmanuel will be acquitted!"

"Fantastic!" Mackenzie nodded, her eyes brimming with trust. "I'll entrust this matter to you, then."

At that, Terence added sternly, "Lexi, being 90% confident is not enough! He must secure Emmanuel's acquittal without fail. Should any complications arise, notify me immediately. There's no need to fear General Lenoir as long as I'm here!"

“Understood, Old Mr. Quillen!” Lexi swiftly nodded in utmost respect. She was well aware of Terence’s connections and influence. With his support, even Adolph would be rendered powerless against Emmanuel’s case.

“Old Mr. Quillen and Mackenzie, sooner or later, all of you will come to regret protecting him!” Overwhelmed by anger, Felicity had no choice but to storm out of the room.

Silently, Sarah followed in her footsteps.

Meanwhile, at the Lenoir Residence, Adolph gazed upon his second son’s lifeless body, his expression darkening like an impending storm.

Quintus couldn’t help but shiver with fear as he beheld his father’s expression.

On the other hand, Elizabeth couldn’t believe that Emmanuel was responsible for her brother’s death and wanted to speak up for him. However, in the face of her father’s expression, she found herself unable to voice her thoughts.

“General, the Quillen family has enlisted Mr. Bryant as Emmanuel’s defense attorney. It seems unlikely that we will achieve justice for Tobias through legal

means.” Laura finally broke the oppressive silence.

“Hmph! The Quillen family’s audacity knows no bounds!” Adolph’s words reverberated with anger as he slammed his palm down on the table.

In an instant, the table snapped in half with a loud noise.

“When I retired from Tocvale and returned to Yeringham thirty years ago, I was invincible! No one dared to challenge the Lenoir family! And now, that young lady from the Quillens has stolen away my precious daughter’s man and caused her so much suffering. They’ve even ruthlessly taken my son’s life! If I don’t eliminate Mackenzie and Emmanuel, how will the people of Yeringham perceive me? How can I uphold my pride and dignity in this city?”

These words struck fear into Elizabeth’s heart.

The very situation she had desperately hoped to avoid was now coming to pass.

Deep down, she knew that Claudette truly loved Emmanuel and that he was

innocent of any wrongdoing regarding her death. However, with her father and stepmother resolute in their beliefs, she felt utterly powerless to sway their convictions.

How can I save Emmanuel? Should I find an opportunity to convince him to leave Yeringham? Elizabeth contemplated silently within herself.

“Haha! Dad, it’s unfair to solely blame Mackenzie for everything!” Elizabeth couldn’t speak up for Emmanuel, but Quintus finally summoned the courage to defend Mackenzie.

However, his words were met with a swift and forceful slap from Adolph.

“Shut up! Now that the Lenoir and Quillen families are at odds, don’t take the wrong side just because of a woman! Your younger brother was beaten to death by Emmanuel, and now I command you to seek revenge by ending his life!” Adolph sternly ordered Quintus.

Frustration and inner turmoil consumed Quintus as he grappled with his emotions. He wanted to confront Emmanuel and challenge him, but the

thought of taking his life had never crossed his mind.

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Two days later, Emmanuel walked out of the police station again.

This time, Alessandra and Roselynn were waiting for him.

Jaxton was also there, but Roselynn ignored him. It seemed like he had

voluntarily followed her, and the two of them were still giving each other the

cold shoulder, locked in a silent battle.

“Manny, are you okay?” Alessandra and Roselynn hurried toward Emmanuel,

their faces filled with concern as soon as they caught sight of him stepping

out.

“Mom, Rosie, I’m fine!” Emmanuel smiled slightly.

The very next moment, Jaxton approached with an overly cheerful

expression, playing the role of the perfect brother-in-law. He leaned against

Emmanuel and placed a hand on his shoulder as he commented, “Great to

see you’re all right! Come on. I’ll give you a ride home!”

“Who asked you to give us a ride? And who are you, anyway?” Roselynn

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interjected out of the blue, causing Jaxton’s smile to freeze and leaving him scratching his head awkwardly.

Fortunately, Alessandra stepped in to defuse the situation. She didn’t want any tensions arising in her children’s marriages, so she swiftly intervened by saying, “Roselynn, Jaxton didn’t mean any harm the last time. Don’t hold onto grudges like that! Look, he still cares about our family!”

“That’s right!” Jaxton immediately chimed in, eager to salvage the situation.

“Roselynn, we’re all family. If there’s any issue, let’s discuss it at home. I’m prepared to apologize and fulfill any request you make, but let’s not make a scene right outside the police station, hmm?”

However, Roselynn wasn’t swayed by his attempts.

She saw through his true intentions. He was nothing more than an

opportunist, constantly adapting to the circumstances. When he learned of Emmanuel divorcing the young lady of the Quillen family, he wanted to trample on her family. Now that Emmanuel and Mackenzie had reconciled and gained the full support of the Quillens, he undoubtedly sought to curry favor with them.

Emmanuel brushed off Jaxton's hand and sternly demanded, "I can let Rosie handle the issues between both of you, but you owe my mom an apology for knocking her down!"

Jaxton sensed the determination in Emmanuel's eyes and instantly felt a twinge of intimidation. How am I supposed to endure the overwhelming sense of danger emanating from someone who is not only Ms. Quillen's husband but also a person with a dark history of ruthless acts and even murder?

"Haha! Manny, you're right!" Jaxton exclaimed, swiftly bowing and apologizing to Alessandra. "Mom, I truly didn't mean it last time. Please forgive me! You

can even hit me to vent your anger!”

Alessandra, being the kind-hearted person she was, would not lay a hand on anyone. She quickly helped him up and replied, “Alright, alright. I know it was an unintentional mistake on your part.”

With that, she shifted her attention to Emmanuel and Roselynn, suggesting,

“Are things resolved now? Let’s go home and talk things through.”

Still standing with her arms crossed, Roselynn emitted a disdainful snort.

“Mom, it’s your choice to forgive him, but I’m not getting in his car!”

Jaxton immediately grew anxious. “Roselynn, if you don’t get in my car, are you planning to take a cab home? Please stop causing a scene, okay?”

Just as he finished speaking, a Maserati pulled up at the scene.

Emmanuel was slightly taken aback, thinking his wife was coming to pick him

1. However, upon closer inspection, he realized it wasn’t his wife’s car,

despite both cars being a Maserati.

“Emmanuel, Mackenzie is still in a meeting at the company, so I’ve come to pick you up on her behalf.” A voice resonated from the rolled-down car window. It was Sarah.

While she might not have possessed the same striking beauty as Mackenzie, Sarah, being a young lady from a distinguished family, held her own charm.

Her fair complexion and graceful demeanor undeniably added to her allure.

Jaxton was taken aback for a moment, his face slightly reddening.

He had just thought that Roselynn’s family didn’t have a ride, but here came a Maserati!

However, Jaxton, who was shameless as ever, immediately donned a

charming smile and approached Sarah, trying to establish a closer

connection. “So, you’re Manny’s sister-in-law, right? I’m his brother-in-law,

Jaxton Oatley. It’s my pleasure to meet you!”

With those words, he extended his hand toward Sarah, hoping for a

handshake.

At the sight of such a scene, Roselynn felt a surge of disgust. From this small interaction alone, she could discern that her husband was not only an opportunist but also a lecher.

This marriage was undoubtedly destined for divorce.

“Hello! I’m Sarah Quillen.”

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Sarah remained humble, offering a smile as she shook hands with Jaxton.

Meanwhile, Jaxton couldn’t contain his excitement as he held onto her hand, reluctant to let go.

Roselynn observed this scene but remained silent.

It wasn’t until Sarah tactfully withdrew her hand that Jaxton realized he had crossed a line. While it might not have been a significant matter in ordinary circumstances, in the presence of his wife, it became a blatant disregard for their relationship.

“Emmanuel, let’s get in the car!” Sarah exclaimed, flashing a charming gaze

at Emmanuel.

Emmanuel, being a straightforward guy, didn't think much of it. However,

Roselynn couldn't help but feel that something was off about Sarah.

Faced with the decision of getting into either Jaxton's or Sarah's car,

Emmanuel found himself inclined toward Sarah's car. However, he was

caught off guard by the unexpected arrival of another Bentley.

"Emmanuel, don't get in her car!" Beatrix hurriedly got out of the Bentley, and

her animosity toward Sarah surpassed even Mackenzie's.

Emmanuel felt a twinge of surprise. Although he hadn't known Sarah for long,

he had found her to be well-mannered and easy to get along with. Why do

both Mackenzie and Beatrix hold such a strong dislike for Sarah?

Lost in thought, he suddenly realized that Beatrix stood before him. In her

haste, she directly took hold of his hand and declared, "Emmanuel, Mackenzie

instructed me to pick you up! Let's go!"

Emmanuel was taken aback upon hearing that.

If Sarah hadn't been present, he would have undoubtedly hopped into

Beatrix's car without a second thought. After all, he was rather acquainted

with her. However, if he were to get into Beatrix's car now, what would happen

to Sarah?

"Emmanuel, let's go. Are you seriously considering getting in her car?" Beatrix

grew increasingly anxious as she witnessed his hesitation.

Meanwhile, Alessandra and Roselynn were left bewildered. It was their first

encounter with Mackenzie's two younger sisters. However, regardless of their

perspective, the relationship between the siblings seemed far from

harmonious

Emmanuel wasn't the only one caught in a difficult position. Alessandra and

Roselynn found themselves entangled in a perplexing dilemma as well

Meanwhile, Jaxton saw an opportunity and quickly took advantage of it. He

put on a smile and approached Beatrix. "You must be the third young lady of

the Quillen family, right? Nice to meet you! I am—”

“Get lost!” Beatrix cut him off before he could finish his sentence.

Jaxton was instantly embarrassed, and he wished he could disappear into

thin air. It seems like the third young lady of the Quillen family lacks proper

-etiquette as compared to the second young lady of the family!

However, being a wealthy daughter of the Quillen family, Beatrix wasn’t

someone he could afford to offend. Therefore, Jaxton had no choice but to

suppress his pride and endure the situation.

“No worries, Emmanuel, Roselynn, and Mrs. Lowe. Feel free to choose

whichever car you prefer,” Sarah said, displaying a different attitude from

Beatrix. She maintained her smile and showed no signs of insisting.

“That sounds like a plan!” Emmanuel, not wanting to offend either side, came

up with a clever solution. “I’ll head back to Yociam Residence. Mom and Rosie

can head home. Since our routes are different, would you mind giving them a

ride, Sarah?"

"Sure thing. No problem!" Sarah nodded.

Emmanuel's approach effectively resolved the conflict between the two

sisters. Beatrix had fulfilled her duty of picking him up, as instructed by

Mackenzie. Meanwhile, Sarah didn't have to feel awkward in the situation.

The only one feeling out of place was Jaxton. Nobody got into his car, and it

felt like a chilling gust swept past him.

"Emmanuel, didn't Mackenzie tell you about that woman? You better steer

clear of her!" Beatrix didn't mince her words once Emmanuel got into the

Bentley.

"Why?" Emmanuel was curious. Mackenzie hadn't mentioned anything, but

perhaps he could find out from Beatrix about the animosity between the two

sisters. After all, Beatrix was known for her loose tongue.

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"No particular reason. She's just manipulative and not a good person!" Beatrix

huffed, struggling to provide a more concrete explanation.

Beatrix had a slight resemblance to Mackenzie in terms of personality, as

both of them disliked talking behind people's backs. Calling her sister a

manipulative person was already pushing the limits of her tolerance.

Observing Beatrix's pouting expression and inflated cheeks, Emmanuel

decided not to probe further.

"If you doubt me, you should at least trust Mackenzie. She has a keen sense

of judgment when it comes to people, Beatrix added.

Emmanuel chuckled and responded, "Regardless of its truth, I'll simply

maintain a normal interaction with her."

Beatrix then offered another warning. "Even in a normal interaction, please

don't do anything that might upset Mackenzie. She's already burdened with

work matters. Don't add to her troubles, okay?"

He smiled and teased, "Why do you sound like the older one here?"

Beatrix puffed up her chest slightly, showing a hint of pride. "Hmph! Even

though I may be younger than you and Mackenzie, I have more relationship experience than you two love rookies!”

Once again, Emmanuel couldn't help but chuckle.

Beatrix possessed a straightforward personality, always speaking her mind without any hidden agendas Perhaps her lack of scheming was the reason behind her candidness.

On the other hand, despite her obedient nature, Sarah gave off a mysterious aura. Is she truly a manipulative woman? Or are Mackenzie and Beatrix misjudging her?

Emmanuel couldn't afford to dwell on these thoughts at the moment. After all, he was still troubled by the Lenoir family matters.

That evening, Mackenzie didn't ask Emmanuel to pick her up from work.

Exhausted, she returned home after 10.00PM and headed straight to bed after a quick shower.

The couple barely exchanged any words.

The following morning, Mackenzie woke up earlier than usual due to a busy schedule. She had even planned to skip breakfast and Emmanuel's ride if he hadn't already awakened by then.

To her surprise, as soon as she got up, she found that Emmanuel had already prepared breakfast. It unexpectedly stirred a warm feeling within her.

She couldn't quite comprehend why she still clung to this marriage. Perhaps having him by her side felt more comforting than being alone.

"Mackenzie, I made some bacon and heated some milk for you. They're both high in energy and protein since you've been exerting yourself lately. Have some while it's still hot!" Emmanuel said as he took off his apron.

Receiving no immediate response from Mackenzie, he turned around to check on her. He was taken aback when a soft and tender figure suddenly embraced him.

An indescribable sense of comfort made him feel slightly lightheaded.

“Thank you, Emmanuel!” Mackenzie unexpectedly expressed her gratitude.

Emmanuel blinked, caught off guard. Before he could respond, Mackenzie had already released him from her embrace. A slight blush tinted her cheeks as she grumbled to herself, Am I losing my mind? Why am I being so forward in throwing myself at him?

On the contrary, Emmanuel seemed more composed. He approached her and replied, “I should be the one thanking you. You arranged for someone to bail me out and even had your sister pick me up. I’m grateful!”

“No, I should be the one thanking you! You went in to save me. How could I not take care of you?” Mackenzie asserted.

Witnessing his wife’s determined demeanor, Emmanuel could only surrender as he raised his hands in mock defeat. “Alright, then, I accept your thanks, even though it’s just part of my duties as a husband!”

“Hmph! Cheesy, aren’t you?” Mackenzie huffed abruptly, bringing the

conversation to an end.

She then began to question her authenticity as she wondered when exactly

she had transformed into this version of herself.

After breakfast, Emmanuel still drove her to work.

As they exited the residential area, an unexpected occurrence forced

Emmanuel to slam on the brakes.

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Mackenzie, engrossed in handling some matters on her phone, was caught

off guard by the sudden jolt, leaving her slightly disheveled. Hastily, she tidied

her hair and glanced up.

She knew Emmanuel was a skilled driver and wouldn't brake so suddenly

without reason. However, it was early in the morning, so what could be

obstructing their path at the residential area entrance?

As her gaze lifted, instant comprehension dawned upon her. Her eyebrows

furrowed, and she swiftly rolled down the car window to deliver a stern

reprimand. "Quintus, what kind of crazy stunt are you pulling again? Get lost!"

The strained connection she had with the Lenoir family had intensified her

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aversion toward Quintus. Why are people from the Lenoir family so annoying?

"Mackenzie, I'm not here to find you today!" Quintus' attitude was slightly

different from usual. He abandoned his sycophantic attitude and directly

pointed at Emmanuel, challenging, "Emmanuel, if you're a man, get out of the

car. I must have a showdown with you today!"

"What a crazy man!" Mackenzie muttered under her breath and firmly

ordered Emmanuel, "Drive into him! I'll take responsibility for whatever

happens!"

"Um..." Emmanuel was stunned. While he also found Quintus annoying, he

knew he couldn't behave recklessly and ram into the man.

They were already in deep conflict with the Lenoir family. If they resorted to

such drastic measures, the situation would only escalate.

“If you do not do it, then I will!” Faced with his hesitation, Mackenzie

unexpectedly unbuckled her seatbelt and reached for the gas pedal.

“Mackenzie, calm down!” Emmanuel hurriedly attempted to persuade her.

However, with a single glance from her, he shut his mouth and allowed her to

proceed as she pleased.

He didn't quite grasp the reason behind it. Perhaps it was due to her

commanding presence or the rationality that was reflected in her eyes, but

all he could do was place his trust in his wife.

Mackenzie stepped on the gas pedal, and the Maserati charged toward

Quintus recklessly.

“What the heck? Is she out of her mind?!” Quintus cursed angrily and swiftly

leaped to the side, attempting to dodge the car.

He had thought himself formidable, but it turned out he was no match for

Mackenzie, who fearlessly dared to crash into him.

After the Maserati sped out of the residential area, Mackenzie composed herself and calmly settled back into the passenger seat, looking as if nothing had happened.

Emmanuel couldn't help but give her a thumbs up. When it came to ruthlessness, he had to admire his wife.

"Whether it's General Lenoir or anyone else from the Lenoir family, they're all bark and no bite! I don't believe they would dare to do anything to us. As long as we're in the right, we shouldn't be afraid of them!" Mackenzie suddenly advised Emmanuel.

He let out a long sigh upon hearing that. While his conscience remained clear in most matters, the weight of guilt regarding Claudette's death always lingered within him.

It could be said that her death was the catalyst for the eruption of conflict between the Lenoir and Quillen families, and he was the key figure in their feud.

The one who caused the problem should be the one to solve it. Emmanuel

felt a deep conviction that he had to be the one to resolve the conflict

between the two families.

As Emmanuel arrived at the entrance of Terence Tower, his eyes fell upon the

disheartening sight of various large words painted around by disgruntled

people. The messages predominantly accused the Quillen family of being

murderers who manipulated their wealth to conceal the truth.

An air of panic permeated the uninformed masses, casting a cloud of fear

Over the Terence Group.

Emmanuel's unease deepened as he took in the scene.

Meanwhile, Mackenzie lightly bit her lip and reassured him, "Emmanuel, don't

let these trivial matters bother you. I'll take care of everything!"

After speaking, she stepped out of the car and whispered, "These are nothing

but childish tricks. The Lenoir family is so immature."

She held no respect for Adolph.

Despite his high-ranking position in the military in Yeringham, his revenge tactics amounted to nothing more than just petty tricks. He was completely lacking the qualities of a great general.

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Following Mackenzie's instructions, Emmanuel drove himself back home.

However, he couldn't allow this situation to persist. If the Lenoir family couldn't bring him to justice through legal means, they would continue to send people to target him and the Quillen family.

Emmanuel believed that a true man should take responsibility for his actions.

Despite Mackenzie and Terence exhibiting unwavering courage in the face of the Lenoir family, the current situation was not what he desired.

At 12.00PM that day, Emmanuel embarked on a solitary drive to the Lenoir Residence.

The security guards at the Lenoir family villa were taken aback when they

saw him willingly walking into what seemed like a trap.

“Emmanuel! Emmanuel is here!” A resounding shout echoed through the air.

Immediately, a large group of people rushed out of the villa and surrounded

Emmanuel from all sides.

Some even brandished guns, but they hesitated to open fire without the

owner’s command.

“Don’t shoot!” Suddenly, a beautiful young girl dashed out of the villa—it was

Elizabeth.

She hurriedly rushed toward Emmanuel, and the security guards swiftly

cleared a path for her.

Elizabeth didn’t usually spend much time in the mansion, but fortunately, she

happened to be there today. Little did she expect that despite being aware of

the Lenoir family’s murderous intentions, Emmanuel still dared to set foot on

their doorstep.

“Emmanuel, what are you doing here? You must leave quickly before my

father and Quintus are here!” Elizabeth pushed Emmanuel forcefully, urging

him to leave..

Emmanuel was deeply moved. He didn’t expect to find someone in the Lenoir

family who stood by his side in this tumultuous situation.

However, he remained resolute and lowered his head as he spoke to

Elizabeth. “I don’t want the Lenoir and Quillen families to be caught up in a

major conflict because of me. I came here today to resolve the situation.”

Elizabeth gazed up at Emmanuel, feeling as though she were beholding a

towering mountain.

It was at that moment that she comprehended why Claudette had been

captivated by him. Elizabeth’s heart was also irresistibly drawn to him as she

pondered who else would dare to stand up against the Lenoir family alone in

Yeringham, despite being well aware of their malicious intentions.

In the next instant, the security guards dispersed like a receding tide as the

head of the Lenoir family arrived on the scene.

Adolph appeared with Laura by his side, followed closely behind by Felix and

some other influential figures from the Lenoir family.

Seeing Emmanuel, Adolph burst into laughter and mockingly asked, "Haha!

Emmanuel Lowe, eh? What brings you here?"

At that moment, two possibilities crossed Adolph's mind. Either Emmanuel

didn't take the Lenoir family seriously and had come to assassinate him, or

he had reached his breaking point and sought to surrender, pleading for

mercy.

The latter seemed more plausible to Adolph as he recollected numerous

instances where enemies of the Lenoir family had kneeled before him while

pleading for their lives.

Presently, Emmanuel looked directly at Adolph and stated, "Are you

Claudette's father? I've come to clarify two things." Despite Adolph's imposing

presence, Emmanuel remained unfazed.

Although Adolph was an extraordinary figure, his aura paled in comparison to that of Kolton from the Northern Region.

As Laura observed Emmanuel's unwavering composure amid the tense situation, she couldn't help but lick her lips.

I really admire men like him! What a pity! If only he would ditch Mackenzie and marry Claudette instead, everything would be perfect. Unfortunately, he disappointed Claudette and let her leave with regret. That's why I absolutely can't forgive him!

"Two things?" Adolph squinted and inquired, "Is it about Claudette and Tobias?"

"Yes." Emmanuel nodded, wasting no time as he got straight to the point.

"First, Claudette died for me, but I wasn't responsible for her death. It was Magnus who pulled the trigger. Secondly, Tobias attempted to defile my wife, Mackenzie Quillen. As her husband, I couldn't control my anger and ended up

killing him. He got what he deserved!”

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With his resolute sense of justice, even his words sounded convincing.

The people around him couldn't help the hitching of their breaths as they exchanged discreet glances.

They never expected that the person who killed Adolph's second son could remain so calm and composed in the face of Adolph's oppressive presence!

Truth was, Adolph had come to respect the young man before him.

This was the first time he had truly interacted with Emmanuel; previously, he thought Emmanuel was a cowardly and timid pretty boy who only hid behind

Mackenzie and groveled at her feet. However, Emmanuel had come alone

today and had displayed such courage. He had truly changed Adolph's

opinion of him.

“Haha!” Adolph suddenly burst out laughing before he lowered his head and

fixed his gaze on Emmanuel like a hawk. “Those are just your one-sided

words. What evidence do you have?"

If Emmanuel was telling the truth, there was indeed no reason for the Lenoir

family to target him and the Quillens. But what if it was all a lie?

As the head of the Lenoir family, Adolph had no reason to let this person in

front of him who killed his son and daughter go.

"For the matter concerning Claudette, you can get Magnus to confront me.

As for Tobias, you can ask Mr. John about what happened. He knows the

truth!" Emmanuel firmly insisted.

Even Adolph wouldn't be able to bring Magnus to the Lenoir family if the latter

didn't want to come.

He turned his gaze to Felix, who quickly lowered his head.

"I swear I don't know what Mr. Lenoir did to Ms. Quillen, but I can confirm that

Emmanuel Lowe was the one who killed Mr. Lenoir!"

He wasn't biased toward Tobias; he was just stating the facts.

Elizabeth was extremely worried. She knew that her father would definitely

not let Emmanuel off the hook after Felix said that.

On the contrary, Emmanuel remained calm as he had expected Felix to say that.

“Emmanuel Lowe, I’ll ask you again—do you have any evidence to support your claim that Tobias wanted to force himself on Mackenzie?” Adolph threateningly asked with a grim expression.

“The evidence is in the police station. Didn’t they already define the case?”

Emmanuel immediately answered without feeling intimidated.

“Unfortunately for you, I don’t believe it!” Adolph snorted coldly. “That’s just your and Mackenzie’s colluded testimony and the result of that old man Terence’s manipulation from behind the scenes!”

“In that case, I have nothing more to say.”

Emmanuel was determined to clarify the facts, but he couldn’t do anything if

Adolph remained biased and unyielding.

“Haha! Emmanuel, did you come here prepared to meet your death?” Adolph suddenly laughed. “But even if I were to kill you like this, you wouldn’t accept it, and I wouldn’t gain the support of others. How about we do this? Felix!”

Felix was slightly taken aback upon hearing Adolph calling him, but he still respectfully bowed and responded, “Yes, General Lenoir.”

“Didn’t Tobias’ mother entrust you with the task of taking good care of Tobias?” Adolph asked.

“Yes, sir!” Felix affirmed while he inwardly sighed.

“In that case, regardless of the truth, Tobias’ killer is right in front of us. We cannot legally punish him, and it would be difficult for me to kill him without a justifiable reason. I want you, my loyal servant, to avenge Tobias!”

As a military leader, Adolph couldn’t afford to be criticized or have his actions questioned. Thus, he sought a legitimate pretext to kill Emmanuel.

“I understand!” Felix sighed and stepped forward. He didn’t want to go all out with Emmanuel, but he had no other choice.

Adolph turned to Emmanuel and announced, “Emmanuel, I don’t care if what you say is true or false. I won’t continue looking into Tobias’ death as long as you can defeat Felix. However, if you lose and end up dead, you should know that you only have yourself to blame!”

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Instead of answering Adolph, Emmanuel turned to look at Felix.

Felix didn’t want to fight to the death with Emmanuel. In fact, Emmanuel, too, didn’t want to fight Felix. He wasn’t confident that he would win!

“Emmanuel, this way, please!

Felix extended his hand toward Emmanuel.

It seemed that it was inevitable for a fierce battle to ensue.

The bodyguards gradually left the room.

Laura led Adolph to their seats, and their servants even served them drinks and snacks. It was as if they were watching a performance.

“Manuel, you have to win!” Elizabeth could only whisper as she didn’t dare to

say it out loud.

“Ha! I’m afraid it’ll be hard for that to happen!”

Elizabeth thought that a mountain had moved to her side when she heard those words. As expected, she saw that it was Quintus when she raised her chin and looked.

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“Felix is considered one of the top experts in Yeringham. I used to spar with him a lot when I was younger, but I never won a single match. Not only that, I was taught a harsh lesson!” Quintus boasted with genuine admiration.

Quintus had always thought of himself as someone who stood above all.

However, he acknowledged that two people were stronger than him—his father and Felix.

Upon hearing his elder brother’s words, Elizabeth became even more nervous. Her palms were wet with cold sweat, and she felt like she was in an

ice cellar.

“Since that’s the case, please proceed!”

Emmanuel knew that there was no point in saying more since this battle was inevitable. Resolving a grudge through combat was an outcome he was willing to accept.

When Felix took a step forward, the entire front courtyard seemed to revolve around him as a noticeable vortex appeared.

Fearing an embarrassing situation, Elizabeth quickly pressed her skirt down with her hands when she felt it being lifted by the wind. At the same time, she marveled at the fact that martial arts experts like them existed.

She had known Felix for many years and heard of his prowess, but she never imagined that the first time she would see him in a duel was when he was fighting against the man both she and her sister fancied!

She felt awful having to watch this.

In the next moment, Emmanuel also assumed a combat stance, one that

was much more low-key than Felix. There was no vortex or flashy display, just a steady horse stance and clenched fists.

Spectators only saw the surface, while experts saw the essence.

upon seeing the contrasting stances between Emmanuel and Felix, almost everyone in the audience concluded that Felix was the sure winner. Not only that, it would be a completely one-sided fight and an effortless victory for Felix.

Felix was the only one who knew that his opponent should not be underestimated. Emmanuel's stance was simple, yet it gave off an unmatchable aura.

He knew that if he attacked with his feet, Emmanuel would block it with his forearms. If he attacked with his arms, he would be at a disadvantage due to his shorter reach.

In that instant, Felix felt a sense of helplessness as he was unsure of how to

approach Emmanuel.

And so, the two of them stood facing each other for several minutes, neither making the first move.

Seeing this, Adolph finally spoke up. "Felix, you should enjoy your retirement life if you can't win the fight."

Felix sighed helplessly and reluctantly stomped the ground with one foot, leaving a deep footprint.

He then soared into the air like a graceful crane, and as he landed a foot on Emmanuel's head, his leg suddenly split into seven legs.

Emmanuel only felt the abrupt darkening of the sky above him as a gust of wind whipped past his face.

"Impressive skills!" Quintus couldn't help but marvel.

A faint smile played on Laura's lips. She didn't really want to see Emmanuel die, but given the circumstances, she could only hope for Felix's victory.

Emmanuel indeed had a strong masculine appeal, and he was her type in

terms of appearance. However, it was a fact that he chose to marry into the

Lenoir family instead of the Quillen family.

She only had two words—such a pity!

Oh, that's three words, she corrected herself.

The onlookers around them were also amazed by Felix, thinking that he

deserved his title as the top master in Yeringham.

Chapter 489

No one among them believed that Emmanuel would come out unscathed

from this. It seemed that victory or defeat could be determined in a single

move in this duel.

At that moment, Emmanuel raised his hands and chose to withstand the

attack head-on.

Boom! Boom!

Boom! Boom!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

A series of deafening sounds could be heard when Felix's leg met

Emmanuel's arm.

The ground beneath Emmanuel's feet sank, leaving two deep craters that

-only seemed to deepen by the second.

Felix, light as a swallow, rebounded and landed gracefully.

"Wow! As expected of Mr. John! What a quick and exquisite move!"

"Exactly! He truly deserves to be called the best martial artist in Yeringham!"

The members of the Lenoir family around them couldn't help but exclaim in

admiration.

Elizabeth was also extremely nervous. To her, the skill level of both Felix and

Emmanuel had been determined in that previous move.

"Haha! Impressive!"

Quintus, after being dumbfounded, suddenly burst into laughter. He was

increasingly eager to have a fierce battle with Emmanuel.

Although Laura couldn't understand the dynamics of the fight, she could easily read people. Looking at Adolph, she noticed the gloomy look on his face. The expression clearly didn't match the expression one would have when their side had the advantage.

As she followed Adolph's line of sight, she saw that Felix's leg, which had just attacked Emmanuel, was actually trembling ever so slightly.

It seemed that the younger man might have the upper hand this time.

When Felix refrained from launching a second attack for a while, Laura knew that he had been at a disadvantage in that previous move.

Indeed, that turned out to be the case.

Felix was now quite wary of Emmanuel, whose moves were simple yet practical.

Felix naturally didn't fear Emmanuel in terms of techniques and combat experience. However, it was precisely because this young man chose to confront him head-on and could see through his moves that made him a

difficult opponent.

“What are you doing, Felix? Don’t go easy on him!” Adolph shouted when he saw Felix hesitating to attack.

Felix had no choice but to change his tactics and fiercely attack Emmanuel once again.

Emmanuel was exhausted from defending himself.

Felix’s moves were varied and diverse, making him one of the strongest opponents he had ever encountered. However, unlike the other battles to the death that Emmanuel had fought, Felix’s moves didn’t exert as much pressure on him.

It was true that Emmanuel couldn’t see through all of Felix’s moves, but he had no problem withstanding most of the attack with his youthful and robust physique. He was able to completely avoid having his vital areas hit despite occasionally getting attacked by Felix.

He was well aware of his strength, which was his strong physique. As long as Felix did not knock him down, victory would surely tilt in his favor as the older man's stamina dwindled away.

However, in a showdown between experts, outsiders often could only grasp the superficial aspects. Especially in the Lenoir family's domain, everyone saw how Emmanuel was struggling to defend himself as he couldn't strike back.

They were all enthusiastically cheering Felix on.

"As expected of the grandmaster of martial arts in Yeringham. What excellent skills!"

"No doubt about it. I'm mind-blown!"

"Mr. John is sure to win! That punk is as good as dead today!"

The crowd exclaimed one after another.

Elizabeth listened to these voices. On more than one occasion, she had the impulse to rush out and stop Felix, hoping to create an opportunity for Emmanuel to escape.

Much to her surprise, Emmanuel blocked Felix's attack the next moment, swiftly seizing him in a reverse grip and sending Felix crashing to the ground in one fell swoop.

Boom!

With a resounding crash, the chaotic noise in the arena abruptly ceased.

Seeing Felix covered in dust and in a disheveled state as he fell, those who were confident about his victory were dumbfounded, and they soon felt a burning sensation in their cheeks.

"How did that happen? Did Mr. John miscalculate his move?"

Chapter 490

Felix gasped for breath as he leaped up

On the other hand, Emmanuel's breathing was steady, as if he had just warmed up.

Those who had just cheered for Felix fell silent in an instant.

Even a complete outsider could tell who had the upper hand and who was at

a disadvantage.

“Your age is catching up with you, Felix. It’s time for you to retire and go home!

I don’t think your family needs to stay in Yeringham either. They should all go

back to the countryside with you!”

Adolph was greatly disappointed, but he didn’t stop pressuring Felix.

Upon hearing that his family couldn’t stay in Yeringham, Felix became

anxious and shouted, “No! I haven’t lost!”

Before he even finished his words, he launched another fierce attack that

was clearly more powerful than before on Emmanuel.

Everyone thought there was still suspense in this battle.

Little did they know that Emmanuel was even more at ease than before.

While Felix’s attacks seemed more aggressive, they couldn’t break through

his defense.

Whoosh!

Emmanuel suddenly seized the opportunity and counterattacked with a powerful punch. The forceful gusts of wind from his fist sent Felix's white hair flying, and the older man struggled to keep his eyes open.

"Sh*t!" Felix knew that with the old bones in his body, he would still be heavily injured even if he didn't die from this punch. Instinctively, he tightly shut his eyes.

Having roamed Yeringham for many years, he had never encountered such a formidable young man. Emmanuel's moves were not flashy, yet each one hit the mark, blending simplicity with a profound understanding of martial arts.

"No! Don't!" Elizabeth exclaimed. She didn't want to see Emmanuel defeated, but she certainly didn't want to witness Felix being beaten to death, either. However, she also knew that her cry had come too late.

Surprisingly, Emmanuel's punch didn't land. His fist stopped in front of Felix's face.

Even so, Felix felt a sting on his face.

Quintus and many others present let out a sigh of relief. Felix held great prestige in the Lenoir family, and he had several disciples serving the Lenoirs.

If Emmanuel had killed Felix on the spot, those people would undoubtedly seek Emmanuel to avenge Felix.

Felix soon slowly opened his eyes and looked at Emmanuel in astonishment.

“W—Why didn’t you kill me?”

He saw no fear in Emmanuel’s eyes, which meant that this young man wasn’t afraid of causing trouble by killing him. It seemed Emmanuel had chosen to stop on his own accord.

“Why should I hurt you? There is no beef between us.” Emmanuel retracted his fist and continued, “If it weren’t for you not stopping me that day, I’m afraid Mackenzie would have suffered at the hands of Tobias. I owed you a favor, and I’ve repaid it today!”

Upon hearing this, everyone gasped in shock once again. So, it was Mr. John who let Emmanuel in to kill Mr. Lenoir?

Felix sighed and decided not to continue the fight. He turned to Adolph and bowed. "General Lenoir, I am useless now that I've grown old. I will leave the Lenoir family and retire to the countryside."

Adolph snorted upon hearing that. "You useless old waste of space! Take your family and get your *sses out of Yeringham!"

Felix only nodded as he sighed once again.

It was only with the Lenoir family's resources and connections that his granddaughter managed to make a name for herself in the entertainment industry. But now, it seemed that everything she had gained before was nothing but an illusion.

Emmanuel didn't know Felix's story, but he felt a twinge of pity as he watched the old man's figure.

After dedicating himself to the Lenoirs for so many years, Felix was

abandoned because of one failure. Emmanuel could tell that Adolph's

character was indeed lacking.

It seems that Claudette took after her mother, he concluded.

Although Adolph treated Felix harshly, he was surprisingly true to his word. He

coldly said to Emmanuel, "Since you've defeated Felix, I won't hold you

responsible for the incident with Tobias. However, you will be held

accountable for Claudette's death! Quintus!"