

Wrong Table 631

Chapter 631

“Mackenzie! Mackenzie, where are you? Answer me!” Emmanuel spun around in the forest, shouting at the top of his lungs.

He couldn’t see Mackenzie, but he had a strong intuition that his wife was nearby.

Master’s butterflies are still guiding me. I should be on the right track!

The next moment, a small patch of snow fell in front of him.

Emmanuel looked up. There was nothing on the tall tree above him. However, a strong sense of danger surged within him, and it felt somewhat familiar. No, they’re not trying to assassinate my wife again, are they?!

Swoosh! A red silhouette darted toward him out of nowhere, and within came a chilling glint.

It was a dagger.

Emmanuel swiftly dodged to the side and, in one fluid motion, used a

powerful grip to catch the red figure.

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“Since you’ve come, reveal yourself!”

1

Emmanuel attempted to subdue the opponent, but to his surprise, the red figure was more agile than he had imagined and suddenly slipped into his embrace.

It startled him, and he quickly used his other hand to control the intruder.

Suddenly, a warmth spread in his chest, accompanied by a soft sensation, and an aromatic scent of orchids filled his heart.

“Hehe, I do like the way you’re holding me, but aren’t you afraid your wife will see us like this?”

1

The red figure turned out to be a devilishly well-proportioned woman, but she was dressed skimpily on such a cold day.

“It’s you!” Emmanuel didn’t let go of the assassin, for he knew very well that

the person before him was an elite assassin from the Redback Assassins.

Once he let go, it would bring endless trouble.

“It’s me! Since you’re holding me so tightly and I can’t struggle, I can only go

along with your wishes,” said the assassin in red. She closed her eyes and

tilted her head back, assuming a posture of surrender.

“Get lost!” Emmanuel chucked her away, ultimately afraid of the shameless

assassin.

Lo and behold, the assassin in red lifted her legs and lay on her side after

dropping to the ground, and her chest trembled following her giggles.

“Where is my wife? Speak, or I’ll kill you in this instance!” Emmanuel exuded a

murderous aura. The last time he encountered the assassin in red, she had

conspired with others to assassinate Mackenzie in the valley. He wouldn’t

show her mercy now that she had come to him again!

“My, my, someone’s gotten quite an upgrade. I can’t possibly defeat you now.

I’m really scared...” said the assassin in red, pretending to be vulnerable.

Any man would’ve gotten weak in their knees that instant. However,

Emmanuel showed not even a sliver of sympathy for her. In fact, he knew full

well that that was a necessary skill for female assassins. As such, he charged

toward her, shackling her by her tender neck with one hand.

“Are you going to speak or not? If you don’t, I’ll kill you immediately!” His grip

on her tightened further as he reiterated.

Though the woman’s face had turned crimson, she kept her lips sealed, and

her eyes displayed an inexplicable stubbornness.

If it weren’t for that look in her eyes, Emmanuel could have squeezed the life

out of her. That said, he thought the assassin was behaving rather

inexplicably as if she held some strange grudge against him. What on earth

is going on?

Ultimately, he eased his grip slightly and threatened again, “Will you speak or

not?”

“Hehehe...” The assassin in red giggled smugly. Knowing Emmanuel wouldn’t

kill her, she even brazenly extended her fair hand and gently caressed his

cheek. “I can tell you where she is, but on one condition!”

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Emmanuel brushed her hand away, afraid that the enchantress would play

some tricks. “If you have something to say, spit it out!”

“Hehe, how powerful and cool you are, Wolf Warrior. I like you so, so much.

What should I do?” The assassin in red revealed Emmanuel’s identity again

infatuatedly.

Emmanuel frowned in response. Why in the world do so many people know

my identity as the Northern Region Wolf Warrior? Have I, the Wolf Warrior, hide

my identity for nothing?!

“I can tell you her whereabouts, of course, but... you’ll have to kiss me!” said

the assassin in red brazenly, pointing at her tender cheek.

“You’re crazy!” Emmanuel rolled his eyes. He thought she would make him chop off a hand or eradicate his martial arts and whatnot. I’d yield for my wife’s sake even if you make me beg on my knees, but you want me to kiss you?! Who threatens someone like this?!

“Hehe, but I am crazy! Do you have the cure for it?” The assassin in red’s gaze at Emmanuel was somewhat smug, evidently joyful.

“I don’t have time for games. Will you tell me or not?!” Emmanuel tightened his grip again.

With that, the assassin in red’s stubborn gaze returned, and she smirked triumphantly. “Cough, cough... Just kill me, then! Either way... my life has long belonged to you. But... if you kill me, you can be certain your wife will die! It won’t be too bad for me to go down to hell with her. Who knows? The King of Hell might think we’re... sisters!”

“What do you mean?” Emmanuel was truly angry and helpless. He was

genuinely helpless against this witch.

Meanwhile, the assassin in red smirked triumphantly as her thoughts

returned to over four years ago.

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She was fifteen at the time. Due to her exceptional talent, she gained her

master's appreciation and underwent special training in the assassin

system, quickly becoming a dazzling rising star in the Redback Assassins.

She lived up to everyone's expectations and successfully completed ten

missions in one go. But just when she was full of confidence, she encountered

the greatest setback in her assassin's life.

That time, she and dozens of elite predecessors from the Redback Assassins

formed a team to assassinate a high-ranking Northern Region official.

She thought the organization was making a big deal out of nothing at the

time. She had killed many figures of this level before, so she didn't think the

target was worth them deploying so many agents.

Little did she expect that on that night, the high-ranking official was drinking with a soldier from the Northern Region. The dozens of elite Redback Assassins were wholly defeated by that one man.

The assassin in red was deeply shocked at the time, both admiring and hating that man. How can there be such a powerful man in the world?!

Even more unexpectedly, her mask accidentally slipped off after the man killed all her comrades.

When he discovered that she was just a teenage girl, the man reproached icily, "Leave! You're still young and shouldn't have sold your soul to the devil!

Take care of yourself, and never let me see you again!"

And so, the assassin in red looked back at that god-like man while running away.

She swore to herself after that that she would either kill this man with her own hands to avenge her brothers and sisters or she would marry him. Only a

powerful man was worthy of being her husband!

Later, she learned that the man was the Northern Region Wolf Warrior, an undefeated legend! However, to her dismay, he had forgotten completely about her when they met again years later.

Livid, she swore that she would make him recall her and also have him kiss her.

She knew the opportunity had presented itself, and she threatened Emmanuel. "Someone has paid 12 million and appointed my eldest senior, the third-ranked super agent of Redback Assassins, to assassinate your wife. If you don't go save her soon, she might be drained of blood!"

"What?!" Emmanuel was beyond frightened. Mom will be devastated if Mackenzie dies, and so will !!

"So? Will you kiss me?" The assassin in red asked with a triumphant threat.

"Kiss me, and I'll tell you where she is right now!"

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The situation felt awfully familiar to Emmanuel.

The nightmare of the Northern Region Wolf Warrior back then was to be forced to make an unsolvable decision.

If he chose to take the left, the entire Wolf Warrior Unit would be wiped out.

The right, the Northern Region strategy would fail, and he would become an eternal criminal.

At the time, Emmanuel chose to head right, for he couldn't let his brothers-in-arms die before him. This day, he was once again faced with a once again at a crossroad.

"Come on, give me a kiss, or your wife will die!" the assassin in red said and brought her lips closer to him.

She had longed to kiss Emmanuel and swore four years ago that she would make this man hers. However, when she saw Emmanuel's sorrowful gaze, her body jolted as if something had pierced her heart.

Emmanuel didn't kiss her. However, taking advantage of Emmanuel's

inattention, she pecked his lips lightly.

“You!” Emmanuel shoved her away mercilessly, then wiped his lips frantically,

worried her lips were laced with poison.

“Hehe...” Despite being mercilessly thrown to the ground, her palms throbbing

with pain, and blood stains everywhere, the assassin in red still giggled

happily. “Don’t worry, I didn’t poison you! It’s so amusing to see a big old virgin

embarrassed like this after being kissed by a woman!”

“Shut up!” Emmanuel did feel his cheeks slightly heating up.

To think a witch shameless enough to force a kiss on a man exists!

“Hehe... I really won’t say a thing, then! Too bad I wanted to tell you where

Mackenzie is...” the assassin in red teased.

“Speak up!” Emmanuel threatened her again, his animosity growing by the

second. He had lost all patience at this point.

“Hmph, scary much! I wonder if you’re this fierce with Mackenzie.” The

assassin in red pouted with feigned anger before finally pointing in a direction.

Emmanuel looked toward it at once and thought there indeed seemed to be some traces.

The next moment, he ran toward it like a madman.

Meanwhile, mixed emotions crept up on the assassin in red as she gazed at his leaving figure. She slumped onto the snowy ground and looked at the snow stained red with her blood.

“I still showed up too late, huh? He already has a woman residing in his heart!”

the assassin in red muttered, then suddenly gritted her teeth fiercely. “An assassin shouldn’t have feelings! Damn it!”

Emmanuel couldn’t be bothered with the assassin in red anymore, even though he noticed she might differ from her fellow Redback Assassins members.

The Redback Assassins organization was enough to make even some

high-ranking officials in the Northern Region turn pale, and they were listed as deadly on the watchlist.

The assassins of the Redback Assassins were the elite among global assassins. As such, the third-ranked assassin would be the cream of the crop among the elite.

Emmanuel vaguely remembered that the tenth-ranked assassin of the Redback Assassins had already claimed hundreds of lives, and he couldn't fathom the level of terror this third-ranked assassin possessed.

"Mackenzie!" Emmanuel arrived at the edge of the hill and discovered signs of someone falling there, causing his heart to race instantly.

At the same time, at the village entrance, Terence, who had been anxiously waiting for news of his granddaughter for a long time, was like a cat on hot bricks.

In this age, the Quillen family had made numerous enemies in the business

world. So they would collapse if anything happened to his granddaughter.

“Sir, I found some information.” Alfred suddenly approached him with a tablet

and said, “Zaniel Kennedy died long ago!”

Terence jolted in surprise, for Queenie had specifically spoken to Emmanuel

and Mackenzie in front of the square. That was why Terence remembered

the couples names.

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The man Queenie married was Zaniel Kennedy, and both he and Emmanuel

found the man strange.

If the real Zaniel Kennedy had already died, then who was the man by

Queenie’s side?

“This is bad!” Terence, who had experienced countless trials and tribulations,

immediately guessed what was happening. It was certain that assassins had

targeted his granddaughter and had carefully plotted to eliminate her.

“Quick! Disperse everyone! Even if we have to turn Hero’s Village upside down,

we must find Mackenzie and bring her back!” Terence anxiously ordered, his voice filled with urgency.

Meanwhile, Mackenzie had been surrounded by numerous disgusting little snakes at the foot of the hill.

Though she was no fighter in the martial world, being from the Quillen family and hearing some stuff from Alfred, she had a good guess as to the kind of assassin she was facing—Snake Master.

It was said that such a person could control all snakes at will; they were the soul of the snake clan. Such individuals were rare in the world.

“To be able to employ someone like this to kill me, it seems that someone truly hates me to the core...” Mackenzie couldn’t help ridiculing herself.

The next moment, those worms-sized blood snakes leaped toward Mackenzie, attacking their prey like a volley of arrows!

Sh*t! Mackenzie knew she wasn’t able enough to break through the encirclement, but being a sitting duck had never been her style.

Wielding the Empress Blade in her hand, she ruthlessly cut off two small snakes, and the pungent smell of their bloody fluids only stimulated the other small snakes, making them go crazy and bite her.

While fighting, Mackenzie retreated, but soon, she had nowhere left to retreat, and a sense of despair spread across her.

She had imagined hundreds of ways she would die, but never had she thought she would end up as snake food.

Hiss! Several more snakes hissed and lunged at her. She was already worn out at this point, and her hand wielding the blade had become weak.

Just as she was about to give up, a familiar voice rang out. "Mackenzie!"

She looked up, and to her surprise, Emmanuel descended from the sky. What

is he, Superman?!

Boom! Emmanuel landed beside her, and the powerful impact shook off all

the small snakes that had surrounded Mackenzie.

At that, he snatched the Empress Blade from Mackenzie's hand and swiftly cut through the chaos, instantly turning countless small snakes into pools of blood and mush.

Incredible! By the time the young woman came to her senses, more than half of the snakes that had surrounded her were dead, and the rest quickly fled.

"Are you alright, Mackenzie?" Emmanuel finally planted the Empress Blade into the ground and anxiously held her shoulder.

Emmanuel's urgency and anxiety hadn't gone unnoticed by Mackenzie, and the anger that had been pent up within her vanished instantly. Could this be what they say about couples fighting but making up in the end?

Mackenzie was never one to forgive someone so easily, but she knew her anger toward her so-called husband would subside pretty quickly. How infuriating!

"I'm okay, but it seems like I've been targeted by a Snake Master!" Mackenzie said calmly, without any trace of panic from earlier.

“I know. Someone paid 12 million to have him come after you, but don’t worry,

I’ll track him down now and put an end to this!” Emmanuel finally relaxed

upon seeing that his wife was unharmed.

Mackenzie nodded, found a rock, and sat down quietly before asking

Emmanuel, “Do you need my help?”

“No, leave this kind of thing to your man,” Emmanuel replied with a gentle

smile. “Just sit quietly and don’t be afraid no matter what happens later. Trust

that your husband will protect you!”

Chapter 635

“Mm! I have faith in you.” Mackenzie regained her usual aloofness and

elegance, firmly stating, “I’m not afraid at all now. I know you can definitely

protect me.”

Not only was she not afraid, but she also took out two pieces of chewing gum

from her pocket, keeping one for herself and gently putting the other one in

Emmanuel’s mouth.

Boxing competitors in the arena often chew gum to reduce stress. Moreover, experiments have shown that chewing gum helps improve concentration.

After doing all that, Mackenzie finally checked the surroundings, trying to find where the Snake Master was hiding.

Meanwhile, the assassin in red sneaked down, wanting to secretly observe how Emmanuel would fight with her eldest senior. But she never expected that as soon as she arrived, she would overhear the conversation between the couple.

What was that saying again? 'Lovebirds on display make singles dismayed.' A pang of jealousy hit the bachelorette as she was unexpectedly fed PDA by the loving couple.

"He's here!" Emmanuel suddenly said.

The next second, the snow on the hillside began to flurry as if it had come to life.

Gradually, it billowed. The scene was like one from an anime when a master appeared.

However, after the wind and snow subsided, no one appeared. Instead, countless snakes magically emerged.

Due to their large numbers, the snakes' skins were either brown or dark red.

They slithered together, resembling a blood sea rippling and churning.

A Sea of Blood Snakes!

Rumor had it that a Snake Master would feed their snakes with their own blood and internal energy, turning them into the world's most evil and ferocious venomous creatures. These snakes regarded him as their mother, and whenever their 'mother' gave an order, they would fulfill it even at the cost of their lives. Such a large number of snakes couldn't be cultivated in just a year or two!

The assassin in red, who was secretly watching the battle, was also secretly shocked. To think my dear senior would use all the scarlet snakes he had

nurtured for years to deal with Emmanuel. Well, the client sure has his 12 million worth!

Controlled by the Snake Master, the venomous snakes relentlessly lunged toward Emmanuel and Mackenzie, one after another. It was like a tide of blood about to engulf them.

Though not afraid, Mackenzie was still grossed out by the scene.

They were slimy and looked like flowing blood. The disgust was so overwhelming that she even forgot to chew her gum.

Although she hadn't been bitten, goosebumps covered her whole body.

On the other hand, Emmanuel's countenance was grim as he picked up the Empress Blade from the ground, his gaze resembling that of a hunting hawk.

He inserted the blade into the ground and began drawing a circle—after his meridians had been restored, he could infuse his internal energy into the dagger—and the ground shimmered with a faint edge, resembling a divine

mirror.

Hiss! Hiss! The snakes opened their bloody mouths and lunged toward the two of them, ready to bite.

Ultimately, Mackenzie couldn't take it and threw herself into Emmanuel's arms.

At that, Emmanuel held his wife with one hand while wielding the military knife with the other.

Then, something astonishing happened.

As Emmanuel swung his knife, the clumps of mud on the ground shot forward like beams of light, crashing into the venomous snakes as if bullets penetrated through.

Boom!

One venomous snake immediately fell to the ground, twitching a few times before becoming completely still.

It was incredibly shocking.

Even the assassin in red couldn't help marveling at the extraordinary martial

skill. What kind of technique is this?!

However, these venomous snakes were not human; they had no fear!

Feeding on the Snake Master's energy and blood, they were bound to be

fiercely loyal to him!

Countless snakes continued to charge toward Emmanuel, one after another.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Chapter 636

Emmanuel continued to wield the Empress Blade, and the clumps of mud on

the ground kept shooting toward the venomous snakes.

Despite being unarmed, he fought like a warrior with a Gatling gun,

single-handedly defending against the assault of the snake army.

The sound of penetration echoed in his ears.

The ground gradually turned into a sea of blood. The venomous snakes

charged again and again, but in the end, they were engulfed by the sea of

blood.

Just when Emmanuel thought he had won a glorious victory, the Snake

Master appeared from right above, reaching out to grab Emmanuel's head.

"Watch out!" Mackenzie exclaimed.

Emmanuel had already looked up and stared at the strange 'creature' before

him.

Though the man had a pair of human eyes, his other facial features

completely differed from a human's! His mouth was large, and a strange

pattern covered his face, giving him a very evil look.

Right then, he was grinning, and it made him appear about to split open even

more so. He knew he had won..

Just like any warrior, when they exhausted their move, there would be a

moment of vulnerability, the greatest weakness. During this time, their

defense would be at its lowest.

He was known as the Snake Master, and his ability to entangle trees was naturally formidable. In fact, his agility in the trees was even greater than on the ground.

Suddenly, he dropped from a tall tree without causing any sound, silently and stealthily, making it impossible for anyone to guard against.

-Although the cost of losing a hundred snakes was high, everything would be worth it once he achieved victory and added a glorious achievement to his record.

He aimed to break Emmanuel's head and use it to feed the snakes.

He acknowledged Emmanuel's strength. Thus, he believed the young man's brain and blood would be able to raise an unparalleled snake king! However, just when he thought victory was already at the palm of his hands, an unexpected and astonishing scene unfolded.

Emmanuel suddenly smirked and said, "You're finally willing to show yourself!"

Finally, show myself?! Emmanuel's words made the Snake Master shudder a

little.

The meaning behind Emmanuel's words was profound, and the fact that his opponent would say something like that meant that the Snake Master's appearance was within his expectations. Could this be a trap?

Emmanuel might be emotionally dull, but he was definitely a genius in battle.

He knew it was useless no matter how many snakes he killed unless the Snake Master showed himself. Thus he had only been defending himself against the army of snakes the entire time.

Indeed, Emmanuel had infused his internal energy into the sword and drew a circle on the ground to prepare for the battle against the snake army, but at the same time, it was also to guard against the Snake Master hiding underground! After all, no matter how the Snake Master hid, once the snakes were ineffective, the ultimate way to defeat the enemy would have to be close combat. Excluding underground, the most likely way was to descend

from the sky.

Evil might rise, but righteousness would rise higher. After the move, it would determine who was righteous and who wasn't.

The Snake Master didn't change his attack trajectory. He was about to crack Emmanuel's skull open, so there was nothing the latter could do about it, even if he had noticed it.

Just as the Snake Master was musing, Emmanuel rotated his whole body around his waist. He spun like a drunkard, completing a full circle and returning to the starting point, just enough to dodge the opponent's 'claws.'

He took the opportunity to headbutt the Snake Master's wrist.

Crack! The Snake Master's palms were unexpectedly shattered. This seemingly casual movement contained unimaginable power.

"Drunken Fist?!" The Snake Master gritted his teeth, never expecting to encounter such an opponent.

After landing with one hand, he attempted to clamp Emmanuel's neck with

his legs but found that his legs were completely immobilized.

It turned out that Emmanuel had anticipated his attack. He grabbed the

Snake Master's ankle with both hands and pressed his fingers into the Three

Main Intersection acupoint on the spleen meridian, instantly paralyzing his

legs and rendering them motionless.

The Snake Master was dumbfounded. What sort of demon am I facing?! In his

eyes, Emmanuel had seemingly long anticipated his every move. It was

something he had never encountered in his many years as an assassin.

The Snake Master's expression changed unpredictably, eventually

converging into a sinister, ferocious, and hideous look.

Chapter 637

"W-Who in the world are you?" the Snake Master asked in a hoarse voice.

Mackenzie was standing close by, looking at Snake Master's hideous face, the

evil patterns on his face, and the slippery snake scales on his body. It made

her feel nauseous, almost wanting to vomit.

She couldn't believe that such an ugly person actually existed.

Emmanuel, however, understood more than she did. In order to become a

Snake Master and rule over the snakes, one must immerse oneself in

venom and become something even more poisonous than the venomous

snakes themselves. Only then could they become the Snake Master, the king

of all snakes!

Due to prolonged exposure to poison and living with snakes, his body

gradually acquired some features of venomous snakes. Such assassins'

forget that they also possessed extraordinary skills—appearances alone

could scare any ordinary folk spitless.

"Losers don't deserve to ask, no?" Emmanuel said with a smile.

No way would he reveal his identity so casually, especially not in front of his

wife. If even his wife knew, then he would've truly concealed his identity for

nothing!

Crack! Emmanuel exerted a sudden force, crushing the Snake Master's leg.

No matter what, the Snake Master, who was covered in lethal venom, was

one of the top three monsters in the globally renowned Redback Assassins.

Emmanuel couldn't afford to be careless and give him any chance to turn

the tables.

The Wolf Warrior never failed.

"Ah!" the Snake Master let out a cry of agony, but his eyes held a cold, cruel

gleam.

Suddenly, he opened his mouth, and a stream of red blood spurted toward

Emmanuel.

The Snake Master, experienced in countless battles, knew full well that when

someone believed they had achieved a great victory, they often became the

most complacent.

What determined the strength of a person in this world was their final victory

and not their martial arts skills. Whoever was alive was the victor.

He considered his physical combat skills average; after all, his expertise lay in using poison to kill his enemies. A killer's objective was to eliminate the opponent. If a surprise attack failed, they should attempt another surprise attack. To possess the ability to assassinate the enemy at any given time was a killer's trump card.

He had also used such a method to kill a grandmaster.

Who could have imagined that he could launch a deadly attack with his mouth?! But Emmanuel had anticipated it and managed to throw him away in advance.

-Snake Master's head slammed heavily into the rocky slope, causing his vision to go black, and dizziness overwhelmed him.

The poisonous blood he had spewed out was like a crimson rain, splattering on his own body. His clothes rapidly decayed before the naked eye. Not only that, but the toxic blood burned his skin, rapidly turning it black and emitting

a foul smell.

Mackenzie trembled with lingering fear. If it hadn't been for Emmanuel's

foresight, the consequences would've been unimaginable!

Smack! Emmanuel had already stepped on the Snake Master's throat before

the latter regained consciousness. With just a negligible force, his snake-like

head would separate from his body.

"Alright, spill. Who hired you for 12 million?" Emmanuel asked, looking down at

him.

"A Redback assassin must never sell out his client's information," sneered the

Snake Master.

"Not bad, you have principles." Emmanuel respected his profession and didn't

press any further. Instead, he lifted his foot.

The assassin in red, hiding in the shadows, was instantly alarmed, hesitating

whether or not to go out and save her senior.

"Wait!" the Snake Master shouted.

“Someone’s ultimately afraid of death, aren’t they?” Emmanuel ridiculed.

“Have you changed your mind and want to trade your client’s information for your own life?”

“No!” the Snake Master denied firmly and sneered. “Will you spare me if I tell you who the client is?”

Emmanuel shook his head and replied honestly, “No.”

Chapter 638

Mackenzie frowned in response. This idiot! Can’t he have cheated information out of Snake Master?! Honest much?!

Snake Master chuckled silently. “That’s why I won’t say it, even if you will kill me.”

“Why did you call for a halt then? You’re wasting my time.” Emmanuel was about to step on the Snake Master again when the red figure flashed out from the side. However, her strength and Emmanuel’s were starkly different, making it difficult for her surprise attack to be effective!

As such, Emmanuel swiftly sidestepped and grasped her neck with one hand.

“Don’t kill her!” the Snake Master exclaimed in shock.

Even Mackenzie had noticed that the Snake Master evidently cared more

about the life of the assassin in red than his own life.

“I already spared her earlier.” Mackenzie was right behind him. As such,

Emmanuel, who was already unruffled by women, to begin with, was now

even more ruthless. “You want to kill us, so there’s no reason why we can’t

retaliate and kill you. It’s unfair.”

As he spoke, he tightened his grip on the assassin in red’s neck, whose face,

in turn, turned crimson. She was unable to even beg for mercy.

“Wait!” the Snake Master shouted nervously, his face anxious. “Please spare

her! I can offer you a bargaining chip that will interest you and let us live!”

“It’s that so?” Emmanuel’s curiosity was piqued. “Let’s hear it then.”

Mackenzie, too, thought the Snake Master would reveal information about

their client or make threats to save their lives, but it wasn't the case. The

Snake Master gritted his teeth and said, "This woman here is my younger

sister. She's the reason I'm now who I am."

Emmanuel remained silent, and the Snake Master continued his story. "We

were born into a poor family. Our father was an alcoholic. We couldn't eat

enough when we were young and often suffered from our father's drunken

beatings. In a fit of anger, my sister killed him!"

At that, Mackenzie felt some sympathy for the siblings' plight. However, she

wouldn't easily believe the assassin's words.

"Our mother, in order to keep us alive, sold us to an organization. That

organization, in turn, sold us to the Redback Assassins," he revealed. "The

Redback Assassins made us undergo assassin training from a young age.

Those without talent and weak physical constitution would be eliminated,

even dying on the training grounds. My sister had talent, but unfortunately,

she was malnourished as a child. She was so frail that she almost died on the

training grounds. In order to let her survive, I agreed to become a

biochemical experiment for the organization..."

"I'm sure you can guess what kind of biochemical experiments those were,"

he continued after a beat. "The pain I endured before becoming a Snake

Master is something you could never imagine, and everything I've done was

to keep my sister alive..."

Just then, Emmanuel suddenly felt a slight burning sensation on the back of

his hand. It turned out that tears from the assassin in red had fallen onto his

hand.

"That's quite touching," Emmanuel monotoned. "Unfortunately, it cannot be

my bargaining chip to spare you."

He had also undergone rigorous training and conditioning in the Northern

Region Wolf Warrior Unit. If he were to spare the enemy just because they

fabricated a sympathetic story, then he would not be worthy of being a Wolf

Warrior!

“I know!” The Snake Master gritted his teeth and reached into his own body, and Emmanuel frowned in response, his gaze alert.

This time, Snake Master didn’t dare to make a surprise attack at all because, his sister’s life was in Emmanuel’s hands. He took out something strange, an unattractive green object with a foul-smelling liquid on it, along with several strange tubes.

“Ah!”

-Curiosity killed the cat. Mackenzie thought she had enough courage, so she leaned in to take a peek.

Almost immediately after that, she regretted it. She regretted ever thinking about wanting to see such an ugly thing. It was enough to give someone nightmares.

It was a living, pulsating gallbladder connected to Snake Master’s body. It was a large emerald-green snake gallbladder!

Chapter 639

“This is... your gallbladder?!” Even Emmanuel was taken aback.

As a doctor, he thought his medical knowledge was extensive enough, but

what he was witnessing still surpassed his understanding.

It seemed that there were genuinely many ambitious individuals who were

constantly researching projects against humanity, and they had made

significant progress.

What was terrifying was that the world was oblivious to them.

“That’s right,” answered the Snake Master, his face ashen and veins bulging,

appearing in great pain. “The most powerful thing about snakes is their

venom, and the gallbladder is the organ that stores the venom. It’s also a

vital part of a snake’s body. Today, I will exchange it for my sister’s life.”

“What need do I have for it?” Emmanuel asked with amusement.

“Good question.” The Snake Master pulled out a strange needle and forcefully

inserted it into his gallbladder. With that, his already grimacing face became

even more ferocious, and his eyes turned bloodshot. It was evident he was in immense suffering.

Mackenzie watched from the side and felt a chill run down her spine as her hands and feet grew cold.

“This is a mini bomb. Now I’m giving you the remote. Once you press the button, my gallbladder will explode,” said the Snake Master as he tossed a black object to Emmanuel, who caught it through his clothes. After confirming it was harmless, he held it in his hand.

“Now, my life is in your hands. With my blood as the oath, I pledge to be your Snake Slave. Henceforth, I will comply with your every command,” the Snake Master swore bitterly.

Emmanuel stared into his blood-red snake eyes, unable to detect any deception. However, with his wise goddess of a wife by his side, he turned back and asked, “What do you think, Mackenzie?”

“Maybe... we should give that thing a try?” She considered, pointing to the detonator in Emmanuel’s hand.

The Snake Master turned awfully grim in response.

“Good idea.” Emmanuel was also considering pressing it.

He knew Mackenzie wanted to test the Snake Slave’s reaction and determine if this thing was genuine or fake.

“Wait!” the Snake Slave quickly raised his hand and shouted, blood dripping from his mouth, his face enveloped in menace. “Since I’ve entrusted you with my gallbladder, I will take it even if you still want to kill me. But you must spare my sister, or I swear in the name of the King of Snakes, I will come at you even as a ghost!”

“My, so ruthless. I’m scared.” Despite what Emmanuel said, he showed not a sliver of fear on his face.

That said, he still let go of the assassin in red ultimately.

The female assassin was shocked, never imagining that Emmanuel would

spare her for the third time.

She was a professional assassin, for heaven's sake. She never expected to live after missing once. Yet, she continued to live even after failing to kill the man before her three times.

"Let's go, Mackenzie," said Emmanuel as he walked toward Mackenzie.

"Alright." Mackenzie nodded, understanding and supporting Emmanuel's décision.

She could tell that the Snake Master hadn't lied, and this pair of siblings were actually quite pitiful. If he could deceive her with his storytelling skills, then he had some talent worth keeping alive.

"How are you doing, senior? Are you okay?" The assassin in red quickly helped the Snake Master up, still calling him her senior.

Many members of the organization were still unaware of their kinship. If their lives weren't at stake, the Snake Master would never have revealed to

Emmanuel that she was his sister.

“I’m afraid my days are numbered...” said the Snake Master with despair. With the failure of this mission, his reputation within the organization would plummet.

Chapter 640

In accordance with the rules of the Redback Assassins, what awaited the Snake Master were punishments, and the greater the job, the harsher the penalty. Even if he survived the punishment, he would no longer receive any further recognition or be given another opportunity.

“There will always be a way out, Brother. Not all hope is lost. We’re still alive, aren’t we?”

She had actually advised her brother against this assignment when he first received it.

She still didn’t know that Emmanuel had regained his strength at the time.

She was simply worried that her brother would kill Emmanuel and followed

him over, prepared to plead for Emmanuel's life to repay her debt from many years ago. But who'd have thought it would end up like this?!

Emmanuel, however, no longer paid attention to the pair of siblings; his thoughts were focused on his wife.

Although Mackenzie walked alongside him as they left, she quickly picked up her pace and left him behind after a short distance. It was evident that once they were alone, her icy and proud demeanor resurfaced.

"Mackenzie!" Emmanuel caught up to her and grabbed her hand.

"Don't touch me! Go be with your Sarah! She's willing to show her naked self to you! How good does she look with her ample bosom and curvaceous figure, smooth and tender skin!" Mackenzie flung his hand away icily, clearly still holding a grudge.

Emmanuel was rendered both frustrated and amused. His dear wife was jealous of Sarah again.

"Mackenzie, listen to me. Sarah saved the sister of a fallen comrade for me

and brought her over to visit me. She accidentally fell into the river and got

her clothes soaked. That was why she took them off. Please don't get the

wrong idea. There's really nothing between us." Emmanuel quickly grabbed

Mackenzie's hand again, explaining in one breath.

However, Mackenzie still shook off his hand and muttered coldly, "That viper

must've done it on purpose!"

"Viper?" Emmanuel was slightly taken aback. He hadn't really associated

Sarah with a snake before.

Wasn't it because of the Snake Master that they saw a sea of snakes that

day?!

Mackenzie suddenly shot her icy gaze at Emmanuel and ranted, "It's obvious

you care more about that viper than me! If you never intended to chase after

me in the first place, why come looking for me now?! I don't need your

protection. I can protect myself just fine. Don't be delusional!"

With that, she shook off Emmanuel's hand again, and Emmanuel grabbed her hand for the third time, refusing to let her go.

Alfred, who was searching nearby, caught the noise and maneuvered through the tall trees silently and swiftly. In the dim light of the night, he found -Mackenzie from a considerable distance.

Alfred was overjoyed and was about to approach the young lady when he noticed Emmanuel holding her tightly. He immediately halted his movements, and a faint smirk appeared on his lips.

"Forget it. I'll go back and inform Old Mr. Quillen to put his mind at ease."

Alfred leaped down from the tall tree, leaving no trace in the snow as he departed from the scene.

"Mackenzie, please don't be so prickly, and let me explain," Emmanuel pleaded urgently. "You ran out so suddenly while my mother passed out from anger. Of course, I had to make sure she was safe before I could come looking! But who'd have thought you ran so far away that I couldn't find you

at all?!”

Emmanuel’s words stumped Mackenzie a little. She had no idea Alessandra had passed out.

She had been seething with anger, waiting for Emmanuel to come out and explain himself. But as time went on with no sign of him, her anger had escalated, driving her to lose her composure.

Hmph, cursed love again!

It had turned her, an extremely rational and almost emotionless woman, into someone no different from an ordinary woman!

“Can you go back with me now, Mackenzie? Don’t get angry so easily anymore, okay?” Emmanuel coaxed, relieved that she didn’t shake him off again.

In truth, Mackenzie had already forgiven him. But she thought it would be too easy on her so-called husband if she, the esteemed princess of the Quillen

family, forgave him so quickly.

No, that absolutely cannot happen!

“Hmph, isn’t it because of you that I’m mad?! I’ll hurt myself if you dare piss me off again!” Mackenzie flung his hand away but didn’t walk away this time.

“You’d go that far?!” Emmanuel said with a slight terror.

He still remembered how Abelyn stabbed Ryder when she was made angry and thought that was pretty ruthless in itself. But who’d have thought his wife was even more ruthless, even swearing to harm herself when she got angry.