

Wrong Table 731

Chapter 731

“Hahaha.”

The lady in red covered her mouth and laughed. “That’s because the Holy Fire organization is a huge group. It has over a hundred thousand members in Chanaea and even more abroad. Therefore, the organization is complex, and the marks issued by different branches may vary slightly. As for me...”

She paused briefly, then put on a pitiful face in front of Emmanuel. “I was sold to the Holy Fire organization when I was a child. At that time, the head of that branch trained me to be a female assassin, envisioning that I would later use my body to entice targets. That’s why the mark was tattooed in such a place.”

Emmanuel wasn’t sure if her misery was genuine or an act, but he did find himself sympathizing with her.

She was just a little girl back then, abandoned by her parents. How could she

make choices for herself?

Seeing the look on Emmanuel's face, the lady in red felt a triumphant

satisfaction. She had finally invoked this man's sympathy.

However, just as she was about to get closer to Emmanuel, a cold gaze was

cast upon her.

The lady in red immediately giggled, "I won't dare to approach you anymore.

I'm afraid Mackenzie will kill me!"

Mackenzie was indeed very angry and walked over with a cold face.

The lady in red finally retracted her frivolous smile. She instinctively took a few

steps back.

In terms of martial power, she was far superior to Mackenzie.

However, she was genuinely afraid of her!

"If I ever catch you shamelessly throwing yourself at my man again, the

consequences will be unbearable for you!"

Mackenzie warned coldly.

“Alright, Mackenzie!”

The lady in red replied with her head bowed, resembling a repentant little girl.

No one could associate her with the ruthless female assassin at this moment.

“Alright, we’re leaving. Behave yourselves!”

Emmanuel didn’t want to stay here any longer. After all, his wife was about to start work, and he needed to take her back to the company.

When their Maserati arrived at the entrance of the Terence Group, it was just in time for work.

Mackenzie rarely arrived at this time, so the security guards at the gate were a bit surprised.

“Go home and rest. If there’s nothing special later tonight, you don’t need to pick me up either.”

Mackenzie said this and was about to get out of the car.

She knew that Emmanuel hadn't slept at all last night. So, she deliberately gave him a day off, allowing him to skip the task of picking her up.

However, Emmanuel gently held her hand.

"Hmm?"

Mackenzie turned her head back in surprise.

"

The security guards standing outside the car were stunned when they saw this!

This was the first time they had seen the cool Ms. Quillen holding hands with a man at the company.

That man must have saved the world in his past life to be this lucky!

"Mackenzie, you have to take care of yourself too."

Emmanuel was very worried about Mackenzie. After all, she had previously suffered from gastroenteritis. Although he had been taking care of her for the

past three months, he was afraid that it would recur if she continued to work

so hard. He was also worried that she might develop other illnesses.

However, now that they were at the entrance, his numerous reminders could

only be condensed into a simple sentence.

“I know. You should go back.”

Mackenzie’s lips seemed to curve up slightly, almost imperceptibly.

“Okay. Text me later. I’ll pick you up on time tonight. I’m not tired at all.”

Emmanuel said seriously.

Aware that someone was targeting his wife, he couldn’t afford to let his

guard down for a moment.

“Alright.”

A hint of sweetness rose in Mackenzie’s heart.

She also wanted him to pick her up, but she was just worried that he would be tired.

After Mackenzie went to work, Emmanuel drove away. However, he didn’t go home but went to the warehouse.

The warehouse was now stocked with energy products from the Terence

Group, mainly natural gas and a small amount of petroleum-related products.

All of them were conventional energy sources.

After the explosion incident last time, the security system of the warehouse had been significantly upgraded. Emmanuel was driven away before he could get close.

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Emmanuel didn't go in. He just came to familiarize himself with the

environment and further understand the energy industry of the Terence

Group.

Can there be a connection between the two things Magnus wants from the

Quillen family and these regular energy products?

At 4 p.m., Emmanuel received a call from Mackenzie.

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He was a little surprised!

"Hey, Emmanuel. Come pick me up at 5 p.m. and take me back to the Quillen family."

"Back to the Quillen family?"

Emmanuel was even more curious.

“Yeah, Grandpa insists we go back, and he also said...”

Mackenzie was unusually hesitant.

“What did he say?”

Emmanuel’s curiosity was piqued.

“He didn’t say anything. Just come pick me up, and we’ll have dinner together.”

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“Emmanuel, don’t assume that cozying up to us will make us forget what

happened on New Year’s Eve when you left the gathering halfway through!”

When it was Hannah’s turn, she smiled ambiguously and said, “It seems like

you still owe us an explanation.”

She improved her attitude toward him!

This is because she knew that Terence was satisfied with him as his

grandson-in-law.

However, she and the others were not satisfied!

They couldn't bear the thought of seeing Mackenzie gradually fall by associating with a man like him. Their involvement in an intimate relationship could potentially lead to the fall of the Quillen family.

However, they had heard that Mackenzie had already fallen. She had also slept with this man. So, their feelings were extremely complicated now.

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After all, whether a woman had given herself to a man or not was a completely different matter!

Hannah had been utterly skeptical before about Emmanuel genuinely becoming part of the Quillen family. However, she was not so sure now.

So, she couldn't maintain her prior attitude, causing unnecessary friction.

Otherwise, if Emmanuel did become a member of the Quillen family in the future, it would pose problems for her.

The women of wealthy families were usually very thoughtful, considering

every step and evaluating each action. They were not simple-minded people.

“Aunt Hannah, and all the relatives of the Quillen family, I want to formally apologize to all of you.”

In order not to make things difficult for Mackenzie, Emmanuel had to apologize to the whole family, “That night, Claudette was critically ill, and her elder brother, Quintus, asked me to rescue her. That’s why I left.”

Everyone was well aware of it. So, when they heard him say it again, there wasn’t much reaction.

“Oh, I see!”

Stephanie, the eldest aunt, adopted an understanding expression, but she asked immediately, “So, was Ms. Lenoir saved?”

Everyone’s eyes were on Emmanuel, and some even had a hint of a smile.

“She was saved that night, but she has passed away.”

Emmanuel answered with a gloomy expression.

“Oh, so your efforts that night were futile.

Hannah immediately responded.

“Oh, what a pity. It’s quite a waste for you to have cared so much about her.”

“Why did she just die like that?”

Other women joined in the discussion too.

They wanted to embarrass Emmanuel and belittle the impact of his explanation.

He left his wife on New Year’s Eve for a woman who wasn’t ultimately saved.

Was that an acceptable behavior?

“Enough of this discussion. Let’s proceed with the banquet.”

Terence gave an order at that time, obviously wanting to help Emmanuel out.

Now that Emmanuel had slept with his granddaughter, he was even more certain about this position as his grandson-in-law. How could he not protect him?

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Unexpectedly, Emmanuel grew serious. "Aunt Hannah, how can you say it

was futile? Every life is valuable. Furthermore, Claudette saved both

Mackenzie and me. Just because she's no longer here, does that mean I

shouldn't have tried to help her back then? We all have a destiny to die. Does that make our current existence meaningless?"

As soon as he finished speaking, the women of the Quillen family looked at

each other.

The atmosphere suddenly cooled down!

Mackenzie remained silent.

She knew that most of the women in the Quillen family looked down on

Emmanuel and didn't want him to join the Quillen family, so they would make

things difficult for him.

It might be Aunt Hannah's strategy to deliberately provoke Emmanuel and

make him get angry.

After all, who would want to add a new member who would make the family

discordant every day?

“You’re right. I’ll apologize to you. Is that okay?”

Hannah deliberately apologized to Emmanuel.

After all, he was Mackenzie’s lawful husband.

This scene didn’t escape the notice of the other women in the Quillen family.

Many of them were growing more disapproving of Emmanuel. Even Hannah

had softened her stance. What if this man used the protection of Terence

and Mackenzie to intimidate them in the future?

“There’s no need for that.”

Emmanuel didn’t understand their thoughts, but he replied calmly.

However, he already felt exhausted. Reality’s prestigious families were not as

depicted in novels.

They were even more challenging to integrate into than the fictional on

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They won't confront you directly, nor will they blatantly look down on you.

Thus, you won't have any chance to retaliate.

Instead, they would subtly make you uncomfortable, wearing you down until you can't bear it any longer.

No wonder people often say that marrying into a wealthy family is like diving into unfathomable depths.

Emmanuel had gotten a taste of it.

"Enough about the past. Let's eat!"

Terence called out again.

Immediately, everyone fell quiet again and began to dine elegantly.

Every move was made with utmost caution.

Emmanuel felt a bit uneasy in this atmosphere, but for Mackenzie's sake, he tried his best to fit in.

"Haha, Emmanuel, are the dishes tonight to your liking?" Terence was still in a

good mood, and he was the least restrained among the family members. As

others ate in silence, he suddenly burst into laughter.

“The food is excellent. I rarely get to taste such delicacies!”

Emmanuel answered honestly.

“Hehe, eat as much as you want. In the future, as long as you come back with

Mackenzie, there will be plenty for you to eat!”

Stephanie chimed in.

Every word sounded fine, but Emmanuel was no fool. He could sense the

underlying insinuation.

She was implying that he was a freeloader.

“Yes! Now that you’re with Mackenzie, make sure to take good care of her.

She’s the cornerstone of the Quillen family. If she’s not doing well, the entire

Quillen family will suffer too!”

“I trust Mackenzie’s judgment. Since she chose you, there must be something

extraordinary about you. I believe, with your assistance, the Terence Group will reach new heights.”

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The women started to chatter.

They were placing invisible pressure on Emmanuel.

If anything were to happen to Mackenzie, or if the Terence Group were to falter, the blame would fall on Emmanuel.

As for whether he can help Mackenzie manage the Terence Group? They didn't believe he was capable of doing

“Enough, all of you. Stop talking!” Terence could see through the women's intentions.

Each one of them was thornier than a sea urchin.

Samantha, sensing the tense atmosphere, quickly smiled at Emmanuel. “As you are Mackenzie's husband and a rare man in the Quillen family, all the sisters in the family have high expectations of you. Don't let us down!”

Her words were openly pressuring Emmanuel, but Emmanuel found it slightly more soothing than the other remarks.

“Aunt Samantha, rest assured. If there is a need, and it’s within my capabilities, I will do my best to help Mackenzie!”

Emmanuel pledged openly.

“Haha, having the will is good enough.”

Terence took over the conversation to prevent the women of the Quillen family from making more pointed comments.

“Emmanuel, do you know that tonight’s celebration banquet was specifically arranged for you?”

“For me?”

Emmanuel was slightly taken aback. He laughed and said, “Grandpa, are you joking? What have I done to deserve this?”

Beside him, Mackenzie couldn’t help but roll her eyes at him. Her gaze

seemed to convey that, indeed, Emmanuel hadn't done anything. All the credit belonged to Beatrix.

If it weren't for her making wild guesses and asserting unreasonable assumptions, there wouldn't have been a celebration banquet tonight.

Beatrix was also secretly gloating. Dummy Manuel has no idea that his greatest contribution is sleeping with Mackenzie!

Of course, Terence couldn't say it directly. After all, the Quillen family upheld virtues and courtesy.

With hearty laughter, he said, "Have you forgotten? The Terence family's warehouse was built because of you. Now that the warehouse is fully operational, it has brought significant commercial profits to the Terence Group!"

"So, to reward you, I've decided to give a house in the Quillen residence to you. After dinner, you may go and choose one! Haha..."

What?

The women of the Quillen family were collectively surprised!

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“This...”

“Is it finally time for an adult male to enter the Quillen family?”

“Yeah, it kind of feels like it...”

The women looked at each other. They were on the brink of speaking, yet

their words remained hesitant and incomplete.

In the Quillen family, Terence’s authority was unquestioned, and Mackenzie

stood as the successor of the family. Both of them were on Emmanuel’s side.

Although some of the women didn’t agree with what Terence did, they dared

not voice them openly.

Hannah was no exception. She knew her place better than anyone else. Her

actions in the Quillen family had to be appropriate, or she would end up like

Felicity.

That woman had taken the wrong stance. As a result, although she was the

wife of the second-generation successor, she lost all her power in the Quillen family.

Mackenzie remained silent, knowing that every word she spoke could determine the course of events.

“Emmanuel, I suggest you choose the largest house later.”

Finally, Stephanie spoke with a meaningful smile. “Each house in the Quillen residence is worth at least several million. Many men struggle for their entire lives and might not earn as much!”

She didn’t mention Emmanuel, but everyone knew that among the many men, Emmanuel was included!

If he hadn’t had the luck to catch Terence’s eye, how would he have the chance to marry into the Quillen family?

Hannah snorted coldly, her face full of displeasure!

As Terence’s youngest daughter, she had never had the privilege of choosing

a room in the residence. Yet now, an outsider was treated better than her. He didn't deserve it.

Such a man who became rich overnight would definitely choose the largest house or maybe even the master villa left by her brother.

Or, did he want to share a house with Mackenzie?

Terence maintained his ever-present smile, pretending not to understand the implication of Stephanie's words. He didn't look at his other daughters' expressions either.

Finally, Emmanuel's voice broke through the tension, his expression carrying a hint of bitterness. "Grandpa, Aunt Stephanie, thank you for your kindness, but I haven't made plans to move into the Quillen residence."

"What?!"

Upon hearing Emmanuel's response, all the women in the Quillen family were shocked.

Hannah even trembled.

Is he playing hard to get?

Very well, let's see how he manages to maintain that facade.

"Oh, why is that?"

Terence was also surprised that Emmanuel would refuse his offer.

He had presumed that after Emmanuel's first night with Mackenzie, more such instances would follow, and they would have a baby soon.

He envisioned a future where his great-grandchild would be born and raised within the Quillen residence. After all, the vast empire of the Quillen family was to be inherited by his great-grandchild.

Of course, he hadn't discussed this plan with Emmanuel yet. It was simply his

wishful thinking, and he couldn't think of any reason why Emmanuel would

refuse.

After all, who could resist the allure of overnight riches?

Grandpa, wouldn't that be against the customs of Chanaea?"

Emmanuel maintained a wry smile, his words measured and deliberate. "I'm

truly grateful for your gesture in arranging a room for me here, but when

Mackenzie and I are married, even if she doesn't wish to live in my house, it would be more appropriate for us to find a place of our own to live together.

Moving into her family's residence wouldn't be the ideal arrangement, don't you think?"

His words stirred up the women of the Quillen family again.

They all started to discuss and comment on him.

Although they didn't voice their disdain, their expressions said it all.

Who does Emmanuel think he is?

Can Mackenzie be comfortable living in a house bought with his poor earnings?

Mackenzie remained silent, but she sighed in her heart.

She didn't like this atmosphere, but she knew it was something she and

Emmanuel had to face.

After all, marriage wasn't just about the two of them as it involved two families.

Emmanuel didn't want her to have conflicts with his family, and she also

hoped that Emmanuel could be accepted by her family and associate

harmoniously.

Moreover, she knew that most of the unmarried women in the Quillen family

knew this. They considered marriage troublesome and men disloyal, so they

opted to remain single.

These convictions had gradually fostered her aversion to men.

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Little did she expect that she would come to like a man and find herself

pushing her boundaries to embrace this change.

Alfred, standing by the dining table, also smiled as he glanced at Terence.

He was the one who understood Terence the best and was well aware of his

entire plan. Yet, surprisingly, Emmanuel refused his offer. He wondered how

Terence would react.

"Haha... Well said, young man!"

Terence was not angry at all; he even gave way to Emmanuel. "In any case, you can still pick a room. After you've chosen, whether you want to live in the Quillen residence or not, it's your decision."

The women in the Quillen family were just disdainful at first, but now they were all jealous.

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They never thought Terence would be so biased toward men, but now it was clear!

But what could they do?

The Quillen family was full of women. Men were rare and therefore precious.

"Thank you, Grandpa. I'll pick the house when I decide to move in."

Emmanuel might be considered a fool in Mackenzie's eyes, but he wasn't that naive. How could he not read the expressions on the faces of the Quillen family women?

If he chose to pick a house without considering their feelings, he would probably disgust them.

If he were to insist on choosing now, it might only fuel the Quillen family women's antipathy toward him.

He wouldn't do that!

Even if he had a grand scheme in mind, aiming to leverage his wife's assistance to bring down Chanaea's Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce, he wouldn't rush things now.

"Haha, it's up to you! Come on, let's eat up!"

Terence didn't pressure Emmanuel. Anyway, he was in a good mood and everything could wait until Mackenzie showed signs of pregnancy.

By then, if Mackenzie was pregnant, and he asked her to move back to the Quillen residence, would Emmanuel refuse?

Hehe, wisdom came with age!

He believed that Emmanuel could never outsmart him.

The rest of the meal was slightly more harmonious. They didn't talk much.

Mackenzie didn't say a word from beginning to end, but she was somewhat satisfied with Emmanuel's performance today. At least he didn't argue with her family.

However, she feared that there would be many more trials for him in the future.

She hoped he could withstand those trials.

After the celebration banquet, since Emmanuel didn't want to stay in the Quillen residence, Mackenzie went back to Yociam Residence with him.

Just as the two of them were about to depart, another Rolls-Royce entered the Quillen residence in the late hours.

Emmanuel and Mackenzie were both familiar with luxury cars.

"That's a car from the Lenoir family!"

Emmanuel didn't drive away immediately but looked at his wife. "Mackenzie,

shall we go back and take a look?"

They didn't know who was in the Lenoir family's car.

Mackenzie thought for a moment. "No need. They probably didn't come here

for us. Let's head back. I want to rest well tonight."

"Alright."

Emmanuel knew his wife was tired, so he needed to get her home to rest as

soon as possible.

As if on purpose, the driver of the Rolls-Royce got out of the car and opened

the rear door only after they left.

A well-dressed woman in a long black coat stepped out. She glanced back in

the direction that Emmanuel and Mackenzie had left.

It was Felicity!

Subsequently, she adjusted her coat and was about to lower her head to

enter the Quillen residence's main house. However, she suddenly felt an

unfriendly gaze upon her.

“Felicity, why are you back?”

Samantha, Hannah, and several other women were about to leave the Quillen residence when they encountered Felicity.

Felicity looked up at Samantha, her eyes flashing with a hint of resentment.

Then, she coldly replied, her expression devoid of emotion, “Do I have to report why I’m here to you? Who do you think you are?”

After saying that, she tried to walk past Samantha.

However, Samantha reached out and stopped her.

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Felicity’s gaze once again met Samantha’s.

Two sets of eyes—one like lightning and the other like roaring flames—locked in a fierce confrontation.

Even Hannah was afraid of these two women at this moment.

“Samantha, if you won’t go away, you know the consequences.”

Felicity had brought four bodyguards with her today. They were standing

behind her at that moment. She was not afraid of any confrontation with

Samantha.

“I won’t leave. Let’s see if you dare to barge in.”

Samantha was no pushover.

Felicity had bodyguards, but did that mean the Quillen family was

defenseless?

They would only have more bodyguards than her!

As if on cue, hearing the commotion here, a group of bodyguards emerged

from the Quillen residence.

The tension between the two women was palpable.

It was said that some people would start a fight when they had a

disagreement, but the grudge between these two women had reached the

point where they could start a fight without saying a word!

“Mom, Aunt Samantha, please calm down!”

At the critical moment, Beatrix appeared and tried to mediate.

However, the two women wouldn't listen to her.

Behind Beatrix was Alfred, who rolled up his sleeves and asked, "Madam, have you told Old Mr. Quillen about your return tonight?"

"I'm going in to tell him now. What's it to you? Do you dare stop me?"

Felicity glared at Alfred.

Although Alfred wasn't in a weak position, he was aware of his status. He bowed his head and said, "I dare not. However, please wait a moment while I inform Old Mr. Quillen."

"Hmph!"

Felicity looked unhappy, but she didn't dare to go straight in.

As a daughter-in-law of the Quillen family, she had to consider the opinions of others even when coming back home. Who could feel at ease in such a situation?

Alfred quickly came to Terence and reported the situation.

“Let her come back.”

After pondering for a moment, Terence waved his hand and instructed Alfred.

After all, she was his daughter-in-law. His son, Tony, was no longer with them,

and Felicity hadn't betrayed him. Thus, Terence had no reason not to let her

come back.

Even if he knew her motives were not pure!

Soon, Alfred returned to the door, with his hands tucked into his sleeves. He

squinted his eyes as he spoke. “Madam, Old Mr. Quillen has allowed your

return.”

“Hmph, aren't you going to get out of the way?”

Felicity reprimanded Samantha.

The difference between her current appearance and her usual image as an

elegant lady was stark.

This was because she hated Samantha too much.

One day, she would make Samantha die a horrible death!!

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“I warn you not to cause trouble. The Quillen family is not a place where you can do anything you want!”

Samantha retorted coldly and left the Quillen residence with Hannah and the other women.

Felicity wanted to bring her bodyguards into the house, but Alfred stretched out his hand to stop her. “Madam, Old Mr. Quillen only allowed you to come home, but he did not allow outsiders to enter the Quillen residence at will.”

Felicity clenched her fist slightly but soon let go. She signaled her bodyguards to wait outside.

Alfred stared at her bodyguards for a while before turning around and going

1. Then, he went to Terence.

“Old Mr. Quillen, the four bodyguards that Madam brought back are all experts, with strong lower body strength and sharp eyes. I’m afraid they are

skilled thieves.”

“Ah.”

Terence sighed deeply. He had already guessed that Felicity was coming

back tonight for something.

She had been coveting the ‘Energy Diagram of Nine Palace’ and the “Heart of

the Sun” for 20 years, and she desperately wanted to get half of it, but he just

wouldn’t give it to her.

Since she couldn’t get it openly, she was even thinking of stealing it now!

“Just keep an eye on them. Don’t let them enter Tony’s old room.”

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“Yes, Old Mr. Quillen!”

Alfred nodded with his sleeves held and quietly left.

After returning to her room, Felicity took a leisurely bath and changed her

clothes.

Standing up from the bathtub, she wore nothing underneath but a white

robe, which covered her ample and curvaceous figure.

Although she was a woman in her forties, she maintained her figure very well.

Her bottom was fair, round, and firm without appearing oversized, showing

no signs of being a mother of three.

Late at night, when all was quiet, she didn't go to bed. Instead, she put on her

bathrobe, slipped on her slippers, and boldly walked to the study.

The mansion was very quiet at night. Apart from Alfred, the bodyguards were

not allowed in during the evening.

Upon reaching the study, Felicity became vigilant. She observed the positions.

of the surveillance cameras. Confirming that there were no changes, she

cautiously crawled out of the study window.

For a woman of her standing, her current image would be quite a shock if

witnessed by others.

Nevertheless, she had to retrieve what belonged to her.

No matter what the cost would be!

At the same time, her four bodyguards were also stealthily searching the

Quillen residence.

Alfred didn't go to bed that night. Instead, he squinted his eyes and went to

the Quillen family's surveillance center, watching the thieves scurrying

around the mansion.

"Mr. Grishaw, why don't we apprehend them?"

As the captain of the Quillen family's security team, Logan Collins was

puzzled as to why Alfred would just watch the thieves run rampant in the

Quillen residence.

"Not so soon!"

Alfred simply instructed, "Without my order, you are not to take any action."

"This... Yes, Mr. Grishaw!"

Like the other bodyguards of the Quillen family, Logan had great respect for

Alfred.

Alfred was the anchor of the Quillen family. With him around, they believed that no thief could do anything to the Quillen family.

For three hours, Felicity meticulously searched every place where Terence usually kept the valuables and the possible hiding spots.

She did discover numerous precious items. Had she been a common thief, her haul would have been substantial. Unfortunately, none of them were what she wanted!

She just wanted to retrieve her husband's two mementos!

As soon as she quietly left the backyard, her four bodyguards quickly joined her.

Each of them shook their head, indicating that they hadn't found the two items.

"D*mn it. Follow me!"

Felicity was determined.

Magnus had dispatched four experts to assist her. If she couldn't get those two items tonight, she might never be able to retrieve her husband's mementos in her lifetime.

While security was lax in other parts of the Quillen residence, vigilance was high around the room that had once belonged to Tony.

"Madam, please stop!"

Several bodyguards stopped Felicity before she could reach the room.

"Madam, why are you not resting at this late hour? Old Mr. Quillen has ordered that no one, except him, is allowed to enter the former master's room!"

"Get out of my way! I am Tony's wife. Can't I enter my husband's room and look at his mementos and pay my respects?"

Felicity coldly rebuked the bodyguards.

"Madam, please don't make things difficult for us!"

The Quillen family's bodyguards still didn't give in. They were puzzled.

Everyone in the Quillen family knew that without Terence's permission, no one could enter this room. Had Felicity forgotten it?

Felicity didn't bother to argue. She simply signaled the four bodyguards following her.

Whoosh!

The four bodyguards, like monsters in the dark, instantly turned into four shadows. With swift movements, they took down several Quillen family bodyguards.

Their techniques were brutal, targeting vulnerable points or bones. Each move aimed to destroy their opponents in one hit, without any mercy!

"Quick! Call for backup!"

Seeing the enemy's formidable strength, the team leader of the Quillen family's bodyguard team shouted.

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"Take them down!"

She showed no mercy!

Upon her return today, Felicity had already planned to completely sever all ties.

Now that things had come to this, there was no place for benevolence, even toward the guards who had once protected her.

Crack!

Thud!

The scene of battle turned brutally intense, blood splattering the walls in an instant, screams piercing through the stillness of the night.

Felicity's heart raced. The outcome hinged on this single moment. Not waiting for the melee to conclude, she advanced with purpose, intent on entering her late husband's former room.

However, a gray figure suddenly blocked her way.

Felicity was shocked!

Is this a human or a ghost? Why does it seem to appear out of nowhere?

“Mr... Mr. Grishaw?”

“Madam, it’s time to stop.”

Alfred sighed at Felicity with a faint sadness on his face.

”

They were originally a family, but why did they have to fight each other?

Hearing his words, Felicity, who was initially panicked, turned angry.

“What do you mean by ‘it’s time to stop? It’s you who should stop!”

Felicity pointed at Alfred, hysterically yelling.

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“You’re the ones who stripped me of my rightful possessions! You’re the ones

who used any means necessary! You’re the ones who tormented me for over

two decades!

“I’m the victim! As a wife, I just want to retrieve my husband’s relics, to

remember him by! Am I wrong?

“I’m not wrong! You are! You’ve never treated me as a human being!”

Alfred simply observed Felicity’s outburst, sighing softly.

He could somewhat understand Felicity’s feelings.

However, their positions were different. He wouldn’t let her do anything reckless just because she was angry.

“Get out of my way! You accomplice of Terence! You executioner!”

Felicity was well-educated. Even when she was furious, she maintained her refined manner of speech.

“Madam, I, a mere servant, dare not comment on your grievances with the

Quillen family, but Old Mr. Quillen has ordered that no one is allowed to enter this room. If you want to go in, you’ll have to step over my body.”

Alfred said calmly.

“You...”

Felicity was slightly taken aback, her chest heaving. After taking a deep

breath, she gritted her teeth and said, "Don't think I don't dare to do so!"

As soon as her words fell, she took two steps back.

The four experts behind her simultaneously attacked Alfred.

But they didn't stop there. Aware that the elderly man before them was a

formidable opponent, they even drew daggers.

Whoosh!

The four moved at different speeds.

The fastest was a tall and thin man, who aimed his dagger directly at Alfred's

throat.

It seemed like an attempt to deliver a fatal blow, but in reality, he aimed to

force Alfred to change his position.

Now that Alfred was backed against the wall, he had no worries about being

attacked from behind. Since the odds were four against one, the bodyguards

naturally intended to surround him from all sides, leveraging their advantage.

Left or right?

The thin man was already silently pondering how Alfred would dodge his dagger.

However, to his surprise, Alfred had no intention of doing so.

When the dagger was only a few inches away from his throat, his left hand extended from his sleeve.

His movement was very slow!

Really slow.

It looked like the movement of an ordinary old man.

However, in the next moment, the thin man was shocked. In the blink of an eye, Alfred's left hand had blocked his wrist holding the dagger.

"Hmph, do you think you can block it?"

Although the thin man wasn't very strong, he didn't believe his strength was inferior to that of an old man.

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However, the next moment, he was shocked again!

An invisible force caused his wrist to rotate automatically.

It was as if a swirling vortex of air had taken hold, gradually contorting his wrist by ninety degrees.

If this continued, his wrist would snap!

Hyaah!

At the critical moment, another burly man swung at Alfred from the right.

Alfred moved his right hand.

Once again, employing a technique resembling a feather countering a ton,

he rotated at the exact point where the man's wrist met.

Like the skinny man, the burly man didn't know what this move was. Why was'

there an invisible force causing his wrist to twist?

"Old man, meet your demise!"

The other two bodyguards also charged in, targeting Alfred's vulnerable spots.

The four of them had one thing in common in their moves. They were extremely ferocious!

Four bloodthirsty predators!

Felicity also showed a fierce expression, her body trembling violently. Her red lips quivered. "Mr. Grishaw, don't blame me! You brought this on yourself! Why did you have to stand in my way..."

It was impossible for Alfred to defeat four opponents, and it seemed that his fate was sealed.

However, in this critical moment, Alfred's hands traced delicate circles, as if drawing invisible patterns in the air. A potent yet concealed force pulsed through him. The skinny man and the burly man began to involuntarily whirl around.

They tried their best to stand firm, but they simply couldn't.

Their bodies floated in the air!

They were much like clothes being stirred in a washing machine.

Thump. Thump.

The two of them collided with their companions, who were rushing over.

With a shout, Alfred gently extended his hands, and the four, akin to a pile of trash, were hurled away, crashing hard against the wall.

Felicity was dumbfounded, her gaze affixed to Alfred. Her astonishment rendered her silent for an extended moment.

She saw it!

She seemed to see a martial arts pattern under Alfred's feet.

An invisible aura was swirling around his body.

This old man was indeed a martial arts grandmaster!

Felicity had long heard tales of his reputation. Many of the nation's martial

arts champions had been his students. This was no mere rumor!

No wonder Terence trusted him so much!

"Ah..."

Alfred suddenly let out a long sigh. “Madam, over these past two decades, I’ve witnessed your growth from an innocent and lovely bride to the elegant and distinguished woman before me now. I sincerely hoped that you wouldn’t become adversarial with the Quillen family. Before this incident alarms Old Mr. Quillen, I implore you to leave.”

Felicity bit her lower lip tightly, her expression extremely complicated.

“Mr. Grishaw, I won’t be grateful to you! You’ve become the stumbling block in my path. I will undoubtedly reclaim what’s rightfully mine, regardless of the \means!”

After dropping her harsh words, Felicity stumbled out.

Only after her figure disappeared did Alfred take out his communicator to notify Logan to come and clean up the scene.

In the master bedroom of the mansion, Terence had been awake all night.

Only when Alfred came in with his hands tucked in his sleeves did he sigh.

Then, he asked, “Has Felicity left?”

“Yes, I let her go.”

Alfred nodded and answered.

Terence nodded and sighed again. “It seems that more than twenty years ago, I really made a mistake! I shouldn’t have let Tony marry her into the family.”

“Old Mr. Quillen, at this juncture, regret serves no purpose. We should think about how to protect those two things!”

Alfred squinted his eyes and said, “It’s not an exaggeration to say that if those two things fall into the hands of someone with ulterior motives, they could change the whole world.”

Terence nodded again. “Yes. That’s why I haven’t taken them out all these years, especially the Heart of the Sun, but I can’t hide them for too long...”

Alfred agreed, “Yes, we are getting old, drawing close to the twilight of our lives. It’s time to entrust these responsibilities to the younger generation.”

The one who understood Terence the best had always been this elderly man
who'd stood by his side for decades.

When Terence heard this, the image of Emmanuel appeared in his mind.

When he selected him to be his grandson-in-law, he had more than just the
continuation of the Quillen family lineage in mind. He was also considering
entrusting him with this significant responsibility!