

Wrong Table 891

Chapter 891 It's Only My Imagination!

The high heels had already been lost in the water, revealing a pair of exquisite feet.

The elusive Icy Female CEO, at that moment, had reached the peak of her allure!

Even Emmanuel, the former gynecologist, couldn't help but feel a bit breathless when he admired his wife's figure at a glance.

For any other ordinary man, maintaining composure would probably be hard, and they would undoubtedly have released their primal instincts while the goddess was unconscious.

Emmanuel quickly placed his hands on his wife's chest, pushing out the water from her chest cavity.

Then, he pinched her nose and performed artificial respiration on her.

Even though he tried to focus without any distractions, Mackenzie's soft chest and delicate lips still aroused a hint of desire in him.

Gradually, Mackenzie seemed to regain some consciousness, and though her icy eyes remained closed, her fingers moved slightly.

She felt as though someone was kissing her.

Of course, she couldn't allow that. After all, she was Emmanuel's wife!

Emmanuel felt that Mackenzie seemed to be regaining some consciousness and promptly ceased artificial respiration.

At the same time, there was a commotion by the seaside. Illuminated by the dim light from the villa, Emmanuel looked up and saw two armed men with their guns pointed at them, slowly approaching.

His heart sank. Because they had gotten ashore early, they hadn't completely escaped the encirclement.

"Tsk tsk, what a fine woman lying on the ground!"

"It's been a while since I last had a beautiful woman. Lucky me to get to taste one tonight!"

"Look, her chest is still moving. She's probably not a corpse, right? They should be wonderful to grab. Hehe..."

The two men paid no attention to Emmanuel, their gaze consumed by their greedy desire for the alluring Mackenzie.

Emmanuel's eyes flared with anger. Nobody was allowed to defile his wife!

These two b*stards, they are going to pay!

"Let's start by killing this guy!"

The two men finally noticed Emmanuel's gaze but dismissed it entirely. What could an unarmed man do in his anger? However, in the very next moment, they realized how wrong they were. They were wrong beyond measure!

Emmanuel acted before they could fire, throwing a handful of sand.

"Ah!" The two men immediately let out agonized cries, their eyes searing with pain as blood flowed from their eye sockets.

They attempted to pull their triggers, but their wrists were already in someone's grip/

“Go to hell!”

Emmanuel was rarely this furious. He promptly twisted the arms of both men, then delivered two punches to their chests.

Thud! Thud! The two men’s backs displayed horrifying fist imprints, and they gasped for breath before succumbing.

After a moment, their bodies gradually went limp, blood gushing from their mouths, staining the sandy beach.

Emmanuel then noticed the three flame symbols on their clothing.

Could this be the emblem of the Holy Fire organization? Emmanuel furrowed his brows in thought.

However, at this moment, he didn’t have the leisure to investigate further. He first picked up his wife, moved her out of the danger zone, and then considered his next steps.

At this moment, Mackenzie’s consciousness gradually returned. She felt herself being held, her cheek pressed against a strong man’s chest.

This sensation made her resist. However, she couldn’t shake off the faint sense of familiarity.

Am I imagining it? Yes! It’s only my imagination! I can’t let another man hold me like this.

Driven by this thought, Mackenzie finally forced her eyes open, and her lips parted slightly. “You... You need to put-me down...”

Chapter 892 Surrender!

“Ms. Quillen, you’re awake!” Emmanuel heard the voice in his arms and breathed a sigh of relief.

“You... You need to let me go!” Mackenzie’s voice grew a degree colder.

Emmanuel sighed and nodded, gently setting his wife down.

Mackenzie made a determined effort to stand, pushing Emmanuel away with a frigid demeanor. "Don't... Don't touch me! I can stand on my own!"

"Alright... Alright..." Emmanuel raised his hands, indicating that he wouldn't touch the woman before him again.

He would certainly be upset if any other woman treated him like this, thinking she was ungrateful. However, this was his beloved wife.

Mackenzie, not recognizing him at the moment, appeared more distant and colder. Strangely, the more distant she acted, the more at ease and happy Emmanuel felt.

"Thank you for saving me. Give me your account information. I'll compensate you when I get back!" Mackenzie maintained her proud and sharp tone.

"No need," Emmanuel replied, still watching their surroundings. He noticed that the villa's assailants had retreated, so they should be out of immediate danger. He also heard gunshots and explosions coming from the hill behind the villa, suspecting that Nathan's forces were engaging the assailant organization. He had to go there quickly. After all, Nathan was his disciple and had just helped his wife tremendously, so he couldn't stand idly by.

"Stop!" Mackenzie, however, called out to Emmanuel as he turned to leave.

Is this man refusing my monetary reward because he wants me to owe him a favor? Hmph, not a chance!

With a touch of spite, Mackenzie continued, "You better give me your account information, or don't expect me to owe you any favors! And..." She paused a beat before adding, biting her lip, "I want to make this clear: I already have a husband. You can't like me! You can't have any inappropriate thoughts about me!"

She remained cold and proud, but Emmanuel couldn't help but smile.

Although Mackenzie couldn't see his smile, she could sense it.

"Ms. Quillen, whether I like you or not is my prerogative! I wish you a long and happy life with your husband. Goodbye!" Emmanuel finished speaking and swiftly headed toward the direction of the hill.

At that very moment, a car approached.

"Ms. Quillen!" Lexi, upon seeing Mackenzie, breathed a sigh of relief and rushed out of the car, exclaiming, "Thank goodness, Ms. Quillen, you're safe! I was so scared when I saw so many bodies!"

Noticing that Mackenzie wasn't responding, Lexi followed her gaze but didn't see anything. Turning back to Mackenzie, Lexi realized that her boss seemed preoccupied.

"Ms. Quillen, what's wrong?"

"I... I'm fine. Let's get out of here!" Mackenzie snapped back to reality and, along with Lexi, quickly got into the car.

Under the cover of the night, Emmanuel watched his wife and Lexi drive away. Only then did he fully exhale in relief and hurriedly ran toward the densely wooded hillside.

In the small hillside, the Chapman family's bodyguards were already surrounded by the assailant organization.

Amidst the hail of bullets and explosions, Nathan's loyal and brave bodyguards fell one by one.

"D*mn it! What grudge does the Holy Fire organization have against me? Do they have to go to such lengths to kill me?" Nathan leaned against a boulder, a bitter and angry expression on his face.

He was cornered!

“Surrender, Mr. Nathan!” Under the cover of darkness, a woman in a leather jacket’s proud voice echoed. “You have no chance of winning. If you don’t want to die, surrender and hand over the sisters from the Tanner family!”

Chapter 893 The Northern Region Wolf Makes a Comeback

The Tanner sisters?!

Nathan finally realized that this organization had come after his fiancée and the woman in heels. He had been careless!

Nathan was sharp-minded and quickly pieced it together. It must be because he had been too gentle with the woman in heels and hadn’t acted decisively, giving her an opportunity to seek help. She must indeed have had a strong connection with the Tanner family of Zovince, or else she wouldn’t have had the power to enlist the Holy Fire organization.

“Mr. Chapman, we should just surrender.” At this point, even the bodyguards by his side didn’t want to fight anymore. They had no hope of breaking through.

“D*mn it!” Nathan suddenly jumped up and started berating the bodyguards with kicks and curses. “Incompetents! A bunch of incompetents! The Chapman family paid you so much money, and you can’t even deal with a mere Holy Fire organization! You can’t even ensure my safety! You’re all a bunch of good-for-nothings!”

The bodyguards had no intention of continuing the fight, and they were only in it for the money. Now that their lives were on the line, they didn’t care who he was.

One bodyguard, unable to tolerate Nathan’s insults, aimed his gun at his head and shouted to the woman in the leather jacket, “We surrender! I have control over Nathan. As long as you promise not to kill us, I’ll hand him over to you!”

“You b*stard!” Nathan gritted his teeth.

Soon, the area was illuminated by lights. The woman in the leather jacket, accompanied by a group of armed men, appeared in front of Nathan.

Mocking the frustrated Nathan, she said, "Oh my, Mr. Nathan, your family is known for its immense wealth. Couldn't you afford to hire more capable individuals?"

"Did these good-for-nothings swindle your money?"

"It's truly pathetic that the massively powerful Chapman family don't have a single person who can fight!"

The woman not only humiliated Nathan but also scorned the entire Chapman family Nathan wouldn't allow that! However, as disgruntled as Nathan was, he was helpless. He wished he had learned his master's true skills, for he would never have to end up in this situation, subject to such humiliation?

Under the cover of night, Ashton stealthily made her way to the hill.

Initially, she had planned to help Nathan escape out of an old acquaintance's courtesy, even though she didn't particularly like this weakling of a scion. But now, seeing him in such dire straits, isolated and powerless, she was just as powerless as he was.

In this situation, even if the War God of Northern Region himself were to descend, it was unlikely that he could save Nathan!

Just as the thought crossed Ashton's mind, a furious shout broke the silence of the night. "Who said there isn't a capable person by Nathan's side?!"

Roar!

The furious shout was deafening, echoing through the night sky.

“Who goes there?!” The woman in the leather jacket suddenly felt a bit flustered. The hidden man in the night possessed tremendous inner strength.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The man didn't respond with words but with gunshots. As the gunshots rang out, the members of the Holy Fire organization, who had been so arrogant that night, fell one after another.

“Master! My master has come!” Nathan exclaimed excitedly.

Ashton was extremely surprised. Wasn't Nathan's master just shot in the head a moment ago? I knew it was just a decoy!

The woman in the leather jacket also became anxious. Can it really be the former Northern Region Wolf is making a comeback tonight?!

Chapter 894 Is She the Snake Master's Sister?

Bang! Bang! Bang!

In the darkness of the night, Emmanuel jumped down from a higher vantage point, guns in both hands.

Ashton had always considered herself a sharpshooter, but after witnessing Emmanuel's marksmanship on the scene, she was astounded and felt her scalp tingle. She felt utterly inadequate. In the dim light, he could still fire without missing a shot, taking down numerous enemies with a single bullet each, hitting vital points and dropping them instantly in large numbers. His precision was like having a targeting system, almost maddeningly accurate.

“How the hell did he do that?”

Most people might not be as shocked, but Ashton was a professional and knew that handling varied from each gun model. The guns Emmanuel held were stolen from this organization, yet he wielded them with such finesse! How many years of firearms training had he undergone, and how many different gun models had he handled?!

“Ha-ha! My master is here! My master, the Wolf Warrior, is making a comeback! You bunch of losers! All of you are going to hell!” Nathan became instantly ecstatic, completely forgetting the danger

No one at the scene was more aware than him of the true power of the Northern Region Wolf. In his heyday, he could not only assassinate enemy generals amid a sea of soldiers but also break through the defenses of enemy nations, forcibly infiltrating any location with ease. He was invincible.

While the members of the Holy Fire organization were well-trained, they couldn't compare to professional military forces in a combat situation. Moreover, with just about twenty or thirty people present, they stood no chance against the Wolf Warrior.

As she watched her comrades falling one by one, the woman in the leather jacket was filled with panic. Her earlier arrogance and pride had vanished, replaced by pure terror in her eyes.

As an experienced leader of a professional team of assassins, she was feeling a bit fearful now, and only one thing echoed in her mind: The King Returns!

However, she couldn't just sit there waiting to be defeated. She quickly aimed her gun at Emmanuel and fired. “Whoever you are, go to hell!”

But in the split second, she pulled the trigger. The Wolf Warrior had remarkably anticipated her move and dodged perfectly. The bullets fired hit nothing but air!

Ashton was once again shocked, taking a few steps forward subconsciously. Her eyes widened, not blinking for a long time.

Good heavens Is it even possible for someone to dodge bullets? Is he even human?!

Ashton knew very well that Emmanuel's ability to evade bullets wasn't because he was faster than the bullets. It was because he possessed a sensory perception that normal people couldn't even dream of. This heightened awareness had been honed through countless life-and-death experiences on the battlefield, something she, and even Sage, couldn't come close to achieving.

The shock experienced by the woman in the leather jacket at that moment was no less intense than Ashton's.

By the time she reacted, Emmanuel had already kicked the gun out of her hand. She didn't have time for any action before she felt the cold metal of the gun barrel against her temple.

"Invincible!" the woman in the leather jacket admitted with a bitter smile. "Is this the true strength of the Wolf Warrior? I don't stand a chance against you.

Before Emmanuel could respond, Nathan stood up and burst into laughter. "You don't say! If you're as capable as my master, you'd be a legendary hero long ago! Need you resort to being a bandit?! Haha!"

He looked ecstatic, as though he was the one who had single-handedly taken down two or three dozen people!

The woman in the leather jacket had nothing to say.

Whoosh!

Emmanuel waved his hand and knocked off her mask.

Just a moment ago, he had some doubts about whether this woman might be Snake Master's sister, given her figure, but it turned out not to be the case.

Chapter 895 Let Xylie Decide

"Huh, is the great hero so fond of seeing other people's faces?" The woman's appearance was not particularly beautiful, but she had a unique presence. Mature and exuding a wild charm.

It was precisely because Snake Master's sister also had this wild charm that Emmanuel had suspected her initially.

"Who are you? Why did you attack the party and senselessly kill so many people?" Emmanuel's eyes blazed with anger. He had never been merciful to those who played with people's lives."

"I failed the mission. If you want to kill me, go ahead." The woman in the leather jacket grinned villainously, her eyes showing no fear.

Emmanuel understood that the Redback Assassins were trained in a ruthless system and were prepared to face death in case of mission failure,

If Emmanuel hadn't used Snake Master's sister's life as leverage back then, Snake Master would never have submitted. Therefore, he wasn't confident that he could extract any valuable information from her.

"D*mn it; this woman is stubborn!" Nathan couldn't take it anymore and picked up a gun, shooting the leather-clad woman in the right chest.

The woman let out a muffled cry and knelt down, clutching her wound. She paid no attention to Nathan but stared fixedly at Emmanuel.

The Redback Assassins revered strength and power, and she only acknowledged her defeat against Emmanuel. As for Nathan, who was a wealthy but seemingly weak young man, she had no interest in him.

"Master, let me handle her. I'm skilled in the ten most brutal torture techniques, and I can guarantee she'll spill the beans!" Nathan said excitedly. "I'm even more eager to get information from her than you

because these people clearly came for that couple and my fiancée!"

"Your fiancée?" Emmanuel frowned.

"Yes, Xylie Tanner is my fiancée. Otherwise, why would I have risked my life to save her last night?" Nathan wasn't hiding anything, as he believed that only three people were left alive at the scene: Emmanuel, the leather-clad woman, and himself. However, to his surprise, he heard Ashton's voice from behind him. "Nathan Chapman, to think a playboy like you would get involved in a political marriage with the Tanner family!"

Emmanuel also looked at Ashton in a new light.

He had noticed Ashton only when she was moving forward with excitement, and before that, his attention was focused on Nathan. It seemed that even with her somewhat reckless and headstrong personality, she had some skills, which was why she had managed to survive with her intelligence so far.

“Why are you still here?” Nathan, too, was quite surprised to see Ashton.

“Hmph, to save you, of course,” Ashton replied arrogantly. “But this guy here beat me to it and stole my thunder!”

Emmanuel found it amusing but decided not to provoke this determined Yeringham police officer for now. She was one of the very few people who knew his true identity, and he didn’t want to eliminate her or risk exposing his identity, so he chose not to engage with her at this moment.

Nathan, on the other hand, laughed heartily. “Ms. Summerton, if you had the ability, you wouldn’t have had to hide until now! It’s funny how you’re only showing up now!”

Nathan, on the other hand, laughed heartily. “Ms. Summerton, if you had the ability, you wouldn’t have had to hide until now! It’s funny how you’re only showing up now!”

“You...” Exposed by the scion, Ashton expectedly held further hostility toward him and warned through gritted teeth, “I’m a Yeringham police officer, specifically here to apprehend Xylie Tanner. You better hand her over to me!”

“Pfft, try me!” Nathan replied, giving her no authoritative respect.

Ashton immediately grabbed his collar. “You dare to obstruct me in the execution of my duty, and I will deal with you first!”

“Oh, yeah? Try me then!” Nathan, though aware he couldn’t beat this woman in a fight, wasn’t one to be easily intimidated. After all, he had the support of the Chapman family.

Seeing the two at an impasse, Emmanuel finally spoke up, "Nath, let Xylie make her own choice."

Chapter 896 You Can't Go Back on Your Word

"Fine, whatever you say, Master," Nathan reluctantly agreed as he owed his life to Emmanuel.

Ashton was surprised, as this was the first time she had seen the arrogant Nathan being so obedient. He followed Emmanuel's orders without hesitation!

Had she witnessed this scene before this night, she would have been much more surprised, but after witnessing Emmanuel's godlike abilities, it somehow seemed fitting.

Ashton's feelings toward Emmanuel were currently quite complicated and mixed. Her former idol had always been Sage, and she found Emmanuel to be extremely annoying. However, now she discovered that Emmanuel was Sage's idol, and this sudden shift in their relationship left her feeling perplexed.

Ashton had finally come to understand why Sage was so protective of Emmanuel.

"And you, Ashton!"

"Huh? Yes, sir!" Upon hearing Emmanuel call her, Ashton, who had been lost in her thoughts, subconsciously responded.

This time, Nathan stared in disbelief, for he knew Ashton had always been a fierce and super-tough woman. After becoming a police officer, she became an even more formidable force. Never had he once seen her behave so meekly!

It wasn't until Ashton saw Nathan's expression that she realized what she had just done. Quickly, she put on a cold and aloof demeanor and snorted at Emmanuel. "What do you want?"

Emmanuel didn't care about Ashton's or Nathan's expressions or what they were thinking and directly said, "If Xylie Tanner doesn't want to go back to Yeringham with you, you are not allowed to force her."

"Hmph, why should I listen to you? I'm not your disciple!" Ashton lifted her chin, looking proud.

“If she doesn’t want to go, nobody can take her away. Quote me!” Emmanuel declared, unusually domineering.

Ashton grumbled, “We’ll talk about it when I see her. If she acted in self-defense, she can just go back and explain things. She has nothing to be afraid of!”

Emmanuel didn’t want to argue with her any further and issued a final instruction to the two of them. “The second thing is, you must never reveal my identity. You should be well aware of the consequences!”

Nathan quickly reassured him, “Haha, Master, I wouldn’t have gotten an imposter tonight if I dared reveal your identity! What do you think of the antics?”

Emmanuel promptly gazed at him, expecting the scion to guess his answer.

Immediately, Nathan backtracked and nodded.

Ashton, once again in a haughty tone, said, “Like I said, why should I listen to you?”

“Try me!” Emmanuel responded with a hint of malice in his eyes, “My identity is a confidential matter of the Northern Region, and whoever leaks it, I will personally take care of them.”

Chills instantly ran down Ashton’s spine. After witnessing Emmanuel’s abilities that night, she dared not be arrogant anymore. However, she also had her pride. She needed a way out!

“Hmph, I won’t leak your identity unless you help me solve a few cases on my handed” .

“Hmph, I won’t leak your identity unless you help me solve a few cases on my hands!”

“I have no intention of bargaining with you.”

“You-”

Emmanuel’s words made Ashton stomp her foot in frustration. If she could take on Emmanuel, she would have acted already!

“Master, can I negotiate with you, then?” It was Nathan’s turn to speak. “You promised to teach me a few moves, including the Dragonweave Saga. Remember?”

After that, he gave a smug look to Ashton as if to say, “You see, your position with my Master is nowhere near mine.”

Ashton snorted disdainfully but secretly yearned to see Emmanuel’s martial arts skills and even considered learning them secretly. However, Emmanuel shook his head. “No.”

“Why not?!” Nathan’s smile faded, and he exclaimed, “You are the Wolf Warrior, a legendary hero! You can’t go back on your word!”

Chapter 897 Head Back to Yeringham

“Have I?” Emmanuel chuckled. “Didn’t we agree that you’d provide me with that technology in exchange for teaching you martial arts? But have you given it to me?”

“Um...” Nathan looked perplexed. They did have that conversation, but he had handed the cooperation directly to Mackenzie without involving Emmanuel.

“Hey, hey, Master! You can’t play word games with me! Isn’t it the same?!”

“How can it be the same? It’s like pocketing private money; it’s completely different from handing it over to your spouse. Moreover, I don’t have time to teach you now,” Emmanuel said with a laugh. Otherwise, it would be the case of the disciple teasing the master. The master couldn’t have that, could he?

“No time? Why wouldn’t you have time? You can teach me right here and now!”

Seeing Nathan's excitement, Ashton sighed silently. This playboy with lousy martial arts skills had an unexpectedly strong enthusiasm for learning martial arts in this bloody environment.

"Next time, I'll teach you. Let's go and meet Xylie," Emmanuel said and casually lifted, the injured woman in the leather jacket with his foot and gave her to Ashton.

He had completed his mission and had to return to Yeringham the next morning. He was no longer the Wolf Warrior, just an ordinary citizen of Yeringham and Mackenzie's husband. His wife had helped his family a great deal in the past. Thus, anything concerning Mackenzie would forever come first to him.

"Hmph, why give her to me?" Ashton grumbled. She was frustrated but had to yield to Emmanuel's 'coercion.' Her dislike for him had grown from the time they first met to now, as he always seemed to pick on her.

On the other hand, Nathan's admiration for his master increased. Knowing Ashton for so long, it was the first time he had seen her look so aggrieved. It turned out that there were men in this world who

could tame this kind of fiery woman.

That night, the three of them collaborated with the local police to deal with the situation at the villa. Nathan didn't hand over the leather-clad woman to the police; instead, he concealed her identity. She had been so arrogant and insolent in front of him that he wanted to interrogate and deal with her personally. He wanted her to experience the 'Ten Private Tortures of the Chapman Family.' Hehe...

The next morning, Nathan took Emmanuel and Ashton to a luxury hotel, which was also a property of the Chapman family. Xylie was temporarily staying there.

"I... I'm willing to go back with Officer Summerton!" Xylie quickly made her decision after learning about Ashton's identity and purpose.

Nathan hastily added, "Xylie, if you don't want to go back, I can ensure your safety. You don't have to fear her!"

After all, she was his fiancée. What if something happened to her after they went back? However, Xylie displayed a complex smile, glanced at Emmanuel, and reiterated, "It's my own choice to go back."

Emmanuel nodded to show his respect for her decision.

Nathan had no choice but to return home and have a discussion with his mother about whether he should marry this woman. What was so special about her that allowed her to enter the Chapman family?

"As for the interrogation of that woman, I'll leave it to you, Nath. Let me know if you find any information," Emmanuel said, patting Nathan's shoulder.

"Don't worry, Master! I'm most skilled at interrogation, especially when it comes to women!" Nathan's eyes flashed with a hint of mischief.

Emmanuel shook his head and offered a wry smile. It seemed that those two women and the muscle-bound man were in for a tough time. However, they weren't good people, so they didn't deserve sympathy.

"Let's go! I'll accompany you back to Yeringham," Emmanuel said to Xylie.

Chapter 898 The Tattoo on Her Neck

"Okay." Xylie nodded. The way she looked at Emmanuel was different from how she looked at others.

Emmanuel didn't pay much attention to it. In his eyes, women were either Mackenzie or other women, with no significant difference.

After leaving the hotel, the three of them headed to the airport. Emmanuel and Xylie sat in the backseat, chatting and laughing, while Ashton sat in the passenger seat, sporting a stern expression.

That annoying Emmanuel. He only has eyes for pretty girls! How in the world did a guy like him become the Wolf Warrior?! How maddening!

On the evening they landed, the three of them returned to Yeringham. Just as they were about to part ways, Xylie seemed a bit reluctant. She turned to Emmanuel and said, "Mr. Lowe, thank you for saving me in Yeternia and for all your help. Can we stay in touch in the future? I... I consider you a good friend now."

"Of course!" Emmanuel readily agreed. After several interactions, he found Xylie's personality and character to be quite pleasant, and she was worth having as a friend.

Ashton couldn't contain herself and chimed in, "He's already married, you know. You should be careful when calling him a good friend!"

Xylie suddenly felt a bit embarrassed and looked a bit downcast.

"By the way, Lady-Raptor," Emmanuel finally took the initiative to ask Ashton, "what's the origin of the tattoo on your neck? Are you also a member of the Holy Fire organization?"

He had been wanting to ask Ashton about this for a while, but their relationship was terrible back then, and there wasn't a good opportunity. Now that things had thawed a bit, it was a chance to find out.

"What Holy Fire organization?" Aston appeared utterly bewildered, her eyebrows furrowing. She even appeared somewhat nervous and covered the tattoo on her neck, not wanting Emmanuel to see it again.

Hearing Ashton's response and seeing her demeanor, Emmanuel couldn't help but frown. It seemed like she wasn't pretending. Does this mean that Snake Master had been lying before? Is this not the symbol of the Holy Fire organization?

"Hmph, it's for me to know and you to find out!" Ashton snapped at Emmanuel. "You're already a married man, so stop showing so much interest in other women's bodies, okay?"

With that, she walked away, taking Xylie with her.

Emmanuel found the situation rather baffling. Well, you could've just said no. What does this have to do with my marriage?! This woman was certainly idiosyncratic!

After parting ways with Emmanuel, Ashton's expression remained incredibly complex.

In reality, she wanted to build a good relationship with Emmanuel after finding out he was the Northern Region Wolf, and she wanted to learn martial arts and marksmanship from him and even wished to seek his aid in solving cases. After all, he was someone even more formidable than Sage. But for some reason, she always found herself speaking harshly, making it seemingly impossible to improve her relationship with that man.

Xylie, being a woman, understood Ashton better than Emmanuel. Seeing her storm off, she couldn't help but ask, "Ms. Summerton, you haven't developed a crush on Mr. Lowe, have you?"

Xylie, being a woman, understood Ashton better than Emmanuel. Seeing her storm off she couldn't help but ask, "Ms. Summerton, you haven't developed a crush on Mr. Lowe, have you?"

"What?!" Ashton, as though electrocuted, abruptly stopped and scolded Xylie, "What nonsense are you talking about? He's the person I detest the most, without a doubt! Even if all the men in the world were gone, I could never like him!"

Xylie simply responded with an "Oh" and then smiled before falling silent.

This reaction from Xylie further infuriated Ashton, making it seem as if she were saying one thing and meaning another.

"Hmph, stop talking nonsense and come back to the police station with me to give your statement!" Ashton didn't want to continue the conversation with Xylie. However, she couldn't help but place her hand back on her neck, where the tattoo was located. "It seems like it's time to find a way to get rid of this thing," she muttered to herself

Chapter 899 Blake and Magnus Has Left Yeringham

For her, that tattoo used to be a symbol of love, but now it was nothing but an insult.

At the age of eighteen, she experienced her first crush when she met a man six years her senior.

He came from a prestigious family, part of a rare and traditional martial arts clan. He had been training in martial arts from a young age and was hailed as a once-in-a-generation genius. Ashton had once challenged him, but her formidable combat skills, which had left many men reeling in pain, were rendered feeble before him.

He conquered her heart with his incredible prowess. Ashton fell deeply in love with him and claimed she would do anything for him.

He asked her to get a tattoo, and he even had her sneak into a place to help him with some tasks. Those tasks came with significant risks, but at the time, Ashton was willing, believing that he also loved her and that they would get married. However, when she finished the tasks and heard the news of his engagement to a wealthy heiress, Ashton was shocked and heartbroken.

Ashton, feeling like her world had shattered, confronted him, but all she received was a simple “thank you.” She realized that she had encountered what was often described as a ‘sc*mbag.’

He didn’t fit the typical portrayal of a villain in novels or TV dramas with a sinister face. Instead, he had the face of a protagonist and the abilities of one, yet he was a scoundrel.

After that experience, Ashton had no intention of pursuing romantic relationships. She became more hostile toward evildoers and even more determined to fight crime. If she came across sc*mbags, she was not averse to giving them a good beating.

Thinking of the sc*mbag reminded her of Blake, the suspect. After investigating him, she found that he was undoubtedly a top-tier sc*mbag, constantly involved in either playing with women or on his way to

playing with them.

She really wanted to apprehend him at all costs but realized that she couldn’t do it alone. The man’s abilities surpassed even Sage’s, let alone her own.

Just then, her phone rang.

“Hello, Captain!” Ashton answered the call eagerly. “I’ve already brought Xylie Tanner back to Yeringham. This time, I didn’t fail in my mission!”

Having been unable to solve three consecutive cases, Ashton had been under tremendous pressure. Now, with at least one success, she felt a considerable relief.

“Good job,” Sage praised her and then turned serious. “However, I have some bad news for you. Blake Dotson is now with Magnús Zelinsky and has left Yeringham. Capturing him just became more challenging.”

“What?” Ashton’s anxiety escalated. With this development, it seemed she might not solve any of the three cases she was handling!

Meanwhile, on the other side of the city, Blake was driving his old Corolla with Magnus, heading toward an ancient town near Yeringham.

“Magnus, why are you leaving Yeringham at this hour? Weren’t you supposed to watch the big show we arranged to the end?” Blake asked, wearing a grin.

Magnus smiled and replied, “I did it all for you.”

Magnus smiled and replied, “I did it all for you.”

“For me?” Blake was taken aback for a moment, then burst into laughter. “I’m deeply moved. Who would’ve thought there’d be a man who cares about me so much? Tell me, Magnus, why is it all for me?”

Putting away his phone and adjusting his glasses, Magnus said with a slight smirk, “The Quillen family is about to fall, and when that happens, Emmanuel is sure to be furious. Who do you think he’ll blame?”

“He’ll blame you, of course. What does it have to do with me?!” Blake grinned, showing his discolored teeth. “I just followed your orders to take out Sebastian Oatley, leading to the downfall of Terence Group. You. orchestrated the entire scheme! He won’t come after me when you’re the mastermind.”

“Haha,” Magnus laughed. “Let me analyze it for you.”

Chapter 900 Terence Group’s Demise

“First, Sebastian Oatley’s case has been classified as a murder. The footage of you tampering with his car tires was accidentally caught on surveillance cameras, so Emmanuel will definitely target you first. Second, as my personal bodyguard, you’ll have to protect me even if Emmanuel decides to come after me. Am I right?”

Magnus concluded, watching Blake with a sly grin.

Blake laughed heartily, slapping his thigh. “Fantastic! You cunning b*stard, using your status to pressure me. It seems I’ll have to face off with Emmanuel.”

“Are you afraid of him?” Magnus asked, clearly trying to provoke Blake.

But Blake didn’t play by the rules either. He smacked his thigh again and exclaimed, “Afraid? Hell, yes! Why wouldn’t I be? What if I can’t beat him? He’s the guy who effortlessly defeated Quinn!”

Blake’s reputation was well-known, but Emmanuel had an impressive track record as well. Heroes respected each other, so typically, experts wouldn’t willingly engage in a life-or-death battle unless absolutely necessary. Winning a fight didn’t earn you any rewards, and losing would spell disaster. Anybody would be afraid.

“I’m truly disappointed in your response.” Magnus shook his head and sighed. “But luckily, your answer was, within my calculations. So, for your safety, I temporarily took you out of Yeringham. Do you understand how good I am to you now?”

Blake was taken aback for a moment and then grinned widely. “You’re quite the smooth talker. If I had said I wasn’t afraid of Emmanuel just now, I’m sure you’d have had another set of arguments, right?”

Magnus smiled without saying a word, essentially confirming it.

Blake expressed some regret, saying, "You've planned meticulously to bring down the Quillen family, all to get Terence Quillen to reveal those two things. Tomorrow should be the historic moment when Terence Group falls, and I really wanted to see it in person!"

Magnus, however, chuckled and said, "Strategists who make plans from behind the scenes rarely set foot on the battlefield. You should get used to that if you're going to stick with me."

With that, he pushed up his glasses, and his eyes shone with the triumphant light of a victor. He couldn't help but wonder how desperate Emmanuel and Mackenzie would be the next day.

On the other side, Emmanuel returned to Yociam Residence in the late hours. Although it was expected, he still felt a bit disappointed when he didn't find Mackenzie at home.

He had thought about calling her to let her know he was back in Yeringham, but he reconsidered, realizing that it was late and she was probably already asleep. In reality, Mackenzie wouldn't have a chance to sleep that night. Upon his return to Yeringham, she had already received news that Oscar had joined other shareholders in a frenzy of selling Terence Group's stocks.

Rumors of Terence Group's default and bankruptcy were spreading like wildfire. Under the impact of these two blows, the stock price of Terence Group hit the limit down for four consecutive days. All factions in Yeringham had utterly lost confidence in the company.

Together, Mackenzie and the entire Quillen family had spent the night brainstorming solutions. Mackenzie had even instructed Lexi to arrange an early morning press conference. It was imperative to clarify the bankruptcy crisis and restore confidence in Terence Group, hoping to attract new capital to turn the tide.

Early the next morning, Mackenzie rushed to the press conference venue. On her way, she received a call from Alessandra.

"Mackenzie, I heard that Terence Group is in a precarious situation lately! Will it affect your work?" Alessandra's tone was filled with concern.

Mackenzie couldn't help but smile wryly. It was fortunate that Alessandra was unaware of her true identity, thinking she was just an executive at Terence Group. Otherwise, she might be even more worried. At the same time, she felt a wave of gratitude for Alessandra's concern.