

## **Wrong Table 961**

### Chapter 961

“Who is this Sinclair Zamora?”

Now it was Philips’ turn to be curious. He looked up at Terence and asked, “Who are you? How do you know the former leader of the Templar Valor?”

“Oh, so the Templar Valor has been handed over to Agargar?” Terence said in surprise.

“It seems that you really do know the former leader of the Templar Valor. However, the Templar Valor is not what it used to be. The current leader is not Agargar Zamora, but his younger brother Alfwhit Zamora! Plus, we have a good rapport!” Philips deliberately said this to pressure Emmanuel.

Anyone in Anchortown who hadn’t been living in a well the last century knew the Templar Valor.

Plus, this guild was well-known in the inner martial world of Chanaea!

Unfortunately, Emmanuel felt no pressure at all. Instead, he couldn’t help but wonder how the Templar Valor members came up with such a name. It was quite amusing that all their names made them seem like nothing but idiots!

“Well, then. Manny, let’s go!” Terence said as he rose to his feet.

“Hm, are we leaving already?” Emmanuel was stunned. Did the old man obtain the information he wanted?

“Yeah! Why are we leaving now? Have you even eaten yet? No, you haven’t even started eating, have you?” Shane widened his eyes. They ordered so many dishes! It would be such a waste to leave without enjoying them!

Now that he thought about it, he could always order the servers to pack the leftovers up!

When Emmanuel noticed that Terence was really leaving; he naturally tossed Philips aside.

Hence, Philips crashed into a corner and promptly fell on his face.

“Boss!”

The seven to eight henchmen outside the door didn't dare to lay a hand on Emmanuel. Thus, they hurriedly rushed in to help Philips up.

“D\*mn it! We absolutely can't let them leave like this! I have to end them!” Philips felt that he had been terribly humiliated today.

He had already taken a step back. Yet, who would have thought that the other party would refuse to back down and insist on hurting and humiliating him further? How could Philips possibly walk around town without being mocked if they were allowed to slip through his fingers just like that?

Emmanuel didn't take Philips and his men seriously at all. Still, just as he left the private room, he saw Red trembling in the corner.

“Red, why don't you come with us?”

Emmanuel knew very well that Philips and his men were ruthless. Once he and Shane left, they would definitely take their anger out on Red. So, there was no doubt that the poor girl would be in a miserable state if they left just like that!

Shane actually wanted to suggest the same thing, but he started blushing and became too shy to speak up when the person was a girl he liked.

Red looked into Emmanuel's eyes and nodded in agreement.

Just as they thought the matter would end like this, the four of them walked out of the restaurant and were greeted by dozens upon dozens of people blocking their path. Each and every one of them looked utterly menacing and intimidating.

“No one is allowed to leave!”

“Who touched our Boss? I’ll kill him!”

“If anyone dares to provoke the Flightstones Gang, we’ll break every single bone in their body!”

These people were all sinister and menacing. Some of them were even holding weapons in their hands.

Red couldn’t help but shake in her boots.

Shane quickly comforted her, saying, “Red, don’t be afraid! No one can harm you as long as we’re here!”

“Yeah, I-I’m not afraid!” Red stuttered as she swiftly hid behind Emmanuel.

Shane was dumbfounded as he wondered in bewilderment, I said that I’ll protect you. So, why are you hiding behind my senior brother? I’m so chubby! It’s warmer behind me!

Unfortunately, he didn’t dare to say it out loud.

Emmanuel didn’t bother wasting any words with the men in front of him as he took a step forward.

It was as though someone had pressed a pause button!

His gaze and the killing intent he exuded made the men who were previously hurling numerous threats take a step back, gulping inwardly. This guy’s aura is so intimidating!

“We’re leaving! Who dares to stop us?!” Emmanuel snarled coldly, and the dozens of people before him instinctively stumbled backward.

Red was extremely surprised as she thought in amazement, Just who is this guy? He managed to scare away at least ten men with just a few words!

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Emmanuel advanced step by step while the members of the Flightstones Gang retreated with every step he took.

If one didn’t know any better, one would think that Emmanuel was seeking revenge on them!

“D\*mn it, I’ll kill you-”

Finally, a burly man couldn’t handle getting his pride squashed like a gnat as he raised his knife to attack Emmanuel.

Emmanuel didn’t even bother looking before throwing a punch in the burly man’s vicinity. Soon, the burly man was sent flying. He had even crashed into his own allies before finally landing on the ground!

Hiss!

Dozens of people at the scene couldn’t help but gasp in shock!

They couldn’t win against that monster!

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There was no way they could defeat the man in front of them, even if they swarmed him. Moreover, the one who impulsively took the lead would undoubtedly end up in a miserable state.

So, no one dared to move a single muscle. In the end, they could only watch helplessly as Emmanuel and the others sauntered out of their encirclement.

Everyone in the restaurant was left gaping like a fish!

What did it mean to be fierce?

-Emmanuel had shown them all today!

Terence promptly got into Emmanuel's Chevrolet.

On the other hand, Red got on Shane's second-hand mountain bike and left the scene.

Meanwhile, Magnus, who was sitting in an old Corolla, had already received the information from the restaurant. The corners of his mouth curved slightly as he read through the report.

"Hehe, look at you, smiling like a villain. Did you receive some good news?" Blake started teasing.

"It is indeed good news. Emmanuel and Terence have already arrived at Anchortown."

"What?"

Blake was startled by the news. Then, he chuckled softly before exclaiming, "Magnus, you are really something! It's only the second day, and Emmanuel has actually come to Anchortown!"

“This? This is nothing. Besides, I also said that the Heart of the Sun will definitely appear in three days’ time. Trust me when I say that my words are nothing but the truth!” Magnus replied, utterly filled with confidence.

“Haha, look at you acting all smug after achieving some success. Alright, I’ll hold you onto that. If your predictions are all accurate, I’ll acknowledge your title as Magnus the Genius!” Blake guffawed.

Magnus simply retorted proudly, “My title as Magnus the Genius was bestowed upon me by the Great Sage of Chanaea. Why would I ever need someone like you to acknowledge my title?”

“You son of a b\*tch!” Blake cursed loudly. Then he continued, “If it weren’t for the fact that the Zelinsky family gave me a lot of money, you would have been long dead!”

“Money can make the devil turn the mill. It seems that this saying is not false!”

Magnus pushed his glasses up his nose bridge and smiled proudly. Then, his gaze suddenly became lofty as he snarked, “Didn’t you just say that I’m the villain? Well, I’ll show you my villainous side as you so wish. You’d better cooperate with me!”

“Hmph!” Blake snorted coldly before muttering, “I truly find it revolting to ever join hands with you. But I also want to have power in my hands. It’s been a long time since I last showed off. I have to say, it feels quite odd to do so. Haha...”

Magnus simply curled his lips into a cold smirk, took off his glasses, and abandoned his usual gentlemanly demeanor. His gaze became extremely icy and arrogant.

In the evening, a building that wouldn’t look out of place from an old painting welcomed two rare guests.

As the two men stepped out of the black Corolla, two men in martial attire immediately approached them.

“Who are you? What are you doing at the entrance of Templar Valor?” the two men demanded, and their entire being exuded nothing but arrogance.

Templar Valor not only held a high position in Anchortown, but also in the entire inner martial world. So, the men naturally felt proud since they were disciples of Templar Valor!

“Oh, so this is Templar Valor? The place does appear to be as fantastical as it’s rumored to be. Yet, I also heard that the people here are subpar at best. In fact, I have it on good authority that each

generation is worse than the previous one!”

Blake truly lived up to his reputation of having a tongue that was as sharp as his ugly looks. This was proven as he had successfully infuriated the two disciples with just one casual remark, causing their veins to bulge in their ire.

“How disrespectful!”

“How dare you come to the Templar Valor and act in such an impudent manner?! There’s no way we would ever let this slide!”

Just as the two disciples were about to make a move, Blake struck first, clapping his hands and delivering a heavy blow to their ears.

The two disciples immediately heard a severe ringing echoing in their ears. Soon, their vision turned spotty as their heads became dizzy, causing them extreme discomfort!

In the next moment, the two of them fell to the ground, bleeding from their seven orifices. Even a blind man could tell that their lives were hanging by a mere thread!

“Junior Brother!”

Several disciples heard the commotion and rushed to the entrance. Every single one of them was shocked by the scene playing before them!

This man was so brutal!

What kind of grudge did he have against them to beat their comrades so severely?

“Well? Why don’t you small fries call your leader for help, huh? I’m here to challenge you!” Blake declared proudly.

“Such audacity! How dare a person like you provoke the Templar Valor! Everyone, we should just attack him right now! We have to avenge our brothers!” A woman dressed in purple martial attire commanded a few fellow disciples to surround Blake and Magnus.

The woman appeared to be in her twenties. Although she didn’t look like an outstanding beauty, the air of authority surrounding her suggested that she had the highest rank among these people!

“A group of worthless individuals can only amount to a pile of trash! Are you all so foolish to think that ants like you could stop me?” Blake snarked as he continued to effortlessly deal with multiple opponents at the same time.

Magnus stood behind him, evading some attacks. Meanwhile, Blake had already severely injured seven men during the time he was languidly adjusting his glasses.

Suddenly, the woman in purple took advantage of the situation and finally made her move, targeting Blake’s vulnerable spot!!

“Got you!”

Her eyes gleamed with victory when her blow struck true. She was going to avenge her fellow disciples! Yet, it felt as though she was hitting solid steel. As a result, her palms went numb in that very split second!



“And here I am, sparing you out of pity. So, why did you come courting death? Is it because I’ve been too nice to you?”

Blake suddenly turned around, his blood-red eyes terrifying the woman, who instantly retreated!

“Be a dear and summon your leader. Otherwise, I’ll just treat this as an invitation to spank your behind!”  
He waved his hand at her in dismissal.

The woman felt utterly insulted as she shouted and used her Templar Heaven Seal against Blake!

Alas, the outcome remained the same!

He stood firm and endured her attacks without flinching. Meanwhile, her palms had started swelling due to the force of her blows!

“Children who don’t listen need to be disciplined! I guess two slaps will make you behave!”

Hence, Blake wasted no time slapping her twice on her buttock, just as he said he would.

Smack! Smack!

The senior disciple’s face turned crimson as she covered her sore buttocks with a look of anger and hatred. It was as if she wanted to kill the repulsive man right in front of her!

“The resilience you’re displaying is quite impressive, hehe!”

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Although Blake also felt that what he was doing was wrong, he still found himself enjoying the sensation this brought him; a part of him also wanted to continue.

The fight at the entrance quickly attracted more disciples from the Templar Valor to check things out.

“Blake, it seems that your reputation as the Great Demon King is not fearsome enough. They aren’t afraid of you at all!”

Magnus was dissatisfied as they had wasted so much time fighting at the entrance. Suddenly, his eyes turned cold as he lifted his foot, stomping on the head of a disciple sprawled on the ground.

Splat!

Everyone immediately witnessed a horrifying scene. They had just watched as their ally’s head exploded like a watermelon.

The innocent disciple’s head was completely flattened!

The smell of blood instantly filled the entire entrance.

The disciples of the Templar Valor were instantly engulfed in fear. Although Magnus’ martial arts were far inferior to Blake’s, the pressure he exerted on them was ten times greater than Blake’s!

For a moment, no one dared to make a move!

“Blake, let’s go.”

Magnus pushed his glasses and walked straight in.

Blake spat on the ground and cursed, “D\*mn it, I was definitely cursed somehow to be working with you!”

Nonetheless, Magnus didn’t take it as an insult. Instead, he saw it as a form of praise.

A man who couldn’t follow through with their threats was nothing but a coward.

If Magnus wanted to become the heir of the Zelinsky family, he had to be ruthless. Otherwise, he would inevitably become a stepping stone for the other young masters of the Zelinsky family!

## Chapter 964

“How audacious! Who has the guts to mess with Templar Valor?!” The commotion at the door reverberated through the air and drifted into the building.

As Magnus and Blake entered the front yard, a middle-aged man in a black combat suit led his group of disciples out of the place with an angry expression. It seemed like he already knew what had happened.

Upon seeing Magnus and Blake, the man squinted in anger. “Who are you? What is your problem with Templar Valor? How dare you come here looking for trouble?!”

Meanwhile, the man’s disciples couldn’t wait for Magnus to explain, as they were just as angry as their master.

However, Magnus responded with a calm smile and said, “There’s nothing personal here. I’m just trying to have some fun by bullying you guys because, let’s face it, you’re all too weak.”

“What?!”

How rude! This insult is unacceptable!

Since Templar Valor was known as one of the eight major sects in Chanaea, the men were furious to hear Magnus' demeaning words.

"I am Magnus Zelinsky, a member of the Zelinsky family of Zovince. I actually came here hoping to pay you to do something for me, but now I realize you're not worth it. So, I think it's better for me to save my money." Magnus spoke his mind frankly.

While Magnus' previous words may have sounded like taunting, his latest reply was a complete humiliation for Alfwhit. As the head of Templar Valor, Alfwhit couldn't allow someone to play with his ego, which later became a strong motivator for him to teach Magnus a lesson. In the next moment, he leaped into the air and attacked Magnus with a palm strike.

"Go to h\*ll!"

Despite being the leader of Templar Valor, Alfwhit lacked the grace and magnanimity that a charismatic leader should possess. After being humiliated by Magnus, he succumbed to his emotions and let his violence take over his mind. His eyes turned red, and his movements were filled with a desire to kill. Ironically, the techniques of Templar Palms were best utilized when one had a balanced inner energy, achieved through minimal/emotional fluctuations and composure. However, Alfwhit's hot temper and agitation were in direct contradiction to the core principles of Templar Palm.

On the other hand, while Magnus responded with a smile, Blake sneered and stood in front of Magnus, feeling obligated to honor the payment for his services. He extended his arms and met Alfwhit's strike with his own palms.

However, Alfwhit proved to be stronger than they had anticipated. When their strikes collided in the air, the force was so great that it produced a loud thud. Blake was then sent flying, seemingly having taken damage from the attack.

"Well done, Master!"

Alfwhit's female disciple, dressed in purple, couldn't wait to witness her master defeat Blake and avenge the humiliation she had suffered earlier. At the same time, all the other disciples raised their arms and cheered for their master. However, their expressions quickly froze in the next moment.

Surprisingly, Blake remained unfazed. He grinned, revealing his yellowish teeth. "You must be Alfwhit Zamora, right? Is this the best you can do? Come on, I thought you would be better. No wonder

Magnus couldn't resist humiliating you. Templar Valor deserves no respect with a leader like you!"

Furious and exasperated, Alfwhit launched eight consecutive palm strikes. Although his power was on par with experts capable of delivering deadly blows with a single strike, his movements were still forceful enough to cause devastating damage. Bang! Bang!

Blake endured all eight of Alfwhit's consecutive palm strikes, unknowingly bringing a smile to the latter's face as he believed he had successfully hurt Blake. At the same time, Alfwhit's disciples clenched their fists in excitement, thinking that Blake's fate was sealed, as they knew a strike from Alfwhit was strong enough to kill an elephant.

However, Blake simply shook his head and said, "You're too weak. You're even worse than Sinclair and Alfred. In fact, calling you trash is an understatement."

What?! Alfwhit was shocked.

Immediately after Blake finished speaking, he landed a punch on Alfwhit's stomach. In that instant, Alfwhit's eyes bulged, his veins popped out on the surface of his skin, and he collapsed onto the ground, writhing in pain.

Seizing the opportunity to assert his dominance, Magnus stepped forward and placed his foot on Alfwhit's face.

"Master!!" Alfwhit's disciples shouted as they surrounded their master, but none of them dared to interfere with Magnus and Blake. After all, it would be suicide to challenge someone whom even their master couldn't defeat, despite having the advantage of numbers.

This unattractive man is undoubtedly powerful!

"Alfwhit, let's have a private conversation, shall we?" Magnus said condescendingly.

Alfwhit clenched his fists, veins bulging on his forehead. While his skills were far from those of his father and uncle, he had never experienced such humiliation in Anchortown before. Nevertheless, there wasn't much he could do at that moment, considering his opponents were much stronger than he was.

After dismissing all the disciples, Alfwhit met Magnus and Blake alone in the study. However, unlike before, Magnus sat in the master's seat, with Blake sitting right beside him. On the other hand, Alfwhit, the leader of Templar Valor, stood as if he were a servant.

## Chapter 965

"What do you want from me?" Alfwhit asked with an unfriendly tone, still behaving arrogantly.

"Alfwhit, I'm giving you an opportunity to do me a favor. There are two men I would like you to deal with on my behalf." Magnus showed no signs of concession.

"Why should I listen to you?" Alfwhit looked away in a sulk. In fact, he was not a man with pride and honor. Knowing who Magnus was, he would not hesitate to do him a favor if his effort would be rewarded. However, he couldn't accept Magnus' rude attitude, finding it simply unacceptable.

"You are going to help me!" Magnus replied confidently. "Because the two men that I want you to deal with are Terence Quillen and Emmanuel Lowe."

"Terence Lowe?!" Alfwhit was startled when he heard the name from Magnus.

"That's right! He was the guy who harbored the wanted traitor that Templar Valor was looking for back then. And guess what? He is now back in Anchortown, and that's not all. He just took care of Philips Caver earlier today" Magnus smiled.

Alfwhit clenched his fists tightly while reminiscing about the events in the past.

Templar Invocation had always been the core of Templar Valor as it could be divided into two categories, namely black magic and white magic. Any disciple who started training with the organization

would be required to choose a discipline to commit to. On the other hand, only the leader of Templar Valor could train in both disciplines to attain a higher level in this practice.

More than three decades ago, Sinclair, who was deemed to be the more talented candidate, was chosen as the next leader of Templar Valor. When his older brother, Alfred, learned about it, he was upset and dissatisfied. Thus, he became determined to usurp Sinclair's place and replace him as the new leader.

Despite being a senior among the disciples, Alfred was eventually blinded by his jealousy, which motivated him to secretly learn black magic. In the end, he managed to reach the level that only a legitimate leader could by mastering the magic of two disciplines. Nonetheless, he was still defeated by Sinclair, who was aided by the rest of the members of Templar Valor.

Wounded, Alfred had no choice but to escape from Templar Valor. Just when he thought he was going to die, he was saved by a wealthy businessman named Terence Quillen. Therefore, Terence had since become one of the biggest enemies of Templar Valor.

With Terence's return, Alfwhit was more determined than ever to take him out, especially after he learned that he also gave his friend, Philip, a hard time. Good! What a perfect opportunity to settle our old and new scores, Terence! You're going nowhere this time!

"Here's the deal. If you can take Terence Quillen and Emmanuel Lowe out, I will tell you the secrets of Templar's White Magic." Magnus made a tempting offer.

"How did you know anything about Templar's White Magic?" Alfwhit was shocked, but his eyes were filled with skepticism and doubts.

"Don't bother because I'm not going to answer that question. Furthermore, it's none of your concern anyway." Magnus was well aware of Alfwhit's temper, as well as his past.

In fact, Alfwhit wasn't the legitimate leader of Templar Valor, as he had usurped the place from his older brother, Agargar, through dishonorable means. Because of that, Magnus didn't think it was worthwhile

making friends with someone like Alfwhit. Instead, he planned to use him as a tool against his enemies, deeming that the only way he could keep him under his thumb.

“Alright, you have a deal!” Alfwhit gritted his teeth and agreed, but then, he went on to warn Magnus not to fool him. “Don’t you dare play any silly games with me; otherwise, I won’t let you get away with it even if I die in the end.”

“This dog won’t stop barking, Blake. I think it needs a little taming, doesn’t it? Teach it a lesson, and we’ll be on our way.” Magnus sneered in a casual manner.

“Copy that.” Blake then gave Alfwhit a slap on his left and right cheek, whereupon he walked off with Magnus.

In the meantime, Alfwhit was left behind, covering his cheek with his hand as he watched them slowly disappear from sight in anger. Despite his frustration and irritation, there was nothing much he could do because he was no match for Blake at all.

-It looks like the rumors are true! This ugly-looking man once beat someone on par with the Six Grandmasters of the

World. I’m afraid there is no one else capable of matching him in this world.

On the other hand, Emmanuel was driving a Chevrolet van on a narrow road in Anchortown, thanks to the fact that many of the roads were one-way streets. Driving on those busy roads, Emmanuel was following right behind Shane, who was riding his bicycle.

While Shane was traveling at a slow speed, Emmanuel couldn’t help but wonder whether there was something wrong with his bicycle or his riding skills. However, fortunate for Shane, Emmanuel was a patient man, or he would have been cursed at if someone else was right behind him.

Little did Emmanuel know that Shane was actually riding his bicycle slowly on purpose. After all, he had wandered around the restaurant for the past few days just so that he could see Red. Therefore, now that he finally had the opportunity to be so close to her, there was no way he was going to let it slip away from him so soon. However, despite Shane’s usual talkative nature, he became somewhat nervous and timid around the lady he had a crush on. Because of that, he failed to start a conversation with Red, only staying silent in her presence along the way.



“Can you take me home, Shane?” Red asked, much to Shane’s surprise, although she hadn’t said a single word at all throughout their trip.

Chapter 966

Oh dear! Red just asked me to take her home. Does she consider me her boyfriend now? Come on, man! Has she fallen in love with me now, even though I only saved her life once? Oh god! When I arrive at her home, I’m going to meet her parents. D\*mn, this is happening way sooner than I thought.

What if her parents expect something extravagant from me, like a wedding that costs more than two hundred thousand? What am I going to do? Break up with her? Or work hard to save every penny? Ugh! What a headache!

“Is everything okay?” Red asked, wondering why Shane hadn’t responded.

“Oh... I-I don’t mind, of course, but I’m afraid I’m not ready

“Ready? Why do you have to be ready?” Red was puzzled because she didn’t understand why Shane had to be ready to take her home.

“Um. Well, I’m going to meet your parents, but I haven’t bought anything for them, I can’t visit them empty-handed, can I? Haha...” Shane scratched his head in embarrassment.

Nevertheless, Red looked down with a heartbroken expression on her face. “My parents passed away a long time ago.”

“W-What?” It was then that Shane realized that he was worrying too much about things that would never even happen.

“My dad was a miner who died in an accident 6 years ago. It broke my mom’s heart and devastated her so much that she never recovered. Three years later, she also passed away.”

“Oops! I’m so sorry. I…” Shane apologized.

“It’s alright. It’s all in the past anyway.” Red smiled, trying to shake off her heart-wrenching past, although her sympathetic looks might make her appear vulnerable.

“Alright, let me inform Manuel, and I’ll get you home.”

“Sure, thanks!”

“Don’t worry about it. I’m more than happy to do that.” Shane then reached for his phone and called Emmanuel.

After receiving Terence’s approval, Emmanuel sighed and said, “Alright, you’re free to go to wherever you’re heading, but can you move faster? Even a snail can outrun you.”

“I’m only holding back because I don’t want you to lose me on the way. After all, they call me Anchortown’s speed demon.” Shane bragged but was suddenly stunned by something. It turned out that Red took out a piece of tissue paper and reached for his face.

Oh my god! Is she going to wipe my sweat for me? Aw, that’s so kind of her! Well, guess what? I’m Anchortown’s speed demon.

Nervous, Shane lost control of his vehicle as it swerved uncontrollably. Fortunately, he was able to regain control on the road in the end.

“What the hell are you doing?!” Emmanuel cursed. D\*mn it! I told you to pick up the pace, but not like that, man! If I hadn’t reacted quickly, I might have run you over.

“I’m so sorry. There was something on the corner of your lips, and I was going to wipe it for you.” Red apologized.

D\*mn it! Shane was immediately embarrassed. I forgot to wipe my mouth after eating. Is she going to think I'm unhygienic? Oh my god! Is she going to dislike me because of that? What should I do to

change her mind then?

"Keep your eyes on the road, Shane! Look out!" Red's voice sounded shocked.

!

It was then that Shane realized his vehicle had almost crashed into a huge rock by the side of the road, but thanks to his quick reaction once again, he was able to dodge it just in time. At the same time, Emmanuel, who was driving right behind him, nearly bumped into Shane's vehicle from the rear.

If it weren't for my driving skills, I would have been in an accident. Maybe it's safer to keep a distance from Shane's car, even though he is traveling really slowly now.

"Haha! I wish I was like them in the old days!" Terence sat in the car, remaining calm, although they had nearly been in an accident. Older and wiser, he wasn't surprised by what happened as he understood why Shane was acting uncomfortably in front of his crush.

Eventually, they arrived at a small house in the slum around town.

"Shane, thank you for driving me home. Why don't you come in and have a seat?" Red, politely invited Shane to be her guest.

Nevertheless, Shane was surprised once again when he heard Red's invitation.

Oh my god! Is Red inviting me to stay over with her for the night? No, I'm not like that! All I've been thinking about is taking her home safely, not taking advantage of her.

When Shane didn't respond, Red began to wonder what was wrong with him again, furrowing her eyebrows. Is he going crazy or something?

“Don’t worry about him. He always acts like a weirdo around his crush.”

## Chapter 967

Emmanuel still knew Shane very well, as he hadn’t changed at all after all these years.

Red blushed instantly.

She knew that Shane liked her, but hearing it from Emmanuel made her feel a bit embarrassed.

“Haha. Since you’re here, if you don’t mind us disturbing you, let’s go inside and have a seat!”

Terence was in a good mood as it had been more than ten years since he left his hometown. So, he wanted to make some new friends and reconnect with the local community.

“Not at all. If you don’t mind my humble home, please come in and have a cup of tea!” Red graciously invited them, stealing a glance at Emmanuel.

In the past, Emmanuel wouldn’t have been sensitive to this kind of gaze, but after meeting Claudette and Tia, he felt a sense of familiarity in that look.

“Is this woman starting to develop feelings for me too? But Shane likes her!”

Emmanuel pretended not to notice and kept his distance from Red.

“Marilyn, did you bring more people home again?”

As soon as they entered the house, they heard the voice of an old lady.

The old lady's face was full of anger. But when she saw that Red had brought people home, her expression changed instantly, and she immediately put on a polite smile.

"Haha. Sorry for intruding, Madam! If you don't welcome us, we'll leave right away!" Terence said kindly to the old lady.

She seemed a few years older than him; maybe they had known each other before, but he couldn't remember.

"Grandma, they are my friends. They accompanied me home. So, I invited them in for a cup of tea!"

Red quickly came over to support the old lady.

"Oh, I see! I thought it was your sister bringing some random people home again. I would have kicked them out!"

The mention of Red's sister made the old lady very angry, but the next moment, she turned hospitable and walked towards Terence with a smile and asked, "Who are you, Sir? You seem familiar to me!"

The term "sir" made Terence even more excited as he quickly said, "Haha, I left Anchortown many years ago, and I'm back to visit today! Madam, you're a local. You should know Alton Blue, right?"

Upon hearing that name, the old lady's expression changed again. She frowned and asked, "What is your relationship with Alton Blue?"

Terence didn't hide anything and said honestly, "He was my childhood playmate, and I consider him a brother!"

Upon hearing the word "brother," Emmanuel was also slightly surprised.

In Yeringham, countless wealthy businessmen aspired to be on familiar terms with Terence, but Terence never acknowledged any of them!

In Yeringham, countless wealthy businessmen aspired to be on familiar terms with Terence, but Terence never acknowledged any of them!

Yet Alton managed to make Terence call him a brother so sincerely. So, Emmanuel wondered what kind of emotional bond existed between them.

“Brother?”

The old lady stared at Terence with a face full of doubt. “How could you possibly be his brother?”

“Madam, he really is my brother!” Terence exclaimed excitedly. “We not only grew up together, but his sister is also my wife. Why would I be lying?”

Upon hearing this, Emmanuel began to understand the situation more. It seemed that Oscar and Liam were able to hold positions as shareholders in the Terence Group because of this relationship!

The old lady was even more puzzled and disregarded Terence’s identity as she reprimanded him, “Alton, the contractor, is such a good person. Since you claim to be his brother, why didn’t you come back earlier to help him when his mind has been suffering?”

“Sigh...” Terence let out a long sigh, his face filled with a troubled expression, but he didn’t say anything for a

moment.

Emmanuel speculated that perhaps their story couldn’t be easily shared with outsiders.

“Let’s not talk about this for now!” Terence forcefully changed the subject. “I’m a bit hungry. Can I have a meal at your place?”

He was very friendly towards the old lady. After all, she also knew Alton, and he wanted to chat with her about what had happened in the town over the years, so he wanted to stay here.

But they noticed that the old lady and Red had troubled expressions on their faces.

Red and the old lady wanted to agree, but their family was poor, and they didn't have anything to entertain guests with.

Emmanuel glanced around Red's home, which was bare and empty, and understood their predicament. He quickly suggested, 'I'll go out and buy some food. Grandpa, have a good chat with the old lady. Shane, you keep Red company!'

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"Sure!" Shane readily agreed.

Terence was highly impressed with Emmanuel, who had extensive knowledge of medicine and a commendable sense of reading the room. Only women like Hannah, who had never been married, would look down upon such a man!

After Emmanuel left, Terence sat with the old lady in a corner and happily chatted about the town's happenings.

Shane also wanted to strike up a conversation with Red but didn't know what to say.

If he talked about everyday life, would she consider him old-fashioned? But if he talked about deeper topics, would she think he was showing off?

He pondered for a moment and found himself unable to speak due to overthinking.

At that moment, a tall and young girl walked in. Shane's eyes lit up as soon as he saw her!

The girl appeared to be 18 or 19 years old, bearing a 70% resemblance to Red. However, she was taller and had a more vibrant complexion. She lacked Red's delicate aura but had dyed her hair blonde and was wearing denim shorts, revealing a pair of fair and long legs.

She was like an upgraded version of Red!

"Marilyn, you're back?" Red greeted her sister with a smile.

The old lady, on the other hand, angrily tapped her cane and scolded loudly, "You little troublemaker. Where have you been wandering around? You didn't come home all day! I thought you were going to

spend the night with a man again!"

Marilyn immediately pouted and retorted, "Grandma, you just don't like me, do you? You scold me as soon as I'm back, but I've never seen you scold Red!"

The old lady defended herself, "Your sister is sensible. She goes to work and earns money to support me! Why would I scold her? You don't do anything productive all day and fool around with those men at night. I wish I could knock some sense into you, you little troublemaker!"

As she spoke, she even raised her cane to frighten Marilyn.

"Come on! Come and knock some sense into me!" Marilyn had a rebellious look on her face. Not only did she not back down, but she also stepped forward and said, "Since we're so poor, life is meaningless! We can't buy anything or enjoy anything! I hate this family so much!"

"You-" The old lady was so angry that she almost fainted.

Then, Terence quickly comforted her, "Madam, the little girl doesn't know any better. Don't get so worked up."

Red and Shane also hurried over to pacify her.



Not only did Marilyn not appreciate Terence speaking up for her, but she also glanced at him and Shane and sneered, "Grandma, you're biased! When I brought my friends back, you chased them away with a broom. But look at what kind of people Red brought back. An old guy and a young one, both ugly and poor. Yet you're laughing and talking with them. What's the reasoning behind this?"

The old lady was furious and swung her cane at Marilyn as she shouted angrily, "Get out! Get out of this house!"

Shane felt a sudden pang of sympathy when he saw Marilyn being unjustly treated. He quickly walked over to her with Red and asked with concern, "Are you okay?"

"Get lost!" Marilyn completely ignored their concern. After seeing the burning gaze in Shane's eyes, she mocked coldly, "Hey fatty, do you like me? I'm guessing you like my long legs, huh? Aren't they longer than my sister's?"

Shane's face instantly turned red, and he said shakily, "Miss, please don't say such things! I like your sister-Ah, damn it! Why did I blurt out the secret?"

Red's face also turned red in an instant. She knew that Shane liked her, but it was so embarrassing for him to actually say it out loud!

She didn't feel any romantic feelings toward him, but they could still be friends. She was just worried that after he said this, their future interactions would become awkward.

"Ha! Men are all hypocrites. You think I don't know that?" Marilyn intentionally bumped her arm against his and said provocatively, "Give me 400, and I'll sleep with you tonight. How about that?"

Oh my God!

Shane suddenly tensed up all over.

Why is she so direct? Her grandma and sister are present. How am I supposed to respond to her?

And isn't 400 a bit too expensive? Will it make me look stingy if I negotiate the price?

"Go to hell! I'll kill you, you shameless little brat!"

The old lady was completely enraged as her face turned beet red, and she started cursing while attempting to run over to hit Marilyn.

Marilyn made a face, turned around, and ran out. But before leaving, she taunted, "Hey, old man and fatty! Regardless of whether you want to seduce my grandma or my sister, with your poor and pathetic appearance, you should save your efforts. I'm not interested in either one of you!"

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Shane was furious as well. "She's so disrespectful!" he exclaimed.

However, Terence chuckled and said, "Marilyn, right? How about this? I'll make a bet with you. Maybe you'll end up liking this old man later!"

"You?" Marilyn was also quite surprised. She didn't expect Terence to talk to her like that. But after giving him a once-over, she made a face and said, "Old man, I prefer energetic and handsome young guys. You don't fit the bill!"

Terence smiled and didn't argue with her. He simply regarded her as an ignorant child.

She rolled her eyes once again and left the house.

As she was leaving, she bumped into Emmanuel. Suddenly, she realized something and sneered, "Oh, so Red Mosley likes you, huh? You have a good figure, but... you don't look like a wealthy person."

Emmanuel frowned, not understanding what she was talking about, while she just chuckled and sped off on a motorcycle.

“That woman. Could she be Red’s sister?” Emmanuel noticed that she bore a striking resemblance to Red, but their personalities were completely different.

However, he didn’t pay much attention to their encounter and went inside to cook.

That night, Terence had a fervid conversation with the old lady. Around 11 p.m., he, Emmanuel, and Shane left Red’s house and checked into a nearby hotel.

After 11 p.m., Mackenzie, who was in Yeringham, received a call from Terence.

“What? Grandpa, you want to invest 150 million in Anchortown?” Mackenzie was shocked upon hearing Terence’s plan.

“Yes. Anchortown is our family’s hometown. Now that we have money, we should return and help the people in the village. They are too impoverished!” Terence said with compassion.

When he returned to the town that day, he realized that the town’s economy had hardly developed in the past decade.

These living conditions were acceptable over a decade ago, but Chanaea had rapidly developed over the past 20 years. Most places successfully escaped poverty and achieved a moderately prosperous lifestyle. So, Terence couldn’t sleep at night, seeing his hometown still in poverty.

“Grandpa, although the company has sufficient funds now, shouldn’t we consider this carefully since we’re investing 150 million all at once without having any return?” Mackenzie advised symbolically.

She supported Terence in benefiting the villagers, but Terence Group had just experienced a bankruptcy crisis. It was not a wise choice to suddenly withdraw 150 million.

“I’ve thought it through carefully!” Terence said firmly. “Send someone to talk to the mayor about the investment tomorrow. As for the details, you figure it out.”

“Alright.” Mackenzie knew Terence’s mind was made up, so she didn’t say much. Then she asked, “Why did you and Emmanuel go back to the town? Was it for this?”

She had a faint suspicion that Terence might want to entrust something important to Emmanuel.

But Terence didn’t answer her explicitly. He just got angry and said, “What’s going on? Hasn’t that boy reported to you? This is unreasonable. I’ll go and teach him a lesson! It’s the most basic requirement for a man to report to his wife every day!”

Mackenzie knew he was saying that intentionally but still smiled.

She did want to have this kind of power.

But before she hung up the phone with Terence, another call came in, and she immediately said, “Grandpa, you don’t need to call him. He’s calling me now.”

“Haha. Good. You two have a good chat! It would be best if it leads to something fruitful!” Terence chuckled and hung up the phone.

Mackenzie felt a flutter in her heart. This flutter made her feel a bit embarrassed, but it also felt strangely sweet.

After taking a deep breath, she deliberately put on a look of impatience and answered Emmanuel’s call, “Why are you calling me so late? Did you forget about my habit of resting at 11 p.m.?”

“Uh, I’m sorry, Mackenzie! I just settled Grandpa’s accommodation and called you right away.”

“Fine. You’re the only one by his side now. Take good care of him!”

“Yeah. I will.”

After Emmanuel nodded and answered, the two of them didn't speak for several seconds.

"What's the matter? You called me and aren't going to say anything?"

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Mackenzie pretended not to care and said, "If there's nothing else, I'm going to sleep!"

"Well... it's not important, but I just wanted to talk to you," Emmanuel said, feeling his cheeks turn red.

He knew that this had to do with what Terence had said to him earlier. He had promised that if Mackenzie didn't resist, they would have a child within three months. He couldn't continue being as reserved as before.

After all, he knew that Mackenzie wouldn't take the initiative either. If neither of them made a move, how would their relationship as a married couple develop?

"Go ahead. I'm listening," Mackenzie said, feeling a bit strange herself. She felt like she had changed. In the past, no one dared to call her for no reason, as it would surely lead to her anger.

But now, she actually looked forward to hearing his voice, even if he was just talking about unimportant things.

"Well, your grandpa had a great conversation with an elderly woman from here today..." Emmanuel said casually.

Once they started talking, they couldn't seem to stop. They not only discussed the events that happened in town but also talked about Mackenzie's grandmother before moving on to Roselynn's blind date.

In short, they talked about everything under the sun, without any restraints. They spent over an hour on the phone, just chatting. Both of them felt strange yet extremely satisfied.

In the past, even when they were sitting face to face, they had never talked for such a long time. But this time, because Emmanuel was away from home, they chatted easily and leisurely for so long.

“Mackenzie, it’s getting late. You should rest!” Emmanuel finally glanced at the time and reminded Mackenzie, even though he still wanted to continue talking to her.

“Well, alright. Take care!” Mackenzie also considerately reminded him.

She realized that she was becoming more and more like a wife. After hanging up the phone, she still couldn’t fall asleep for a long time.

Emmanuel, on the other hand, felt a lingering sweetness in his heart. He wanted her by his side so he could hold her tightly and whisper into her ear

Perhaps this was the result of being in love?

Yet this feeling truly made him happy!

If the atmosphere they had just experienced continued, he felt that he might actually follow Terence’s advice and let things happen naturally in bed.

On the other side, Blake and Magnus left Templar Valor in the middle of the night.

After dealing with Alfwhit, they took a stroll around Templar Valor, exploring both authorized and unauthorized

areas!

The only place they didn’t go was the female disciples’ rooms.

\*"Magnus, you know Alfwhit is so weak, and he can't even fight Emmanuel at all. Why bother wasting your efforts

here?" Blake asked curiously as he drove.

"Isn't there a saying that goes 'strength in numbers'?" Magnus replied with a smirk.

"Isn't there a saying that goes 'strength in numbers'?" Magnus replied with a smirk.

"If you can take down Emmanuel by yourself, then I won't waste my effort anymore," he continued.

"No. Don't!" Blake, the Great Demon King of Templar Valor, hurriedly waved his hands and said, "You should still gather more people. I won't fight that man directly. He's a legendary fighter!"

He didn't care whether Magnus would call him a coward or weakling. He absolutely, wouldn't engage in a battle he couldn't win!

Unexpectedly, Magnus didn't mock him. Instead, he smiled and said, "You really understand me. I won't engage in a battle without confidence. So, rest assured, I've already set the trap and bait. We just need to wait for the fish to bite! In any case, I can definitely arrange it so that you'll face Emmanuel when you have the best chance."

Blake nodded. He loved the feeling of victory the most.

Magnus also clenched his fist lightly, his eyes filled with confidence. "Emmanuel is my prey. Sooner or later, he will fall into the trap and be at my mercy!"

Claudette died because of Emmanuel. So, Emmanuel's existence was the most profound humiliation for Magnus!

The next morning, Shane, who had spent the night in a small inn, was suddenly awakened by a loud noise. Rubbing his sleepy eyes, he sat up in bed and looked out the window, only to be startled.

“Manny, what’s happening out there? There are hundreds of people surrounding us!” he exclaimed in shock as he dashed toward Emmanuel’s room without putting on his shoes.