

Wrong Table 971

Chapter 971

When Emmanuel and Terence woke up, they were already finished packing. So, when they looked outside, there was no sign of panic in their eyes.

“That’s probably the guy from yesterday, Philips. Let’s go and see what’s happening!” Emmanuel said calmly as he prepared to go downstairs.

Terence admired Emmanuel’s composure. It was impressive for a young man to remain so calm in the face of hundreds of enemies.

“Oh, my. What’s going on?”

Outside the hotel, a group of people were shocked and terrified as they watched the hostile group.

Red also came out to see what was happening when she heard the commotion. When she saw several members of the Flightstones Gang surrounding the hotel, her face turned pale.

It’s over!

What could Mr. Lowe and Shane do now?

The villagers whispered among themselves in terror, “I wonder who angered the Flightstones Gang. This is the first time I’ve seen something like this!”

“Yes, I wonder if the police will intervene?”

“We don’t have many officers in our precinct, do we? They might not bother if there isn’t a major

disturbance.”

“It looks like someone in the hotel is in big trouble!”

Emmanuel took the lead and walked out amidst the fervent discussion. He had instructed Shane to guard the entrance and protect Terence before doing so.

The hotel owner trembled in fear when he noticed the Flightstones Gang. Then, he turned around, looking fierce and menacing as he snarled at Terence, “Hey, you! Yeah, old man. I’m talking to you! Get out of here! How dare you bring trouble to my little hotel-ugh!”

Before he could finish his sentence, Terence took out a large stack of money and smiled, saying, “Will your hotel still be affected now?”

“Haha, how could it possibly be affected? You’re being too generous!”

The hotel owner quickly collected the money and reminded Terence with a smile, “Old man, it’s not wise to mess with those thugs out there. Don’t worry. If you have no other choice, you can leave through the back door. As the owner of this establishment, it’s my duty to protect you and ensure your safe departure!”

Shane watched this interaction and discreetly gave the owner the finger. How shameless! It’s clear that he’d support the highest bidder! Greedy f*cker!

Terence merely smiled and remained silent. It was clear that he had no intention of leaving.

“Who’s looking for me?” Emmanuel demanded coldly as he surveyed the men with piercing eyes.

A strange scene unfolded as he approached the men. The members of the Flightstones Gang actually stepped back!

“What’s going on?”

“Who’s surrounding who?”

“They have so many men! Yet, they’re afraid of just one person?”

Some locals, who were watching from the safety of their homes, were amazed by the sight.

Red, who was also secretly watching, couldn’t help but find Mr. Lowe super cool!

She was certain that if her sister were here... Considering her sister’s taste in men, there was no doubt she would fall for such a domineering man.

The Flightstones Gang members slowly made way for a man wrapped in bandages. That injured man was Philips Caver, who had been badly bullied by Emmanuel yesterday!

“Oh, it’s you!”

Then, Emmanuel asked indifferently, “Are you here for revenge? Let’s get this over with. I have other things to attend to today.”

After that, he flexed his muscles and prepared to fight.

Another surprising scene happened as Philips, who usually acted arrogantly, was actually terrified. He kept backing away like a mouse who had bumped into a cat.

What’s going on?

The locals, who were eagerly watching, were completely baffled. Was the Flightstones Gang here for revenge? Or were they actually here to get beaten up?

After a while, Philips hastily snapped back to his senses and declared obnoxiously, “Hmph! I’m not here to fight with you today. Are you Emmanuel Lowe?”

“Oh, you know me?”

Emmanuel was genuinely curious. These people not only knew he was here but also knew his name. It seemed that things were not as simple as they seemed.

“That’s right! Alfwhit Zamora, the leader of Templar Valor, wants to challenge you! Come with us!” Philips announced proudly.

Now, the locals were utterly astonished!

“Templar Valor is the most famous sect in our town, and their leader is the most powerful man in town! Why is he specifically challenging an unknown person?”

“Yeah! I heard his skills are so powerful that he could take on hundreds of opponents all by himself! Plus, rumor has it that he even defeated the Nuthana champion!”

“Well, that doesn’t matter. The important thing is that this man is being targeted by the sect leader. So, he’s definitely in deep trouble!”

“Still. Templar Valor has a good reputation. The sect leader usually wouldn’t bully us ordinary folk. Just what is going on here?”

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Emmanuel grew increasingly puzzled as he overheard their conversation.

Templar Valor seemed like a righteous sect. Did the sect leader truly intend to cause trouble just for the sake of one gang leader?

Could this be a trap?

“Mr. Lowe, please don’t go!”

Red couldn’t help but voice her concerns as she rushed out, “Alfwhit Zamora is the strongest expert in our town. You can’t possibly defeat him!”

Frankly, Emmanuel had no intention of going, even without her saying all those things.

He wouldn’t be rewarded for winning against the sect leader. Plus, there was even a risk of getting beaten if he lost. Who would be foolish enough to walk into that?

‘Hmph! Trust me, this issue will never be resolved if you don’t go!’

When Philips caught sight of Red, he appeared even more confident as he threatened, hissing, “I know you and that Shane guy are experts! Sure, you can leave, no problem. However, don’t forget that that girl and her family can’t possibly escape from our clutches!”

Emmanuel immediately frowned at his words.

Shane became even more infuriated as he roared in displeasure, “D*mn it! Whoever wants to mess with me—my senior brother, come at me! Don’t you dare lay a finger on other innocent people!”

He realized halfway through that his words were a little off. So, he cleverly changed ‘me’ to ‘my senior brother’.

Nonetheless, he regretted his declaration the moment he said it!

He initially wanted to show off his heroic side in front of Red. Would Red think of him as sleazy after this?

“Emmanuel, let’s go to Templar Valor.’

Just then, Terence walked out of the establishment and decided on Emmanuel’s behalf.

Emmanuel was slightly confused upon hearing Terence’s choice. Regardless, he quickly realized that there had to be some connection between Terence and Templar Valor. He really couldn’t think of any other possibilities.

Since Terence said he wanted to go, they had no choice but to make this trip. After all, Terence was his wife’s grandfather!

Alas, Red became extremely worried the moment they agreed to Terence’s words!

In her mind, it didn’t matter how powerful Mr. Lowe was, as he couldn’t possibly be a match for the Templar Valor’s sect leader!

I need to stop them! But... What can I do?

All the villagers shared the same opinion, mainly because they rarely traveled to big cities and preferred to stay in their little town. So, in their minds, Templar Valor was the number one sect in the world. Therefore, it was only natural to assume that their sect leader was invincible.

Thus, when they saw Emmanuel and the others following Mr. Caver and heading toward Templar Valor, several curious villagers started spreading the news.

By the time Emmanuel arrived at the entrance of Templar Valor, there were hundreds of people following behind him out of curiosity. As a result, the streets became uncomfortably crowded!

“Senior brother, why do I feel like we’re here to challenge someone for their place and rank in the martial arts hall?”

Shane approached Emmanuel and raised five fingers, saying, "I've seen this scene on TV. When the protagonist barges into someone else's martial arts hall, they usually shout arrogantly, 'I want to fight 10 people!'"

Emmanuel stared at his junior brother in exasperation.

It seemed that this kid had been watching far too many TV shows, and all those shows probably had the same actor playing the protagonist, to boot.

Besides, why did he say 10 but only extend five fingers? Should I tell Master to hire a math tutor when I return?

Terence followed them, his placid smile never wavering from his face.

"Halt!"

They were promptly stopped at the entrance by the disciples of Templar Valor.

The person leading the group was none other than the purple-robed senior sister who had her butt slapped by Blake last night.

"Ms. Ruskin, I was ordered by the sect leader to bring Emmanuel to Templar Valor!" Philips said in a flattering tone as he tried to please the purple-robed woman.

It was clear that this gang leader was inferior to the likes of Templar Valor.

"Hmph, don't call me that. I am not your sister!" Ms. Ruskin responded to Philips snidely. Then, she looked at Emmanuel before saying, "Were you the ones who caused a commotion at the restaurant yesterday? Do you think the people of Anchortown are easy to bully?"

Shane instinctively blurted in rage, "I used to think that only ugly people would be detestable. So, I've never imagined that people who look like actual human beings are capable of being disgusting!"

“You! You tub of lard! What did you just say to me?!”

Ms. Ruskin immediately lost her temper right then and there.

“Hey, fatty. Did you just imply that I’m a despicable person?!” She angrily pointed at Shane, exuding an imposing aura.

Shane immediately donned a playful smile and retorted, “Ah, Ms. Ruskin, was it? You have gravely misunderstood me. I said some people who look like humans can be disgusting. However, I have never said anything about you looking like a human!”

Some onlookers behind couldn’t help but burst into laughter after hearing such a statement.

“You fat f*ck! You’re asking for trouble!”

Ms. Ruskin turned red with anger and didn’t hesitate to attack Shane.

“Wow. Talk about playing dirty!”

Although Shane was chubby, he was actually quite agile. So, he simply leaned away from the attack before swaying right back and knocking Ms. Ruskin off her feet. Thus, the battle ended before it could start, as Shane had successfully made Ms. Ruskin fall on her butt instead.

Ouch!

Unfortunately, Ms. Ruskin’s butt was still swollen from the two slaps that Blake dealt last night. Now, she was in so much pain after this fall that she immediately broke into a cold sweat.

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The crowd was in complete shock!

This was especially true for Philips, who knew Ms. Ruskin's strength very well. She was capable of unleashing the Templar Heaven Seal, so he knew that twenty ordinary men would never stand a chance against her. Yet, she had been defeated so easily by an average-looking man?

Emmanuel had been watching from the sidelines and couldn't help but feel disappointed.

Is this the true strength of Templar Valor?

Terence sighed softly. He never expected Templar Valor to become so weak after all these years.

"Senior sister, don't stop them. Master said to let them in!"

Fortunately, a disciple rushed out to deliver a message before the implications of Ms. Ruskin's defeat could sink in. Otherwise, she wouldn't be able to face the public after today's humiliation.

It was only natural for her to fight back after such a disgrace!

But she was afraid she wouldn't win if she did.

To make matters worse, her confidence was shattered after being treated disrespectfully by that unpleasant man last night. And now, with her self-confidence in ruins... well, a martial artist's strength would naturally suffer as well.

"Hmph, I'll let Master teach you a lesson later!"

Ms. Ruskin could only attack verbally before storming away with resentment in her

eyes.

Emmanuel wasted no time and entered the premises.

He wanted to find out who the sect leader of Templar Valor was and why he had specifically challenged him by name.

Templar Valor had a large martial arts hall

Despite the overwhelming number of villagers eager to witness the challenge, the sect leader didn't turn them away. Instead, he allowed them all to enter.

From this action alone, it was clear that Alfwhit was very confident in the outcome of this challenge!

In his eyes, Emmanuel was just an unknown pawn. Therefore, Emmanuel was undoubtedly inferior to Blake, who had a reputation and had defeated several grandmasters in his time.

Moreover, Emmanuel's past achievements belonged to the Wolf Warrior, and he had never used his current name in battle. As a result, his deeds were unknown to the public.

In the past, Alfwhit wouldn't have bothered to defeat such an unknown pawn to show off his strength.

However, the humiliation he experienced last night had deeply affected him.

Therefore, he needed and wanted a victory to boost the morale of Templar Valor and maintain his invincible image in the eyes of the villagers.

Paul was also in the crowd, looking at Emmanuel and Shane with resentment in his eyes.

At that moment, Philips approached him and said, “Don’t worry. Mr. Zamora will avenge us today. These two guys will soon get a taste of their own medicine!”

Paul nodded grimly and clenched his teeth as he growled, “I know. Mr. Zamora is not someone who shows mercy. I can’t wait to see how these two guys will suffer today!”

Although the members of the Flightstones Gang desperately wanted to kill Emmanuel with their bare hands, they couldn’t do so. They had agreed to settle things with a martial arts competition. Therefore, Alfwhit had to put on a show instead of simply overpowering Emmanuel.

Alfwhit was dressed in a black martial arts uniform that day. With his long hair, he looked like a grandmaster of martial arts. He bowed to Emmanuel and said, “Are you Emmanuel Lowe?”

“Yes, I am,” Emmanuel replied, also bowing. “And you are the current leader of Templar Valor. I have to admit that you look rather young for the position. However, could you please tell me why you would challenge someone like me?”

“You are far from being just anyone!”

Alfwhit deliberately exaggerated Emmanuel’s reputation, saying, “I’ve heard that you defeated the legendary Quinn the Cat and Blue Rose. You are a rising star in the inner martial world!”

Frankly, Alfwhit had no idea who Quinn and Blue Rose were, nor did he believe they were particularly formidable.

He was exaggerating for three reasons: First, to flatter his opponent. Second, if he were to defeat Emmanuel after hyping up his reputation, his own reputation would soar even higher in the martial world. Third, his image wouldn’t be terribly tarnished in case he somehow lost the battle.

Of course, Alfwhit didn’t think he would lose!

It took decades of practice to become a formidable opponent. He had observed Emmanuel closely and noticed that he was not even 30 years old. So, how skilled could this young man possibly be?

The audience became excited upon hearing his words, their eyes filled with anticipation. They assumed this was a battle between a master and a beginner. Little did they know it was a showdown between two grandmasters!

As spectators, they were there for the show. The more famous the fighters were, the more entertained they would be!

Besides, it would be much better to say they had witnessed a showdown between grandmasters rather than a one-sided fight where the leader of Templar Valor defeated a rookie!

Moreover, as ordinary citizens, they could boast about such an honor after watching a fight between two pinnacle figures in the martial world.

Even Shane had no idea that his senior brother had such a prestigious reputation. Now that it was revealed by his opponent, it was truly impressive!

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He quickly pondered whether he had any notable achievements under his belt.

Unfortunately, all he could recall was injuring someone with a fishbone and standing up to a bully who tried to take over the public restroom last time. He was truly far inferior to his senior brother!

“So, this is your reason for challenging me?” Emmanuel furrowed his brows suddenly, feeling that Magnus might be involved in this matter. Otherwise, how would the sect leader of Templar Valor know about these things when they’re in such a remote town?

“There’s another reason!” Alfwhit’s eyes suddenly carried a hint of hostility as he said, “I heard that my girlfriend used to be married to you!”

Emmanuel blinked at the man dumbfoundedly since the first person that came to his mind was Mackenzie.

What on Earth?

Has the sect leader of Templar Valor lost his mind somewhere along the way?

How could Mackenzie possibly be his girlfriend?

Terence was also quite surprised.

Shane was even more dumbfounded as he looked at his senior brother. He never expected that the sect leader of Templar Valor would be interested in his senior brother's ex!

His senior brother is amazing!

The onlookers around were even more excited, and they couldn't wait for more gossip to unfold!

Today's duel is becoming more and more interesting!

"Emmanuel, Mr. Zamora, would you let me be the referee for your duel today?" Just at this moment, a familiar voice sounded.

Emmanuel was once again stunned, finally realizing who the woman Mr. Zamora had just mentioned was!

He turned his head and saw that it was indeed Queenie Banner!

However, how could this woman be in Anchartown?

How did she become Mr. Zamora's girlfriend?

This question also popped up in Shane's mind. So, he couldn't help but mutter under his breath, "What a woman who changes boyfriends like changing clothes!"

Only Terence knew a little more. The last time they went to Hero's Village due to Mackenzie's disappearance, Alfred quickly investigated this Queenie woman. Her boyfriend at the time was long deceased!

In other words, the man by her side at that time wasn't her boyfriend at all! There was even a chance that the mysterious man was the Snake Master in disguise!

Regardless, Terence had no idea what was going on.

All he was certain of was that Queenie was far from a good person!

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"Can we avoid fighting?" Emmanuel finally spoke.

This was his response to Alfwhit's challenge and Queenie's offer to be the referee.

He didn't want to fight Alfwhit in the first place. As a matter of fact, his intention of fighting the man went down to the negatives the moment he saw that Queenie had intervened!

What if others misunderstood that he was dueling Alfwhit just for Queenie?

This was Mackenzie's hometown! What if this matter reached his wife's ears?

He wouldn't be able to clear his name even if he tried!

“Hmph, not fight?”

Philips roared on the spot, “You disabled one of my arms yesterday and injured my men! Mr. Zamora and I are sworn brothers. If you don’t fight, just do us all a favor and remove one of your arms before you leave!”

“Oh, this reason is worth fighting for!”

Emmanuel immediately responded, “If I defeat Mr. Zamora, then yesterday’s incident can be forgotten, right?”

Originally, both Philips and Alfwhit could accept this statement. Unfortunately, Emmanuel just had to sigh before continuing, “I don’t want to keep bullying you even though you guys are nothing but scum.”

Pfft!

Philips felt as though he was about to burst a vein after hearing those words!

How arrogant!

Alfwhit also bellowed angrily, “Stop talking nonsense. We will definitely fight it out today!”

Clatter! Clatter! Clatter!

Then, he quickly charged toward Emmanuel as he exuded an imposing aura.

Everyone present took a sharp breath as they had never seen the sect leader of Templar Valor so eager for battle!

Alfwhit seemed to be holding back a great deal of resentment and was in desperate need of venting it!

He didn't hesitate to strike a palm toward Emmanuel. His attack was so fierce that a gust of wind followed, making it seem as though each attack held a hurricane of its own.

It was as if his palm contained a mighty power ready to strike true!

Emmanuel frowned as he observed the attack. He was certain that Alfwhit was a very diligent and hardworking -martial artist!

This palm contained the determination of over 20 years of brutal training.

Hence, the person who could generate such a terrifying aura with a single palm was far from a simple adversary!

Since he didn't expect the sudden attack, he had lost the initiative. So, he could only take a step back.

Logically speaking, the force of the strike would gradually weaken after the individual had directed their attack. As Alfwhit's target was where Emmanuel had just been standing earlier, the palm's force should have dissipated once it arrived at its destination.

Yet, the characteristic of the Templar Palm was that the palm force could flow continuously. Thus, the enormous palm came right at Emmanuel's face as Alfwhit spun around.

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It was drawing nearer!

It was so close that it felt impossible to escape!

Alfwhit's palm burned, growing hotter with each passing millisecond!

This man's combat experience was extraordinary!

Emmanuel once again confirmed that the sect leader of Templar Valor was not just a conventional martial artist. He was a true warrior who had fought for his life countless times!

Therefore, Emmanuel had no choice but to twist his body and jump away to avoid the opponent's palm strike.

"That's amazing!"

The members of Flightstones Gang cheered, with Philips and Paul applauding enthusiastically.

"Did you see that? Did you see it? Master Zamora is incredible, right? He forced that kid into such a miserable state with just one palm!"

"Yes, the Templar Palm is so powerful. Although that kid is strong, he is no match for Master Zamora!"

"Master Zamora's Templar Palm is so fierce! That kid doesn't even dare to face him head-on. If he did, there's no doubt his arm would be shattered!"

Alfwhit became even more ferocious in battle as he listened to the cheers from the surrounding crowd!

He had to seize this opportunity to vent the humiliation he suffered last night in front of his disciples when he was defeated by Blake!

He needed to maintain his glorious image as the number-one expert in Anchortown!

Here it comes!

Templar Damocles!

The relentless Templar Palm strikes continued to rain down on Emmanuel, each one aiming to take his life.

Alfwhit not only wanted to defeat Emmanuel, but also to kill him.

Although he despised Magnus and Blake with every fiber of his being, the pressure they exerted on him was too great. So, he didn't dare to disobey their orders.

Otherwise, he knew very well what his fate would be!

Red also noticed his ruthlessness and became so nervous that she started biting her nails in anxiety!

Terence shook his head, never expecting that the current sect leader of Templar Valor would stoop so low. Where had the noble demeanor of Templar Valor gone?

Just then, Emmanuel seized the chance to fall backward, avoiding the opponent's life-threatening continuous palm

strikes.

"Did you see that? Did you see it?"

Philips, Paul, and others became even more excited as they exclaimed, "Master Zamora knocked that guy down with just three moves!"

"I bet the next move will take that guy's life! Let's see if he still dares to be so arrogant in the afterlife!"

"Any master is just a small fry in front of Templar Valor—"

Uh...

Just as they were getting excited about the impending victory, Emmanuel suddenly pushed his legs forward.

It turned out that he wasn't falling to the ground out of fear. Instead, he was evading the opponent's attack and using his legs to fight against those palms!

Furthermore, it was a well-known fact that martial artists had to prioritize efficiency above all else!

Therefore, the power of the Templar Palm was useless if it failed to hit the target.

Emmanuel's legs were much longer than Alfwhit's arms. So, when Alfwhit's palm failed to strike true, he was promptly kicked away by Emmanuel.

Poof!

Alfwhit fell heavily to the ground, blood instantly seeping from the corner of his mouth.

The once excited crowd fell silent in an instant.

Some people even trembled from the shock.

They had expected a clash of titans at best and a scene where Templar Valor dominated the battle at worst. Yet, the match ended before it even began, and the one who had been defeated was their supposedly invincible Alfwhit Zamora!

Philips and Paul felt a burning sensation on their cheeks. Even though it was Alfwhit who had suffered the blow, they still felt as though their faces had also taken a hit!

After Emmanuel rose to his feet, he dusted himself off and said, "You're a worthy opponent, Mr. Zamora of Templar Valor!"

His compliment, in the ears of Alfwhit and the disciples of Templar Valor, sounded incredibly grating!

Frankly, they were just being way too sensitive. Emmanuel genuinely had no intention of humiliating them. It was just that they had been humiliated by Blake yesterday. So, their nerves hadn't recovered yet.

This was especially true for Alfwhit, who was humiliated in front of his disciples yesterday and now in front of the villagers today. How could he bear such shame? How could he possibly face anyone after this?

"D*mn it! Thave no need for your mockery!"

Alfwhit wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth and stood up, gritting his teeth. "I haven't lost yet! Today's duel won't end until one of us is dead! Templar Valor will never allow anyone to humiliate us!"

Emmanuel suddenly felt very wronged.

He wasn't being disrespectful at all!

Yet, not only did the other party not praise his integrity, but they also deliberately twisted his words, claiming that he humiliated them. What exactly did they want?

So, he looked at Queenie and asked, "Referee, when will this match be considered over?"

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Emmanuel had no intention of turning this into a death match.

Firstly, he didn't want to commit murder in public.

Secondly, he definitely didn't want to be beaten to death in front of everyone.

Queenie simply smiled and said, "Since neither of the participants is admitting defeat, then both of you will fight until one of you can no longer stand!"

"That's correct!"

Alfwhit's eyes turned bloodshot. The consecutive humiliations had nearly driven him to madness.

His shattered pride had pushed him over the edge, and he was consumed by sheer wrath!

This feeling was a hundred times worse than death!

"The fight will continue! Warriors seek battles between life and death, pushing themselves to the limit in desperate situations! If you want to defeat me, break my bones and tear my flesh apart! You'd better beat me until I'm completely powerless. Otherwise, I will never admit defeat!!"

Emmanuel could also see that the madman was dead serious.

Alfwhit's pride had suffered severe damage. So, he was determined to maintain his dignity as the sect leader of the Templar Valor with his ruthlessness.

"Since that's the case, come at me!"

Emmanuel waved his hand, beckoning him to give it his all.

"Ahh-"

Alfwhit roared in anger. He wanted to use his martial arts, even place his life on the line, just to uphold his dignity!

He unleashed the Templar Palm immediately!

Both the power and speed of his palm strikes had more than doubled!

His palms were like roaring torrents that came like an unrelenting wave.

Everyone's scalp tingled with fear at the oppressive aura.

This palm strike was too terrifying!

However, they didn't expect Emmanuel Lowe to be even faster than Alfwhit as he disappeared like the wind with a quiet whoosh.

Alfwhit was greatly shocked!

Due to his anger, he had lost his usual rationality and completely failed to notice just where Emmanuel had gone.

As a result, his attacks missed their mark!

Boom!

Emmanuel suddenly appeared out of thin air and punched him in the side.

Alfwhit let out a strange cry.

Just as his body was about to fly out of bounds, Emmanuel smoothly rotated and tugged him back into the arena.

If one were to talk about continuous force, Emmanuel's moves were the epitome of such a theory.

His attacks flowed naturally, making it seem as though he had become the river itself.

Another palm strike landed on Alfwhit's chest.

Second palm strike!

Third palm strike!

Emmanuel only eased his last attack when Alfwhit was on the verge of death. Thus, Alfwhit fell to the ground with a thud with just a simple push.

The sound made everyone present shiver!

Emmanuel defeated Alfwhit with a technique similar to the Templar Palm.

Alfwhit couldn't even fight back; he was just a punching bag for Emmanuel.

If Emmanuel had been against a novice, it would have been understandable. Yet, Alfwhit was recognized as the strongest individual in Anchortown!

The whole venue fell silent. No one dared to breathe or applaud the match; even their breathing became hushed as they were terrified of making too much noise.

At this moment, Emmanuel was regarded as a monster!

His strength was terrifying, almost unbelievable!

This man was unbeatable!

“Is this enough? Referee!”

Emmanuel turned to look toward Queenie.

After all, this woman was his childhood sweetheart, his former bride. So, he still held a special place in his heart for her.

Even though it wasn't love or affection, it was a different kind of emotion.

“Well, you've won!”

Queenie smiled in admiration. “Emmanuel, you're amazing!”

Uhm!

Emmanuel had no intention of giving her any attention after hearing that.

Shane also felt a bit uncomfortable as women would only give such praise to men after some intense physical activity, right?

Was it appropriate for Queenie to praise her senior brother like this now?

“D*mn it. This man injured our sect leader. We can't let him go so easily!” Ms. Ruskin shouted angrily after snapping back to her senses.

A group of Templar Valor disciples immediately surrounded Emmanuel.

The surrounding villagers suddenly felt a bit disdainful towards Templar Valor.

Did they want to gang up on someone just because their sect leader lost in a one-on-one fight?

This wasn't a martial arts competition any longer. Instead, it was nothing but oppressing someone with numbers!

Emmanuel also swept his gaze across the Templar Valor disciples, his eyes filled with disappointment.

As a Chanaea citizen, he had a natural fondness and respect for the ancient sect of Templar Válor, just like everyone else here. However, reality had let him down once more.

It didn't matter whether it was the sect leader's failure or the absence of warrior spirit among the disciples... It was all so disappointing.

"Make way! Make way!"

Just at this moment, a majestic voice sounded from the back of the crowd.

Chapter 977

As the crowd gathered, someone exclaimed, "Look, the mayor is here!"

"The police department officials are here too."

"And the heads of the Commerce and Agriculture Departments..."

"What's happening? It's so unusual to see all these important figures from the town here."

Such a scene was extremely rare for the residents of Anchortown. Usually, these people would only gather when there was a significant event in town. Why were they all coming to Templar Valor today?

“Mr. Harrison...”

When Mr. Harrison walked past Philips Caver, the leader of the Flightstones Gang, he trembled and greeted him.

“Philips, did you get yourself into trouble again? Are you itching to spend some time in the police station? Getting a dose of morals and law education?”

“Haha, you’ve got it all wrong. I just came to watch a martial arts competition. Look at my hands all wrapped up in bandages. How could I cause trouble?”

Philips quickly raised his bandaged hands to explain.

The mayor ignored him. From this incident, it was clear that he was indeed a victim. In his heart, he silently thought, ‘Serves him right.’

“Alright, everyone disperse!”

Mr. Harrison walked to the center and issued a loud command.

The people he had brought with him began dispersing the crowd.

Although the onlookers were puzzled about what was going on, the mayor had given his orders. They didn’t dare to continue gathering and watching.

Emmanuel was also puzzled. Why do none of these things seem logical?

Could it be that he was also here to cause trouble?

“Old Mr. Quillen, we have prepared a feast. Could you please join us for a conversation?”

Once the crowd had dispersed, the mayor approached Terence and spoke with a respectful and humble tone.

“Haha, Harrison, you’ve become the mayor. Congratulations!”

Terence exchanged a few pleasantries with the mayor before agreeing to attend the feast.

Of course, Emmanuel would accompany him. Shane, who had a knack for mooching off his elder brother, would tag along for a free meal. Not only that, he also intended to bring Red along.

“Emmanuel, can I come along with all of you?”

As they were about to leave Templar Valor, Queenie suddenly spoke up.

Emmanuel turned around and looked at Queenie.

She had her hands behind her back and slightly lowered her head with a shy and gentle demeanor that was reminiscent of willow branches swaying by the spring riverbank.

“It might not be very convenient, right?”

Emmanuel politely declined. “Alfwhit is injured. Don’t you need to stay here to take care of him?”

Queenie responded directly, “I don’t really like losers, and besides, doesn’t he have plenty of disciples and female disciples to take care of?”

Upon hearing her words, Emmanuel felt even less fond of her, and he felt a hint of disappointment. The once charming village belle seemed to have become quite unpleasant.

“Haha, then let’s go together. You haven’t seen Emmanuel in many years; you must have a lot to catch up on, right?”

Unexpectedly, it was Terence who extended the invitation to her, seemingly unfazed by the possibility of any conflicts with his son-in-law.

“Well, I do have a lot to talk to him about.” Queenie suddenly wore a beautiful smile. “Thank you, Old Mr. Quillen.”

Terence smiled and didn’t say anything further. He, accompanied by Mr. Harrison, got into a black jeep.

On the other hand, Emmanuel drove a Chevrolet with Queenie.

Red watched them get into the cars, pursed her lips, and her gaze was quite complex. In the end, she got into Shane’s car, needing to return to pick up her grandmother.

Ms. Ruskin watched them depart with their heads held high, feeling quite uneasy.

At this rate, Templar Valor was on the verge of becoming a laughingstock.

However, deep down, she held a peculiar hope. This young man has shown impressive strength. I wonder if he can penetrate the ugly man’s Golden Bell technique from the previous night.

Despite both of them humiliating Templar Valor, their appearances represent justice. I wish to see him and Blake have a battle and defeat that hideous villain.

Of course, a standoff where both are heavily wounded will be great.

The Crimson Banner Hotel was the only star-rated hotel in Anchortown.

Compared to the Luxoria Hotel, it certainly had quite a gap, but as the official venue for hosting guests and- banquets, it had a certain level of elegance.

Mr. Harrison hosted the feast here to welcome Terence, a wealthy businessman who invested 150 million in Anchortown/

Upon arriving at the hotel, Red and her grandmother couldn't help but be taken aback when they saw the red banners hanging at the entrance.

Chapter 978

Yesterday, Marilyn used to look down on this elderly man because he was poor. Little did she know that he was a billionaire.

I wonder what her expression will be when she discovers the truth.

A Chevrolet pulled up at the entrance of the Crimson Banner Hotel. As Emmanuel stepped out of the car, he heard a request from the passenger seat.

"Manuel, I can't open this car door."

Queenie's voice lacked coquettishness but possessed a compelling quality that men found hard to resist, especially when this village belle from Hero's Village was as beautiful as a peony among green leaves.

"I'll help you."

Out of courtesy, Emmanuel opened the car door for her.

As the door opened, the wind at the hotel entrance made Queenie's pink skirt flutter.

“Oh-”

Queenie quickly held down her skirt, but those smooth, beautiful legs, along with a fleeting scenic view, briefly entered Emmanuel’s mind.

This unexpected sight made his heart race.

Emmanuel was momentarily speechless, though not anxious.

“Well... thank you.”

Queenie smiled at Emmanuel and elegantly stepped out of the car.

The two of them entered the hotel together, heading for the VIP room.

“Manuel, do you still remember when we used to play house as kids, pretending we were at a hotel?” Queenie suddenly asked.

“I remember.” Emmanuel nodded.

Queenie looked up and, with a seductive smile, said, “You also said that if we ever got married for real, we must host the whole village in the best hotel-”

“Well, this hotel isn’t the best.”

Emmanuel interrupted before she could finish her sentimental reminiscence.

What he said back then was just child’s play.

Bringing it up now felt like there was a hidden agenda behind it. Besides, his intention at the time wasn't to marry Queenie.

He didn't want to have this conversation with Queenie due to his marriage and a desire to avoid any ambiguity with other women.

other women.

He felt that he had changed and was no longer the naive straight guy who didn't understand emotions a few months ago. Having someone he cared about made certain things more sensitive.

Mackenzie and Claudette had helped him grow emotionally.

Queenie's eyes flickered with sadness before she flashed a toothy smile. "Manuel, are you blushing?"

"No."

"You're blushing even in your ears. Let me see if they're hot-"

"Don't touch me!"

She raised her jade-like hand, intending to touch Emmanuel's earlobe.

Emmanuel, however, responded coldly and mercilessly.

The atmosphere became awkward.

With a slightly icy, tender touch, Queenie made contact with his ear.

"Hey, what are you trying to do, lady? Have you no shame?"

A familiar voice broke the silence.

Beatrix, like a little tyrant, puffed out her cheeks as she approached, angrily pushing Queenie aside to protect her brother-in-law.

Mackenzie had entrusted her with overseeing the investment project in the ancient town, and she hadn't expected this. She thought her sister had truly sent someone to the party this time; indeed, a

seductress trying to bewitch her brother-in-law.

"Miss, who are you? You're so cute!" Queenie said with a smile, unoffended.

"Listen, you shameless woman! I'm his sister-in-law!" Beatrix pulled Emmanuel to her side, holding his arm, and proudly stared at Queenie. "This man is my sister's, so don't be delusional."

Emmanuel felt a bit awkward. While he also wanted to maintain some distance from Queenie, his sister-in-law's words were rather impolite. Her actions are inappropriate. What she is doing is not right.

Queenie's competitive spirit was ignited, and she didn't back down. She provocatively held Emmanuel's other arm and said, "I am Manuel's childhood friend. We're just catching up after being apart for years. Even if you're his sister, you can't talk to me like this."

At that moment, Shane entered with Red and her grandmother. When he saw this situation, he was also surprised.

Why are two beautiful women fighting over him? You can come and fight over me too!

Chapter 979

"I have both my arms free."

Red pursed her lips, her expression a mix of emotions.

“They’re serving food inside. I’m hungry and want to eat.”

Emmanuel withdrew his arms from the two women and helped the old lady into the private room.

“Hmph, woman, rein it in a bit.”

Beatrix glared at Queenie, coldly warning her before entering the private room.

Queenie felt embarrassed and angry.

Upon seeing this, Shane quickly smiled and said, “Queenie, don’t be angry. That pretty girl may have been a bit impolite in her speech, but what she said makes sense. You have a boyfriend, and Manuel has a wife. You both indeed need to be more mindful.”

Queenie felt relieved by the first part of his statement but grew uncomfortable hearing the rest.

However, she didn’t get angry and even flashed a beautiful smile. “Manuel and I have always had this kind of relationship. I don’t want to change anything because of outsiders.”

With that, she entered the private room as if nothing had happened.

Red was impressed by her composure. If she were in her shoes, she might have felt too embarrassed to go inside.

Today’s banquet was specifically organized by Mr. Harrison to thank Terence for investing in his hometown, making Terence the natural star of the show.

Beatrix was sent by Mackenzie to follow up on the project, making her the main focus for the day.

People continuously raised toasts to both of them.

Emmanuel was just a supporting role. Although some people offered him drinks, he politely declined, keeping in mind the task his wife had entrusted him with- 'To watch over his grandfather.'

Beatrix also constantly remembered her task. Investing in the hometown project was secondary; her main task was to keep an eye on certain women and not let them seduce her brother-in-law.

After all, her brother-in-law belonged to her sister.

Queenie understood her situation and behaved accordingly. She would maintain control herself, except for one thing-she was quietly nursing her drink.

"Are you two a married couple?"

During the banquet, someone sitting nearby suddenly asked.

"Us?"

Queenie pointed to herself and Emmanuel in surprise. She then smiled flirtatiously. "Do we look like a matching couple to you?"

"Of course you do. The man is talented, and the woman is beautiful! Here, let me raise a toast to both of you"

>The man raised his glass to them.

Unbeknownst to him, Beatrix had been observing them all along, and she immediately spoke coldly, "What kind of judgment do you have? How could they possibly be a matching couple?"

The man felt embarrassed immediately.

Queenie also looked at Emmanuel.

Emmanuel earnestly waved his hand and said, "Sir, you've misunderstood. She's not my wife; I have a wife."

"Oh, I see. I'm sorry, I spoke out of turn."

The man was apologizing, but his expression seemed a bit strange.

In his eyes, the woman beside Emmanuel was alluring and charming. Emmanuel must surely be tempted, but he was pretending to be serious to avoid drawing attention, afraid of being noticed.

"Well, do you mind if I have a drink with her?"

The man took the opportunity to invite Queenie for a drink.

Emmanuel casually smiled. "Feel free."

Queenie noticed his expression and lightly bit her red lips. She felt uneasy. Could it be that he doesn't care about me anymore?

"Cheers!"

Queenie raised a full glass of wine and drank it defiantly.

"Another one!"

After a glass, Queenie took the initiative to invite the man to continue.

At first, the man was happy, but after a few consecutive drinks, he realized that something was amiss. This gorgeous woman in front of him didn't seem to be drinking for pleasure..

"Cheers, another one!"

Queenie successfully became the center of attention at the banquet. After downing seven or eight glasses in a row, she even drove away the men who had initially approached her.

Before the man hastily left, he gave Emmanuel a pleading eye, silently asking for his intervention.

Emmanuel could only turn his head and look at Queenie.

The village belle of Hero's Village was already half-drunk, and her originally fair complexion had turned rosy. Her excited movements revealed a hint of seductiveness.

Her posture was undeniably seductive, like a big pink, lazy cat that made people want to hold and play with her.

"That's enough."

Just as Queenie wanted to continue drinking, Emmanuel reached out and held her glass.

Queenie lifted her gaze, her slightly tipsy eyes extremely alluring and sensual.

Her irises were brown, glistening like gold under the ambient lighting.

Chapter 980

“If you don’t want to drink with me, that’s fine. But why won’t you let me drink? You’re so mean!” Queenie’s voice grew louder, whether intentionally or due to her drunken state.

Almost all eyes in the room turned toward them.

Even Shane found it quite exciting to watch. If Red were also drunk and said, “Shane, you’re so naughty,” that would be perfect.

Seeing this, Beatriz became furious.

She stood up, walked over with a stern expression, and pointed at Queenie, angrily saying, “You, get out! You’re not welcome at this banquet!”

Queenie immediately looked aggrieved, her eyes slightly red, and tears welled up almost instantly.

A woman’s tears always have a way of stirring sympathy, especially from men.

“Emmanuel, it’s getting late. Why don’t you take Ms. Banner home from now?” Terence also didn’t want this woman to disrupt the banquet and instructed.

Emmanuel nodded without objections.

However, Beatriz quickly interjected. “No! Let someone else take her. I think that Shane is a perfect fit for the task. I can’t let-”

“Shut up!” Before he could say ‘brother-in-law,’ Terence interrupted, giving his granddaughter a stern look.

Beatriz had no choice but to close her mouth, looking somewhat disheartened. She decided not to continue.

She knew her grandfather's intentions. If everyone found out that Emmanuel was her brother-in-law, it would definitely cause a public scandal, and her sister would eventually hear about it.

However, her grandfather trusted her brother-in-law, but she didn't trust Queenie. She feared her brother-in-law might be seduced if he took her home.

She was afraid that her brother-in-law might make a mistake in the heat of the moment, and what would her sister do then?

"I'll take her home for now. Call me if you need anything." Emmanuel said as he helped Queenie to her feet and walked away.

Shane watched this scene with a hint of envy. Just a moment ago, Beatriz had asked him to take Queenie home, and he was more than willing.

After all, Queenie was considered the village belle of Hero's Village. Many young boys' childhood dreams included walking her/home when they grew up.

Queenie didn't display unusual behavior until they left the banquet hall. Suddenly, she stumbled and nearly fell.

Emmanuel quickly grabbed her waist and pulled her back.

Unexpectedly, she used the opportunity to fall into his embrace. The scent of her perfume and the smell of alcohol permeated Emmanuel's senses.

If it were any other man, Queenie's figure and appearance would likely provoke some thoughts.

Emmanuel remained unfazed and asked, "Queenie, are you able to walk?"

Queenie didn't respond for a moment, appearing as if she had fallen asleep in his arms.

Emmanuel called over two female hotel attendants to come over, gave them a tip, and instructed them. "Please help me carry her to the car."

The female attendants were surprised.

This man appeared quite strong, and they wondered if he couldn't even lift a woman who weighed less than a hundred pounds.

Was he pretending to be serious?

Regardless of what they thought, they accepted the tip and helped lift Queenie into the car.

Queenie fell asleep as soon as she got into the car, her arms and legs sprawled out, completely devoid of grace. It seemed like she had indeed had too much to drink.

Her figure was alluring, like a ripe fruit.

For any man with even slightly weaker willpower, seeing a beautiful woman in this state might lead them to indulge in a moment of temptation.

Fortunately, Emmanuel was not that type of person. Additionally, he possessed medical skills. After massaging a few acupoints on her body, Queenie gradually began to sober up. She leaned out of the car window and vomited.

Emmanuel picked up a thermos from the car and poured her a cup of hot water.

"Thank you."

Queenie was regaining her senses and gratefully took the cup. She drank the water in large gulps as though it were alcohol. Her eyes still had a hint of watery sheen.

“Where do you live? I’ll take you home.”

Emmanuel asked politely.

“Number 33, Onyx Lane. It’s close to the mine.”

Queenie responded directly.

Emmanuel nodded and started driving.

During the journey, neither of them said a word. The atmosphere was quiet and somewhat awkward.

“We’re here.

Emmanuel dropped Queenie off at her destination without intending to accompany her inside.