

Wrong Table 981

Chapter 981

“Goodbye.”

Queenie stepped out of the car alone, looking somewhat desolate.

She walked slowly.

Although the building in front of her was magnificent, surpassing over 90% of the houses in the ancient town, she had no desire to go home.

As Emmanuel was about to leave, Queenie fell to the ground.

After a long pause, he continued to drive away.

Tears streamed down her cheeks like pearls, and she whispered, “Can’t go back? Is it all in the past?”

In the end, the Chevrolet turned around.

Emmanuel got out of the car, sighed, and walked over to help her up.

“Why did you turn back? Do you still have feelings for me?” Queenie broke into a tearful smile, her expression somewhat infatuated.

“Queenie, what are you saying? I don’t understand what you mean.

Emmanuel replied honestly, “You’ve always been my friend since we were young. I can’t just leave

you.”

“You know that’s not what I mean.”

Queenie returned to the doorstep, pushing Emmanuel away assertively.

She didn’t need that kind of cold-hearted chivalry.

“Well then, rest well. Goodbye.”

Emmanuel didn’t want to engage in a lengthy conversation with Queenie. It’s not that he lacked emotions, but he constantly remembered that he was a married man, Even though Mackenzie trusted him greatly, he couldn’t enter another woman’s room late at night.

“Emmanuel.”

Queenie called out, her voice filled with excitement.

“Is there something else?”

Emmanuel turned back, raising an eyebrow.

Upon seeing his expression, Queenie couldn’t hold back any longer. She threw herself into his arms, attempting to kiss him by standing on her tiptoes.

She believed that as long as Emmanuel had the slightest affection for her, he wouldn’t be able to resist

her kiss.

However, reality disappointed her. It extremely disappointed her.

Emmanuel pushed her away without hesitation and coldly said, "Queenie, please have some self-respect."

With that, he turned and walked away.

"Why? Why did it come to this?"

Queenie couldn't help but sit down on the ground, crying pitifully.

Emmanuel had no intention of turning back, even when Queenie asked loudly, "Emmanuel! What exactly makes Mackenzie better than me? Is it just because she's wealthier?"

Emmanuel was very angry.

Queenie's words felt somewhat insulting to him.

However, he had no choice but to turn back and sigh. "Queenie, you're drunk. Get some rest."

"Emmanuel, you've changed!"

Queenie cried, tears streaming down her face. "When we were kids, both you and Yosef said you liked me. Why won't you marry me now?"

"That's enough!"

Emmanuel snapped, growing more and more irritated. "Queenie, when we were kids, Yosef and I were playing house. Why do you take it seriously? Have you ever thought about your boyfriend's feelings with the way you're talking now?"

“My boyfriend?”

Queenie laughed in exasperation. “My boyfriend was humiliated by you in front of everyone. How can I ask him for anything? Emmanuel, it’s all because of you!”

Emmanuel was at a loss and asked, “Should I let Alfwhit beat me? Is that what you mean by not causing harm to you?”

“That’s not what I meant. Don’t you understand what I’m trying to say?”

Queenie became agitated, attempting to pound Emmanuel’s chest.

However, when she saw his expression, she couldn’t help but stop herself.

“Emmanuel, I’ve liked you all along, don’t you know? You left Hero’s Village when you were young, and you’ve been gone for over a decade. You’ve never contacted me. Do you know how desperate I was waiting for you?”

Faced with Queenie’s accusations, Emmanuel could only remain silent.

He didn’t know if Queenie was telling the truth.

“It’s been over ten years, and I found a boyfriend when I came back to Hero’s Village. Then, I ran into you, bringing your wife to the village. When people compared us, they said I made a lousy choice.”

“It took so much effort for me to get close to the leader of Templar Valor, and yet you publicly defeated him in a match, causing him to have to compete with you and publicly defeated, losing all his reputation.”

“Emmanuel, if you don’t want me, that’s fine, but why do you repeatedly come and disrupt my relationships? What do I owe you from my past life?”

Queenie became more and more agitated as she spoke, yet she still couldn't bring herself to pound

Emmanuel's chest.

"I'm sorry."

Emmanuel didn't know what else to say, so he offered his apologies.

Chapter 982

"Sorry? Heh... is that all you want to say to me?"

Queenie's tears intensified.

She was trembling all over, her heaving chest appearing highly alluring.

Despite her appearance, Emmanuel turned away and refused to meet her gaze.

If he had to apologize to a woman, he could only choose to apologize to Queenie, but he would never choose to apologize to Mackenzie.

"Emmanuel."

Queenie's voice suddenly turned tender. "Look at me. Please look at me. Isn't my figure more enticing than Mackenzie's slender body? I understand a man's needs better than she does. Do you dislike me for having had a boyfriend, for not being a virgin?"

"Stop talking."

Emmanuel didn't want to hear any of this and walked away without looking back.

"Emmanuel."

Queenie was startled for a moment, then rushed over to embrace him from behind.

Emmanuel took a big step forward, leaving her with empty arms as she fell to the ground.

"Queenie, if you continue like this, we may not even remain friends."

Emmanuel sighed.

"I...I understand..."

Queenie seemed to have seen through the situation and appeared a bit lost as she gazed at the ground. "I won't bother you anymore, and I won't bring up these things again. Can we continue to be friends like we used to be? We can greet each other with a smile when we meet in the future..."

Emmanuel looked at her, a bit dazed, and he didn't know whether she was being sincere or not. He responded honestly, "As long as it doesn't affect my relationship with Mackenzie, we can."

Queenie forced a bitter smile and nodded with mixed emotions.

Emmanuel sighed deeply, not knowing what to feel. Just then, Mackenzie called him.

"Emmanuel, what are you doing?"

Mackenzie asked.

"I just dropped a friend off at her home, and I'm getting ready to go back to the hotel to rest."

Emmanuel replied honestly.

“A friend? A guy or a girl?”

“A girl, it’s Queenie. Do you remember her from before?”

“Your childhood friend?”

“Yes.”

As he spoke, he continued walking back, and his tone was remarkably candid because he had nothing to hide.

Mackenzie had already known about him taking Queenie home; it was Beatrix who informed her.

She had hesitated for a long time before making this phone call because she wanted to believe Emmanuel but was also questioning herself.

Hearing Emmanuel’s open response made her feel relieved and eased her doubts.

If he can resist the temptation of Claudette, how can he not resist the temptation of other women?

“Then you should get back and rest.”

Mackenzie was about to hang up the phone.

However, Emmanuel had something else on his mind, so he said, “I’d like to chat with you a bit more.”

“Haven’t we talked enough last night?”

“It’s never enough. How could it be?”

Emmanuel laughed and got into the Chevrolet.

Watching him leave, Queenie felt a pang of bitterness. It was clear that the way he talked to Mackenzie and how he talked to her was completely different.

When he spoke to Mackenzie, his eyes were filled with tenderness.

But towards her, there was only pity:

“Alright, you should drive back first. Take care, and we’ll talk later.”

Mackenzie refused Emmanuel’s request to chat, as she had other matters to attend to.

“Okay then.”

Emmanuel reluctantly hung up the phone, knowing that he had to go back to take care of his grandfather.

On the other side, the banquet that had lasted for half a day finally came to an end.

Mr. Harrison wanted to personally escort Terence back to rest.

However, Terence waved his hand and said with a smile, “No need to trouble yourself; I still want to visit an old friend tonight.

“Where are you going, Old Mr. Quillen? Can I arrange for someone to take you there?” Mr. Harrison asked politely.

“I’m going to the Onxy Mine.”

Terence told him directly.

“Old Mr. Quillen, the road there is not in great condition. Can you consider going there tomorrow?”

“Haha, I can’t wait until tomorrow. Could you lend me an electric bike? I’ll ride there myself.”

Chapter 983

“What a joke?”

Mr. Harrison was completely taken aback.

Beatrix shared the same sentiment, wondering what had come over her grandfather. Why does he want to ride an electric bike at night? What is he thinking?

It appeared that Terence was quite determined. He asked Mr. Harrison again, “Is this town unsafe at night?”

Mr. Harrison hesitated for a moment before replying. “Well... it’s not that the town is particularly unsafe, but considering Old Mr. Quillen’s esteemed status, I’m afraid of any unexpected incidents.”

“Don’t worry; I’ll have someone to protect me.” Terence waved his hand dismissively after having visited the Templar Valor during the day and making arrangements with Alfred to come to Anchortown.

“Well... alright then!” Mr. Harrison reluctantly complied and arranged for the best electric bike for

him.

With a helmet secured, Terence set off eagerly. He longed for his hometown.

He reminisced about decades ago when he was younger, often riding his bicycle through the town.

Even though the town had undergone significant changes over the decades, he could still vaguely find traces of the past.

This return to his hometown was about rediscovering those cherished memories of his youth.

Terence was waiting at the pedestrian crossing for the traffic lights when he heard a group of young people behind him making a commotion.

“Wow, look, there’s an old man over there.”

‘Could he be out for a late-night joyride, just like us?’

“Haha, it’s the first time I’ve seen such a trendy old man! Let’s go and meet him.”

“Hey, old man.’

A young man on a motorcycle rode up to Terence, patting his helmet and greeting him.

Terence didn’t get upset and turned to the young man with a smile. “Young man, what’s up?”

“Oh! It’s you!”

At this point, the girl sitting on the back of the motorcycle recognized Terence and exclaimed in surprise.

“Oh, so you’re Red’s sister. What a coincidence.” Terence also recognized the girl. They had made a bet at her house last night, and he didn’t expect to meet her again tonight.

“No way, Marilyn, do you know this old man?” The man on the motorcycle was relatively good- looking compared to the average person, with well-defined features, giving off a bit of a rogue-ish charm. He didn’t look much older than twenty.

“Remus, he’s the old man my sister brought home last night, the one who’s trying to hit on my grandma!” Marilyn casually fabricated the story.

Terence didn’t take offense and continued to smile.

Though he was older, he had once been young and knew that someone like Marilyn, a girl of this age, wouldn’t always have pure thoughts in her mind.

“Haha, you sly old man, you’re quite impressive. At your age, you’re still trying to have a late-in-life romance?”

“Are you out here to pick up girls, just like us?”

“At your age, you’re riding this cool motorcycle. Are you trying to compete with us for girls? Haha...”

A group of young people mocked Terence.

Most elderly people would probably be irritated by these troublesome youngsters and might even scold them.

However, Terence was different. He even envied these young people. If he were a few decades younger, he might have joined their ranks for some fun during the night.

That would also be a way of life.

At this moment, a green light came on, signaling that it was time to go.

“Old man, we’re leaving. If you think you can try to catch up with us!

Remus said, patting Terence on the back of his head, and drove away.

See you, old man.”

“If you’re up for the challenge, come and chase after us, haha!”

Other

guys followed suit, each patting Terence on the back of his head before teasing this trendy old man and speeding away.

“Alright. I’ll catch up with you guys slowly.”

Terence still had a smile on his face and didn’t get angry with these young people.

Everyone goes through a rebellious phase, enjoying fun, novelty, and excitement. But these people might not be bad at heart.

Terence continued riding his motorcycle towards the Onxy Mine.

His phone rang not long after.

..It was Alfred who had arrived at Anchortown.

“Old Mr. Quillen, please share your specific location with me.”

“Oh, how about we just meet directly at the Onxy Mine?”

“No.”

Alfred sternly refused. “Old Mr. Quillen, you’re being too reckless. The ancient town hasn’t been peaceful lately, and the Templar Valor is openly hostile to you. How can you travel alone at night? What if you encounter enemies?”!

Chapter 984

Unable to resist Alfred’s persistent nagging, Terence glanced around and decided to stop his electric bike. He walked into a late-night restaurant by the street and shared his location with Alfred.

“Sir, what would you like to order?” The middle-aged restaurant owner approached, wiping his hands with a towel.

“Well, I’ll have a pot of clam chowder, a plate of buffalo-style chicken wings, a plate of beef stir-fry with noodles, and a plate of mac and cheese...”

Hearing Terence order almost every dish on the menu, the restaurant owner was astonished.

“Sir, are you sure you can finish all that food by yourself?”

“Hehe, I haven’t had a taste of hometown dishes in a long time, so I’ll indulge a bit more.”

Terence insisted.

Without hesitation, the restaurant owner prepared the food as requested, without doubting whether he could afford it.

After about half an hour, all the late-night snacks were served, filling the entire table.

Terence was in high spirits, ready to savor every dish.

At that moment, the sound of motorcycle engines came from outside the restaurant, and a group of young men and women walked in.

It was Marilyn and her group once again.

They got off their motorcycles and were discussing a hot topic in town.

“Hey, have you heard? There’s a wealthy man named Quillen who invested 150 million in our town for development.”

“Wow, does that mean our rundown place is going to thrive?”

“I heard he used to live in our town. With such a wealthy investor, our nightlife is going to be even better.”

“I wonder if this wealthy man is looking for some female companionship? Hehe...”

The young men and women spoke without restraint.

Marilyn also fell into fantasy because she believed the life of a billionaire would be exciting.

However, when they walked in and saw Terence, they stopped in their tracks.

‘Oh, old man, we meet again, don’t we?’

“Do you think you can finish all that late-night snacks by yourself?”

“Haha, mind if we join you?”

A group of young men approached, and they seemed to want to pat Terence’s head.

“Stop!”

The middle-aged restaurant owner called out, hastily rebuking them. “Do you even understand the concept of respecting your elders? I’m warning you, don’t mess around in my shop!”

“Haha, the old man wants to treat us to a late-night snack. What can you do?”

“Right? Old man, you’re willing to treat us, aren’t you?”

The group gathered around Terence, and although they didn’t sound threatening, their numbers made it difficult for most people to refuse.

“Do you want to die?”

Suddenly, a deep voice with a murderous aura sent shivers down their spines.

Hearing this, Remus and the others looked back and were scared out of their wits.

Outside the door, Alfred arrived with dozens of black-clad men, just in time to protect Terence.

Their grandeur and presence were unmatched compared to Remus and his gang.

They were professionals.

Marilyn trembled with fear and amazement. She wondered who the person in charge of these men was.

Alfred walked in confidently.

Remus and the others naturally dispersed, realizing that this old man was not someone to mess with.

However, Alfred unexpectedly walked up to Terence and bowed respectfully, saying, "Old Mr. Quillen, we have arrived."

Good."

Terence still smiled warmly and nodded.

Moments ago,

the young people thought he was smiling foolishly. Now they saw him as a powerful

figure.

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Marilyn couldn't help but ask in astonishment, "Old Mr. Quillen? Are you... the boss they work for? Are you Mr. Terence Quillen, who just invested 150 million in our hometown?"

Terence looked at her, his face filled with kindness as he nodded. "Yes, I am Terence Quillen. Over fifty years ago, like you, I was a lost soul in this small town. Haha..."

Upon hearing his laughter, Remus and the others looked embarrassed and panicked.

These young people who were just arrogant and self-confident were now lowering their heads, trembling, and didn't dare to speak. They didn't even dare to breathe loudly.

They had just arrogantly patted the head of such an influential person, and if he were to seek revenge, they would surely be in deep trouble.

Terence suddenly stood up.

Remus and the others were so frightened that they stumbled, and some nearly fell to the ground.

Chapter 985

Terence approached Remus with a smile on his face.

Remus felt beads of cold sweat forming on his forehead at the sight. He was about to apologize when Terence gently patted him on the head and said, "I'm leaving. If you haven't had dinner yet, you can have this table. Young people should eat more!"

What?!

Remus and the others couldn't believe what they were hearing.

Did this respected elder really mean what he said?

Was he not angry at all about how they had offended him?

Terence patted each of the young men on the head before casually walking out of the food stall with a friendly smile on his face.

Everyone could only stare in complete astonishment as they watched him leave.

Is this how someone of high status behaves?

If it was, then it was true that they couldn't even begin to compare to someone like Terence! They couldn't understand his thoughts at all!

"Sir!"

Just as Terence was about to get into his car, Marilyn dashed after him.

"Oh, what's the matter?" Terence turned around, still smiling.

"Sir, c-can I hitch a ride in your car?"

Marilyn had always been bold, which was completely different from her sister, Red.

"Oh? Why do you want to ride in my car?" Terence asked, still smiling.

"I don't know. I just want to! I want to go with you!"

Her youthful face emitted a certain seriousness that one couldn't help but take a second look at. Even though she had applied heavy makeup, it only made it easier for one to notice the desperation in her bright eyes.

Terence couldn't help but inwardly sigh. Ah, youth!

"Well, I don't see why not." He nodded in agreement before getting into his car.

She rushed over without hesitation!

"Hey, Marilyn!"

No matter how long or loudly Remus called her name, his girlfriend showed no signs of hesitation as she joined Terence.

Remus and the others could only watch as she left with Terence.

Each of them had mixed feelings as they looked at the vehicle disappearing from their sight!

Alfred and the others arrived in Anchortown in several commercial vehicles.

Meanwhile, Terence was sitting in a black Mercedes Benz.

Although such a car was common in Yeringham, it was definitely a luxury car in the eyes of the locals in this small town!

Since the road to the mine was difficult to navigate, the commercial vehicles had no choice but to stop at a hilltop. On the other hand, the Mercedes Benz continued to move forward along the rocky road.

"Why do you want to come with me?" Terence asked the girl sitting next to him, his eyes gentle and his smile still present.

"I-I just want to see the outside world! It must be exciting, right?"

Then, Marilyn boldly said, "As long as you can broaden my horizons by taking me along with you when you leave the village... I am willing to give you everything, including my body! I can be your

companion!"

Pfft!

If anyone else heard her say this, they would definitely scold her harshly for even thinking such a thing.

Frankly, if her grandmother heard her words, there was no doubt the old woman would raise her cane and strike her while chasing her around the house. She was also well aware that her grandmother wouldn't hesitate to curse her for being so shameless! After all, how could a young girl think of offering herself to an old man? This was not something a person with decent moral principles would even consider!

Even Alfred found this girl cheap, especially after hearing her proposal.

Yet, Terence did not scold her, nor did he look down on her.

Having experienced decades of ups and downs as he climbed to the pinnacle of Yeringham's business world, he could easily see the bigger picture, unlike most ordinary people.

Plus, he had already noticed that the desperation in Marilyn's eyes was simply a single-minded focus on living a better life.

Perhaps she also knew that the only valuable thing about her was her youth, as she had nothing else. Thus, from another perspective, she was more self-aware than her peers.

"Take care of yourself. Once you achieve something, you will realize that there's more to you than just your youth!"

Terence's advice managed to touch a certain part of Marilyn's soul.

This was precisely why she decided to join him in the car without hesitation!

She had a feeling that this elder was different from everyone else the moment she saw him. It was as if he were a divine being above mortals!

She could tell that if she were to follow him, the chances of her gaining something precious would significantly increase.

"If you want to go out and see the world, I will take you with me. You will discover that the world is vast and wonderful. There is more to relationships than just love. You will gain many insights about your life. Once you do, you'll see that life is more than just survival."

In Marilyn's opinion, each word Terence spoke seemed profound.

However, she was different from other girls. Even though she couldn't fully understand the wisdom he was trying to convey, she still loved listening to his teachings!

At this moment, she couldn't help but feel that Terence was a person from another world, sent to save her from a world of ignorance!

Chapter 986

"Sir, I envy you so much!" Marilyn exclaimed after Terence had finished giving his advice to the girl.

"Oh, why is that?" Terence asked with curiosity in his eyes.

"I envy your wealth; I envy your high status; I envy that you can do things that we can't! The air you breathe is probably different from what we lowly ants breathe, right?" Marilyn said earnestly.

These words were all from the books she had read!

She actually enjoyed reading. Unfortunately, her family was too poor to afford to send her to high school. So, she had no choice but to drop out and stay at home.

“Haha, why envy me when I envy you as well?” Terence stated honestly.

“Sir, why would you envy me?” Marilyn looked puzzled.

“I envy your youth; I envy your beauty; I envy that your life still holds endless possibilities while my fate has already been determined and is nearing its end!”

Terence didn't like the word “determined,” but he had to accept reality.

It was because of this mindset that he, at over 70 years old, was still riding a motorcycle around his hometown tonight. He despised admitting that he was past his prime!

“Life is like a besieged city, isn't it? People outside want to get in, but those inside are desperate to leave!” Terence sighed with emotion.

Marilyn barely understood what he was trying to convey.

At this moment, Alfred suddenly spoke up, “Old Mr. Quillen, the mine is just ahead. We need to get off and walk for the rest of the journey!”

“Okay. Then, you'll be accompanying me!”

Terence nodded before turning to instruct Marilyn, “Little girl, you should wait for me in the car with the driver. When I return to Yeringham, I will definitely bring you along with me!”

“Okay.” Marilyn became unusually obedient, completely different from when she was at home.

Terence smiled slightly at the sight.

He knew very well that a child would rebel against their lot in life mainly because they hadn't found what they wanted in life. Of course, there was also a chance that someone had blocked their path. Thus, it was only natural for them to vent their frustrations in retaliation.

Terence got out of the car and walked with Alfred for 20 minutes. Finally, a dilapidated building appeared in front of them.

There was an open plain in front of the building, and there was a huge mine towering over it.

The two old men slowly made their way to the building.

Soon, they noticed that the lights were still turned on.

So, Alfred knocked on the big iron gate. After a while, someone inside responded, "Who is it? It's already so late!"

Terence saw an old man wearing a white vest and a blue worker's jacket through the iron gate.

The man was about the same age as him. Yet, he still looked rather spry for his age as he approached them! Terence was a little jealous to note that the man still had a head full of hair.

"Alton, it's me!" Terence seemed a bit excited.

The old man in blue glanced at him and inquired curiously, "And you are?"

"Don't you recognize me?" Terence smiled bitterly.

“I don’t! Go away!” The other party impatiently waved his hand at Terence and was about to walk away.

“Alton, it’s me! Alton, I’m your brother-in-law!”

When Terence saw that the other man truly had no intention of opening the door, he had to finally confess.

Alton balled his fists as he started trembling in rage, making Terence feel a hint of fear!

“I said I don’t know you! Why are you still here? Get lost!” Alton suddenly spun on his heel and growled angrily.

“Ah...”

Terence sighed wearily before saying, “Alton, so many years have passed. Are you still angry with me? Admit that it was my fault that I failed to protect your sister all those years ago. Still, life has to go on, right?”

“Move on?”

Alton’s eyes became hollow when he heard these two words. Then, he curled his lips into a cold smile as he retorted, “I have long forgotten about the past! I have treated you as nothing but a ghost of my past. So, there’s nothing left for us to talk about. Shoo!”

“Alton!”

Terence pleaded as his voice held a tinge of frustration, “We are both in the twilight of our lives. We have more than one foot in the grave at this point. Do we really have to carry these grudges into the grave?”

Alton’s expression suddenly became complicated.

“Terence, don’t you dare tell me you’ve forgotten that you’re the one who insisted on taking her away from Anchortown.

Then, he continued, “If it weren’t for you brainwashing her, saying that taking that thing out could create immense wealth and telling her that she would be able to create and see a more beautiful world... She could have chosen to live well here! She would still be alive, enjoying herself while doting on her family!”

Finally, he snapped, “Yet, what does your Quillen family have now? What can you give her after all these years? She’s dead, and your family doesn’t even have a male heir! Your line has ended with you, and you know it! So what if you have immense wealth when there’s no one to inherit even a penny!”

Chapter 987

“This is Heaven’s retribution against you!”

Every word that Alton spoke struck at Terence’s vulnerability. His main objective was to force Terence to leave.

However, Terence did not give in. Instead, he stood outside the door with a somber expression, refusing to budge.

Suddenly, Alfred’s ears perked up before he vanished into the darkness of the night.

In the next moment, he appeared in front of the young girl, who had been hiding behind the stone, secretly eavesdropping on the conversation.

“Ah!”

Marilyn shrieked in surprise as she fell on her backside due to his sudden appearance.

“Didn’t Old Mr. Quillen tell you to wait in the car? What are you doing here?”

Alfred narrowed his eyes as he scrutinized her, emitting a menacing aura.

“I-I...” Marilyn was terrified, shuffling backward on her buttocks. Her mind was racing as she knew that Alfred was truly capable of harming her!

“Alfred, let her go,” Terence spoke just in time, forcing Alfred to stop.

Meanwhile, Marilyn felt as if she had narrowly escaped a disaster as she quickly scurried away.

Her heart was pounding with a mix of fear and excitement!

She hadn’t intended to eavesdrop on any secrets. Frankly, she didn’t even know that these upper-class elites would consider such casual conversation a secret. Even though she had no clue what had happened, she couldn’t help but wonder why they were being so secretive. It’s not like whatever they’re saying is extremely serious, right?

She just wanted to understand Terence better, even if it meant putting her life in danger!

“Alton, since I’ve returned, at least invite me in for tea!” Terence pleaded again.

When Alton saw that Terence refused to leave, he sighed and opened the iron gate to let him in.

There were two large dogs in the yard.

However, the two beasts didn't bark when they saw Terence and Alfred. It was as if they recognized them.

Alton sighed as they entered the building, saying wearily, "Terence, why have you returned? Don't you know that every time you do, it brings about bloodshed and chaos?"

18 years ago, Tony suffered from depression and ultimately died in a car accident. After a police investigation, the accident was classified as a suicide case.

Terence sent his son back to his hometown for burial, which was the last time he returned to his

hometown. Yet, even that had attracted mysterious forces and a horde of assassins. They were all after Tony's possession before his death-the Heart of the Sun!

Ever since that incident occurred, Terence had always done his best to avoid visiting his hometown.

Over the years, he claimed to be afraid of others mocking the Quillen family for having no heirs. Regardless, he understood that deep down, whenever he stepped foot in his hometown, it would

inevitably attract people, people who wanted to get their hands on the Heart of the Sun to satisfy their greed.

Recently, Alton's mining site had been repeatedly targeted by several forces. Over time, he came to realize that someone was eyeing the Heart of the Sun, thinking that he possessed it.

Still, Alton remained indifferent no matter how much noise these people made. He knew that all their efforts would be in vain as long as Terence didn't return to Anchortown.

Unfortunately, he had never expected that Terence would have the audacity to come back to Anchortown after so many years!

He had deliberately tried to drive Terence away earlier. However, all his efforts were in vain. So, he could only grit his teeth and let the man in, interested to know what the man was up to this time.

"I know! But we're all getting old. Eventually, that responsibility will have to be passed on to the younger generation!" Terence sighed solemnly.

"Who?" Alton asked.

"My granddaughter and my grandson-in-law!"

Terence smiled and remarked, "I have high hopes for them. They will definitely surpass me."

Alton was also curious about what kind of man his grandson-in-law was, considering Terence's confidence.

As for Mackenzie, he had seen her 18 years ago. She was indeed intelligent and astute, with a cold and discerning temperament. She seemed like someone who could handle things calmly and achieve great things.

"Why don't you bring your grandson-in-law over tonight? That way, I can see him for myself instead of just taking your word for it." Alton joked, "We'll see if he can give the Quillen family the male heir it needs!"

"Haha, he definitely can!"

Terence firmly believed that one day he would have a grandchild to carry on the family name, even though Emmanuel had yet to prove himself in that regard.

"I have already sent him my location, and he will be here soon. Then, you can also have a good look and see if I have made a mistake!"

"Haha, that's great!"

Alton was filled with anticipation.

He and Terence had been childhood friends. Moreover, Terence eventually became his brother-in-law. Of course, he also hoped that the Quillen family's lineage could continue, even if not in the traditional sense.

Just as they finished speaking, there was a commotion outside the door.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Someone was pounding on the door.

"Could it be your grandson-in-law?"

Chapter 988

Alton frowned, thinking, "Isn't Terence's son-in-law being too rude?"

"Absolutely not!" Terence shook his head. He knew Emmanuel's character very well, and he would never be so impolite.

Then, the three of them frowned almost simultaneously!

It seemed that the person who had arrived wasn't here for a friendly visit!

Sure enough, shouts could be heard outside the gate, Foreman, open the door! We, Templar Valor, are here to detain a traitor!"

“That’s right! If you don’t open the door, don’t blame us for being impolite!”

“If things go wrong, Templar Valor will not take responsibility for it!”

Terence and Alfred sighed upon hearing those words, looking resigned.

Even though they had expected such a thing, Templar Valor finding them so quickly was still a bit unexpected. It seemed that there were indeed people behind the scenes reporting their whereabouts.

The three of them wasted no time walking out of the building.

The guard dogs barked fiercely at the people outside the gate, clearly sensing the strong hostility these people were exuding.

When the three noticed that not only were disciples of Templar Valor present, but the Flightstones Gang members were also there, Terence immediately gave a warning, speaking seriously, “Do you believe me when I say that I can have Mr. Harrison arrest all of you if the Flightstones Gang causes trouble?”

Philips burst into laughter, saying snidely, “Haha, go ahead and call the police! We’re just here to join in the fun and watch Templar Valor eliminate a traitor. Mr. Harrison can’t interfere in these matters, right?”

Terence’s frown deepened. He figured he should still call the police even though this place was so remote that there was no telling when they would arrive!

“You guys are here for me, aren’t you? There’s no need to bother the foreman and the mine!”

Alfred walked out with half-lidded eyes as though he was about to fall asleep.

Clearly, he couldn’t be bothered to take these younger disciples of Templar Valor seriously.

When Alfwhit, who was still injured, noticed his nonchalant attitude, his temper flared. So, he gritted his teeth and snarled angrily, "Alfred! We're here for you. Hand over the Templar Invocation techniques immediately, as well as the things you took from Templar Valor when you betrayed us!"

Alfred remained unmoved and retorted, "And what identity are you using to speak to me now?"

Alfwhit snorted coldly and raised his head proudly before saying in a snarky fashion, "Of course, I am speaking to you as the current sect leader of Templar Valor!"

Alfred immediately chuckled before he finally replied, "Templar Valor has regulations that the sect leader has to master the Templar Invocation techniques. Have you mastered them? In my opinion, you aren't even qualified to consider learning the technique!"

"This-" Alfwhit's proud expression immediately morphed into one of panic.

Alfred continued mercilessly, "And as far as I know, Sinclair handed over the position of sect leader to your brother, Agargar. How did you become the sect master?"

Alfwhit started sweating upon hearing his sharp words.

"This is Templar Valor's internal affairs and has nothing to do with you, traitor! You have no right to interfere!" Alfwhit responded forcefully, changing the subject.

Nonetheless, his words made many disciples of the sect feel uneasy.

Alfwhit had already lost his prestige after being humiliated by experts, one after another. Now, he couldn't openly explain how he obtained the position of sect leader. So, who would sincerely respect and follow him?

Alfred still had his hands behind his back and curled his lips into a rare smile. "Indeed, I have no right to interfere in the affairs of Templar Valor. However, if you weren't officially appointed as the sect leader, then you have no right to control me either!"

“You!” Although Alfwhit had come all this way to cause trouble for Alfred, he was naturally fully prepared that the other party wouldn’t obediently comply. He even prepared to battle the traitor, redeeming himself. Alas, he didn’t expect to lose his high horse after a brief verbal spar with Alfred!

Just then, the deadlocked group heard boisterous laughter sounding from a distance.

Immediately after, a group of people arrived at the scene.

A short-haired woman with sharp eyes led the group. Judging from her imposing manner, it was clear that she was not an ordinary person!

That woman was none other than Avery Rose!

“Get out of the way!”

As soon as she entered, she shoved the people blocking her path aside. The Templar Valor experts were powerless against her.

Alfwhit didn’t even dare to speak in the presence of Avery and her posse!

“Old Mr. Quillen, I’ve heard so much about you!” Avery wasted no time addressing Terence.

“Oh, you know me?”

Terence still maintained his composure even though he was surrounded by people on all sides.

“I’m Avery Rose, the leader of the Avery Organization. I’ve come tonight for two reasons!” Avery bluntly stated her purpose.

Terence and Alfred were both slightly surprised upon hearing her words.

Chapter 989

They had also heard of this organization. This was a renowned mercenary group that had participated in multiple international battles. Several reporters had even interviewed them.

None of them had expected to encounter this organization here.

“Why don’t you enlighten me about those two things, Ms. Rose?” Terence asked calmly.

“First things first, Emmanuel Lowe should have accompanied you to Anchortown, right? Where is he? I want to kill him!” Avery declared arrogantly.

Terence blinked at her before replying with a smile, “Unfortunately, he isn’t here. I’m sorry to inform you that you’ve made a pointless trip, Ms. Rose!”

‘Hmph, the coward is in hiding, then!’ Avery sneered coldly.

She had received two promises from Magnus: Emmanuel would definitely come to Anchortown within three days, and the Heart of the Sun would also appear.

It had only been the second day since then, and she had received confirmation that Emmanuel was here. Not only that, but the owner of the Heart of the Sun had also made his appearance. Judging from the situation, it was obvious that he had come to take the Heart of the Sun.

Therefore, she was quite impressed with Magnus’ prediction. It seemed that Magnus the Genius indeed deserved the title he was bestowed!

“Haha, Ms. Rose. You have been mistaken!” Terence immediately spoke up in Emmanuel’s defense, “Did you make an appointment with my son-in-law? Or did you challenge him to a duel? If you haven’t, why would he be here?”

Just like Alfwhit couldn’t win an argument with Alfred, Avery also failed to do so with Terence.

Nevertheless, Avery was much more domineering than Alfwit. So, she simply scoffed derisively, "Let's set this aside for now. My second reason for being here is to make a deal with you, Old Mr. Quillen!"

"Sorry, I'm only here in Anchortown to visit an old friend today and have no interest in dealing with business matters today!" Terence couldn't be bothered to listen to her yapping away. So, he refused right away.

"You don't have a choice!" Avery sneered, "If you don't make this deal, your granddaughter will be in danger!"

Terence and Alfred stiffened at the same time.

The next moment, they saw two women in military uniforms dragging a delicate woman towards them.

"Beatrix?!" Terence's calm composure shattered instantly, revealing his worry.

'Mmph...' Beatrix's hands and feet were tied with zip ties. Plus, she had been gagged, so she could only make vague sounds of acknowledgment.

Terence had deliberately left alone after the dinner banquet. Alas, Avery had intended to capture him but failed because of his early departure. As a result, she ended up capturing Beatrix, who was alone.

"You despicable scoundrel!" Terence rarely cursed. Yet, he couldn't help it now that his granddaughter was dragged into this mess. Then, he glared at Avery. "What do you want?"

"Oh, just to spend some money and buy a stone from Old Mr. Quillen," Avery replied casually.

Then, she threatened. "Old Mr. Quillen, you'd best tell me just where the stone is located. Once I have it, I will naturally release your granddaughter!"

Terence glanced at Alfred, which made Alfred turn his attention back to Beatrix.

Since Beatrix had her limbs bound and a gun pointed at her, he wouldn't be able to save her even if he was a god.

"Fine! I'll tell you where the stone is. However, you will release my granddaughter immediately!" Terence knew that they were stuck. So, he could only negotiate with the repugnant woman. Then, could consider other options to salvage the situation once Beatrix was safe.

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There was no way he could come out on top at the moment. So, the only way to victory was by seizing the opportunity. He could still try to turn the tables when the enemy let their guard down.

"You wouldn't deceive me, would you, Old Mr. Quillen?" Avery said with a mirthless smile.

"Hmph, I, Terence Quillen, have always kept my word! As long as you release my granddaughter, I will definitely tell you what you want to know!" Terence said resolutely.

"That won't do!" Avery shook her head and thought for a moment. "How about this? Since we have an audience, I'll release your daughter once you tell me where the Heart of the Sun is. If I break my promise, I'm nothing but a worthless b*tch. Well?"

Terence didn't believe her even for a second. Unfortunately, the initiative was in her hands. So, he had no choice but to comply. Otherwise, he was certain that his granddaughter would lose her life today!

"Mmph!" Beatrix, with her hands and feet bound, shook her head desperately, signaling her grandfather not to divulge his secrets.

Everyone in the Quillen family knew that the Heart of the Sun was a vital part of their family. It was the most precious thing they owned, and it should never be given away easily.

On the other hand, Beatrix knew she was just a woman in the Quillen family. Plus, the Quillen family certainly didn't lack women. Hence, she wasn't as valuable as the Heart of the Sun!

Chapter 990

"Silence, you tramp!

Upon witnessing this, Avery slapped Beatrix hard across the face.

Beatrix's delicate cheek instantly swelled up like a steamed bun.

"Stop!"

Terence was heartbroken. No one had ever bullied his granddaughter like this since she was young.

Alfred also looked helpless. He knew very well that the more Terence cared about his granddaughter, the more passive he would be tonight!

"Old Mr. Quillen, if you don't speak, your granddaughter will suffer even more!" Avery said smugly.

"The Sun Stones are in a tomb!"

Terence finally gritted his teeth and said it.

Many people at the scene were shocked.

Alfwhit clenched his fists and gritted his teeth.

“Which tomb?” Avery was also extremely excited.

In fact, all of her actions today were arranged by Magnus behind the scenes.

As expected, everything went according to Magnus’ plan. It seemed that the Heart of the Sun was about to appear!

“I have shown my sincerity. Are you going to show yours?” Terence was not foolish. He naturally wouldn’t tell the other party directly and instead made a request.

Avery immediately gave a signal, and her subordinates untied the ropes binding Beatrix’s hands and feet, but just as Beatrix was about to leave, the two subordinates pointed their guns at her head!

“Old Mr. Quillen, I have also shown my sincerity. As long as you tell me the final information, I will release your granddaughter immediately!” Avery said confidently.

On the other hand, Terence’s face was full of seriousness. He was still racking his brains on how to deal with the situation.

In the darkness of the night, a nimble and agile man had already hidden himself in the shadows.

None of the dozens of people at the scène noticed his presence.

He was none other than Emmanuel, who had received the information and rushed over.

Seeing the scene before him, Emmanuel sighed inwardly. It seemed that someone behind the scenes carefully planned tonight’s situation!

Could it be Magnus again?

What should he do?

Emmanuel also found himself in a dilemma like Alfred. In order to ensure Beatrix's life, he dared not act rashly. He needed someone to help distract the attention of those people so that he could find an opportunity to make a move.

Just as he was thinking this, he suddenly sensed some movement in the distance.

Who's there?!

Emmanuel quickly looked over quietly, and then his gaze suddenly froze.

Even in the dim night, he could still see a tall and slender girl.

Isn't that Red's sister? What is she doing here?

Marilyn was tearing her clothes apart at the moment, and a pair of soft and lively bosom suddenly bounced up.

Not only that, she also took off her jeans. The inexpensive but cute panties she was wearing inside looked rather sexy on her.

"What's going on?"

Emmanuel wondered, not knowing what this girl was up to.

Marilyn had no idea that Emmanuel was also present, and she didn't think as much as Emmanuel. She just wanted to help Terence save his granddaughter.

She was young and didn't consider the consequences of her actions. Now that Terence was surrounded, she just wanted to create chaos!

As long as there was chaos, there would be variables and she knew what the biggest advantage of a woman was, and that was her body!

After tearing and taking off her outer clothes, Marilyn suddenly screamed and ran out!

“Help! Someone wants to violate me!”

Oh, my God! What’s going on?

This statement caused quite a stir. Most of the people present were men. Who wouldn’t be interested in such an exciting thing?

Especially Philips and the others, their eyes were full of excitement as they looked toward the direction of the scream.

They saw Marilyn in disarray, with only a bra on her upper body, and the shoulder straps had slipped down.

She covered her chest with both hands and ran frantically.

Although she couldn’t be called a goddess, she had a tall figure and was young, and her skin radiated a dazzling glow under the night sky that could enchant any man.

“Tsk tsk, this is interesting!”

Philips and the other men became more and more excited.

Any normal man would be excited when encountering such a situation.

The scene became restless.

Avery felt something was wrong. This girl was clearly intentionally trying to disrupt the line of sight and create chaos to distract everyone's attention!

She quickly stared at Alfred.

Alfred had opened his eyes, but he still hadn't made a move.