Wrong Table 1458

Chapter 1458

“Tommy, it’s dangerous!” Mackenzie shouted.

Mackenzie didn’t even think about her child in her belly, and she wanted to rush over to

save Tommy.

Unfortunately, she was too slow!

Tommy was terrified. His eyes widened in fear, and he was unsure of how to react.

However, two burly men were sent flying through the air at a critical moment!

“D*mn it, how dare you touch my kid? I’ll kill you!”

It was Blake!

Mackenzie never expected that the person who had kidnapped her last time would

come to her rescue this time.

However, she rejoiced too soon.

In the next moment, a long-haired and stern man stood in front of her. He was

instructing the burly men who had just gotten up and said, “Take her away first. I’ll

handle this."

"Yosef?!" Mackenzie was shocked.

Mackenzie trembled slightly. She was feeling extremely surprised and conflicted.

Firstly, she had no idea how this man appeared in front of her.

Secondly, she never expected that this man from Hero's Village would become her

enemy,

while her former enemy had now come to rescue her.

Thirdly, she realized who was behind the plot against her when she saw this man.

"Mr. Ugly, please save Mackenzie!"

Tommy desperately tugged at Blake's pants, pleading excitedly.

"Hehe, why should I care? I won't save her!"

Seeing that Yosef was not to be trifled with, Blake had no intention of engaging in a

direct confrontation with such a skilled fighter for Mackenzie. It wasn't his style

e as a

Casanova.

“If you don’t save her, then I won’t talk to you anymore! Don’t expect me to call you Dad!!

Tommy immediately threatened.

Mackenzie was about to be coerced into the car!

The child was very anxious and almost in tears!

“Alright, fine. If you call me ‘dad’ now, I’ll save her!” Blake said.

8 The Battle for Mackenzie’s Safety

“Dad! Save Mackenzie!” Tommy exclaimed.

“Such a little br*t!” Blake chuckled at Tommy’s words. He had done everything before to

let Tommy call him Dad. However, Tommy didn’t hesitate to betray Ryder for Mackenzie.

“Gorgeous women are indeed troublemakers. They’ve even harmed my son at such a

young age!”

Blake said leisurely, loosening his muscles and walking forward.

“Please stop!”

Yosef stopped him expressionlessly and said, “Don’t force me to take action. I don’t

want to kill you."

"Oh?" Blake was curious about it.

He was suddenly stunned, as if he had heard a great joke. Then he burst into laughter

and said, "Oh, this pretentious talk. I've lived for thirty years, and it's the first time I've

heard of it! I suddenly feel like picking a fight with you!"

Yosef maintained his cold expression, his left hand already resting on the hilt of his

sword at his waist.

"Haha, so you're also a sword practitioner?" Blake asked.

Blake's laughter grew more triumphant and he said, "I won't decline a sword fight. Just

to clarify, not that kind of sword fight. I'm straight, like my sword. Don't know about

yours, though."

The burly men around who were attempting to force Mackenzie into the car all

chuckled.

This ugly man really enjoyed talking nonsense.

However, Yosef remained impassive. His sword's temperature remains uncertain, but

his expression was definitely colder than a butcher's knife that had been used to

slaughter pigs for thirty years!

"Go to hell!"

Blake took the initiative and threw a punch.

Today, he was determined to be a hero in front of his son!

This was also his redemption as an unattractive man!

Yosef easily dodged his Thrust Impact Fist, followed by Whirlwind Ho

It was still evaded by Yosef.

The third move was a side whip kick.

Completing three successive moves without interruption, moving as fluidly and

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gracefully as water.

Yosef can't help but admire, Impressive!

Dang!

Yosef evaded Blake's three consecutive strikes. The fourth punch finally compelled

Yosef to lift the scabbard for defense.

No!

He even drew his sword in one fluid motion!

If another warrior had been in Blake's place, this punch might have severed their hand.

However, Blake acted as if nothing happened

"Is this the traditional Ironclad Fabric? I didn't expect to encounter such a skilled

practitioner like you. It's interesting!"

Yosef's apathetic gaze finally displayed a hint of brightness.

His fighting spirit also slowly began to kindle!

"Hehe. Not bad, young man. If I hadn't trained in external martial arts, I might have been

defeated by your swordplay in a few moves!"

Blake also refrained from being overly cocky and withdrew his fist.

The man in front of him possessed exceptional skill. He surpassed even the

master-level fighters he had encountered previously.