Wrong Table 1478

Chapter 1478 You Lack Killing Intent

“Haha! You lovebirds can save the affection for later. Let me finish.” Sage grinned awkwardly. “Austin Spencer, Tocvale’s devil instructor, and I are pals. He mentioned Quintus’ whereabouts when he contacted me about participating in the Nuthana Grand Martial Showdown.”

“Austin Spencer?” Emmanuel recognized the name. In Tocvale, Austin’s reputation rivaled Sage’s as the Northern Region Night Wolf.

“What did he say exactly?”

“He’s here, Emmanuel. Let’s hear it from him together.” With Emmanuel’s nod, Sage contacted Austin.

Soon, a towering devil, around 6 feet 3 inches tall, entered, his build robust and imposing.

Seeing him, Mackenzie took a deep breath, sensing his formidable presence. Is Emmanuel truly more powerful than him?

“Nice to meet you, Mr. Lowe, Ms. Quillen,” Austin greeted, unaware of Emmanuel’s

identity, being polite for Sage’s sake.

Emmanuel shook Austin’s hand. He seems formidable, alright.

Mackenzie nodded in greeting without extending her hand.

“You’re Quintus’ buddy, and you must be his idol, huh? Ms. Quillen, you’re truly stunning.

No wonder Quintus has been chasing after you! He’s been after you for years, swearing

off marriage until he catches you. Looks like he’s destined for bachelorhood!”

‘s

blunt words befitted a military man.

Mackenzie simply smiled politely.

Emmanuel immediately asked, “Mr. Spencer, heard you’ve got intel on Quintus.”

“Indeed,” Austin confirmed, going straight to the point. “Word is, after the Zelinsky

family tore through the Lenoir family, that rascal Quintus headed straight for Dark Night

City!”

“Dark Night City? Is it linked to the Dark Night Club in Onza?” Emmanuel wondered,

even considering if it was the club he recently acquired and revamped.

“Nope,” Austin replied, a touch of disdain in his eyes. “Dark Night City’s a whole different beast, not like those small fry spots like Onza, It’s a sprawling metropolis smack dab on Devil’s Island!”

“Devil’s Island?” Emmanuel recalled hearing tales about it during his time Northern Region. “Rumor has it, it’s a haven for big shots from all over. But wha Quintus up to there?”

“I’m not entirely sure,” Austin admitted bluntly. “He dropped me a line before he took off, saying, ‘Mr. Spencer, I aim to get stronger! I crave power! I’m set on changing the Lenoir family!’ Personally, I smell brainwashing.”

Emmanuel and Mackenzie exchanged a knowing glance before letting out a sly chuckle. With Quintus, manipulation seems all too plausible.

“Okay then. If the opportunity arises, and since you’re his friend and idol, I’ll do my best to bring him back.” Austin didn’t linger, rising to his feet. “I came here not only to meet

Quintus' idol but also the strongest warrior of the Quillen family. Frankly, I'm a tad

disappointed."

Sage's brow furrowed at the remark. He hadn't revealed Emmanuel's true ide

he hadn't anticipated such shortsightedness from Tocvale's devil instructor.

but

"Mr. Lowe, you lack a killer instinct and appear too relaxed. In Tocvale, you wouldn't

pass my test. Best of luck in the Grand Martial Showdown," Austin remarked before

departing.

Emmanuel chuckled inwardly. My old commander used to say true warriors control

their killing intent as naturally as breathing. Why unleash it in front of friends and

family?

"I think Austin crossed the line there. Should we put him in his place?" Sage asked

softly, approaching Emmanuel.

"Nah, it's fine," Emmanuel replied. He was magnanimous. Austin was Quintus' former

mentor and Sage's friend. Overreacting to a mild remark wasn't his style.

“Fair enough. You’ll have your chance at the Grand Martial Showdown ne conceded.