Wrong Table 1561

Chapter 1561 High Stakes

As expected, Ruben easily defeated his opponent, who coughed up black blood, with just a few moves.

Emmanuel was somewhat surprised. Ruben's skill seemed noticeably stronger and more cunning than when they had sparred before. How did he manage to improve his strength so quickly?

What puzzled Emmanuel even more was that many restrictions seemed to be lifted fo the finals. In the preliminary rounds, killing opponents would result in disqualification, but this restriction was lifted for the finals. Not only that, but Emmanuel also noticed. that Ruben's palm strikes were poisoned, but the organizers seemed oblivious to it, tacitly accepting it.

"Haha, winning money is quite easy!" Frederick and Shane both clapped their hands, having won a thousand each. After watching the match, they could enjoy supper without worry.

“How can you guys get so excited about winning just a little?” Beatrix glanced at the screens on their seats, feeling a bit smug.

At that, the two quickly glanced at her screen and exclaimed, “Holy sh*t, you won over ten thousand!”

“My, you’re rich!”

Curious, Frederick glanced at Mackenzie’s screen. He had seen Mackenzie also plac bet earlier. I wonder how much she won. When he saw the string of numbers, he was so shocked that he slumped onto his seat, pointing at Mackenzie, unable to speak.

“O-One million?!” Seeing the amount Mackenzie won, Frederick was dumbfounded and trembling with fear. He never thought that Mackenzie was such a daring gambler.

Shane also gaped, unable to say anything for a moment. Rich people sure make money so easily! Within less than a minute, a million went into her pocket!

Mackenzie, however, remained expressionless. The betting screen for the next match appeared, and she immediately bet everything again. It wasn’t that she was addicted to gambling; in fact, a million meant nothing to her. Even if she lost a billion, she could

afford it.

The Nuthana Grand Martial Showdown was ultimately about gaining power.

Emmanuel's goal was to win the title of Grandmaster, while she aimed to win the title of

the highest earner in this event.

In the first match, she believed the ambitious Eshal Silverbane would win the match for

e, so she went all-in. As for the second match, she planned to bet as much as

sure,

possible because the next one to appear was Luna. At this moment, Emmanuel had

already left the Quillen family's area and was on stage wearing a wolf mask.

"Luna Moone! Luna Moone!"

"Grandmaster! Grandmaster!"

"Chapman family for the win!"

The cheers from the audience below were even louder than those supporting Ruben

just now. It was because Luna was the only S+ Rank fighter rated by the organizers, and

he was also a promising fighter representing the Four Great Aristocratic Families of

Zovince!

Almost half of the audience believed that he could help the Chapman family wi

title of Grandmaster! His odds of winning were also 1.01, but unlike Ruben's oppor

who was only A+ Rank, Luna's opponent was an S- Rank fighter.

It was known that there were only 19 fighters rated S- Rank and above. If this fighter

didn't face Luna, the probability of advancing to the top 32 would still be promising.

Even the former Grandmaster Wyatt Lannister, who was present in the audience, was

closely watching this talented fighter from the Chapman family. He knew very well that

the Chapmans were definitely wealthy enough to hire a formidable fighter to participate

in the Nuthana Grand Martial Showdown.

"Luna Moone? Huh, what a name. You haven't taken such a name to covet the Quillen

beauties, have you, you cuckold of a married woman!" Luna's opponent trash-talked as

soon as he appeared. He wasn't just trying to tactically provoke his opponent; it was

what he genuinely thought. He was annoyed by Luna's high popularity.

Luna glanced at him, a young fighter with superior talent but too arrogant and talkative.

Seeing Luna ignoring him, the young man sneered contemptuously, “You were

an S+ Rank fighter. The Chapmans must’ve bribed the organizers good, huh? In n

opinion, your strength is inferior to mine-

Whoosh!

Before he could finish his trash talk, the bell for the match rang, and Emmanuel

suddenly leaped into action.

Chapter 1562 Unforeseen Twists

“Impossible!” The expression of the young man changed instantly, his proud’demeanor

disappearing in an instant, replaced by terror.

Actually, he had watched Luna’s match recordings before and thought he was indeed

impressive, but he didn’t think Luna could overpower him by so much. He thought that

by provoking his opponent in advance and finding his opponent’s flaws, he still

chance to counterattack. Now he realized how naive he had been. Luna directly s

him flying off the stage with just one palm strike.

Boom!

Finally, when the young man fell outside the ring and lost his qualification, Luna

scratched his head and said, “Sorry, what did you just say? I didn’t catch it…

The young fighter’s face instantly flushed, and his cheeks burned. He knew very well

that-Luna had spared him just now, Otherwise, that move would’ve cost him his life.

The deafening cheers erupted instantly from the audience below, with 80% of the

people celebrating Luna’s victory. The shouts for Grandmaster resounded again and

again. Mackenzie also followed suit and applauded continuously.

Beatrix and the several older Quillen ladies were astonished. They knew Mackenzie

very well. She shouldn’t be so enthusiastic about unrelated people. Could it be because

of the name?

“Mackenzie, aren’t you worried Emmanuel would be jealous?” Beatrix whisp

Mackenzie.

Mackenzie snorted, “I dare him to try! A ton of women have a crush on him. I dare him

to have any opinions of my admiration toward other men!”

Beatrix thought her sister had a point. She knew a number of the women too. For

example, Claudette, the Paradise’s escort, Ashton, and… um… herself? You know what?

I should just shut up.

Not long after, the missing Emmanuel returned to his seat. Except for Mackenzie,

everyone thought he had just gone to the washroom.

The next matches began to be a bit abnormal. Except for the first two matches, which

were easy wins, the outcomes of the later matches became extremely difficult to

predict. Frederick and Shane lost all the money they had won and even more. It seemed

like they would have no money left for supper that night.

At the same time, they were curious if Mackenzie had also lost badly t

dismay, she hadn’t bet on any other matches since the first two. It wasn’t

Mackenzie had any inside story but that she always played it safe. She wouldn’t

any fighters who were close in strength or had no hope of winning the championship

she wanted to win the title of best better, not losing a single bet was more important

than winning money. Because losing one round meant she would need to win many rounds to make up for it, and not betting meant winning many rounds!

As the matches in the upper half of the draw progressed, the beautiful receptionist at the ferry suddenly appeared behind Joe and whispered a few words in his ear. Joe. quickly stood up and instructed the receptionist, “Don’t refuse him, and don’t provoke him. Wait for my signal to let him enter the stage!”

“Yes, Mr. Wallace!” The receptionist hurriedly went to make arrangements.

Joe then left his seat and quickly entered the VIP room backstage, where the president of the Martial Arts Association and Levi were sitting together.

The president of the Martial Arts Association, Horace Adkins, was a middle-aged ma whose age was hard to discern. He had a faint beard and looked serious, with an assertive aura.

“Mr. Adkins, the representative player from Onza Tanner, Yosef, has arrived at the venue. Should we let him on stage to compete?” It was a major and urgent matter, so

Joe immediately asked for instructions, not having time to consider Levi.

Horace glanced at Levi and asked, “Mr. Lestrange, what do you think?”

Yosef’s identity was special, and he was a fugitive on the run. If he was allowed on

stage, it would definitely cause a huge controversy. But if someone higher up helped

block it, such matters wouldn’t affect the Martial Arts Association at all because

suppressing such matters was too easy for the real upper echelons.

“Mr. Adkins, what is your purpose for hosting the Nuthana Grand Martial Sho

Levi deliberately asked back.

“Of course, it is to provide an exciting martial arts event for the martial arts enthusiasts

of Nuthana!” Horace replied solemnly.

Chapter 1563 The Unexpected Challenger

“In that case, why refuse the Onza Tanners’ participant? He didn’t violate any

qualifications for the Grand Martial Showdown, did he?” Levi smiled, his attitude already

evident.

“You have a point, Mr. Lestrange,” Horace responded respectfully to Levi’s words. Still,

he said to Joe, “Take me to see that participant!”

“Yes, Mr. Adkins!”

Respecting Levi was one thing, but the Martial Arts Association was definitely not subordinate to the Chanaea Chamber of Commerce. Horace, as the head of the association, absolutely couldn’t blindly follow Levi’s advice and cause a big mess.

Regardless of Yosef’s identity, even if he was a fugitive, Horace didn’t care. But he had to make sure that Yosef was mentally stable. Otherwise, if he lost control after going on stage and started killing people, they, as the organizers, would find it difficult to bear such responsibility, as such incidents had happened before. After all, martial artists falling into madness was a common occurrence.

Levi also followed the two to a backstage room and met Yosef.

To be honest, after seeing him in person, Horace found it hard to connect Yosef with a fugitive. He looked so clean and refined, with a somewhat literati demeanor.

“Are you Yosef?” President Horace asked, staring at Yosef, who nodded silently.

“The Tanner family of Onza has fallen. Why do you insist on competing?” Horace continued to question. He needed to confirm whether the man in front of him was mentally stable and what his motives were.

Yosef’s gaze grew increasingly icier. In the past, he wouldn’t have bothered to lie. He had come here openly and specifically to kill Emmanuel. But before he could speak, Levi gave him a profound look as if silently hinting something to him.

Yosef didn’t know Levi, but he was smart enough to understand the meaning behind that look. Eventually, his haughty expression softened, and he spoke, “I want fame and fortune. I want to earn the title of Grandmaster!”

A very mundane reason. But Horace nodded in satisfaction. “Alright, you can go on stage.”

Yosef didn’t respond further, not even a thank you.

After carefully observing him again, Horace turned and left. As he left the room, his heart was also surging. For so many years, he had never seen a master with such a strong demonic nature. Perhaps this year’s Grandmaster would be stronger than any

Grandmaster in the past three decades. As a martial artist himself, he couldn't help but anticipate.

Meanwhile, at the arena, the matches were in full swing, and the atmosphere remained heated without any dull moments. But the Quillen ladies suddenly became nervous and excited. Beatrix couldn't help but stand up and shout towards the stage, "Beat them to a pulp, Emmanuel!"

Emmanuel's match had finally arrived.

Upon hearing his sister-in-law's cheer, Emmanuel, who was about to enter the stage, looked over. Even Samantha and her sisters were cheering him on enthusiastically.

Whether they liked Emmanuel or not was one thing, but they definitely their family like Hannah.

Shane and Frederick naturally shouted their lungs out for Emmanuel.

tray

Although Mackenzie didn't shout, the meaning contained in her shimmering eyes was

completely conveyed to Emmanuel. Emmanuel smiled at Mackenzie, indicating that

she didn’t need to worry at all.

Mackenzie assured her family, “Don’t worry, Emmanuel will definitely win!”

Her voice was not loud.

It wasn’t that the organizers deliberately caused trouble by placing the Zigler family’s

viewing area right behind them; it was divided based on the strength of the forces, and

the Zigler family should indeed be behind them.

Rustin, who had been watching Mackenzie all along, was

immediately irritated by her

words. Now, hearing her speak up, wished he could mock loudly with a

“Haha, you’re doomed, Quillens! You think you can win, huh? Huh, dream

our fighter teach your husband a lesson!”

Although the atmosphere in the arena was heated, his loud voice still attracted many.

Chapter 1564 Swift Defeat

Mackenzie’s words infuriated Rustin. However, she did not take what he said seriously

and just

sat down in silence, not even deigning him with a response.

Darn it!

When he saw that Mackenzie's face had returned to an indifferent expression once

more, his anger burned even brighter. He roared, "Everyone, if you wan

bet, go all out on Bronco from the Zimmerman family! No matter how low

I guarantee you will all win big!"

Huh?

No one understood where Rustin's confidence came from, as the organizers had

already announced the odds.

Rustin could sense the odd gazes directed toward him, and he frowned.

Even Linda could not help gesturing with her eyes for him to look at the screen.

Shoot! What's going on?

Emmanuel's odds were 1:1.2.

Bronco's odds were 1:4.

“Hahaha! Zigler, your contestant’s odds are quite high, but none of us dar

him.”

From the front, Nathan let out a mocking laughter, adding fuel to the fire. “He definitely

won’t win. Not even if the odds are 1:40,000.

Upon seeing the dark look on Rustin’s face, the crowd around him laughed as well.

Not only that, but the amount of money being bet on Emmanuel continued to rise while

his odds were reduced. It was clear evidence that no one had faith in the Zimmerman

family.

“This is ridiculous! You’re a bunch of fools!”

Rustin was beside himself with fury and burst out cursing.

The family had an intention to bet more money on Bronco so that his odds would be

lowered, making themselves look less humiliated. However, due to the upper

by the organizers, every person could only bet 250,000 at most.

Linda had also bet 250,000 for the Zimmerman family’s sake. It was all for spite. The

Zimmerman family could lose to anyone but the Quillen family.

Compared to the panicked and frenzied energy that rose among the Zimmerman family,

the Quillen family was extremely calm and composed.

Mackenzie had already bet five million on Emmanuel when his odds were at their

highest.

Beatrix and the others were slightly slower, but they also dumped five million into the

bet.

When Frederick and Shane looked at the numbers listed, they realized just how modest

and stingy their bets looked in comparison.

“Darn it! It’s possible for anyone to cheat us out of our money, but Em

Some

never do that to us. I’ll borrow more money,” Shane cried out.

“Me too!” Frederick responded.

They instantly shot to their feet. They could earn a million in the blink of an eye. They

could not miss out on this opportunity.

“Tee-hee! I’ll loan you the money.”

Beatrix had been ready the entire time. It was good for everyone to share in the profit.

Thankfully, there was still enough time. Once the two men were done betting all of their

money on Emmanuel, the competition started.

“Bronco, kill Emmanuel! Crush the Quillen family!”

As he was annoyed by Mackenzie. With his personalities formed in a rather c

vulgar environment, Rustin instantly started shouting down toward the stage.

“Darn it! She is just some country bumpkin from a small town Yeringham! Does she

really think she’s all that? Everyone knows she’s just a socialite. Tonight, the

Zimmerman family will tear you into pieces and snap you back to reality.”

Upon hearing that, Emmanuel, who had planned to hold back as respect for the

organizers, abruptly changed his mind.

As both Emmanuel and Bronco were rated S- everyone was eagerly anticipating a

ferocious battle.

Although Emmanuel had a slight advantage, it still would not be an easy win.

To the crowd's surprise, as soon as the bell rang, Emmanuel appeared out of thin air

before Bronco's eye. Bronco had still been responding aloud to Rustin when that

happened.

"How is he so fast?"

Bronco unwittingly let out a loud shout from shock.

Smack!

Emmanuel did not hit hard, but the hit was enough to catch his opponent off guard, and

the one punch sent Bronco soaring through the air.

Bronco attempted to fight back as he fell to the ground, but Emmanuel sent him falling

down again with a sweep of his leg.

"Hey, hey, hey! Stop!"

Bronco kept shouting in shock. Emmanuel is a sly fox! How can he be so audacious as

to purposefully launch a surprise attack?

Smack!

In the end, Bronco tumbled out of the ring.

“Hahaha! That was three seconds on the dot, Beatrix triumphantly said with a laugh.

50000

She had been keeping track of the time.

Rustin’s agitated expression had yet to fade away. How was it over so soon?

The crowd around him felt awkward as well.

Even if they forgot about the money they lost their face.

Whatever. It was better for them to make a swift exit. After all, everyone around here

only recognized Rustin, not them.

Chapter 1565

“Wow, the Quillen family’s fighter is truly amazing!”

“The Quillen family is destined for victory!”

The arena echoed with the excited cheers of the crowd.

In all honesty, the identity of the champion did not matter to the average pe

The person who helped them win their bets would be their hero.

As for those who lost money betting on Bronco, they only cursed at the Zimmerman

family. No one would ever direct their ire at Emmanuel for being too strong.

“Well fought.”

Emmanuel saluted and left the stage.

He looked calm and nonchalant as if he had only vanquished a minor foe, as if this were

nothing extraordinary since it was all in a day’s work.

His demeanor was another humiliation for Bronco.

Among the crowd, Bronco was still dazedly mumbling to himself, saying, “H-How was

he so fast? That’s not logical!”

Angela and Ronnie had been applauding Emmanuel’s victory, but they soon

stop.

That was because Stanley had walked over with a sizable entourage behind him.

Bobby and Blaze were among the group.

The mayor of Onza was there, too.

The grave look on Stanley's face made Angela sense that something big was about to happen.

"Ronnie, it will soon be your fighter's turn to get on the stage. Where is this Beowulf guy?"

Bobby had spoken with a laugh.

"He's warming up."

Angela swiftly interjected on behalf of her father.

"Warming up? Where is he warming up?"

Ruben, who was standing behind Bobby, spoke up with a sneer, saying, "I was just at the preparation area for the fighters, and he wasn't there."

They did not need to acknowledge what Ruben said.

However, the mayor actually spoke up then. "Mr. Ronnie, I know just how powerful Eshal Silverbane's fighter is. Now, I am eager to get to know the fighter of the Silverbane family of Onza. Would you be willing to do me the honor?"

"Well…"

Ronnie had a conflicted look on his face. Emmanuel had just finished his last round.

Who knew where he was now? How was Ronnie meant to look for Emma

ong

the crowd?

Angela's forehead was covered in a sheen of sweat. Had Emmanuel's true identity

exposed?

Wait!

As an astute woman,

la soon deduced the truth.

As long as Stanley did not say anything, Bobby and the others could not have known

that Beowulf was actually Emmanuel. However, that group of people knew the

Silverbane family of Onza very well. They absolutely knew that there was no fighter as

powerful as they claimed in the Silverbane family in Onza.

Furthermore, Beowulf always had a mask on. Thus, Bobby and the others had guessed

that Beowulf was a fighter who fought for another party as well. Thus, they should not know who Beowulf really was. At the very least, they could not be certain about his identity.

“Well? Won’t you?”

The mayor repeated himself with a frown.

“T-That’s not it.”

Ronnie hurriedly waved his hand in a negative gesture as beads of sweat formed on his brows.

As a member of the Silverbane family in Onza, there was no way he could disrespect a political heavyweight in Onza.

However, he could not just order Beowulf to show himself.

Angela realized she had been careless. She should have arranged for a body double, but she had not expected such an abrupt turn of events.

Why had Stanley not informed her of this ambush beforehand? Was all of impromptu development?

“Ronnie, if you’re willing to do the mayor the honor of introducing Beowulf, tell your best fighter to show himself! We still have more important matters to discuss, and they concern him.”

Bobby was giving his brother extra stress once more.

In his eyes, Ronnie had not been his brother for a long time. Instead, Ronnie was the biggest obstacle on his climb to the top.

Ronnie was still thinking of an excuse he could use.

However, Bobby refused to give him any chance to think and swiftly continued, “Are you hesitating because he’s an outsider you asked to help out at the last minute so that you’re not humiliated? In reality, he doesn’t fight for Onza, does he?

Both Ronnie and Angela flinched upon hearing that.

They were doomed!

If that information were confirmed and made public, how could they compete with Eshal Silverbane? Their entire family might even become a laughingstock!

“Someone asked for me?”

Just then, a familiar voice rang out from behind them.

Angela turned around, and the weight on her shoulders was instantly gone.

It was Emmanuel in a mask.

After he had helped the Quillen family move onto the next round as Emmanuel, there

was no need for his true identity to stay for the rest of the night. Thus, he

put on the mask and made his way to the Silverbane family of Onza. To his

unexpected arrival proved to be useful to the family.

“You are Beowulf from the Silverbane family of Onza? You really are remarkable!”

The mayor of Onza had a discerning eye and could sense the formidable aura

Emmanuel exuded.

Chapter 1566

It was Bobby and his family’s turn to have unpleasant looks on their faces. They were

just about to reveal the true form of the Silverbane family of Onza, but Beowulf had

arrived just in time.

Just who was he?

“You flatter me, Mr. Mayor.”

Emmanuel had met the mayor of Onza before. After all, he had discussed the

prominent figures that would appear today as he walked into the arena. Thus, he now

raised his arms in a salute as he asked, “What business do you have with me,

Mr.

Mayor?”

“Mr. Beowulf, are you certain you are the fighter for the Onza Silverbane family?”

The mayor asked once more to confirm Emmanuel’s identity

after

Bobby had said.

“Of course!”

Emmanuel adopted a cold and haughty demeanor. “Angela isn’t just my employer, but

she’s also a good friend of mine. Naturally, I will fight for Onza Silverbane with all my

strength.”

“Haha! Well, congratulations to the Onza Silverbane family for becoming a great fighter.

I wish you all the best at the Nuthana Grand Martial Showdown.”

The mayor did not mind Emmanuel’s arrogance and politely wished him well

getting to the point.

“It’s like this. There’s a significant municipal project coming up in Onza, and we’re

looking for the most powerful businesses to collaborate with. After some internal

deliberation, we have decided the Silverbane family is our best choice. The Eshal

Silverbane family is willing to take on the project, but President Silverbane wants

everyone to have an equal chance. I am here to inquire if Mr. Robbie is interested in

taking on the project.”

Robbie was shocked.

A municipal project in Onza was not just a very lucrative venture, but it would also be at

project that would greatly improve his family’s reputation.

If the project was successfully completed, it would strengthen his family

politicians of Onza while giving the family much more weight in the upcom

for the next president of the Chanaea Chamber of Commerce.

he

This was something that he knew, and even Emmanuel, who had only just stepped foot

in the business world, knew. They knew full well that whoever won the contract would.

have succeeded by 80% in the next election.

“We are!”

When Angela saw Robbie’s silence was going to last, she hurriedly spoke up on his

behalf. “The Onza Silverbane family is very interested in collaboration with the

government on this project.”

“Hahaha! That’s good.”

The mayor was happy with that response and turned to grin at Stanley. “Old Mr.

Silverbane, both your sons are interested in your project. What should I do now?”

“Mr. Mayor, the Eshal Silverbane family is stronger than the Onza Silverban

every aspect. Everyone knows that. Of course, you’ll be choosing us!”

Blaze was very blunt and obvious in his attempt to fight for the right.

“However, the Onza Silverbane family operates in Onza. Shouldn’t a municipal project in Onza be awarded to the local enterprises? Otherwise, people will say that Onza’s businesses are failures.”

Angela was a smart woman, so she quickly interjected with a retort.

“Both arguments are valid. How about this?”

The mayor smiled and continued, saying, “Since the Nuthana Grand Martial Showdown is ongoing, and I’m a martial arts enthusiast myself, I will entrust the project to the winning Silverbane family. How does that sound?”

“Well…”

Ronnie and Angela were surprised.

They had told Emmanuel to prioritize the Quillen family with their family being a casual side project. It was all so that they did not put any pressure on him.

However, they could not easily give up on this great opportunity for the family.

If the Eshal Silverbane family were awarded the contract, that side of the family would

only grow more powerful

If the Quillen family did not win the competition, then the future president would be

Bobby.

“Very well. We accept that condition”

Of course, Bobby happily agreed to it

Blaze, Ruben, and the others behind Bobby were equally excited as well.

The pressure was now on the Onza Silverbane family

Before they could say a word, Bobby chuckled “Ronnie, if you don’t want to compete,

you can just give up. Otherwise, if you lose in the end, you’ll only be laughed at.”

“I agree to the condition!”

ter 1566 V Chapter1

Winner Gets the Contract

Ronnie was actually not a competitive man, except for when his brother was involved.

He especially did not want to lose to Bobby.

The brothers had fought and competed since they were young. Ronnie had only moved

to Onza to start his own business because of a fight with Bobby.

He would not care about a challenge from anyone else, but a challenge from Bobby

would have him instantly accepting it.

“Hahaha! Good. That settles it then.”

The mayor instantly sealed the deal and even said with another laugh, “My anticipation

for the outcome of the Grand Martial Showdown just keeps rising.”

Stanley let out a soft sigh but remained silent the entire tim

Chapter 1567 How She Envied Mackenzie

Stanley understood that Ronnie had no choice but to accept the challenge as refusing

to do so meant accepting immediate defeat.

Next, it was up to Emmanuel’s performance.

After the group left, Angela pulled Emmanuel aside backstage before the mate

started.

“Mr. Lowe, I apologize on behalf of the Onza Silverbane family for any trouble this may

cause you."

She bowed deeply in a show of respect.

Her overly deferential demeanor made Emmanuel slightly uncomfortable.

"Just fight as you have initially planned. No need to bother with us."

Angela continued when he did not speak.

However, he patted her on the shoulder and said in a tone that made them seem like

they were friends, "I promise you that I will do my best."

Angela was touched by his promise, and her eyes shimmered.

While she was the precious daughter of the Onza Silverbane family, she wa

average woman in front of him.

It was an overwhelming shock and joy for her to hear her idol promise her that.

How she envied Mackenzie for being the object of this man's affection and love.

"I'll be heading back then, Mr. Lowe."

"Alright."

After bidding Angela farewell, Emmanuel put on his mask and got ready to head toward the fighters' preparation area. Suddenly, he sensed movement outside the room.

"Who's there?"

Emmanuel's sudden appearance startled the person outside.

It was Beatrix!

"Ms. Beatrix, why are you here?"

Emmanuel was secretly shocked.

He knew that she only arrived outside the room after Angela left, which meant there was no way she could have overheard his conversation with Angela.

Still, should she not be in the viewing area? Why would she suddenly be here?

"Mr. Beowulf, I've missed you so much!"

Beatrix could not contain her overwhelming emotions and threw herself into his arms.

She looked up at him with twinkling eyes.

"Didn't I tell you I'm married?"

Emmanuel hurriedly pushed her out of his arms.

How could he act in such a way with his sister-in-law?

There was no way.

It was absolutely impossible!

“I like you though. What can I do? Why don’t you ask your wife if she’s willing to take me

in as a sister? We can both be with you.”

As Beatrix said that, she held on tight to his hand. Finally, her anxious heart calmed

down.

There was no doubt about it.

This man is Emmanuel!

Just before he went up on the stage, she high-fived him with a hand that sh

secretly smeared with a specific type of perfume.

Right now, she could smell the same fragrance on this man’s palm. She could also se

the pale pink glint that came from the perfume.

Who else could he be but Emmanuel?

He was still putting on an act. He never returned to the Quillen family's area after leaving them. Then, the Onza Silverbane family's Beowulf appeared. It was such an obvious flaw in his act.

However, she still pretended to be ignorant of that fact. In her heart, she knew that if the truth was spoken, she would not have the courage to go against the morals of society to openly say she liked him.

When Emmanuel heard what she said, a dark look descended on his face.

Beatrix was Mackenzie's sister already. What was there to ask about?

"Don't say that nonsense. We can only be friends at most. I am just a crude m not worthy of

"I think you are worthy, though."

Emmanuel's soft rejection could not deter Beatrix at all.

"Well, you are unworthy of me. My wife is even more beautiful than you. She would not want you as a sister."

He realized he had to be harsher. Otherwise, this would never end and become even

messier.

“I don’t believe it! Let me meet your wife. I want to ask her in person.”

Beatrix held her head up high as she let out a haughty huff.

Ha! Mackenzie was her sister. How could Mackenzie not accept her as a sis

However, being a mere “sister” was not all Beatrix meant when she said that. She

meant it in a different way. Beatrix wanted to tease Emmanuel as payback for saving

her while concealing his identity.

It even made her fall in unrequited love with him!

Hmph! She would never forgive him.

Emmanuel was perplexed for a moment before he swiftly said, “Ms. Beatrix, I don’t have

time to chat right now. I have to compete soon. Excuse me. I need to head to the

fighters’ preparation area.”

“Very well! I wish you the best of luck in achieving the title of Grandmaster. Then, I can

become your concubine with pride!” Beatrix shamelessly exclaimed.

Chapter 1568

Pfft!

Emmanuel nearly spat up the blood in his mouth, resisting the urge to rip off his mask

and reveal himself before daring her to repeat those words in front of her sister.

However, he chose to slip away, realizing he couldn't keep up the charade any longer.

Finally getting rid of Beatrix, he made his way to the prep area via a hidden passage,

which was deserted, unlike the bustling competition venue, as it was strictly off-limits.

to regular folks.

Emmanuel caught faint footsteps ahead, but no one was in sight.

Clearly, an expert fighter was using stealth! He tensed up immediately. Who has

sneaked into the prep area? What were they up to? And who were they targeting?

"Hey, what's got you staring?" Blake's voice surprised Emmanuel from behind.

Both Mackenzie and Beowulf's names were so obvious that Hattie and Blake knew

Emmanuel was using a nickname!

"Someone found a way in.

Emmanuel and Blake had warmed up to each other the closer Mackenzie and Hattie got. After all, Emmanuel hadn't sided with Magnus when Claudette took the plunge, so there wasn't any bad blood between them!

Blake was curious. "Who's got the guts?"

Soon, they heard a scuffle on the other side of the prep area.

Emmanuel and Blake, both top fighters, watched from the shadows instead of jumping in and found a lower-level contestant about to enter the arena being held captive by masked men. This was Callum Cavent, who represented a small family and supposedly facing the fake Wolf Warrior that night. The giant choking Callum was familiar too and was most probably the superfighter Nathan had brought, Brent Overton, who had a rough time against Yosef's elixir field! Emmanuel was sure the other two masked guys. were from the Chapman family, too.

What is Nathan plotting now?

"Sir… please, spare me!" Callum begged, scared out of his wits. With an A+ Rank, he stood no chance against the masked guy, likely an S- Level.

+ cave!

“Follow my orders, and you’ll be safe. Disobey, and even the king Got it?”

boomed the giant.

Callum nodded frantically.

“You’re up against the Wolf Warrior tonight, who is also Mr. Chapman’s Master and way

stronger than me! Got it?” the giant boasted.

Callum went pale. He couldn’t handle this guy, let alone someone dominant and a

hundred times stronger like the Wolf Warrior. He couldn’t possibly measure up!

“S-Should I give in?”

“No! You’ll go out and beg for mercy. Show respect to the war god! Got it?”

“O-Okay!” Callum nodded repeatedly while drenched in cold sweat. He had never

imagined winning, so surrendering and begging for mercy for his life seemed

inconsequential.

Pleased with his compliance, the masked men allowed him to move on to the

preparation area but were subdued by Emmanuel and Blake working in tandem before

they could go.

“It’s me! Don’t worry!” Emmanuel used his own voice, as there was no need to pretend

with his allies.

Brent recognized him and stopped struggling, realizing there was no use.

“What does Nathan want? Why has he sent you to threaten the participants?”

Emmanuel went straight to the point.

The superfighter leaned in to whisper, “Mr. Chapman said Teddy has sent men to the

showdown to unmask the Wolf Warrior!”

What?!

Emmanuel was secretly shocked.

If Teddy knew who he was, things would get dicey.

“So, Nathan’s helping you hide behind the fake Wolf Warrior to distract Teddy!”

Chapter 1569

The superfighter whispered again, and Emmanuel nodded as a signal they could leave.

Blake burst into laughter, ready to speak, but Emmanuel shot him a threatening gaze.

“Haha, Beowulf, your title’s almost the same as the Northern Region war god! Wanna switch it up? If the Wolf Warrior catches wind, you might have a real mess on your hands!”

Blake was usually smooth with words being a Romeo, but Emmanuel sighed, “True! Wolf Warrior’s the world’s top dog. I think he’s the real deal for this showdown! Wonde if it’s too late to change my name now? I don’t wanna ruffle his feathers!”

150

Two passing fighters overheard this exchange, recognizing the two men as Blake and Beowulf King, who were double S-Rank fighters. If even they were saying this, could it mean Wolf Warrior was a powerhouse who didn’t show his true strength in the preliminaries and thus making the organizing committee consider him an A-rank player by mistake?

Emmanuel and Blake found it amusing, but with few people around, they dropped the act and headed to the prep area.

It was buzzing with activity, with dozens of lower-ranked fighters along with 18.

gorgeous

ladies provided by the organizers for them. The imposter was there, keeping

a low profile in a corner, eyeing the prize money. He couldn't risk toying with the girls

and so stayed quiet while the competitors showed off their strength and tried to

impress the ladies.

When Beowulf King and Blake arrived, the S-Rank fighter Sonny Quadro got the shiver.

from the coach he was sitting on with two gorgeous women as he had taken it after

kicking out another fighter from there. He was terrified that they enjoyed throwing their

weight around the way he did.

"Hey! What's got you staring? I'm speaking to you. Vamoose!" Blake pointed directly at

Sonny.

Sonny sprung up while smiling. "Sirs, please, have a seat!"

Others chuckled secretly. Thieves recognizing each other!

They were mistaken, unfortunately.

Blake approached and kicked him in the ass before pushing him away and booming,

“Can’t you see the boss here? How dare a noob like you sit here.”

“Boss?”

Everyone was puzzled. Who were the bosses of these S-Ranks?

Blake then walked to the imposter, “Boss, why so low-key? Get on the sofa, let the ladies.

massage you, let you relax, and get ready to shine!”

“Me?”

The imposter pointed at himself, surprised. How did he become their superior?

“Come on, Boss!” Beowulf King gestured.

The fake Wolf Warrior suddenly understood that this was Beowulf King and also an S

Rank participant. Might he be the real Wolf Warrior’s former lackey who had mistaken

him for the real deal?

No way!

He shot that down immediately as Beowulf King would have definitely known the

person had Beowulf King been the Wolf Warrior's lackey.

What's

up

here?

Never mind, who would care?

The imposter wasn't guarded but conceited, so he was going to take it up no matter

why they had addressed him as long as they had done so.

He lounged on the sofa.

"Massage for my Boss, quick!" ordered Blake.

This was new for him, but as Hattie wanted to help the Quillen family, he had to comply

with Jude's orders, even if he wasn't thrilled.

Chapter 1570

Blake left the two most beautiful women for himself, while Emmanuel snorted to

himself before getting himself somewhere to sit and rest his eyes while waiting for his

round.

Callum, who'd been tricked earlier, felt even more anxious seeing this. He'd thought he'd picked an easy target, but now he realized he was facing a tough opponent. The others were puzzled, too, but with two S-Ranks guarding the Wolf Warrior, it seemed he wasn't just talking.

Then, another guy walked in. Everyone stepped back, even the attendants, sensing h aura.

Emmanuel glanced up, feeling a chill down his spine.

It was Yosef.

His arrival meant it was time for the showdown.

Though he seemed calm, his gaze was menacing, sending shivers through everyone.

The fake Wolf Warrior thought of standing but chickened out, fearing Yosef would see through him.

Thankfully, Yosef just sat next to Beowulf King without causing trouble.

“Next match, Wolf Warrior vs. Callum. Get ready, participants,” announced the staff.

Relieved, the imposter left, followed by Callum.

“Haha, let’s see that fake get what’s coming!” Shane cheered from the stands. He had a score to settle with the fake Wolf Warrior.

The odds for Callum at 1.2 to 1-so Shane decided to go all in and even thought of borrowing some from Beatrix.

“Isn’t it too dangerous?” Frederick warned him, but Shane was sure any player could beat the fake Wolf Warrior.

Shane realized she’d bet on the wrong side, while Beatrix found it amusing. However, Mackenzie was uninterested in the current round and looked forward to Beowulf King and Yosef’s showdown.

As the crowd rooted for Callum, the arena buzzed with excitement.

Many bettors were counting on this match to turn their luck around. After all, how could an A+ player lose to an A-?

The impostor thought so, too, intending to pretend from the beginning. If he couldn’t.

win, he’d surrender. Getting hurt wasn’t worth it!

However, the moment the bell rang, he felt nervous after knowing who he was up

against. Then, he sneezed!