Wrong Table 1571

Chapter 1571 Flattened With A Sneeze

It turned out the opponent was scarier than Callum thought. He ended up flat on the

stage just from a sneeze!

What the hell is going on?

The whole crowd was shocked, and even the imposter himself was surprised. Was he

really that intimidating, or were folks just intimidated by the Wolf Warrior title and the

national war god?

“Ahem, what’s wrong with you? I barely even flexed! That sneeze only used one perc

of my power, and you’re already down?”

The fake figured if he could scare people with his rep, he might as well milk it!

Why shouldn’t I cash in when I can? The higher the rank, the b

the prize!

“Oh, great master, your abilities are unbeatable. M-my legs are like jelly, look. Look! Ah! I

can’t stand, but I’m still alive! Thanks! Thanks for your mercy, great master!” Callum

kept hyping his opponent up on stage.

Even the confused crowd was secretly impressed! Dang, this guy could talk himself out

of anything better than anyone!

The imposter hadn’t been daring enough to say his sneeze could knock down an A+

Rank competitor, but he might as well,roll with the hype, right?

“Hmph, give up quick, kid! You might just poof into thin air if I sneeze otherwise,

understand?”

The imposter stood tall and proud, hands on his hips, like he owned the place.

Everyone was confused.

Really?

Even the participants were scratching their heads as they had no clue what that sneeze

was supposed to mean, but regardless, the match was over.

Shane was stunned, staring at his bank balance, now suddenly bloated by one million!

“T-this real?”

Winning one million on the wrong bet? What kind of luck was that?

Not only did he win one million, but if he had bet on Callum instead, he would've los

500 grand! That's 600 grand in total!

Shane was lucky, while Frederick wanted to strangle him.

"Dang it! You made me bet everything on Callum. Now what? How are you gonna make

amends? I lost one million!" Frederick was about ready to throw hands, feeling

straight-up betrayed!

"Ha ha, I'll make amends, okay?"

Despite his greed, Shane still had a sense of fairness. Santiago had drilled into him

forever that being honest was key, and brotherhood mattered more than cash!

Mackenzie was a hundred times more important than their brotherhood, obviously.

"Hmph, that sounds fair." Frederick finally backed down.

Watching the two of them argue but still stick together, Beatrix felt her heart warm.

Having them both was truly a blessing!

Mackenzie glanced at them, too, her eyes landing on Shane.

Emmanuel had filled her in on a lot of stuff.

Originally, Frederick was supposed to spy for M&L Group, but somehow, the CEO

mistook Shane for the spy and brought him in, booting Frederick out. Plus, Shane

outsmarted Diamond Titan Military Technologies' CEO, Ms. Wenlocke, in negotiations

and sealed the deal. Shane had now made a wrong bet, turning 500 grand into one

million. His luck seemed off the charts!

Mackenzie was a modern woman with trust in science, but she did consider anything.

unexplainable by it mystical despite her lack of superstitiousness. Some folks just.

seemed to be born lucky, while others… not so much, like Frederick. Had Frederick not

been tight with Emmanuel and loyal to the Terence Group, she would've let him go.

She'd seriously worry about the next radiation issue!

However, the cheers brought her back to reality.

The big moment was here!

Beowulf versus Yosef!

Chapter 1572 Clash Of The S-Level Masters

It was indeed a clash of the s

Level masters.

Yes, both could easily make it to the top five, but since they had the bad luck of meeting in the first round, their chances of winning the championship weren't too high! I mean, the odds of them getting knocked out in the first round were a scary 50%! The bookies were giving them equal chances of winning this round, with odds of 1 to 1.95. That meant it was a dead-even match!

"Who do you think's gonna take it?"

After a slumberous night, Yasmine was wide awake now, sitting in the high-end VIP area and watching the match like a hawk.

The sculpted participant who got beaten by Beowulf the other night took a second to think before saying, "Hard to say. Beowulf's got a slight edge from what I've seen, but rumors say Yosef's lost sense of himself. Who knows how strong he's gotten?"

Yasmine nodded, a smirk playing on her lips, her legs trembling a bit.

The tension was thick on Ronnie's side. Angela was squeezing her fists so tight they

were probably turning white. She silently prayed despite her hopes of remaining.

relieved. Emmanuel, please win!

Bobby, though, was cool as a cucumber.

it

Not knowing Beowulf's real deal, they'd seen Eshal's fighters already make it to the top

If Onza lost, Eshal would snag the city project. Then, the position of the Nuthana Chamber of Commerce's president would be theirs!

"Horace, you're a martial arts master. What's your take on this fight?"

Levi, usually chill, was pumped before the match.

Horace was just as stoked, calling this an early final. Whoever won would probably be

this year's Grandmaster. However, he didn't give a straight answer. "That's the beauty of

fighting! Anything can happen. It's all about who brings their A-game!"

Levi nodded, smirking to himself. Wolf Warrior? Beowulf King? Interesting! Another

Wolf Warrior? Which one's legit, and which one's a faker?

With that, Levi bounced up. "Horace, mind if I catch this match in person?"

“Sure thing!” Horace was too hyped to sit still. “A match this big? Gotta see it live!”

Nathan and his right-hand man, Brent, were on the edge of their seats. Despite not knowing Beowulf’s real deal, the name alone made them think of the Wolf Warrio

Beowulf already put a beatdown on Yosef, the guy who messed up Brent’s skills. The were hoping Yosef got served!

“How should we bet? What’s the smart move?” Frederick, clueless about Beowulf, was begging Shane for tips to flip the odds.

Mackenzie was curious, too. Who would the lucky man favor to win?

“No need to think twice! We’re backing Yosef!” Shane was dead set on Yosef, having full faith in his skills. He believed nobody could top him!

“Hmph, count me out. I’m putting my money on the other guy!” Frederick had zero love for Yosef and wouldn’t bet on him even after being paid.

“Frederick, you’re really going against the grain here, huh?” Shane sighed in agreement.

Mackenzie felt a jolt of nerves. Oh no, why’d Shane bet on Yosef? No way!

This time, she wasn’t giving in to superstition. She was sure Emmanuel would come o

on top.

Thinking that, she gave her belly a little pat. Come on, kiddo, cheer for your dad!

As the crowd held its breath, the fighters stepped onto the stage without any frills. The

second they got there, the whole place tensed up. The audience felt the heat, as if even

taking a breath was tough, but Yosef stayed quiet.

After a while, Beowulf couldn’t hold back. “What’s your deal, hurting innocent folks?”

Yosef looked him dead in the eye through his mask.

Chapter 1573

“It’s you?”

After all, Yosef was different from Beatrix. His vision was sharper, and he harbored

resentment toward Emmanuel. He recognized Emmanuel’s eyes immediately.

With just one glance, he identified his opponent.

Emmanuel no longer pretended as he shook his head. “You’re not that kind of person. I

sincerely hope you turn over a new leaf.”

Yosef’s calm face suddenly twitched slightly as his gaze became murky.

“What do you understand? I’m going to kill you!”

Yosef suddenly unleashed a violent onslaught as he swiftly stepped sideways to

appear in front of Emmanuel. Then, he delivered a hand chop.

As a terrifying light drew an arc, the spectators gasped in shock.

He wielded no sword, yet he possessed sword energy.

“What realm is this?!” Devon couldn’t help but blink, expressing genuine admiration.

He had been brooding over his loss to Yosef these days. If there was another match, he

was sure that he wouldn’t lose.

However, he now realized that he was not unjustly defeated.

Yosef possessed astonishing martial talent.

Faced with Yosef’s sudden attack, Emmanuel also felt immense pressure. In a critical

moment, his body’s abilities instantly surged. With a 90-degree backbend, he evaded

the lethal strike.

Then, leveraging his momentum, he performed a somersault and counterattacked with

a hanging hook punch.

“Such waist strength!”

“Marvelous!”

Their attack and defense flowed naturally, eliciting excited gasps from the spectators.

However, this was not merely a display of skillful exchanges.

Yosef’s chop utilized internal strength, while Emmanuel’s evasion of sword energy

through the arena’s ropes.

Emmanuel’s hanging hook punch heavily struck Yosef’s raised arm, causing the entire

arena to rumble. It seemed to sink a bit, causing tumult amongst the spectators.

Yosef countered with a sweeping kick aimed at Emmanuel’s lower body.

Will You

Although Emmanuel lost balance, he turned the tables by seizing Yosef’s neck with his

legs, using his waist strength to forcefully throw him away.

Yosef supported himself with one hand and landed with a graceful whirl. Then, he

dissipated the force, his eyes cold and composed.

Emmanuel landed steadily without any flashy moves.

With a loud thud, the arena's large ropes fell to the ground.

After a major exchange, the arena suffered damage, but neither of the fighters en ed

as the clear victor.

"This is the famous Military Strangling Skill!"

Many martial arts experts in the spectators discerned the intricacies of Emmanuel's

techniques.

He seemed to excel in various martial arts, effortlessly employing them to perfection.

Such mastery couldn't be achieved through mere training; it required innate talent and

spiritual insight.

Yasmine's eyes gleamed slightly.

She hadn't expected such excitement right from the start of the encounter between the

two fighters.

Lonny's eyes were filled with envy as he gritted his teeth. "Yosef is also a Heavenly

Martial expert. When did such individuals become so common?"

Yasmine understood his agitation. The existence of Heavenly Martial experts in the

world was very rare.

Lonny was always proud of himself as he possessed the physique of a potential

Heavenly Martial expert. However, upon seeing the innate talents of the two fighters in

the arena, he felt a sense of defeat.

"Emmanuel, you can do it!"

Beatrix had returned to the Quillen family's area. Upon seeing the scene, she nervously

bit her fingers.

"Emmanuel, come on!" Shane also joined in the cheering.

On the other hand, Frederick was surprised. He blinked as he looked at them and s

"What are you saying? That's Onza Silverbane's Beowulf King."

"That's right. What was I shouting about?" Shane came back to his senses. He slapped

his forehead.

He had been too focused. He simply followed Beatrix in calling Emmanuel.

“Well, I’m not cheering for the person on stage. Yosef is so formidable. I’m afraid

Emmanuel will have a hard time against him later, Beatrix quickly explained

“I see.” Shane discerned her meaning as he chuckled mischievously. “Ms. Beatrix, we

truly have similar minds, I was thinking the same way.”

Chapter 1574 Twilight Fields Sword Technique

“Ha!” Beatrix and Frederick sneered at him.

Frederick felt that he and Beatrix truly had similar minds. They both despised Shane.

Mackenzie also glanced at Beatrix, feeling a sense of unease.

Does she know that my secret crush is Emmanuel? Is she pretending not to know?

That could be troublesome!

The exciting duel in the arena continued. Everyone was too absorbed to chat.

In the ordinary spectator seats, two elderly men had been waiting for this match.

“Do you think my disciple can win against your disciple this time?” Santiago asked with

alcohol-laden breath after taking a sip of liquor.

The old godfather put on a gentle smile but remained silent. He seemed to be watching.

two children arguing and fighting over something as he looked at Emmanuel and Yosef.

He remembered the old times clearly. During that time, Emmanuel was under

Santiago's tutelage while Yosef was under his. They often fought in the village as they

had different ideals.

The old godfather and Santiago had watched them grow up fighting each other.

Sometimes Yosef won; sometimes Emmanuel won.

Nevertheless, neither of them showed murderous intent despite their refusal to yie

Observing this scene now, the old godfather couldn't help feeling a bit nostalgic.

Nevertheless, as he came to his age, he had experienced too much joy and sorrow in

his life, seeing through the various worldly affairs.

Hence, his views on grudges and enmities were different from ordinary people's. Even if

he had the ability to stop certain things, he wouldn't intervene.

He could stop someone’s actions, but he couldn’t control their minds.

Some things must happen as they were destined, and some people would never

overcome the destined obstacles in their lives.

“Ah-” Yosef let out a roar.

People who knew him understood how rare it was for him to do this.

He was typically a quiet and handsome man. He was always elegant in battles.

Blake knew this

too.

In his previous fights with Yosef, such a situation had never occurred. He was curious.

about what was going on.

non.

Swish!

The Beowulf King barely dodged Yosef’s blade strikes, revealing two shallow cuts on

his body.

No one knew better than him that Yosef’s strength and speed had increased again.

Bang!

Two sturdy ropes surrounding the arena snapped.

In the next moment, the railing of the arena collapsed with a loud crash.

The spectators below the arena couldn't help but exclaim inwardly. They were

somewhat dazed, as if they had lost their souls.

The level of this combat was indeed unparalleled.

Compared to this match, the previous ones seemed like child's play.

"Why did you want to kill her?"

Yosef executed another sword technique. His eyes slightly reddened as he aimed to cut

Beowulf King apart.

The Beowulf King had no room to retreat due to space constraints. He then jumped

upward.

111

Yosef had expected his moves. He swiftly executed another technique as he slash

upward.

Swish!

A gash appeared on the Beowulf King's hind leg. Blood started to drip down.

"Emmanuel…" Mackenzie almost exclaimed. She involuntarily leaned forward, almost

Twilight Fields Sword Technique

ter 1574 Twi

Chapter

standing up.

"Yosef, calm down!" The Beowulf King landed and kept retreating.

Although his injuries were not deadly, he sensed Yosef's aura becoming colder, his

actions increasingly violent.

If this continued, he would lose control.

"Calm down?" Yosef sneered. "Only your death can calm me down."

The next moment, he unleashed his self-created technique, the Twilight Fields Sword

Technique.

Emmanuel was familiar with this technique.

When they were young, he had been defeated by this technique.

Moreover, it seemed that Yosef had refined and evolved it over the years.

He wielded no sword, yet his swordsmanship was swift. There's a mysterious power

flowing between his fingertips. A slight alteration could result in a thousand changes

and a myriad of lethal strikes.

"What a fine sword technique!" Yasmine gazed at Yosef with admiration.

Lonny looked visibly distressed. If he were in the Beowulf King's shoes, he knew he

wouldn't be able to decipher this move.

Chapter 1575 Lone Hero in the Darkness

"This is terrifying!"

Even Blake had to admit that Yosef's mastery of the sword had truly reached a level of

unity between man and blade.

He was willing to call him the ultimate swordsman.

"What should we do?" Angela was so nervous that she stood up. She could see that the

Beowulf King was already in a desperate situation.

Ronnie was sweating profusely. If the Beowulf King lost this match, it meant he lost to

Bobby. Years of struggle would be in vain, turning into a joke.

On the other hand, Bobby smirked smugly as he waited for the Beowulf King's defeat.

In contrast, the two top experts of the Silverbane family, Ruben and Kenny, couldn't

muster a smile.

They knew very well that if they were in the Beowulf King's shoes, surrender would be

the only option.

Given Yosef's strength, he was definitely an S+ Rank expert.

was cu

Just as everyone about what choice the Beowulf King would make, he not

only didn't retreat but also took a step forward toward Yosef. The distance between

them was shortened.

"What?!"

The crowd was shocked.

“Is he seeking death?” Blake couldn’t help but stand up, shouting loudly.

Experts would know how terrifying Yosef’s move was as he could execute various

changes. The wisest choice was to stay out of his attack range.

Even Yosef looked surprised.

His lifelong opponent had changed. He was no longer the person who used to always

take a step back and give way to others.

Yosef was only a year older than Emmanuel. Since he had lost both parents at a young

age, his temperament seemed older than Emmanuel’s by several years.

Due to the vast difference in their family backgrounds, he had been paying atte

Emmanuel’s growth since childhood.

Alessandra would always tell Emmanuel, “Emmanuel, your grandpa and your dad were

heroes. They had broad minds and could accept everything. You should be like them.

Be a man who embraces and loves all, understand?”

Young Emmanuel would always nod.

Whenever witnessing this scene, Yosef often smiled self-deprecatingly.

His father's a hero. How about my parents?

Whenever the villagers discussed this topic, he would hide in a dark corner and look enviously at Emmanuel, who received their admiration and compliments.

Back then, he knew that he and Emmanuel were destined to be from two different worlds.

"Why is life that grows in darkness always inferior to life that grows in sunlight?" At that time, Yosef always asked the old godfather this question.

The old godfather would always smile and tell him, "There's nothing absolute in this world. For example, bats live in darkness, but they can still be useful creatures to the world. Sunlight indeed gives life the energy to grow, but darkness also endows bats with sharp hearing and keen senses. God is fair. When one door closes, another window opens for you. What kind of person you become depends entirely on yourself, not on the environment or external factors."

Yosef seemed to understand the old godfather's words.

He also wanted to be a beneficial figure in the village, so he always enjoyed helping

others.

Gradually, he managed to make many people forget their prejudices and over is

heritage as the descendant of a terrifying killer. He even received complimen

He had originally thought that he could change the world's perception of him.

He wanted to be like Emmanuel. If Emmanuel was the hero in the light, then he would

be the lone hero in the darkness.

In the end, he discovered that some people's opinions could never be reversed.

Unfortunately, that person was the love of his life.

"Yosef, I'm sorry. I know you're a good person, but I only love Emmanuel."

Back then, although Emmanuel had left the Hero Village, Queenie still firmly rejected

him.

"We have poor backgrounds. If we were together, our children would definitely be

looked down upon. Do you want to see that?"

Faced with her question, Yosef always smiled in silence.

“Yosef, you’re not worse than Emmanuel, but my ideal marriage is about

complementarity. Our fate is destined. You won’t be my other half.”

Chapter 1576 Concede Defeat

What Queenie said thoroughly rattled Yosef.

At that moment, he silently swore that if Emmanuel ever betrayed Queenie, he would

use the Twilight Fields Sword Technique to slit Emmanuel’s throat.

After all, it was a sword technique he designed just to take the lives of three individuals.

He knew just what kind of person Emmanuel was, as well as how he liked to battle.

Emmanuel was exceedingly patient and liked to hold back and react in fights in order to

maintain control over the battlefield.

However, Yosef’s sword technique could not be blocked once it started. There was no

possibility of being manipulated on the battlefield. The moment Emmanuel retreated,

he would be doomed.

It was a move he developed specifically to fight against Emmanuel, and he had even

used it to defeat Emmanuel once.

However, to Yosef's great surprise, Emmanuel had changed.

Instead of allowing the technique to build up momentum, Emmanuel charged head-on

into the attack.

Whoosh!

With a grappling move executed swiftly, Emmanuel reached out and forcefully grabbed

onto Yosef's wrist.

Yosef was shocked, but he had already started channeling sword energy that

immediately shot from his fingertips.

The sharp burst of energy was aimed straight at Emmanuel.

In one skillful flip, Emmanuel dodged the burst of energy and landed behind Yosef while

also twisting Yosef's right arm behind his back.

Smack!

it

Emmanuel’s right knee took the chance to strike the back of Yosef’s left knee, causing

Yosef to crumble to one knee.

Now, Emmanuel’s opponent was completely immobilized.

“External Transformation, the Dragonweave Saga!”

The fighters off-stage shot to their feet in excitement as their eyes popped ou

heads. They were shocked and amazed by Beowulf’s clever counterattack.

Boom!

The sound of Yosef falling on one knee echoed through everyone’s ears like resounding

thunder.

“Shoot! Darn!”

Blake loudly exclaimed, “Is a move like that even possible? Beowulf is truly remarkable!”

At the same time, he was secretly glad he never had to fight to the death against

Beowulf. There was no way he could win against that man.

His martial prowess and talent were horrifyingly great.

“Amazing.”

At the Chapmans' seating area, Brent felt numbness spreading through him from shock.

While what Emmanuel did was not exceptionally intricate, he was able to use ordinary moves to counter Yosef's highly intricate sword technique. His talent for turning the tides, as well as his mystical strength, were what was most terrifying about him.

It highlighted the uncrossable gap between a top-tier fighter and the best fighter ever.

In the world of martial arts, hard work could only raise one's lower limits, while at person's physical condition and talent in combat determined one's upper limits.

"Beautiful! That was so cool!"

Angela excitedly applauded as her eyes shone brightly.

Mackenzie let out a breath of relief as well, but the results were not out yet. Thus, she did not dare to fully let herself relax.

"Hahaha! Old coot, it looks like my student's talent is greater."

Santiago let out a guffaw.

Emmanuel and Mackenzie were the fighters Santiago and the old godfather had the highest hopes for.

Still, he could never tell just who was better and capable of climbing to greater heights.

However, he realized he knew who that person was now.

There was no joy to be seen on the old godfather's face. He merely sighed. "Heroes do not understand the dark. Perhaps Emmanuel's talent is greater, but he might not be the winner in the end."

"Concede, Yosef!" Emmanuel loudly demanded as he pinned Yosef down.

Despite the thousands of beings crammed into the hall, the place was silent.

Everyone was anxiously waiting for something to happen, but their anxiety was not all equal and the same.

"Hehe. Concede defeat? What a familiar sight." Yosef's lips twisted into a smirk as his eyes turned red. "When have I ever surrendered before?"

That one sentence brought back memories.

As Yosef started his training earlier, Emmanuel often lost in his spars against Yosef.

There was one spar that Queenie watched.

Back then, Emmanuel had used many of the new tricks he had learned to pin Yosef

down on the ground, just like he did on this day.

“Do you concede defeat, Yosef?” Emmanuel had asked with a bright smile full of

excitement.

Yosef had planned on surrendering, but then Queenie suddenly exclaimed, “You’re

amazing, Emmanuel!”

Emmanuel had turned to smile at Queenie in response.

However, Yosef had seized the chance to flip them around and turn the loss into a

Chapter 1577 Staying Alive Was More Important

While Yosef emerged victorious from the spar, Queenie only cared about dusting

Emmanuel off as well as ensuring he was uninjured.

As for Yosef, he just stood there to the side as he had to watch the two interact.

“Why? I was the one who won. Why was the prize yours instead? Why were you

always

the one who was worried over regardless of who won?" Yosef suddenly exclaimed.

Everyone off-stage was confused.

However, Emmanuel knew exactly what Yosef was feeling right then. He could also s

Yosef's eyes turning bloodshot.

"I will never surrender!"

Yosef suddenly let out a roar as his legs shifted to a wider stance.

Due to the shift in position, the force pressing down on Yosef also changed.

With his free right leg, Yosef stomped and sent both of them flying into the air.

"W-What?"

Shock rippled through the crowd.

Was this even possible?

The battle seemed to have made the impossible possible in many of the crowd's

The contestants' supporters found themselves wavering once more.

Yosef used the same overhead kick Emmanuel used just now to attack his opponent,

who was still behind him.

Emmanuel had no choice but to let go of Yosef and dodge to the side.

Thus, the two fighters were separated once more.

“Die! I’ll kill you!”

Yosef’s eyes were bright red as he glared at his enemy. There was a hazy look in his

eyes. All that could be seen in them was a murderous intent.

The

possessed look and killing intent radiating from him sent chills running down the

spines

ines of the crowd. Some even started screaming in fear.

Just as Emmanuel landed on the stage, Yosef lunged at him with his blade.

Emmanuel had nowhere to hide, enveloped by his opponent’s powerful and terrifying

icy aura.

“You can do it!”

Beatrix shot to her feet in panic.

Even Mackenzie, usually calm and composed, shot to her feet with worry in her eyes.

Yasmin stood up as well, thrilled by the intensity of the match.

She never expected to encounter a fighter this formidable outside of the Dark Night

Islands.

Other than Emmanuel, Yosef was also someone she was observing. These two had the

potential to be the future King of the Dark Night.

Hattie and Blake stood up as well.

More and more of the crowd shot to their feet.

They had never seen anything like this before

Their hearts raised as the tension rose.

Roar!

Emmanuel was prepared to face Yosef's relentless attacks head-on.

Since he could not retreat any further, his only option would be to unleash his most

powerful move to fight against Yosef.

Strike 16 of the Dragon-Breaking Palm. As Above, So Below!

With how intense Yosef's murderous rage and internal strength were, Emmanuel had

resorted to his most desperate move just to match him.

"Emmanuel is finally giving his all."

Santiago nervously got to his feet.

Meanwhile, the old godfather merely let out a faint sigh from where he reclined in his

seat. Just like a statue, he had not shifted or twitched at all.

Emmanuel is destined to lose this battle.

The fighters were getting closer and closer.

An all-out clash between two S-Rank fighters was about to happen.

Emmanuel's gaze seemed to sweep past Santiago and the old godfather. In the end, he

decided to fall back instead.

Indeed. He had changed his mind.

He really wanted to defeat Yosef and bring him back to Hero's Village in order to reper

before Jack's grave.

However, he knew full well that he was currently not strong enough to take Yosef down.

Not even victory was certain with As Above, So Below.

The best outcome was for the two of them to lose at the same time.

The worst outcome would see one of them dying. Both of them might even die in the

end.

No matter what the outcome was, the consequences were not what Emmanuel could

afford to accept.

Yosef only had one desire in mind. He wanted Emmanuel dead.

As for Emmanuel, he still had his mother, his wife, and his unborn child to take ca

His child could not be born fatherless.

This was not the final stand to stop his entire country from a horrific defeat. Staying

alive was more important than winning this fight.

Thus, he withdrew from the fight.

He jumped off the stage.

Everyone was shocked to see him do so. Many were staring wide-eyed, unable to

accept what he had just done.”

Chapter 1578

However, the match was far from over.

Even after Emmanuel exited the arena, Yosef was relentless in his pursuit.

“Die! Die.now!”

Yosef’s blade descended from above with the rage of a tempest. He was intent on

taking Emmanuel’s life.

“Stop! Stop now!”

Despite the emcee’s pleas over the speaker system, Yosef’s frenzy could not be halted.

He persisted in his attacks, swinging his blade over and over again.

As Emmanuel had lost his chance to attack, he could only dodge. His exhaustion

meant new wounds kept appearing on his body.

With only 70% of his strength remaining, Emmanuel could never be able to defeat an

irrational and berserk Yosef in a normal battle unless he was going to use As Above, So Below to risk it all.

At the next moment, the fighters of the Martial Arts Association rushed in to restrain Yosef.

Even so, no one could get close to the deranged man. Those who got too close to him would be injured by his aura.

They all wondered if Emmanuel could actually survive Yosef's demonic onslaught.

Swoosh!

Yosef forced Emmanuel into a corner and swung his blade down once more.

Emmanuel could dodge the attack, but that would result in the death of the crowd behind him.

What should he do?

As he was caught in a dilemma, a figure suddenly dashed in before him and swiftly grabbed Yosef's blade.

The crowd was stunned.

Even Emmanuel was staring at the person before him in shock.

“Quick! Assist the chairman in subduing Yosef now!”

Joe immediately instructed.

While Horace had both of his arms occupied with clamping down Yosef’s right arm, the

crowd of fighters swarmed over.

Finally, they were able to knock out the crazed Yosef.

The audience was all shocked beyond their senses. When they saw Yosef collapsing

before being tied up, they all let out sighs of relief.

“Thank goodness!”

Mackenzie softly exclaimed to herself as she collapsed back onto her seat while her

head spun slightly.

Horace looked down at his bleeding hands with a dazed look in his eyes.

If he had known just how terrifying Yosef was, he might not have allowed Yosef to fight.

Now, Yosef had won the fight. Could he still be allowed to continue competing?

Joe walked over to Horace.

4/8

“Mr. Adkins, are you all right?”

“I’m fine.”

Horace did not want anyone to know that his hands were injured, so he hid them

behind his back as he softly spoke to Joe.

Joe nodded before heading up on the stage and announcing, “Yosef Harper,

representative of the Tanner family of Onza, has won the round, but his eligibility for the

next round will be deliberated on. The decision will be disclosed before tomorrow

night’s match.”

The audience erupted into a frenzy.

Although the match had concluded, the excitement still lingered in the air.

There was no doubt that this was the most exhilarating bout of the Grand Martial

Showdown thus far. Both contenders had showcased their full might, proving that they

truly were worthy of the S Rank designation.

Emmanuel's defeat was lamentable yet undeniable.

Mackenzie eventually relaxed. In her mind, a victory paled in comparison to her husband's safety. As long as he remained unharmed, he was her and her baby's hero.

She then shot to her feet.

"I'll go with you, Mackenzie."

Beatrix stood up and walked over to her.

Mackenzie looked at her with a frown. "Why?"

"To check on Emmanuel. He has won the competition, so why isn't he back yet?"

Beatrix pretended to be ignorant.

However, that only made Mackenzie's frown deepen as she could guess what was going on.

Still, since Beatrix did not openly mention it, Mackenzie could only pretend to be ignorant as well. "I'm only going to the restrooms."

"I'll go with you too. You're pregnant. You need someone to look after you."

Beatrix held tight to Mackenzie's hand.

In the corridor, Sage silently kept watch.

While he could protect Mackenzie, he could not follow her into the restrooms.

In the end, Mackenzie nodded in response. Before she left, she even glanced at Shane

and Frederick.

The two ignorant men were still arguing over their bets.

"It's your fault for not following my bet! You don't know anything about martial arts, yet

you're so stubborn. No amount of money will be enough to cover your losses!"

"I would rather lose than support Yosef. He killed Emmanuel's cousin!"

"I'm telling you right now that if you want to be rich, you have to put aside pride and

morals."

Mackenzie smiled. Putting aside whether or not Shane was likable, he had great luck

and understood the truth of the world they lived in better than Frederick did.

Chapter 1579

As Beatrix and Mackenzie continued their journey toward the arena, Mackenzie

suddenly halted in her tracks.

That was because, off the stage, Angela had frantically run over to Emmanuel.

“Are you okay?” Angela asked.

She gently grasped Emmanuel’s hands as she scanned him up and down for injuries.

Even from afar, Mackenzie could see the worry in Angela’s eyes.

“I’m fine. These are just flesh wounds.”

Emmanuel paid them no attention.

While he looked

ther battered with his many cuts and bruises, none of those wounds

were deep enough to hit a nerve, muscle, or bone. They would not affect his future.

matches.

“Ms. Silverbane, I apologize for not securing your family’s victory. With this, your bid for

the municipal project…”

“It’s fine!”

Before he could finish his sentence, Angela interrupted with a smile and placated him,

saying, “The most important thing is your well-being. We never planned on winning the championship anyway. Still, I believe you will be able to turn things around in you match.”

Her smile was very reassuring to Emmanuel.

She was way too gentle, just like the soft rays of a clear morning. It cheered up those around her, cleansing them and healing their minds.

“Thank you.”

He nodded.

Suddenly, he turned to look in a certain direction.

Santiago was beckoning over with a finger.

Emmanuel nodded and turned to bid Angela farewell.

Angela seemed to have noticed what was happening and kindly said, “You need a qui place to chat, right? I’ll have one arranged.”

“Thanks.”

Emmanuel did not dither as he urgently wanted to talk to Santiago..

Soon, he had taken off the mask of Beowulf and headed to the room Angela arranged

for his private chat with Santiago and the old godfather.

“Emmanuel, thank you for not striking back. Otherwise, Yosef would have been dead for

sure.”

The old godfather thanked Emmanuel from his seat.

He had raised Yosef, so he had a lot of love for Yosef. He did not want to see Yosef

killed by Emmanuel’s hands.

“Hey, that’s not right!”

Before Emmanuel could speak, Santiago spoke up. “Why do you only care about.

your

student? My student didn’t strike back because he wanted to live as well. Your gratitude

is very selfish. Shouldn’t you first ask about Emmanuel’s injuries?”

“Hehe.”

The old godfather only chuckled before changing the topic, asking, “Emmanuel, you’re

not badly hurt, are you? Your physical fitness was the best in the village. Even if you

really hit Yosef back, I don't think he could have killed you."

Emmanuel let out a bitter chuckle. "These are all minor wounds. They're nothing. Still, if

I had really gone through with my attack, I might not have survived either."

The old godfather nodded. "What do you plan to do now? You will have to fight Yosef

again sooner or later. It wouldn't do for the fight to be a repeat of today. Also, Yosef's

berserk nature would only get stronger as time went on."

There was an expectant glint in his eyes.

In reality, he and Santiago could work together and stop Yosef and Emmanuel's fight.

However, they were not willing to do so.

If they did that, there would be no end to the feud.

More importantly, they want the next generation of Hero's Village to continue growing

stronger.

"I have two more days. I want to see if I can restore my meridians to full strength. I can

only access 70% of my full strength right now. If I can fully recover, I am absolutely certain I will win."

Despite the confidence Emmanuel spoke with, he was not that confident deep down.

It had been a long time since he had received the cure from Santiago. If that cure could fully heal his severely damaged meridians from back then, he would have recovered by now instead of being stuck with no progress being made.

In his mind, the peak of the Northern Region War God's power was a state very of his reach.

"Come here, child."

The old godfather waved him over.

Emmanuel nodded and walked over.

The old godfather patted Emmanuel before placing his hands on Emmanuel's elixir field.

A few moments later, he shook his head. "I fear it's impossible. Some of your meridians have been neglected for too long and have already necrotized. If you wish to restore

them, you'll need to reconstruct them."

"Reconstruct them?"

Both Emmanuel and Santiago were shocked to hear that.

Chapter 1580 Factors of Victory

Although Emmanuel possessed the Divine Valley Medical Records which mentioned

the reconstruction of meridians, dragon tendons were required.

How were they able to find dragon tendons in this day and age?

Even if they did find some, Emmanuel could not possibly perform the procedure on

himself. Where could they find a doctor capable of that?

That was why Emmanuel thought that book was a waste of his time and completely

unrealistic.

Now that the old godfather mentioned it, a spark of hope was ignited in him.

"I can't help you though. All I can do is to guide you in some martial arts insights," the

old godfather slowly said.

"Please continue on, old godfather."

Emmanuel had long since yearned for the old godfather's wisdom, but he was not powerful enough in his earlier years. Even if the old godfather taught him anything, he could not fully understand what was being taught.

Now, he felt that if he could have some guidance from the old godfather, he could drastically improve to a higher level in martial arts.

"Emmanuel, what do you think are the factors of victory in a fight between powerful fighters?"

The old godfather was never direct in his instructions. He much preferred to prompt the younger fighters to think for themselves.

He would provide suggestions and never forcefully push his opinions on others.

That even included when Yosef insisted on leaving the village.

He knew that there were some principles in life that the youngsters had to realize by themselves. If others tried to force those principles on them, they would reject those principles and even build resentment and prejudice against the principles.

“Strength and speed.”

Emmanuel immediately replied.

The old godfather nodded with a smile. “Yes, when adults and children fight, one ar

could win against ten children. Strength determines everything. In the realm of mart

arts, only speed cannot be surpassed by anything else. When two fighters of equal skill

and strength fight, speed becomes paramount to victory.”

To Emmanuel, what was said only sounded like agreement on the surface. There was a

deeper meaning to the reply, so he thought harder about the question.

In reality, this was not his first time contemplating such a question.

His teacher in the Northern Region had once asked him that.

Different people interpreted the question differently. That interpretation determined the

fighter’s upper limit when it came to growth.

Due to the rigorous and systematic training he had undergone, coupled with his own

diligence and innate talent, Emmanuel’s’ power was indisputable. It had already

reached its peak. Even with continued practice, it would be an immense challenge to

break through the current ceiling he was faced with.

Since it was unfeasible to regain his strength tenfold in just two days, he now sought to make further breakthroughs in his comprehension of martial arts.

The old commander had also mentioned that even if two fighters were at the same strength, there could be a significant difference in power. Hence, one's understanding

of martial arts was very important.

Techniques were static while one's thoughts were dynamic.

It was just like how even if everyone went through the same number of years in the education system and spent the same amount of time in their studies, some could gain admission into the top universities of the world while some were stuck with their local universities. Comprehension was crucial in everything..

"Old godfather, please enlighten me."

Emmanuel decided to ask for help.

The old godfather was over a hundred years old with a hundred years of training behind him. His comprehension of the question would definitely outstrip the understanding of someone who had not even reached the age of 30.

Still, the old godfather did not answer him and instead asked, “In the realm of martial arts, the first stage is akin to seeing a mountain as if it’s a mountain. In the next stage, the mountain is not a mountain. Then, in the third stage, you return to looking at the mountain as a mountain. Do you think that’s a correct analogy? How do you interpret that?”

Emmanuel nodded and replied, “I believe it’s logical. In this, the mountain refers to an opponent the fighter wants to surpass. Beginners would only think of how to overcome their opponents. They would not think any further.

“However, after some studies and improvements, the fighter will master more a skills. He would have different experiences and beliefs about this mountain. Thus would adapt and use more methods to overcome this mountain.

“Seeing a mountain as a mountain refers to how fighters eventually realize that no

matter what changes happen, the essence of the mountain never changes. At the end

of the day, it is still a mountain.

“If one were to defeat the ‘mountain’, then they would need effective attacks. Intricate

and flashy techniques that are not powerful end up useless in doing anything but look.

pretty. That is something that will never change…”

At that point, Emmanuel abruptly slapped his thigh and exclaimed in realization, “I

understand it now! You’re trying to tell me that due to deviation, Yosef’s strength and

speed will drastically increase. However, as long as I can spot his weaknesses,

I can

still defeat him with accurate and effective attacks.”