Wrong Table 1581

Chapter 1581

The old godfather grinned in approval as he retrieved a weathered martial

arts scripture.

Santiago chortled. “So, you’re finally unveiling the good stuff, huh? I thought

that book was gonna be your companion in the afterlife!”

Emmanuel looked puzzled. What does he want to give me?

“Emmanuel, tonight, when you faced Yosef, you already showed you’ve got

what it takes. It’s yours now. Remember, only by rolling with the punches can

you reach the pinnacle of martial arts!” The old godfather passed the

scripture to Emmanuel.

“Art of Adaptability?”

Emmanuel’s hands quivered slightly as he took hold of the ancient martial

arts scripture.

Santiago had filled Emmanuel in on rumors swirling about the old godfather

possessing an unmatched martial arts technique, possibly the most

Santiago had filled Emmanuel in on rumors swirling about the old godfather.

possessing an unmatched martial arts technique, possibly the most.

formidable in existence. I suppose this is it.

“Two days. That’s how much time you have left. I’m eager to see how you fare.

against Yosef. Remember, guide him back to the right path if you can!” the

old godfather said, looking hopeful.

Emmanuel felt overjoyed. I always thought the old godfather, by taking Yosef

under his wing, meant to pass on his legacy to him.

Ultimately, he entrusted me with his most valuable martial arts scripture!

Thoug, isn’t Yosef practically his family at this point?

“I’ll give it my all, old godfather. See you later!” Emmanuel exclaimed, eager to

dive into the scripture’s contents as he departed promptly.

“Would you look at him go…” Santiago couldn’t resist a playful jibe as he

watched him sprint off as if his shoes had sprouted wings.

“Would you look at him go….” Santiago couldn’t resist a playful jibe as he watched him sprint off as if his shoes had sprouted wings.

The old godfather chuckled softly.

With age came wisdom, and he could often glimpse a person’s fate with just a glance.

Taking Yosef under his wing wasn’t about passing on his legacy; it was about steering him toward the right path. Yosef’s trials are written in the stars.

But the future? That was a mystery even to him. He was just a humble old man, not a divine being.

“Let’s hope for a brighter tomorrow for them both.”

After patching up his wounds, Emmanuel made his way back to the Quillen family’s section, only to discover that all the elimination rounds had concluded.

After patching up his wounds, Emmanuel made his way back to the Quillen

family's section, only to discover that all the elimination rounds had

concluded.

"Where have you been, Emmanuel? The matches are long over," Beatrix

asked.

請

"Got some urgent matters to handle. We'll catch up later," Emmanuel

responded briskly, lending his support to Mackenzie as they made their way

out of the boxing ring.

Mackenzie's aunts were unaware of Emmanuel's other identities. In any case,

since Emmanuel successfully advanced to tomorrow's match, they didn't say

much. They offered some words of encouragement before leaving the place.

Shane and Frederick, the fortunate and the less fortunate, were still arguing

while walking out of the place.

"Be thankful, Frederick! I've already compensated you with two million. Why

do you keep asking me to treat you to supper?"

“Be thankful, Frederick! I’ve already compensated you with two million. Why

do you keep asking me to treat you to supper?”

“Because you won the bet! Don’t be so stingy. Are all men from the Hero’s

Village as stingy as you?”

Listening in on their conversation, Emmanuel pieced together most of what

had transpired that evening.

Shane seemed to be blessed with luck, much like Mackenzie. Despite his

less–than–ideal romantic escapades, fortune seemed to smile upon him!

After leaving the boxing ring, Frederick and Shane, not wanting to be the third

wheel, went out together for supper.

Subsequently, Emmanuel escorted Mackenzie and Beatrix back to their hotel

to rest.

Out of the blue, a Rolls–Royce glided to a stop before them.

With a serious expression, Stanley leaned out the window and inquired,

With a serious expression, Stanley leaned out the window and inquired,

“Emmanuel, are you okay?”

“I’m good, Old Mr. Silverbane. No need to fret!” Emmanuel responded offering

Stanley a knowing smile, aware of the purpose behind his visit.

“That’s great. You’ve got to clinch that championship, or things could turn

messy.” Stanley didn’t say much else.

As soon as the competition concluded, Bobby and Blaze wasted no time in

applying pressure.

Stanley was reluctant to yield ground to them. However, with the Silverbane

family of Onz already out of the running, if Emmanuel failed to defeat Yosef

and claim the Grandmaster title, the Quillen family would also face

elimination.

At that point, he would have no other choice!

There were many entrances in the Badlands Arena.

There were many entrances in the Badlands Arena.

Hattie, flanked by Blake and Dominique, made her way through the VIP exit,

where a fleet of sleek black sedans awaited them.

Because of the size of her convoy, three more cars belonging to other VIPS

behind them were struggling to reach the entrance. As a result, they seemed

to be engaged in a dispute.

Chapter 1582

“What’s the problem?” Dominique rushed over to the captain of the

bodyguards.

“They claimed to be Levi’s subordinates, coming to fetch him. They accused

us of blocking their way and even threw threats our way! Arrogant bunch!

Don’t they grasp the idea of first come, first served?” The captain’s face

flushed with anger as he vented his frustration.

Levi emerged from the arena at that moment, flanked by Horace and

associates from the Martial Arts Association.

“Hold it!” Hattie quickly approached and stopped her men. “Mr. Lestrange’s a

governmen

ficial, while we're mere commoners. We should make way for

him. Understand?"

"Yes, Ms. Zelinsky!" Lowering his head in apology, the captain was about to

order the convoy to make way.

Levi approached, á sheepish smile on his face. "I'm sorry for the behavior of

my man The first come

Levi approached, a sheepish smile on his face. "I'm sorry for the behavior of

my men. The 'first come, first served' rule should always be respected,

wherever we are. They were unaware and unintentionally offended someone.

as esteemed as you, Ms. Zelinsky. Please accept my sincere apologies."

He knew well enough that Hattie, one of the Four Beauties of Zovince, held

sway and prestige surpassing his own. He wouldn't dare risk upsetting a

woman of her stature over something so trivial.

Not only that, but immediately after apologizing, he turned around and

slapped his subordinate hard in the face, chiding, “How dare you block Ms.

Zelinsky’s path, you blind, ignorant fool? Scram!”

“My apologies, Mr. Lestrange!” His subordinate quickly backed off.

“Thank you, Mr. Lestrange,” Hattie said, her smile enchanting, before

gracefully entering a Rolls–Royce and departing the scene.

Levi’s smile gradually vanished as he watched her convoy depart, his eyes

narrowing in confusion. It puzzled him Magnus is gone, so why is she

Levi’s smile gradually vanished as he watched her convoy depart, his eyes

narrowing in confusion. It puzzled him. Magnus is gone, so why is she

lingering in Nuthana?

Is she looking to break away from the Zelinsky family and start fresh?

There’s no way a mere woman like her can harbor such grand ambitions.

“Ms. Zelinsky, Blake just called to say we’re being tailed,” Dominique promptly

relayed the message to Hattie from inside the Rolls–Royce.

As if already foreseen this, Hattie stayed calm and instead ordered,

“Dominique, inform Blake to stay behind and keep an eye on Mr. Lestrange.”

“Yes.” Dominique did as told.

A profound look seemed to emerge in Hattie’s charming eyes.

The Four Great Aristocratic Families of Zovince, including the Lannisters, the

Chapmans, the Tanners, and the Zelinsky family, epitomized Chanaea’s

military, financial, commercial, and political prowess, respectively. Each

Chapmans, the Tanners, and the Zelinsky family, epitomized Chanaea’s

military, financial, commercial, and political prowess, respectively. Each

family wielded significant influence.

While the Big Four maintained a facade of harmony, behind the scenes, they

engaged in a covert struggle for supremacy, each seeking to gain an edge.

over the others.

Hattie was well aware that Levi’s presence at the Nuthana Grand Martial

Showdown was undoubtedly at Teddy's behest. However, she was keen to uncover the underlying motive behind his involvement.

Blake grumbled over the assignment he was given, but in the end, he got out of the car and tailed Levi as per Hattie's instructions.

Around 1 a.m., Levi made it back to the hotel without any noteworthy incidents.

However, shortly after he settled into his room, a mysterious figure slipped inside.

However, shortly after he settled into his room, a mysterious figure slipped inside.

Meanwhile, Blake stealthily approached Levi's room, pressing his ear against the wall, hoping to catch snippets of their conversation.

"Mr. Lestrange, here's what we found out about Hattie.

"After reviewing the intel we've gathered in the last couple of days, it seems Hattie's making a deliberate effort to get close to Mackenzie, even going as

far as expressing a willingness to help the Quillen family win the Grand

Martial Showdown.

“And her illness relapsed during this period. Only after Emmanuel performed

acupuncture on her yesterday at noon did her symptoms subside.

“If my hunch is correct, she’s aiming to leverage her connection with

Emmanuel and the Quillen–family to obtain assistance. She wishes to make

use of the Heart of the Sun to cure her rare illness.”

Blake sneered with contempt upon hearing this. So, they went through all

that hassle just to uncover such trivial information?

Ms. Zelinsky might’ve just given it to you straight had you asked!

So much for being Levi’s subordinate.

But to be honest, not even I, Ms. Zelinsky’s personal bodyguard, can unravel

her intricate thoughts, much less outsiders.

“Well, backed by the Zelinsky family, Emmanuel might just stand a chance of

clinching the victory. But what is their intention for suddenly trying to get into

the chamber of commerce?”

Chapter 1583

Instead of posing the question, Levi sounded more like he was making a

guess.

As his subordinate handed him a detailed report about Emmanuel, Levi’s

astonishment grew by the moment.

“Could this Emmanuel really be the Wolf Warrior who left the battlefield three

years back?” Levi pondered for a while before taking a deep breath and

sighing heavily.

Teddy sent him to Nuthana this time to investigate the appearance of the

Northern Region Wolf Warrior. Unraveling the true identity of this mysterious

figure was his n…sion.

During last night’s boxing match, not only did a Wolf Warrior show up, but also

a Beowulf King. Now, Emmanuel might even be the former Northern Region

War God.

“Who really is the Wolf Warrior? Hehe, within three days, I’ll crack this mystery

wide onen!” Levi declared confidently

wide open!” Levi declared confidently.

Being Teddy’s right–hand man, his knack for handling matters was beyond

doubt.

Now, after thorough investigations, he had essentially confirmed Emmanuel

as the genuine Wolf Warrior, lacking only direct and compelling evidence.

“Spare no expense. Discreetly take out all the factions supporting the Quillen

family, especially those from the Summerton family of Onza, who’ve been

hiding military supplies and secretly carrying out tasks for the hidden forces

of the Summerton family.”

“Yes!” The myster s figure left after that.

Once more, Levi muttered to himself, “Emmanuel, no matter your intentions, if

the Quillen family doesn’t seize the presidency of the Nuthana Chamber of

Commerce, all your schemes are doomed to fail, aren't they?"

Meanwhile, in an ordinary hotel.

Meanwhile, in an ordinary hotel.

Since the Summertons weren't associated with any contenders who

advanced to the finals, they were forced to stay at an ordinary hotel to watch

the competition this time.

At 1:20 a.m., Althea, still complaining, entered a suite with Zaiden. While the

environment of this regular suite was not bad, for Althea, accustomed to

opulence since childhood, it was undeniably too plain for her tastes.

Above all else, she dreaded the embarrassment she'd face if others were to

find out.

"Stop whining already!" Zaiden snapped, unable to tolerate her unceasing

complaints any longer.

"Hmph! I won't accept this, Zaiden! Listen up, we can't afford to lose the vice

president position. Otherwise, I'm out!"

"What? Where will you go then?" Zaiden was exasperated. She's not young

anymore, and vet she's still so fickle, waverina between sides?

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"I'll go back to my rents' house!" Althea declared boldly, "I've made up my

mind. If Emmanuel wins, Julian can marry Roselynn. Otherwise, I'll fully

support Bobby. The Summerton family will align with the Silverbane family!"

Zaiden had to maintain some dignity. He despised Althea's words but dared

not argue with her.

The Summerton family's hidden forces had already sent out individuals to

The Summerton family's hidden forces had already sent out individuals to

threaten them. Their current behavior had displeased these individuals, and

if they lost the vice president position and failed to meet their demands, they

might lose their lives.

All of a sudden, Althea's phone rang.

"Hey, Bobby! What's that? You wish to see me? Alright, I'll come over right

now!" Overjoyed, Althea hung up the phone and got ready to leave.

I must seize the opportunity now that Bobby's offering us one.

Once he assumes the position of president of the chamber of commerce,

he'll definitely continue to assist the Summerton family.

"Where are you two headed?"

As Zaiden and Althea were about to leave, they bumped into Julian.

Although Julian and Roselynn had confirmed their relationship, they planned

to consummate it only after marriagerhus, Julian escorted Roselynn back to

to consummate it only after marriage. Thus, Julian escorted Roselynn back to

her room before returning alone.

“We’re heading to visit your uncle Bobby. He’s seeking our family’s support to

become the president of the chamber of commerce,” Zaiden stated bluntly.

“Have you really thought this through? Once you agree tonight, it’ll be tough

to backtrack!” Julian spoke frankly. “The reason why I disagree with your

decision is because I plan to marry Roselynn. If nothing else, I’ll stand by

Emmanuel and the Quillen family.”

It wasn’t that he valued his lover over family, but he understood Bobby’s

character. If it were Ronnie, he would still choose to support Emmanuel and

the Quillens.

“Quiet, Julian!” Althea interjected firmly, “The Silverbane family’s two

contenders have made it to the top 32, and they’ve secured a major project

from the Onza municipal. Don’t you see they’re on the rise and much more

reliable than the Quillen family?”

Chapter 1584

“But Mom-

“Say no more!” Althea intercepted. “We know what to do, so you don’t have to

worry. Anyway, my stance remains. If you wish to marry Roselynn, have

Emmanuel emerge victorious in the championship!”

The couple left the hotel after that.

Julian merely sighed.

Meanwhile, after overhearing the conversation, Blake smirked and quietly

descended from the hotel wall.

Levi Lestrange? A government official? You need to hire better bodyguards,

buddy. Eavesdropping on your chat was a breeze!

However, someone gave him a tap on his shoulder from behind as soon as

he landed in the hotel’s backyard.

Who goes there?! Blake was surprised.

Though he was a martial artist who specialized in defense, his agility and

perception weren't half bad either. But he didn't realize someone was behind

him until he got patted on the shoulder.

They must be a formidable fighter!

Whoosh!

Blake whirled around without hesitation and hurled a heavy punch.

But to his astonishment, the other person was quicker and blocked his wrist

with the back of their hand.

And with a twist, t neutralized Blake's punch; the momentum that his

punch generated all but vanished into thin air!

Holy crap! They fended off my attack like it was just a walk in the park!

No way I'm winning this! Absolutely not!

Time to run!

No way I’m winning this! Absolutely not!

Time to run!

In just one move, Blake decided he was no match for his opponent, so

he

attempted to flee. However, the other person grabbed his shoulder, refusing

to let him go.

“Look, I’m not into that kinda stuff. And I don’t look handsome either. So could

you let me go?” Blake pleaded and begged for mercy.

“What’s your deal? Calm down. I just need to ask you a few questions!”

They gave him a kick in the rear, sending him sprawling to the ground, then

pulled out a hip flask from their waist and took hearty swigs of liquor.

It was Santiago.

Blake anticipated his question, so without waiting for him to speak, he stated,

“No point asking me, old man. I’ve got no clue where Yorick is! If you’ve got a

bone to pick with him, go sort it out with him! We’re not that close!”

They gave him a kick in the rear, sending him sprawling to the ground, then

pulled out a hip flask from their waist and took hearty swigs of liquor.

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“No point asking me, old man. I’ve got no clue where Yorick is! If you’ve got a

bone to pick with him, go sort it out with him! We’re not that close!”

“Not that close? You’re brothers, no?” Santiago didn’t believe him. He grabbed

him by his collar, threatening, “If you don’t tell me, I’ll make you!”

“Hey, old man, isn’t thi infair? Everyone’s accountable for their own deeds.

Yorick killed your wife. If you take him out, I won’t breathe a word. But if

you

drag me into this, I’ll march straight to Hero’s Village and demand justice

from all!”

Blake’s remarks left Santiago at a loss.

“Look, I’ve got no clue where Yorick is. Why don’t you try asking Yasmine?

Blake’s remarks left Santiago at a loss.

“Look, I’ve got no clue where Yorick is. Why don’t you try asking Yasmine?

She’s here for the Nuthana Grand Martial Showdown too. She’s in room 8808.

Maybe catch her during a bath,” Blake suggested mischievously, hoping to

divert Santiago elsewhere. He didn’t care who dealt with him as long as he

could get rid of him!

“Ah, whatever! I’ll take your word for it that you’re clueless!” Santiago,

completely sloshed, staggered over and gave him a swift kick in the rear,

then pointed an accusing finger, saying, “Your folks have only brought trouble

to this world. They had ten kids, and not one turned out decent!”

Blake rolled his eyes, annoyed.

Why do I have to take the blame for Yorick and my parents‘ mistakes? This

drunken old coot just wants to bully me!

Unable to extract any information from Blake, Santiago, completely drunk,

stumbled away into the night.

drunken old coot just wants to bully me!

Unable to extract any information from Blake, Santiago, completely drunk,

stumbled away into the night.

Soon, he found himself on the 8th–floor corridor. With a leap from the window,

he kicked off the wall with one foot, executed a somersault, and gracefully

landed outside the bathroom window of room 8808.

With a light push, he opened the window and leaped in.

He was light as a feather as he landed silently.

But little did he expect that, as quiet as his movements were, he still got

detected, for a white object suddenly came flying towards his head.

He quickly took a side step, and the object hit the glass window, spilling white

liquid. It turned out to be a bottle of body wash.

Blake guessed it right, Yasmine was indeed taking a bath after coming back

from the Grand Martial Showdown.

Chapter 1585 Focus On Your Training

Blake guessed it right. Yasmine was indeed taking a bath after coming back.

from the Grand Martial Showdown.

Thus, she had already noticed Santiago's presence before he jumped in.

As Santiago regained his senses and focused, Yasmine was already draped

in a white towel, hiding her captivating figure from view.

"What's your game, you perverted old man?" Yasmine shot a glare at the old

drunkard, astonished by his audacity to peep at women bathing despite his

age.

"You've got it all wrong! I genuinely didn't know you were in the bath!"

Santiago's face turned crimson. Traces of either alcohol or saliva lingered at

the corner of his mouth as he hastily clarified, "I only wish to inquire about

that scoundrel Yorick's whereabouts!"

"You're after him?" Yasmine got straight to the point. "I heard he headed to

Galuga Island three years back in pursuit of the ultimate martial arts secret.

But as for his current whereabouts, I've got no clue!"

"Ah, thanks for the tip!" Santiago acknowledged the information and

prepared to depart.

"Hold on!" Yasmine called out to him.

"What's up?" Santiago whirled around casting an admiring glance at the

captivating woman still adorned with water droplets. She's got a killer figure.

"Ah, thanks for the tip!" Santiago acknowledged the Information and

prepared to depart.

"Hold on!" Yasmine called out to him.

"What's up?" Santiago whirled around, casting an admiring glance at the

captivating woman still adorned with water droplets. She's got a killer figure.

"I'm keen on your student Emmanuel and want to take him for further training.

I hope you old timers won't meddle in our affairs, Yasmine stated bluntly.

Santiago took a swig from his hip flask, then quipped, “The affairs of you youngsters are none of our concern. If the lad wishes to go with you, then so be it. But if he doesn’t, you can’t really force him, can you?” Santiago was. confident in Emmanuel.

If he were to master the Art of Adaptability, there’d be no one in the world who could stand against him.

The Badlands Island buzzed with constant activity, and within the span of one night, numerous significant events hoe unfolded there.

If he were to master the Art of Adaptability, there’d be no one in the world who could stand against him.

The Badlands Island buzzed with constant activity, and within the span of one night, numerous significant events had unfolded there.

However, after the match ended, Emmanuel and Mackenzie retired to their hotel room.

Emmanuel undressed while Mackenzie tenderly applied medicine and

bandaged his wounds. She was far gentler than before.

Suddenly, Emmanuel burst into laughter.

“Why the sudden laugnter, you goof?” Mackenzie inquired, her brows knitting

together.

With all that’s happening, why is he still laughing? He just suffered defeat

against Yosef as the Beowulf King. Isn’t he concerned about facing him again

in the upcoming match?

against Yosef as the Beowulf King. Isn’t he concerned about facing him again.

in the upcoming match?

just remembered when we first got hitched, you tended to my wounds. Your

were so distant back then. You even gave me a slap on the wound!”

Emmanuel said, feeling sentimental. “Who would’ve guessed you’d turn into

such a caring and virtuous wife? I’m one lucky guy!”

Mackenzie shot him a frosty glance. “Need me to jog your memory?”

“No, no… Ah! Stop!” No matter how hard Emmanuel waved his hands, it was

too late.

Mackenzi Je a light smack on his wound before applying a bandage. She

chided, “You nearly gave me a heart attack last night, you know?”

The sudden shift in tone prompted Emmanuel to put on a solemn face,

looking at her seriously.

Mackenzie’s fear was evident in her eyes as she said, “Thank goodness you

held back that final blow and didn’t end up going down with Yosef. If you

too late.

Mackenzie gave a light smack on his wound before applying a bandage. She

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The sudden shift in tone prompted Emmanuel to put on a solemn face,

looking at her seriously.

Mackenzie’s fear was evident in her eyes as she said, “Thank goodness you

held back that final blow and didn’t end up going down with Yosef. If you

were gone and I was left alone with the baby, what would we do?”

Emmanuel rose abruptly, enveloping her in a tight embrace. He let out a long

sigh of relief. “Mackenzie, I’m sorry! I caused you worry, but I promise, I won’t

falter again! I wont let you fret anymore!”

Nestled against his broad chest, Mackenzie inquired, “So, you have a plan for

dealing with Yosef in two days?”

Emmanuel nodded. “Yeah, I’ve got a plan, but I’ll need to isolate myself for the

next two nights. I won’t be around to keep you safe.”

next two nights. I won’t be around to keep you safe.”

Mackenzie felt moved. Even in times like these, this fool still thinks of my

safety.

“Don’t fret. I’m not a kid anymore. I can look after myself. Besides, Sage is

here,” Mackenzie reassured him. “Just focus on your training. I’ll be waiting for

you to impress the world in two days!”

Emmanuel nodded. In Yeringham, Sage would indeed suffice to safeguard

Mackenzie. But on this island, with so many fighters around, Sage alone might

not cut it for her protection.

Nevertheless, Emmanuel understood the need to isolate himself and make

the most of his time.

After going back to his room, Emmanuel unfurled the ancient martial arts.

scripture gifted to him by the old godfather.

The text, inscribed in ancient characters dating back over a century, didn't

seem to be the handiwork of the old godfather.

Chapter 1586

Emmanuel didn't know how to decipher the ancient characters, so ho

immediately began studying them.

The Art of Adaptability consisted mainly of three levels: The first level was

Meditation, the second level was Enlightenment, and the third level was

Shapelessness.

In the realm of martial arts, there were generally two categories: cultivation

and. techniques.

Although the Art of Adaptability did not teach specific techniques, it could be

categorized as a technique. Instead, it enabled the cultivator to see through

the opponent's techniques.

The concept could be simplified using gaming terms.

Techniques that could boost one's damage output were usually considered

buffs, while the Art of Adaptability was considered a debuff.

In short, one's own strength would remain unchanged, while the opponent

In short, one's own strength would remain unchanged, while the opponent

would be greatly weakened, enabling one to easily defeat them.

To master this technique meant to reach the third level, as mentioned by the

old godfather, achieving the peak of martial arts and becoming peerless.

As mentioned in the scripture, it would take at least 20 years for the ordinary.

man to reach Meditation. But because of Emmanuel's cultivation and martial arts talent, he reached Meditation from the get–go after understanding the scripture.

Meditation was a form of cultivation derived from traditional religious meditations. T cultivator could achieve a state of concentration and transcendence by regulating their body, breathing pattern, and mental state. During this state, time and reality would become detached, enabling accelerated progress compared to regular cultivation depending on the cultivator's aptitude.

After Emmanuel went into isolation, Mackenzie had a hard time falling asleep. She sat in the living room, contemplating over a slew of things.

After Emmanuel went into isolation, Mackenzie had a hard time falling asleep. She sat in the living room, contemplating over a slew of things.

For the sake of the baby, she tried to get as much sleep as she could, but just as she was about to doze off, a ringing phone startled her.

Mackenzie opened her eyes to see the skies still dark, the clock reading 5:47

a.m. She then turned her attention to the phone, Emmanuel's phone. It was a

call from Roselynn.

Mackenzie picked up the phone. "Roselynn?"

"Mackenzie? Why didn't Manny pick up? Where is he?" Roselynn sounded

urgent, sugges the occurrence of a serious event.

"Emmanuel's currently in isolation for cultivation. I'm holding onto his phone to

avoid any distractions." Mackenzie then asked, "Is something the matter?"

She prepared herself for what was to come.

But Roselynn's news still caught her off guard.

"Julian's parents got killed!"

"What? Who did it?" Mackenzie was shell–shocked.

"No clue yet. That's why I'm trying to contact Manny to get his assistance."

"Emmanuel can't leave right now. I'll bring some men and head over first."

“Sure.”

(80%)

Mackenzie let out a deep sigh. The Summertons and Quillens might not share

the best relationship, but because of Roselynn and Julian’s relationship, shel

didn’t wish for such a tragedy to befall them.

After some deliberation, she decided to contact Hattie. Despite having her

guard up against Hattie, she still treated her as a friend.

As Mackenzie prepared to head out, Sage hurried over. “Mrs. Lowe? Where are

you going this early in the morning?”

“I’m handina ta tha hatal annaïfiaallu tka nauthern raad Taidan and Altham

“I’m heading to the hotel, specifically the southern road. Zaiden and Althea

got murdered last night.”

Upon hearing this, Sage was stunned. Ashton’s parents got killed?

“How dare they? I swear to find the culprit and bring them to justice.” Sage.

gritted his teeth and escorted Mackenzie to the hotel.

甘

Since they were on the same island, by the time Mackenzie and Sage arrived

at the crime scene, Hattie and Blake arrived as well.

Roselynn and Julian stood side by side, gazing at Zaiden and Althea covered

in white sheets, their faces sorrowful and in agony.

When Mackenzie noticed the large pool of blood on the ground, a wave of

dizziness assailed her. It was proof the couple died a tragic death.

“Are you okay, Mackenzie?” Hattie quickly held Mackenzie.

“I–I’m fine.” After Mackenzie composed herself, she turned to Julian and

“Are you okay, Mackenzie?” Hattie quickly held Mackenzie.

“I–I’m fine.” After Mackenzie composed herself, she turned to Julian and

Roselynn. “Weren’t they supposed to spend the night at the hotel? Why were

they discovered dead on the roadside?”

“It must’ve been the Silverbane family of Eshal’s doing! I’ll never let them off!”

Julian gritted his teeth. “Last night, my parents went out to pay Bobby a visit,

but they never returned. Then early this morning, their bodies were

discovered on the roadside!”

Chapter 1587

During Julian’s speech, Angela, Ronnie, and Stanley arrived at the scene.

Upon hearing this, Angela felt the need to speak up. “Although I don’t like

Uncle Bobby and his family either, until a thorough investigation has been

conducted, it’s best to avoid making assumptions.”

At the sound of Angela’s words, Julian stopped hurling accusations. He knew

anything he said would mean nothing without solid evidence.

Unfortunately, the police’s hands were tied when it came to crimes that

happened on the island. Thus, they could only rely on the Martial Arts

Association to carry out investigations.

Soon, an official from the Martial Arts Association arrived at the scene with a

group of investigators.

As the Summertons weren’t participating in the competition’s finals, they only

sent a subordinate of Joe as the lead investigator.

“VALL must find the killar and onero ieting for the Summerton family or I wazili

“You must find the killer and ensure justice for the Summerton family, or I will

personally see to it!” Julian demanded, his emotions running high, his tension

suggesting a falling–out with the Martial Arts Association.

Left with no choice, Mackenzie asked Roselynn to calm Julian down.

Following a thorough examination of the scene, Mackenzie and Hattie led the

group to a private club on the island to discuss the truth behind the incident.

Unbeknownst to them, at the same club, a young couple was engaged in a

discussion with Levi.

“You ask for me to hand over the territories belonging to the Tanner family of

Onza to you, Mr. Verkade, Ms. Silverbane. Why should I?” Levi questioned,

locking eyes with Gautier.

Astute as he was, Levi knew Gautier was not to be underestimated and was

way more cunning, unlike those useless scions of the Tanner family of Onza.

“Because Susan’s a member of the third Silverbane family, a member of the

Because Susan’s a member of the third sliverpane family, a member or the

Nuthana Chamber of Commerce, and I’m part of the Terence Group, Gautier

explained, smiling.

Susan, looking blissful, was holding Gautier’s arm tightly. After all, she finally

got the man of her dreams to go out with her.

“Haha, so what if you’re associated with the Terence Group?” Levi burst out

laughing.

Gautier couldn’t be bothered to explain. He simply replied, “If you choose to

decline, just don’t regret your decision.” He then turned to leave.

“Wait a minute,” Levi, expressionless, called out to him.

That’s a threat, albeit a subtle one. He’s raising the stakes. He clearly knows

we’re out to deal with the Quillens. But how did he find out, and how much

does he know? What are his intentions?

Levi wouldn’t trust Gautier, but he saw potential in what he could bring to the table. With the downfall of the Tannerdamily of Onza, Mr. Tanner will be looking to bring in a now for our arean in charas for Onta and norhane

Levi wouldn’t trust Gautier, but he saw potential in what he could bring to the table. With the downfall of the Tanner family of Onza, Mr. Tanner will be looking to bring in a new face, a new person in charge for Onza, and perhaps even for Nuthana.

We’ve met with the Silverbane family of Eshal many times. Clearly, Bobby and Blaze only want to make use of our influence to become president of the Nuthana Chamber of Commerce. However, they’re greedy. They would never become our lapdogs like the Tanner family of Onza.

“How do you plan to prove your loyalty?” Levi questioned, his voice frigid and menacing.

Gautier flashed acident smile. “With the four envoys and the two

emissaries, including you, Mr. Lestrange, working for the chairman, they're not lacking in competent, ingenious individuals. If the chairman ever finds me showing the slightest hint of betrayal, they can get rid of me anytime."

Levi knowingly smiled. "I'm impressed by your resolve. In that case, I firmly Believe our collaboration will bring fruitful results Someone bring us the

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Levi knowingly smiled. "I'm impressed by your resolve. In that case, I firmly believe our collaboration will bring fruitful results. Someone, bring us the wine!"

At his order, three glasses of wine were brought to them.

Levi personally handed two glasses of wine to Gautier and Susan before taking the last one for himself. "Cheers!"

Gautier glanced a e glass of wine, smirking. He knew what sort of wine it

was, but still raised a toast,

Susan was his devoted fan. Seeing him lifting his glass of wine, she raised

hers as well without hesitation.

After the toast, Levi said, “You’re the granddaughter of President Silverbane,

Chapter 1588 Mastermind

After the toast, Levi said, “You’re the granddaughter of President Silverbane,

Ms. Susan. I believe that once the third Silverbane family consolidates the

industries and power of the Tanner family of Onza, you will surely surpass the

Silverbane family of Onza, and may even rival your uncle Bobby for the

presidency!”

Susan glanced at Gautier. After receiving his look of approval, she proudly

announced, “Once our family wins the Grand Martial Showdown

championship, the position of president will undoubtedly belong to us!”

“Wonderful! I wish you the best of luck in your endeavors!” Levi raised a toast again, beaming.

By collaborating with Gautier and Susan, he no longer had to make Bobby and Blaze do his bidding. He would be able to complete Teddy’s task–to gain control over the Nuthana Chamber of Commerce.

Meanwhile, Hattie was discussing the matter of the murderer with Mackenzie, Sage, Julian, and others.

Julian believed that the culprit could be someone from the Silverbane family of Eshal seeking support from his parents to become the president, which they declined, opting to back the Quillen family instead, triggering the murder.

Or, it could be someone from the hidden forces of the Summerton family, who felt disappointed in his parents‘ performance and decided to take matters into their own hands.

“Haha! It might sound unbelievable, but the person responsible for your

“Haha! It might sound unbelievable, but the person responsible for your

parents‘ deaths is most likely not the Silverbanes of Eshal, but Levi!” Blake

shared what he overheard last night with everyone.

The revelation left everyone astonished.

79%

Julian, in particular, looked incredulous. We’ve never offended the chairman

of the Chamber of Commerce. Why would they kill my parents?

“Mackenzie, this could very well be the work of Teddy!” Hattie began.

analyzing.

“They might have done this due to the Summertons harming their interests or

not heeding their advice!

“And in turn, they can shift the blame onto the Silverbanes of Eshal. Despite

the Summertons‘ decline, they still hold the position of vice president in the

chamber of commerce. If everyone believes that the Silverbanes of Eshal are

the culprit, they will be reluctant to support them for president!”

Mackenzie frowned slightly and asked, “The Summertons harmed Teddy’s

interests? How? Besides, aren’t Bobby and Blaze working with them? Why

would they shift the blame onto them?”

Mackenzie didn’t mind discussing these matters openly since she trusted all

of those present here.

“Perhaps you’re not aware of this. Many years ago, the Summertons left.

Zovince and relocated to Onza due to conflicts with Teddy’s forces in the

arms trade!” Hattie explained. “As for them shifting the blame onto the

Silverbanes of Eshal, maybe they got into an argument, which led to a rift,

with Teddy seeking to support other factions to gain control of the Nuthanal

Chamber of Commerce!”

Hattie’s speculation shocked Mackenzie.

As expected from one of the Four Beauties of Zovince. Not only does she have.

the looks, but she also has the brains.

If what she said is true, there's a high chance Levi is the mastermind behind all this.

"Those abominations! I swear to seek revenge for my parents!" Julian, with red eyes and clenched teeth, declared, "Whoever it is, once the truth is exposed, they will not escape my wrath!"

Mackenzie shared Julian's feelings, but dealing with either the Silverbane family of Eshal or Teddy would not be easy.

Patience will be key to resolving this matter. Thus, she threw a knowing look at Roselynn, asking her to console Julian.

Roselynn had mixed feelings.

Despite Althea's disdain towards her, her sudden demise evoked feelings of sorrow and distress in Roselynn.

Nonetheless, she nodded, for she knew Julian was currently experiencing profound grief.

After the discussion ended, Roselynn and Julian took their leave first.

As Mackenzie and Hattie came out of the top–end club, they saw an

As Mackenzie and Hattie came out of the top–end club, they saw an

unexpected person.

“Mr. Lestrange?” From a distance, Mackenzie saw Levi, accompanied by

several trusted aides, leaving the club as if they had just met someone there.

Hattie thought so, too. She then tapped Mackenzie on the shoulder and

pointed in another direction.

There, Gautier and Susan were meeting two individuals.

Upon witnessing this scene, Mackenzie couldn’t help frowning.

Gautier, Jack, and Benny? Why are those three here? What are they

discussing?

Soon after, Gautier and the other two also took notice of Mackenzie and

Hattie.

After dismissing Jack and Benny, Gautier, with a smile, approached the two

beautiful ladies.

Chapter 1589 You Must Trust Me

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Meanwhile, Susan clung to Gautier closely. There was a patronizing look in her

eyes when she looked at Mackenzie.

“Didn’t expect to see you here, Mackenzie,” Gautier casually greeted

Mackenzie with a charming smile.

As for Hattie and the others behind her, such as Blake, they were completely

ignored.

He was well aware of his position. Following the acquisition of Verkade Group

by the Terence Group, he was now a member of the Terence Group.

And he only considered Hattie and the others as his enemies.

He didn’t care about Mackenzie’s relationship with Hattie. In any case, he

could never get along with Hattie.

“What are you doing here? And what’s the deal with Jack and Benny?”

Mackenzie questioned.

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Gautier stayed calm and suggested, “How about we get a private room, and

I’ll explain it to you, Mackenzie?”

He nonchalantly glanced at Hattie and the others, his intentions clear as day.

“Mackenzie, I will take my leave. Call me

you ever need help. Hattie, being

the astute woman, was about to leave but warned Mackenzie in a hushed

tone, “This guy used to vacillate between you and me. Be careful.”

Mackenzie nodded subtly while looking at Gautier.

Gautier wasn’t a martial artist. He might not have heard what Hattie

Gautier wasn’t a martial artist. He might not have heard what Hattie

whispered to Mackenzie, but he most likely guessed the contents.

“Let’s go.” Mackenzie, escorted by Sage, followed Gautier to the private room.

Aware of Susan's enmity towards Mackenzie, Gautier asked her to wait

outside to avoid any complications.

Susan, a devoted admirer of Gautier, complied obediently despite feeling a

tad disgruntled.

"What do you have to say to me?" Mackenzie took a seat and asked the

standing Gautier.

"I've met Mr. Lestrange."

"What?" Mackenzie didn't expect Gautier to confess willingly without her

interrogating.

"Well, following the downfall of the Tanners of Onza, they urgently needed

someone to fill in the vacant position, so they reached out to me, Gautier

someone to fill in the vacant position, so they reached out to me," Gautier

said calmly.

Mackenzie was slightly surprised but then sneered. "So, they seek your

assistance in reorganizing the Tanners of Onza's forces to confront me?"

"Yes." Gautier nodded.

Mackenzie couldn't help chuckling. "You've got guts, telling me all this. Aren't

you afraid I might make a move against you now? Or are you that confident

you can outwit me?"

"I can't believe you'd see me that way, Mackenzie." Gautier sighed.

Mackenzie was having a hard time making sense of the man before her. She

furrowed her brows, a faint glint in her eyes.

"Although you didn't choose me, you've always been the woman I love. Since

I've chosen to align with the Quillen family, I won't betray you again. I'm

committed to assisting you and Emmanuel in elevating the Quillen family ta

the pinnacle!" Gautier promised.

You Must Trust Me

I've chosen to align with the Quillen family, I won't betray you again. I'm

committed to assisting you and Emmanuel in elevating the Quillen family to

the pinnacle!” Gautier promised.

Mackenzie sneered, her expression betraying her skepticism.

If it is truly as he says, how remarkable he must be!

A remarkable simp, that is!

Eventually, Gautier sighed again. “If I truly intended to oppose you, I wouldn’t have confessed to you. As long as the Quillens flourish, we, the Verkades, only stand to gain from it.”

Mackenzie tentatively believed his claims and asked, “So, did you accept his proposal?”

Gautier nodded candidly. “I did. If I turned him down, he would’ve sought out other candidates. Hence, I agreed to assist him. If I happen to come across any insider intel, I can inform you in advance. That way, I’ll be of help to you.”

Again, Mackenzie smiled.

But every one of her smiles carried a different expression.

She almost got persuaded by Gautier's words.

But she stood firm. "Why should I trust what you're saying? You could be

deliberately trying to lower my guard. Besides, Mr. Lestrange must also have

doubts about you, right? If he didn't have some form of control over your

actions, why would he so readily hand over the Tanners of Onza's territories.

to you?"

Gautier knew how clever Mackenzie was, and there was no way he could

hide anything from her, so he came clean, "You're right. Mr. Lestrange has

poisoned me. If I betray him, only death awaits me!"

Mackenzie sneered once again. "You still expect me to believe you?"

"You must trust me, Mackenzie!" Gautier looked resigned yet determined. If

you don't believe me, go ahead and poison me tool I remember Emmanuel

Chapter 1590 Letter Delivery

Mackenzie sneered once again. "You still expect me to believe you?"

"You must trust me, Mackenzie!" Gautier looked resigned yet determined. "If

you don’t believe the, go ahead and poison me too! I remember Emmanuel is

quite skilled at it, no?”

Mackenzie kept quiet, simply staring icily at him, her beautiful eyes seeming

to penetrate his soul.

“Then, explain why they want to oppose the Quillen family?”

“Because the Quillen family is growing stronger by the day, and they’re

anticipating you to eventually go against them!”

Mackenzie, upon hearing Gautier’s words, realized he was more informed

than she had thought.

Maybe he even knows or has uncovered Emmanuel’s true identity.

“Fine, I’ll trust you for now.”

“Thank you.” Gautier’s demeanor lightened, as if a weight had been lifted

from his shoulders, and he exited the room.

Sage couldn’t hold back anymore. “This Gautier guy, he’s slippery as an eel.

You can’t trust him an inch. He’s always ready to stab you in the back!”

“I’m well aware!” Mackenzie groaned, frustration evident as she pressed a hand to her forehead. “But I can’t write him off completely just yet. There’s a part of me that hopes he’s sincere in his desire to help!”

Throughout their interactions, she hadn’t caught Gautier slipping up once.

Sage didn’t, too, empathizing with Mackenzie’s dilemma.

Despite the Terence Group’s acquisition of the Verkade Group, with the former clearly in a position to dominate, what would be the point of completely cutting ties and booting out the Verkade family?

If things ever came down to that, Gautier would definitely take over the Tanners of Onza’s forces and, on behalf of Teddy, do everything in his power to deal with them!

With this delicate balance hanging, they could at least keep each other in check for now.

“Mrs. Lowe, if Gautier’s motives aren’t rooted in genuine admiration for you,

then he must have some mighty big ambitions," Sage remarked.

Mackenzie grinned wryly. With a horde of enemies now on their tails, she could only hope her charm was enough to secure Gautier's unwavering support.

Exiting the club, Mackenzie ran into Samantha and her four aunts.

"Hey, Mackenzie, we've been searching everywhere for you!" Samantha approached with enthusiasm, squeezing Mackenzie's hands tightly, as if they were mother and daughter.

After exchanging a meaningful glance with Samantha, Mackenzie shifted her attention to Felicity, who stood behind her four aunts.

Felicity seemed a bit uneasy as she inquired, "Mackenzie, where's Emmanuel? I heard he made it to the top 32."

"Yes, Emmanuel is currently cultivating in isolation." After providing a brief answer, Mackenzie asked, "You only arrived today?"

Felicity appeared somewhat sheepish but smiled, nonetheless. "I came

alone. Due to various reasons, I only made it here today. And I'm not here to spectate; I've got a letter for you and Emmanuel."

"A letter?" Mackenzie's surprise was evident.

She came alone? I see. My dear aunts didn't ask her to come together, huh?

There's a tedious procedure to go through before she can enter the island. As an ordinary person, I suppose her delayed arrival is to be expected.

Felicity promptly handed Mackenzie a peculiar letter made of unusual material and unusually large.

In an era where sending letters was a rare occurrence, receiving one felt significant, and the unique material only added to its allure.

Doesn't seem like it's from a typical country.

Felicity deliberately put some distance between them and Mackenzie's aunts before leaning in close to Mackenzie, whispering, "You two chat. I'll be going. now."

Felicity was very tactful, and she left after delivering the letter.

Given her strained relationship with Mackenzie's aunts, it was a rare sight to see Felicity appearing in the same place as them. Nonetheless, the awkwardness was certainly palpable when they met, and neither side initiated a conversation. They couldn't possibly ask the four aunts to go elsewhere, so it was best for Felicity to leave.

Mackenzie didn't ask her to stay, nor did she open the letter immediately. Instead, she gazed wordlessly at the letter, her brow furrowed.

"What did Felicity say to you, Mackenzie?" Samantha asked out of curiosity, noticing Mackenzie's expression.

After some contemplation, Mackenzie decided not to say anything. She turned to Samantha and asked, "Aunt Samantha, what she said has nothing to do with you. Anyway, why did you all come looking for me?"

"We just wanted to have a chat with you. You've been working hard lately, and since you're here on the island, we thought of taking you somewhere to

wind down.”

“Yes, for the sake of the baby in your belly, you need to rest well and take

care of yourself.”

“If you fall ill, it’ll be bad for the baby.”

Her aunts continued their chatter in succession, leaving Mackenzie with no

choice but to tag along to a nearby beach resort.