Wrong Table 1601

Chapter 1601

Hattie always believed the same thing, too. She had no idea when Blake would end up fighting to the death, but she just never expected it to occur right now.

Slash!

Slash!

Yosef landed two more strikes on Blake, yet Blake made no attempt to evade them, allowing the blows to land on him. As a result, his entire body emitted a faint golden light–a state that Emmanuel had never seen before. He's burning his life force to sustain his internal strength!

Although Blake could still withstand the impact, his clothes had been torn apart, revealing to the audience the intensity of the brutal battle. His body was covered in numerous red marks, resembling bruises that covered him from head to toe.

“Why isn’t he conceding? What is he up to?” Beatrix couldn’t help but be

showed signs of exhaustion and panting.

This is it!

“I’ll fight you to the death!” Bloodied and with blazing eyes, Blake charged at

the weary Yosef with all his strength. He then delivered a forceful punch to

Yosef’s face.

Yosef blocked with both hands. However, Blake followed up with a sweeping

kick despite the blocked punch.

Yosef’s energy was greatly depleted. So, despite his reflexes, his movements

were slowed down.

Thud! He received a powerful kick to the back of his head and crashed

heavily onto the ring. The sound reverberated through the hearts of the

thousands in the audience!

“What’s going on? Would Yosef be killed just like this?” Shane exclaimed.

Emmanuel was equally taken aback as Blake exhibited a strength surpassing

his usual capabilities. If he had encountered Blake in this stature previously, it

would have been a struggle for Emmanuel to emerge victorious.

“Hehehe…” Blake gazed at the exhausted Yosef, his eyes filled with

unprecedented excitement! “Let it be known that I’m the longest–lasting man

in the world. Haha!” he roared to the sky, full of vigor, with arms wide open.

This is great! This is the best feeling in the world! Men should either not fight

at all or fight to the death!

“Blake, be vigilant!” Hattie suddenly got up from her seat in the audience to

warn him. However, her voice was too soft, which resulted in Blake not

catching her warning.

When Blake came to his senses, a dark–eyed man with long black hair was already closing up on him with his right hand raised like the scythe of death.

Blake was terrified. That gaze! That demeanor! Yosef’s gone into deviation

again!

In an instant, the chilling aura of death caused Blake to falter, prompting him

to swiftly activate the Golden Bell Iron Cloth at that crucial moment.

Swoosh!

Yosef swung down, and blood instantly splattered across the arena as his

right hand was covered in blood.

Everyone was shocked. How did he break the Golden Bell so easily this time?

Upon closer inspection, it became evident that he had sliced through Blake's previously injured right leg, the most glaring weakness of the Golden Bell Iron

Cloth.

"Argh! Argh!" Blake's thigh was bent at a right angle. It was obviously

completely severed. It was a petrifying scene.

Save for Emmanuel, who unhesitatingly rushed into the arena, the audience

was stunned to their core. Yosef's sinking deeper into deviation! He'll end

Blake's life!

"I surrender!!" Blake screamed, now that it was a moment of life and death for

him. Yet, Yosef's hand struck again, after which blood gushed from Blake's left

eye.

"Argh! Argh!" His screams pierced through the crowd as each frame

seemingly played in slow motion.

Chapter 1602

Yosef wasn't planning to stop there. He was about to deliver a fatal blow as

he targeted Blake's vital point.

With Blake injured, his Golden Bell technique couldn't withstand the attack.

Yosef had free reign to target any part of Blake's body.

"It's over!"

Hattie and Dominique both feared the worst. If Blake were defeated, they

would lose a strong ally, which could pose significant challenges for them in

the future.

In a critical moment, a figure dashed onto the stage and grabbed Yosef's

right hand.

He turned around and saw Emmanuel. His expression darkened, and he

smirked as he instantly tried to slash Emmanuel with his dagger.

Emmanuel quickly swept Yosef's supporting leg, which caused his attack to

veer off course. The sudden disruption sent him flying off the stage. As he

spun through the air and landed, his dagger inadvertently sliced through the

referee's table.

Upon seeing that, several referées trembled in fear and hastily fled.

Joe panicked and urgently commanded, "Take him down! Hurry up and take

him down!"

Why does Yosef constantly stir up trouble whenever he enters the ring and

refuses to spare his opponents' lives?

"Blake, hang in there!"

At that moment, the ring was awash with blood.

Emmanuel swiftly applied acupressure techniques to stem the bleeding. This

ensured Blake didn't lose too much blood.

“Ah! D*mn it! I’m going to kill that b*stard! I’m going to be a hideous, blind cripple now!” Blake raged as he covered his left eye with his hand.

Emmanuel was initially nervous, but Blake’s outbursts almost made him. laugh. “Don’t worry. You’ll have to add ‘old‘ to that description in a few more years,” he quipped.

Eventually, Blake’s anger subsided as he realized that his appearance held little significance when he had a loving wife and son.

“Okay, just go ahead and let the medical team take care of you. You’ll be fine, Emmanuel reassured Blake as he saw the organizers‘ medical personnel rushing onto the stage. With a comforting pat on Blake’s shoulder, Emmanuel rose to his feet.

Yosef wasn’t on a rampage like he was yesterday. Instead, he had been subdued by the boxing ring’s fighters and glared at Emmanuel from below.

Emmanuel met his gaze but remained silent. There was nothing to say

between them at this point. Since he couldn't defeat Yosef, Emmanuel knew his words would fall on deaf ears anyway. So, he saw no reason to waste any more time on Yosef.

Mackenzie sighed when he returned to the Quillen family's viewing area. "I never expected. Yosef to go to such lengths to avenge his son."

Emmanuel nodded in agreement. He was just as surprised as she was.

"It's a shame he went to such extremes and still lost! Ah, there goes my month's salary!" Frederick lamented behind the couple.

"Let me tell you something! If you keep going like this, no money will be enough for you to squander!" Shane, who had just won several thousand, chided Frederick.

He added, "Listen, I'll give you back 1,000. Can you please stop gambling? You're like a magnet for bad luck. Whoever you bet on sure loses!"

Frederick scoffed and rolled his eyes. Despite feeling indignant, he had no choice. After all, luck wasn't on his side.

Meanwhile, Emmanuel and Mackenzie paid no attention to their argument.

Their focus remained fixed on the boxing ring.

After the intense S- Level match, the next half of the matches seemed dull in

comparison.

Due to security measures, electronic devices were prohibited in the Badlands

boxing ring. As a result, communication among everyone in the boxing ring

reverted to primitive methods.

Suddenly, Nathan dispatched someone to deliver a message to Emmanuel.

Upon hearing it, Emmanuel exchanged a few words with Mackenzie before

rising from his seat and following the messenger backstage.

It turned out that Nathan had discovered Levi bringing an S- Level contestant

into a backstage room.

As Emmanuel walked down a corridor backstage, Nathan approached him

and whispered, “Master, it’s the room up ahead. Levi has taken away the

imposter's opponent. I suspect he wants to assess the imposter's strength to

confirm if he's truly the Wolf Warrior."

Emmanuel nodded and motioned for them to retreat quietly without alerting

Chapter 1603

Emmanuel quietly slipped to the back of the room. He pressed his ear

against the wall to catch snippets of the conversation inside.

"Mr. Lestrange, why did you call for me?"

"Mr. Jensen, I've heard you're representing the Yarrow family of Frostvale. As

an S- Level martial artist, I wonder how much they paid you?"

Emmanuel's interest was piqued upon hearing Levi's question. After all, the

Quillen family needed to expand. They might need to recruit more fighters to

confront Teddy. Hence, it was essential to have a rough estimate of the

market price.

Unexpectedly, Dominic Jensen responded with a disdainful snort. "Mr.

Lestrange, are you trying to belittle me? Martial artists like us regard money

as dirt. The Yarrow family provided my son with a company, helped my

daughter enter the entertainment industry, and bought me a luxurious

mansion… How can such generosity be quantified in terms of money?”

Emmanuel was taken aback upon hearing that. Though he couldn’t see Levi’s

expression, he could hear the amusement in his voice as he spoke. “Haha!

Your sense of honor and integrity is truly commendable. It’s worth noting that

our Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce also holds you in high regard.”

“Really?”

“Of course. If you can advance to the top 16, I’ll put in a good word for

you

with

the chairman. Whether you’re aiming for a luxurious mansion in Zovince or a

prestigious position in the business sector, it’ll be within your reach.”

“But… my next opponent is the Wolf Warrior!” Dominic’s apprehension was

evident in his voice.

Emmanuel could tell that the staged performances from yesterday had indeed made an impact on Dominic.

“Well, I’ve heard rumors that the Wolf Warrior might be an imposter.”

“An imposter? Are you sure?” Dominic struggled to believe Levi’s words.

“I can’t say for sure. But even if it’s true, with your formidable martial arts skills, could you lose to him even if you give it your all?” Levi’s words had a persuasive effect as they instantly reignited Dominic’s enthusiasm.

Emmanuel didn’t need to listen further, so he retreated to join Nathan. They needed to act swiftly before the imposter’s identity was exposed.

Furthermore, Emmanuel sensed Levi’s uncertainty about the imposter.

Otherwise, Levi wouldn’t have to go to such lengths to encourage others to test the imposter.

In that case, Emmanuel was even more determined to confirm the imposter’s identity and use him to divert the attention away from himself.

Shortly after, Dominic swaggered out of the room. After Levi's persuasive speech, Dominic began to perceive himself as the epitome of loyalty and integrity, not to mention a dashing expert in his field. Even the Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce regarded him highly. He believed the path to leading his family to prosperity in Zovince was within reach.

As he turned a corner, he suddenly felt someone grab the back of his neck.

Despite his surprise, his instincts as an S- Level fighter kicked in, and her

braced himself to retaliate. But before he could make a move, his throat was

tightly gripped.

A cold sweat broke out on his brow as he stared in horror at the masked

figure before him.

"Come with me if you want to live," the masked man commanded.

It was Emmanuel, and he effortlessly overpowered an S- Level fighter. To him,

it was mere child's play.

The once proud Dominic was now filled with fear. He looked like a helpless

chick as Emmanuel led him to the room prepared by Nathan.

Emmanuel hurled ex

the ground, and he landed heavily on his knees.

“M–Mr. Chapman?”

Upon seeing Nathan, one of Zovince’s Four Geniuses, Dominic was taken aback. He couldn’t help but wonder why he had drawn the attention of the bigwigs from Zovince. First, it was Levi, and now it’s Nathan.

Unlike Levi, Nathan didn’t mince words. He didn’t even glance at Dominic as he casually indulged in some fruit and said, “You’re the hired fighter, right? So, how much do you want to throw the match later? Name your price.”

Dominic gritted his teeth and said, “Mr. Chapman, please don’t belittle me. I’m here fighting for the honor of the Yarrow Family of Frostvale. I intend to give it my all, and I refuse to throw the match–uh, I mean, I absolutely won’t fight unfairly.”

Chapter 1604

“1 million.” Nathan didn’t even glance at Dominic and simply raised a finger.

Dominic stood up with his hands clasped behind his back. “Mr. Chapman, while I may not match your physical strength, I assure you, my determination

is unmatched. So, please stop belittling me."

"10 million." Nathan finished his fruit and told his new girlfriend to trim his nails.

Yet, he still didn't spare a glance at Dominic.

Dominic trembled slightly, and he gritted his teeth. "I will fight for the honor of

the Yarrow family until the bitter end!"

Finally, Nathan turned to him with a sneer. He knew that advancing to the top

16 would net a prize of 2 million. With Levi's offer added in, it would take more

than 10 million to sway Dominic. So, Nathan upped the ante. "30 million."

"W–What did you say?" Dominic's resolve wavered, but he still wasn't ready to

agree.

"Here's the deal. Seeing your ambition, I'll offer you an annual salary of 1

billion. Why not join me instead? I respect people like you who are so

determined." Nathan didn't need to beat around the bush. After all, his

family's wealth was practically endless.

“Mr. Chapman… Young Master, please accept my sincere allegiance. From this day forward, I vow to serve you faithfully until my final breath.” Dominic dropped to his knees before Nathan.

Emmanuel was astonished that money indeed had the power to sway hearts and minds. He couldn’t believe that Dominic’s ambition was only worth that much.

After this experience, Emmanuel considered it wise to follow the plan and ensure the imposter advanced to the quarterfinals.

However, Nathan believed more needed to be done. He wanted to meet the imposter and to ensure he played his role convincingly. It wasn’t a decoy role but as a stand–in.

Since Emmanuel didn’t need to involve himself further, he returned to the viewing area.

“Emmanuel, what’s wrong?” Mackenzie whispered.

He leaned in and whispered something to her so their conversation

remained private.

She nodded and swiftly placed her bet.

The observant Shane couldn't hear their conversation but noticed her placing

bets on the screen.

Seeing her bet on the high odds of the Wolf Warrior, he deduced that

Emmanuel must have some insider information and promptly followed suit.

On the other hand, Frederick was always skeptical. Plus, he didn't think much

of the Wolf Warrior.

Frederick observed that the Wolf Warrior lacked genuine ability or expertise

but boasted about his accomplishments. He could see that other

contestants surpassed the Wolf Warrior in skill.

Despite occasional strokes of luck the Wolf Warrior might have, Frederick

knew he couldn't sustain a winning streak indefinitely. The boxing ring's low

rating of Wolf Warrior and the persistently high odds against him made it

clear he wasn't the favorite.

If the Wolf Warrior possessed the skills he boasted about, why were the betting odds stacked against him? Frederick surmised that it had to be a trap.

So, he decisively borrowed 100,000 from Beatrix and placed his bet ont Dominic. He hoped to turn his luck around with this bet. He refused to accept that he couldn't outsmart Shane in this wager.

"Hehe, are you two betting against each other?" Beatrix couldn't help but tease Shane and Frederick as she peeked at their bets. "You guys should just keep it between yourselves. No need to line the organizers' pockets!"

Shane was unaware that Frederick had secretly placed his bet. So, he said helplessly, "Didn't you just say you were done with betting? Why are you still handing out money?"

"Tsk! Who said anything about handing out money? I refuse to believe I'm that unlucky!" Frederick retorted as he was unable to accept his bad luck.

Shortly after, the match began. Despite Dominic's valiant efforts, he

ultimately lost to Wolf Warrior.

Frederick was dumbfounded by the outcome.

As he recalled about the previous match, Shane found it somewhat

perplexing. Wolf King displayed no remarkable skills and received excessive

praise from his opponent. Even more puzzling was the Wolf King's voluntary

surrender.

But Dominic exhibited genuine skill, so how could he still lose to

Wolf Warrior?

Frederick couldn't shake the feeling that something wasn't quite right.

"Haha, let me enlighten you. I have attained the pinnacle of martial arts–the

Formless technique!"

Following his victory, the imposter boasted, "It's difficult for ordinary mortals to

comprehend this state. It's about defeating technique with no technique.

Every move you make is child's play to me. I can effortlessly exploit your

weaknesses and knock you down."

He spoke with such conviction that it almost seemed believable.

Chapter 1605

If the imposter had bragged like that previously, no one would have taken

him seriously. However, he did manage to defeat two S- Level fighters.

consecutively. So, it was understandable that spectators were skeptical.

"This is unbelievable."

Frederick accepted the outcome with resignation. Like many other spectators

who had lost bets, he felt frustrated by the turn of events.

He was particularly disheartened. While it was uncertain who would

ultimately claim the title of "Eagle–Eyed," he was undoubtedly among the top

five contenders for being the unluckiest.

"Frederick, I suggest you give up. When it comes to luck, you can't beat that

fatso!" Beatrix advised him.

No matter who advised/him, he remained determined. His infatuation with her primarily fueled his resolve. Ever since their last misunderstanding, he had daydreamed about the joy of dating her. Now, he was undeniably in love with her.

When Beatrix doubted his ability to defeat fatso, Frederick felt compelled to prove her wrong, even if it was just a single victory.

Meanwhile, Emmanuel couldn't help but sigh when he noticed Frederick's disappointment. However, he had no time to dwell on their love triangle. After notifying Mackenzie, he prepared to assume the role of Luna.

"Mackenzie!" Beatrix suddenly appeared beside Mackenzie with a mischievous smile that put others on edge.

"What's going on?" Mackenzie asked with a frown.

"Isn't Emmanuel's alias a bit over the top?" Beatrix remarked.

"You… You know about it?" Mackenzie responded and was visibly surprised by her sudden interest in the topic. She wondered what Beatrix's ulterior motive

might be.

“Of course!” Beatrix nodded and whispered, “Would you

mind if I became v

sister?”

“Sister?” Her query took Mackenzie aback. She couldn’t help but wonder if

Beatrix harbored thoughts of becoming Emmanuel’s second wife. She

couldn’t believe Beatrix would entertain such dangerous thoughts.

“Yes.” Beatrix blinked and declared, “Is that okay? I don’t want to marry

anyone else in the future. I just want to live with you and Emmanuel forever.”

Mackenzie frowned and shook her head. “No, that’s not possible. He’s your

brother–in–law, you… you silly girl. There are plenty of wonderful men out.

there. You don’t have to…

“What are you talking about?” Beatrix deliberately probed Mackenzie’s

reaction. Sensing that Mackenzie’s thoughts were veering off course, Beatrix

swiftly feigned ignorance. “I mean, you don’t treat me as a cousin but as your sister.”

Mackenzie was left speechless. She pondered whether Beatrix’s words were intentionally vague. All she wanted was to break through Beatrix’s facade and prevent her from having an affair with her husband.

“What did you mean by saying Emmanuel has multiple aliases? Do you know his true identity?“,

“Yeah, I know!” Beatrix replied with a nod. “Even those two dummies behind me know, right? Luna Moone and Emmanuel are displaying their affection so openly. It’s cringeworthy!”

After teasing Mackenzie, Beatrix made a face and returned to her seat. She pretended to be oblivious to Wolf Warrior’s true identity.

Mackenzie sighed and felt conflicted about what to do next. While she could treat any other woman as a romantic rival, the situation differed with Beatrix, whom Mackenzie had considered her sister for

years.

Lost in thought, Mackenzie contemplated how to navigate Beatrix's feelings

for Emmanuel. Unbeknownst to her, two rounds of matches concluded on the

stage.

Wyatt effortlessly defeated his opponents, and Luna emerged victorious in

her match.

"Hey, another exciting match is coming up in the next round. Luna, the

favorite for the championship, will face off with the former Grandmaster!"

"Yeah, I didn't expect it to happen so soon!"

"It feels like an early finals showdown, doesn't it? The winner will claim the title

of Grandmaster!"

"It's hard to predict. That Yosef is also quite formidable!"

As the surrounding discussions resumed, Mackenzie couldn't shake off her

nerves. Suppose Emmanuel was to exhaust himself fighting Wyatt and

sustain injuries. Would he still be able to defeat Yosef tomorrow night? She

was uncertain about Emmanuel's current thoughts.

Deep down, Mackenzie, only wished for Emmanuel's safety. As long as he

emerged unscathed/he would remain a hero in her eyes and the eyes of

their child.

With Luna's victory, half of the matches in the round of 32 had concluded. The

matches in the lower half of the bracket proceeded relatively smoothly,

unlike the previous night, which had seen frequent upsets.

Eshal's top two fighters also successfully advanced to the top 16.

Chapter 1606

The thought only heightened Mackenzie's tension. If Emmanuel aimed to

clinch the championship, he would have to overcome Eshal's two formidable

opponents. That meant facing off against nearly all the top–notch fighters in

the Grand Martial Showdown.

She couldn't help but wonder if her husband's body could withstand such a

grueling challenge. And before that, he would have to confront Austin.

She vividly recalled the disdainful glance Austin had shot Emmanuel when he delivered the news about Quintus. The Quintus instructor looked down on Emmanuel, but she couldn't help but wonder just how powerful this devilish instructor from Tocvale was.

Just then, Nigel had triumphed over his opponent in the arena and advanced aggressively to the top 16.

So, Hannah approached and linked arms with Bernett. "Lovely ladies of the Quillen family, we eagerly anticipate Emmanuel leading us to the quarterfinals and tomorrow's final showdown."

Bernett's pretentious demeanor turned the stomachs of the Quillen women. But what truly saddened them was Hannah's decision. She had chosen to stand against her own family.

Samantha and the other sisters scolded Hannah, but Mackenzie remained stoic. Since Mackenzie had announced her disownment of Hannah from the

family, she no longer took Hannah seriously.

Mackenzie didn't even bother to look at Hannah, who stared back at her intently. "Mackenzie, I've watched you grow up. I hope that after the Quillen family's downfall, the Heart of the Sun will pass to the Finch family, who will continue to support the Quillen family in the future."

"Hmph! Spare me your sentimentality," Mackenzie retorted coldly. Despite her inner turmoil, she knew familial ties had to take a backseat in times of great importance. She couldn't afford to sympathize with Hannah.

"If you still recall your Quillen lineage, you should understand that we would never hand the Heart of the Sun to outsiders. Abandon that thought!"

Mackenzie's coldness made Hannah uneasy. Hannah sneered and countered, "So, are you sure you want to treat me as an outsider?"

Mackenzie's response took aback Bernett and Hannah. They had believed Mackenzie to be cold on the surface but warm at heart, yet she proved

ruthlessly uncompromising.

“Hannah, that’s enough!” Samantha stormed over and angrily rebuked her sister. “You were the one who instigated the feud against us. If you want to reconcile and rejoin the family, apologize to Mackenzie now and promise to can still try to plead with Mackenzie on your stand by us in the future. I behalf.”

“No need!” Hannah interjected icily. “We didn’t come here to argue with you. Since you’ve chosen this path, don’t blame us for being unforgiving. We’ll settle this at the Grand Martial Showdown.” With those biting words, she left with Bernett.

“This is hilarious!” Shane burst into laughter. He was relieved that he could. finally express his amusement about the internal affairs of the Quillen family.

“How can anyone be so clueless? Just wait until Emmanuel sets them straight!”

While Shane's words were blunt, Mackenzie couldn't help but agree. She couldn't understand how Hannah failed to see the truth, especially when even Shane recognized that the Finch family's fighters stood no chance against Emmanuel.

Where did Hannah's arrogance come from? She seemed determined to defy the Quillen family for the sake of the Finch family.

The match continued to unfold with excitement, but Mackenzie and the wwere others from the Quillen no longer in the mood to watch the other matches. They gritted their teeth and eagerly anticipated Emmanuel's showdown with Nigel from the Finch family later that night.

But before that, Emmanuel would have to face Austin. Soon, the two top fighters stood on the stage.

"I never thought we'd meet here."

As the match commenced, neither rushed to make the first move. Austin,

known for his arrogance, assumed his usual posture. He gestured and said,

“I’ve said it before–you lack killer instinct. Your kindness holds you back, and

you’re missing the essential fighter spirit necessary for martial arts.

Unfortunately, your skills would be far greater if not for this.” Being a military

man, he had great confidence in his analytical approach.

Despite Emmanuel’s rating being only S- Level, his performance in previous

matches had been outstanding. In particular, his earlier match against Yosef showcased his abilities, and Emmanuel proved to be on par with his

opponent.

Chapter 1607

Unfortunately, Emmanuel didn’t possess the same intense presence as

Yosef, nor did he radiate the same level of aggression. His techniques lacked

the lethal edge of his opponent’s, resulting in a noticeable difference in

strength.

“Are you done talking?” Emmanuel asked with a smile.

“Pretty much. After the match, if you’re interested, I can offer you a spot in Tocvale. I’d be your instructor and offer you structured and professional guidance to enhance your skills,” Austin proposed. His intentions were genuine but accompanied by a hint of arrogance.

“No, thank you,” Emmanuel declined. His gaze sharpened into a predatory glare that momentarily unsettled those around him as he stepped forward. Yet, he swiftly regained composure while his eyes betrayed a fierce determination.

Austin was stunned upon seeing that. He had never witnessed Emmanuel in such a state before. Had he known, Austin wouldn’t have uttered those words earlier.

Emmanuel’s tangible sense of danger conjured images of destruction and chaos trailing behind him. At that instant, Austin comprehended the gravity of his mistake. He understood that Emmanuel had already perfected the skill

of harnessing his killing intent, which had outmatched Austin's capabilities.

"Is this the kind of killing intent you were expecting?" Emmanuel's whisper sent a chill down Austin's spine as he approached.

In the blink of an eye, Emmanuel stood directly before him. Despite being shaken to his core, Austin, disciplined by his training regimen, instinctively made the first move. However, before he could execute his technique, Emmanuel had already restrained his limbs.

It was the essence of the "Art of Adaptability." The technique anticipated and countered the opponent's every move with precision.

"I have no intention to kill you. Otherwise, you'd be six feet under by now," Emmanuel whispered into Austin's ear. In the blink of an eye, he executed at grappling technique followed by a shoulder throw and threw Austin off the stage.

Under normal circumstances, Austin would have been able to land safely.

However, Emmanuel's commanding presence had momentarily shattered

Austin’s fighting spirit. Surprisingly, Emmanuel’s mere glance stripped Austin,

the “demonic instructor” of Tocvale, of his fighting spirit.

Deep down, Austin recognized the vast difference in their skill levels. Even if

Emmanuel had concealed his true strength before, Austin should have been

able to sense it. Yet, he remained oblivious, simply because their skill

difference was too big.

Austin’s abrupt expulsion from the stage sent shockwaves through the

spectators.

“How… how is this possible?”

Many were left dumbfounded by the unexpected turn of events.

Hannah, who had previously underestimated Emmanuel, was now in a state

of panic. She wondered if this unassuming man possessed such strength.

Despite her limited knowledge of martial arts, even she could recognize

Austin’s imposing presence with his muscular physique, fierce demeanor,

and piercing gaze. Yet, she was surprised to witness Emmanuel effortlessly

defeat him.

“Bernett, what are we going to do now? Can Nigel stand a chance against

Emmanuel?” she asked nervously.

She had already cut ties with the Quillen family and repeatedly provoked

them alongside Bernett. She didn’t know how they would recover if they lost.

Bernett also frowned and asked Nigel, “What do you think?”

“Mr. Finch, don’t worry!” Nigel’s confidence remained unwavering despite not

having experienced Emmanuel’s deadly intent firsthand.

Drawing from his experience and skill, he felt more than capable of handling whatever Emmanuel could throw at him. “I’ve always held back my true

strength. While Emmanuel’s performance exceeded my expectations, he

couldn’t possibly surpass the S- Level. And I, at the very least, am an S Rank

fighter. So, rest assured!”

Hannah’s tense muscles relaxed at his words. She was relieved to hear that

Nigel still had hidden reserves of strength.

“Bernett, you truly are a master strategist!” She embraced him and planted a kiss on his lips.

He wrapped his arms around her waist and smiled triumphantly. “This is what we call leaving room for maneuver. If I didn’t have absolute confidence, would I dare to come to Nuthana to showcase our skills? Would I dare to challenge Eshal?”

Meanwhile, Bobby had been closely monitoring the performances of the Finch and Quillen families. As the 32 into 16 stage matches concluded, a brief interlude allowed him to consult his two top fighters.

“Ruben, Trevor, between the Quillen and Finch families, who do you think could be your next opponent?”

Chapter 1608

Ruben and Trevor Yates made it to the top 16 with flying colors. They consistently earned S Rank ratings in each round of promotion by the

organizers. However, achieving an S Rank was no longer considered

remarkable in the latest ratings.

On the other hand, Yosef had already reached the esteemed S+ Rank, which

made him the clear favorite to clinch the championship title.

Wyatt and Luna closely trailed behind Yosef in the rankings. Nigel and

Emmanuel, though skilled, were viewed as mid–level players with lower odds.

of winning.

Despite the Wolf Warrior's strong performance, he remained second to last

among the top 16. With the organizers setting the odds of his victory at 1 to

180, it seemed highly improbable that he would emerge as the winner.

"Haha! It doesn't matter who my opponent is. I still have an ace up my sleeve

waiting to be played against them," Ruben boasted.

His primary target had always been Luna. After all, he had suffered a

humiliating defeat at her hands before and was eager to reclaim his lost

honor. However, fate didn't seem to be on his side since she was placed in

the upper half of the draw. Their paths wouldn't cross unless they advanced to the finals.

Despite Ruben's confidence, he knew he couldn't match Yosef, who fought like a mad dog. He doubted Luna could handle Yosef either. So, Ruben decided to reserve his trump card for the winner between Emmanuel and Nigel. As for the other players, he didn't see them as significant threats.

On the contrary, Trevor took a more cautious approach as he carefully analyzed the situation. "I believe Emmanuel is quite formidable. The display of strength we've seen from him may not even be his full potential. I've heard he defeated one of the top ten fighters from the Hellfire Club. Based on that, he's likely an S Rank as well."

Bobby nodded, his gaze fixed on the Quillen and Finch families. His goal of becoming chairman of Nuthana had been brewing for years, and he had spared no expense in winning over Ruben and Trevor to secure the position.

He wasn’t about to let his efforts go to waste.

With the downfall of Onza, Bobby’s primary adversaries were now the Finch

family from Zovince and the emerging Quillen family from Yeringham.

“I’m inclined to think the Quillen family has the upper hand,” Bobby remarked

with a sneer. “Emmanuel has likely been feigning weakness all this time.

Regardless, whoever faces him must go all out and treat him as the final

opponent in the championship. No holding back anymore, got it?”

“Mr. Silverbane, I’ve got it covered.” Trevor nodded.

Ruben simply hummed his agreement without protest.

Bobby remained convinced that their opponents were limited to the lower

bracket of the competition. While formidable contenders crowded the upper

half, none posed a significant threat to his position as chairman.

Regardless of whether Yosef, Luna, or Wyatt emerged victorious, it wouldn’t

impact Bobby. However, a win by the Finch or Quillen families would alter the

game. With the current lineup, even luck appeared to favor Bobby's side.

After winning the match, Emmanuel returned to the Quillen family's viewing area.

Mackenzie filled him in on Hannah's recent attempt to purchase the Heart of the Sun. But he brushed it off and didn't even spare a glance in the direction of the Finch family. He was confident he could defeat Hannah's representative in the next match.

In the meantime, the announcement of the top five contenders for the "Eagle–Eyed" title captured everyone's interest.

Emmanuel immediately praised his wife when he saw her name among the leading bettors.

Shane was surprised and exclaimed, "Wow, Mackenzie, you're incredible! You've even won more than me?"

Frederick and the Quillen family women also applauded Mackenzie's

achievement. She simply smiled in response to their encouragement and glanced over at Hattie.

It turned out that Hattie and Mackenzie were tied for first place. They hadn't made any incorrect bets in any match, although their forfeited matches. differed slightly. Nevertheless, their total winnings were identical. It was a fierce contest between the two beauties.

Hattie also gave Mackenzie a thumbs–up from afar to encourage her.

"Mackenzie, are you aiming to clinch the Eagle–Eyed title?"

That was the question Emmanuel posed.

Mackenzie nodded. "Emmanuel, do you see the attention I'm getting? This is all about reputation–building. Suppose we can showcase our skills and dominate the Nuthana Grand Martial Showdown. In that case, it will greatly boost our campaign for chairman of the Chamber of Commerce."

Emmanuel smiled and acknowledged her point. He noticed her focus and determination were always impressive when she got serious.

“Nevertheless, we can’t let our guard down. The final showdown begins

tomorrow,” she reminded him.

Emmanuel nodded in understanding. The betting format would change

tomorrow, and they would face more formidable opponents. They couldn’t

afford to make any mistakes.

“This marks the semi–finalround!”

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all about reputation–building. Suppose we can showcase our skills and

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"This marks the semi–finalround!"

After the announcer's declaration, the atmosphere in the boxing ring

intensified again as the quarterfinals began. The Nuthana Grand Martial

Showdown had reached its most thrilling phase.

"I forfeit!"

In the opening bout of the quarterfinals, a highly regarded S- Level fighter

saw Yosef step onto the stage and immediately conceded defeat before the

match even commenced. The fighter was willing to sacrifice anything, even

his reputation, to preserve his life.

Yosef remained composed and silently descended from the stage. Despite

the world's perception of him as someone who enjoyed indiscriminate killing,

his true intent was to kill Emmanuel only when he was in his right mind.

He

ver, Yosef no longer cared about public opinion. With a steely gaze, his

sole focus was on killing Emmanuel.

The following matches proceeded without much fanfare.

Meanwhile, another notable guest had been invited to Levi's room. "Mr.

Lannister, thank you for giving me this opportunity!" he greeted Wyatt

personally.

Wyatt might have had a slender build, but his gaze held a sharpness typical

of martial artists, tinged with a hint of arrogance. Those familiar with him

knew he was a dedicated martial enthusiast focused solely on his cousin,

Gwain. Despite Wyatt's talent and diligent training, he had never succeeded

in defeating Gwain.

"Levi, let's not waste time. Let's get straight to the point," Wyatt said. He

showed some respect to Levi but was not eager to show too much

deference.

Wyatt had always been proud and looked down on those with lesser martial

especially those involved in politics. However, there were significant

conflicts of interest between his family and the Tanner family, among the

Four Great Aristocratic Families of Zovince. Even Gwain had to show his

respect to Teddy, which meant that Wyatt also had to extend some courtesy

to Teddy's lackey.

"Alright, Wyatt. I'll be direct." Levi was skilled at interpreting expressions and

quickly added, "We suspect that the Northern Region War God from three

years ago participated in the Nuthana Grand Martial Showdown. So, we need

your help to figure out who he is."

Wyatt's eyes suddenly lit up upon hearing that.

Seeing Wyatt's reaction, Levi intentionally said, "In the martial arts world of

Change, Southern Lannister and the Northern Wolf Warrior are the most

renowned. You'll be the undisputed top fighter if you can take down the

Northern Wolf Warrior."

Wyatt's eyes gleamed even brighter, and he cut to the chase. "I've always

had my doubts about the Wolf Warrior contestant. So, who do you think it

could be?"

Levi chuckled. "I've narrowed it down to three. But since you've ruled out that

one, that leaves Luna or Emmanuel."

"Them?".

frowned.

As a devoted martial arts enthusiast, he had diligently tracked Luna and

Emmanuel's matches. While impressive, they paled in comparison to Gwain's

skill. If one of them genuinely claimed to be the Wolf Warrior, then the

prowess associated with that title was sorely lacking.

"What's your take, Wyatt?" Levi asked again.

“Hmph, if they can defeat me, then they might be. If not, they’re just

imposters!” Wyatt replied icily before walking away.

Just then, the mysterious figure from before stepped forward and said, “Levi,

it seems like you had quite the one–sided conversation with him.”

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“I disagree with you, Envoy Azure. Wyatt’s words make sense and have

reminded me of something.” Levi chuckled.

His sentiment piqued the mysterious figure’s curiosity. “What do you mean?”

Levi smiled and replied, “It’s simple. If the three suspected Wolf Warriors can’t

defeat Wyatt, they won’t pose much threat to us, either. Therefore, whether

they’re the Wolf Warrior doesn’t matter.”

After pondering, the other person agreed with a nod. “You’re right. We’ll figure

out who the Wolf Warrior is when he defeats Wyatt. Then, we’ll get rid of him.”

Levi nodded without a word; a glint of malice flashed across his eyes.

The Four Envoys shared the same goal of assisting Teddy in eliminating his

opponents.

Meanwhile, another match came to a close.

Frederick exclaimed with widened eyes, “No way! That guy did make it to the top 8! I still think he doesn’t fit in in the Grand Martial Showdown!”

His surprise was understandable. The same person who claimed to be the Wolf Warrior had advanced to the top eight. Frederick never meant to brag, but he believed that he would have been able to defeat the man with the use of underhanded tactics.

How could someone like him reach the top 8 in a competition full of formidable fighters? What the heck?

The other audience, who lost their bets, shared his sentiments.

“Forget about him. Where there’s gaming, there’s bound to be fraud, and so are dark horses.” Shane, who had just won another bet, grinned. “He’s the dark horse I mentioned. I suspect the organizers put him in the game for the unexpected twist.”

Mackenzie listened to their conversation. He might not be the sharpest tool in the shed, but his intuition is undeniably impressive. It was a shot in the dark, yet he still won a lot of money, which was remarkable! Who would have thought?

The air of excitement enveloped the arena as the audience cheered the names of the competitors they rooted for.

“Go, Wyatt!”

“Luna! Luna!”

The highlight of the night was about to begin. It was the first match between two S+ Rank fighters.

Wyatt, being the previous Grandmaster of the competition, had a lot of fans, including female fans.

Their cheers drowned out everything else as though it was Wyatt’s home. ground.

Mackenzie pursed her lips as she stared at the masked man. She

subconsciously placed a hand on herbelly. You have to win, Emmanuel.

Wyatt Versus Luna

The two fighters faced each other on the stage.

Luna seemed unfazed by the thunderous cheers in the arena. She focused

on the so–called Grandmaster standing before him. Defeating him would

prove my worthiness of the title of Grandmaster. I wonder how capable he is.

To his surprise, Wyatt skipped the pleasantries and pretense. He jumped

straight to launch an attack at Luna as soon as the duel began.

“He’s fast!” The fighter from the Chapman family remarked.

Wyatt felt his adrenalin rush at the sight of his opponent. His eyes gleamed

with resolution.

Nathan couldn’t contain his excitement. He rose to his feet and cheered, “Go,

Luna! Take him down! Show him who’s the boss!”

The organizers set the odds in Wyatt’s favor. Most people also bet on the

former Grandmaster, except Nathan, who steadfastly had faith in Luna's

victory.

Whether it's Wyatt or Gwain, they don't stand a chance against him!

Wyatt was unstoppable. He employed various techniques in his fighting style, gaining the upper hand.

Despite Luna's attempts to dodge, Wyatt still tore off a piece of his clothing.

Mackenzie clenched her fists nervously, regretting allowing Emmanuel to

participate in the match.

"There's something to Wyatt." Shane was stunned by Wyatt's performance.

"What do you expect? He won the game last year," Frederick added tensely,

although he didn't bet on Wyatt. Like everyone, he had guessed Luna's true

identity.