Wrong Table 1611

Chapter 1611

Luna could be Emmanuel! But for some reason, his fighting style is different

from Emmanuel's.

"Shane, can you tell if that's Emmanuel in the match?"

Beatrix shared their confusion, even though Mackenzie had confirmed it was

Emmanuel in disguise.

Shane shook his head. Even he couldn't tell whether they were the same

person because Luna's moves and fighting style were very different from

Emmanuel's.

Only Mackenzie knew in her heart Emmanuel wo

doing so for two reasons.

First, Emmanuel refrained from using military fighting techniques in the arena

to keep his identity as the Wolf Warrior a secret. Instead, he applied a fighting

style that prioritized agility and practicality.

Secondly, he wore a hardened gaze commonly found in a soldier like himself, but “Luna” didn’t.

It was to cloud Levi’s and his gang’s judgment, preventing them from

succeeding in locating the Wolf Warrior or linking Luna with Emmanuel.

After all, even Shane, Emmanuel’s close friend, couldn’t tell they were the

same person, let alone the outsiders.

“There’s no use making random guesses!” Mackenzie spoke up. “That person

isn’t my husband.”

Beatrix’s mouth fell open in disbelief as soon as she heard the

announcement. Was I wrong all along?

At that moment, Luna blocked Wyatt before Wyatt could land a kick on him.

With the assist of the impact, he somersaulted and pulled away from his

opponent.

At that, Wyatt’s pace slowed down.

Their exchanges drew a surprised gasp from the audience before the

audience burst into applause.

In their eyes, such an evenly balanced match was more delightful to watch

than the two battles that involved Yosef earlier.

Nathan, however, clenched his fists in anxiety at the sight. Why wouldn't

Master use the techniques from the Northern Region? He could've finished

Wyatt off if he had unleashed the Dragon–Breaking Palm. It's all Levi's fault

that Master has to hide his true identity. After all, the Dragon–Breaking Palm is

unique to the Northern Region Supreme Commander. Everybody would

immediately recognize Master if he used it.

Luna's composed expression eventually set Nathan at ease. Master seems

confident in defeating Wyatt even without using the technique.

"You're an arrogant fellow." Wyatt, who was usually a quiet competitor, spoke

in the middle of a game for the first time, surprising the people acquainted

with him.

He hardly communicated with his opponents in the previous Grand Martial

Showdown.

Yet, his remark confused the audience. Why would he accuse Luna of being

arrogant? Luna seems like a modest person to me!

“How dare you hold yourself back when you fight me? I swear to make you go

all out.” After a growl, Wyatt lunged at Luna, leaving the audience in a feverish

discussion.

“Luna is still holding back when she’s fighting Wyatt. Can you believe it?”

“D*mn! What kind of woman is she?”

“I wonder what she’s capable of if what Wyatt said is true.”

Wyatt’s fans refused to believe it. After all, the other fighters struggled to

protect themselves against Wyatt in a fight, yet Luna still held back in her

battle against Wyatt.

However, Wyatt himself said so, leaving them no room for doubt.

Wyatt was getting serious. He struck fast with his family’s special move, the

Parallel Palm, like a machine gun firing ammunition at Luna, depriving Luna of

her attempt to dodge.

The audience barely blinked as they focused on the two fighters.

“It’s over,” the fighters from the Silverbane family of Eshal concluded with

curled lips.

Even though the fighters in the first half shouldn’t be a threat to them, they

didn’t want to worry about their matches later as they couldn’t resolve the

Parallel Palm.

The only way is to interrupt Wyatt or defeat him before he can use it, but Luna

stands no more chance against him.

Blake watched intently, wondering if Luna could get away unscathed.

He had learned the capability of the fighters from the Lannister family and

had never seen anyone successfully dodge it.

Even the most experienced fighter who had encountered the technique

many

times had no idea how to resolve it, let alone Luna, who faced it for the

first time.

Chapter 1612

At that moment, something unexpected happened before the audience's

eyes.

As though Luna had learned the essence of the technique, she simply moved

out of Wyatt's way with unremarkable footwork and dodged the incoming

attacks before Wyatt could hit him.

When Wyatt wanted to deliver the final blow, she once again struck before

Wyatt could. She used the momentum to pull away from Wyatt like he just

did a few moments ago.

"T–That's impossible!" The audience couldn't believe their eyes.

They were surprised to find shock and panic on Wyatt's face.

His loyal fans were having a breakdown after witnessing this from the mant

they believed was unbeatable.

Luna didn't attack Wyatt right away after she regained his balance.

The old godfather nodded in appreciation at his composure.

Santiago exclaimed, "He has astonishing talent. Others might take a few

decades to master the technique when he grasped it in just one day."

"Yes, he's a genius." The old godfather had spoken so highly of anyone before.

Emmanuel was one of the top three martial arts talents in his eyes.

The pair were well aware that Emmanuel didn't see Wyatt as a threat. He's

just testing his skills. After mastering the Art of Adaptability, he can now

predict his opponent's moves in advance. It'll take a lot of effort to harm him.

Where the Silverbane family watched the match, Susan clung to Gautier's

arm in fear after noticing the murderous glare Yosef shot at the fighters in

the arena. He's scary!

"It's okay." Gautier patted her arm gently and comforted her as he gazed at

Yosef, "Yosef is our friend. He'll never harm us."

Yosef disregarded them and instead fixed his gaze on the arena. A hint of anguish and envy flashed across his bloodshot eyes.

Why? Why does the old godfather favor Emmanuel so much? Why would he rather pass on his Jegacy to Emmanuel than me, his apprentice for decades?

Not only is life unfair, but people can also be biased. Fine. No need to dwell on it. In that case, I'll just get rid of the people who wronged me and defy fate.

Meanwhile, Wyatt huffed. "You're Luna Moone, right? Very well. You have piqued my interest. I have been preparing an ultimate move for three years to use it against Gwain. Congratulations. You'll get to see it firsthand."

Wyatt fixed his intense gaze on Luna. His fighting spirit intensified, and he emanated a powerful aura that caught the audience breathless.

"Wow! I can sense the Grandmaster's intimidating aura!"

"It's shaking the stage! Just how formidable is he?"

The audience exclaimed. Is the Grandmaster finally showing us his power?

A lot of people in the arena had watched Wyatt's game three years ago. At

that time, he was indeed powerful, but he wasn't as intimidating as he was

today.

It seems like he has been working hard to sharpen his skills over the past

three years.

"He's about to give Luna a rough time!" The crowd shared the same opinion.

The audience was excited to see how things would unfold. In contrast, the

spectators from the Chapman family had all grown anxious.

Although Mackenzie's face was devoid of any emotions, her hands

involuntarily clenched the hem of her clothes.

"Luna, I don't know who you truly are, but you have clearly seen that special

technique of my family before. Otherwise, you wouldn't have anticipated it.

However, my next move is my original technique. You wouldn't have seen the

same technique from anywhere before. Nothing can stop me when I start

attacking you with it. Even I don't fathom its power. You better surrender now

if you cherish your life.” Wyatt grinned, thinking he had figured out the truth.

Luna was also grinning from ear to ear, but it was hidden under the wolf

mask.

She simply gestured for Wyatt to attack with full force.

Good timing. I’m looking forward to trying the Art of Adaptability. He makes a

worthy test subject.

Chapter 1613

“You asked for it.” Wyatt couldn’t refrain from an outburst as he noticed Luna’s

disdain and gesture. With a rare display of anger, he growled and lunged at

Luna like a tiger.

The Wave Chasing Tiger was the original technique he spent years

developing.

The user plunged at his opponent swiftly like a tiger to gain the upper hand.

After that, he struck an array of attacks by punching and kicking.

At that moment, waves–like aura surrounded Luna. Each intended to take her

down, leaving the audience in awe.

Even the other S- Level fighters had to acknowledge Wyatt's mastery of

various techniques.

He might look like he was attacking randomly, but in the eyes of the

experienced fighters, he struck with precision. He also involved feints, making

it difficult for his opponent to anticipa@ his incoming attacks.

Surrender is the only option if we were in Luna's position.

However, Luna's skill surpassed that of them. Despite Wyatt's maneuvers,

Luna evaded him every time.

Wyatt could see it coming. He expected Luna to be able to dodge his attacks.

Only an opponent like her is worthy to be ended by my best move.

He gradually backed Luna into a corner. Sensing the opportune moment, he

gathered his internal strength onto his fingers and struck at Luna.

A silver light pierced through the air.

The audience watched with their mouths agape when they saw it.

Even the seasoned practitioners marveled at the display. I can never reach

his level, even with decades of practice. What a talented person he is! He

indeed lives up to his reputation as the Grandmaster.

Wyatt was confident,his attack would secure his victory, but Luna skillfully

evaded the fatal blow before he could touch Luna.

There's no way she can do that! Wyatt was shocked. The Wave Chasing Tiger

was supposed to be his best move, yet Luna dodged it.

I thought he only predicted my moves because she had seen the Parallel

Palm before, but the Wave Chasing Tiger is my original move!

Wyatt's confidence was shattered into pieces at the realization.

Luna, however, didn't initiate a counterattack. She only calmly remarked,

"Wyatt, if you think you can defeat me with complex techniques, then you're

wrong. Sure, you're a talented martial artist, but you forgot one thing. Your

can't stick to one mindset, thinking you can defeat everyone with absolute

skills and techniques. You need to be flexible to secure victory."

At that, Luna vanished from the spot and appeared behind Wyatt.

Startled, Wyatt spun around instantly, only to feel a force hurtling toward his chest.

He had lost the will to fight. He did nothing to evade, only bracing himself for the incoming fatal blow to end him.

To his surprise, Luna's fist slowed. At last, she only tapped him on his vital point lightly.

Wyatt was left stunned and broke into a cold sweat. He finally realized how capable his opponent was. She's way more powerful than me.

"I–I yield," Wyatt raised his hands in surrender.

The audience, still processing the outcome, struggled to digest his words.

They expected a fierce and intense battle between the two, but the result didn't quite meet their expectations.

The match ended without bloodshed. The scene was meant to get the fighters, but the audience's blood pumping never came up. Instead, it ended

with one of the fighters admitting defeat.

We sort of expected Luna to surrender, but in the end, the Grandmaster surrendered. What kind of person is Luna to be able to defeat Wyatt? It is beyond our imagination.

“Bravo!” Nathan jumped to his feet and enthusiastically applauded. Now you know who the boss is! Wyatt, return to your family and tell them to behave. and show respect to us the next time we see each other.”

This is d*mn satisfying!

For him, nothing was more satisfying than defeating the Lannister family in martial arts. It was even more thrilling than having a harem of beautiful women.

Chapter 1614

Who would dare to say that the Chapman family lacked experts when they witnessed the spectacle of the beauty from Zovince?

The crowd from the Chapman family erupted into cheers, igniting applause

throughout the arena.

At this moment, the Chapman family truly displayed their prowess, firmly

establishing their reputation among the Four Great Aristocratic Families of

Zovince!

Despite Wyatt's dissatisfaction with the upstart Mr. Nathan's success, he held

absolute admiration for Luna's prowess.

"Luna, I may not know who you are, but your martial arts skills are

undoubtedly on par with those of Southern Lannister. Thank you for showing

mercy!"

After Wyatt cupped his hands with Luna in a gesture of respect, he jumped.

down from the ring.

He had a strong intuition that Luna was highly likely the Northern Wolf Warrior.

Otherwise, no one in the world could surpass him in martial arts proficiency

by an entire realm!

Seated in a separate VIP room, Levi glared intensely at the figure donning the

wolf mask, gritting his teeth. “How could the dignified Northern Wolf Warrior join forces with the Chapmans? It seems the previous rumors were true. Is Mr. Nathan his disciple? But what is his purpose in joining the Chapman family?”

The chairman of the Chamber of Commerce had entrusted Mr. Lestrange with three tasks in Nuthana. First, he needed to gain control over the position of the President of Nuthana and hand it over to his faction. Next, he needed to Locate the Wolf Warrior and ascertain his motives for appearing in Nuthana. Finally, he needed to eliminate the Wolf Warrior to prevent future troubles!

If Luna was indeed the Northern Region Wolf with extraordinary martial arts skills and the protection of the Chapman family, he would pose a significant threat. It would be challenging to eradicate him!

Meanwhile, the matches in the arena continued.

Emmanuel had removed his mask and resumed his identity, returning to Mackenzie’s side.

“Emmanuel, are you okay? Did you get hurt?” Mackenzie asked with concern.

“What could happen to me? I just took a stroll around!” Emmanuel replied

with a smile, unperturbed by the presence of the surrounding individuals who

might eavesdrop on their conversation.

Mackenzie breathed a sigh of relief.

“Mackenzie, how should I fight against the Finch family in the next match?”

Emmanuel specifically inquired.

As soon as the Finch family was mentioned, the people around them

became restless!

“Of course, you should just pummel Nigel out directly!” Shane was the first to

express his opinion.

“Hmph, in my opinion, just beating him up wouldn’t be enough to vent our

anger! We must thoroughly humiliate him!” Beatrix immediately chimed in.

Samantha and others nodded in agreement. They had never felt such

intense hatred towards a family before. All because of the actions of Hannah

after she attached herself to the Finch family. They were incredibly frustrated!

They wanted to educate Hannah and correct her mindset. However, to do so,

they needed to crush the Finch family and shatter her beliefs.

Once her beliefs were shattered, she would return and obediently apologize,

even without them scolding her!

Everyone expressed their opinions, and Emmanuel found it amusing.

It seemed that the members of the Quillen family held strong opinions about

the Finch family. If Emmanuel failed to adequately intimidate Nigel, it would

probably be challenging to provide them with an explanation.

Even more surprisingly, at this moment, there were other forces from

Nuthana attempting to ingratiate themselves with the Finch family.
Although Emmanuel didn't recognize the individual representing that faction,

he happened to notice Dominic. This led him to infer that the person was

likely the head of the Yarrow family in Frostvale.

Dominic had just been eliminated, bringing his journey in the peak

competition of the Nuthana to an end.

As the head of the Yarrow family, Dylan had previously vied for a position as an informal member of the Nuthana Chamber of Commerce, but he lost to the Quillen family. Now, he sought refuge under the Finch family's wing.

"Mr. Finch, the Chapman family has risen to fame in one battle. As the Finch family is also an Aristocratic Family in Zovince, I believe you will surely make it to the finals. When the time comes, and your name resounds throughout Nuthana, please do remember to take care of the Yarrow family!" Dylan said, offering a gift discreetly to Bernett.

"Of course!" Bernett accepted with a smile. He also needed more influential factions to rely on in Nuthana. Seeing how tactful the Yarrow family was, he generously responded, "When my Finch family shines in the second half of Nuthana Grand Martial Showdown, we will undoubtedly hold considerable sway in the Southern Province. By then, the Yarrow family will naturally receive benefits!"

“Thank you!” Dylan bowed and expressed his gratitude.

“Well, Mr. Yarrow, if you have nothing else, why don’t you sit on our Finch

family’s side and watch the remaining matches together?” Bernett extended

his invitation, hoping that Dylan would witness the remarkable performance

of Nigel and further admire the Finch family.

Chapter 1615

“Alright! Then I’ll prematurely wish Nigel victory!”

Dylan took the opportunity to compliment Nigel.

However, Nigel remained proud, showing complete disdain for Dylan and

Dominic.

In his view, the Jensen family couldn’t even defeat the so–called Wolf Warrior,

appearing utterly incompetent!

Regarding the Yarrow family, being the foremost family in a third–tier city,

they had limited strength and were not worth his consideration.

Dominic had already allied himself with the Chapman family. However, since

Nathan allowed him time to gradually sever ties with the Yarrow family,

Dominic continued to follow Dylan for the time being.

Upon witnessing Dylan’s subservience to the Finch family, he derided the

Yarrow family. Observing the arrogant demeanor of Nigel, he eagerly

The Clash of Titans

#t

anticipated his downfall. When misfortune strikes, he planned to exacerbate

it, mercilessly crushing him beneath his heel!

At present, he remained silent and ostensibly accompanied Dylan, ostensibly

to show support for the Finch family, but ready to betray them at any

moment!

The matches continued.

The three matches in the lower half of the bracket ended quickly with fairly

competitive results.

The two powerhouses from Eshal easily advanced to the final eight

tomorrow, enjoying unparalleled prestige!

After all, all the forces in Nuthana knew that although the Chapman family

was formidable, they had no intention of intervening in the Nuthana

Chamber of Commerce. As for the third Silverbane family's Yosef, they could

never rise to prominence despite their strength. Even if they won the

championship, the probability of becoming the Chairman of the Nuthana

Chamber of Commerce was slim!

The real contenders for the position of Chairman were all in the lower half of

the bracket.

Eshal was undoubtedly in the lead!

Backed by the support of a super energy source, the Quillen family was

growing rapidly. If they could also win the title of Grandmaster, they might be

able to surpass Eshal and completely change the flag of the Nuthana

Chamber of Commerce!

And then, there was the Finch family!

Although the Finch family didn't grow as aggressively as the Quillen family,

they were a prestigious family in Zovince with deep–rooted influence.

nationwide. They had been focusing on development in Nuthana. Winning

the title of Grandmaster and becoming the new Chairman had also been

highly possible!

Thus, in everyone's eyes, the martial strength in the lower half of the bracket

might not have surpassed that in the upper half. However, the competition behind the scenes had been even fiercer!

Finally, as scheduled, the highly anticipated match of the night commenced

with Nigel of the Finch family facing off against Emmanuel of the Quillen

family!

The cheers from the audience were mixed.

Many people secretly glanced at the areas occupied by the Finch family and

the Quillen family, noticing a strange phenomenon.

Barnett and Hannah appeared confident as they were convinced Nigel would

win.

However, Mackenzie appeared particularly relaxed.

Many men sneakily assessed the beauty. They were well aware that Luna

was even more nervous than his match just now.

What could be happening?

Did both sides believe they had already won?

This was a focal battle concerning the competition for the position of

Chairman of the Nuthana Chamber of Commerce!

Regardless of everyone's thoughts, the bell for the match still rang on time.

Neither of them rushed to attack. Surprisingly, Nigel still carried himself

confidently and said coldly, "Emmanuel, my matriarch is also from the Quillen

family. So, out of respect for her and to avoid accusations of bullying the

younger generation, I'll let you have one move!"

F*ck!

Upon hearing this, lots of people in the audience were instantly shocked.

Emmanuel's strength was evident to all, having just decisively defeated

Austin from S–level. Yet, Nigel dared to be so arrogant?

Little did they know that this was at Hannah's behest!

From the very beginning, she had been biased against Emmanuel, and this

bias only grew deeper over time.

Even at this moment, she had never truly acknowledged Emmanuel's

strength. Instead, she wanted to humiliate him with this method, allowing

Mackenzie and the Quillen family to see the reality!

Hannah did nothing wrong; the fault lies solely with them!

For any of the top eight contestants, excluding the fake Wolf Warrior,

encountering such a situation would surely make them furious, feel

humiliated, and erupt in anger!

However, Emmanuel didn't. He just smiled faintly and said, "As you wish!"

Then, he took the initiative to attack.

Nigel remained proud, displaying the demeanor of a grandmaster.

He dared to accept Hannah’s order because he was confident in his

strength!

He possesses the strength of a generation leader of Peakstone Sect, only

coming to Zovince to enjoy life due to his lack of interest in managing the

sect.

Initially, he dismissed the idea that a young person from a less prominent city.

like Yeringham could challenge him.

However, the next instant brought a realization of his error.

And it wasn’t just a small error, but a significant one!

Emmanuel threw a punch, seamlessly transitioning it into a palm strike,

effectively locking the old man’s waving arm in place.

Chapter 1616

Then, Emmanuel struck Nigel’s nose directly with a punch from his left hand.

Splat!

Whose nose was bleeding and spraying across the ring?

Blood splattered across the ground!

Nigel was stunned on the spot!

He hadn't been hiding his S–level strength, but he hadn't anticipated

Emmanuel's speed, which proved to be much faster than he imagined. He

had barely enough time to raise his foot to block the attack!

Little did he know, Emmanuel had deliberately held back. He wanted to

stylishly thrash this arrogant and despicable Nigel. Otherwise, that single

punch could have knocked him out cold!

Emmanuel threw another punch.

Nigel had managed to raise his foot to block it this time.

However, Emmanuel played unconventionally. He directly tripped Nigel's

supporting leg and caused him to fall flat on his face!

"Haha, with this the level of someone who boasts about fighting with one

hand tied behind their back?"

Much to everyone's surprise, before the other spectators could even begin to

mock, laughter erupted from the Finch family's section.

Dominic laughed openly and said, "I'm just being honest. He can't

n even

with both hands, yet he shamelessly boasts about fighting with one hand.

Isn't he asking for a beating? I've never seen someone so pathetic!"

The surrounding audience also laughed out loud.

Barnett and Hannah's faces turned ashen.

"Haha, that Dominic guy is pretty amusing! Next time we drink, we should hire

him as our driver. Give him some business!"

Shane felt thoroughly amused by the comment.

The Quillen family members also laughed heartily.

"Darn it! Young people have no sense of martial ethics!"

Nigel got up. His face was full of fury.

Emmanuel intended to beat him both physically and verbally. He shrugged

and said, “How am I not showing martial ethics? I didn’t attack by surprise,

and I haven’t hit you while you’re down. People as respectful as me are rare

these days!”

“Right! We can testify to that!”

Nathan led a group of people in voicing their support for Emmanuel.

It was clear to everyone that Nigel had failed to show off and was now

paying the price. Who could he blame?

“You brat, I spared you twice before out of respect for the lady’s presence. But

I won’t hold back on this third strike!”

After Nigel finished speaking, he adopted a serious fighting stance. His gaze

was intensely focused, with both hands ready for combat.

Not only that, but he also gained a new understanding of Emmanuel’s

strength. Nigel realized that he couldn’t be overconfident. To regain his

dignity, Nigel took the initiative to launch an attack on this.

Despite Nigel’s aggressive approach, Emmanuel effortlessly evaded his

attacks with graceful ease.

Seizing an opportunity, Emmanuel punched him hard in the nose again!

“Ouch!” Nigel screamed in pain.

This brat keeps aiming for my nose! It’s almost shattered!

“Haha, doesn’t he look like an old hound?”

The happiest person was Shane.

Firstly, he had bet everything on Emmanuel’s victory.

Secondly, Emmanuel was avenging him!

It was like stringing gold twice over –

pure ecstasy!

The Quillen family members also watched with satisfaction. Beatrix, in

particular, leisurely enjoyed some popcorn. She watched as her

brother–in–law bullied Nigel.

Most of the audience was there just for entertainment, but notable figures

like those from Eshal and Mr. Lestrange had furrowed brows.

Only the experts could discern the intricacies. They were well aware that the

old man had concealed his strength before, but the display just now

showcased at least S–level prowess. However, in front of Emmanuel, his flaws

were glaringly evident!

There's no denying that Emmanuel from the Quillen family was unparalleled

in feigning weakness to conquer the strong.

"How about it? Ready to give up? I'm not fond of bullying old men!"

Emmanuel spread his hands and smiled.

"Surrender? How could I ever surrender? I'd rather die than yield!"

Nigel launched another furious attack.

Emmanuel deliberately refrained from using any advanced techniques,

opting instead for basic strikes. Therefore, Nigel remained unaware of the

depth of his strength and still clinging to the hope of victory.

Emmanuel feared that Nigel might surrender, so Emmanuel's mind was put

at ease when he heard Nigel's declaration of determination not to yield.

Thud!

Thud!

Two more punches landed on Nigel's cheeks.

His once gaunt cheeks swelled like two buns.

"Sorry about that. I'm just trying to help you gain some weight!"

Seeing Nigel glaring at him, Emmanuel quickly added with a grin, "How about

this? Since you let me fight with one hand earlier, I'll return the favor and fight.

you with one hand now."

Nigel's fighting spirit surged upon hearing those words. Initially, he had

teetered on the brink of surrender, but now determination coursed through

his veins.

What an arrogant rascal! Nigel thought in silence.

Bernett and Hannah exchanged nervous glances. Their palms were coated

with a film of perspiration. Their emotions mirrored Nigel's, which were a

blend of anxiety and anticipation.

“Just a moment ago,” Dominic chortled, “he boasted of defeating opponents with a single hand. Now, the tables have turned. He’s the one challenged to fight using only one hand. Perhaps this old folk won’t emerge victorious in

such a duel!”

Dominic’s laughter echoed through the room, which further drew angry

glares from the Finch family.

Dylan Yarrow, ever stoic, made no move to silence Dominic. Dominic’s

Chapter 1617 Nigel’s Defeat

laughter added a layer of rivalry. The tension hung thick in the air, a clash of

pride and skill.

Nigel stood opposite Emmanuel. They formed a mismatched pair. Any

discerning observer could see that Nigel’s skill paled in comparison to the

formidable Emmanuel. Dominic, ever the provocateur, openly mocked the

Finch family. His laughter echoed. It was a taunt that cut deeper than any

blade. But he was no mere spectator. His motives remained shrouded. Could

he be a warlord in disguise, using this spectacle to prove allegiance or seek

refuge with the Quillen family?

“You little brat!” Nigel’s voice cracked, rage boiling over. “I’ll kill you! I’m going

to kill you!”

Shame washed over him. That was the greatest shame of his life. His eyes.

turned bloodshot, and he launched a desperate attack against Emmanuel.

Desperation fueled his blows.

How unreasonable!

How unreasonable!

For decades, Nigel had been the challenger, the one who tested others‘

mettle. Now, the tables were cruelly turned. Emmanuel, that scoundrel, had

pushed arrogance to its limits. His death seemed well–deserved.

Yet, despite Nigel’s determination and the strength exerted to the breaking.

point, Emmanuel remained unscathed.

In the arena, the spectators craned their necks, eyes riveted on the unfolding spectacle. Between Nigel and Emmanuel, an invisible galaxy of difference stretched. It was a cosmic expanse separating skill from futility.

“Old folk, you’re too pathetic!” a voice sneered from the crowd. “Did you start the game pretending to be strong?” The words hung heavy, a collective judgment that echoed through the air.

“He made me lose my bet,” another voice chimed in, bitterness lacing the words. “Acted all tough, he did. But he’s both weak and pretentious. Talking about this shameless guy!” The crowd murmured in agreement, their disdain palpable.

Under the arena, swears erupted with a chorus of frustration and disappointment.

Nigel’s heart lay cold, his spirit shattered.

Never in his decades of martial arts had he faced such humiliation. The

crowd's jeers were a relentless assault, chipping away at his resolve.

If only he could kill Emmanuel. But fate was cruel. It was a taunting reminder

of Nigel's inadequacy when Emmanuel fought with one hand. Nigel further

earned himself two punishing punches, with pain radiated when Emmanuel

landed two blows on him.

Nigel's eyes swelled, a pair of panda–like bruises encircling them.

In the electric atmosphere of the arena, Shane's laughter echoed. It was

much resemblant to a raucous celebration. "Haha, Emmanuel," he called out,

"you have quite the artistic flair! You made Nigel start off as a monkey and end up as a panda. It's like you are performing a magic show!" His words.

danced with mischief, a nod to the absurdity of the duel.

His excitement was so evident that he almost performed Adriel's "Dance with

Your Way" right there on the spot.

Not to be outdone, Frederick joined the chorus. His relief was palpable, a

million–dollar weight lifted. "Finally, I won a million!" he exclaimed, voice

booming. “Don’t call me a jinx anymore!” The crowd erupted, their cheers a symphony of fortune.

But on the arena ground laid Nigel, defeated and broken. His spirit had crumbled, worse than death.

He clung to stubbornness, a last vestige of pride. “If I hadn’t started by letting you use only one hand,” he rasped, “and if you hadn’t injured me, you definitely wouldn’t have beaten me!” His defiance hung in the air, a desperate plea.

Seeing that he was still being stubborn, Emmanuel simply hid both of his arms and offered. “Nigel, how about this. I’ll let you use both legs and one hand, is that acceptable?”

Nigel’s leap was fueled by vengeance. “You said it yourself,” he spat, rising from the ground. “If you die, don’t blame anyone else!” This was what he wanted to hear.

Nigel faced a crossroads. Emmanuel’s challenge had stripped him bare,

leaving pride and desperation as his only weapons. If he failed now, he would be branded the lousiest and dumbest fighter in history. It was a title no one coveted.

But cruel reality mocked Nigel. No matter how he attacked, Emmanuel danced away, a phantom eluding his grasp. With a single leg, Emmanuel delivered a kick that reverberated through Nigel's skull, knocking out teeth and shattering resolve! Pain exploded, and Nigel's surrender was inevitable.

"I surrender! I surrender!" His voice cracked, desperation echoing. "I lose!! lose!"

The crowd watched, silent witnesses to his downfall.

Emmanuel poised for another strike, but Nigel waved his hands in fear, retreating. Words tumbled from his toothless mouth, unintelligible. Whether it was a plea for mercy or defiance, no one could tell.

Emmanuel's final kick sent Nigel sprawling, a broken figure on the arena floor.

Nigel looked undeniably pitiful and tragic after being beaten up by

Emmanuel. The situation mirrored the famous poet, Gemma Mann's quote

"How utterly tragic!"

Emmanuel's brow furrowed as he strained to understand Nigel's words. "I

apologize," he said, scratching his head. I didn't quite catch what you said

earlier.

His sincerity was evident.

He was a reasonable man who adhered to the rules of combat. Surely, when

an opponent surrendered, he wouldn't Further, right?

Despite he was obviously dying, Nigel still got up in a daze and knelt in front

of Emmanuel to beg for mercy. He thought Emmanuel was coming over to

attack him further.

Even if he cannot hear clearly, surely, he can understand, right?

The thought played in Nigel's mind as he thought even if his voice wavered,

surely Emmanuel could understand. He deemed Emmanuel did it on

purpose.

“I surrender!” Nigel rasped, the words a plea for mercy. “I quit!”

Bullying an elderly person. What a lack of martial virtue!

Nigel quickly knelt and groveled as a sign of begging for mercy. He then

rolled off the arena. His old bones protested, and he feared another beating

from Emmanuel.

Amidst the charged atmosphere, Shane’s laughter cut through the tension

like a blade. “Haha, this is the Finch family’s expert!” he jeered. “The kind of

master they have determines the kind of pet dog they raise!”
His words were merciless, a calculated strike at their pride.

The Finch family, once boastful, now faced their own hubris. How many times

had they flaunted their expertise before this match?

Bernett and Hannah, thrust into the spotlight, wore expressions that mirrored

their inner turmoil. Their expressions were seen half pale, half dark. It was

evident that they were so embarrassed and they wished to vanish into the

arena floor.

What a predicament!

The crowd held its collective breath, witnessing the fall from grace. And then,

like a phantom, Dylan rose from his seat.

“Mr. Finch, see you!” he murmured, no hesitation in his voice. His exit was swift,

a retreat from the impending storm. Dominic followed suit, slipping into the

night’s embrace.

Chapter 1618

Considering the abysmal performance of the Finch family, it was highly

unlikely that they could even come close to securing the position of

Chairman at the Nuthana Chamber of Commerce. Furthermore, their

reputation in Nuthana was now seriously in question. The possibility of

whether to remain in Nuthana surely weighed heavily on their minds!

The entire audience openly mocked the Finch family. The invective came one

after another. Everyone couldn’t bear to watch the actions of this family any

longer.

Meanwhile, several members of the Quillen family experienced a mix of heartache and anger as they watched Hannah suffer defeat and leave the competition.

Samantha Quillen had already intercepted, her voice icy as she scolded, “Hannah, do you see it now? Who exactly misjudged the situation? Are you still stubbornly clinging to your delusions?”

Hannah lowered her head. She was shivering.

“Hannah, let’s go!”

Bernett was aware that the Quillen family was in the limelight now, so he did not dare to say more but pulled Hannah away. He just wished to get out of that tense situation as soon as possible.

Hannah appeared to struggle, and hesitation played in her mind. Despite looking back at Samantha, Hannah ultimately followed Bernett.

Samantha’s frustration boiled over, and she stomped her foot. How could my sister have turned out like this? Samantha actually hoped that Hannah could have realized what was true and acted the opposite way.

The atmosphere at the Badlands Arena remained intense. Emmanuel, with a resounding victory, concluded tonight’s battle.

As a result, the top 8 contestants have all been determined!

As Emmanuel and Mackenzie led the Quillen family members away, numerous influential figures from Nuthana had already positioned themselves in advance. Everyone stepped forward to offer their congratulations.

The influential figures were seen acting in this way because the organizers had updated their assessments and odds following tonight’s matches.

Emmanuel was now rated as an S Rank (Upper) fighter. With the award of this title, his odds of winning the championship were just below those of Yosef Harper and Luna Moone. He even surpassed the two formidable

experts trained under Eshal Silverbane, thus securing the third position! It was evident that he was now showing his potential, and his future was boundless.

Given this situation, many people speculated that the flourishing Quillen family might achieve a miraculous rise in the Nuthana commercial community. With the emergence of the device, which was in the midst of development by the family, and with Emmanuel's dominant performance, the Quillen family could potentially ascend directly from non–membership to the position of the president! It was a leap that spans many levels!

Ultimately, the rules in this world rested upon a foundation of strength. Once someone possessed power, then he or she could defy any rule!

In stark contrast to the Quillen family, Eshal Silverbane's momentum. unexpectedly waned due to recent events. The Quillen family's hard–fought victory elevated them to a state of euphoria, akin to being in seventh heaven.

"Hmph, Ruben muttered, "let them revel in their smugness for a day.

Tomorrow, they'll experience the precipitous fall from heaven to hell."

From a distance, Ruben observed the unfolding situation. His fists clenched,

and his eyes filled with mysterious confidence. Unbeknownst to him,

something profound was playing out in his mind.

"Mr. Lowe, you're amazing! I've become your little fan!"

Amidst the influential figures, Angela also represented Onza Silverbane–in

congratulating the Quillen family. She was very delighted to have witnessed

this result.

After shaking hands with Emmanuel, she even boldly hugged him in front of

everyone. It was evident that Angela truly idolized him.

Beatrix observed this scene with a fixed stare and had a quick glance at

Mackenzie. She expected her sister to wear a displeased expression out of

jealousy.

Meanwhile, Mackenzie remained composed and seemingly unfazed.

She could still discern the truth that Angela was indeed her husband's

fervent admirer, but her demeanor prevented her from meddling in someone

else's marriage like a sly fox.

"Haha, Ms. Quillen, Mr. Lowe, congratulations!"

Amidst the group from Nuthana, Nathan and other experts approached the

Quillen family to offer their congratulations.

Nathan even extended his hand toward Mackenzie.

Initially, everyone assumed he wanted to shake hands, but to their surprise,

he performed a formal kiss on the back of Mackenzie's hand right in front of

Emmanuel.

Emmanuel stared at him intently. Has Nathan suddenly become more

sophisticated and daring to act this way?

Meanwhile, Mackenzie remained composed. There was no reason why

Emmanuel could allow a beautiful woman to hug him but not permit a man

to perform a respectful hand–kissing gesture.

Observing Emmanuel's jealousy and annoyance, Mackenzie felt a strange sense of satisfaction. Let him be nervous!

Nathan took a bold risk, kissing Mackenzie's hand before quickly releasing it, his laughter hearty. "Let's wish ourselves a smooth reunion in tomorrow's finals," he said. "Ah, I suddenly realize we're truly fated!"

Mr. Nathan clapped his hands abruptly and declared, "Mr. Lowe loves Mackenzie. The first letters of Lowe and Mackenzie are L&M. And our Chapman family's top expert is Luna Moone, also the first letters of his name are L&M. It rhymes so well! Emmanuel, you and Luna should really get to know each other better. Tomorrow night, let's spar and see who loves more fiercely!"

The surrounding people erupted into laughter.

Luna, who wore a mask, also stepped forward. He shook hands with Emmanuel.

Observers noticed that not only were they similar in height, but their body

shapes were also quite alike! They resembled each other so much it was

almost as if they were clones of each other.

If they were to face off in tomorrow's finals, it would undoubtedly be an

exciting and intense match!

"Alright, let's go!"

Nathan deliberately staged this little drama, ensuring that Luna and Emmanuel appeared together on screen before waving goodbye and

leading everyone away.

As one of the Four Great Aristocratic Families of Zovince and the wealthiest in

the entire country, the Chapman family enjoyed special privileges on

Badlands Island, much like Hattie Zelinsky.

They had a private helicopter landing on the island, along with vehicles and a

professional security team to escort Mr. Nathan.

Chapter 1619

In contrast to the Chapman family's approach, the Quillen family adhered to

the arrangements set by the Nuthana Martial Arts Association, opting to take a car back to their hotel.

Due to the need to wait for these arrangements, their itinerary was less flexible and swift compared to that of the Chapman family and the Zelinsky family.

After a brief wait, the group boarded the car and returned to the hotel.

Despite the wait, the atmosphere remained cheerful. After all, they had successfully secured a spot in the top 8.

In the eyes of Mackenzie's aunties, even if they didn't ultimately win the championship, the Quillen family had already gained significant prestige. Their performance served as a reminder to Nuthana that Yeringham was not to be underestimated!

As the car approached the hotel, the Quillen family was taken aback by the unexpected sight. The hotel entrance as swarming with people, creating a

was

chaotic scene.

Curious and concerned, they strained to hear the source of the commotion.

Suddenly, Nathan's furious voice cut through the crowd.

"Investigate! You must thoroughly investigate this!" he thundered. "Otherwise,

I, Nathan Chapman, will never let it rest!" His anger reverberated, echoing his

determination.

But that wasn't all. Nathan's frustration spilled over. "This is going too far!" he

continued. "Do they think my Chapman family's wealth of several hundred

billion isn't worth considering? Or do they think we're pushovers?"

Emmanuel, sensing the tension, swiftly guided Mackenzie out of the car.

Shane and Frederick cleared a path, allowing the Quillen family members to

reach the heart of the crowd.

And there, in the midst of the chaos, they witnessed a shocking scene..

Luna Moone, who had just shaken hands with Emmanuel, was found lying

motionless on the floor and had been shot in the head!

Emmanuel's sharp eyes assessed the situation with clarity. The assassin had

wielded an FR–F2 sniper rifle, lying in ambush at the hotel entrance. As soon

as Luna stepped out of the car, the shot rang out!

The suddenness of the attack left everyone stunned. "I can't believe it!" Shane

exclaimed urgently. "Quick, protect Emmanuel!" The Quillen family members

were on edge, sensing that the attack seemed specifically targeted at the

advancing contestants.

Emmanuel, caught in a paradox, appreciated everyone's protective instincts.

Yet, their close proximity made them vulnerable in a way that a sniper could

easily lock onto their area. However, his keen battlefield intuition, honed as

the Wolf Warrior, told him that no assassins lingered nearby. The killer must

have already vanished from the scene. The situation was dire. The

quarter–finals had taken an unexpected turn, and the stakes were higher

than ever.

Despite the tense atmosphere, Nathan's words hung heavy in the air like a foreboding omen. "Ms, Quillen," Nathan walked over and said to Mackenzie. He left out a few coughs while continuing his lines. "This is a lesson from the past. You must protect your husband well, or else you'll become a widow. Even so, I'll still take good care of you!"

The first half of the sentence had been touching, a reminder of vulnerability and love. But the second half, which was the ominous promise, had obviously sent shivers down her spine.

Nathan's gaze flickered toward the shadows, as if expecting an unseen threat. His master's presence loomed nearby, and Nathan knew better than to underestimate the danger. He sighed, a weight settling on his shoulders, and gestured for the rest to follow him into the hotel.

Together, Emmanuel and Mackenzie also stepped into the hotel lobby.

The members of the Martial Arts Association stood guard at the entrance,

their eyes sharp and vigilant. They were assigned a new task of investigating this matter and enhancing hotel security.

These incidents were not uncommon during peak tournaments.

The coveted title of Grandmaster brought immense benefits like power, wealth and influence. But where there were rewards, there were also desperate measures. Unethical methods lurked in the shadows, waiting to eliminate rivals.

In an unexpected twist, Luna, being an unparalleled expert, met his demise from a bullet no larger than a peanut. The shock rippled through the ranks, defying logic and expectation.

As the saying goes: Even the best fall down sometimes. In this high–stakes game, anything was possible. This rhymed with Alistril's quote "Everything could happen!"

Meanwhile, within the opulent confines of an exclusive hotel room, Envoy Azure, disheveled and discreet, approached Levi Lestrange. "Mr. Lestrange,

the deed has been done. The person is dead." In a barely audible voice, he delivered the news.

"Good job!" Levi's response was succinct.

Yet, beneath his praise lay a seed of suspicion. The operation went smoothly and flawlessly. He commanded a cadre of capable individuals, each skilled in their own right. To doubt their success based on its flawless execution would be an insult to their competence.

Envoy Azure leaned closer, his question a whisper. "Do we need to eliminate the fake Wolf Warrior as well as Emmanuel?" The stakes had escalated, and Levi weighed the consequences.

The room held its breath. Mr. Lestrange leaned back in his chair with fingers. steepled. His mind churned with calculated precision. "Give the organizers respect," he mused aloud, his voice a low murmur. "If only one person dies, they'll conduct a thorough investigation. But if two lives are extinguished,

they'll lock down the entire island and hunt for the culprit relentlessly."

Envoy Azure stood by the window and nodded in silent accord.

"And honestly," Mr. Lestrange continued, "I don't believe that fake Wolf Warrior is the real deal. Too flashy, too eager for the spotlight. Real strength doesn't announce itself. It should move like a shadow and strike like a viper."

"Indeed, I certainly agreed with your wise words, Mr. Lestrange," Envoy concurred, his voice a low murmur in the room.

The fake Wolf Warrior might have deceived some novices or those who are easily fooled. But we're all top experts with keen insight. All of us can certainly see through it.

Mr. Lestrange leaned back, his fingers tracing patterns on the armrest. "As for Emmanuel," he mused, "let's observe whether he can successfully overcome his battle with Eshal Silverbane. Even if he reaches the finals, the odds of an S–level expert like him falling to Yosef are alarmingly high." His eyes gleamed with calculated wisdom. "Intervention would be futile."

Chapter 1620

“Levi’s wisdom shines bright!” Envoy Azure complimented.

As another night of competition ended, various factions and individuals

began to unwind. Some relaxed, while those still in the midst of competition

grasped the chance to rest.

However, there was someone who stood out from the rest.

With a firm grip on his sword, he slipped into a room at an ordinary inn

without making any sound.

Despite the silence, the old man sitting in the room was aware of his

presence and spoke with his eyes shut. “Yosef, you’ve finally come to visit

me?”

Yosef emerged from the darkness.

Despite his pristine appearance, his eyes had lost their sparkle. He was no

longer resembling the vibrant youth he once was.

The old man asked him with closed eyes. “You’ve approached me, implying

that you have something on your mind. Why not share your thoughts?”

Then Yosef locked his gaze on him, gritting his teeth as he inquired. “Old godfather, why? I’ve faithfully served you for two decades, but you’ve never imparted martial arts to me. Instead, you decided to pass on the Art of Adaptability to Emmanuel. Why?”

The old godfather didn’t reply immediately. Instead, he slowly opened his eyes.

His aged gaze was as deep as an endless tunnel.

“Haven’t you understood yet?” he asked.

I don’t understand!” Yosef clenched his teeth. His frustration seeped through his words. “Is it because his grandfather and father were heroes, while mine was a murderer? Have you already judged me because of that?”

The old godfather didn’t respond directly, instead posing a question in return.

“Am I wrong?”

“You’re wrong! Utterly wrong!” Yosef’s voice rose with indignation. “Your lack of trust has shrouded me in darkness, leading to my current state!”

The old godfather’s expression remained unchanged as he questioned, “Is that truly what you think?”

“Yes!” Yosef affirmed vehemently. “As the old godfather of Hero’s Village, your judgment was significant. If you trust me and pass on the mantle to me, the villagers will also trust me. Queenie wouldn’t scorn my origins, and I’d tread the path of righteousness rather than the one I’m on now!”

The old godfather looked at him with a hint of a smile playing on his lips.

“What you’re saying does make some sense, but it’s not entirely correct.”

Yosef clenched his fists. His knuckles were prominent.

“Yosef!” The old godfather let out a long sigh and expressed his heartfelt concern in his words. “You’re truly my most cherished disciple, and I earnestly wish for you to find the right path! However, you should understand that it’s not my approval that will lead you there. It’s your journey towards

righteousness that will earn the respect of others!”

With a clang, Yosef finally drew his sword. With anger in his voice, he angrily

pointed his sword at the old godfather. “That’s nonsense! You’re just showing

favoritism towards Emmanuel!”

The old godfather’s demeanor remained unperturbed. “Perhaps he has

reasons deserving of my favoritism.”

“What is the reason?” Yosef roared, and his eyes blazed with anger.

Santiago continued to gulp down alcohol outside the room without disturbing

the conversation between the master and the disciple.

Meanwhile, a swarm of butterflies, attracted by the scent of liquor, futtered

outside the room, spreading fragrant aromas.

“Yosef, if I passed on the Art of Adaptability to you, it would be futile as you

still cannot comprehend it.”

The old godfather’s response was straightforward. “It’s not that your martial

arts is inferior to Emmanuel. It's your spiritual maturity that falls short."

"What do you mean?" Yosef's sword tip had already touched the old

godfather's throat.

Unperturbed, the old godfather continued to explain. "Emmanuel

comprehends the purpose behind martial arts, while you do not."

"His strength stems from his understanding of sacrifice and the willingness to

defend home and country. On the battlefield, he bravely fights enemies as

he knows that his country and people rely on him. He must be strong enough

to stand firm!"

"Your pursuit of martial arts is driven by personal gain–control over the

village, perhaps even the approval of a woman. The disparity in your spiritual

realms is vast."

Yosef's gaze darkened, suffused with

crimson rage.

"You're talking nonsense! You're looking down on me! You all have prejudices

against me! I'll kill Emmanuel to prove you're all wrong! Wrongdoers don't

deserve to live!"

In the end, Yosef swung his sword.

In his mind, the old godfather had already been dismembered.