Wrong Table 1621

Chapter 1621

Gradually, his consciousness became blurred.

When he woke up the following day, he found himself alone.

The world he saw was awash in a deep crimson hue.

He believed it was the blood of the old godfather that had stained his world!

“Kill!

“Kill!!”

Yosef’s head throbbed with pain as he raised his sword to the sky and roared.

The only reason he was still alive was to kill Emmanuel and prove everyone

wrong.

He wanted to show that he was stronger than Emmanuel and vindicate

himself in the eyes of the old godfather, Queenie, and all the villagers of

Hero’s Village who had doubted him.

“Old godfather, that guy is about to betray his master and destroy his

ancestors. Why do you still keep him?”

In that room where Yosef had just left, Santiago and the old godfather

appeared for a conversation.

Fortunately, they had used the intoxicated butterflies to induce Yosef, who

was mentally unstable, into a drunken state in advance.

“I’ve always been selfish.” The old godfather squinted, sighing, “I’ve watched

him grow up, and I don’t want him to die. The fate of his awakening lies in the

hands of Emmanuel.”

Santiago curled his lips, sensing that the old godfather was indeed unfair.

What if Yosef killed his disciple?

However, considering that the old godfather had passed on the Art of

Adaptability to Emmanuel, Santiago don’t argue with him.

On the other side, after returning to the inn, Emmanuel did not continue to

contemplate the Art of Adaptability.

Firstly, given the assassination incident, he couldn’t guarantee that Teddy’s

associates wouldn’t retaliate against him. It was too dangerous to enter

another meditative state rashly.

Secondly, he felt that the first two levels were enough to deal with Yosef.

Tonight, he would just cuddle with his sweet wife and sleep well.

The couple hadn’t enjoyed this kind of time together for a long time,

especially Mackenzie. Being pregnant, she was exhausted during this time.

Her body was nearing its limit.

Now, with Emmanuel by her side to sleep, she could finally rest peacefully.

As dawn broke, sha

found Emmanuel wasn’t by her side. She quickly got up

and walked out of the room.

Thinking that Emmanuel was making breakfast, she found him on the phone instead.

“Mackenzie, are you awake?” Emmanuel heard her footsteps and quickly

hung up the phone, turning to look at her.

“Well, it’s so early. Who are you talking to on the phone?” Mackenzie asked.

Emmanuel smiled slightly and leaned in close to her, murmuring softly.

Mackenzie’s face changed slightly. It took her a while before she nodded and said, “Tonight is the last match. Don’t let other things distract you.”

“Understood. I’ll make breakfast for you.” Emmanuel nodded. Even though the last battle was tonight, he still had to fulfill his duties as a good husband and take care of his pregnant wife.

Before setting out on his journey, Terence had considered Octara Island as the last stop of his world tour. This was a world–famous resort, and it wasn’t too far from Change.

At six in the morning, Marilyn prepared breakfast as usual and brought it to Terence’s room.

Before she entered the room, she suddenly received a text message. The operation has started, so everyone has to get ready. There’s no room for

error.‘

Upon seeing these words, Marilyn pursed her lips silently. Her young face showed a hint of nervousness.

After deleting the message and taking a deep breath, she entered Terence’s room.

“Ah, Sir, why are you up so early today?” With a sweet smile, Marilyn placed breakfast in front of Terence.

“Haha, I’m going back to Chanaea soon, so I’m a bit excited. I couldn’t sleep.” Terence said, then suddenly remembered, “Oh, by the way, why haven’t Mackenzie and Emmanuel contacted me? Let me check what’s going on today. It should be the day of the final match in the Nuthana Grand Martial Showdown, right? Why haven’t they told me about the situation?”

Marilyn simply smiled and didn’t respond.

At that moment, Alfred walked in, rolling up his sleeves, and suggested, “Old Mr. Quillen, why don’t you try calling them again?”

“Good idea!” Terence requested Marilyn to fetch his phone. He unlocked it

with his fingerprint and dialed Mackenzie’s number.

He had called at least twenty times over the past few days, but each time,

there was no answer. He wondered what was going on at home.

However, Marilyn’s eyes flickered because she had secretly changed some

information on Terence’s phone. The number he dialed wasn’t actually the

Quillen family member’s number.

Chapter 1622

“Hey, is this Dad?”

To Terence’s surprise, the call connected, and a voice resembling Hannah’s

came through.

“Hannah, why is it you?” Terence asked in surprise. “Isn’t this Mackenzie’s

number?”

“Are you asking about Mackenzie? She’s in trouble.”

“Trouble? What happened?” Terence was stunned.

The voice on the other end, similar to Hannah's, trembled as she replied,

"Emmanuel made it to the finals of the Grand Martial Showdown, but they

were all assassinated last night."

"What?!" Terence's eyes/widened, feeling like he might faint.

"Sir, are you okay?"

"Old Mr. Quillen, snap out of it!"

Marilyn and Alfred quickly supported him. Alfred immediately gave him a pill.

It took Terence a while to regain his senses.

"Marilyn, what time is it?"

"Sir, it's four in the afternoon. You've been out for 10 hours." Marilyn said

anxiously. "You seem to be in danger. Shouldn't we take you to the hospital?"

"No need!" Terence waved his hand, forcing himself to stand with their

assistance. "Alfred, please arrange a flight. We're heading back to Chanaea

tonight. I need to check on the Quillen family."

Sure, Old Mr. Quillen.” Alfred nodded and left to make arrangements.

“Sir, I’ll get you something to eat and drink to replenish your energy.”

“Okay.” Terence waved his hand.

Marilyn walked away.

Terence sat down on the sofa weakly, preparing to rest, but his eyes

suddenly widened.

The coastal hotels, on Octara Island were low–rise, with the beach behind the

balcony.

At this moment, someone climbed up with a weapon.

Their faces were hidden, their eyes filled with malice.

“Alfred! Alfred!” Terence shouted urgently.

However, the assailants were faster than him, rushing towards him with

knives.

Terence was too weak to escape.

“Sir!” In a split second, Marilyn shielded him with her back.

Blood dyed Terence's face red.

"Marilyn!" Terence exclaimed.

This was the second time she saved him.

"Sir, take care of yourself!" Marilyn held the assailant's knife, buying time for

Terence.

Another assailant aimed for Terence's head.

At the critical moment, a burst of energy knocked him away.

Alfred's strike sent him crashing into the wall, coughing up blood, and dying

instantly.

"Leave one alive!" Terence kept his composure.

He wanted to know who sent the assassins to kill him.

Alfred nodded and broke the right leg of the other assailant.

Unable to escape, the assailant stabbed himself with the knife, refusing to be

captured alive.

Approaching him, Alfred checked his breath and confirmed he was dead.

“D*mn it!” Terence couldn’t care less about the assailant. He shook Marilyn

gently. “Marilyn, how are you? Marilyn, pull yourself together!”

Covered in blood, Marilyn weakly opened her eyes, smiling.

“Sir, I might not make it. Before I die, I have one request. Can you grant my

request?”

“Marilyn, you speak! Whatever your request, I will definitely grant it.”

Terence was also excited. Marilyn’s deep affection and loyalty to him made

him unable to betray this girl who had saved his life twice.

“Sir… I… I’m a woman… The biggest wish in my life… is… to have a husband…

Can you… Can you promise me… to be your wife and give me legal status?”

Marilyn said weakly.

“What?!” Terence trembled violently.

Alfred also looked at him in astonishment.

Chapter 1623

The age gap between the two was a whopping 57 years.

“Old Mr. Quillen, is it possible?”

Marilyn’s tears flowed from the corners of her eyes as she begged again.

“O–Okay. I promise you.”

In that urgent situation, Terence acted without delay. He quickly agreed and

immediately sent Alfred to rush her to the hospital.

Marilyn smiled with satisfaction and gradually shut her eyes.

At the same time, on the Badlands Island, Mackenzie accompanied

Emmanuel and led the Quillen family as they prepared to enter the arena.

They unexpectedly met the Finch family who had just reached the entrance

of Badlands Arena.

“Hannah!”

Samantha shouted.

She had already talked to Mackenzie today. Considering their long

relationship, if Hannah could acknowledge her mistake and make a fresh

start, the Quillen family might still welcome her back.

When Hannah heard Samantha's call, she intentionally bowed her head and

pretended to be oblivious.

She felt a mix of chagrin and mortification on one hand. On the other hand,

Bernett had a profound impact on her, convinced that the Finch family's

future was just as promising as the Quillen family's.

Even in the event of losing this peak competition, they could bounce back in

three years.

"Hannah, quickly apologize to Mackenzie. We'll support your case and bring

you back to the Quillen family!"

Samantha, accompanied by Sophie, went straight to Hannah.

They had a close relationship with Hannah and truly didn't want to see her expelled from the Quillen family.

Suddenly, Hannah's demeanor shifted to anger and defiance, gritting her

teeth. "Admit to what mistake? I haven't done anything wrong!" she

exclaimed, her voice tinged with frustration.

“Hannah, you-”

Sophie was infuriated by her obstinacy.

“Samantha, Sophie, I’m married now. My life is different from yours. I belong to

the Finch family. If the Quillen family wants to expel me, so be it!”

Hannah stood tall, exuding confidence. “The Finch family lost to the Quillen

family yesterday, but that’s temporary. I doubt Emmanuel can win the

championship, either. The Quillen family has always had limited influence in

Yeringham, while the Finch family is more prestigious and powerful. This won’t

change!”

“Hannah, you-

Samantha and Sophie were once again infuriated by her.

Mackenzie lost patience with Hannah and turned her head, ignoring the Finch

family from then on.

What reason is there to be proud for a vanquished foe?

Nothing worth paying attention to!

At this time, the organizers approached to greet the VIPS.

Bearing the distinction of one of the esteemed top eight powerful families,

the Quillen lineage savored the fruits of privilege. In stark contrast, the Finch

family was relegated to the rear, their entry permitted only after the

procession of the elite eight had graced the event.

“Emmanuel, you must do your best!”

Samantha and Sophie rushed back.

Never before had the two aunts shown such enthusiasm for Emmanuel. In

this moment, they clasped his hands tightly, and offered him their fervent

encouragement.

Suddenly, they were eager to witness their unrepentant sister’s expression

when Emmanuel emerged victorious, and the Quillen family utterly

overwhelmed the Finch family.

Stephanie and Moira, though less exuberant, gazed at Emmanuel with

genuine hope.

“Aunts, rest assured! I will do my best for the Quillen family!”

Emmanuel was deeply moved by their support.

Over time, most of the Quillen family came to accept him.

Now, except for Hannah and Lara, the other women were very fond of him.

As the saying goes, you can’t please everyone; after all, you can’t win them

all.

Emmanuel didn’t insist, and the remaining two women eventually accepted

him.

of utmost significance was the unwavering support of his wife, who had

always stood steadfastly by his side, a beacon of strength and constancy

through it all.

With the grand entrance of the Quillen family, the audience was swept up in

a whirlwind of excitement, their cheers echoed through the air like a

symphony of joy and anticipation./

This was the charm of the Badlands Arena.

The audience comprised mostly of the petty bourgeoisie, alongside

numerous affluent entrepreneurs who wielded considerable influence. Being

able to win the support of these fans was an invisible powerful force.

Therefore, winning the championship tonight would make Nuthana a huge

success.

Tonight's final competition venue was different from the previous two nights.

On both sides of the arena were two huge screens, each measuring 10.

meters by 5 meters, but their purpose was not yet known.

The touch screens for betting were still on the audience seats, but the

maximum limit for winning in a single game had been raised to 100 million.

This meant that players who had lost money in the previous two nights still

had a chance to turn a profit tonight.

Chapter 1624

Only those with keen insight stood out in tonight's heated competition.

Mackenzie and Hattie were the leading players, having won a mere 18 million

in prize money.

The players who lost the most in the past two nights were already over a

hundred million in debt, and there were quite a few of them.

The house was just being shady by setting a limit on the prize money a

player could win.

In the first two days of the competition, the organizers–the Nuthana Martial

Arts Association–had already made a fortune. This was also their biggest

motivation for holding the Nuthana Grand Martial Showdown. In every

tournament, they would at least collect several billions in bets.

"Everyone, the tense and exciting final battle is about to come. Are you

looking forward to it?"

Joe Wallace, the overall coordinator of the martial arts competition, took the

stage to hype up the atmosphere.

“We’re looking forward to it!”

“However, I heard something big happened last night!”

“Yes! Please announce it!”

The audience below couldn’t contain their emotions.

Many were martial arts fanatics who had spent a lot of money to come to

the island just to watch the Grand Martial Showdown.

However, last night, Luna Moone was shot and killed outside the hotel, igniting

their emotions.

After all, she was a master who could overturn the previous martial arts

champion.

Joe couldn’t withstand this immense pressure. Sweat beaded on his

forehead as he hurriedly said, “Everyone, I believe you’ve also heard that Luna

Moone from the Chapman family, was shot and killed by a sniper last night at

the hotel. He won't be able to participate in tonight's finals.".

"What? This kind of thing happened again?"

"Is the organizing committee a joke? They can't even guarantee the safety of

the participating players?"

"Luna is dead. What's the point of watching the finals tonight? Just give the

prize to Yosef directly!"

"Rubbish organizing committee!"

There was an uproar of condemnation from the audience below.

Most of the audience had come for a top–tier martial arts competition.

Learning that the strongest contender had been eliminate cast a shadow

over the championship's value.

Under immense pressure, Joe announced, "Everyone, we at the Nuthana

Martial Arts Association will investigate this matter thoroughly and give

everyone an explanation. But unfortunately, we still need to announce two

pieces of news."

“In the first match of the upper half, because a player directly forfeited, Yosef advances directly to the semi–finals.

“As everyone knows, Luna was killed by a gun last night. We will award the championship prize money to the Chapman family as compensation. We announce that the Wolf Warrior will advance directly.”

As soon as these two pieces of news were announced, there was undoubtedly another wave of boos from the audience below.

“What’s the use of the prize money if the killer can’t be found?”

“That’s right. Is the Chapman family short of money? They play with banknotes at home when they have nothing else to do.”

“We want to see an exciting game. If everyone advances directly, what’s the point of holding a competition?

The audience below continued to boo.

Joe knew there was no way out, so he could only bow repeatedly to

apologize to everyone. Sweating profusely, he stepped down from the stage.

This incident would greatly damage the reputation of their Martial Arts

Association if they couldn't find the killer.

In the VIP room, Levi observed the scene with a serious expression.

He thought that assassinating Luna would not cause a big commotion, but

now it seemed that the Martial Arts Association would investigate thoroughly.

If they found out it was his doing, they would not let it go.

The best solution was to kill them all–eliminate the killer and bury the truth

deep in the abyss forever.

With just a glance, Envoy Azure undergood, nodded, and left the room.

Regardless of the audience's emotions and opinions, the game proceeded

as usual.

As the first quarter–final of the latter half began, the audience's complaints

gradually subsided, and everyone was busy betting to win money.

However, when they saw the odds, they were all surprised.

The odds for Silverbane's Ruben were 1:1.1, and the opponent was also a

commercial family from Eshal, the Stewart family.

Although they were also quite powerful, in terms of fame and background,

they were not as good as the Silverbanes.

The Stewarts had been suppressed by the Silverbane family for many years

in Eshal.

Chapter 1625

In recent years, Stanley aged, and a significant amount of power within the

Silverbane family gradually shifted to Bobby. This shift led to ongoing.

suppression of the Stewart family, who were constantly vigilant to avoid

drawing attention.

In response to this frustration, Richard Stewart, the head of the Stewart

family, spared no effort and spent a large sum of money on inviting a

grandmaster–level expert, Aaron Miller.

“I never expected Quinn’s younger brother to make it to the top eight!” Blake remarked beside Hattie. He was wearing an eye patch due to serious injuries but was demonstrating his strong will by attending the event despite his condition.

“Blake, who do you think will win this match?” Hattie asked for his opinion. She knew that Blake had previously worked with Aaron’s brother, Quinn, and would have a good understanding of Aaron’s strengths.

“It’s hard to say,” Blake said, furrowing his brow. “Aaron’s moves are not as ruthless as his brother’s, but his talent is not inferior. The organizers have upgraded Aaron’s rating from S- to S, proving their recognition of his strength. and belief in his grandmaster–level ability.”

“In terms of moves alone, I think this match is fifty–fifty. However, the organizers have offered odds of 1 to 9 against Aaron, indicating they are certain he will lose. I think it’s safer to bet on Ruben.”

Hattie nodded, refraining from placing a bet herself. Instead, her gaze turned to Mackenzie.

Mackenzie seemed to understand without words and glanced over,

seemingly able to read Hattie's mind. Hattie gave her a thumbs–up, their

agreed signal for betting on Ruben, while a thumbs–down indicated Aaron.

Mackenzie nodded.

Since Emmanuel had already gone to the player's preparation area and was

not with her, she decided to place a bet after some consideration, her

expression remaining stoic.

Shane took a peek behind her, his whole body tensing as he drew in a breath.

In the next moment, like everyone else, his attention was drawn to the two

large screens on the stage.

"Wow, 3 billion! The Silverbanes bet 3 billion on their own family's fighter!"

The audience erupted in excitement.

This excitement marked the final day of the competition and underscored

why the Nuthana Grand Martial Showdown could determine the rise or fall of

a family.

In the final eight, it was a gamble between families, and the organizers did

not influence these odds; it was a fair one–for–one exchange.

“Haha, Richard, are you bold enough to join?” Bobby provocatively challenged

Richard through the microphone provided by the organizers. “Just admit if

you’re too scared to fight back, and I won’t continue to bully you!”

Richard, a relatively young man who appeared to be under 40, had his face

contorted with anger and his fists clenched.

According to the rules, the Stewarts could admit defeat and not bet, but they

would have to pay ten percent of the opponent’s bet.

Not betting would mean losing 300 million for nothing, while betting could

lead them to either win 3 billion or lose 3 billion.

“Haha, are the Silverbanes claiming they don’t bully others? They’re using

their power to bully others, like coercing through authority!”

Shane enjoyed the spectacle, joining in the excitement.

On the other hand, Frederick worried for Mackenzie, knowing that this rule would soon apply to the Quillen family as well. The other women of the Quillen family also watched quietly.

Mackenzie remained calm and composed, showing no signs of nervousness. If she wanted to become a Grandmaster and take over the Nuthana Chamber of Commerce, she couldn’t let this pressure get to her. This was just a warm–up for the challenges to come in the future.

“I’ll bet! The Stewart family is placing a bet!” Richard gritted his teeth and pressed the button. The screen representing the Stewart family displayed the number 3 billion. The scene erupted in excitement.

According to the rules, if the Stewart family had admitted defeat and not bet, then the Silverbanes‘ 3 billion bet would have been open to everyone in the audience. But no one dared to participate now that the Stewart family had

placed a bet.

“Mackenzie, 3 billion is not a small amount!” Beatrix, sitting next to Mackenzie,

quietly reminded her. “Although the Stewart family has assets of over 10

billion, spending 3 billion in liquid assets could lead to an imminent

bankruptcy crisis!”

Chapter 1626

Mackenzie nodded in silence, offering no verbal response.

Hattie watched her from afar. She somewhat knew what thoughts might be

occupying Mackenzie’s mind.

What Beatrix said wasn’t the crux of the matter.

The issue was that if Eshal Silverbane won this 3 billion, the Quillen family

would entail a wager challenge from Eshal in the next match, which would

total 6 billion or more!

At that juncture, would Mackenzie accept or decline?

The atmosphere climaxed even before the competition commenced due to

the head–to–head betting between factions.

In the audience, Joe breathed a sigh of relief as the spectators‘ attention was

finally diverted.

Ring!

The bell rang, signaling the commencement of the first match of the finals as

scheduled.

Emmanuel was observing the battle from the preparation area as well.

He had previously faced off against Quinn and Ruben before.

Honestly, Ruben’s skills were slightly superior to Quinn’s, but Aaron, being

younger than his brother, possessed skills that were not inferior to his

brother’s!

Emmanuel wasn’t intimidated by the prospect of facing Ruben at all.

Moreover, his Falling Petals Palm technique was on par with Quinn’s!

Based on the rating standards set by the organizers, Emmanuel would rate

Quinn an S-, but this Aaron truly warranted an S rating!

Why did the organizers offer such significantly high odds for him?

He possessed the potential to cause an upset, yet the organizers exhibited

no fear of such a possibility.

The showdown between the two S–level masters on stage remained evenly

matched within the first hundred moves!

“Wow, am I doomed? I should have bet on the underdog!” Shane nervously

observed the scene,

He got carried away with the removal of the upper limit today, betting the tent

million he had won over the past two days on Eshal Silverbane.

On the other hand, Frederick appeared somewhat pleased but remained

silent.

He had secretly placed a bet with 9 times odds on Aaron!

Firstly, the Quillen family and Eshal Silverbane were archenemies. As

someone with a stance, he would never support the enemy, even at the cost

of losing money.

Secondly, both were S–level. On what basis would Ruben definitely win?

Thirdly, he also wanted to recover his losses.

So, he secretly borrowed 1 million from Beatrix, intending to redeem himself.

Now, watching the two combatants fighting fiercely with no clear advantage,

to bet on the side with high odds!

a was

Half of the audiences present shared the same thoughts as Frederick and

Shane.

However, the next moment, the audience suddenly widened their eyes like

Frederick.

As the two clashed again, it was evident that Aaron’s vigor had significantly

waned.

On the other hand, Ruben was still able to maintain his expected standard

even though he was experiencing a slight decline in stamina.

“How–How could this happen? Something’s amiss!” Frederick exclaimed.

Others shared his sentiments.

Is there a blatant conspiracy at play?

How can this be happening?

Emmanuel also found it peculiar but didn’t perceive it as some sinister plot.

He knew Aaron had done his best!

Mackenzie had the same thought too. With the Stewart family wagering 3

billion, why would they willingly concede another 3 billion to Eshal Silverbane

to stage this spectacle?

The couple hence concluded that the issue must lie with the two martial

artists.

Being closer to the ring than Mackenzie and possessing more vital abilities,

Emmanuel quickly pinpointed the problem–Aaron had been poisoned and

likely wouldn’t last much longer!

On the other hand, even after his defeat, Aaron remained unconscious in the ring, still unaware of what had transpired and why his strength had diminished so rapidly.

“D*mn it, I’ve lost again!”

Frederick’s frustration peaked, prompting existential doubt.

Am I indeed cursed? Why on earth do I always lose regardless of whom I bet on?

“You didn’t bet on the Stewart family again, did you?” Shane observed his dismayed expression and realized he couldn’t resist placing another bet.

Frowning, he warned, “Let me tell you, if you keep this up, you’ll lose everything!”

Beatrix, however, chimed in with a playful smile, “Didn’t you promise to repay his debt on his behalf?”

“Well…” Shane grumbled, but he still asked Frederick, “How much do you owe

now?”

Frederick’s expression was one of despair. “More than 6 million!”

Shane was speechless.

I wish I never knew Frederick!

How can I help him to repay? It’s more than 6 million!

Quickly, Frederick grinned and said, “Shane, can you lend me another 6

million? I’ll win in the next match!”

Chapter 1627

Shane looked skeptical. “What if you’re wrong again?”

Frederick clenched his teeth and resolutely insisted, “If I’m wrong again, I’ll

perform harakiri!”

“That’s… extreme!”

Shane still had a soft spot, sighing, “Fine, I’ll lend it to you! But let me tell you,

you mess up again, you’re on your own!”

“Deal!”

Frederick agreed firmly and patted his chest. “If I win, I’ll give you everything,

and you can handle repaying the debt for me, alright?”

He knew there was no way he could lose in the next match!

“Alright, but this is your last chance!”

if

Shane was still loyal. Frederick was his only friend other than Emmanuel.

Though Frederick seemed a bit unlucky, his character was still

commendable!

Who would have thought that the odds for the next match would come out

so quickly?

Frederick acted decisively, going all–in on Emmanuel from the Quillen family,

despite the odds being only 1.5 to 1.

On the other hand, the odds for Eshal Silverbane’s Trevor were 2.4 to 1!

“Oh my God! I forgot!” Shane realized belatedly. “I forgot the next match is

Emmanuel’s. It won’t be enough to repay the debt even if you win!”

Frederick didn’t care about it. He pointed at him and exclaimed, “Heroes never go back on their word. Are you a hero?”

“Of course, but-”

“Then it’s settled! Good buddy!”

Frederick tightly gripped Shane’s shoulder. “Good friend, for life!”

Shane went into silence.

It sounded good, but why did he feel so uneasy?

Beatrix watched the two mischievous friends, covered her mouth, and chuckled. It was always fun with these two around.

Meanwhile, another astonishing figure lit up on the stage, igniting the entire arena.

“30 billion! Eshal Silverbane is truly bold!”

As it turned out, even though the organizers didn’t favor them, Bobby still supported his martial artist by betting 30 billion.

He even stood up and taunted Mackenzie through the microphone, “Ms. Quillen, I heard you’re the number one beauty in Yeringham. Does 30 billion meet your expectations? If more is needed, feel free to add more. But if you refuse, then I will be extremely disappointed in the Quillen family and Yeringham!”

These words directly thrust Mackenzie into the spotlight.

Almost all eyes in the arena turned to the pregnant woman.

Mackenzie remained expressionless.

On the other hand, Samantha couldn’t help but approach and whisper, “Mackenzie, 30 billion isn’t something to be taken lightly. Eshal Silverbane just won a match, so they can afford it! But if we lose, Terence Group might suffer a huge setback!”

“I know.”

Mackenzie nodded but waited to respond to Bobby’s provocation. Instead, her gaze shifted to the preparation area.

Sure enough, Emmanuel was standing at the entrance of the preparation

area, making eye contact with her.

Emmanuel raised his index finger, indicating the implementation of Plan A.

Mackenzie quietly raised her thumb. She understood.

The husband and wife's secret signal exchange was complete.

This was something they had discussed the night before. Even if others saw

their subtle movements, they wouldn't understand what they were up to.

"Why? Scared now?" Bobby used the same tactic as before. "That's right. You,

as a woman, can back down. It's a privilege of your gender! But the

Silverbane family will graciously accept 3 billion as a baseline!"

The Silverbane family would get 3 billion for free if Mackenzie backed down.

And even if Emmanuel defeated Trevor, he wouldn't be able to win Eshal

Silverbane's 30 billion!

It was simply a loss!

But it would be a colossal disaster if they lost.

This was the most fascinating aspect of the finals and a significant reason why the champion faction could ascend to the pinnacle of the Nuthana's pyramid.

Winning the competition not only would bring prestige but also substantial financial gains. It would strike a blow to competitors as well. They would definitely become invincible!

Mackenzie seemed to bear immense pressure under the scrutiny of thousands of eyes. Through the microphone, she responded lightly, "The Quillen family is willing to accept the challenge, but we're lacking funds. Could the Silverbane family reduce the amount a little?"

This was the privilege of being a woman, especially a beautiful woman.

Even if she said this, no one would mock her. Some might sympathize and want to help her.

"Haha…"

Bobby burst into laughter. “If it’s not enough, you can borrow! Ms. Quillen, with your stunning looks, even though you’re already married, I believe many men would be willing to lend you money if you’re willing to use yourself as collateral!”

Chapter 1628

Humiliation!

Public humiliation!

President Silverbane and Bobby were in the same viewing area.

Hearing his eldest son’s words, Stanley was genuinely disappointed!

Bobby displayed no trace of dignity or kindness. If such a person became the president of the Nuthana Chamber of Commerce, he would only bring disaster to Nuthana!

Many in the audience looked down on Bobby’s behavior, too.

Mackenzie didn’t borrow money from others. Instead, she put on a cold and angry face. Lightly biting her teeth, she pressed the button!

“The Quillen family. Thirty billion challenge accepted!”

Wow!

The atmosphere in the arena exploded once again after they saw the crazy

numbers on the screen.

Everyone knew that the strength of the two competitors was evenly

matched.

Emmanuel from the Quillen family might have had a slight advantage.

However, the Quillen family was obviously forced to accept the challenge. If

they lost the match, this rising family from Yeringham might fall from grace!

“Hehe, is the Quillen family really that short of funds?”

Blake and many others had the same question.

Hattie, however, smiled and ignored him.

With the 500 billion order from Diamond Titan Military Technologies and

having received the down payment, how could the Quillen family possibly

lack funds?

Angela also thought so.

Is it true that the Quillen family is superficially strong but weak inside?

Or is Mackenzie just being cautious as a woman? Is that why she hesitated?

Regardless of the truth, Mackenzie's move gave people the impression that

the Quillen family's strength was far inferior to Eshal Silverbane's!

Moreover, as the Quillen family was forced to accept the challenge, many

put bets on Eshal Silverbane.

The betting phase ended.

The match officially began!

Neither of them rushed to attack.

Trevor stared at Emmanuel, sneering, "I really didn't expect a second–tier city

like Yeringham to have a super master like you!"

Emmanuel smirked. "There are many super masters in Yeringham. There are

even more powerful ones than me!"

He wasn’t lying.

There were many hidden masters in Hero’s Village of Yeringham. Both the old grandfather and Santiago were no match for him.

Even Yosef was from Hero’s Village.

It’s just that the village had been too low–key for the past thirty years and it hadn’t caught the attention of Chanaea’s martial artists.

However, Trevor didn’t believe Emmanuel’s words. He maintained his stance and said coldly, “Martial artists from small cities may have some skills, but soon, I will show you the difference between a freelance martial artist and one from a major sect!”

Emmanuel also set up his stance and replied, “Well, let’s see then!”

Whoosh!

Trevor didn’t keep the audience waiting any longer. He finally started attacking Emmanuel.

His moves were indeed exquisite, unlike the Falling Petals Palm and other martial artists‘ techniques, which were dazzling but seemed somewhat impractical.

Nor were they as straightforward as the Military Boxing, lacking in aesthetic appeal.

His moves were fast, precise, and ruthless, with both versatility and lethality.

Emmanuel was secretly amazed for that instant. He was exhausted from dodging.

“Hehe, this guy’s moves are truly ancient martial arts!” Blake also exclaimed,

“Emmanuel might have a little trouble this time.”

Hattie was curious. “What is true ancient martial arts?”

Blake smiled as he explained, “Ms. Zelinsky, since you’re so interested, I’ll explain it to you properly. Since the birth of humanity, people have been practicing martial arts. The most primitive martial artists practiced hunting and killing prey, with characteristics similar to wild beasts! Later on, martial

arts became techniques for killing on the battlefield, pursuing ferocity and instant lethality! Then, in modern times, due to the need for performance, modern martial artists emerged in Chanaea. For example, Quinn was influenced by this, and his techniques, although dazzling and complex, were somewhat impractical!"

"Stop!" Hattie interrupted him directly, "I'm very interested, but you're being too detailed. Can you just get to the point?"

Blake grinned, "In simple terms, Trevor's techniques are very ancient. True martial arts have been passed down for thousands of years, and they are different from any other martial artist present!"

Hattie nodded, fully understanding now. She couldn't help but look a little worried as she glanced in the direction of Mackenzie.

Mackenzie was expressionless, but there was a hint of worry in her eyes.

Chapter 1629

Emmanuel found himself facing a tough battle as soon as he entered the

arena.

“What’s going on? Is Emmanuel feeling worn out? Why does it appear as if…”

Beatrix, not being a fighter, was unable to comprehend the unfolding events.

She was aware of Trevor’s strength, but she couldn’t see a significant

contrast in his abilities compared to the elder from the previous day.

Therefore, she was confused as to why Emmanuel had easily overpowered

the elder yesterday but was now engaged in a tough battle with Trevor.

“Hey, Shane, can you tell me what’s happening?”

Frederick appeared to be more worried than Beatrix. Emmanuel Lowe’s loss

would result in financial and emotional setbacks for him.

“I have no idea at all!”

Despite being a warrior, Shane was nowhere near S–level. Like Beatrix, he was

puzzled about Emmanuel’s behavior. It was clear that Emmanuel was not

performing at his usual level that day.

In the region of Eshal Silverbane, Blaze was lost in contemplation and could not grasp what was going on.

“Ruben, could we have misjudged Emmanuel?” He felt compelled to ask.

Ruben sneered, “That guy is not showing his full potential yet!”

“What?!”

Bobby and his son were shocked by the words!

“At this important moment, why does he still want to conceal his abilities? Doesn’t he fear something going wrong?” Blaze was amazed.

“Haha…”

Ruben laughed loudly, saying, “He has to hide because he is keeping a secret! And that secret is that he is Luna!”

“What?!”

The Silverbane father and son were even more astonished.

Even President Silverbane, who was nearby, was intrigued by their conversation and listened attentively, feeling surprised but not saying

anything.

“Ruben, are you sure?” Blaze persisted.

“I am completely positive!” Ruben joyfully exclaimed, “Emmanuel has been battling under dual identities all along, cleverly employing diverse tactics to deceive others, which was surprisingly simple. Yet, I possess enough strength to confront him in combat and have fought with him before. How could I have failed to recognize it?”

“Oh, now I understand!” Bobby said, hitting his thigh. “Luna’s incredible martial arts abilities make it unlikely for him to be easily killed. It seems like a planned attack!”

Realizing suddenly, Blaze clenched his teeth. “How clever Emmanuel is! Is he worried that the organizers would discover his identity and disqualify him?”

“No!” Bobby quickly disapproved of the idea. “The Martial Arts Association places a premium on strength. They don’t investigate identities in great

detail; in addition, the Chapman family is quite powerful. Emmanuel isn't concerned about a probe in the absence of proof!"

"So, what's the real reason then?" Blaze lacked his father's shrewdness and guile. He just couldn't understand it.

Nevertheless, Bobby refused to explain further. He rather redirected his attention towards Levi, who had come to watch the finals today.

Does it appear that the chairman of the Chamber of Commerce also views the Quillen family as a foe to confront?

What is Emmanuel concealing about his identity? The chairman of the Chamber of Commerce is also going after him, aiming to bring him down.

"Hehe, there's no need for excessive speculation. In any case, Emmanuel will certainly meet his demise at our hands!" Ruben cast a confident glance over the arena. With a laugh, he added, "Emmanuel used up most of his energy fighting Wyatt yesterday while he was posing as Luna. He won't be able to defeat Trevor today since he most likely still has some concerns. I will

immediately send him to his grave if he somehow manages to survive!”

Ruben’s words brought a smile to both Bobby’s and his son’s faces as they

continued to watch the events unfold in the arena.

With a swift motion, Trevor ripped off Emmanuel’s sleeve, revealing a shallow

blood mark on his arm.

“Emmanuel!”

Beatrix sprang up tensely, watching the arena with her hands clenched.

“Why is Emmanuel panting so much? What’s happening to him?”

Her question lingered unanswered.

Mackenzie was emotionless and remained quiet.

The Quillen family’s four aunts also looked concerned.

Hannah, at the Finch family, grinned victoriously. “Even if Emmanuel were to

defeat Nigel, I knew he wouldn’t win the championship. The Quillen family has

suffered a loss of three billion, which is greater than the impact on our Finch

family. Hehe!”

Bernett had a confident grin on his face. He believed that as long as the

Quillen family failed to win the Chairman of Nuthana Chamber of Commerce,

there was still a chance for them to obtain the Heart of the Sun. The Quillen

family’s loss of $3 billion in operating capital would put Terence Group in dire

straits financially.

“Emmanuel, don’t you find it unusual?”

When Trevor observed Emmanuel panting excessively, he refrained from

attacking right away. Rather, he only grinned icily and posed a query from his

perch on the platform.

He considered this to be his final match regardless of the outcome, as the

winner would compete against Ruben in the following round. He planned to

give up voluntarily even if he won.

Chapter 1630

“Did your moves have hidden poison in them?“,

Emmanuel clenched his jaw as sweat streamed down his forehead.

“Haha, you’ve only just realized? Regrettably, it’s already too late!”

Wearing a confident expression, Trevor said, “Being masters of the Five Poison Sect means even a simple touch from us can be poisonous, making defense useless. You were bound to lose when you didn’t attack me right away.”

Emmanuel looked at his hand and clenched his teeth. He said, “I understand now.”

“Hey, your palm must be getting darker now, right? You are the only one to fault for hiding your actual talents. If you had shown your full power from the beginning, you might have had a chance to win!”

Trevor noticed that Emmanuel was masking his real prowess.

He was left with no choice but to sink into the abyss of sorrow and self–blame!

What on earth? The Quillen family’s expert is still hiding his true abilities during a critical moment?”

“He seems to be inviting death! Is he saving his strength for the next level? If

he can’t even pass this phase, how does he intend to tackle what lies

ahead?”

“This demonstrates the superiority of Eshal Silverbane!”

The crowd below was all having conversations.

The members of the Quillen family gnawed on their nails with anxiety.

Mackenzie remained quiet, with her beautiful eyes emitting a soft gleam

from within.

Instead, Eshal Silverbane erupted with joy! They achieved a decisive win in

the Nuthana Grand Martial Showdown As a result, the Nuthana Chamber of

Commerce would be under their ownership.

They had won big in this Nuthana Grand Martial Showdown, and the Nuthana

Chamber of Commerce would be theirs from now on!

“Rot in hell!” Impatient to finish, Trevor immediately unleashed his lethal

attack on Emmanuel.

It came as a shock to him that Emmanuel still had some energy left. He quickly dodged Trevor's strike, moving to the side and surprising him by trapping his neck between his legs and executing a deadly scissor kick.

"Ah! Ah-" At that instant, Trevor regretted his mistake! He had not expected his adversary to be so quick and powerful!

"Would we still lose?!"

Blaze and his companions stood up, feeling frustrated and angry. Their faces showed that they believed their hard work had been wasted.

"Hehe, no need to worry. Emmanuel may not have enough power to escape from Trevor's hold. As long as Trevor remains determined, success is guaranteed!" Ruben instilled a sense of calm in them, exuding unwavering assurance with his arm crossed.

The Silverbane family and the rest soon discovered that Emmanuel had been significantly weakened due to being poisoned.

Trevor triumphantly chuckled, “Despite this, you’re still powerless against me.”

The Quillen family members‘ expressions changed from excitement to anxiety.

“Emmanuel, keep it up!” Beatrix yelled loudly, threatening, “If you don’t win, I will constantly bother you!”

Upon hearing this, Shane and Frederick, who were initially nervous while watching the arena, couldn’t help but look at her with disbelief.

“What kind of threat is that?” they wondered aloud, exchanging bewildered glances.

They would most likely give up right away if they heard that threat while they were inside the stadium, wouldn’t they?

Luckily, it appeared that Emmanuel took Beatrix’s threat seriously. In a surprising turn of events, he mustered up his strength and used his determination to snap Trevor’s arm with a loud cracking noise.

“I give up!” In the end, Trevor was the one who immediately cried out his surrender.

Since he thought Emmanuel was close to dying, he didn’t think it was worth the risk of losing a limb or his life.

As soon as these words were spoken, the whole arena hushed, with everyone’s faces frozen in shock!

Hannah and Bernett were extremely surprised, with their mouths wide open.

They were wondering how Emmanuel was able to overcome this challenge once more.

“This unexpected turn of events is unbelievable. How did the Quillen family manage to win?”

Some players were very upset with Eshal Silverbane and started throwing objects, stomping, and kicking out of frustration.

While some ended up with nothing, others were reaping the rewards!

Regardless, Frederick let out a sigh of relief as the financial situation was

finally resolved!

“All bets are closed. No more bets!”

He said the same thing a couple of times and then suddenly showed worry

by asking, “Emmanuel won, but what comes after that?”

The Quillen family and their peers were also pondering this same question.

Mackenzie had just begun to unwind and let go of the stress when Samantha

suddenly appeared next to her.

“Mackenzie, perhaps it would be wise for us to retreat at this moment?”

Mackenzie remained silent, observing that the other aunts were standing in

unison behind her, Without uttering a word, it appeared that they shared the

same thoughts as Samantha.

Mackenzie could comprehend the situation. Seeing things from their point of

view, she felt it would be most beneficial for the Quillen family to retreat at

this moment!

Otherwise, the next match could prove quite perilous, given Emmanuel's current condition.

If they decided to back out of the competition in the upcoming match, they would suffer a significant financial loss. It was unpredictable how much money they might gamble if Eshal Silverbane lost 450 million now. The amount of risk they would take in the next match was uncertain.