Wrong Table 1641

Chapter 1641

Santiago's eyes lit up with anticipation at the old godfather's words.

Emmanuel and Yosef were evenly matched in skill. They had mastered the

first two levels of the Art of Adaptability technique. Hence, all other moves

were useless. Victory now hinged on who could break through to the third

level in combat.

Their clash electrified the crowd as they eagerly awaited this long–awaited

showdown.

"What should we do? Yosef's demonic energy strengthens with each fight.

Can Emmanuel hold on?" Beatrix worriedly pondered.

Mackenzie, too, shared the concern, and her hand rested on her belly. She felt

that Emmanuel had underestimated Yosef's prowess.

In their previous encounter, Emmanuel had not recognized Yosef's mastery of

the Art of Adaptability. Consequently, Emmanuel was overly confident about winning the match.

However, within a mere two days, Yosef not only mastered Meditation and Enlightenment but was also spiraling into madness. Emmanuel found himself at a disadvantage as Yosef's Eclipse Yin–Yang Art technique escalated into a wild frenzy with each attack.

With a resounding smack, Emmanuel staggered back three steps from the force of Yosef's blow.

"Haha… Emmanuel, you're still not on my level. They've all underestimated me. I'll prove them wrong!" Yosef's eyes blazed with madness as he relentlessly assaulted Emmanuel. He kept repeating these lines while attacking Emmanuel relentlessly.

Seeing Yosef's attack, even Wyatt conceded that enduring his ten moves. would be an impossible challenge. Even with Gwain's presence, victory over Yosef seemed uncertain.

Emmanuel's resilience as he endured countless strikes without faltering was commendable. In the past, he would have been hailed as a Grandmaster

without question. Yet, fate had pitted him against this terrifying demon.

Emmanuel found himself in a recurring dilemma as his injuries mounted with.

each menacing snarl He understood that defeating Yosef would require him

to take the dangerous gamble of using the Dragon–Breaking Palm. This move

could ultimately cest him his life

Then, a piercing shout shattered the tension. Mackenzie, typically composed,

finally let her emotions out and shouted, “Emmanuel, you can’t die! We need

you!”

Upon hearing those words, he snapped awake, and his determination was

ablaze.

No way was he going down. He had a family to protect now, and the fate of

the Nuthana Chamber of Commerce rested on his shoulders. Plus, he

couldn’t let his fallen Wolf Warrior comrades go unavenged.

Yosef’s strikes missed their mark with a series of swishes. No one would have

expected this turnaround. As Yosef's attacks missed one after another,

Emmanuel's newfound agility surprised everyone present.

Yosef felt a sudden dread as he sensed Emmanuel's sudden intensity, like a

blazing fire within him. It was as if Emmanuel's very essence had ignited and

had awakened a formidable spirit within him.

Was this the legendary warrior spirit spoken of by old godfather?

In an instant, Emmanuel retaliated with a seemingly casual punch. Yosef

attempted to evade it, but to his surprise, he was unable to dodge it and was

struck by Emmanuel's fist. He stumbled backward before regaining his

balance.

"How… could this happen?" Yosef gawked at Emmanuel, and he noticed

Emmanuel's eyes were closed.

In that instant, a surge of energy behind Emmanuel caught Yosef's attention.

Panic was coursing through Yosef as he quickly scanned his surroundings,

and the sight of the old Godfather still alive and smiling only fueled his inner

turmoil.

“Come!” With his eyes closed, Emmanuel gestured confidently as his

movements left bewildering afterimages.

“At last, you’ve grasped it. Haha…” Old godfather’s satisfied smile spoke

volumes about Emmanuel’s dedication, which had made him so formidable.

Santiago, finally at ease, raised his glass in a hearty toast.

“Stop the talk! I’ll kill you!” Yosef shouted and drew his swords. He resolved to

kill Emmanuel.

Chapter 1642

No matter how precise and fierce Yosef’s attacks were, he couldn’t lay a

finger on Emmanuel.

At that moment, Emmanuel struck with another swift punch. Though it

appeared ordinary, it landed at the perfect moment, and Yosef couldn’t

dodge it.

Thud!

Another blow, Yosef staggered as he fell to the ground. Once handsome and composed, he now appeared disheveled and defeated.

Even old godfather sighed at the sight, while Shane and Frederick couldn't help but do the same inwardly.

The Yosef they saw in the'ring seemed like a different individual altogether.

The former Yosef was always composed and never exhibited such ferocity in battle. However, the present version, despite heightened strength and speed, had unfortunately regressed in martie ability.

"Why? Why…" Yosef vomited blood as he looked up in disbelief.

In that brief instant, it felt as if the entire audience and village stood behind Emmanuel, Over a billion people supported him, making him seem like an unassailable fortress protecting everyone. If he were to fall, a storm of blood and chaos would engulf everyone behind him.

Mackenzie silently prayed for Emmanuel and hoped to grant him an

unbeatable power.

Yosef panicked and glanced behind him. At that moment, his heart sank with a profound sense of emptiness. Behind him lay only darkness as his parents' voices called out to him, but their faces were obscured. Returning his gaze to Emmanuel, even Queenie, despite meeting her end at his hands, appeared to lend her support to Emmanuel.

"Why? Why is it ending like this?" Yosef spiraled back into madness and lunged at Emmanuel desperately. But no matter his might, he couldn't land a single blow on Emmanuel.

Emmanuel's punches seemed to find their target effortlessly and were devoid of any recognizable technique.

Thud!

Yosef hit the ground again, and the noise echoed thunderously.

The crowd stood in stunned silence, unable to even let out a gasp.

"Haha, what kind of move is Emmanuel doing? I can't understand it at all,"

Blake exclaimed in disbelief.

If Yosef couldn't grasp the moves, how could he possibly counter them?

Ruben, Wyatt, and Nigel were equally astonished.

"This is the Shapelessness technique." Old godfather sighed and continued, "It has endless variations, yet it is always true to its core. The Shapelessness technique is unbeatable."

Even Santiago chuckled. Emmanuel's moves were more unpredictable than his Drunken Fist.

"Wow! Emmanuel is amazing! I love you!" Beatrix, who had been holding back all night, finally burst out emotionally. She didn't care that Mackenzie was right beside her as she jumped up and shouted excitedly.

Mackenzie also tuned out the surrounding noise. Her heart was pounding with anticipation until she finally breathed a sigh of relief.

"Emmanuel is so incredible!"

“Did we win?”

The four aunts of the Quillen family were also extremely excited as they

hugged tightly together.

Despite her distance from the Quillen family, Hannah couldn’t shake the bitter

pang of regret as she observed the united and jubilant women of the Quillen

family. She longed to be among them and to share in their excitement. She

should have been one of them.

In the next moment, Emmanuel advanced step by step toward Yosef, whose

eyes reflected not fear but reluctance and confusion. Yosef struggled to

comprehend Emmanuel’s immense inner strength.

Just when it seemed Emmanuel was about to strike the final blow, he

surprised everyone by employing the Nine Yang Finger Pressure to calm

Yosef’s turbulent energy. Gradually, the blood ceased to flow from Yosef’s

and his intense gaze softened.

“Go back. Old godfather will forgive you.” Emmanuel didn’t strike him down.

He understood Yosef's plight – orphaned at a young age, raised in a loveless environment, and rejected by the woman he loved, only to meet his demise at the hands of his rival. Emmanuel empathized and recognized the difficulty of accepting such a fate.

Reflecting on Yosef's circumstances, Emmanuel acknowledged that he wouldn't have fared any better. Fortunately, he had a loving mother, sister

Chapter 1643

Emmanuel turned to Mackenzie, who smiled at him. She wasn't the icy cold wife, but she looked radiant like a blossoming field of flowers.

As he looked at Emmanuel's imposing figure, Yosef couldn't help but envy him as Emmanuel glanced at his wife.

Emmanuel then turned back to Yosef, offering words of comfort. "Old godfather has always considered you family, and you still have Susie. There are plenty of opportunities out there. Queenie may be gone, but there are still many women worth pursuing."

These words gradually lifted the darkness from Yosef's heart. Without a word, he stood up and quietly exited the boxing ring. It seemed he had come to a realization. Emmanuel didn't defeat him. But instead, he had been beaten by his shortcomings.

"I declare Emmanuel Lowe, representing the Quillen family, the champion of this showdown," Joe announced loudly as the competition concluded.

"Grandmaster!"

"Grandmaster!"

The venue erupted into cheers and excitement.

The victors are celebrated like kings, while the defeated are often seen as villains.

The loudest cheers typically come from those who have emerged victorious and from martial arts enthusiasts who admire strength. However, unity soon. swept through the entire venue.

No one questioned the prowess demonstrated by this year's Grandmaster.

Even Wyatt couldn't help but silently admire Emmanuel. Wyatt felt that

Emmanuel's strength was comparable to Gwain's.

Yasmine rose to her feet, and her eyes shimmered as she gazed at

Emmanuel. Nevertheless, she opted to depart at that moment, as she had

more pressing matters to address.

"Announcing this year's Eagle–Eyed champion: Miss Mackenzie Quillen of the

Quillen family!" Joe's voice boomed again.

Everyone applauded enthusiastically and showered Mackenzie with praise.

Even Hattie enthusiastically joined the applause. She felt an indescribable

thrill and sincere joy for Mackenzie.

"Ms. Quillen, congratulations!"

"Ms. Quillen, this is a small token from my Stewart family. Please accept it!"

"Ms. Quillen, I'm from Frostvale. Congratulations on your meteoric rise!"

A group of influential figures, well–prepared and eager, hurried to the Quillen

family viewing area. They formed a line to congratulate Mackenzie and her companions. Not only did prominent individuals flock to praise the Quillen women, but even Frederick and Shane received accolades from big shots.

As the saying goes, “When one person succeeds, even the least likely to rise to the top.” It was widely acknowledged that following the Nuthana Grand Martial Showdown, the Quillen family had ascended as an unstoppable billionaire powerhouse, which solidified their dominance. It was clear that no one could rival them anymore.

The prestigious position of Chairman of the Nuthana Chamber of Commerce now belonged exclusively to them.

With Eshal Silverbane’s loss of 30 billion in assets, what was their remaining strength to challenge the Quillen family?

Bobby obviously understood this principle, so he stood up proactively and said, “Let’s go, Blaze. We should extend our congratulations to the Quillen

family."

"Dad! Seriously?" Blaze couldn't believe what he was hearing. Was his father suggesting they go and congratulate their sworn enemies? "If you want to go, go alone. I won't be joining you." He stood up and left.

While Stanley appreciated Bobby's initiative, he found Blaze's reaction disappointing. Despite the circumstances, Blaze remained oblivious as he was consumed by arrogance. It baffled Stanley where Blaze's unwavering pride stemmed from.

At this moment, Nathan, Hattie, Ronnie, his daughter Julian, Roselynn, and various other prominent figures from around the globe gathered to extend their congratulations to Mackenzie. Nearly all the influential factions in Nuthana had expressed their stance.

The Quillen family had ascended to a position of wealth and power, emanating an aura of martial dominance that appeared unassailable.

As the Finch family and Bobby approached, Mackenzie responded to the

organizers‘ summons. She left her seat to take the stage and receive her award.

Though the monetary prize of 100 million seemed trivial, the bestowal of the titles Grandmaster and Eagle–Eyed upon the Quillen family brought with it immeasurable prestige and renown.

“Mr. Lestrange, what’s our next move?” Envoy murmured.

Levi frowned. He sensed the situation was dire.

They had taken out Luna and verified that the Wolf Warrior’s motives were merely to gain fame and reputation. Thus, whether the Wolf Warrior’s identity was authentic or not, Levi understood it was inconceivable for him to threaten the chairman of the Chamber of Commerce position.

Yet, they missed a crucial point. They assumed that Yosef would ultimately defeat Emmanuel. This belief held them back from confronting Emmanuel earlier.

Emmanuel’s display of strength had made their efforts to kill him

progressively more difficult.

Chapter 1644

“Are you ready to make a move?” Envoy asked. He had assisted the chairman of the Chamber of Commerce in killing numerous adversaries. Still, such deeds were now mere routine for him.

Levi shook his head and cautioned in a hushed tone, “Let’s not rush into anything. The organizers have heightened security measures, and it could spell trouble if we’re caught.”

Though they were under the chairman of the Chamber of Commerce, they weren’t impervious, particularly in Nuthana’s territory. Should tensions escalate, retreat would be their only recourse.

The award ceremony concluded swiftly, followed by a morning celebration banquet hosted by the Quillen family.

The hosts would organize a champion parade at 8 a.m. the following day, during which the Quillen family would bask in the adoration of tens of

thousands on Badlands Island.

“Cheers!”

“Haha, this feeling is amazing!”

“I’m a Quillen forever. Even in the afterlife, I’ll be one!*

“I love my family, especially Emmanuel!”

The celebratory banquet for the Quillen family was held at the organizers‘

hotel. Surprisingly, the most enthusiastic attendees were not Mackenzie and

Emmanuel but Beatrix, Shane, Frederick, and Logan.

Sage was secretly thrilled as well, but for Emmanuel, winning the Nuthana

Grand Martial Showdown championship wasn’t earth–shattering. After all,

te were

Emmanuel’s past more impressive.

“Emmanuel, join me for a toast. Let’s have a drink together.”

Beatrix bubbled with excitement as she persistently urged him to join her.

With Mackenzie abstaining due to her pregnancy, Beatrix saw it as her duty to make up for the lack of drinking.

He felt obligated and reluctantly agreed to indulge Beatrix. Surprisingly, she had a low alcohol tolerance. After just a few drinks, she was completely intoxicated and slumped on the couch.

“Frederick, why don’t you take Beatrix back to her room to rest!” Mackenzie suggested. She had confidence in Frederick’s character.

“Sure thing, Ms. Quillen,” he responded.

“I want to help too!” Shane rushed over anxiously.

Mackenzie placed her trust in Frederick but harbored doubts about Shane. Frederick was Shane’s closest friend yet also his foremost romantic rival. They supported Beatrix’s stumbling form and guided her back to her room.

“What are you doing? Let me go. I still want to have a drink with Emmanuel,” Beatrix protested. Though intoxicated, she flailed her arms and reddened their cheeks with her slaps. Even her petite feet swung out to deliver kicks and

pushed them away.

“Ms. Beatrix, you’ve had a bit much. Let’s get you back to rest,” Shane

suggested. He felt embarrassed about being so close to his goddess.

In contrast, Frederick made another attempt to guide her away.

Unbeknownst to them, Beatrix’s drunken frenzy intensified and shoved

Frederick aside.

“Get lost! You guys are annoying. I have feelings for Emmanuel, so quit

pestering me! No matter what, I won’t like any of you!”

With those words, the lively atmosphere was abruptly chilled by Beatrix’s loud

outburst.

Several aunts stood in stunned silence as they alternated their bewildered

glances between Beatrix and Mackenzie.

Emmanuel, too, felt a surge of panic. Who would have guessed that Beatrix

had such a low tolerance for alcohol and would blurt out such nonsense

when drunk? With her confession so brazenly voiced, the situation became increasingly difficult to manage.

Feeling deeply embarrassed, Frederick awkwardly rubbed his nose. Unlike Shane, Frederick didn't indulge in daydreams or consider himself worthy of Beatrix's affection. He had never confessed his feelings. Now, with her unexpected revelation, he couldn't help but feel uneasy.

However, Shane remained unfazed and less affected by such circumstances. Sensing the change in mood, he promptly ushered Beatrix away. "Um… Ms. Quillen, we'll leave now. I'll take care of Ms. Beatrix."

Frederick sighed inwardly and quickly left the awkward scene. Beatrix's drunken confession had swiftly doused the celebratory mood of the banquet.

Mackenzie, known for her generosity, maintained her composure and flashed a smile at the remaining guests as if nothing had happened. "I'm sure everyone is

Let's take a break for a few hours and reconvene

tomorrow!”

The festivities ended abruptly.

Emmanuel escorted Mackenzie back to their room, and they saw Gautier

waiting for them.

“Mackenzie, Emmanuel, congratulations!” he greeted them with a relaxed

smile.

Emmanuel and Mackenzie exchanged

Chapter 1645 Sisterly Bond

“What are you doing here?” Mackenzie asked as she looked at Gautier.

He smiled faintly. “Don’t worry. There’s no one else here, and no one knows I’ve

come to find you. I won’t attend the Quillen family’s celebration openly, so no

one will suspect me.”

She narrowed her eyes and asked, “So, why take the risk to find me now?”

He whispered, “To show I’m sincerely working for Levi. When your family takes

over the Onza’s assets, I’ll resist. But please don’t misinterpret it too much

theh."

Emmanuel and Mackenzie smirked upon hearing that.

Gautier could clearly see the suspicion and disdain in the couple's eyes, but

he remained calm. "Mackenzie, I deliberately handed over Onza's assets to

your family. I want just two things."

"Go on." Emmanuel finally showed interest.

Even though Emmanuel was a newly crowned Grandmaster, Gautier wasn't

afraid of his aura. Gautier looked at him and said calmly, "First, I hope Terence

Group thrives and I get my fair share."

The Verkade family was currently the third largest shareholder of Terence

Group, and with its soaring market value, they could indeed get a piece of

the pie.

"Second, I want to see Mackenzie happy because she's the woman I love."

When Gautier said this, he was sincere.

Emmanuel even felt inclined to believe him a bit. After all, Quintus was also such a person, but although Quintus was open, he didn't have Gautier's breadth of mind.

"You're really admirable!" Mackenzie was noncommittal, and she smirked. "Who knows if you're playing both sides? Are there any ulterior motives? If Emmanuel had lost to Yosef, you'd have another excuse, wouldn't you?"

Gautier remained unfazed, stating plainly, "It makes sense for you to think so, but I choose not to explain. After all, time reveals true intentions, and sooner or later, you'll understand mine." With that said, he indeed appeared upright as he departed.

Mackenzie sighed in relief and turned to Emmanuel. "What do you think?"

He shook his head. "He looks sincere. Maybe, as he said, only with time will we know if he's friend or foe!"

She nodded.

Since her teens, she had known Gautier was a tough character to deal with.

While others often compared them, she hadn't expected him to be even

more formidable than imagined.

The couple returned to their room, took a brief rest, and, precisely at eight

a.m., they appeared in the hotel lobby.

Several of the Quillen's aunts and others wore expectant smiles, eagerly

awaiting the couple's arrival.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lowe, please get in the car."

"Guide the Quillen family and everyone else to the car."

The host's voice resonated through the bustling hotel.

The entire venue buzzed with excitement as the ceremony unfolded, filling

the air with anticipation.

Outside, a crowd of eager onlookers awaited and were keen for a glimpse of

the couple.

Amidst the frenzy, Emmanuel proudly wore the esteemed Grandmaster belt

as he escorted Mackenzie, adorned with the queen's crown, to a waiting

convertible.

Following closely behind were four proud aunts, while Beatrix, still recovering

from her sobriety, trailed behind with a pounding head.

Frederick, Shane, Logan, Sage, and other assistants completed the entourage

and boarded the car with them.

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A grand procession of eight cars exuded majesty and grandeur as it set off around the island. Tens of thousands greeted them with cheers and adoration.

Hannah stood in the midst of the crowd. Her heart was tinged with envy as she witnessed the glorious spectacle of the Quillen family. It was a scene she once yearned for but was now estranged from, and she regretted choosing Bernett.

“Hannah! Join us up here!” Sophie spotted her amidst the crowd with her keen eyes. Despite decades of sisterly bonding, she still held onto hope for

Hannah's return to the family fold.

"Sophie, since when do you hold such authority?" Samantha's deeper

emotional investment only intensified her heartbreak and resentment

toward Hannah's past actions.

Chapter 1646 Giving Up

Hannah hadn't learned from her mistakes, and Sophie, despite Hannah's

wrongdoings, permitted her to bask in the Quillen family's glory. Did Sophie

ever consider the impact on Mackenzie and Emmanuel? Was there truly no

accountability for Hannah's misconduct?

Sophie unconsciously glanced at Mackenzie in the car ahead.

Mackenzie was astute and considerate. Even as she greeted the crowds, she

noticed Hannah's presence up ahead.

As the head of the Quillen family, she needed to embody the dignity befitting

her position. A tender–hearted demeanor wouldn't suffice for the

responsibilities ahead. Her role was to support Wolf Warrior and eliminate the

national threat. She was destined for firmness in administering both rewards

and punishments.

“Sophie, I don’t need your sympathy,” Hannah asserted.

While observing the Quillen family’s firm stance on her departure, she

clenched her jaw and resolved to uphold her dignity. She stated firmly, “While

you may be flourishing now, life is unpredictable. I believe I can turn things.

around sooner

or later.”

“Hannah, you truly are incorrigible,” Samantha retorted bluntly.

Initially, she had hoped for Hannah’s remorse and a genuine apology.

Samantha even considered interceding with Mackenzie on Hannah’s behalf.

However, Hannah’s defiant words rendered such efforts unnecessary.

Samantha decided to let Hannah grapple with her regrets on her own in the

days to come.

The procession continued.

Frederick, feeling less than enthused, couldn't shake off the embarrassment

and heartache from the previous night. He couldn't help but dwell on it. The latest heartbreak marked the sixth time. When would he ever find lasting

love?

On the contrary, Shane radiated energy and enthusiasm. He cheerfully

exchanged greetings with the spectators lining both sides of the street. His

enthusiasm peaked, mainly when he spotted attractive women.

"Word on the street is that this year's Grandmaster is the strongest in three

decades. The Quillen family is poised for greatness."

"Yes. Mackenzie is a true beauty. They seem like a match made in heaven,

the envy of all!"

"I don't envy them. Heroes and beauties seem out of my league. I envy those

who work for the Quillen family instead."

"Spot on! Look at that chubby fellow, short and stout, yet he basks in the

Quillen family's glory. That's what true envy looks like!"

Frederick, who had been keeping a low profile, dismissed the conversation with a dismissive “Pfft!” Yet, he couldn’t help but chuckle mischievously.

Shane, previously cheerful, suddenly turned serious. He pointed at the speaker and retorted, “What do you mean I get to bask in the glory? Let me remind you that I’ve made significant contributions to the Quillen family. I’m a billionaire now. Plus, I’m not the poor, unattractive, short guy I used to be!”

The Nuthana Grand Martial Showdown not only solidified the Quillen family’s dominance but also brought him a hefty fortune of 60 million. Now, he wasn’t the poor, unattractive, short guy–he was the short, wealthy, unattractive guy.

“Hey, handsome. How’s it going?”

Suddenly, a woman with long hair and a flirtatious tone approached him.

His eyes sparked with interest at her approach.

Dressed in a pink and purple gown, she exuded an allure reminiscent of a mermaid, her figure full and enticing.

What caught Shane's attention most was her undeniable attractiveness, elevating her far above the likes of Lola and Leah. He found himself teetering

on the edge of being hooked.

"Miss, you're quite stunning. And I must say, your taste is impeccable! Haha…"

Shane shamelessly flattered the woman.

Frederick felt a'shiyer down his spine at his words.

"Well, handsome, here's my number. I'm still single. Feel free to reach out

sometime!" The woman produced a scented card from her pocket and

handed it to Shane.

He accepted it eagerly and took a sniff. Hmm, it smells delightful!

"Are you giving up on Ms. Beatrix?" Frederick couldn't resist asking.

"Haha! What do you mean by giving up?" Shane responded logically. "You can only give up on something if you actually had a chance with it, right? She has never shown any interest in us from the beginning, so what's the point in giving up? At most, we were just loyal admirers."

Frederick found Shane's perspective entirely rational.

"Well, it's evident she's not an option, I should pivot early. I can't cling to one

hope and risk being single forever." Shane maintained a sense of

self–awareness.

Despite ranking himself as the second most charming man, he knew Beatrix

was smitten with the number one, Emmanuel. So, Shane felt he couldn't

compete and decided to bow out early.

Chapter 1647 Levi Confronts Cur

Shane even patted Frederick's shoulder.

"You're free to pursue Ms. Beatrix now. Your chance to turn her head grows

without me as your strong competitor. Still, you're not young anymore. You

shouldn't put all your eggs in one basket. Keep your options open."

Frederick let out a bitter chuckle at his advice.

He might be unreliable most of the time but he also thinks outside the box

and is pragmatic. Compared to him, I'm idealistic and traditional. At this rate,

I might end up single.

Shane left Frederick alone. Today was the best day of his life. He wanted to

make the best use of it.

Numerous gorgeous ladies had exchanged contact information with him throughout the trip.

Life is splendid with such wealth and reputation.

Meanwhile, in a private room of a club, it was quiet in stark contrast to ther hustle and bustle outside. Gautier could hear his footsteps echoing in the room.

“Mr. Lestrange,” he greeted the man who faced away from him in the room.

Levi didn’t bother to be friendly toward him despite his respectful greeting.

The man scolded, “Gautier, who allowed you to bet with the Quillen family? You need to know your place. You’re to serve Mr. Tanner. You shouldn’t act without our orders.”

Even though the angry man was intimidating, Gautier remained smiling. “I deserve a punishment for making the wrong decision. I merely wanted to help Mr. Tanner secure the position of Chairman. Nobody expected Yosef to

lose to Emmanuel."

Levi fixed his eyes on Gautier. He had to admit Gautier's words were flawless

and unable to be questioned. He couldn't tell whether Gautier was speaking

the truth or not.

"I don't believe you. You want to help Kackenzie, don't you?" Levi accused.

"You can punish me if you think so."

Gautier's expression became serious. "I can't forgive the Terence Group for

acquiring the Verkade Group. They'll never see me be ordered around by a

woman. I'll kill her before she can trample on my dignity. Siding with her? Not

a chance!"

Levi found his words convincing as his face flushed when he cursed.

Levi saw the bigger picture. He had no choice but to rely on Gautier because

Gautier was the best candidate to be their inside man.

"I apologize, Gautier. Forgive me for being paranoid. It's a serious matter, sol

need to be cautious."

Levi approached Gautier with a smile and patted his shoulder gently. “Here’s a special medicine for you. It’ll help you get into the mood when you capture Mackenzie one day and want to teach her a special lesson. You’ll dominate her over and over until she can’t walk in the morning.”

Chapter 1648 Terence’s Return

It pained Susan to watch the man she loved suffer. She would carry the pain for Gautier even if it would be three times harder.

“I’m fine, Love. Don’t worry about me.”

She handed him a handkerchief. He wiped the corners of his mouth with it and smiled at her. “No pain, no gain. It’s the only way to achieve my goals.”

“You’re a brave man, Dear.” She wrapped her arms around him. A mix of admiration, affection, and distress flooded her, causing her to cry uncontrollably.

Still, her jealous nature got the best of her. She gazed up at him and

demanded, “Are you sure you aren’t helping her out of affection?”

“Of course! You’re the one I adore now. What belongs to me now will

eventually be yours.” He shot her a charming smile.

Overwhelmed by excitement, she trembled. Joyful tears streamed down her

face as she held him tighter. “Dear, even though we lost the business that

originally belonged to the Tanners, the third Silverbane family will always

back you! Everything that belongs to us belongs to you too.”

He smiled without answering. He wasn’t interested in their assets at all. He

was targeting the Quillen family.

“Emmanuel, Mackenzie, just you wait. We’ll see who has the last laugh.” He

opened his eyes, and a glint of malice flashed across his eyes as he gritted

his teeth.

Meanwhile, on Bali Island, Terence finally received Mackenzie’s call.

“Really? Emmanuel won? What? Are you running for Chairman of the Nuthana

Chamber of Commerce now? That’s amazing!”

Her good news cheered the distressed man up. Overjoyed, he clapped his

hands in excitement.

She had even better news, which surprised him.

“Wow! Y–You’re expecting a baby! Oh my god! That’s wonderful! We can give

them a name later. Focus on a safe delivery, yeah?”

He started to think something was fishy after hanging up the phone.

Why did she only tell me today after what happened? Was it to surprise me?

“Old Mr. Quillen, I think it’s time to go home,” Alfred suggested as he helped

Marilyn approach Terence.

“Sure, but Marilyn is injured…”

“Don’t worry about me, Old Mr. Quillen. I’ll do anything for you!” She beamed at

Terence.

Terence chuckled. “In that case, we’ll leave as soon as possible. I’ll take good

care of you after we return to Chanaea.”

“Thank you! Thank you!” A happy smile formed on her lips.

She was officially his wife now,

Chapter 1649 Terence’s Return

No matter what Mackenzie’s and Emmanuel’s status was, they would still

have to address her as Grandma.

Soon, the three of them boarded the flight back to Chanaea.

Meanwhile, Mackenzie had stopped going to work after returning from

Badlands Island to Onza.

She no longer needed to work as hard as before with her current wealth and

a baby on the way.

Emmanuel remained by her side the whole time. He aimed to tend to her

needs whenever she needed until she gave birth to their child.

“Emmanuel, Grandpa is coming back. The plane will arrive at Onza Airport

tonight,” she shared the news with him.

“Great! Let’s pick him up at the airport and celebrate his return.” He had the

utmost respect for Terence.

After all, he, a man who falled his previous blind dates, got to meet a woman

as amazing as Mackenzie, all thanks to Terence.

“It’s fine. He asked me to stay at home since I’m pregnant. My aunts will pick

him up later.” She smiled.

“Alright then!” He nodded as her orders were his top priority.

Alessandra, Roselynn, and Julian visited them when they learned Terence

was returning soon.

“Julian, is there any progress on your parents‘ case?” Emmanuel expressed

his concern as he greeted Julian.

Roselynn had decided that Julian was the man for her, so Emmanuel treated

him as his future brother–in–law.

Julian’s eyes welled up with tears at the question. “The organizers are too

busy to look into it. Their sole focus is on Luna’s death. Nobody cares about

the Summerton family.

Roselynn chimed in, “People will leave us once we lose our power.

The Summerton family received a severe blow to their influence. A few

people cared, and fewer lent help. Emmanuel, can you pressure them to

investigate the case?”

Emmanuel nodded. Even though he wasn’t familiar with Julian’s parents, and

even less fond of Althea, he felt obliged to help.

Alessandra had been planning to put Julian’s and Roselynn’s wedding on the

agenda, but the circumstances didn’t allow it.

“Rest assured, Julian. I assure you, the Summerton family won’t fall apart. Now

that you’re the head of the family, you must stay strong for Roselynn and

Ashton, and lead them out of the dilemma,” Mackenzie advised.

Even though she was three years younger than Julian, her tone carried the

wisdom of an elder.

The stubble dotting his chin accentuated the air of melancholy that hung

over them. Getting his teeth, he nodded. “I’ll bring the Summerton family to thrive and ensure the perpetrator faces justice.”

“It’s good to see you pull yourself together, but let’s not dwell on the matter. We visit for a different reason, remember?” Roselynn changed the topic.

Their focus should be welcoming Terence back, so she thought it was inappropriate to bring up Julian’s parents at the moment.

He took the hint and decided to drop the topic.

The next moment, Mackenzie received Samantha’s call. Blood immediately drained from her face at Samantha’s words. “I–Is that true, Aunt Samantha?”

“What’s wrong, Mackenzie?” Emmanuel had never seen this side of her.

Roselynn held her breath as she waited for Mackenzie’s reply. She remembered Mackenzie betting with a high stake in the Grand Martial Showdown without flinching. She wondered what news could have shaken Mackenzie.

“It’s no good.” Mackenzie ended the call with trembling hands. She looked as

pale as a ghost-

The group’s chests tightened at the sight, already expecting the worst.

“According to Aunt Samantha, Grandpa was involved in a car accident after

leaving the airport. The car caught fire and blew up.”

“What?”

Alessandra passed out at the shocking revelation.

Fortunately, Emmanuel promptly administered first aid to her.

“Emmanuel, Mackenzie. You two don’t have to worry about me. You need to

go to the scene as soon as possible. There’s a chance Old Mr. Quillen might

still be alive.”

She was fond of Terence. To her, such tragedy was unacceptable.

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He’s looking forward to becoming a great–grandfather. How could this happen to him?

“Right. Roselynn, take care of Mom. We are heading there right away,”

Emmanuel ordered before departing for the scene with Mackenzie.

Thirty minutes later, the couple arrived at the scene. The sight of the charred remains of the car greeted them. The vehicle had burnt down to a blackened

shell.

Ashton stood among Mackenzie's aunts.

She briefed the couple on the situation, "Somebody planted a time bomb

beneath the car. We didn't find anybody in the car except the burnt

remnants. We can't confirm the fate of the passengers yet."

Emmanuel nodded.

Standing beside him, Mackenzie accused, "Aunt Samantha, weren't you in

charge of the transportation? How could such a thing happen?"

Samantha stared at her with teary eyes. "I have nothing to do with it,

Mackenzie. I requested transportation from the branch office. I wouldn't have

known they would get into an accident."

She seemed troubled in Emmanuel's eyes. Her reaction convinced him.

Mackenzie also knew that Samantha had the strongest bond with Terence.

She doubted Samantha would do that to Terence. It must be someone else.

“It wasn’t common C4. Preliminary analysis suggests it was a military

explosive.” Ashton informed Emmanuel about the findings and showed him

the remnants.

He frowned as a guess formed in his mind. He kept it to himself without telling

anyone.

Furthermore, Alfred was supposed to be in the car too. Knowing him,

Emmanuel doubted the explosion would kill him.

He decided to wait for the police’s conclusion.

After investigating the scene, Emmanuel and Mackenzie finally turned to

Marilyn, who hung back in the crowd the whole time.

Chapter 1650

“Get over here,” Mackenzie ordered Marilyn.

She was never fond of Marilyn. Despite being younger than Mackenzie,

Marilyn was always around Terence. It disgusted Mackenzie.

Marilyn pretended to be frightened as she approached Mackenzie with her

head hanging low, but her gaze never left Mackenzie.

“Ms. Quillen?” Her meek demeanor and her recent injury made her appear

quite innocent.

“Who came up with the seat arrangement? Weren’t you always with

Grandpa? Why didn’t you share a car with him today?”

“Are you suspecting me of something, Ms. Quillen?”

Tears streamed down her cheeks in an instant. She raised her voice as if it

were on purpose, ‘Old Mr. Quillen has given me a place in his life. We got

officially married on Bali Island. As his wife, I want nothing more than to be by

his side. However, I couldn’t argue with Aunt Samantha on her arrangement. I

regret not traveling in the same car as him.”

“What?” Her revelation shocked the other people.

The women of the Quillen family exchanged glances.

Mackenzie’s aunts struggled to process the news. If this girl told the truth, she

would have become our mother! Preposterous! That's inappropriate! How

dare she?

Mackenzie shared their dissatisfaction. She glared icy daggers at Marilyn. It

could be her motive.

"Tell me! Were you targeting our family's wealth? Did you get close to

Grandpa with ulterior motives?"

Marilyn trembled at her accusation.

Emmanuel observed Marilyn closely. She looks scared, and a little guilty.

Mackenzie might be right.

"Ms. Quillen, please don't make groundless accusations of me. Old Mr. Quillen

and I truly love each other! He only fell for me after I risked my life twice to

save him. I'm your grandmother now. Please show me respect from today

on." Marilyn mustered her courage and demanded.

The next moment, she flinched at Mackenzie's raised hand.

Eventually, Mackenzie refrained from slapping Marilyn in public. She didn't

want to make a scene and let the outsiders know about her family business.

“Mackenzie, let’s head back first. I believe Ashton and her team will find

Grandpa and Alfred in no time if they’re still alive,” Emmanuel urged.

ass Mackenzie nodded, showing a rare hint of politeness toward Ashton as she

said, “I’ll count on you then, Officer Summerton.”

Ashton nodded curtly. “It’s my duty. We’ll find something as soon as possible.”

Mackenzie nodded one last time before leaving with Emmanuel by her side.

After giving Marilyn a stern look, her aunts turned on their heels and left.

Marilyn trembled as she watched them go helplessly. Finally, she walked

away alone when the Quillens were out of sight.

She had nowhere to go, so she checked into a hotel.

Her phone rang as soon as she entered the room.

“Is Terence dead?” The person cut to the chase.

“I’m not sure. It was intense. Everything caught fire at once. There was no

chance he could survive."

"Excellent! I have the best lawyer ready for you. Once Terence is confirmed

dead, his property will be divided between you and his family."

"Will the Quillens allow it?"

"In most scenarios, the deceased's spouse, children, and parents are their

primary heirs. Their assets will be distributed to the primary heirs first. Only if

there are no primary heirs will the assets be passed on to the secondary

heirs."

She could imagine the person's smug grin as they elaborated, "We can rule

out children and parents in Terence's case. You would be considered the

primary heir above his daughters if he didn't leave a will that suggested

something else."

She clenched her fists. "He never mentioned a will when we traveled the

world together."

"Good. The Terence Group is currently the largest conglomerate in Nuthana. If

everything goes smoothly, you'll become the wealthiest woman in Nuthana."