Wrong Table 1671

Chapter 1671

“That is what I’ve been worried about.”

The mysterious person looked at Mackenzie before smiling. “Madam, I can

see some reluctance in your gaze. Are you holding something back about

this?”

She was shocked. Could he really read minds?

“Well, I want to go there since it might be helpful in uncovering the secrets of

my background!”

Lexi was just as shocked as she hadn’t known about these complexities. Ms.

Quillen’s reluctance doesn’t surprise me!

“Madam, you already know the answer and won’t need my input.” He laughed

and stroked his beard.

Mackenzie frowned in confusion. “Sir, you’re wrong. I wouldn’t have asked for it

if I had already decided.”

“Of course not.” The Person smirked. “Madam, you have a determined and confident glow in your eyes, meaning you’re a straightforward woman capable of dealing with challenges. You never require reassurances from anyone else.”

Mackenzie shook, recognizing his observing skills as he went on, “You radiate strength and dominance, showing you are a powerful person and a perfectionist who wouldn’t be satisfied with anything less than perfect.”

Mackenzie shivered again while Lexi’s eyes became wide with the realization that he had an accurate read of Mackenzie’s personality.

“You want to rescue your best friend and find out the truth about yourself. You will risk yourself to obtain a better result. You’re just unsure if your beloved will agree with your choice.”

The Person’s words resonated with Mackenzie, as she had considered risking herself while worried about Emmanuel’s reaction, making her reluctant to say anything to Emmanuel.

“Madam, look at this watch. Forget your skepticism, and understanding will

come.” The Person retrieved a pocket watch and swayed it in front of

Mackenzie. Lexi tried to stop him but was muffled by him.

“Protect Ms. Quillen at once!” The bodyguards surged toward them.

The Person laughed before they could take action. “Madam, dare to do what

you desire!”

He fled lightly while Mackenzie seemed entranced and mesmerized.

*Are you okay, Ms. Quillen? Ms. Quillen!” Lexi shook Mackenzie gently in

concern.

“Don’t worry, I’m okay!” Mackenzie sounded like herself, which relieved Lexi.

“Let’s go.”

Mackenzie rose and got back into the car.

The smirking Person headed toward a woman as the cars disappeared. “Miss

Morgan, did I do well?”

“We shall see,” answered Yasmine emotionlessly.

“She will go back to the Dark Night Islands with you within the next couple of days. I’m betting my honor on it!” he insisted arrogantly.

She smiled. “I can’t wait.”

When they returned to the villa, Emmanuel saw that Mackenzie looked distracted.

“Everything okay, Mackenzie? Was today too overwhelming for you?”

Emmanuel came toward her and hugged her reassuringly.

Mackenzie curled against him while sighing softly. “It was tiring, but then unfinished business tends to be draining emotionally.”

Emmanuel knew the feeling as he was also extremely stressed with his inability to help Claudette despite his knowledge of her condition, which plagued him even more than it did Mackenzie. However, protecting his wife and child came first. He couldn’t abandon Mackenzie and the baby in favor of heading to the Dark Night Islands alone. The mere thought of anything

befalling them was unimaginable.

Chapter 1672 Seeking Terence's Approval

Mackenzie knew what he was thinking just from his look and gave a soft

smile. "Emmanuel, you don't have to worry so much. It will all come together."

Emmanuel looked confused

A moment later, Mackenzie stood up with a gentle smile. "I need to resolve

some issues. I want to talk privately with Grandpa, so I won't be joining this

evening.

Terence was lying relaxed in a chair inside a room in the mansion with his

eyes shut, desiring to kick back and enjoy his remaining years after a lifetime

of toil. However, Mackenzie came in silently.

"You're here." His eyes remained closed as if expecting her.

She was surprised but answered simply, "Yep."

"I'm all ears. Just continue," Terence urged.

She did not beat around the bush after seeing his calm expression. "Grandpa,

I want to have some time away with Emmanuel. I trust you to oversee the

Nuthana Chamber of Commerce and also the company."

"Ah." He eventually opened his eyes while smiling wryly. "It seems an old bag

of bones like me cannot retire peacefully and prepare for

great–grandchildren just yet! What's this about? Am I fated to work forever?"

She felt a sting of regret and approached him, getting to her knees to hold

his wrinkled hand, which surprised him. She was usually more held back and

stubborn, so this was a rare display of emotions. The marriage arrangement

had been a good choice as she was acting gentler.

"Please, Grandpa. I can't stand watching Hattie and Claudette die. If

Claudette dies, Emmanuel will never get his closure!" Her tears began to form

as she gripped his hand. "I give you my word that I will come back with my

baby without harm."

Terence sighed deeply. "I understand! I know you need to go, but you must

discuss this with Emmanuel. He may not agree to your departure–frankly, if it were up to me, I wouldn't allow it either!"

Mackenzie's eyes shone wetly. She knew the Quillens would be overwhelmingly against her risking everything, not to mention she could not ignore her baby. However, the person was right in that she was a perfectionist and fixated on finishing everything perfectly, even if it meant being endangered.

"Can you allow him to go by himself?" suggested Terence.

Mackenzie gave a head–shake, her tears falling. "Emmanuel is reluctant to bet separated from me, too. I will go with him in life or in death! Besides, I need to discover the truth about my parents myself. It might not be resolved if I don't go."

Terence gave a nod and patted her hand softly. "I knew about your mother's powerful background and so disapproved of Tony dating her. I anticipated. that our family would be caught up in conflicts because of her. Some things

cannot be controlled by me, though. Emmanuel is the war god of the Northern Region, so his being with you might ensure your safety."

Mackenzie felt extremely grateful towards him, making tears stream down her face as if to make up for the couple of decades of her suppressed feelings. She knew about his special fondness for her, as he favored her among all his granddaughters and trusted her with most of life's work. Had she been another of his granddaughters, she might also think he was playing favorites, and her achievements wouldn't be better than Lara's.

Terence Group was indeed prospering under her and Emmanuel's leadership, but Mackenzie opined that the other Quillens, especially the women, should also have a say in things. However, she could not look into this now; it had to be delayed until after she and Emmanuel saved Claudette.

The two reminisced about Tony and his wife while Emmanuel waited for Mackenzie patiently in the bedroom. Midnight had long passed when

Mackenzie finally came in while wearing her sleepwear, looking rejuvenated

after her bath. Her face was clear of all evidence of her tears.

“You talked that long with Grandpa, Mackenzie?” Emmanuel rushed to help

her, seemingly scared she might fall.

Chapter 1673

Emmanuel had already sensed that something was amiss, and now he was

even more sensitive. After helping his wife onto the bed, he asked cautiously,

“Mackenzie, you’re not really planning to go to the Dark Night Islands, are you?

I disagree!” He stated his stance directly, not giving his wife any illusions.

“Why?” Mackenzie hadn’t expected Emmanuel’s attitude to be so resolute.

Slightly agitated, she asked, “Aren’t you always deeply troubled by

Claudette’s death? You’ve sacrificed so much before to find her with Ashton.

Now that you know her whereabouts, don’t you intend to rescue her?”

“I will rescue her, but not personally, and I’m certainly not letting you go!”

Emmanuel asserted firmly. “I’ll send Sage to lead the team! Snake Master can

also help!”

“What if Sage and the others can’t save her, and she dies on Dark Night

Islands?” Mackenzie countered.

Emmanuel fell silent, offering no response.

“Emmanuel, I know Claudette means a lot to you. If she really dies, you’ll never

forgive yourself! That’s why I need you to do everything in your power to save

her. If even that doesn’t bring her back, at least you’ll have no regrets, right?”

Mackenzie said with a smile.

“No!” Emmanuel shook his head. “I won’t go!”

“Why?” Mackenzie was surprised by his attitude. Even her grandfather agreed

to her going. Why would he be so determined not to go?

“Don’t you get it?” Emmanuel’s voice rose with emotion. “Yes, Claudette

sacrificed herself for me twice. I’m grateful to her, and no one can replace her

in my heart. I’m willing to risk my life to save her! But for me, you and our baby

are the most important! And a man’s responsibility is the most important! For

you two, I can only give up rescuing Claudette in person. Otherwise, if I fail to protect you both, I'd truly be better off dead!"

This dilemma wasn't something new for Emmanuel. Over the past three years, he had been regretting deeply.

Back then, to save the lives of his comrades in the Wolf Warrior Unit, he chose to abandon the mission, ultimately leading to the failure of the entire battle, the deaths of thousands of comrades, and the disbandment of the Wolf Warrior Unit.

At that time, he didn't regret his choice, nor did he know what the right thing to do was. But now, he understood! As a man, responsibility was paramount. In a situation where he couldn't have both, sacrificing himself for the greater good was the only option!

For the Northern Region Wolf, the country and the mission were paramount; the Wolf Warriors themselves and their lives were secondary. Sacrificing all of

them for the country and the mission was worth it.

As for a man, family and responsibility were paramount, while a confidante

was secondary. He couldn't afford to lose sight of the bigger picture for the

sake of something trivial, even if it meant bearing the blame in the end. He

had to protect the greater good. Therefore, between protecting his family and sending people to rescue Claudette, he would choose the latter.

Looking into his eyes, Mackenzie almost couldn't hold back her tears. After a

while, she kissed Emmanuel's cheek gently and whispered, "I understand

now. Thank you, Emmanuel."

Emmanuel hugged her tightly, kissing her forehead. "Both you and Claudette

are important to me. I'm willing to die for her, but I want to live for you and our

baby!"

Mackenzie kept a smile of happiness, but in her mind, the sinister watch kept

swinging, making it impossible for her to think calmly…

Early the next morning, Emmanuel woke up to find his wife missing from the

bed.

“Mackenzie?” He called out uneasily, quickly getting out of bed.

As he stepped into the living room, he saw Mackenzie making breakfast.

“What are you doing, cooking?! Let me do it!” Emmanuel hurried over to take the spatula from her hand.

But Mackenzie smiled gently. “You’ve always cooked for me. Now that I’m resting at home, won’t you let me make you breakfast once?”

Emmanuel smiled wryly. “You’re pregnant and need to rest. Even if you feel sorry for me, you can hire someone else to do it!”

“Hasn’t it always been just the two of us, without any servants? I like life with just the two of us!” Mackenzie said earnestly.

Emmanuel smiled happily. “So do I.”

Although Terence and Beatrix were also currently living with them in the mansion, it was massive, and the elder and the young woman were very considerate not to disturb the couple’s life unless Emmanuel and Mackenzie

went to them.

Chapter 1674 She Boldly Embarked on the Journey

“Oh, c’mon, I’m making you breakfast just this once; don’t make such a big deal! Besides, it’s good to do some light exercise during pregnancy!”

Mackenzie gave Emmanuel a stern look, prompting him to sit outside obediently. Emmanuel had no choice but to comply.

Soon, Mackenzie came out with two simple breakfasts. Emmanuel was ready to dig in. However, Mackenzie, in a rare moment of coquetry, said, “We’ve been married for so long, and you still don’t understand romance!”

“Um…” Emmanuel was a bit puzzled, not quite catching up with his wife.

Genuinely annoyed, she demonstrated, scooping up a spoonful of food and bringing it to his mouth. At last, the man realized what she meant.

“Open up!” Mackenzie was doing something sweet, but her expression remained aloof. Thankfully, Emmanuel was aware of her temperament and opened his mouth quickly.

Mackenzie fed him a bite of breakfast. Emmanuel, finally catching on, in turn, fed his wife a sip of milk. The couple finished their breakfast in this pleasant atmosphere.

Little did Emmanuel expect, behind this happiness, disaster was looming.

Soon, he started feeling a bit dizzy. It wasn't that his medical skills were lacking; he just couldn't bring himself to be cautious around his beloved. woman.

"Mackenzie… what… what are you doing?" Emmanuel knew he was passing out, but he still wanted an answer.

"Emmanuel, I'm sorry!" Mackenzie's face was full of distress as she held his face. "I know you love me and wouldn't let me take risks, but everyone has different positions, and their views on the same thing differ.

"To you, protecting me and our baby is the most important, but to others, it's similar to your decision to protect your Wolf Warrior brothers and abandon

the mission! Because I and our baby are your closest people. As your wife, I

can't let you make a regretful choice, but as a soldier, you have to do your

utmost to accomplish the mission for the best outcome!"

Thump!

Emmanuel's vision darkened, and he collapsed onto the dining table.

Mackenzie didn't know if Emmanuel had heard her words, but she had to do

this.

After a while…

"Emmanuel, Emmanuel! Wake up!"

"Emmanuel, wake up!"

Terence and Beatrix's voices echoed in his ears, and Emmanuel shook his

groggy head to wake up.

"Water!" Emmanuel struggled to say.

Beatrix quickly handed him a glass pitcher of water. Emmanuel first drank.

some, then poured some onto his head, trying to recover as quickly as

possible.

“Emmanuel, where’s Mackenzie?” Beatrix asked, blinking.

Emmanuel didn’t have time to answer. He quickly checked his phone for the time, then widened his eyes and stood up abruptly. “Did you guys contact Mackenzie earlier?”

“We did!” Beatrix, oblivious to the severity of the situation, replied plainly.

“Mackenzie said she went out for something important and had you call her back after you woke up!”

Sh*t! Emmanuel exclaimed, “Mackenzie must have gone to the Dark Night Islands to find the Airspace Group!”

“What Airspace Group?” Beatrix was still confused.

Terence sighed deeply/He had known last night that Mackenzie would do this, but he couldn’t stop her.

In the next moment, Emmanuel quickly called Mackenzie on video chat.

Mackenzie hadn’t turned off her phone, and she answered directly.

“Mackenzie, where are you? Don’t do anything reckless!” Emmanuel

exclaimed as soon as the call connected.

The three of them could see that Mackenzie was currently at an airport, and

there was a woman next to her–Yasmine.

“Emmanuel, I’m going to Dark Night Islands with Yasmine. I’ll keep my location

on, so come pick me up when you’re ready!” Mackenzie smiled confidently,

her eyes showing faith in her husband.

“Don’t get on the plane!” Emmanuel shouted, but it was already too late to

stop the determined Mackenzie.

“Please, Ms. Quillen!” Yasmine was quite polite to Mackenzie and didn’t make

any threats.

Her target was the child in Mackenzie’s belly, so she wouldn’t harm her in the

slightest. Mackenzie believed in this, which was why she boldly embarked on

this journey.

Chapter 1675 The Valols Clan

That way, Emmanuel had to come.

“Emmanuel, what happened?”

Coincidentally, Hattie had come to the mansion with Blake to find Mackenzie,

only to see them in such a situation.

“A plane! Someone get me a plane!” Emmanuel shouted, having no time to

explain.

They were in Onza, so Terence naturally couldn’t help with such

arrangements.

Fortunately for them, they had Hattie. “I have a helicopter in my Onza

property. I’ll take you there right away!” she said.

“Hurry!” Emmanuel, still feeling the effects of the medicine, stumbled toward

her.

“Emmanuel, take this with you!” Beatrix suddenly shouted, picking up the

golden jade phoenix from the table and tossing it to Emmanuel.

Due to her pregnancy, Mackenzie couldn't wear jewelry, so she kept them at home. It was the token of love Emmanuel gave her after they got married.

"Let's go!" Emmanuel didn't have time to reminisce, quickly pulling Hattie out.

Mackenzie's location was constantly changing, soon to leave the coast of Chanaea and head toward the Pacific Ocean. Emmanuel was also very familiar with the world map, knowing that amidst the vast ocean lay countless mysterious islands. However, he didn't know where the plane's final destination would be.

Meanwhile, on a private plane, Yasmine sat next to Mackenzie, wearing a smile throughout.

"Ms. Morgan, can you tell me now how my parents died?" Mackenzie didn't want to waste any time and wanted to solve her biggest mystery immediately. Last night, she had chatted with her grandfather for a long time, and even Terence didn't know the truth of the matter.

Looking at her cold expression, Yasmine smiled lightly and didn't beat around the bush. "Your father's accident was deliberate, and the culprit happened to be an assassin from our organization!"

Mackenzie's eyes suddenly became incredibly piercing, emitting a cold light, as she questioned with gritted teeth, "Why did you do it?"

"Your Holiness, please be patient as I slowly narrate you a story."

Facing Mackenzie's icy gaze, Yasmine suddenly stood up, put her hand on her shoulder, and knelt down on one knee toward her. Then, everyone else on the plane also put their hands on their shoulders and knelt down to Mackenzie.

Even Mackenzie was a little flustered by the display. What's going on?!

Not only Yasmine but even the others looked at her with great reverence.

"W–What did you just call me?"

Mackenzie couldn't accept this reality. She only wanted to be an ordinary person and not some Saintess, for she knew full well that the Holy Fire

organization was an evil organization, at least in Emmanuel's eyes, it was definitely evil. If she really was the Saintess of the Holy Fire organization, she would be destined to stand against Emmanuel!

"Your Holiness!" Yasmine affirmed again. "You are the next Saintess!"

Mackenzie trembled slightly, leaning back in her seat and sighing softly. She had actually long suspected her origins, but now she still found it a bit hard to accept it.

After calming down, she issued a strong order. "Yasmine, since you address. me as Saintess, then I command you now to tell me the truth about my identity!"

"Yes, Your Holiness!" Yasmine was usually an imposing woman. Even if Joe was in front of her, she would speak with her head held high. But at this moment, in front of Mackenzie, she was incredibly humble, a far cry from her usual demeanor.

“This matter must start with the Valois Clan! There are many versions of the legend about this race in Chanaea, but what I’m going to tell you now is that regardless of which version of history it is, this race truly existed, with a history of nearly 5,000 years!

“Most of the Valois Clan were born with extraordinary talents, but thousands of years ago, one branch did not want to get involved in worldly disputes and killings, so they chose to retreat to a paradise away from the world, living in seclusion.

“Their first leader was called the Saintess by people, and before each Saintess passed away, she would choose the next Saintess, who would serve as the clan’s leader. This tradition has been passed down to the present day!”

Chapter 1676 Retrieve the Heart of the Sun and Bri

Hearing that, Mackenzie shook her head repeatedly. “You’re lying! We’re already in the 21st Century! When Chanaea was founded, every inch of land was surveyed. If such a utopia really existed, how hasn’t it been exposed by

now?”

She was still resisting her identity as the Saintess; Yasmine could see that,

and she didn’t argue about this unverifiable history. She simply clarified,

“Hattie is

your best friend; surely she’s told you about the legends of

Chanaea’s Three Gods and Seven Saints…

“The Saintess is the head of the Seven Saints and also the nominal leader of

the Holy Fire organization. The history of the Holy Fire organization is even

longer than you might imagine, but due to its long history, its goals and

power structure have changed many times in a very complex manner!”

“Currently, the real power within the Holy Fire organization lies with the self–proclaimed Great Saint King, but without the Saintess‘ title, he cannot

lead the hundreds of thousands of members that have grown within the

organization! He plans to unite with the Warlord of Airspace Group and the

Killer Queen of the Redback Assassins to dominate the world together.

“I won’t discuss the feasibility of such a thing with you right now, but your mother didn’t want to be used by the Great Saint King, so she escaped from that place called the Holy Land and, by chance, fell in love with your father. Later, she also became pregnant with your father’s child, which is you.”

Yasmine’s story aligned with what Felicity had previously told Mackenzie, with no significant discrepancies, just more details.

Mackenzie asked, following the thread, “So, my father was killed because of this? And what is my mother’s connection to the Heart of the Sun?”

Yasmine, still kneeling on one knee, smiled. “This is the main point of what I am about to tell you. The Heart of the Sun is actually an ancient stone rumored to be the source of ancient martial arts. Hundreds of years ago, the first warriors gained power from the Sun Stone, developing internal energy and various mystical abilities.

“Later, according to genetics, some people were born with the ability to practice martial arts, while some couldn’t grasp ancient martial arts no

matter how hard they trained.

“About 400 years ago, two pieces of the Sun Stone were acquired by the

Templar Valor, which was flourishing at the time and almost dominated

Chanaea. Unfortunately, all of this couldn’t withstand the wheels of history.

“Your mother, being the new generation Saintess, went to Templar Valor

under the pretext of retrieving the two Sun Stones and met your father there.”

Mackenzie nodded, confirming that Yasmine’s information matched what

she knew, proving she wasn’t making things up.

“After falling in love with your father, she gave him the Sun Stones, but that

ultimately caused his death,” Yasmine continued. “Your father wanted to

incorporate the Sun Stones into energy technology and developed the

Energy Diagram of Nine Palace!

“The idea of utilizing the Sun Stones in such a way was a massive shock to

the Holy Fire organization. But using these ancient martial stones for

technological purposes was something the organization could never accept!

“The Great Saint King, in a fit of rage, secretly brought the Saintess back and issued a kill order for your father! Although Alfred and your mother saved your father many times, even using Felicity to secretly give birth to you and keep you in the Quillen family, he ultimately died in a car accident orchestrated by the Airspace Group!”

At this point, Mackenzie noticed a clear flaw and asked, “If the Sun Stones. were so important to the Holy Fire organization, why did you leave it in the Quillen family for so many years and only recently have Sarah Quillen come to retrieve it?”

Yasmina immediately responded, “That was because the Holy Fire organization was also experiencing internal conflicts. During that time, no one had the energy to deal with the Saintess and the Sun Stones. With the internal strife ending, a mysterious plan was put back on the agenda, which

included retrieving the Heart of the Sun and bringing the Saintess back. This has only been carried out in recent years!”

With all the Quillen family’s events clarified, Mackenzie pondered for a moment before continuing, “So, who is the culprit behind the car accident that killed my father? And how did my mother die?”

Chapter 1677 Suddenly Turned Dark

She desperately hoped Yasmine would tell her that her mother was still alive.

Unfortunately, Yasmine answered truthfully, “The one who killed your father was an assassin from the Redback Assassins, who has already been killed by Emmanuel. Pursuing this now is meaningless. As for your mother, she was captured by the Great Saint King over twenty years ago and has not been heard from since. She’s likely met a grim fate.”

Mackenzie’s cold gaze showed a rare hint of vengeance as she gritted her teeth and said, “Then tell me quickly, where is the Great Saint King now?”

“I’m sorry, Your Holiness, I don’t know,” Yasmine replied honestly. “I’m the chief advisor of the Airspace Group. Although the Airspace Group and the Holy Fire organization are brother organizations, they are fundamentally different. I can’t even track the movements of the Airspace Group’s leader, let alone the Great Saint King.”

Mackenzie wanted to continue questioning but was suddenly struck by morning sickness.

“Your Holiness, you need to rest! If anything happens to you or the baby, we can’t afford the consequences,” Yasmine said quickly, instructing her subordinates to take care of Mackenzie.

She had already given Mackenzie enough information for one day. There had to be some suspense left for when they reached the Dark Night Islands.

Although Mackenzie held the title of Saintess, she had no real power.

Yasmine’s respect for her was one thing, but using her was another matter.

Now that Yasmine was leaving, Mackenzie could do nothing about it. Having

boarded the proverbial pirate ship, she still wanted to find out more about Teddy's relationship with the three major organizations for Emmanuel, which meant she needed to be patient.

"Faster! Hurry up!"

At this moment, Emmanuel and Hattie had arrived at her private airport.

"Emmanuel, are you sure you don't need me to send someone with you?"

Hattie asked, genuinely concerned. Not only was Mackenzie her best friend, but Emmanuel's mission might be crucial to her own survival.

"Either Blake comes with me, or no one does," Emmanuel stated clearly.

Although he had never been to the Dark Night Islands, infamously known as Devil's Island, he knew from Quintus' letters and some outside rumors that it was undoubtedly a perilous place. Ordinary people would be of no help and would only meet their end there. Blake, at least, could be a reluctant helper and a 'guide,' given he was rumored to be an 'outcast' from the Airspace

Group.

“Haha, you can go alone then! I’m not into guys, and I don’t want to risk my life with you!” Blake laughed. Knowing more than Emmanuel, he had no desire to accompany him on a suicidal mission–it just wasn’t logical!

“Would you reconsider accompanying him?” Hattie pleaded, knowing Blake stayed with her out of sentiment, not for money. She couldn’t order him around like an employer, as he could leave anytime.

“Oh, you’re so annoying!” Blake groaned, scratching his head. It was hard to refuse a beautiful boss‘ request.

“Let’s go!” Taking advantage of Blake’s hesitation, Emmanuel gave him a hard shove, pushing him into the cabin.

Seeing Mackenzie’s signal moving farther away, Emmanuel had no time to waste and personally piloted the helicopter.

“Sh*t, you can fly a helicopter?! You’re something else!” Blake looked at Emmanuel with newfound respect. Not only was he better looking and a

better fighter, but he could also fly a helicopter?! Blake could only destroy

aircraft, not operate them.

Emmanuel ignored Blake's thoughts, simply saying, "Sit tight and don't stand

up!" Then he set the speed to maximum.

"You're a madman!" Blake clung tightly to the cabin as the helicopter

accelerated to over 250 miles per hour, feeling like it was going to break out

of the atmosphere.

After several hours of flying, the sky began to darken. Just as they were about

to catch up to the target, Mackenzie's signal suddenly vanished.

What's going on?! Emmanuel's heart skipped a beat as he sped up, heading

to where the signal had disappeared.

"What's happening? Why did it suddenly turn dark?" Emmanuel was

astonished, feeling as if he had traveled through time. It had been afternoon,

but now it suddenly seemed like the dead of night..

Chapter 1678

“Hehe, why do you think it’s called the Dark Night Islands?” Blake grinned. “That place goes by nearly 300 days a year without sunlight. It’s not only cold but also shrouded in perpetual darkness!”

“You know where we can land then?” Emmanuel asked.

“Hell, no!” Blake shrugged. He had left the Dark Night Islands when he was fifteen, nearly twenty years ago. He had almost forgotten what the island’s environment was like and had no recollection of the surrounding area.

Realizing Blake was hopeless, Blake had no choice but to figure it out himself.

Soon, a light appeared, seemingly heading straight for them.

“No way! Someone’s setting off fireworks in this godforsaken place?”

But the next second, Blake was struck with an ominous feeling.

Emmanuel, a battle–hardened warrior with a keen sense of danger, also felt a sudden chill when he saw the light. He quickly maneuvered the helicopter to change its course.

Whoosh!

The light streaked past one side of the helicopter, causing Blake to break out

in a cold sweat as he realized what it was. “F*cking hell! That was a missile!”

If not for Emmanuel’s exceptional piloting skills, they would have ended up in

the ocean. No matter how powerful a martial artist or how strong their

defensive techniques were, they would have no chance of survival in the vast

sed.

“Blake, get ready to jump!” Emmanuel remained vigilant as the guided missile

was circling back.

“You’ve got to be f*cking kidding me! They have that kind of technology?!”

Blake stopped joking and quickly grabbed two sets of life vests and

parachutes.

Emmanuel flew the helicopter at full speed toward the direction the missile.

Kasango

had come from, reasoning that there must be land in that direction, even

though it was pitch black.

“Jump!” Emmanuel yelled as the missile closed in on their helicopter, and

both he and Blake leaped out.

“Catch!” Blake threw a parachute and life vest to Emmanuel.

He caught them, but due to the differing times the parachutes opened and

the howling sea wind, he was quickly separated from Blake by a considerable

distance. In the darkness, after opening his parachute, Emmanuel lost sight

of Blake.

Emmanuel’s guess was correct, and his luck held out as he landed safely on

solid ground.

Light! There’s a firelight not far away, indicating the presence of people.

Possibly living primitively? Emmanuel suspected, and the next second,

alarms went off around him.

What’s going on? Infrared detection systems? He was momentarily confused.

Isn’t this supposed to be a primitive island? How can they have such

advanced tech?

The next moment, numerous infrared red dots targeted him.

“Who goes there? Hands up!” The lead guard, dressed in black uniform and fully armed, showed they were extremely vigilant against intruders.

Despite being the Grandmaster of Nuthana, Emmanuel knew that with guns

trained on him, it was no joke. He quickly raised his hands.

“Everyone, my name is Emmanuel Lowe, and I mean no harm!” Emmanuel

identified himself, hoping to gauge their reaction. Yasmine would surely have

informed them he was coming.

“Don’t move if you don’t want to die. Follow me!” The guards showed no

special reaction, seemingly not recognizing him.

With no other options, Emmanuel had to comply. He needed to confirm that

his wife had landed on the island before figuring out how to rescue her and

return.

Soon, he was shocked to see the type of guns the guards carried, recognizing them as the same models used in the Northern Region battlefield years ago. This meant that the forces behind the island's armament had significant ties to the war three years ago.

Three years prior, the Kasango nation, which had been at peace with Chanaea for many years, suddenly engaged in border conflicts, ultimately provoking a war. Despite Kasango's long–standing bluster, they were. economically, militarily, and in terms of soldier capabilities, far inferior to Chanaea. Their sudden aggression puzzled Chanaea, prompting curiosity about what had emboldened them.

The National Palace dispatched the Northern Region forces to respond. Emmanuel, leading the Wolf Warrior Unit, fought against Kasango's forces on multiple occasions, discovering that they possessed highly advanced modern weapons.

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For instance, the guards were wielding modified M1917 infrared machine guns.

At that time, the Northern Region already knew that Kasango had the backing of a powerful and mysterious force that prompted them to start the war. This made the conflict extremely challenging for the Northern Region. However, with the soldiers‘ unwavering resolve to protect their country, they ultimately defeated Kasango and drove them back.

After the war, although Chanaea suffered significant losses, Kasango’s losses were even greater, setting their economy back by over a decade. They had to export large quantities of food, textiles, and generic medicines to pay off their weapons debt.

It was clear that someone had deliberately instigated the war to make Chanaea bleed and Kasango incur massive economic losses while they profited from the conflict.

However, the forces behind the scenes and investigations only confirmed

that Chanaea's Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce, Teddy Tanner, was

involved. The full extent of the involved forces remained unknown.

Emmanuel hadn't expected to discover this so soon after arriving on the Dark

Night Islands. This discovery directly implicated the Airspace Group in the

war's machinations.

"Go in!"

The armed guards led Emmanuel to a strange, enclosed area and shoved

him through an iron door.

Emmanuel frowned. This should indeed be the Dark Night Islands, but how on

earth am I going to find Mackenzie? Or Claudette and Quintus, for that.

matter? Blake… Well, he should be able to fend for himself, given his skills…

Once inside, Emmanuel checked his phone for a signal–none. This was a

completely isolated island! Even if he found Mackenzie, he had no idea how

they could escape. Panicking was useless; he needed to stay calm to have

any chance of survival.

Emmanuel felt frustrated, wondering why his wife had made such a decision.

But it was too late for such thoughts. He needed to understand this place and

quickly find his wife and Claudette.

“Hey, are you new here?” Two men approached Emmanuel, eyeing him

maliciously.

Emmanuel remained silent, observing them. They seemed to be ordinary

people, not martial artists, for they were holding farming tools, working to

produce food.

It made sense–an isolated island with many inhabitants needed someone

to produce food, or everyone would starve.

“Hey, are you deaf? We’re talking to you!” The two men, growing bolder,

shoved Emmanuel.

The Dark Night Islands were a survival–of–the–fittest environment. Over the

years, outsiders who stumbled upon the island rarely left. The weak were kept

as slaves, and finding new slaves meant sharing the workload. Thus,

newcomers were always targeted by these low–level inhabitants. However,

they were shocked to find that despite using all their strength, they couldn't move Emmanuel at all. Their aggressive demeanor turned to comical fear.

"Where am I? How do I get out?" Emmanuel finally spoke.

In this dog–eat–dog world, the two men realized Emmanuel was formidable

and dared not defy him. "This… This is the Dark Night Islands, also known as

Devil's Island. There's only one way to leave: become the island's sole ruler!"

"The sole ruler?" Emmanuel frowned slightly.

Before coming here, he had heard Mackenzie mention that the island was

always competing to determine the King of the Dark Night. The Airspace

Group seemed to be using this method to train the ultimate assassin to

eliminate high–ranking officials and achieve their political goals.

"That's right. To become the King of the Dark Night, you first need to become

a representative member of the Black Wolf Team. The competition on this

island is far more brutal than you can imagine," one man said, pointing

toward a building ahead.

Emmanuel lost interest in talking to these low–level individuals and looked

toward the strange building. The building was primitively lit with fire lamps,

and above the main door was a carved wolf head.

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Emmanuel smirked, finding this place quite suitable for him.

As he approached the building, about 800 yards away, he caught whiffs of a

foul odor, likely from decomposing bodies used as natural fertilizer.

At that, he grew even more concerned for Mackenzie. How could his

pregnant wife live in such an environment?!

"Hey, you trying to get yourself killed?!"

As Emmanuel was about to push the door open, someone working nearby

suddenly exclaimed, "It's working hours. Only representatives of the Black

Wolf Team are allowed in there!"

Seeing their panicked expressions, Emmanuel knew there would be severe consequences for breaking the rules. Unfortunately, he wasn't here to follow the rules; he was here to break them.

Rumble…

Emmanuel didn't hesitate as he pushed the heavy door open, and the people around instantly paled. They hadn't expected a newcomer who didn't know his place.

Amid their panicked gazes, Emmanuel strode into the building.

Inside were some crude stone bedrooms. Although they were run–down, there was no strange smell, indicating they were lodgings for lower–status individuals.

As he continued further in, the rooms became larger. At the innermost part was a large room, likely the headquarters of the Black Wolf Team. With that, Emmanuel pushed the door open without hesitation!

Inside were only four people, and they were stunned to see Emmanuel

barging in recklessly. After so many years, another foolhardy newcomer had

appeared, daring to intrude into the Black Wolf Team headquarters.

Emmanuel ignored their expressions and instead surveyed the surroundings.

To be honest be w

and well–lit, indicating it was reserved for the elite of the island, it seemed

that the Black Wolf representatives weren't the ones who made the rules

here–they were just participants.

"Hey, who the f*ck are you? Who gave you permission to come in?" A hostile

voice came from behind.

Emmanuel turned around, and a shadow suddenly appeared before him,

grabbing his collar.

Fast! Emmanuel inwardly marveled, but he remained unfazed.

The man had semi–long hair styled like a hedgehog, strange markings on his

face, and a smile that carried a hint of mischief, though his malice wasn't

particularly strong.

“Dare to act cool in front of me, ay? If you don’t speak in three seconds, I’ll send you on your way and use your corpse as fertilizer!” The hedgehog–haired man raised his palm, issuing a cold threat. But Emmanuel had no intention of responding, for he knew that sometimes fists spoke louder than words and were more effective in a place like this.

“You asked for it, you son of a b*tch!” The hedgehog–haired man was thoroughly provoked by Emmanuel’s attitude. He immediately struck, but Emmanuel felt something was off about his moves. Though they seemed powerful, they lacked real force!

Emmanuel effortlessly dodged, surprising the hedgehog–haired man. No wonder this guy is so arrogant. Turns out he has some skills!

The others in the room also watched with ‘surprise and curiosity.

“D*mn it. Eat my fists!” The hedgehog–haired man continued his attacks, but

Emmanuel easily evaded them. Frustrated, the man suddenly muttered. man suddenly muttered something under his breath and raised his hand again, this time conjuring flames.

What the heck?! Emmanuel finally turned serious. Even though he had participated in the Nuthana Grand Martial Showdown and faced many strong opponents on the battlefield, he had never seen someone produce flames bare–handed. Had he crossed over into a fantasy world?!

No! Emmanuel refused to believe in such supernatural occurrences. He believed there must be some hidden mechanism at play here.

“TriSec, stop! Do you want to burn down our headquarters?”

Just then, a woman entered from the main door, shouting loudly. TriSec reluctantly stopped, glaring at Emmanuel before grumbling, “Consider yourself lucky!”

Emmanuel finally had a chance to size up the woman who had just entered.

She was about the same age as Beatrix, not particularly beautiful, but

compared to the others on the island, she appeared quite clean, especially

her large, clear eyes.

“I’m Aqua. Are you new here?” The big–eyed woman extended her hand

toward Emmanuel.