Wrong Table 1711

Chapter 1711 The Heart of the Sun

“This is also why Quintus invited you here,” Sunny continued, taking over the conversation and explaining to Emmanuel, “But this matter is quite complex, and to explain it clearly, we need to go back thirty years.”

Although Emmanuel felt a slight chill, he was not too surprised. He had gathered a lot of information by now, and the grand plan of the Holy Fire. organization was undoubtedly related to the Heart of the Sun. And Claudette, being one of the few people exposed to the Heart of the Sun’s radiation, might have been part of someone’s plan from the very beginning.

“Thirty years ago, the Airspace Group wanted to cultivate an invincible assassin to help them achieve their grand ambitions!” Sunny continued after taking a couple of sips of liquor. “Initially, they wanted the previous Saintess to fulfill this role, but Her Holiness was kind–hearted and refused the transformation. Despite being seriously ill, she seized an opportunity to

escape with the Yang Heart of the Sun!

“When the Airspace Group tracked her down, they found out she was already

in Yeringham and had conceived a child with a man from the Quillen family!”

Emmanuel nodded slightly. He had heard this story several times before, but

he didn’t expect Sunny to know it, too. And shockingly, Sunny seemed to know

a lot. Emmanuel was curious about his true identity, but he didn’t interrupt

him.

“I heard that back then, the Great Saint King, the Warlord, and the Killer Queen

went to Yeringham together. The Big Three forced the Saintess to submit and

agree to return to the Holy Fire organization, but on one condition–she had to

be allowed to give birth to the child she was carrying!

“I don’t know the exact details, but the Saintess did give birth to the child.

However, to prevent her daughter from being used, she sealed her

daughter’s elixir field while cutting the umbilical cord, making it impossible for

her to become a fighter!”

Finally, Sunny managed to surprise Emmanuel. He had been with Mackenzie for a long time, and as a skilled physician and martial artist, he knew that Mackenzie didn't have a fighter's bloodline and couldn't practice martial arts.

But he didn't know that her elixir field had been sealed. It became

understandable to him that the Holy Trinity couldn't break the seal either

when even he, a top doctor in the Northern Region, failed to detect it.

"Hehe, I sure have good taste!" Quintus guffawed. "I long knew that Mackenzie

wasn't born to Felicity and had no blood relation to me. That's why I pursued

her so aggressively, but I didn't know she was the Saintess with Valois

bloodline!"

Emmanuel smiled along, "I see. I always thought you didn't care about blood

relations because you were missing a few screws. Now, I must formally

apologize to you for that."

"Haha, does that mean-" Quintus was about to push his advantage when

Emmanuel interrupted him, "Stop. I allow you to be my rival, but Mackenzie is

my wife and always will be, so don't get your hopes up."

Sigh… Quintus sighed deeply. "Just what do you have that I don't?! I'm taller,

heavier, more handsome, and my martial arts skills are on par with yours.

Why does Mackenzie–Sigh…"

Emmanuel smiled casually. He agreed with Quintus about their height and

weight differences; he also wasn't as shameless as the blockhead. However,

everything else couldn't be said the same.

Sunny also smiled casually but didn't let the two's banter interrupt the serious

discussion. He continued, "Since they couldn't use the Saintess, the Holy

Trinity racked their brains to cultivate a super Airspace fighter. With that, they

came up with the hundred–heir project."

Emmanuel intently listened while thinking to himself. Yasmine has her eyes

on our baby, undoubtedly because it carries the Saintess' pure bloodline.

Back then, it took the Holy Trinity working together to deal with the Saintess,

so her bloodline must be incredibly powerful.

“They selected a hundred soon–to–be–born progenies of fighters worldwide

and then used the Heart of the Sun to irradiate them, letting their bodies

absorb the energy to become super Airspace fighters!”

Quintus, curious, asked, “D*mn, what exactly is the Heart of the Sun? I’ve

never seen it my whole life!”

Emmanuel found it amusing. Before he could explain, Sunny told Quintus, “It’s

said to be an ancient stone, and there are rumors it’s a meteorite from outer

space. Its origin is very old,

Containing endless energy. Some say it might be

related to the origin of the universe.”

Chapter 1712 I’ll Care for Mackenzie While You Mar

This was getting off track.

Emmanuel wasn’t interested in understanding the origins of the Heart of the

Sun, so he brought the topic back on track. “What happened to the fate of

those one hundred test subjects?”

“That’s the crux of the matter!” Sunny continued. “Almost all of the hundred test subjects perished, especially those who were exposed to the Yang Sun Stone. Only Claudette survived. All the other male test subjects died!”

Emmanuel fell into deep thought immediately. He had examined Claudette’s body for three years and knew it like the back of his hand. She had an innate yin physique. Perhaps it was because of this natural balance between yin and yang forces that she miraculously survived. As for the male subjects, being inherently yang, with additional exposure to yang energy, their deaths were inevitable.

As for the specifics of the yin energy, Emmanuel hadn’t studied them thoroughly yet.

Sunny continued, “My father was also a resident of the Dark Night Islands.

When my mother fell seriously ill, and the island’s medical facilities couldn’t

save her, he agreed to work for the Airspace Group to get my mother off the

island!

“The Airspace Group left me here as leverage to ensure my father’s

compliance. Later, he was assigned to watch over Claudette as part of his

duties with the test subjects.”

Emmanuel was secretly surprised and couldn’t help but ask, “So your

father

was also a top–notch fighter?”

Emmanuel had interacted with Claudette many times, even restoring her

strength several times, yet he hadn’t detected the presence of this person,

illustrating his terrifying stealth abilities.

“Yeah, my

father was one of the top five fighters on the Dark Night Islands

back then. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have caught the Airspace Group’s

attention,” Sunny continued. “The Dark Night Islands have fighters from many

factions, all with different goals and beliefs. Most of them are fighters pursuing martial arts supremacy. They willingly came to this island to reach the pinnacle of martial arts. The Airspace Group has always been exploiting this mentality."

Emmanuel nodded, understanding the mindset of fighters. More than half of martial artists aspire to be the best in the world. Reaching the pinnacle of Dark Night Island was considered the greatest accomplishment by many.

After sharing a drink with representatives from the Solar Group, Emmanuel wiped his mouth and continued, "So, what does the Airspace Group plan to do with Claudette now?"

"Finally showing concern for my sister?" Quintus, who loved to talk, seized the opportunity to take over the conversation, looking somewhat smug. "Come, let your brother–in–law reveal it to you! According to my investigation, they intend to use high–tech equipment to develop my sister into a super

Airspace fighter!”

Emmanuel locked his brows into a tight furrow, appearing both surprised and skeptical.

“Yes! At first, I didn’t believe it either,” Quintus pointed at him. “My sister is gentle and harmless, hardly able to hurt a fly. How could she become a fighter? It seemed more plausible to develop me instead. But now I have to believe it–she might be stronger than all of us. The power in her body is incredibly terrifying!”

“I believe it!” Emmanuel responded immediately.

He had long known that Claudette’s body was extraordinary, containing energy far beyond ordinary people. That was how she managed to survive multiple life–threatening situations. The Airspace Group, having focused on this project for thirty years, had undoubtedly developed a method to harness her body’s power–nothing surprising about that.

“Sunny, Quintus!” Emmanuel, having talked with them for a long time, knew

that Quintus was still the same old Quintus, and Sunny was a straightforward guy. Raising his stein glass filled with liquor, he said frankly, “To be honest, I came to the Dark Night Islands to destroy the Airspace Group and free all those who want freedom on this island!

“I became the leader of the Black Wolf Team, and I’m here today to unite with anyone willing to work towards this goal. I hope to gain your support and help!”

Upon hearing this, the other members of the Solar Group reacted similarly to the Black Wolf Team members earlier. Even Sunny was visibly moved because he had never dared to dream of such a thing. Those living on the Dark Night Islands knew this task was almost impossible.

Only Quintus slapped his thigh fiercely. “Yes! That’s the kind of ambition I expect from my brother–in–law. For your ambition alone, after we rescue Mackenzie and Claudette, I’ll take care of Mackenzie, and I, as the elder

brother, will approve of your marriage to my sister!”

Chapter 1713

Emmanuel didn’t want to entertain Quintus‘ bullsh*t, but he knew the

blockhead would certainly help him.

“Emmanuel, I admire your ambition!” Sunny toasted with him and said, “But

such matters require careful planning, or you could easily lose your life.

Forgive me for not agreeing to your plan for now.”

Emmanuel felt a bit disappointed. If even the Solar Group wouldn’t stand by

him, recruiting those with deadened eyes or sinister intentions would be even

harder. But Emmanuel couldn’t give up. With no external forces to contact, he

needed to unite all the island’s forces to escape with his wife and everyone

else. This was his only option.

Back in the Black Wolf region, Aqua hadn’t slept all night. At 6 a.m.,

hurried

out of the building. To her surprise, the other representatives were already

waiting at the door.

“Ironskull, where are Quell and TriSec?” Aqua was a bit pleased, as it seemed

everyone acknowledged Emmanuel as their leader, much like they did with

Xarri back then.

“They’re at the base, didn’t come out,” Ironskull shrugged.

Then, Ostrich whispered in Aqua’s ear, “Quell seems a bit upset with Mr.

Emmanuel!”

“Why?” Aqua whispered back.

“It’s because of you, of course!”

“Me?!” Aqua was stumped.

The next moment, Ironskull revealed, “Last night, you told Aurora that Mr.

Emmanuel went to see a lover, and then… everyone knew. Quell despises

promiscuous men, remember?”

“What?!” Aqua looked at Aurora, who quickly pouted aggrievedly, her eyes

saying, “If you hadn’t told me, would I have blabbed?”

“Oh dear…” Aqua gently slapped her mouth, regretting, “Me and my big mouth!”

Just then, Vachon, who had been standing with his arms crossed, suddenly said, “Mr. Emmanuel is back!”

Everyone looked over and saw Emmanuel returning safely. Seeing them waiting at the building entrance, he smiled appreciatively.

“Aqua, why are you slapping yourself?”

Aqua blushed further.

Ironskull quickly laughed and walked over to Emmanuel. “Aqua and Aurora spread rumors that you went to see your lover last night, Mr. Emmanuel. It upset Quell.”

Aurora was terrified, trembling. She knew that women in this place were in a hundred times more danger than outside, especially since she didn’t have Quell’s martial prowess an

Chapter 1714 Follow Him to the End

Quell and TriSec faced off against the other four.

Aqua felt her head throbbing. This was the aftermath of Xarri's absence.

"Mr. Emmanuel called a meeting, yet you're leaving without permission. Do you want to withdraw from the faction?" Vachon made his stance clear, refusing to back down.

"Ridiculous. Can you represent the Black Wolf Team?" Quell retorted with disdain. "I said it before: the new guy hasn't shown the skills to earn my respect, so I won't acknowledge such a leader!"

"What will it take for you to recognize me then?" Emmanuel seized the moment to respond. Before dealing with external threats, he needed to unify the Black Wolf Team. With internal dissent, he had to resolve this quickly.

"It's simple. If you can't lead the Black Wolf Team into the top 16, I won't lift a finger, even if the team is destroyed! If you lack the capability to lead, then we'll all perish together! Quell declared family before leaving tristes folowed

out decry showing he wouldn’t participate if Quell didn’t

“But..” The remaining members looked to Emmanuel who smiled indifferently

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In response. Let’s quicly review the rules and the matchup chart. Aquar

Yes, Mr. Emmanuell‘ Aqua promptly lord out the rules and matchup chart for

everyone to see

While the other members had already reviewed them, this won Emmanuel’s

first look. After reading through the rules and the matchup chart, Emmanuel’s

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attention was caught by the words “Shadow Clon,”

This year’s rules were simpler and more brutal then evert Even Emmanuel

couldn’t help but feel a twinge of surprice.

The first rulle was in a matchup between two factions, the losing side would

become the sloves of the victors! This meant that aside from

we’ll all perish together!” Quell declared firmly before leaving. TriSec followed

suit, clearly showing he wouldn't participate if Quell didn't.

"But…" The remaining members looked to Emmanuel, who smiled indifferently in response. "Let's quickly review the rules and the matchup chart. Aqua!"

"Yes, Mr. Emmanuel!" Aqua promptly laid out the rules and matchup chart for everyone to see.

While the other members had already reviewed them, this was Emmanuel's first look. After reading through the rules and the matchup chart, Emmanuel's attention was caught by the words "Shadow Clan."

This year's rules were simpler and more brutal than ever! Even Emmanuel couldn't help but feel a twinge of surprise.

The first rule was: In a matchup between two factions, the losing side would become the slaves of the victors! This meant that aside from the ultimate winner, all other factions would inevitably become slaves.

Looks like this year will mark the endgame for the Dark Night Islands…

Emmanuel finally understood why Quell had made her decision. If he couldn't lead the team into the top 16, then the Black Wolf Team was doomed to fail anyway. In that case, it was better not to fight and maintain peace.

"Mr. Emmanuel, I have some inside information. It's said that the Saintess set these rules," Aqua whispered.

The Saintess? Emmanuel was taken aback. Wouldn't that mean Mackenzie had set these rules?!

Then, he gasped. It's indeed Mackenzie's style–either succeed or die trying.

How imperious!

No matter who ultimately became the champion this year and stood atop the Dark Night Islands, all the factions on the island would unite. Mackenzie was betting on Emmanuel's ability to lead this consolidated powerful force to overthrow the Airspace Group.

Emmanuel didn't have time to delve into the detailed rules. He immediately asked, "According to the rules, as last year's champions, we have a bye in the

first round. So our first opponents will be the winners between the Shadow Clan and the Doggo Team, correct?"

"Correct!" Mentioning the Shadow Clan got Ironskull worked up. He clenched his fists and gritted his teeth. "The Doggo Team is no match for the Shadow Clan, so our opponent will definitely be the Shadow Clan!"

Emmanuel knew why Ironskull was angry but couldn't understand the look of worry in his eyes.

Aurora, being more observant, explained to Emmanuel, "Mr. Emmanuel, the Shadow Clan is tough! Their leader is on par with Quell in strength, and their average skill level is higher than ours. If Quell and TriSec don't participate, we…"

Ah, so that's the issue! Emmanuel nodded and smiled. "Don't worry, everyone. According to the schedule, our match with the Shadow Clan is in three days! I'll recover from my injuries by then, and as the leader, I'll lead us forward!"

At that, he extended his hand, puzzling the members of the Black Wolf Team.

They exchanged glances, unsure of his intentions. And so, Emmanuel

explained with a grin, “In sports competitions outside, before matches, the

team members often bump fists to show unity.”

He was completely unpretentious.

“Alright, I believe in Mr. Emmanuel!” Aqua was the first to extend her hand, her

tiny fist touching Emmanuel’s.

“Well, we owe Mr. Emmanuel our lives, so we will definitely follow him to the

end!”

Chapter 1715 Proper Respect and Consideration

Ironskull and Ostrich followed suit.

“Count me in!” Aurora’s fair fist joined the circle.

All eyes turned to Vachon. Vachon’s gaze, however, was fixed on Emmanuel.

He thought this new leader’s smile had a powerful influence, naturally

bringing everyone together. It made him believe that this man could actually

accomplish what even Xarri couldn't.

"Mr. Vachon, you're the only one left! Come on!" Ironskull urged.

Vachon grinned, his fist almost as large as the other five combined.

Six fists formed a circle.

"Good! Now, everyone rest and reset. Tonight, we'll watch the other teams'

matches," Emmanuel said before parting ways with the others.

Later, he went to the base and found Quell standing by the window, looking

outside.

Emmanuel exchanged a glance with TriSec.

TriSec, being a smart man, knew Emmanuel wanted to speak privately with

Quell. He smirked and said, "Fifteen minutes. Make it count, not three seconds

more!" He then left the room, standing guard outside to prevent any

interruptions.

Emmanuel slowly approached Quell from behind.

Before he could speak, Quell, still looking outside, asked, "So, you've seen the

matchups and came to ask me to fight against the Shadow Clan, I

lady wssume.

“Nope,” Emmanuel replied with a calm smile, looking at the proud woman’s

back. “Is your name Quell Lannister?”

Quell immediately turned, coldly staring at Emmanuel. “Did Aqua tell you?”

“No! Don’t misunderstand Aqua,” Emmanuel quickly clarified. “Before coming

to Dark Night Islands, I had a bout with a master from the Lannister family.

Your martial arts seem to come from the same school.”

“So what if it is?” Quell sneered. “Survive first, then we’ll talk. Until you earn my

acknowledgment, I won’t tell you anything.”

Before Emmanuel could respond, the door burst open.

It was Vachon. TriSec stood beside him, shrugging helplessly, indicating he

couldn’t stop the giant.

“Quell, if you still think Mr. Emmanuel is unworthy of your acknowledgment,

you can duel. There's still time. But what are you trying to achieve with this attitude?" Vachon shouted.

Vachon knew that if Emmanuel hadn't been injured two days ago while saving Ironskull, Quell wouldn't have ended the match in a draw with him. He couldn't stand Quell's attitude, which was detrimental to the unity of the Black Wolf Team.

Quell merely smiled coldly and turned away. "My standard for him isn't about defeating me. It's about whether he can match or surpass Mr. Xarri!"

She would never forget what Xarri said before he left. He mentioned that the next leader of the Black Wolf Team could very well be the true destined ruler of the Dark Night Islands. However, she hadn't seen that in Emmanuel yet.

Frustrated, Vachon stormed out.

Emmanuel remained calm and confident. "I've never met this Mr. Xarri, but I will reach the pinnacle of the Dark Night Islands!" He then turned and left.

Quell stole a glance back, her cold eyes revealing a hint of expectation for

this man…

By evening, Emmanuel led the Black Wolf Team to the arena in the center of the island.

That night, there would be 19 preliminary matches there, and the results would inevitably produce 19 losing factions.

According to the rules, losers had two choices: either become slaves of the victors or be thrown into the great dungeon until the final champion was crowned.

Everyone knew that the dungeon of Dark Night Islands was perpetually dark, bone–chilling, and cramped, a fate worse than death. So, once defeated, the losing faction would face a fate worse than death, no matter their choice.

“Everyone!” Emmanuel didn’t leave the Black Wolf Team immediately but instead raised his hand and called out to the laboring lower–class members.

“As the leader of the Black Wolf Team, I swear to lead us to the end and not

let anyone become slaves!”

Although many doubted his words, the lower–class members, who had never

received proper respect or consideration, were surprised by Emmanuel’s

promise to them at this moment.

Chapter 1716

Especially those two lower–class members who initially wanted to bully

Emmanuel felt a mix of emotions.

“Not only that! I will unite all factions and overthrow the current ruling order. I

will make sure those who want to leave this island can do so!”

When Emmanuel finished speaking, everyone around him gasped in

astonishment. What bold words! Where did he find such courage?!

“Yes!”

“We support you!”

“You must win! I want to leave! I want to get away from this hellhole!”

Indeed, Emmanuel’s rallying cry resonated with the crowd. As one person

responded, more and more joined in.

The Black Wolf region hadn't been this lively in a long time. Even when they won the championship last year, the people didn't have the same light in their eyes. They all longed for freedom.

"Quell, it seems the new leader is indeed special." TriSec, hearing the commotion outside, couldn't help but feel a bit excited. "I really want to go out and watch for three seconds."

Quell scoffed and turned away, "Anyone can talk big. He still has to prove he can do it!"

TriSec laughed. Having pursued this woman for six years, he knew her sharp tongue well. If she hadn't had some expectations for the new leader, she wouldn't have agreed to give him the position.

"We're heading out now! You must believe! Believe in the power of belief!"

Emmanuel continued to boost everyone's morale, employing the same tactics he used when leading troops in the Northern Region.

Morale was crucial for any army. At this moment, he was the general of the Black Wolf Team, and the over one thousand people were his soldiers.

“The new leader is truly remarkable!” The Black Wolf Team members following Emmanuel couldn’t help but discuss excitedly. Even Vachon was increasingly impressed with him. This man is different from any other leader in the Dark Night Islands. He has an immense energy that others lack, he mused.

Leaving the Black Wolf region, the Black Wolf Team representatives headed south to the center of the island. Passing through various territories, they found the other factions lifeless. Even the powerful Frost and Flame Alliance had only a couple dozen people rallying, and the occasional cheers were only for the top warriors‘ benefits.

The stark contrast highlighted the differences, making Vachon realize how much higher the new leader’s level was compared to others. Perhaps he truly is a miraculous figure like Mr. Xarri!

Upon reaching the central region, they entered an open–air martial arena,

Undoubtedly, in terms of luxury and size, it couldn't compare to the Badlands

Arena, but the stone–built arena exuded an ancient aura. The dried

bloodstains everywhere added a heavy and suffocating sense of dread.

Entering this place made one's body tense up instinctively as if stepping into

a hellish battlefield.

"Emmanuel!" Sunny and Quintus energetically waved at Emmanuel as soon

as they saw him.

The Black Wolf Team representatives were surprised. Since when had their

new leader become so close with the Solar Group?!

Regardless, the two groups sat together, ready to watch the matches.

At the same time, Yasmine approached Mackenzie in the Ivory Tower.

"Your Holiness," Yasmine greeted respectfully. "Did you create these rules to

help Emmanuel lead the fifty–plus factions of the Dark Night Islands in

rebellion?"

Mackenzie's heart raced, but she maintained a calm facade. "Ms. Morgan,1

don't know what you're talking about."

"Your Holiness, you might not know, but Emmanuel has already made his

intentions public. He is truly bold." Yasmine didn't play coy, directly informing

Mackenzie of the situation.

Mackenzie felt a mix of tension and excitement inside, though her face

remained expressionless. She had always known Emmanuel would do this.

This was a do–or–die war. He would fight for her, their child, and Claudette

with everything he had.

"What, are you afraid?" Mackenzie taunted. "The rules are out. Do you plan to

change them?"

"No! Freya doesn't intend to change the rules. She only added a few minor

adjustments."

Chapter 1717 Become One of Us

Yasmine remained respectful, saying, "Your Holiness, you are our supreme

leader. How could we dare to alter your rules?”

Huh, nothing but blandishments! Mackenzie sneered. She knew she was a puppet ruler, held hostage to command the vassals, and perhaps even less than that.

“I came to tell you that what you’re doing will get Emmanuel killed!” Yasmine sighed with regret. “Originally, our organization sincerely intended to make him the strongest Airspace fighter, but if he insists on opposing us and truly incites a rebellion on the island, the higher–ups of the Holy Trinity will be alarmed, and the result will inevitably be a dead end!”

Mackenzie remained expressionless, but her fingers twitched slightly.

“Of course, Freya is letting this game continue because she doesn’t believe he can unite all the factions. It’s a fool’s dream!” Yasmine said bluntly. “Once he experiences failure, he will undoubtedly give up and eventually compromise with us. At that time, Your Holiness, we hope you will also

sincerely return to the embrace of the Holy Trinity!”

Mackenzie realized Yasmine was here to persuade her to surrender. Since the battle had already begun, she wouldn’t waver in her resolve. She believed Emmanuel shared her determination: they would rather die than assist such an ambitious organization that sought to overturn the world order, causing global chaos and countless casualties.

The latest duel commenced as scheduled. That night, there would be six faction battles. Both the Black Wolf Team and the Solar Group, having ranked among the top 16 in the previous year, had a bye in this round.

However, neither Emmanuel nor Quintus stayed uninvolved. Emmanuel, in particular, not only came to observe his opponents in advance but also to understand the temperament of each faction and see how he could win them over.

But soon, he couldn’t sit still! Because of the cruel competition rules, none of these factions wanted to lose. No one wanted to be imprisoned or become a

slave to the victors.

Emmanuel didn't believe these were Mackenzie's rules, but for now, they all had to abide by them. Whoever broke the rules first would be in the wrong. To unite all the factions against the Airspace Group, he needed a common enemy for them to rally against.

Boom!

Another faction representative fell on the stage, spitting blood, hanging by a thread. He hadn't admitted defeat, and his determined gaze deeply shook Emmanuel's heart.

The organizers set these rules to force the representatives to kill each other!

At this rate, even if Emmanuel could lead the Black Wolf Team to the top of the Dark Night Islands, there would be much fighting strength left to unite against the Airspace Group. That wasn't the result he wanted, and he didn't want to see anyone else die on the stage.

“Stop being so reckless!”

After one battle ended, Emmanuel finally couldn’t bear it and stood up,

shouting loudly.

Even Quintus found him unfamiliar. In Yeringham, his top rival in love was not

such an emotional or meddlesome person. But Emmanuel didn’t care what

others thought and continued loudly, “Please, fight to the point of winning or

losing, but don’t pay the price with your lives! Only by staying alive can you

see hope, isn’t it?”

Though he spoke from the heart, the surrounding people looked at him with

deadened eyes, and many even sneered.

Who’s this lunatic?

The brutal faction clashes continued. Each faction fought desperately for

victory, and every move aimed to take lives. After another bloody battle, one

faction lost three people, and five were injured, while the victorious side also

lost one person, and three were injured. An amputated arm on the martial

stage was a horrifying sight.

Emmanuel's heart burned with anxiety to see such brutal conflict.

Meanwhile, Yasmine, who had come to watch, had a cold smile on her lips.

"Uniting these self–serving factions is nothing but a pipe dream! When your illusions shatter, you will join the Airspace Group and become one of us!" she murmured to herself, looking in Emmanuel's direction.

"Emmanuel, you'll get used to it. No need to get so upset." Quintus thought Emmanuel was simply kind–hearted and unaccustomed to the brutal fights on the Dark Night Islands, which was why he was so distressed.

Chapter 1718

Emmanuel was in a terrible mood and didn't respond to the fool. If this continued, by the time they reached the finals, most of the martial arts elites would be dead or injured. They wouldn't have anyone left to overthrow Airspace Group.

The next match was between the Shadow Clan, ranked 17th last year, and the

Doggo Team, ranked 49th. It was undoubtedly a one–sided battle.

“No way! The Doggo Team is actually going to fight?!”

“I don’t get it! They have no chance of winning!”

“Just surrender, and they’ll suffer fewer losses!”

The representatives of other clans were all puzzled.

Emmanuel was puzzled, too. Unable to sit still any longer, he ran to the Doggo.

Team’s representatives before they took the stage.

“Why don’t you surrender?” Emmanuel entreated the Doggo Team’s leader, “If

you surrender, you’ll either be locked up in a dungeon or be their slaves for a

few days! I guarantee that I will rescue you!”

Despite his heartfelt promise, the representatives of the Doggo Team

remained unmoved.

The leader, Matt Basset, glanced back at his sister, gritting his teeth. They

knew all too well what the Shadow Clan was like.

In this lawless land, it was all about power, ambition, and primal desires.

Women of the Shadow Clan's lower ranks were abused by male leaders and representatives, and men were similarly tortured by female representatives.

If the Doggo Team became slaves to the Shadow Clan, their fate was predictable. As for surrendering and being imprisoned in a lightless dungeon, they might as well die early to avoid suffering.

"Get lost!" Matt pushed Emmanuel away, wearing a look of grim determination, and walked onto the stage. The other representatives followed him.

This was an 8v8 wildcard match before the top 32, designed for efficiency and spectacle. All eight representatives from each side faced off on the stage. The members of the Doggo Team looked tragically resolute. In contrast, the members of the Shadow Clan wore cruel, mocking expressions, especially Alyssa, who licked her lips with a vicious glint in her eyes.

"Die!"

The match began, and it was Matt who first let out a tragic roar, charging toward the Shadow Clan with his seven members, driven by a desperate resolve.

Their morale was high, ready to fight to the death. Unfortunately, against such overwhelming strength, this desperate fighting style only added to the tragedy.

“Hehe, this is so much fun!”

slamming him hard onto the stage. In the next moment, she brutally twisted and broke one of Matt’s arms.

“Ahhh!” Matt screamed in agony, his voice tearing through the air.

The next moment, the other members of the Shadow Clan followed suit, breaking the arms of the Doggo Team representatives. Matt’s sister had her legs twisted into a 90–degree angle by Alphonso. It was exceedingly cruel.

And the representatives of the Shadow Clan had cruel smiles on their faces,

taking pleasure in their torture.

This was excessively cruel! Beyond inhumane!

Hearing the heart–wrenching screams, the blood and anger in Emmanuel's

heart finally broke through his calm, and he jumped directly onto the stage.

The whole crowd was stunned.

"Emmanuel! Are you crazy?!" Quintus stood up in surprise.

Team were astonished. Jumping onto the stage to disrupt someone else's

match–they didn't know what kind of punishment their leader would face.

"Die!" Emmanuel couldn't care less and kicked Alphonso off the stage.

The audience was shocked. This was the new leader of the Black Wolf Team,

last year's defending champion and ostensibly the strongest team. So,

everyone was curious about his strength.

Kicking Alphonso away indeed impressed many. But in the eyes of the more

powerful figures, this strength was still too weak.

The guards of the Airspace Group immediately moved to stop Emmanuel,

but Yasmine raised her hand, signaling them not to interfere. She wanted to

see what Emmanuel intended to do.

“D*mn, kill him!” The Shadow Clan had already crippled the Doggo Team.

Seeing Emmanuel jump up, and with the Airspace Group not intervening,

they wanted to join forces to take him down

Chapter 1719

Regardless, their next the Black Wolf Team. If they could take

out their leader ahead of time, the Black Wolf Team wouldn’t be able to stir

up trouble.

However, Emmanuel was filled with anger. With the Art of Adaptability in his

arsenal, even their eight–person team couldn’t do anything to Emmanuel.

Yasmine was surprised that despite Emmanuel’s fury, he didn’t lay a hand on

the Shadow Clan members.

“Stop! Everyone, stop!” Eventually, a woman in blue with a group of armed

guards came out and stopped the conflict.

Emmanuel was surprised to see her. It was Trisha Cerulean, Sarah's former acolyte.

"Take the troublemaker/away!" Trisha ordered, clearly not aligned with Yasmine. Even within the Airspace Group on this island, there were factions.

"Emmanuel, what you're doing won't help." Quintus hurried over to talk some sense into Emmanuel, concerned that he would continue resisting the Airspace Group. "Without rules, there's chaos. Going against everyone's accepted norms will only bring trouble upon yourself."

Emmanuel remained silent, not saying a word. He knew perfectly well that this wouldn't help, but he couldn't stand by and watch the Shadow Clan torture and kill others without doing anything. Moreover, this was also part of his plan. By doing this, he could stay on the island legitimately, even if it meant facing unknown consequences.

"Hmph, the new leader of the Black Wolf Team is far inferior to Xarri!"

At this moment, in the southern area of the arena, a man with an afro looked at Emmanuel with disdain and mockery. Around him were seven extraordinary fighters. The area around their spectator seats was completely deserted because they were the true kings of the Dark Night Islands–the Ophanim Clan. Even though they narrowly lost to the Black Wolf Team last year, it did not diminish their prestige. No one would think that the Ophanim Clan was inferior to the Black Wolf Team.

“Indeed, a leader of this caliber doesn’t even deserve to be our opponent. I could easily deal with him!” a man in purple next to Anna sneered maliciously.

Emmanuel’s mind wasn’t focused on the discussions around him.

With guns pointed at him, he was brought into the Ivory Tower, to the fourth level.

He had counted the floors before–this tower actually had only six floors, but

each floor was much taller than a typical building, making it appear towering. Previously, Yasmine could only receive visitors up to the third floor, while

Mackenzie was on the sixth. If higher floors indicated higher status, being

taken to the fourth floor suggested that its occupant might hold a position

even higher than Yasmine.

“Tie him up!” In a palace–like chamber, Trisha ordered her subordinates to tie

Emmanuel securely.

Emmanuel didn’t resist. Not because he couldn’t resist with guns pointed at

him, but because he felt it unnecessary. He had perfected the Art of

Adaptability; if he wished, he could free himself from being bound instantly.

“For disrupting the duel, you shall face punishment from Her Reverence!” After coldly delivering these words, Trisha also left the space.

Emmanuel found it strange. Normally, accepting punishment would be

ordered by the leader, and the subordinates would carry it out. Now that

Trisha and everyone had left, could it be that their leader was personally

going to execute the punishment? Was it going to be something even more

twisted?

After arriving on the Dark Night Islands, Emmanuel encountered too many bloodthirsty and psychologically twisted individuals. He dared not imagine. anything good about the person who was about to appear next.

Sure enough, the next moment, a strangely attired figure emerged. Clad in a large white cloak and half a mask covering the upper part of their face, only a mouth was visible. At first glance, the outfit seemed oversized, but upon closer inspection, it appeared to be a woman.

“Newcomer, did you know daring to take the stage and disrupt the duel will lead to capital punishment?”

The intimidating tone made Emmanuel frown slightly. If the figure really intended to kill him, he would have to strike first. The intimidating voice made Emmanuel furrow his brows slightly. If the other party really intended to kill him, then he would have no choice but to strike first. He was currently at a

disadvantage and dared not confront the Airspace Group head–on, but if

forced, he could only fight to the death.

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Chapter 1720 The Holy Nun, Sarah Quillen

The next moment, the figure continued to intimidate Emmanuel. “You know,

I’ve punished many people before–cut off their limbs and even sliced their

flesh and bones into pieces?”

As she spoke, she approached Emmanuel, almost pressing against him, a sly

smirk on her face. “Do you want to know what the ultimate punishment is under my watch?”

“I don’t want to know!” Emmanuel was bound tightly and couldn’t even shake his head, so he responded verbally.

“You don’t? But that won’t exempt you from being punished, oh no. After all, you violated the rules. It’s my duty as the Holy Nun.” The woman suddenly tiptoed and kissed him lightly on the lips, shocking Emmanuel.

Certainly, no one could’ve expected this to be the capital punishment she spoke of.

Undeniably, it was pleasant and soft. However, Emmanuel couldn’t care less at that moment. He immediately freed his hands from the bindings, pushing her away, and frantically wiped his mouth.

It was absolutely absurd!

Although not his first kiss, being suddenly kissed by a strange woman still felt unhinging.

“Always so rough with me, Emmanuel.” The tone of the woman changed in the next moment.

Emmanuel started and stared at the woman, asking, “S–Sarah? Is that you?”

Only then did the woman push back her hood and remove her mask.

Emmanuel’s eyes widened in disbelief as he looked at the woman before him.

“Have I become so ugly?” Emmanuel’s expression stung her a little as she gently covered her face.

“What happened?” Emmanuel hurriedly approached, asking nervously.

Seeing how much he cared, Sarah finally smiled faintly. The next moment, she took off her cloak.

Emmanuel was even more incredulous; her hands and feet were scarred and disfigured. Sarah decisively removed all her clothing, revealing a graceful yet scarred body.

“Who did this to you?” Emmanuel was angry and uneasy, suspecting who the culprit might be.

“Who else but your loyal servant? Hmph!” Sarah pretended to be angry, turning away. “By that reckoning, it’s all your responsibility. How are you going to make it up to me?”

Emmanuel looked at her scarred body with regret. Although Sarah’s words were somewhat unreasonable, they were not entirely unfounded as the Snake Master was his slave; he did bear some responsibility.

“Come here, let me check,” Emmanuel urged.

Sarah was slightly startled but generously walked over, spread her arms apart, closed her eyes, and allowed Emmanuel to inspect her as he wished.

Emmanuel had no impure thoughts about her body; he only felt pity. He had seen Sarah’s once perfect figure, now marred by scars from snake bites. Due to the snake venom, her scars were particularly unsightly. Although he didn’t know the circumstances at the time, Sarah was lucky to have survived.

“I should be able to heal you, but there are no medicines available on this island!” Emmanuel quickly concluded. The Ghost Doctor had methods to treat scars from snake bites, but this cursed place had no usable medicine.

“Really?” Sarah’s eyes lit up, showing considerable excitement.

“Yes, it should be possible! But…” Emmanuel sighed. “Right now, I don’t have the means to get you off this island.”

“You’re even thinking about taking us away?” Sarah was surprised.

“Yes!” Emmanuel nodded, showing no suspicion toward Sarah, even though he knew she was a member of the Holy Trinity.

“How do you plan to do that?” Sarah immediately asked curiously. Worried that Emmanuel didn’t trust her, she added, “Don’t worry, this is my territory. Emmanuel, please believe me. I really want to leave this evil organization!”

Emmanuel jolted slightly, silently watching her for a while before curiously asking, “Why? Do you know your background? Why did you choose to stay in

such a place?”

Sarah suddenly turned around, disregarding her clothes. She sighed deeply

and slowly began to tell her story. “I’m actually an abandoned child from a

prominent family in Zovince.”