Wrong Table 1741

Chapter 1741 Save Your Breath

“Ambush?” Xan scoffed. “I’m just carrying out Rhett’s orders, punishing those who act against the Black Wolf Team without permission!”

“What…”

Dead and Mad shivered, fear gripping them. They remembered Rhett’s orders, but when Anna attacked Black Wolf Team before and faced no consequences, they thought the orders no longer applied.

Who would have guessed that Xan would enforce the punishment now?

Smack! Smack!

Xan struck them both with two swift slaps, knocking them to the ground without mercy.

Blood splattered everywhere. Even Emmanuel felt a chill run down his spine. He hadn’t expected Xan to be so ruthless, even toward his own clan members. How cold–blooded could he be?

Solana and the others were utterly in awe of the Ophanim Clan. They aren't worried at all about their members getting hurt and affecting the upcoming duel. What kind of confidence is that? But then again, they have every reason to be that confident!

Having dealt with the troublemakers, Xan finally turned his piercing gaze toward Emmanuel. "Emmanuel, right?"

Emmanuel nodded, sensing Xan's dismissive attitude despite his victory over Falcon.

"Rhett wants to meet you. See you tomorrow night on our clan's turf!" Xan said. With that, he left without waiting for a reply, paying no heed to his clan members.

"Now get lost," Emmanuel commanded icily, his patience worn thin.

Falcon, Dead, and Mad, gritting their teeth, struggled to their feet and limped away from Frost and Flame Alliance's turf.

"Heh, Mr. Emmanuel, you're quite impressive! Solana approached with the members of Frost and Flame Alliance, eyes gleaming with battle lust. "In the next round of 16 of the duel, we'll be facing you. Can't wait for the showdown!"

"Bring it on!" Aqua and the others didn't back down, undeterred by their provocation.

Emmanuel, however, showed no desire for a fight. Glancing at Solana, he asked, “Are you the head of Frost and Flame Alliance?”

“That’s right!”

Aqua quickly approached Emmanuel and whispered, “But she’s just one of them!”

Solana snorted. “Even so, on Frost and Flame Alliance’s turf, my word is law.”

Emmanuel clasped his hands in a polite gesture. “In that case, I’d like to discuss something with you.”

“Oh?” Solana raised an eyebrow, surprised. She mocked, “Are you looking to surrender early?”

“You’re full of it!” Iron yelled immediately. “Our boss is just trying to advise you to surrender early to avoid unnecessary losses!

“Ironskull, Aqua, enough!” Emmanuel cut them off quickly. Though he did intend to suggest a truce, Ironskull’s bluntness would only provoke them and make things harder.

“Fine, come on in,” Solana said, giving Emmanuel a nod of respect. After all, no one on

Dark Night Islands dared to treat the head of Black Wolf Team with disrespect.

Frost and Flame Alliance's turf, with its makeshift buildings, bore some resemblance to Solar Group's territory.

Seeing Emmanuel with the Black Wolf Team members arriving as guests, Albin couldn't help but frown. After all, these were their next opponents. They had planned to strategize against Black Wolf Team tonight, but here their enemies were, standing right in front of them.

"Hi, everyone! I'm Emmanuel, head of the Black Wolf Team. It's an honor to meet you guys from Frost and Flame Alliance. There's something important I wish to discuss," Emmanuel said as he entered their building, wasting no time.

"

"And what would that be?" Albin, colder and more direct than Solana, interjected before anyone else could speak. "If you're here to persuade us to surrender or to suggest an alliance against the Airspace Group, save your breath!"

"Uh-" Ironskull and Ostrich exchanged bewildered glances, mouths agape. Even they

knew Emmanuel had brought them here to discuss precisely those topics. If not that,

what else is there to talk about? Marriage?

Emmanuel was taken aback for a moment, but he quickly regained his composure and

smiled. “Are you guys aiming to conquer Dark Night Islands?”

“Of course we are!” Solana declared confidently, thumping her chest. “We’ll fight for

glory until the very end!”

Emmanuel fell silent.

Chapter 1742 The Pinnacle Doesn’t Exist

To Emmanuel, overthrowing the Airspace Group and rescuing his wife and friends was

an honor. He forgot that for the residents of Dark Night Islands, reaching the top of the

power pyramid was.

The countless setbacks they faced in the past only strengthened their determination.

“You talk big. Can you make it, considering The Frost and Flame Alliance only made it to

the top eight last year?” Aurora knew what was on Emmanuel’s mind and spoke up for

him.

“Don’t underestimate us!” Solana summoned the flames on her palms and confidently announced, “Many of us came to Dark Night Islands and formed the alliance to become stronger and pursue the pinnacle of martial arts. We’ll fight for the goals until the last moment. We are either stopped by death or the accomplishment of our goals.”

The Black Wolves fell silent at her enthusiasm. They held nothing but respect for her.

Emmanuel was no exception. Even though their beliefs and goals contradicted him, their pursuit made them more humane.

“All right. We’ll find out who’s stronger in the arena in three days.” Knowing he couldn’t persuade them to surrender, he simply requested, “I look forward to fighting you later. If we lose, we’ll accept defeat and surrender, and you can do whatever you want.

However, if you’re defeated, please don’t struggle. After all, we aren’t enemies. I promise we won’t make things difficult or enslave you.

She sneered at his words. The idea of losing hadn’t crossed her mind once.

On the other hand, Albin was more collected and had thought further. He asked

Emmanuel, “Didn’t you practice martial arts to reach its pinnacle?”

It was Emmanuel’s turn to sneer. “There’s no such thing as pinnacle in martial arts. Someone would’ve reached it long ago if there were. I only practice martial arts to protect what’s important to me. It’s my family homeland, dreams, and justice.”

His simple words touched many hearts in the alliance.

“Besides, the so–called pinnacle of Dark Night Islands is false,” he elaborated, “The strong fighters here are like caged beasts. They simply follow their superiors‘ will to compete for the top spot. Even if they become the first, they’re still puppets of the Airspace Group.”

His statement now struck a nerve in them.

“The Airspace Group is trying to find the strongest warrior and turn them into a top assassin to do their dirty work. Does fighting for somebody else’s goals count as an honor to you?”

He revealed the truth, which wasn’t known by many.

For example, Solana was greatly shaken by his words.

Albin couldn't help but ask, "Are you planning to unite with us to go against the Airspace Group? How can you make sure everyone will join you?"

Resolute masked Emmanuel's face, causing the others to fix their gaze on him. "I can't guarantee that everyone will stand with me, but like you, it's either death or accomplishment of the goals that can stop me."

His curtness and bluntness conveyed strength.

Albin met the burning flames in Emmanuel's eyes and nodded. "I understand. Let's agree on only determining the winner during the competition and not killing. If we lose, we'll do whatever Black Wolf asks us to."

"What?" His declaration shocked the rest of the alliance.

Solana didn't expect him to agree with it. After all, the alliance didn't submit to Xarri when they lost to him before.

"The same applies to the Black Wolf." With one firm nod, Emmanuel turned around with a smile and departed with the other members of Black Wolf in tow.

"Albin-" Solana might be hot–tempered, but she wasn't oblivious. Albin's promise made

his idea of rebelling against the Airspace Group come to her mind.

“Yes. We have been trapped here for years! Emmanuel’s words made me realize how ridiculous our beliefs were.” He sighed before adding, “The Airspace Group took advantage of our competitiveness. To them, we are merely pawns on their chessboard, Even if we reach the top of Dark Night Islands, we are only better pawns than the others. We must overthrow the Airspace Group to reach the true pinnacle of martial arts.”

Chapter 1743 Aurora’s Past

Albin’s words left everyone stunned.

Even Solana couldn’t help but view her situation from a different perspective.

The next day, Emmanuel stayed in his room for recovery.

Aurora entered his room awkwardly, as she wasn’t as close to him as Aqua did or was she as outgoing as Aqua.

“Aurora,” he greeted her.

“How’s your injury, Emmanuel?” She seemed uptight.

Aqua knew although Aurora wasn't good with words despite her charming appearance.

She chuckled and left the room to the two.

She didn't expect to find Quell and TriSec outside.

The two gestured for her to hush.

Quell visited Emmanuel after learning he was injured in the fight with Falcon yesterday.

She only respected the strong. Falcon's strength was on par with hers. They had fought

to a draw last year.

Emmanuel had earned her respect after defeating Falcon.

"These are minor wounds. Nothing serious. You don't need to worry about me!"

Emmanuel waved his hands, trying to reassure Aurora.

"I can help you apply the ointment," she offered cautiously.

"Oh, thanks!" Emmanuel was oblivious to her crush on him, so he didn't think much

about it. Besides, he couldn't reach his back and since Aqua had left earlier, he

accepted the offer.

She carefully removed his clothes to see his back. Soon, her discovery shocked her,

causing her hands to tremble as she reached for the ointment.

“E-Emmanuel, where did you get all these scars?”

#

The wounds caused by the mace a few days ago and the scratches by Falcon remained

fresh on his back. She also found other old scars on his back, making her wonder about

the stories behind each scar.

Even Quell was moved by the sight of his scars from where she stood. She knew better

than Aurora that only a man who had been through wars would have such a scarred

body.

“I got them on the battlefield,” Emmanuel responded casually.

Any warrior who has been through wars will have a body like mine.

However, the visage stung Aurora’s eyes. He protected an unworthy woman like me

with his body! Is there anything he wouldn’t do?

Emmanuel now glowed in her eyes.

“Does it hurt?” she asked as her delicate hands gently applied ointment to his wounds.

He chuckled and answered her question with another question, “Aurora, have you ever done any heavy work?”

“Huh? Well-” She blushed profusely at his words. “Y-You’re right. I have never done much physical work. My parents were merchants who immigrated from Chanaea to Kasango. I’ve lived a pampered life since youth…”

“Sure. Not having to do heavy work means you have a happy life! There’s nothing to be ashamed of as long as you have a good character and don’t feel superior for not working.” He engaged in a conversation with her.

He was interested in her background, especially when he heard of her immigrant background.

“Don’t tease me! I’ll just be honest with you. I used to be exactly the kind of woman you have described.”

”

When a usually quiet woman like her found a channel to vent, nothing could stop her.

“My father was acquainted with Kasango’s warlords. I caught the eye of a warlord and became his concubine when I was only seventeen.”

“Oh, wow…” Emmanuel didn’t anticipate the twist to the story.

A sardonic smile appeared on her face. “He didn’t force me. Aside from the fact he’s twice my age, he’s a handsome man with a fit body.”

He chuckled without commenting.

The next moment, she said something that piqued his interest.

“There was friction between Kasango and Chanaea at the border four years ago. Ther was an anti-Chanaea movement in Kasango. Life back then was difficult. I would get eggs and garbage thrown at me whenever I went out. They almost assaulted me! My husband did his best to protect me. He promised that our days would improve once Kasango invaded Chanaea and took over its fertile land, and nobody would bully me anymore!”

Chapter 1744 The True identity of Casper

Emmanuel listened attentively. He deduced that he likely fought Aurora's husband on the battlefield before.

He didn't press her on her husband's story as he didn't want to interrupt her.

"I never expected the War God of Chanaeato to kill my husband in a battle. I've been widowed since then."

"The War God?" His gaze snapped to her in astonishment.

"Yes." She nodded. "Chanaean must know him, right? He's also the Northern Region Wolf and the top fighter in the martial arts world, Everyone must look up to him."

He tensed before turning his full body to face her, his lips pursed.

"What's wrong, Emmanuel? Did I hurt you with my clumsy hands?"

Thinking she had hurt him, Aurora panicked, her hands trembling.

"No! Don't fret!" He gently held her hands to soothe her before cutting to the chase.

"What's your husband's name?"

"It's Sharma Jr. His father, Sharma Sr., is one of the three marshals of Kasango."

"Sharma?" The name rang a bell. Then, Emmanuel shook his head in resignation.

He remembered killing her husband in a battle. The battle earned him a great reputation in the Northern Region, and Ghost Doctor even designated him as his successor.

“Emmanuel, do you know my husband?” Aurora asked.

“Yes.” He nodded his head without revealing his true identity.

She sighed sadly and continued, “The Holy Fire organization deceived him into thinking that Kasango could defeat Chanaea with their support. However, Chanaea had strong military power. Their strong discipline and iron will were impossible to break.”

“I see.” He didn’t expect to learn about the past from her.

Somebody deliberately blocked the information from spreading. Those who knew about it were either killed or disappeared. He wouldn’t have learned it in the first place if he didn’t visit Dark Night Islands.

Moreover, it had to be Aurora, Sharma Jr.’s concubine to know these secrets. An ordinary soldier wouldn’t know the involvement of the Holy Fire organization in

Kasango's military affairs.

"By the way, are you aware of your husband's connection with Teddy Tanner from

Chanaea?" he asked.

To his surprise, she nodded. "Where did you learn that?"

"I'm just pushing my luck." He didn't expect to gain extra information.

Her face was twisted with resentment at the mention of Teddy. Biting her lip, she

hissed, "Teddy planted Falcon in my husband's army. His codename is Casper. He was

the chief instructor of the army, and also an experienced combatant. He had always

tried to get me into his bed. He immediately made a move on me once my husband was

dead, causing me to escape to Dark Night Islands. Who would've thought he even

followed me here…"

"Ah, this is too much-" Emmanuel was overwhelmed by the information.

The coincidence was unexpected.

"Did you say that Falcon's previous code name was also Casper?"

"Yes. I accidentally learned it from a confidential letter that Teddy had trained many

elite spies. They use the codename Casper in operation. Besides, Casper also ranks number one on the Redback Assassins Leaderboard. That's why Casper stays number one on the leaderboard no matter how many people have replaced the number two."

Now it makes sense! Her story'cleared his confusion. So, there is more than one Casper. Casper isn't an individual but a group It explains why the Casper I came across in Yeringham wasn't as good a fighter as the one in the Northern Region despite also being good at military explosives. They might not even be the same person at all!

Perhaps they were only disguising with the same face? It also explains why Redback Assassins gave up on Snake Master, their number three assassin, after failing his mission. It turns out that the Redback Assassins aren't lacking in powerful killers.

After some assassins failed their missions, new ones would immediately take their places.

The assembly–line production ensured the Redback Assassins were long–standing in the industry.

“Emmanuel, I believe bringing down Dark Night Islands will bring a huge blow to

Redback Assassins too as many of their assassins originated from here.”

Chapter 1745 Meeting with Sarah

Aurora continued, “Like you said before, this place is a training ground for assassins.

Every year, new people come in, and some leave.”

Emmanuel nodded as he connected the dots. He deduced he could leave Dark Night

Islands under certain conditions if he agreed to work for the Airspace Group.

Outside the door, Quell listened quietly to their conversation, which surprised TriSec.

She never liked to gossip about other people’s backgrounds. After all, whoever entered

the island had a complicated story.

“Wait a minute. I think I know him!” Her focus was on Emmanuel the whole time. She

muttered, “No wonder Mr. Xarri keeps saying he’s the destined king who’ll liberate Dark

Night Islands. I see!”

“What are you saying?” Her sudden announcement confused TriSec.

She ignored him and just walked away,

Emmanuel knew she had been outside the whole time. Watching her retreat, he

couldn't help but feel curious. How did a member of the Lannister family end up here?

Who exactly is Xarri? It seems that everyone has a complicated backstory.

"Mr. Emmanuel, the people of the Holy Nun wish to speak to you." Aqua rushed in and

interrupted Emmanuel's and Aurora's conversation.

Frowning, Emmanuel ended the conversation and walked out of the building.

"Emmanuel Lowe, you, the boss of Black Wolf, initiated a fight on someone else's

territory. You'll be receiving your punishment in the central region," Trisha announced

upon his arrival.

"I understand and accept the punishment."

He had no qualms to follow her and her people to the central region.

His response surprised the rest of Black Wolf He looks like he's receiving a reward

rather than a punishment.

Soon, Emmanuel arrived at the central region and ascended to the fourth floor.

Once again, the masked woman in a cloak appeared before him. "You can go now.'

“Yes, Your Reverence.” Trisha and her people left immediately.

She was close to the Holy Nun. She knew although the Holy Nun seemed glamorous,

she was a poor woman.

Her life had been boring ever since she came to the Dark Night Islands. Teasing

Emmanuel was her only pleasure, so Trisha wanted to help her as much as possible.

“Emmanuel, didn’t you promise to see me every three days? Why do I have to invite you?

Why don’t you initiate a visit for once?” Sarah whined.

Emmanuel shook his head. “It hasn’t been three days yet. Nevertheless, here I am

again.”

“You sound reluctant!” She huffed, crossing her arms in feigned anger. “I was going to

tell you some important news. I think we’ll just forget it since you don’t want to see me

at all.”

“What is it?” He immediately walked up to her, his tone full of concern. “Is it about

Mackenzie?”

“Ha! You only care about her!”

Her words cemented his guess, and he pressed. “Oh dear Sarah, please share the news with me!”

“All right. Kiss me and I’ll tell you everything!” She tilted her head and closed her eyes in anticipation.

A stern expression appeared on his face. “Here you go again. I told you we could be close, but not romantic. I’m not kissing you!”

She stomped her foot in frustration. “Fine! Don’t kiss me then! Just hold me while I tell you the news!”

She refused to obey as she didn’t see him as her brother–in–law.

Emmanuel was at a loss with her. Still, to get the information, he put his hands around her reluctantly like she was a plague.

Unexpectedly, she hugged him tightly as though she wanted to merge with him.

He frowned but refrained from pushing her away. Instead, he asked, “Can you tell me now?”

She was happy with the outcome, so she revealed, “Something happened to

Mackenzie. She might be even more powerful than us after accepting Claudette’s

power.

Chapter 1746 The Fifth Floor

“What?” Emmanuel couldn’t believe his ears. The next moment, he gently pushed Sarah

away.

How Mackenzie had obtained the power was unbelievable.

In the past, he would never have believed Sarah’s words. However, after having

witnessed the power of the transformed Claudette and knowing Mackenzie’s true

identity, he had to believe it.

“I don’t know the specifics. Anyway, Mackenzie has undergone experiments. Who

knows what she’s like now?” Sarah pouted as Emmanuel released her too soon.

The man she tried hard to stay close to was the same man Mackenzie could hug

whenever she wanted.

“Sarah, I want to see Mackenzie very much. Can you please help me again?” Putting his

hands on her shoulder, he pleaded with an eager expression.

She scoffed. How can I say no to the man I favor?

Soon, he made his way to the fifth floor.

Just like last time, he hadn't even found the way to the upper floor before somebody

discovered him.

"Emmanuel, stop daydreaming!" Scarlet and her people stopped him in his tracks.

Claudette stayed behind her with a blank face.

"Claudette!" Once again, he was excited to see her and tried to rush at her.

He refused to believe the experiments had turned her into a mindless machine. After

all, she looked no different from an ordinary person.

"Stop right there!" A man in white martial attire sidestepped to stop him.

"Get out of my way unless you want to die!" Emmanuel attacked the man.

To his surprise, the man grabbed his wrist.

What's going on? Emmanuel was shocked. It may seem like a light punch, but he

applied his full power to it. Even the trained fighters of the Shadow Clan couldn't block it, let alone ordinary people. But now, a member of the Airspace Group countered his attack easily.

"The boss of the Black Wolf talks big! Looks like Agargar is going to teach him a lesson!"

"Even the former boss of the Black Wolf will struggle to fight Agargar!"

The surrounding fighters whispered haughtily. They firmly believed that Agargar could stop Emmanuel.

The revelation indeed took Emmanuel aback. He took another look at the man and realized why he found the man familiar.

"Ha! That's Agargar?" Meanwhile, in a room on the third floor, Blake grinned beside Yasmine as they watched the surveillance footage. "Alfwhit might be a good–for–nothing, but his brother is truly a martial arts genius! Agargar's internal strength is powerful!"

"Now you know why the Airspace Group is bound to succeed, right?" She smirked. "And

you were thinking of joining Emmanuel."

"

was just joking!" His grin grew wider. "A man must weapon himself with a bold

slogan. Otherwise, people will think I'm shallow. Besides, I came here with him, so it's a

bit awkward to oppose him."

"What now?" She didn't beat around the bush "If you want to return to Dark Night

islands, I can always give you a decent position. You can also sleep with the women

here without worrying about the laws. Nobody will stop you here."

"Hey, Yasmine. That's a bit insulting!" He put on a serious face. "I'm not looking for

flings. I always approach them with respect and compassion. I help them improve their

lives and enrich their souls."

His words were resounding.

Thanks to being educated, she knew she shouldn't believe him.

She also knew that after he arrived on the island, he went to the pixie's territory ad

spent days of good time with women of the relatively weaker race.

If he hadn't run out of supplies, he probably wouldn't have found her and asked for

accommodation.

Her thick–skinned younger brother was the black sheep in the family full of competent

fighters.

Chapter 1747 Different Level

At this moment, the fierce battle on the monitor captured the attention of Blake and

Yasmine.

Agargar clapped his hands together, creating a fusion of black and white, embodying

boundless force within.

Blake took a deep breath in secret. He realized that if he had encountered Agargar

instead of Alfwhit in Anchortown, he would have been utterly defeated.

Emmanuel's eyes trembled violently.

His thoughts mirrored Blake's. How could there be such a vast disparity between the

two brothers? They were not on the same level.

Emmanuel dared not face Agargar's technique directly and could only retreat.

With a single stride, Agargar's encompassing move again loomed before him.

Emmanuel retreated once more. Soon, he found himself with no more room to retreat.

Fortunately, his Art of Adaptability revealed a flaw in Agargar's technique–not in the techniques themselves, but in his movement.

Emmanuel sidestepped, attacking Agargar's lower body, disrupting his assault.

Unexpectedly, Agargar bent over and performed a sweeping kick, stabilizing himself before resuming his offensive.

Emmanuel took the opportunity to counterattack, striking with a horizontal elbow.

As the heir to Templar Valor, Agargar's understanding of the Templar Techniques surpassed that of Alfwhit by a thousandfold. He deftly flipped, seamlessly transitioning from defense to offense.

The two exchanged blows, attacking and defending multiple times within just three seconds, leaving the surrounding fighters in astonishment.

None among them could gain any advantage against Agargar, the heir of Templar Valor,

in close combat, including Scarlet.

So, she watched the battle with great interest.

Boom!

Their close combat ended with Agargar hitting the wall, causing a violent tremor.

By now, Emmanuel had put enough distance between them and stood at the edge of

the staircase.

“If you don’t want to die, get lost!” Agargar warned Emmanuel while striking a pose.

Had this been an invasion of Templar Valor, Emmanuel might have conceded.

As he glanced at Claudette, he felt a pang of sorrow, with past memories echoing in his

mind.

“Dr. Lowe, I hate loneliness. Can you chat with me when you’re free?”

Those were Claudette’s words to him in the hospital before their marriage.

“Emmanuel, I don’t want to be alone. Thank you for keeping me company.”

Claudette’s voice and laughter from the battlefield and hillside continually surfaced in

Emmanuel's mind.

She's a fragile girl who fears loneliness. Yet now, she's far from home, separated from family and friends, brought to this place alone.

If she has any consciousness left, how helpless and tormented would she be?

With this thought, Emmanuel's eyes filled with sorrow, his heart wrenched by an invisible demon. He lowered his head, clenched his fists, and fought back tears.

"Why?"

"What?"

Agargar paused at Emmanuel's response.

"Aren't you an heir of Templar Valor? Why are you serving Airspace Group"

Emmanuel suddenly looked up. His gaze was furious and bewildered.

Agargar responded calmly, "Templar Valor and Heart of the Sun have a profound connection. I came to Airspace Group in pursuit of the myriad paths of the martial way, aiming for the pinnacle of martial arts. There's no question of serving anyone."

Scarlet and the other fighters around them smiled at this.

Different stances led to different mindsets.

Understanding Airspace Group's actions meant not viewing it as a terrorist group like others did.

Emmanuel had no time to argue with Agargar. He was clear about his purpose here- for Mackenzie and Claudette.

"I will not leave empty–handed." He assumed his stance again.

This time, even if it was a dead end, he had to fight his way through.

"Then let's see how you break through me." Agargar smiled.

His thoughts were different from Emmanuel's. He was relishing the challenge of sparring with a fighter.

The surrounding fighters shared his sentiment.

This battle was more thrilling than the tournament in the martial arena.

This time, Emmanuel took the initiative to attack. His eyes burned with a newfound determination fueled by inner pain.

“Come on!”

Agargar flipped his hands, ready to meet Emmanuel with a Tallor Blow Technique.

Chapter 1748 Scarlet’s Taking Action

Emmanuel and Agargar exchanged palm strikes repeatedly.

The surrounding martial artists found it amusing.

Scarlet also found it amusing; to fight an Templar Valor fighter with brute force was

futile. Not even Emmanuel, or the Queen of the Dark Night Islands, could overpower

Agargar, given the miraculous leverage of the Templar Techniques.

Nevertheless, their smiles froze the next moment.

Emmanuel knew well that Agargar’s internal strength was on par with his own, and his

martial techniques were profound. To compete in internal strength and techniques

alone would make the fight interminable and victory elusive.

Thus, he altered his strategy. He gripped Agargar’s wrists tightly and used a side–body

throw to hurl him away.

Such throwing techniques were common in the military, but no one expected such

simplicity to be effective against a Templar Valor fighter.

In the next instant, Emmanuel flipped over and used another throwing technique, once again sending Agargar flying.

Agargar still maintained his balance, landing firmly on his feet. However, Emmanuel had already clasped his waist and executed a bridging suplex.

Agargar furrowed his brows. He was clearly unaccustomed to Emmanuel's style.

The surrounding martial artists began to frown as well. Only Scarlet showed an appreciative look, acknowledging that the new leader of the Black Wolf Team was indeed impressive.

Ordinary throwing techniques wouldn't work on Agargar, but Emmanuel, combining unknown techniques, left Agargar without a response.

After successive throws, Emmanuel had clearly brought Agargar into his own rhythm, surprising everyone by landing a punch squarely on his nose.

Boom!

Everyone was astonished. Many felt that the impact of that punch was deafening.

Agargar, a martial artist of Airspace Group, whose techniques even Scarlet and the

Queen of the Dark Night Islands sometimes sought advice on, had been struck by

Emmanuel's move.

Emmanuel delivered several more punches in succession, disrupting Agargar's rhythm

completely and sending him flying backwards.

Having defeated a formidable enemy, Emmanuel felt a surge of confidence. He reached

out directly to grab Claudette.

Swish-

ners Taking Action

At the critical moment, a blazing whip–like braid struck like lightning, or fire.

Emmanuel was startled and dodged quickly,

Foiled at the brink of success, he once again failed to bring the woman who had

occupied his thoughts for so long to his side,

"Interesting." Scarlet's eyes gleamed with a spark of interest.

Upon seeing her intervene, the surrounding Airspace Group fighters sensed that Emmanuel was in trouble.

Scarlet rarely showed interest in others, as few fighters could catch her eye. Once someone piqued her interest, she would fight until they were thoroughly defeated.

Indeed, in the next moment, she unleashed her Tower Dance Whip on Emmanuel.

A long braid transformed into countless fiery venomous snakes, frantically biting at Emmanuel.

Emmanuel clenched his teeth, clearly feeling immense pressure.

Firstly, Scarlet's strength was the greatest he had ever seen in a woman.

Secondly, the Tower Dance Whip was the world's premier whip technique, nearly impossible to counter.

Thirdly, the confined space made it difficult to evade, even if he spotted an opening.

As time passed, Emmanuel's wounds multiplied. He couldn't find an opening to counterattack.

If this continued, he was surely doomed.

Scarlet was too strong.

The Dark Night Islands truly have many monsters, and the Airspace Group's top–tier

fighters are overwhelming. Any one of them could easily win the Nuthana Grand Martial

Showdown championship.

How vast the world is!

1, once the invincible fighter of the war realm, now face relentless struggles on this

island…

"Hmph! Is this all you've got? How dare you think you could rescue Her Holiness alone?"

Scarlet couldn't help but disdain Emmanuel

With his current display of strength, he's far from the level of Rhett or Xarri.

He can't even defeat me, yet he wants to overthrow Airspace Group?

Dream on!

At this moment, forced into a corner, Emmanuel had no other choice but to fight back

desperately. He unleashed the first move of the Northern Region Dragon–Breaking

Palm.

With a powerful palm strike, he sent all the “venomous snakes” flying away with a

formidable burst of energy.

Chapter 1749

Scarlet felt like a sudden violent storm had struck her, making her hair and dress whirl

around.

“Now this is interesting!”

Instead of being taken aback, Scarlet responded with a palm strike.

“What?!”

Emmanuel was shocked.

His Dragon–Breaking Palm was the most formidable technique, embodying the fearless

spirit of longevity with the heavens. How could this woman dare to meet it head–on?

Bang!

The two clashed palms, creating a scene akin to a hurricane hitting the place. Everyone 鼓

staggered, some even falling to the ground.

When gods fight, mortals suffer.

Emmanuel immediately felt his right arm numb, retreating continuously with his breath

in complete disarray.

For the first time, his Dragon–Severing Palm had been forced back, and the opponent

was a woman.

Scarlet also stepped back several paces but showed no signs of internal injury.

At a glance, the two seemed evenly matched.

However, this dealt a huge blow to Emmanuel's confidence. After all, he had used his

trump card and couldn't defeat a woman from the Airspace Group. How could he save

anyone with such a performance?

He didn't even have the strength to break through the sixth level.

Claudette, who had been expressionless, saw Emmanuel's devastation, and her watery

eyes seemed to tremble briefly:

"Claudette!"

When Emmanuel looked at her, she had already returned to her emotionless state, as if the change in expression had been an illusion.

However, Emmanuel was certain it wasn't an illusion.

Claudette still had her self–awareness.

"Get lost now! Don't force me to kill you!" Scarlet taunted coldly.

The experts around also snorted coldly. They admitted the new leader of the Black Wolf Team was indeed strong but absolutely no match for Scarlet. After all, Scarlet was the strongest warrior on Dark Night Islands, second only to the Queen of the Dark Night Islands.

"No, I won't compromise this time no matter what!"

Emmanuel's expression remained incredibly determined. If his eyes had just been ignited, now they were blazing fiercely.

Claudette had twice sacrificed her life for him. Now she was in the abyss, living every second in agony. How could he abandon her?

"No matter what, I'm taking Claudette away today!"

“Claudette! It’s me, Emmanuel! I’ve come to save you!” Emmanuel suddenly roared.

Everyone around felt their eardrums ache.

Was this man insane?

His emotions burned within his chest.

Yet Claudette, whose eyes had just trembled, remained expressionless as if she hadn’t

heard Emmanuel’s voice.

“Why?”

“Why is it like this?”

Emmanuel’s fists clenched, cracking loudly.

The next moment, he abruptly turned around, gritting his teeth and glaring: “You

monsters! You turned Claudette into this! I will repay you tenfold for all the pain she’s

endured!!”

The warriors around him couldn’t help but tremble at the sight of his eyes.

At that moment, it seemed a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood appeared behind

him.

Watching from the third floor, Blake instinctively smiled bitterly,

Who wouldn’t be afraid of Emmanuel like this?

He also respected Emmanuel deeply. To fight so intensely for a woman, that truly

defined a real man.

“Hah! What’s the use of big talk?”

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Scarlet became even more excited. She hadn’t encountered such an opponent in a long

time and couldn’t help but beckon to Emmanuel, “Come on, beat me if you can!”

Smack!

Her long whip suddenly struck the ground.

The solid alloy floor showed a terrifying whip mark.

It was said that her whip was made from the lifetime hair of the Tower Witch. Each

strike could break bones and scatter ashes.

“Yah-”

Emmanuel let out a rare battle cry. His shirt tore open, and the entire fifth level was

struck by a terrifying sound wave.

Everyone clutched their ears in pain. Those with weaker cultivation rolled their eyes in

agony.

Dragon–Breaking Palm, Fourth Form!

Emmanuel took the initiative to attack. This time, the power was two or three times

stronger than before.

“Heh, come on!”

Scarlet’s whip danced like a massive flame, blocking Emmanuel’s path.

She dared not underestimate him again, avoiding a direct clash.

She aimed to use the whip to transform into flames, consuming Emmanuel’s violent

palm force.

Chapter 1750 The Relentless Battle

Everyone thought Emmanuel would retreat.

How could his bare hand withstand Scarlet’s Whipping Dance? Under the intense

internal force, it was more terrifying than a meat grinder.

Yet Emmanuel's eyes showed no fear, shining with the light of courage. It was as if he

had returned three years ago.

He had found something worth sacrificing his life for again. A soldier was never afraid

of sacrifice.

To bring Claudette back to his side, he would stop at nothing.

To be shattered into pieces was nothing.

Boom!

The two supreme warriors clashed once more.

This time, Emmanuel's hand instantly turned bloody and mangled.

But their struggle continued.

"Madman! That man's insane!"

Seeing this, the entire audience was filled with fear.

Claudette remained expressionless, forming a stark contrast with everyone's reactions,

Scarlet's initially proud expression gradually turned to one of slight terror.

She hadn't expected Emmanuel to fight to the death, continuing to explode with power,

aiming to sacrifice a hand to exploit the momentary gap in her Whipping Dance to kill

her.

"Damn it!"

Ultimately, Scarlet had to forcefully withdraw, suffering a backlash from the energy,

crashing into the wall, with a trace of blood at the corner of her mouth.

Gasp!

Everyone inhaled sharply.

Even Yasmine on the third floor was dumbfounded.

Honestly, this was her first time seeing fear in Scarlet's eyes.

Scarlet was supposed to be an invincible superwarrior.

She had single–handedly barged into the Ophanim Clan, negotiating forcefully to make

them accept the Airspace Group's rules. Yet this woman was intimidated by Emmanuel.

"Ah! Madman! I told you Emmanuel was a madman!"

Blake also excitedly pulled at his hair. This was why he never wanted to fight Emmanuel to the death.

Anyone who fought this man to the death must be out of their mind.

“Are you not afraid to die?”

Scarlet couldn’t help but ask through gritted teeth.

“Of course I’m afraid! But I’m more afraid of losing something more important than life!”

Emmanuel’s right hand bled profusely, but his eyes showed no fear.

This impact made everyones hearts pound.

“Haha, something more important than life?”

Scarlet wanted to shatter this man’s belief. Only then could she defeat him. She pointed at Claudette, sneering, “Do you mean this woman? Even if you call out to her and sacrifice everything in front of her, do you think she will have any reaction? None! She’s just a walking corpse now!”

“Emmanuel, are you stupid?!”

The others around also sneered.

They all knew Claudette had her memory erased and was subjected to West Mountain's

hypnotism, turning her into a puppet, a 'mobile energy source' for the Airspace Group.

How could she still have personal emotions?

To them, Emmanuel's actions could only be described as ignorance is truly terrifying.

But then, someone suddenly screamed: "Look, that woman's crying!"

What?!

How was that possible?

Everyone looked on in shock.

Scarlet's previously smug expression turned to sheer astonishment.

Their organization had spent over 20 years meticulously turning her into an energy

puppet, yet she could still cry.

Emmanuel saw it too, yet instead of joy, he was consumed by immense pain, filled with

sorrow and rage. Claudette's tear–streaked, expressionless face hit him like a punch to

the gut as if a demon was trying to tear his heart apart

He knew well that Claudette's soul was forcibly trapped, forcibly separated from her

body, unable to express her emotions. How excruciating must that be?

He had to rescue her from this torment.

"Yah!" Emmanuel roared again, his strength surging once more.

Everyone saw his face turn red, veins bulging, even bursting into blood.

Scarlet's deep–seated fear