Wrong Table 1751

Chapter 1751 The Unyielding Resolve

Continuing like this would only lead to death!

Yet Emmanuel stepped towards her, his gaze terrifying enough to make the top guard

of the Airspace Group step back.

“Today, no one will stop me from taking Claudette!”

Emmanuel gripped Scarlet’s long whip and kept moving forward.

Everyone around him retreated.

Even Scarlet stepped back.

To the other warriors who admired and revered her strength, this was an astonishing

sight.

The shock strongly impacted their hearts, making them feel as if their blood vessels

might burst.

Scarlet had nowhere left to retreat. Her back was against the wall, and she gritted her

teeth, asking, “Why? With your strength, joining the Airspace Group would strengthen

you and give you more. Why do you oppose us?”

“Why?” Emmanuel seemed to hear the funniest joke, laughing coldly before roaring in anger, “You can want whatever you want! But why do you cruelly harm an innocent woman? What did Claudette do wrong? She did nothing wrong! Why did you use her as an experiment? Why must she endure endless suffering? Do you know the loneliness in her soul and heart?”

His series of questions left Scarlet speechless.

Pah!

Emmanuel spat out a mouthful of blood, continuing angrily, “She did nothing wrong! She is so kind! She is so pure! Why does fate treat her this way? What right do you have to treat her like this? If Jesus won’t save this kind and pure woman, I’ll risk my life to save her! Today, I will take her away! I will kill anyone who blocks me! If the world stops me, I will destroy the world!!”

Each word hit Scarlet’s heart like a hammer.

The top warrior of the Airspace Group dared not strike.

Everyone was stunned.

Yasmine and Blake on the third floor were also breathless, nearly unable to react.

“Claudette, let’s go!” Emmanuel finally held Claudette’s small hand.

But it felt completely different from before.

The temperature was far off.

And their hearts could not connect.

“Lady Scarlet, are we letting him take her?” Finally, a subordinate asked in shock.

Scarlet didn’t know what to do. The Queen of the Dark Night Islands was currently not around, and both Emmanuel and Claudette were crucial pieces to the Airspace Group.

Emmanuel was ready to die. If she continued to tangle with him, he would fight to the end.

But if she let him take Claudette, the Queen of the Dark Night Islands would surely blame her.

Just then, Yasmine led some men upstairs.

A group of subordinates aimed their guns at Emmanuel.

Emmanuel smirked, ready to face them, but the barrels released not bullets, but

knockout gas.

He was caught off guard.

Already severely bloodied, Emmanuel inhaled some of the gas, which quickly knocked

him out.

“Take him away! Throw him into the dungeon and wait for the Queen of the Dark Night

Islands to deal with him!” Scarlet walked over and coldly ordered.

“Hey, hey, Yasmine! Don’t kill him!” Blake hurriedly pushed through the crowd, shielding

Emmanuel and pleading with Yasmine.

This simple act moved the normally expressionless Yasmine.

What was going on?

Why does Blake want to protect him?

“Who are you? Do you want to die?” Scarlet raised her whip slightly,

Blake did not back down, kneeling and begging Yasmine, “Emmanuel is still useful to

your organization. If he’s ruined, it’ll be a huge loss.”

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He knew well the dungeon’s conditions. If Emmanuel were thrown with his current

state, he wouldn’t make it.

“Lady Scarlet, he is the Queen of the Dark Night Islands‘ brother, and he’s right!”

Yasmine also spoke up, “Let me take Emmanuel down and bandage his wounds.”

“Hmph, do as you please!” Scarlet conceded, coldly saying, “But next time, if your

subordinates let him break through so easily again, I fear the Queen of the Dark Night

Islands will punish you.”

Chapter 1752 Awakening in Adversity

“I understand.”

Yasmine nodded, and they took Emmanuel away.

Emmanuel woke up to find himself lying on a cold, unforgiving stone bed, swathed in

layers of bandages that cocooned his body. His surroundings were dimly lit, and the air

was heavy with an ancient, musty scent. His right hand throbbed with such intensity that it felt as though it might split open, sending waves of searing pain coursing through him.

“Awake at last, young sir?” came a gruff voice, as an unseemly figure leaned in, causing Emmanuel to startle and swiftly straighten himself upright.

But then he exclaimed with fervor, “Blake! Is it truly you? You’ve survived?”

“Haha, I possess the aura of a protagonist; even death dares not claim me,” Blake remarked with a proud smirk, his confidence shining through like a beacon in the shadows of uncertainty.

Emmanuel chuckled, “What kind of deranged author would make an ugly guy like you the protagonist?”

“Oh damn, I saved your life, and you’re dissing me like this? Like the farmer and the snake!” Blake protested excitedly.

Emmanuel smiled and said, “Thanks.”

“Forget such trifles; gratitude from a man holds no sway over me. Should a woman express thanks, she might even offer herself as a reward. What do you possess in comparison? Nothing of consequence,” Blake declared nonchalantly, his gesture dismissive yet laden with an air of superiority.

The next moment, he watched Emmanuel attempt to stand up.

“Are you crazy?” Blake marveled at his resilience. Just moments ago he was bleeding heavily, yet now he could walk?

“I don’t have time to lie down. I have important things to do,” Emmanuel patted Blake on the shoulder with a smile. “It’s great to meet you again.”

“Why should I be impressed?” Blake recoiled swiftly, cautious. “Do not entertain thoughts of involving me in a rebellion against the Airspace Group. What concern of mine is it? I am merely present to witness the unfolding spectacle.”

Emmanuel smiled faintly, ignoring Blake as he exited the rudimentary room.

He realized that where he had just laid was a temporary medical station in the central region, usually used to treat severely injured competitors from the duels.

Emmanuel lifted his gaze abruptly and beheld delicate white snowflakes descending in a slow, graceful dance from the heavens above, each flakes a fleeting masterpiece in its own right. Amidst this serene spectacle, his wounds pulsed with an insistent ache, reminding him of the harsh reality that persisted beneath the tranquil facade of nature's beauty.

"Claudette, I'm sorry."

Emmanuel tightened his fists with determined resolve, holding back the searing agony that threatened to breach the barriers of his tear ducts.

Since leaving the Northern Territory, this was the first time he had felt such heartache and helplessness.

He needed strength.

Since withdrawing from his former life, this moment marked the first occasion he had encountered such an overwhelming yearning for authority and influence.

Yet, what avenues lay open to him now? By what means might he aspire to reclaim his

zenith of prowess and vigor?

Alas, the path ahead remained obscured, shrouded in uncertainty, leaving him adrift in a sea of unknowns.

Emmanuel understood with unwavering clarity that heedless actions were no longer within his grasp.

Should he dare to unleash his power once more with forceful intent, the risk loomed large that his meridians, already stretched to their limits, might rupture, leaving him vulnerable before the formidable adversaries he sought to vanquish.

With a steadfast determination burning in his heart, Emmanuel knew he must uncover a more refined strategy to liberate Claudette, his beloved wife, and their cherished child.

As the sun began its descent, casting a golden hue over the landscape, he hastened his steps away from the central realm. The afternoon waned, yet his resolve remained resolute as he embarked on his journey towards the distant domain of the Ophanim Clan.

Along the way, his mood was extremely complex.

In the annals of Dark Night Islands' chronicles, the Ophanim Clan stood as perennial adversaries to the dreaded Black Wolf Team. Emmanuel pondered this historical enmity as he weighed the formidable prowess of Falcon and Xan, whose strength matched his own. Yet, looming over his thoughts like an ominous shadow was the uncertainty surrounding Rhett's power–an enigma whose depth and might remained shrouded in mystery.

Though poised on the precipice of potential conflict with the formidable Ophanim Clan, Emmanuel harbored no illusions of emerging unscathed in his current condition. Nevertheless, a curious anticipation stirred within his heart, for he and the Ophanim Clan were bound by a shared echelon of prowess and power.

The mightier the adversary, the greater the potential alliance–if Emmanuel could sway the Ophanim Clan to stand united against the Airspace Group, they would become an unparalleled force. Arriving at the southernmost tip of the island, guided by his inner

resolve, Emmanuel found himself unexpectedly greeted by tranquility.

This serene landscape stood in stark contrast to the ominous atmosphere of the Shadow Clan's domain he had previously visited, resembling two disparate worlds drawn from the fabric of existence itself.

Although the territory here was no smaller than that of the Black Wolf Team, the atmosphere was more oppressive, indicating higher efficiency in everyone's work.

The atmosphere of a territory reflects the personality of the organization's leader.

The helm of the Ophanim Clan surely rested upon a figure of robust strength and pragmatic wisdom, a leader forged in the crucible of trials and tempered by the inexorable march of time.

As Emmanuel arrived at the Ophanim Clan's enclave, the clock had struck eight in the evening, a time when the bustling activities of the day had given way to the orderly return of the clan's lower echelons. Their movements were swift and choreographed, displaying a discipline that surpassed even the renowned efficiency of the Black Wolf Team.

Emmanuel followed them into the grand edifice of the Ophanim Clan, comparable in scale to that of the Black Wolf's but starkly contrasting in architectural style and ambiance.

Here, an oppressive aura hung heavy in the air, akin to stepping into the lair of an enigmatic, unseen adversary. Emmanuel's presence did not go unnoticed; every eye in the hall turned towards him, their expressions a mix of surprise and hostility.

Some even bared their metaphorical teeth and claws, as if ready to defend their territory from this unexpected intruder.

Chapter 1753 Echoes of Destiny The Intrigue at Oph

Many people didn't know Emmanuel's identity and looked at him like a dead man walking.

According to the history of the Ophanim Clan, besides the former Black Wolf leader, Xan, no one had ever broken into the Ophanim Clan's building and walked out unscathed, especially during curfew hours.

Emmanuel calmly walked forward, surprising many. Was this man truly fearless of

death?

Did he not know how many terrifying demons were hidden inside this building?

Sure enough, moments later, experts from the Ophanim Clan jumped out, attacking

Emmanuel suddenly.

Emmanuel effortlessly dodged and continued walking expressionlessly.

“Damn it!”

Another expert leaped out.

However, no matter how they swarmed him, Emmanuel remained untouched, passing

by them directly.

Next, even the most formidable demons appeared, but they didn’t dare to engage.

Only when the three heads of the Ophanim Clan appeared did Emmanuel stop at the

entrance of a large room.

“Step aside, all of you!” Anna shouted, looking at Emmanuel with a smirk. “Heh, so we

have an honored guest? Are you so eager to die, still covered in bloody bandages?”

“I’m here to see your leader,” Emmanuel said.

“Just because you desire an audience with our leader, do you presume to stand on

equal footing with us?” Falcon mocked coldly!

The surrounding members of the Ophanim Clan laughed coldly as well.

Emmanuel’s gaze remained steady, not provoked to anger by their mockery.

He looked towards Xan, who had invited him to the Ophanim Clan.

Xan coldly replied, “The leader is in our main camp behind me. If you can get past me,

you can go in.”

Heh!

Emmanuel couldn’t help but smirk slightly.

Truly busy, having to fight the experts of Dark Night Island again.

But the next moment, disregarding his injuries, Emmanuel leaped up, feinted a strike,

and attempted to break into the main camp.

However, Xan remained unmoved, easily catching his feinted fist.

Emmanuel gritted his teeth secretly. Xan’s strength was probably not inferior to that of

Agargar Zamora.

But then, he smiled.

If he could ally with the Ophanim Clan, he would have the ability to contend with the

Airspace experts.

“Why are you… so weak?” Xan frowned, directly slapping towards Emmanuel’s chest.

In his current state, Emmanuel dared not take the blow head–on and had to retreat

early.

He looked somewhat embarrassed.

“Haha, this is the Black Wolf’s leader? Can’t even handle Xan? This year, our Ophanim

Clan will surely reign supreme!”

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“We are the ultimate kings of the Dark Nights!”

The group was very excited.

As members of Dark Nights Island, they had long been immersed in the atmosphere of

striving for supremacy, seeing it as a lifelong goal. With this year's duel rules changed like this, everyone believed the climax was coming, increasing their desire to dominate even more.

At this moment, Emmanuel took a long breath and closed his eyes.

The laughter around him abruptly stopped. What was he planning to do?

Even Xan frowned, sensing that the Black Wolf's leader seemed abnormal.

After closing his eyes, Emmanuel seemed invincible.

The next moment, Emmanuel's hands moved naturally, and everyone seemed to see an Eight Trigram between his hands.

"This… isn't this the technique of Agargar Zamora, the Vice Guardian of the central region?" The Ophanim Clan's experts quickly noticed the clue.

Many people's mocking expressions turned into astonishment, even fear.

The strength of Agargar was on par with Xan's. How could Emmanuel have his trump card?

"So, you're from the Templar Valor?" Xan smirked, launching an attack.

Emmanuel's Templar Valor was as flawless as Agargar's, completely invulnerable.

While Xan was absorbed in deciphering his Templar Valor, Emmanuel suddenly

changed tactics, using Falcon's adept method of close combat, fiercely kneeing Xan.

Although Xan blocked with both hands at the last moment, he was still caught off

guard and slammed against the wall by Emmanuel.

The whole scene was sho

Chapter 1754 A Fateful Confrontation in the Shadow

Everyone's gaze turned towards Falcon.

Falcon–looked dazed and murmured, "H–How is this possible? How does this b*stard

know my moves?"

Xan, however, remained expressionless as he resumed his stance. The contempt he

once held for Emmanuel had vanished from his eyes.

This guy in front of him was indeed a martial arts genius.

Could he truly master techniques that balance strength and softness?

Others thought the same. They did not know the Art of Adaptability and assumed

Emmanuel had trained in countless martial arts styles.

No one could have guessed that Emmanuel now possessed an extraordinary talent for memorizing and replicating martial arts moves instantly.

“Let’s see if you can block this move!”

Xan suddenly drew two daggers, their blades shining fiercely in the firelight.

Even with his eyes closed, Emmanuel could feel a surge of violent killing intent

enveloping Xan.

The surrounding members of the Ophanim Clan gasped and stepped back in fear.

There were very few on Dark Night Island who could force Xan to draw his weapons.

This time, the leader of the Black Wolf Team had truly gone overboard.

“Die!” Xan swung his daggers, their fierce light flashing like thunder, ready to strike.

Emmanuel felt a sense of unease, beads of sweat forming on his forehead. His current

fighting spirit couldn’t compare to what he had in the Ivory Tower.

He didn’t want a fight to the death with Xan.

“Stop!”

At the last moment, a commanding voice rang out, causing even the cold and arrogant

Xan to immediately halt.

The members of the Ophanim Clan stood respectfully with one hand on their chests.

“Boss!”

“Greetings, Boss!”

As a rugged man emerged from the main building, everyone called out in unison.

Emmanuel also felt an overwhelming sense of oppression!

The man before him was cloaked in red with piercing eyes. His presence was akin to an

ancient, towering mountain, casting a shadow over the sky.

It felt as though this man could crush his already injured body at any moment.

“Boss!”

Xan respectfully called out and then stepped behind Rhett.

Rhett didn’t respond to anyone. His sharp gaze fixed on Emmanuel.

Emmanuel couldn’t help but stand upright, feeling a strange sensation as if this person

was a legendary figure from centuries past.

Who is he?

Without a word, Rhett walked past Emmanuel toward the building's entrance.

Everyone watched him silently, not daring to speak.

The sense of authority felt like the rigid social hierarchy of ancient times, where

commoners wouldn't dare offend noble royalty.

It wasn't until Rhett walked by that Emmanuel suddenly snapped out of it and quickly

followed.

As the leader of the Black Wolf Team, he couldn't walk behind Rhett but instead walked

shoulder to shoulder with him.

Despite being a six–foot–tall special forces soldier, he seemed tiny next to Rhett.

Suddenly, Rhett placed his hands on the stone door and, with sheer force, pried it open.

Emmanuel was stunned. This man's brute strength is terrifying!

Rhett finally spoke with those two words. Then, he walked out of the building.

The Ophanim Clan members had no idea what their boss was thinking.

Emmanuel didn’t know either but still followed him and slowly walked. They reached a

place littered with broken walls and obvious signs of damage.

After examining the area, he asked in surprise, “Did you cause all this destruction?”

Rhett looked at him with an impassive expression. “How did you know?”

Emmanuel just smiled without answering. Why would I tell everyone that I can identify

the unique force and range of each martial artist’s techniques after mastering the Art of

Adaptability?

“Yes, I caused most of this damage.” Rhett nodded.

“Did you fight someone here?” Emmanuel continued, “The opponent was agile, leaving

few traces. Most of the damage is your doing!”

“Hahaha!” Rhett finally laughed, showing expression for the first time.

His laughter was hearty, revealing an inner warmth that didn’t quite match his

stone–cold image.

Chapter 1755 The Hidden Struggles and Unseen Stren

“Indeed, it wasn’t in the grandiose arena of the Airspace Group that I was bested by

Xarri," Rhett admitted, his voice carrying a touch of nostalgia as he surveyed the room.

"No, it happened right here."

Rhett regarded Emmanuel with a look of admiration, clearly impressed by his sharp analytical skills. With a knowing smile, he continued, "For reasons known only to us, we arranged a private duel here. We clashed swords until the break of dawn, and ultimately, I emerged defeated."

"But I see no trace of your defeat," Emmanuel responded immediately, his gaze unwavering.

Rhett chuckled, a sound rich with amusement and acknowledgment. Emmanuel's words weren't intended to offer him an easy escape from his admission. "I was defeated here," Rhett confessed, pointing to his heart with his thumb.

Emmanuel's expression shifted to one of surprise and intrigue, his curiosity piqued by the story that lay between Rhett and Xarri.

"You bear a striking resemblance to him," Rhett remarked, his eyes meeting Emmanuel's with an intensity that seemed to penetrate his soul. "In the depths of your eyes, I

glimpse a vast sea of stars, harboring limitless power."

Emmanuel offered a bitter smile, reluctant to accept such grandiose praise. If he truly possessed boundless power, how was he unable to save his wife and Claudette?

Rhett's compliments felt almost too contrived, like a balm for a wound still aching.

However, Rhett didn't think his words were too much. Instead, he turned his attention to Emmanuel's wounds, examining them with a discerning eye. "Did you clash with Scarlet?" he inquired, his tone filled with both curiosity and concern.

"Yes, that's right," Emmanuel replied with a nod, a bitter smile tugging at his lips. "She came close to finishing me off."

"Surely she must have been astonished by you," Rhett remarked, despite not having witnessed the battle himself. His words sent a shiver down Emmanuel's spine, as if the older man possessed an uncanny insight into events he hadn't seen.

Could this man be some kind of seer? Emmanuel wondered, his curiosity mingling with a sense of awe.

Rhett's expression grew serious as he said, "Scarlet is a once–in–a–century genius, a force of nature with few equals. Even I cannot best her. The fact that she sought you out means you possess extraordinary abilities. Surviving an encounter with her is proof that she's taken notice of your strength. She desires a worthy adversary–a fair fight to truly test her mettle against yours."

Emmanuel was momentarily taken aback. He knew Scarlet was indeed formidable, but could it be true that even Rhett found himself lacking in comparison? Or was Rhett merely being modest?

"You… you must be the destined king that Xarri foretold!" Rhett suddenly declared, his words striking Emmanuel like a bolt of lightning.

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"Why do both you and Quell speak of this prophecy?" Emmanuel asked, his curiosity piqued and his heart racing. "I'm eager to understand how Xarri came to make such a prediction."

Regrettably, Rhett averted his gaze, his expression distant. "I am not Xarri. I do not

claim to understand all of his thoughts. But he once harbored the same dreams you hold."

"Liberate the Dark Night Islands?" Emmanuel interjected instinctively, his voice tinged with urgency.

"Indeed," Rhett confirmed with a nod. "He yearned to achieve this long ago, yet he doubted his ability to succeed. When he reached the summit of the Dark Night Islands, he found himself akin to a lone wolf, isolated and without allies."

Emmanuel felt a pang of recognition at these words. It was a profound sorrow to walk a path unshared by others, to bear the weight of solitude when your vision demands camaraderie.

"But now, you have arrived," Rhett said, turning to Emmanuel with a knowing smile. "Will you be the Wolf Warrior who unites the scattered pack, forging them into an unstoppable force?"

The winds of change sweeping across the Dark Night Islands had not escaped Rhett's

notice. Xarri had possessed great strength and remarkable wisdom, yet he had lacked the unique charisma Emmanuel wielded–the ability to inspire others to follow him willingly.

His strength made others revere him, and the lower ranks felt he was unreachable, having no courage to follow.

But Emmanuel was different. Now, all the night wolf members were changing because of him. Even the Doggo Team was willing to work for the Black Wolf Team.

The strength of the Doggo Team was not to be underestimated. This was already a great achievement on Dark Night Islands. The forces on the island either faced extinction or were forcibly suppressed, never voluntarily working for another group.

If this change continued, the resulting power would be terrifying.

Perhaps, this ability was called leadership?

Emmanuel suddenly asked him, “Do you know where Xarri is now? Since we have a common goal, we can become good friends.”

Upon hearing this, Rhett shivered slightly again.

This man’s thinking was indeed different from anyone else on Dark Night Islands.

On this island, others thought about how to defeat and surpass others. This man

thought about befriending someone he had never met and who might threaten his

position.

“This might be your magic, something Xarri and I don’t have.”

Rhett suddenly laughed. “Xarri and I have an agreement, but we were never friends, just

competitors who respected the agreement.”

Emmanuel smiled nonchalantly.

Chapter 1756 The Tangled Paths of Destiny and Powe

Over many years in the Northern Region, the old commander had taught him the

strategies of diplomacy and warfare.

Now, he needed to unite all the forces he could, and then find a way to divide the

Airspace Group. Only by doing so could he succeed and rescue his wife.

He didn’t think of himself as extraordinary; he was merely following the steps.

“Since Xarri predicted you would be the destined ruler of the Dark Night Islands, I

believe you too.” Rhett suddenly said. “As long as you can unite the other forces on

Dark Night Islands, my clan will join you. If you can defeat me, I will follow your lead and

help you accomplish this great task.”

“Really?” Emmanuel’s eyes suddenly brightened as he raised one hand. “Good, it’s a

deal.”

If he could get the help of the most powerful Ophanim Clan on Dark Night Islands, the

chances of success would greatly increase.

But soon, he realized it wouldn’t be that easy.

When Rhett high–fived him, the terrifying force made Emmanuel’s entire arm numb.

His wound even reopened, bleeding again.

Rhett hummed meaningfully, thinking that if Emmanuel was the destined ruler Xarri

predicted, he still didn’t have enough power.

“Who exactly are you, Rhett?” Emmanuel couldn’t help but ask. The man before him

exuded an aura unlike anyone else, ancient and as if he had traveled through time.

“It’s not the right time to tell you.”

Rhett swung his cloak and turned to leave.

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On the middle island, at the top of the Ivory Tower.

Mackenzie stood on the balcony, gazing over Dark Night Islands. Despite the expansive

view, she couldn’t shake her worries.

She wished she could jump off the tower and see Emmanuel–if not for the child in her

belly.

After some thought, her eyes hardened, and she suddenly opened the palace door,

intending to leave the tower.

“Your Holiness, do you have any orders?” Scarlet immediately blocked her way with the

guard team.

Mackenzie stopped all her actions and coldly questioned, “Did Emmanuel come to the

Ivory Tower today?”

Scarlet's lips curled slightly. "Yes, Your Holiness. Unfortunately, he failed to force his way in and I sent him back."

Mackenzie bit her lip and then forced herself to ask calmly, "Did you hurt him?"

"You could say that, or you could say he was acting recklessly."

Scarlet's expression showed a hint of pride.

Defeating a strong enemy was her greatest pride, especially since that enemy was the former Northern Region War God.

"I want to see Claudette."

Mackenzie knew seeing Emmanuel was impossible, so she had to settle for the next best thing

Scarlet didn't refuse. As long as Mackenzie didn't leave the Ivory Tower, she could wander the fifth and sixth floors as she wished.

Soon, Mackenzie saw Claudette again.

For some reason, Claudette seemed different from the last time.

Last time, she felt like a frozen robot, but this time, it was as if she had thawed a bit.

“Leave us.” Mackenzie ordered.

“Sorry, Your Holiness, the Queen of the Dark Night Islands ordered that you cannot be alone with Claudette-”

“I said, leave us!” Before Scarlet could refuse, Mackenzie suddenly exuded a powerful aura, issuing a cold command.

A shocking scene unfolded.

Her Holiness, once an ordinary person upon arriving on the island, now radiated a powerful and cold energy when she unleashed her aura.

Scarlet was startled, and the people behind her almost lost their footing.

“Yes, Your Holiness.”

On the same day, the immensely powerful Scarlet, who was regarded as quasi–sacred by the Airspace Group, was intimidated twice by Emmanuel and his wife.

After instinctively responding, she left with her people, biting her lip in frustration.

The Her Holiness was indeed Her Holiness.

What kind of bloodline did she possess?

How did she become so powerful after accepting the power of the Sun's Heart?

"Claudette!"

With the rare opportunity to be alone, Mackenzie tightly held Claudette's hand.

Though it felt normal, Mackenzie could not feel an ounce of warmth in Claudette's

hand.

"I'm sorry. If I hadn't been stubborn back then, maybe none of this would have

happened. Maybe you wouldn't have to suffer like this."

Renowned for her strength and cold–hearted demeanor, Mackenzie couldn't help but

burst into tears at this moment.

Chapter 1757 Unjust Fates and the Weight of Silent

Her feelings were the same as Emmanuel's.

She knew Claudette had been a remarkably kind and gentle woman, yet she had

repeatedly endured unimaginable suffering.

First, she was shot and remained comatose for a long time, then tortured by Magnus.

Now, she faced this excruciating transformation.

Why was fate so unfair to this woman?

“If you can recover, I’m willing to let Emmanuel go to you… I mean it… we all owe you,

and you deserve the utmost happiness.”

The more Mackenzie spoke, the more her tears flowed.

Guilt, pain, and anger surged within her like an inferno, emotions boiling over with the

unstoppable force of a volcano, consuming her entirely.

Drip.

Drip.

Her warm tears fell on Claudette’s hand, causing the expressionless woman’s eyelids to

twitch slightly.

“Claudette, can you hear me?”

“Claudette?!” Mackenzie instantly felt a surge of excitement.

Unfortunately, Claudette remained expressionless.

According to the Queen of the Dark Night Islands‘ explanation, she was in a deep hypnotic state with no emotional memory triggers, unable to respond to anyone’s words.

“Claudette, 1 will find a way to help Emmanuel rescue us! As long as we can get back, Emmanuel will surely find a way to restore you! You have to wait for us!”

Mackenzie didn’t care if Claudette had deep consciousness or could hear her words; she just needed to voice her feelings.

After a while, she wiped her tears, left the room, and saw Harvey approaching.

“Your Holiness, are you feeling better with your prenatal depression?”

Like everyone else, Harvey respectfully greeted Her Holiness and inquired about her condition.

Mackenzie initially didn’t want to respond but after a moment, sighed, “I’m still extremely troubled. Harvey, could you come up and check my pulse?”

Harvey appeared mildly taken aback but promptly acquiesced, “If Your Holiness so commands, I shall endeavor to fulfill your wishes to the utmost of my abilities.”

Scarlet had no concerns about this matter.

The Queen of the Dark Night Islands had ordered to sever Mackenzie's contact with

Claudette and Sarah, and she couldn't see Emmanuel either.

As for chatting with anyone else, especially doctors, it didn't matter how long she

talked.

"Your Holiness, your baby is fine, no need to worry."

On the sixth floor of the Ivory Tower, Harvey quickly completed his diagnosis, bowed

deeply, and showed great respect.

The Shoiyans were better at this than the Chanaeans.

"Harvey, where did you learn traditional medicine?" Mackenzie asked out of curiosity.

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"I studied in Chanaea, Your Holiness, please don't doubt my skills." Harvey replied with

his head still bowed.

“I’m curious, why did you come to Chanaea to study medicine? Why come to a place

like this? Surely it wasn’t for money?”

True to her nature as the cold and discerning Icy Female CEO Of Yeringham, her insight

was sharp.

Who would come to such a sunless place for money?

There had to be a special belief; only then would foreigners stay here.

In Harvey’s eyes, she saw an ambition beyond ordinary people’s.

“Uh, well-” Harvey looked troubled. He forced a smile, “I wanted to study medicine with

the Airspace Group, so I came to work on Dark Night Island. The Airspace Group has

many skilled medical professionals,”

He might have fooled others with this explanation. But not Mackenzie, who desperately

needed a breakthrough to help‘ Emmanuel save Claudette and everyone else.

Her beautiful eyes narrowed slightly, noticing Harvey’s shifty gaze, he was clearly lying

to her.

“Harvey, if I were to accuse you of plotting against me, I wonder how the Airspace

Group would respond to this?”

“Huh? This-”

Harvey looked up in shock, staring at Mackenzie in disbelief, then finally forced a bitter

smile, “Your Holiness, what have I done wrong? Please tell me! Spare my life!”

Mackenzie smiled too, “Harvey, everything about you is fine, except that you don’t tell

the truth, and I don’t like that.”

Chapter 1758

“Ah, this-” Harvey was momentarily at a loss for words. Her Holiness was certainly not

easily deceived.

“I sense complex motives behind your actions. Don’t assume I can’t see through them.

There’s a profound ambition lurking deep in your eyes.”

Mackenzie threatened, “If you don’t come clean, I’ll kill you. Do you believe me?”

The greater the ambition, the humbler the person, as they cannot afford to let anything

disrupt their grand plans.

Mackenzie, who had studied various business theories and psychology, understood this well.

Harvey's respect for her was greater than for any member of the Airspace Group.

Considering that he couldn't have taken this position for money, his motives and ambitions were almost obvious.

Harvey looked at Mackenzie for a long moment before sighing in resignation.

He recognized the woman's astuteness. With her focused attention on him, persisting in falsehoods and resistance would only exacerbate the situation.

"To be honest, Your Holiness, I just want to study the power medicine of the Airspace Group and their scientific equipment. I hope to bring it back to Shoiya."

"Oh, what do you plan to do with it in Shoiya?"

Mackenzie had finally caught him in his deception, but she didn't mind.

If he had personal motives, she could find a way to use him. What she feared was someone with no desires, as that would leave her with no leverage,

“Our brave warriors in Shoiya are striving for the peak of martial arts. I want to help them.”

This time, Harvey’s answer flowed smoothly.

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Mackenzie didn’t detect any lies. Instead, she smiled and said, “The Queen of the Dark Night Islands probably doesn’t know about your ambitions, right? If this gets out, even if you escape punishment, it would be hard to regain trust and remain in the lab, don’t you think?”

Harvey, recognizing Mackenzie’s intelligence, promptly knelt before her, pleading, “Your Holiness, I implore you to show mercy and spare me! I am ready to fulfill any request with utmost sincerity and dedication!”

Mackenzie felt a private satisfaction, yet she chose not to press further with threats.

Instead, she suddenly flashed a captivating smile.

“Harvey, there’s no need for such extreme measures. However, I do have some small tasks I need your help with. If you succeed, I will certainly repay you in kind. For

example, aren't you very curious about my bloodline?"

At the mention of this, Harvey's eyes lit up.

He had used Airspace Group's equipment to transfer part of Claudette's power from the

Heart of the Sun to Mackenzie.

Such an experiment had never succeeded before.

Yet, Mackenzie had successfully absorbed the power, making Harvey marvel at the

incredible nature of her bloodline. If the martial arts of Shoiya could possess such a

bloodline, Harvey would do everything in his power to create the world's greatest

warrior.

Unfortunately, after absorbing some of the power, Mackenzie claimed discomfort and

stopped the experiment.

luna

The Queen of the Dark Night Islands, worried about the impact on her pregnancy, did

not force her, unlike Claudette, whose memory had been forcibly erased,

Her bloodline and status were far beyond what a test subject like Claudette could

compare to.

Harvey, eager to continue researching the principles, was left with no options,

“Moreover, should I gain control over the tower’s equipment, I would be inclined to

allow you to return it to Shoiya for research purposes,” Mackenzie proposed, presenting

an enticing offer that greatly interested Harvey.

Wasn’t this exactly what he had always dreamed of?

Her Holiness had completely seen through him.

“Your Holiness, I will assist you with all my efforts in whatever you command.”

“Good.”

Through a blend of coercion and incentives, Mackenzie successfully elicited Harvey’s

commitment, quietly celebrating her achievement.

This increased her room for maneuvering significantly.

The next challenge lay in handling Sarah, the persistent thorn in Mackenzie’s side.

Mackenzie already had a complete plan in her mind.

Early the next morning, Sarah received a message from Trisha that Her Holiness

wanted to see her.

“Oh, that woman wants to see me again?”

Sarah was reluctant to go up. Besides having a lifelong feud with Mackenzie, always

quarreling when they met, she also felt that Mackenzie, trapped like a canary, couldn’t

possibly come up with a good escape plan.

Chapter 1759 Her Holiness‘ Gambit Amidst Looming P

Emmanuel had risked his life trying to see her yet he couldn’t. Could she be more

capable than me?

However, since she had free time, and it was the match from sixteen to eight tonight,

with the finale of Dark Night Island approaching, she decided to take this chance to

chat with that woman.

“Your Holiness, your presence commands such grandeur. Is it not possible to allow

others their rest?” Sarah complained as soon as she came in, disregarding the

presence of others.

Mackenzie pretended to be angry, but she was secretly pleased. The worse Sarah's attitude towards her, the less others would suspect their collusion.

"Your Reverence, you better adjust your attitude!" Scarlet warned, "If Her Holiness decides to execute you, no one will be able to protect you by then!"

"Enough. Sarah is my sister. I'm bored and want to chat with her to relieve my depression. You all can leave." Mackenzie dismissed the others.

With the Queen of the Dark Night Islands gone for a while, she needed to find a way to help Emmanuel strengthen his power during this time.

After Scarlet and the others left, Sarah sat down carelessly and asked, "Mackenzie, just say what you have to. I don't believe that while you're locked up here, you can come up with a plan to coordinate with Emmanuel from the inside."

After a brief conversation, Sarah, who had been mocking Mackenzie, stood up excitedly and stared at her in disbelief. "Y–You're joking, right? Are you sure you want to do this? Do you trust Harvey? Trust someone from Shoiya?"

Mackenzie's eyes were calm as she nodded seriously. "With Emmanuel's current strength, he can't break through Scarlet, let alone face Freya head–on. I must help him gain power. Otherwise, he absolutely can't contend with Airspace Group."

"But the two methods you just mentioned are too risky."

Sarah couldn't contain her excitement, "Aren't you known for your composure? How could you resort to such desperate measures?"

"Forget about Harvey being reliable, if Emmanuel fails to accept the power of the Heart of the Sun, you still plan to use high–tech surgery to transfer your meridians to him? Even if the surgery is a success, you could be paralyzed for the rest of your life. You might not even be able to have children!"

Any ordinary woman wouldn't dare think of such a thing! The pain of extracting meridians would be unbearable.

Mackenzie, however, smiled calmly. "Without Emmanuel, what meaning would life hold for me and the child? Besides, I trust Emmanuel. I believe he will take us back and make me stand again."

“You’re crazy! Completely insane!” Sarah couldn’t help but curse, her demeanor mirroring that of Blake when he called Emmanuel a madman.

This couple is insane!

“I’m not crazy. I’m as calm as a cucumber.” Mackenzie’s composed expression sharply contrasted with Sarah’s agitation. “If I don’t do this, there’s no hope for anyone. The Queen of the Dark Night Islands will eventually turn me into a puppet like Claudette. If I don’t help Emmanuel now, no one will be able to save me then.”

This statement was painfully clear.

Sarah also knew well that Her Holiness would be turned into a puppet if she did not adhere to the Holy Trinity’s goals.

Seeing Sarah’s sudden silence, Mackenzie continued, “The ancestor once told Emmanuel that to rebuild his meridians, he must find dargon tendons. But where in this world can I find that? Only in ancient myths did it say Valois Clan ascended with dragons. I am a descendant of the Valois Clan. If my meridians don’t count as such,

then there are none in this world."

"Ha! Let's not discuss whether yours are dargon tendons or not." Sarah couldn't help

but sneer after that. "Have you considered the worst outcome? What if paralysis occurs

after the extraction of meridians and his meridian reconstruction fails?"

"Do I have a choice?"

Mackenzie waved her sleeve, her expression stern. "From the moment I chose to come

to Dark Night Island, I gambled everything for the ideal outcome. Even If I lose, I will

have no regrets!"

Observing her resolute expression, Sarah couldn't help but scoff again. "That

determined look of yours is truly irksome!"

Mackenzie didn't mind her sarcasm and gave a rare smile. "Sarah, this is the only thing I

ask of you in my life. Please help me. I can reach the fifth level. If you help Emmanuel

get to the fifth level, we might succeed."

Chapter 1760 Black Wolf Team, Give It Your All

Sarah stared at her for a while before a smirk appeared on her lips. "Depends on my

mood. Today? No chance."

With that, she turned on her heel and walked away.

Just as she reached the door, she paused. "Oh, by the way, if I help you succeed, what's in it for me?"

Mackenzie was startled for a moment but quickly smiled. "What do you want? As long as it's not Emmanuel, anything I have is yours."

Sarah let out a snort, saying nothing, and left. There was nothing of Mackenzie's that she truly wanted–except for Emmanuel. She was tired of being her stand–in and picking up her leftovers. This time, it was Mackenzie's turn to taste her own medicine.

The Grim Reaper Duel's round of sixteen began as scheduled.

In the evening, at Black Wolf Team's camp, Aqua and the others gathered anxiously around Emmanuel.

"Mr. Emmanuel, your injuries are too severe! Can you even fight?"

"Maybe you should sit this one out. Look at your right hand–it's practically useless!"

"But we're up against the Frost and Flame Alliance. If he rests, we will be out for good."

The three jabbered away like hens, their faces painted with worry.

Vachon stood off to the side, arms crossed and face serious. The Frost and Flame Alliance was no pushover; they were a step above the Shadow Clan. Without Emmanuel, even with Quell and TriSec fighting, they were in hot water.

Albin and Solana together were as formidable as he and Quell. Besides them and TriSec, the Black Wolf Team had no heavy hitters. How were they supposed to win?

Quell glared at Emmanuel, rare frustration in her voice. “I don’t get how you’re our leader. You knew we’re up against the Frost and Flame Alliance today, yet you managed to get yourself injured yesterday!”

Apparently, she didn’t want to lose, not even one match.

TriSec chimed in, grumbling, “I don’t fancy getting pummeled into the ground in three seconds flat. It’s tragic when you’re ready to risk it all for your friends, only to find you’re a one–man army. Should I even bother?”

Pfft!

If the situation wasn't so dire, Aqua might have laughed at TriSec's remark.

Though she didn't laugh, Emmanuel did. He reassured everyone, "Don't worry, I can still fight! With you all by my side, I won't go down!"

His gaze was as confident as ever, filled with trust in his comrades.

Even the weaker members felt their blood stir with excitement.

Black Wolf Team's spirits soared.

Even so, when they arrived at the central region and stepped into the ring, the crowd was buzzing with skepticism.

Bella from Doggo Team, unable to bear it any longer, stood up on her injured leg and shouted, "Black Wolf Team, give it your all!"

Her cry took everyone by surprise. The lower clans were not supposed to be in the arena; only representatives of the major clans could attend. Dark Night Islands were a place where everyone fought their own battles. Cheering for another faction was unheard of.

"Well, well, looks like the Doggo Team woman has fallen for Black Wolf Team's leader,"

rocked Dead and Mad,

Falcon let out a sneer.

“Shut up!” Rhett, usually silent, barked out unexpectedly.

Falcon, Dead, and Mad were so startled they nearly bit their tongues.

Anna was equally stunned. What’s gotten into Rhett?

Rhett’s gaze was fixed on the injured Emmanuel as he felt the strength radiating from this man.

By this stage of the duel, only sixteen clans remained free; the others had long been enslaved. Yet, tonight, representatives of two clans aligned with the Black Wolf Team were present. Even representatives of the Shadow Clan, known for their selfishness and brutality, were cheering for the Black Wolf Team. What did this mean?

It spoke volumes about Emmanuel’s leadership. His ability to unify different clans under the Black Wolf Team banner was unmatched by any other leader. Call him hypocritical, call him a poser–he achieved something no one else could.

However, Rhett knew well that for these hidden strengths to be effective, the Black Wolf Team had to be formidable enough. If they lost even one match, all this soft power would vanish like smoke.

“Heh heh, Black Wolf Team, come on! I’ve been looking forward to this battle for a long time!”