





When Felix heard that, he sneered, "Young lad, it seems like you have a lot of confidence in your bodyguard lackeys! If I manage to defeat them, in addition to retrieving our Yaleman family's possessions, can I also take your life?"

Nathan smiled and replied, "If you manage to defeat any one of my subordinates, you can punish me in any way you deem fit."

Felix scoffed, "Such arrogance, looks like I'll have to teach you impudent brat a lesson today."

"Brian!"

"At your command!" A burly and roughlooking man answered and stepped forward.

Felix ordered, "As a Major, I don't think it's appropriate for me to take action personally, in case they accuse me of being a bully. Go ahead and choose the person you want to compete with. Don't disappoint me and don't tarnish the reputation of the reserve unit of the West."







Brian nodded, "Yes, Sir!"

Then, he looked towards Colin and the Elite Eight.

As Brian could tell that Colin was the leader of the group, he beckoned Colin to come over, "You'll be my opponent, let's have a showdown! Don't worry, I won't kill you. I'll at most just knock you unconscious."

Nathan, Colin, and the Elite Eight exchanged knowing glances with each other and grinned.

Colin walked out smiling ear to ear and said, "I shall thank you in advance then!"

Brian got into position and shouted, "Come on, I'll let you make the first move!"

"Sure!" Colin's foot snapped out in a powerful kick almost at the same time he spoke.

Smack!







Before Brian could react, Colin had already struck him in the head.

His head started spinning and his vision went black. With a loud thump, he fainted and collapsed on the ground.

What?

Brian was taken down with just one kick!

Felix and the other nine of his subordinates stared wide-eyed in disbelief.

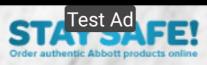
A split second later, Felix and his men snapped out of their shock and started to resuscitate Brian.

After their continuous efforts, Brian finally regained consciousness!

When he woke up, he said softly in shame, "Captain, I didn't expect that guy to launch such a fast attack, I was too careless."

Felix was visibly enraged, "Your performance during training had always been outstanding. How could you be so off







form during actual combat? Looks like I have to do this myself!"

After he finished speaking, Felix stepped forward and chose Colin as his opponent as well.

"Come on!" he bellowed.

Colin replied, "Right away!"

Employing one of the most basic military combat skills, Colin took a deep breath. Then, he stepped forward and threw a punch towards Felix's face.

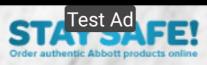
Felix was already very careful in anticipating Colin's move.

However, Colin still managed to catch him off guard with his powerful punch at breakneck speed.

#### Bam!

When the heavy blow landed on Felix's face, his world started to spin.







Blackness filled his vision and he could feel himself almost fainting.

His subordinates immediately rushed forward to hold him up while asking, "Captain, are you alright?"

Felix tried to shake away his dizziness and bit his tongue to force himself to stay conscious.

"I... I am fine!" He replied with much difficulty.

Colin sneered, "I had higher expectations for you guys, all of you should just attack together!"

#### What?

Felix and his men felt deeply offended by that statement. It was obvious that Colin was blatantly looking down on them!

"Let's attack together and cripple him!" Felix yelled, enraged.

As soon as he finished speaking, Felix and







his group charged towards Colin like a pack of ferocious wolves.

The Elite Eight stood by idly and had no intentions to interfere with Colin's battle.

Even though Colin was fighting in a oneagainst-many situation, he did not flinch at all as he marched forward to take them on.

Colin's movements were swift, decisive, and explosive.

He had utilized every single standard military combat skill.

Tackling each opponent with one move, Colin took down Felix and his subordinates with ease. None of those men was a match for him.

Before long, Felix and all ten of his subordinates were defeated by Colin.

The surrounding crowd was gob smacked and audible gasps of shock could be heard continuously.







Even those few female college students also couldn't help but exclaim, "Oh my God, looks like we'd better find boyfriends elsewhere next time!"

Felix and his men instantly turned red with embarrassment and anger.

Penny couldn't help but ask softly, "Nathan, what is it that they want from you? If it's not something precious, why don't you just give it to them!"

Nathan nodded as he heard what his wife said and instructed Colin, "Let them take that corpse away!"

"Yes, Master!" Colin replied.

Nathan glanced towards Felix and his men, who were suffering the aftermath of the fight. He said to them smilingly, "You should step up on your training when you're back. Also, tell the Yalemans to know their limits. If you come looking for trouble again, I won't be letting you off so easily."







Colin led Felix and his men to a dilapidated funeral parlor to retrieve Carl's body.

Immediately after, they fled back to the West in a miserable state.

When Chad saw the dead body of his youngest son, he couldn't help but let out an anguished wail and cried out, "My poor son!"

Rowan comforted his brother gently, "Chad, I'm sorry for your loss!"

Meanwhile, Felix reported the details of his Channing trip to Warren. At the mention of his group's defeat to Nathan's subordinate, Colin, his face burned with shame.

With his eyes downcast, Felix said, "Nathan Cross is really hateful, even though he knew that I'm General Quirke's man, he didn't even show you one ounce of respect. After his subordinate defeated us, he even mocked us and told us to step up on our training."

Warren was livid with rage. He slammed







his hand down on the table as he roared, "How could there be such an insolent brat in a small place like Channing! He didn't even bother to show me any consideration."

When Chad heard that, he took the opportunity and said, "General Quirke, my two sons died such a horrible death! I beseech you to avenge our Yaleman family."

Rowan added in, "Yup, as long as General Quirke agrees to help us deal with Nathan Cross, we will definitely reward you handsomely."

Warren smacked his chest and said, "Please don't stand on ceremony, Mr. Chad and Mr. Rowan! We are as close as brothers, the enemy of the Yalemans is also my enemy. Don't worry, I'll assemble a team of soldiers at once and we'll set off for Channing to deal with Nathan Cross."

Chad and Rowan were thrilled when they heard that!







However, Chad couldn't help but express concern, "General Quirke, we are really glad to have your help, but you're from the reserve unit of the West after all. If you and your men appear in the South, would you get into any trouble?"

Warren smiled and replied, "No trouble at all, I'll just have to inform the General of the West and contact the reserve unit of the South to let them know that our team is going there to exchange information on combat tactics. That will do."

After hearing that, Chad replied delightedly, "Thank you then, General!"

Without further delay, Warren sought permission from his superiors and contacted the South that same day.

Then, he gathered five hundred reserve soldiers and set off for Channing, fully armed.

The Yaleman brothers had also gathered a few hundred subordinates from the Yaleman family.







Carrying the coffins of his two sons, Chad and his group of people stormed towards Channing.

He intended to bury his sons in Channing and have Nathan's entire family join them.

The Yalemans were the first to arrive at Channing the next day.

They settled at Sandfort Mansion, which was located in the suburbs of Channing.

Chad heard that Sandfort Hill was an auspicious burial location and intended to hold a funeral for his sons tomorrow and bury them on the hill.

At the same time, he had also sent someone to inform Nathan to attend his sons' funeral.

He had also requested that Nathan bring along Penny, Queenie, Benson, and Leah. All of them were to die and be buried with his sons.

Chad even got his men to pass the







message that if Nathan did not appear, not only his family of five had to die, the immediate three generations of his family members would also be punished.

Meanwhile, at the Channing military base, Franklin, commander-in-chief of the Channing military district, was enjoying afternoon tea with Nathan in his office.

Colin stood beside the two men while he conveyed the message from the Yaleman family to Nathan, informing him that Chad had requested for Nathan to be buried with his sons.

Franklin fumed, "Hah! The Yaleman family from the West seems to think too highly of themselves. They even have the nerves to dream of having our General's family to be buried with Chad Yaleman's sons. I'll get some men and set off for Sandfort Hill right away to exterminate this family."

Nathan dismissed Franklin with a wave, "No need for that. It's just a small matter and not worth wasting so much manpower."







Franklin flared up and voiced his displeasure without holding back, "General, you've already given the Yalemans more than enough chances. Not only did they not cherish it, but they had also even gotten worse. We have to properly teach them a lesson this time."

Right after Franklin finished speaking, one of the guards entered the room.

The guard reported, "General, Commander, Major-General Warren Quirke of the reserve unit of the West is outside seeking an audience."





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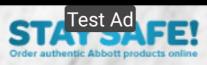


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According to the military rules, an officer who was transferred from an active-duty unit to a reserve unit would usually be promoted one rank up!

For example, a second lieutenant from an active-duty unit would be promoted to first lieutenant after being transferred to a reserve unit, while a colonel would be promoted to major-general in the same situation.

As Warren was a major-general of the reserve unit, his rank was far lower than Franklin's, who was major-general of active-duty military forces. Naturally, his status and scope of authority could not be compared to Franklin's.

As such, Warren was not able to speak to Franklin casually and had to 'seek an audience' formally, to show his respect for the man.

Franklin had an unfathomable smile on his face as he said, "This is interesting. If I guessed it correctly, Warren Quirke is here to assist the Yaleman family in their quest







for revenge under the disguise of work. I bet he doesn't know that the enemy of the Yalemans is our General, who's sitting right here!"

Nathan had an amused expression and said, "Let him in!"

Soon after, Warren, who was dressed in his military uniform, strode into the room.

He stood at attention and faced Nathan and Franklin, before saluting them respectfully.

In a serious and loud voice, Warren stared straight ahead and said, "General, Major-General Wilson, Warren Quirke, Major-General of the Fearless Warriors reserve unit from the West, reports."

Nathan nodded, "Good afternoon, Major-General Quirke, take a seat!"

Immediately after Warren sat down, Colin served him a cup of tea, which made him feel flattered.







As Warren sat upright with a straight back, he stole a glance at Nathan and was surprised. Our General is really young!

Nathan smiled as he inquired, "What brings Major-General Quirke from the West all the way here to the South?"

Warren answered quickly, "General, we are here to exchange military tactics with Channing's reserve unit. In addition, our commander-in-chief of the West, General Lucas Ziegler, knows that you're here in the South, and had instructed me to send his regards."



"Yes, Sir!" Warren replied before he took a pause and continued, "Oh right, General, a team of my reserve soldiers will be engaged in actual combat training at Sandfort Hill, which is located in the suburbs of Channing, tomorrow. I would like to seek your approval on this matter."

Nathan replied indifferently, "That area is







under the care of Major-General Wilson, you should speak to him instead."

Warren looked at Franklin.

Franklin took a sip of tea and replied coolly, "Shouldn't be a problem, I'll let the mayor of Channing know so that he can inform the residents that there'll be a military exercise in the vicinity of Sandfort Hill tomorrow and no one is to go near the area."

"Thank you, Major-General Wilson!" Warren was delighted to hear that.

After chatting for a while more, Warren quickly took his leave.

That was because he was well aware that he was not on the same level as the General and Major-General Wilson, and did not dare to impose any further.

After Warren left Franklin's office, he set off for Sandfort Mansion at Sandfort Hill with one of his subordinates from the reserve unit to join the Yaleman family.







Chad and Rowan had already prepared a feast at the Sandfort Mansion to welcome Warren and his group of men.

During the banquet, Chad poured a drink for Warren while asking cautiously, "General Quirke, have you informed the Generals in charge of the Channing military?"

Warren, feeling pleased with himself, replied, "Of course, not only did I manage to speak to Franklin Wilson, commander-in-chief of the Channing military district, I even got to meet the General of the North. Both the General and Major-General Wilson had agreed to designate Sandfort Hill as a restricted zone for military exercise tomorrow and common folks would not be allowed to enter the premise. So, even if we go on a killing spree tomorrow, the Channing authorities would not interfere."

Chad was elated to hear that and sneered, "I've already sent someone to inform Nathan Cross to bring his entire family to Sandfort Hill to be buried with my sons







tomorrow. And if they fail to show up, I'll personally kill everyone who's dear to him."



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Nathan went to the hospital to visit Thunderstorm and Waves in the afternoon.

The two men had been crippled by Yasha previously and the doctors had said that even after they recovered, it would be almost impossible for them to return to their peak forms.

Thunderstorm and Waves thought that they were already valueless to Nathan.

They did not expect Nathan to visit them at the hospital and were very emotional when they saw him.



Nathan said placidly, "I've already avenged the both of you, so just focus on recuperating. I've gotten these from the North Army General Hospital which should be helpful for your recovery. Keep it."

Nathan tossed two black bottles to Thunderstorm and Waves after he finished speaking.

It was just two plain-looking black bottles, but had the words 'Black Tiger Bone







Regeneration Balm' printed on them!

The red logo of the North Army General Hospital was also stamped on the bottles!

Thunderstorm and Waves were barely able to conceal their delight and surprise from their faces. It was the bone regeneration balm supplied to the generals by the North Army General Hospital. Word had it that applying it would ensure maximum recovery for any bone-related injuries.

As producing the balm was costly, it was not made available to ordinary soldiers.

Thunderstorm and Waves were shocked that Nathan had given it to both of them!

The two men were incredibly grateful and thanked Nathan profusely with tears in their eyes.

Nathan smiled and replied, "Both of you work for me, there's no way I would let you suffer. Continue to protect my family after you recover. I'll try to enlist you two into the North Army to serve the country when







an opportunity arises."

Thunderstorm and Waves exchanged glances as their eyes brimmed with delight. "Yes, Master!" They answered in unison.

Nathan left the hospital after instructing both of them to focus on their recovery.

When he got back into his BMW, Colin reported in a soft voice, "Master, Chad Yaleman and Rowan Yaleman had settled at the Sandfort Mansion with hundreds of their subordinates. The coffins of Chad Yaleman's two sons had also been brought there. He also ordered you and your family to turn up at the Sandfort Hill tomorrow to meet your doom and be buried with his sons. If you don't do as he says, he will kill everyone who's associated with you, including your relatives and close friends. Master, how would you like me to deal with this?"

Nathan said coldly, "The Yalemans really don't learn from their mistakes. If I'm just an ordinary folk, wouldn't they have already







killed me a thousand times over? They need to suffer the consequences of their own sins. Prepare two coffins as my gifts to the Yaleman brothers tomorrow!"

"Yes, Master!" Colin answered solemnly.

The Sandfort Mansion had already been set up as a mourning hall the next day.

Chad and Rowan had gathered the five hundred over subordinates of the Yaleman family, who were all dressed in white robes and armed with sharp blades.

Everyone from the Yaleman family was awaiting the arrival of Nathan and his family, who would be here to accept their deaths!

Chad said to Rowan, who was next to him, "Nathan Cross is a rather influential local who's quite powerful in Channing. Even Thomas Dunn, the King of the Underground in Channing, is his subordinate. I don't think he will submit to us easily. Get our men prepared for battle."







"Chad, I've already instructed them to get ready. Don't worry, the men we've brought along on this trip are the elites among the elites. Besides, General Quirke's soldiers are having their military exercise in the vicinity of Sandfort Hill. They can back us up any time. No matter how powerful Nathan Cross and Thomas Dunn are, it's impossible for them to beat an entire army of soldiers, right?" Rowan replied.

At the mention of Warren and his soldiers, Chad couldn't help but be filled with confidence.

He narrowed his eyes and said with murderous intent, "I'm definitely taking Nathan Cross's life today. Even if Thomas Dunn come with all his men, there's no way he'd be able to save Nathan Cross."

Rowan scanned across the mourning hall, where the Five Hundred White Robes of Yaleman were present, and frowned. "I'm just afraid that with so many of our men guarding the place, Nathan Cross wouldn't dare to show up!"







Just as he finished speaking, one of the subordinates of the Yaleman family rushed over while shouting, "Mr. Chad, Mr. Rowan, Nathan Cross is here!"



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Just a moment ago, Chad and Nathan were still worried that Nathan would not dare to turn up, but well, speak of the devil.

With a wicked smile, Chad said, "Hah, this fella is pretty brave to have accepted his death invite!"

Rowan smirked, "Maybe he knows that if he doesn't come, our Yaleman family would be massacring his loved ones."

At the open space in front of the Sandfort Mansion, the Five Hundred White Robes of Yaleman were standing by in combatready mode under the lead of the Yaleman brothers.

Thud! Thud!

Two heavy objects were dropped onto the ground!

The Elite Eight had just placed two coffins side by side in front of the Yaleman family.

Right after that, Nathan appeared with Colin.







Everyone from the Yaleman family creased their brows, feeling puzzled. Why did Nathan Cross bring along two coffins?

Chad stared at Nathan with a frosty look, "So, you are Nathan Cross huh! Hah, I remember inviting your family here as well, where are they? I didn't agree to let them off. Also, why are these two coffins here? You only need one of them, if you're thinking of your subordinates as well, two won't be enough for all of you!"

Everyone from the Yaleman family laughed mockingly at Nathan.

With a smile, Nathan replied nonchalantly, "I've specially prepared the coffins for you two Mr. Yalemans. Since the Yalemans seem to like digging your own graves, I'll grant your death wishes and let your entire family accompany each other in death!"

Chad couldn't believe what he heard and widened his eyes!

Rowan was quivering with anger!







The Five Hundred White Robes of Yaleman were all infuriated and waved their weapons in the air, while shouting to kill the insolent Nathan Cross.

Chad burst into laughter as rage simmered in him, "Haha, I wonder how you can display such arrogance even at your death bed! You think you can kill me just with these nine lackeys you have?"

Nathan replied smilingly, "These nine guys are my bodyguards, they are only in charge of protecting me and are not usually involved in attacks. I have other men who are in charge of attacks."

Immediately after Nathan finished his sentence, a group of riders appeared on the hillside a distance away.

There were eighteen of them in total.

They were decked out in black battle suits with a cloak over their shoulders and a battle blade hung from their waists.

They were all riding on armored horses!







The horses were breathing clouds of smoke from their nostrils, like ferocious beasts.

The Yaleman family's subordinates looked towards the hillside in shock. They were stunned by the presence of the Eighteen Riders, who reminded them of grim reapers.

Chad was momentarily stunned as well, but quickly after, he let out a sneer, "Hah, who are they bluffing, knights on horseback in this era?"

"Chad, cut the small talk, just finish this fella off first to avenge my two nephews! After that, send some men to his house to kill his wife and child and get rid of his roots once and for all," Rowan said.

Chad nodded and said in a commanding loud voice, "The Five Hundred White Robes of Yaleman!"

"At your service!" The five hundred men, who were all armed with katanas, answered in unison.







Chad lifted his chin and said, "Follow me, warriors! Let's kill them all!"

"Charge!"

The Five Hundred White Robes of Yaleman dashed towards Nathan and his team of men in an intimidating manner, just like huge white waves, ready to shatter their opponents into pieces.

Nathan kept his composure as the Five Hundred White Robes of Yaleman charged towards him. "Order the Eighteen Riders of the North to attack," he said calmly.

At Nathan's instructions, Colin raised his right hand and clenched his fingers into a tight fist.

When the Eighteen Riders of the North saw Colin's gesture in the distance, Jack, the leader of the group, drew out his blade slowly and pointed the tip of the blade forward. "Attack!" He roared.

The Kirin which Jack rode let out a bellow and charged forward, galloping like the







wind.

Their horses were like dragons and the men like tigers as the Eighteen Riders of the North stormed forward, taking the form of eighteen hurricanes.

Before the Five Hundred White Robes of Yaleman could get anywhere close to Nathan, the Eighteen Riders of the North were already on their heels.

The next moment, both parties collided and an intense fight broke out among them.





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The Eighteen Riders of the North took the form of eighteen hurricanes, as they wreaked havoc upon the Five Hundred White Robes of Yaleman.

In the blink of an eye, none of the Yalemans were unscathed.

Howls of pain and agony filled the sky, as a thick scent of fresh blood reaped across the air. The area had been transformed into hell.

The Eighteen Riders of the North were the trump card of the North Army.

To have them deal with the White Robes of Yaleman was to break a butterfly on a wheel.

The Eighteen Riders of the North charged straight into the battalion as if there was not a single soul ahead of them. They hacked their way through the line of defense that the Yuan had formed as if they were clearing weeds in the backyard.

Yaleman family's troops were completely







annihilated. The corpses were scattered all over the battleground. It was a sorrowful sight to behold.

Chad Yaleman and Rowan Yaleman were completely dumbfounded.

In a mere blink of an eye, the Eighteen Riders of the North had penetrated the formation that the Yuan family had set up.

The Eighteen Riders of the North had just made one strike, and over half of the Five Hundred White Robes of Yaleman were slaughtered.

There were only a bit over two hundred lone soldiers left, standing on the battlefield.

Rowan Yaleman was petrified and he cried out, with his voice shaking, "Oh Lord.
These riders are so terrifying. Are they demons sent straight from hell itself?"

Chad Yaleman also could not believe the sight, unfolding before him. The Eighteen Riders of the North were already







reorganizing amongst themselves, preparing for a second strike.

His eyes reddened as he shouted with all his might, "Everyone gather! Get ready for the next wave! We are fighting on!"

However, the remaining troops of the Yaleman family were all battered and trembling as they involuntarily retreated, "Sir, we are not fighting anymore!"

"Y...Yes! These fellas are literally battle angels of death. There is no way that we can hold them off, let alone defeat them!"

"I say we run for our lives before they go on their second strike!"

The soldiers of the Yaleman family dropped their weapons one by one, scattering off in all directions.

Everyone wished that they could grow another pair of legs to aid them in their escape from the hell that they were in.

Very soon, all that was left on the







battlefield were the Yaleman brothers, standing alone next to each other.

Ahead of them was Nathan Cross and Colin Dunne, accompanied by the Elite Eight.

Behind them were the Eighteen Riders of the North.

Both of the Yaleman brothers were already trapped, with nowhere else they could possibly escape to!

Nathan Cross looked at Rowan Yaleman and Chad Yaleman with a stare that was devoid of any warmth, "The two of you still want to burn my house down?"

Rowan Yaleman's face was full of despair!

However, Chad Yaleman had his fists clenched tightly. He refused to admit defeat even at this moment.

He grimaced and warned, "Don't get too full of yourself. Yes, your soldiers might be invincible, but would they still have a







chance against an army armed with rifles?"

He had just finished talking when he took his phone out to dial for Warren Quirke, "General, send help now!"

Chad Yaleman grinned cunningly at Nathan Cross, "Hahaha, from this second onwards, the lot of you are just counting down to your own demise!"

A smirk broke out, across Nathan Cross's face. "Is that so? I look forward to it then," he announced.

Very soon, the sound of heels tapping on the gravel to a regular beat could be heard from afar.

Subsequently, hundreds of reserve soldiers, each of them wielding a rifle in hand, appeared, in neat rows in the far East. They marched uniformly towards the battlefield.

Warren Quirke was leading the army of reserve soldiers towards the Yaleman







Chapter 846 The Two Of You Still Want To Burn My House...

# brothers.

Rowan Yaleman and Chad Yaleman were beyond thrilled to see Warren Quirke. They rushed over to welcome his arrival.

Chad Yaleman was getting emotional, "General, you have finally come to our rescue!"

Rowan Yaleman followed on, "Yeah! If you'd arrived any later, the two of us might have already lost our lives!"



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Warren Quirke and his troops saw the bloody scene in front of them and shuddered.

He quickly released an order, "All soldiers, prepare yourselves for battle!"

"Yes sir!"

Felix Quirke and the army of reserve soldiers dispersed in a uniform manner, getting themselves into a battle formation, as if they were facing a big threat.

Rowan Yaleman and Chad Yaleman glanced at the heavily-armed and well-trained soldiers before exchanging an excited gaze with one another. A spark had rekindled in their eyes. Even if Nathan Cross has the nine lives of a cat, he will surely die!

The two of them glanced in Nathan's direction, as they pictured him cowering in complete terror and despair, kneeling on his knees to plead for mercy.

Unfortunately, they were left in utter







disappointment.

Nathan had his hands behind his back, and his face was still as calm as ever. His lips were curled up into an ambiguous smile.

Warren Quirke declared in a loud tone, "I am Major General of the Fearless Warriors reserve unit from the West. I order all of you thugs to surrender your weapons and put your hands up in the air!"

"Anyone who dares to resist will be executed right away!"

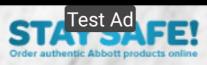
Nathan Cross smirked and mocked blandly, "My Warren, how different you are now, from our meeting yesterday! You are quite the mighty general, huh?"

The familiar voice quickly registered in Warren Quirke's mind.

He started to appear anxious, once Nathan Cross was done speaking.

He stared at the person who had just finished speaking and squinted his eyes,







as he scrutinized his face.

Boom! The person who was speaking seconds ago was none other than Nathan Cross.

Warren's body was trembling as if he was struck by thunder.

He froze upon the spot.

He had recognized the man in front of him. That man was the General of the North whom he had just conducted a meeting with, yesterday, at the army base in Channing.

Nathan Cross is the General!

This discovery caused his body to tremble uncontrollably.

All Warren had in his mind was that he was done for. He had just brought in a whole troop of forces and declared war on the General. He had just landed himself in hell.

The troop under Warren's command and







the Yaleman brothers had yet to notice the odd expression on Warren's face.

Felix Quirke, the leader of the army who was under Warren's direct command, overheard Nathan's brazen speech to his superior and ordered two of the reserve soldiers, "Go and capture the rascal over there!"

"How dare you!"

Warren let out a ferocious gruntle and gave Felix Quirke a kick that sent him flying.

The Yaleman brothers were frozen at the sight of that.

In fact, all of the soldiers were frozen in shock.

Why had Warren Quirke gotten so angry that he gave his dearest subordinate a flying kick?

Everyone was in total bewilderment.







Warren Quirke turned over and bellowed at all of his subordinates, "All of you, retreat from your positions immediately! I want the battle formation broken down this instant! Safety locks to be switched on, on all weapons. If anyone fires a gun, I will personally take you down!"

"Roger that, sir!"

The entire army could not seem to wrap their heads around the situation, but nonetheless, they followed the orders from their superiors immediately.

If Warren Quirke wanted them to retreat from their battle formation and put on the safety locks on their rifles, they had to do everything as he had commanded.

The Yaleman brothers were deeply perplexed by Warren's confusing act.

Are they not taking Nathan Cross down anymore?

Why has Warren disengaged all of his troops from their battle positions,







# forbidding them from firing?

Chad Yaleman had thought that they were minutes away from getting their revenge when Warren Quirke had soon ordered for everyone to retreat.

He grew anxious all of a sudden and questioned Warren angrily, "Warren what are you doing? Didn't you promise me to take care of Nathan Cross just now?"

Warren Quirke's expression morphed when he heard those words escape Chad's mouth. He raised an arm in fury and gave Chad a hard slap, right in his face.



# Clap!

The slap had Chad's face swollen. His lips cracked and started to bleed.

That slap had left Chad Yaleman dumbstruck.

Chad Yaleman put a hand to his bruised face and asked in disbelief, "Warren, what the hell was that for?"







The Yaleman brothers along with Felix Quirke and his soldiers were all bewildered. They could not understand why Warren Quirke had lashed out like that. First, he was kicking his subordinate, then, he proceeded to slap Chad Yaleman?

Warren Quirke was in a hot temper. He pointed at Nathan Cross and bellowed at the Yaleman brothers, "Do you two know who that guy is?"

"He's the General of the North, the commander-in-chief of the three hundred thousand soldiers in Northania!"





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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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"You rascals! How dare you ask me to harm the General? I will have both of your heads first!"

What the heck?

General of the North?

Rowan Yaleman and Chad Yaleman both stared at Nathan in utter disbelief. Their beady eyes were filled with complete terror.

Even Felix Quirke and the rest of the troop of Fearless Warriors had their tongues tied.

Nathan Cross is the legendary General of the North?

Warren Quirke hurriedly shouted a command, "Stand fast, soldiers! Present arms!"

Felix Quirke and the rest of the troop all straightened their bodies and in one neat file, all of them raised their arms and rendered a hand salute at Nathan Cross.







Warren Quirke led the troop in, saluting the General, "Good day to you, General!"

All of the five hundred soldiers roared loud and clear, "Good day to you, General!"

Nathan Cross raised one arm and returned a salute. He greeted in a perfunctory manner, "Good day to all of you, the reserve unit of the West!"

At that moment, the ground was rumbling.

Thud! Thud!

The neat sound of a march came from afar once again!

It was Franklin Wilson, who was grandly leading a troop of over two thousand soldiers on active duty.

Warren Quirke faltered, "Major-General Wilson, why are you here too?"

Franklin Wilson explained with a smile, "I am here to accompany you for the reserve unit's training and to protect the General







while I'm at it, in case the General is ambushed."

Thump!

Thump!

The Yaleman brothers could not take it anymore. They had lost all hope.

Never had it crossed their minds that Nathan Cross was the General of the North!

Rowan Yaleman and Chad Yaleman were both in utter despair.

Concurrently, they felt deep remorse over their mistakes. They shouldn't have messed with the Cross Group's vaccine project!

If only the Yalemans had retracted their orders to interfere with the Cross Group's project, back then, when Quintus and Carl Yaleman had wanted revenge on Nathan Cross. They would not have gotten themselves into the disaster they were in







right now.

Had Chad and Rowan Yaleman not come, declaring war on Nathan Cross's family with all of their troops, the Yalemans would possibly still have a path to fall back on.

Now, they were completely done for.

The two of them were deeply twisted in anger and regret.

Franklin Wilson looked at the two of them with disgust. Without a trace of warmth in his voice, he barked an order at his followers, "Send the two of them on their way!"

Immediately, Rowan Yaleman and Chad Yaleman were hoisted away. Following their arrest were two loud gunshots.

Everyone at the scene knew what the two gunshots meant.

Warren Quirke was covered in a cold sweat as he stared dead at the ground. He was







trembling in fear.

He was also filled with remorse and anger. He shouldn't have answered the Yaleman brothers' call, as he wouldn't have been in the dilemma that he was caught in right now.

He had no clue at all about what punishment the General would give him.

While Warren Quirke was still treading on thin glass, Frankin Wilson and Nathan Cross shifted their attention onto him.

Nathan Cross spoke coldly, "Warren Quirke."

Warren stood up in a hurry and answered, "Yes sir!"

Nathan Cross announced with contempt, "Since you are Lucas Ziegler's man, I will not punish you. You return to him and confess all that you have done to him. Whether will you be punished is all up to his discretion."







Warren Quirke fell on his knees and pleaded in a trembling voice, "General Cross, my master has always been a stern man. If he knew that I was trying to assist the Yaleman brothers in harming you, he would definitely take my life with his own hands! Please I beg you, have mercy on me!"

Commander-in-chief of the West, Lucas Ziegler, was a strict and unforgiving man. If he had heard of what Warren Quirke had done, he would certainly refuse to spare Warren's life.

Nathan Cross saw Warren Quicke weep in remorse for a few seconds, before he finally muttered indifferently, "Alright. I bet Lucas would actually kill you if he were aware of what you'd done."

"You don't have to report today's matter to General Lucas!"

"However, I don't think that you are suited to be the chief of armed forces of the West. You are to resign from your position when you return. You may retire!"







Warren's body slumped in relief at the words of Nathan Cross, as if he had just been pardoned of a death sentence. He thanked Nathan repeatedly, "Yes, yes, yes! I will resign from my position when I get back and retire for good!"



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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By the time Nathan had returned to the city area, it was already two in the afternoon.

Nathan Cross dismissed Colin Dunne and the rest before he drove to The Orient.

He was going to take away the crystal shrimp dumpling at this place. It was Penny's favorite.

Unfortunately, when he reached the entrance of the restaurant, he realized that the entire restaurant was booked.

On the door, there was a notice which read, "Jedediah Zinke's Sixtieth Birthday Banquet!"

Jedediah Zinke?

Nathan Cross was surprised when he saw that name. His class mentor back in high school went by that name.

Nonetheless, he was pretty sure the high school he attended was in Cledondale of Northania.







And his mentor was teaching at the First High School of Cledondale.

Could it be a mere coincidence?

As Nathan Cross was still deep in his thoughts, a pretty woman clad in a Chanel dress looked at Nathan and gasped, "Aren't you Nathan Cross?"

Nathan was equally as surprised to see the girl, clad in Chanel, "Jarelle!"

Jarelle Zinke was Jedediah Zinke's only daughter.

Jarelle Zinke sized Nathan up, in the bat of an eye and laughed, "You're here for my dad's birthday celebration right? Why are you still pacing at the doorsteps?"

"Is it because you haven't been doing well lately and are too embarrassed to talk to my dad?"

Nathan Cross looked at Jarelle who seemed like she held a silent grudge against him. He thought of the time when







he was chased out of the Cross family with his mother. Back when they had nowhere to go, Jedediah was the one to take them under his roof.

While Nathan and his mother were staying at the Zinke household, Jarelle had confessed her love to Nathan.

However, Nathan had rejected her back then.

Nathan had rejected Jarelle's confession immediately, which had embarrassed her a great deal. Since then, she had always held a bad opinion of Nathan, as she felt that Nathan did not know how to appreciate her.

From then onwards, she had purposely tried to make life difficult, for Nathan and his mother. She told everyone that Nathan and his mother were beggars who were reluctant to move out of her house and that they shamelessly feeding on their household's fortune.

Not long after that, Nathan left the Zinke's







household and Cledondale altogether.

Nathan had not seen Jedediah Zinke for almost ten years now.

Who knew that he would bump into Jarelle here of all places?

Nathan looked at Jarelle who was treating him with hostility and derision, and laughed coldly, "I should have paid my dear teacher a visit a long time ago. I feel bad for not keeping in touch with him."

Jarelle rolled her eyes and smiled in return, "Actually, my dad has spoken a lot about you, all this while. He was wondering how you were faring in the outside world."

"Since you're here, just join us!"

Nathan nodded, "Alright!"

Nathan and Jarelle walked into The Orient. There were tables set up everywhere for the birthday banquet.

Out of curiosity, he asked Jarelle as they







traveled down the hallway, "Didn't Mr. Zinke use to teach in Northania? Why is he now in the southern area?"

Jarelle glanced at Nathan and announced smugly, "It's because my dad was so good at teaching that he was scouted by a private high school in Channing. They offered him a high salary, so why not?"

Nathan Cross nodded again, "Oh I see."

Jarelle took a closer look at Nathan and noticed that he was not wearing anything out of the ordinary. Therefore, she concluded that he had not been doing well in life.

She had not forgotten at all, about how Nathan had rejected her back then.

Thus, she deliberately asked him, "Nathan, where do you work now?"

Nathan laughed and answered, "I have just gotten discharged from the military. I'm practically unemployed now."







Nathan was holding the position of chief advisor at Cross Group, but he rarely clocked in at the office, which made him felt that he was holding the position for nothing.

Jarelle uttered with disdain, "Oh, so you're busy being a jobless nobody now!"

Nathan sensed the mockery in Jarelle's tone but he was not intimidated by her at all. He replied calmly, "Well, I guess you could say so."

Jarelle could not hold in her urge to disparage Nathan anymore. She sneered, "Hah. You're still a useless chap after such a long while!"

"Do you regret rejecting my confession when I went out of my way to confess my love to you back then?"







Nathan Cross had never thought that Jarelle Zinke would have brought up his past with her, on her own accord. He was lost for words.

Before he had the chance to reply, Jarelle waved to a guy dressed formally in a shirt and slacks, "Declan dear, would you come over for a second?"

At once, a young lad dressed in Armani with his glossy hair combed back walked over with a grin on his face, "Jarelle, what's the matter?"

Jarelle proudly introduced the man, "Nathan, I would like you to meet my dad's pet student."

"This is my new boyfriend, Declan Roger."

Jarelle intentionally added, "Roger is from a wealthy family of aristocrats in Channing. His family runs the livestock farming industry in this area. His family owns a total of three large-scale pig farms, which are worth more than three hundred million. That's crazy, right?"







"Crazy rich is what I'd say!" Nathan smiled and nodded his head. However, in his head, he thought to himself, Since when could properties that were only worth three-hundred million, land someone the title of an aristocrat?

Jarelle saw that even Nathan had admitted that her boyfriend was amazing and she soon grew increasingly smug. She explained to Declan, "Declan, this guy over here was also one of my dad's favorite students. Unfortunately, he hasn't been doing well recently, I'm afraid. He is unemployed now."

"Declan, why don't you look for a suitable job for him and arrange for him to join your company someday?"

Declan scanned Nathan in a belittling manner and writhed his mouth, "My company is hiring workers to feed our livestock. If you don't mind, you can come to work at our pig farm starting tomorrow."

"The salary for that vacancy is around six thousand, but since you're Jarelle's







acquaintance, I am willing to give you a salary of ten thousand."

Jarelle grinned and urged Nathan, "What are you waiting for Nathan? Quickly thank my boyfriend!"

Nathan's face soon held a twisted expression. He was just about to say a word, when all of a sudden, an old man scurried over and exclaimed, "It is really you, Nathan!"

The old man was Nathan's teacher back in high school, Jedediah Zinke.

Nathan was surprised too, "It's nice to meet you, Jedediah!"

Jedediah cupped Nathan's hands in his and chided emotionally, "We haven't met for so long. Have you been doing well lately?"

Jarelle Zinke intervened, "Dad, Nathan is not doing well at all."

"He has just gotten discharged from the







army and is unemployed now. I've even asked Declan to link him with a pig-feeding job at his farm just now."

Jedediah frowned at his daughter's words, reprimanding her, "Keep your mouth shut!"

"What nonsense are you spouting! Have I not taught you your manners?"

"How can you be so rude? You're supposed to treat him as if he's your brother!"

Jarelle's face turned as red as a tomato in an instant. She was utterly humiliated.

Her father's attitude towards Nathan was no different, from when he took Nathan and his mother under his roof. The way he treated Nathan was as if Nathan was his son, full of fatherly love and warmth, which was totally different from the rough treatment he gave her.

Nathan quickly jumped in, "Sir, Jarelle didn't lie at all. I am indeed unemployed at the moment."







Jedediah laughed, "Even if she was speaking the truth, she shouldn't have been so blunt and rude about it."

"I still remember you were the student that I had the highest expectations for. When you were living in my house, I had even wanted to give you Jarelle's hand-inmarriage, having you as my son-in-law."

"Too bad, both Jarelle and I don't have such luck."

Perhaps Jedediah had started to speak his mind freely, now that he had gotten older.

His words had made it awkward for both Nathan and Jarelle.

Declan, who had just become Jarelle's new boyfriend was also secretly upset by Jedediah's statement.

Declan thought, why are you saying such things when your daughter's current boyfriend is around? Are you looking down on me?







Declan deliberately proceeded to greet Jedediah with a smile on his face, "Good afternoon, sir!"

Jedediah was aware that his daughter had gotten a new boyfriend, but it was his first time meeting him in person, so he did not know that the man standing before him was Declan. He thought that he was just one of his students whose name he had forgotten, and he asked with uncertainty in his voice, "And you are?"

Jarelle saw the situation and hurried on to introduce her boyfriend to his dad. "Dad, this is my boyfriend whom I had mentioned earlier. He is Declan Roger from the Roger family, who's descended from a line of aristocrats in Channing."

"His family is in the livestock rearing industry. They run three large-scale pigsties, which are in total, worth more than three hundred million."







Declan Roger was glad to hear Jarelle boast about his family background, but he still had a polite and reserved smile on his face.

He smiled, "Sir, I know that it's your birthday today, so I'd specially brought you a present. I hope you'll like it."

Jedediah Zinke saw how formally dressed Roger was, and also considering the fact that he was an aristocrat, still being a polite kid, he smiled at Roger, "Ah, you sure are a thoughtful child."

Declan Roger turned over and waved towards a waiter.

Instantly, a waiter in a black suit carried a tray over.

On the tray was the present. It was covered in a small piece of golden satin.

The Zinkes as well as many of the guests at the scene were curious about what kind of present was lying beneath the piece of golden satin.







Declan lifted the piece of golden satin with his own hands, unveiling a piece of shining gold in the form of a pig.

A golden pig!

By the looks of it, it must have weighed at least ten pounds.

A golden pig this heavy must have been worth a lot.

Jedediah had his eyes fall wide, at the sight of the golden pig, while Jarelle eyes started to sparkle. The guests around could not help, but let out gasps of amazement.

Declan Roger proudly declared, "Sir, the pig is your Zodiac animal."

"I have had this golden pig specially forged for you at Dayan Zwaine's jewelry shop. It is made of five kilograms of 24-karat gold, and it costs three million. I hope you like it."

Three million!







Everyone at the scene was utterly bewildered. Everyone was whispering to one another about how Sir Zinke's future son-in-law must be rolling in dough.

Jedediah grinned with glee and nodded a few times, "Well, I don't know what to say, Declan. You are so thoughtful, kid."

Declan heard Jedediah's compliment and smiled, "It's just a small gift from me. As long as you like it, I am happy."

Jedediah was still wearing the joyful grin on his face, "Yes, I do like your gift a lot."

Indeed, money never failed to bring a smile to anyone's face.

Who wouldn't like a 24-karat golden pig for their birthday present?

Jarelle was overjoyed to see her dad liking her boyfriend's present so much. It had brought her glory, making her proud of her boyfriend.

While she was indulging in her little







moment of joy, she accidentally caught sight of Nathan, on the sidelines. Immediately, her face darkened slightly. She deliberately asked him, "Hey Nathan, what have you gotten for my dad?"

"You can't possibly come to my dad's birthday empty-handed right?

"If you were any other guest, it wouldn't matter whether you had brought a gift or not, but you're not just any guest. In fact, you were my dad's most treasured student back then, and he had taken great care of you. He'd even taken you under our roof if my memory hasn't failed me."

"Regardless of how badly you have been doing in life right now, after such a long while, shouldn't you have brought something at least?"

Jedediah Zinke grew up in poverty, and it had made him someone avaricious. In fact, that was the sole reason he had come to teach in Channing. The salary was high, and he really loved money.







However, despite being a slave who lived for money, he still took great care of Nathan Cross.

Earlier on, Jedediah had heard that Nathan had just gotten out of the army and was now unemployed.

He glanced at Nathan's empty hands and figured that he probably had not brought any presents with him.

He quickly went ahead to mediate Nathan's conflict with his daughter, "Hahaha, it is indeed my sixtieth birthday today. If you have brought a present, I would of course gladly receive it, but even if you haven't brought anything, I'm still happy to see you here. As long as you've brought your heart here to wish me a happy birthday."

"You might have not brought actual gold with you, but you did show up with a heart of gold after all. Though I must say, I will be much, much happier if you have also brought something else, along with that heart of yours, Nathan! Hahaha!"







Jedediah's humor had gotten everyone at the scene laughing.

Anyone could tell that Jedediah was trying to rescue the tense situation, making things less awkward for Nathan.

However, Declan looked as if he had not understood the speech made by Jedediah moments ago. He surmised with a stiff smile on his face, "Sir, but how could you say that he has brought his heart along when he'd just showed up empty-handed? If someone actually has the heart to wish you well, they should have thought of you ahead of your birthday, preparing something for you right?"

"It's your sixtieth birthday sir! What an important occasion it is! Anyone who insists that they respect you a lot but still brings you nothing is definitely talking crap. That person is probably just making excuses to cover up for their own laziness!"







Chapter 852 I Want Dayan Zwaine's Jewelry Shop Under My...

Everyone at the scene heard Declan Roger's words and shifted their attention towards Nathan Cross.

Even the dumbest person in the room would have known that Declan's words were directed at Nathan.

Nathan was completely aware that Declan's words were directed at him.

Jedediah Zinke had awkwardness written all across his face, while Jarelle was secretly enjoying the scene that unfolded in front of her.

Nathan smiled and responded calmly, "Declan is right. Today's my mentor's sixtieth birthday. As his student, I should have bought a present. In fact, I should have prepared something big."

Declan and Jarelle could not help but let out a cold snort at Nathan's words. They wanted to mock Nathan for saying that he should have prepared something big for Jedediah when he was the one who had arrived, empty-handed.







Chapter 852 I Want Dayan Zwaine's Jewelry Shop Under My...

Nathan did not wait for the two of them to make a response, before he took out his phone in front of everyone and dialed for Colin, "In ten minutes' time, I want Dayan Zwaine's jewelry shop transferred under my name. I intend to give it to my teacher as his birthday gift."

#### Boom!

The gossip mill, which consisted of the crowd in the room, started to grind after Nathan Cross had spoken his words.

Everyone started to discuss what they had just heard. It had already been very impressive of Declan to buy a ten-pound 24-karat golden pig for Jedediah, but now Nathan said that he wanted to step up the game, buying the entire jewelry shop of Dayan Zwaine as a present for his teacher?

Jarelle started to laugh in disbelief, "Hahaha! What? You don't even have a job. How can you afford the whole of Dayan Zwaine's jewelry shop? You should learn to be a better liar instead, hahaha!"







Chapter 852 I Want Dayan Zwaine's Jewelry Shop Under My...

Declan carried mockery in his tone as he jeered at Nathan, "Are you aware of the net worth of Dayan Zwaine's jewelry shop?"

"It is worth around eighty million!"

"Do you not have the least bit of shame in you, beggar? How dare you boldly claim that you will have Dayan Zwaine's jewelry shop under your name in ten minutes?"

Everyone at the scene was throwing an unfathomable gaze at Nathan. They were all whispering to one another about how Nathan Cross was a big, fat liar who probably had nothing up his sleeves.

Even Jedediah had gotten embarrassed by the situation. He whispered to Nathan, "Nat, you didn't have to do that. If you don't have the money to buy me a present, it's fine. I don't mind it at all."

Nathan smiled in return, "Sir if it wasn't for your kindness for taking me in, I might have already starved to death."

"It's your sixtieth birthday today. Since I







have already promised you that I would buy you the entire jewelry shop of Dayan Zwaine, I definitely have to fulfill my promise."

Declan Roger and Jarelle Zinke, as well as the rest of the people in the room, laughed with a mocking tone. All of them were making a joke out of Nathan's shamelessness and total lack of selfawareness.

Just at this moment, five BMWs pulled over in front of The Orient's gates.

Colin Dunne showed up with a group of Dayan Zwaine's employees and strolled inwards in big strides.

Everyone was dumbfounded. Before the crowd, Colin greeted Nathan and relayed politely, "Master, I have already bought Dayan Zwaine's jewelry shop and transferred it to your mentor Jedediah Zinke as his birthday present."

Keller Lillard, the manager of Dayan Zwaine's jewelry shop came forward and







bowed humbly at Nathan and Jedediah, "A good day to you, Mr. Zinke and Mr. Cross. I am the manager of Dayan Zwaine's jewelry shop. The documents concerning the transfer of our shop's ownership under Mr. Zinke's name are here. Please have a look at it."

## Bam!

Everyone was completely stunned by what they had witnessed.

Nathan had actually bought the entirety of Dayan Zwaine's jewelry shop, in order to present it to Jedediah.

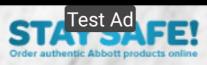
Declan Roger was dumbstruck.

Jarelle Zinke too.

Jedediah Zinke stuttered, "B...But..."

Nathan grinned and proclaimed, "Sir, from now on, you are the owner of the Dayan Zwaine's jewelry shop. All of the people here are your subordinates."







Jedediah was on cloud nine, still stuttering as he murmured to Nathan, "N...Nat, how much did you shell out, to buy this s...shop...also, I am no businessman! I know nothing about running a shop!"

Nathan smiled, "Not much, I'd only spent a hundred million. It's okay if you don't know how to run a business. Keller Lillard over here will be in charge of everything at the shop. You'll merely have to wait for the cash to be banked into your bank account every month."

Keller Lillard saw the ten-pound golden pig at the scene and furrowed his brows, "Wait, isn't that the golden pig that Sir Roger had us make, out of mock gold earlier? Why is it here?"

The golden pig was made out of mock gold?

The Zinkes, Nathan, and the rest of the guests at the scene had all of their attention shifted towards Declan Roger.

Declan Roger started to panic, all of a







# sudden.



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Jarelle Zinke suddenly grew pale. She stared at Declan Roger and spat out her words, one after the other, "Declan, is this pig real or fake?"

Declan's sweat was starting to roll down his forehead, "Jarelle, I..."

Keller Lillard explained, "This golden pig was indeed a craft that was ordered by Sir Roger. As per his request, he had made the pig out of a gold alloy with a low percentage of actual gold content. The total price of this model is a hundred and thirteen thousand."

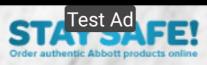
"Sir Roger, you have only paid us the thirty thousand for the deposit. Please do remember to pay us the remaining onehundred thousand that you still owe us!"

The crowd was in an uproar.

Not only was the golden pig from Declan fake, rather, the pig had not even been paid for, in full.

Everyone was murmuring that Jarelle's rich







boyfriend only knew how to put on a flashy show.

Jarelle glared at Declan, she repeated, "The pig is fake?"

Declan's face flushed red, and his sweat was all over him. He stuttered, "Listen to me, Jarelle..."

"The pig is fake?"

"[...]..."

"THE PIG IS FAKE?"

Declan was forced onto a figurative edge, off a cliff by Jarelle. He finally blew his top in shame, "So what if it's fake? That doesn't change the fact that I have already spent a few thousand on it! And I still owe the jewelry shop one hundred thousand!"

"Aren't you the one who'd wanted to bathe in your own vanity? Well, let me tell you one thing! I did all of this just for you to satisfy your ego!"







"We have already been together for one month and we haven't even slept together once. Now, you want to treat me like your enemy?"

Jedediah Zinke heard Declan's words and started to tremble in rage, "You rascal! How dare you!"

Jarelle's face was also as white as a sheet of paper. She looked at Declan in disbelief, "I can't believe the goody-two-shoes you were was just an act you'd put on to get inside my pants! So this is who you actually are huh, Declan Roger?"

Declan was also thrown under the bus by that comment. He sneered, "You seek fame and glory while I crave for your body. Isn't that a fair exchange?"

"Hahaha... You don't really think I am going to marry you right?"

Jedediah almost vomited blood when he heard Declan's words. He was utterly flabbergasted.







Jarelle Zinke was trembling, with tears in her eyes. She shouted, "Get out of here! Leave this place immediately! I never want to see you again! "

Declan seemed to be totally unaffected, "Alright, I'll just go! Why get yourself so worked up? Do you really think you can make me stay? Don't overestimate yourself."

"If I'd never intended to fool around with you, I would've never spent so much time on you."

"Ah, too bad that I have wasted a couple hundred thousand on you. Won't it be easier if I just pay for a model to be my sugar baby?"

"Why are you acting so high and mighty when you have already slept with so many men before? I bet you're already all rusty down there. You'd just wanted me to settle down with you after you'd taken your swim in the sea of men? That is so not happening!"







Declan Roger was done speaking. He spat at Jarelle's feet before he stormed off the scene.

Jedediah was still trembling from the shock that he just had. He pointed at Roger and muttered shakily, "This s...son of a..."

Jarelle finally could not hold her tears in her anymore. She burst into tears.

Everyone at the scene shook their heads. They thought it was so unfortunate of the Zinkes to have crossed paths with a playboy, such as Declan Roger.

Declan was just about to walk away, with two of his personal assistants when Nathan shouted with a derisive tone, "Hold up!"

Declan halted and looked at Nathan with a provoking expression, "What's up?"

Nathan announced with scorn, "I will put aside my personal grudge against you, but I need you to apologize to Jedediah and







Jarelle for how you have treated them."

Declan was speechless and whatever glee he had earlier was drained from his face, "Who the heck do you think you are?"

"You want me to apologize? Sure! But would you mind demonstrating? I have no idea how should I apologize to them."

Nathan's face darkened. He muttered apathetically, "Screw you and your arrogance! I want you to apologize to the Zinkes on your knees and lick away the mouthful of saliva you'd spat earlier before you walk away from here."

Declan laughed coldly, "Who the hell do you think you are? You think you are worthy enough to make me kneel?"



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Nathan was rather unbothered, as he shouted, "Colin!"

Aware of his intentions, Colin strode towards Declan.

The two subordinates accompanying Declan immediately guarded him and warned Colin, "Don't mess around, silly, big guy, or we'll break your legs!"

Colin raised his arms and threw two, hard punches at the men. Thud! Thud!

The two bodyguards each received a hard blow from Colin, which had resulted in their faces being covered in blood. They collapsed before they could even cry out in pain. Everyone cheered, happy, upon seeing that.

Declan looked at Colin with a ghastly expression. Terrified, he asked, "What are you going to do?"

"Kneel!" Colin single-handedly lifted Declan up, as if he were a little chick, dragging him all the way to Jedediah and Jarelle before





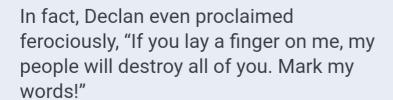


pressing him down on the floor.

Declan felt as though Colin's hand was like a big mountain, clutching him until his knees buckled and he crashed, landing hard before the Zinkes. Thump! He clenched his teeth as he felt the excruciating pain strike, throughout his body.

Colin commanded coldly, "Apologize!"

He and Nathan were surprised by Declan's stubbornness. He refused to apologize, regardless.



Everyone who had heard the threat was astounded, especially the Zinkes, whose facial expressions morphed drastically.

It was most troublesome to deal with a character like Declan, who had some dark backgrounds and complicated social







relationships. Who knew that he would really bring along a large group of desperadoes, looking for trouble?

Nathan sneered, "You're going to get us all beaten up? Great, call your men over now. Show me what you've got and do bring along your best supporters. I really want to see who is behind all of this, giving you such courage to remain so arrogant and ridiculous!"

Declan did not actually think that Nathan would give him the opportunity to call for help, so he grinned hideously and muttered, "Dude, get ready to face your doomsday!"

As soon as he made that claim, he called the boss of the Channing underworld for help, "Yes, yes, yes. I'm being bullied at The Orient. They made me kneel down and lick their phlegm! Mr. Green, hurry up and bring the gang over here to rescue me."

"You're all dead! My boss is on his way and soon, you'll get to experience living hell!" He lifted his head and grinned grotesquely





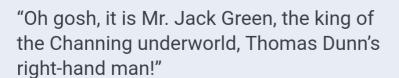


at Nathan after he had made the call.

Appearing bewildered, Colin and Nathan exchanged glances. Mr. Green? Is there such a person in the underworld of Channing?

In less than ten minutes, a man in a black leather jacket appeared, along with close to a hundred fearsome followers.

Many of the guests, including the Zinkes, gasped in shock when they saw the man in the black leather jacket. Everyone started chattering about it.



"It's over, the Zinkes and Nathan are going to face a bad ending. Jack Green is Thomas Dunn's trusted subordinate. He has an advantage over him, as he has millions serving him."

Seeing the arrival of Jack Green, Declan struggled to rise, as he trotted over to







welcome Jack with a fawning smile, "Mr. Green, you've finally arrived."

Jack was taken aback as well, upon seeing Colin and Nathan at the scene. His heart skipped a beat but he forced himself to remain calm. Feeling somewhat perplexed, he turned to question Declan, "What on earth is going on?"

Declan pointed at Nathan and declared proudly, as he exaggerated the sequence of events that had happened.

Towards the end, he even dwelled in selfpity, "Mr. Green, this fellow had even asked me to kneel down and lick the phlegm on the floor clean. How ridiculous. Don't you think that this is too much?"

Jack answered, "Not at all!"

Declan agreed unwittingly, "Exactly, that is way too much! Huh? Wait... Mr. Green, what have you just said?"

With his eyes squinted, Jack admonished him harshly, "I'd said that Mr. Cross's







request was never too much! I want you to kneel before Mr. Zinke and Ms. Zinke and apologize to them right away. Otherwise, I'll personally break your legs to help you do so."



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Huh? Declan was stupefied! Jedediah was dumbfounded! Jarelle was stunned! Every single guest was slack-jawed with surprise!

Just as everyone was puzzled at the scene, Jack quickly walked to Nathan and greeted him reverently with a bow, "Good day, Mr. Cross!"

Nathan stated in his usual, calm composure, "No, it is not a good day for me at all. It is supposed to be my teacher's birthday banquet, but both he and his daughter were insulted in public."

Jack turned around and gave Declan a stern stare.

Declan was scared to death and he began to stammer, "Mr... Mr. Gr...een. Who... Who is he?"

"He is Mr. Nathan Cross, whom even my boss, Mr. Thomas Dunn, has to attend to respectfully. How dare you behave so rudely to Mr. Cross and the Zinkes?" Jack yelled furiously.







"Someone come over now. Make this fellow kneel and apologize!"

A few men immediately stepped forward to carry out the instructions given.

Crack! Crack! Declan's legs were broken just like that. He shrieked, in extreme pain, as he fell miserably, kneeling down before Jedediah and Jarelle.

He cried as he begged for mercy, "Mr. Zinke and Jarelle, I know that I was wrong. Please, I beg you to forgive me. Please spare me and let me go... Please..."

Jarelle stared at the sobbing man in front of her with disbelief.

In a state of confusion, she remembered a similar situation, years ago when she was being bullied by a gangster. Nathan had battered the gangster without the slightest hesitation and consequently demanded that he kneel before her, begging for forgiveness. It was at that time when she started developing feelings for Nathan. She could not resist it and later confessed







her feelings for him. Sadly, she was rejected. Since then, her love for him had turned into hatred.

Meanwhile, as she reminisced about her past feelings, she gazed at Nathan with conflicting emotions.

Jedediah felt vindicated after seeing how Nathan had taught Declan a hard lesson. His grievances were addressed when Declan received his deserved consequences for his actions. Then, Jedediah tilted his head upwards and came to a conclusion with a stern scolding, "Whatever! Get out of my sight immediately!"

Two of Declan's injured subordinates carried him. He was now handicapped, and they all fled away in embarrassment. Jack and the rest of his followers soon evaded thereafter.

Many guests had left quietly during the commotion. Out of the fifty tables of guests who were present, less than half remained, and they were mainly close







friends, relatives, and students of Jedediah.

He sighed at the handful of guests left in an almost desolated banquet hall, before instructing the manager to serve them dinner.

He asked both Nathan and Jarelle to sit beside him, then apologized to Nathan with a bitter smile, "Sorry that you had to witness the whole fiasco. I did not expect that to happen. It has now turned into a quiet celebration. If you don't mind, have more drinks with me tonight."

Nathan looked around at the scattered guests in a cheerless hall and replied with a comforting smile, "How could it be, teacher? You have students from all around the world and your friend list is endless. I believe that many guests are still on their way here, so let us wait for their arrival before starting the banquet."

The Zinkes were baffled at his comment. It is already time, and if there were more people coming, they would have arrived by







now. Should we wait longer and expect more guests to turn up?

Even though Jedediah did not have much hope for better attendance at the banquet, he abided by Nathan's suggestion. With a forced chuckle, he replied, "Sure, let us wait for a while more, who knows... A VIP might show up!"

As the head of the national guards, who had served Nathan for years, Colin could understand what Nathan had in mind. He wanted his teacher's birthday banquet to be filled with invited guests!

Therefore, he left the hall discreetly and found himself a hidden corner in the corridor to make a phone call, "The General's teacher is celebrating his sixtieth birthday and he doesn't want to see an empty hall..."









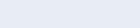
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A Volkswagen Passat arrived at the entrance of the hotel in less than ten minutes.

Seeing it was the Director of Education, Mindy Stuart, and her secretary, Jedediah called upon Nathan, his daughter, and a few others to accompany him to welcome the unexpected guests, "Oh wow, what a pleasant surprise! Channing's Director of Education is here!"

Mindy took a respectful look at Nathan, following on with a polite reply to Jedediah, "Mr. Zinke, I'd heard that it is your sixtieth birthday today. I hope that you won't mind me coming unannounced to give you a toast?"

Jedediah responded quickly, "I'm honored to have you here tonight. Welcome!"

Meanwhile, two Audi A6 cars showed up. It was the Mayor of Channing, Russell Crow, and his group of officials.

Jedediah gasped with amazement. He then rushed over to welcome the VIPs.







One could hear the excitement in his trembling voice, as he greeted him, "Mayor, to whom do I owe the pleasure?"

Russell smiled courteously, "I was informed that it is your birthday today. I have come here personally, to wish you."

The Zinkes and all their relatives and friends who were present were greatly astounded. What an honor and privilege to have the mayor come personally, to wish him a happy birthday!

Jedediah was so flattered, that he had blushed with overwhelming exhilaration, "Thank you so much for gracing the occasion with your presence. What did I do to deserve all of this? Mr. Crow and all reputable officials, please take a seat inside."

While everyone was getting ready to enter the hall, a red Hongqi and five jeeps suddenly arrived. A muscular middle aged man in casualwear alighted his vehicle with a group of soldiers.







Someone exclaimed, "Oh my heart, Franklin Wilson is here! The commanderin-chief of Channing's military base is here!"

Major-General Wilson! Jedediah was beyond dumbfounded. He was awestruck.

Franklin greeted Nathan respectfully before turning to Jedediah and saying, "Mr. Zinke, I hope you don't mind me showing up without any prior notice. I'd discovered that it is your birthday today, so I wanted to send you my best wishes."

The Zinkes made no mistake in their attempt to make sense of all of this. There could only be one reason why so many influential political and military figures appeared suddenly at the birthday banquet. It was all because of Nathan Cross!

They saw how Franklin had greeted Nathan, with deference, even going as far as to address him as 'Mr. Cross'. Then, they were reminded of the time when Nathan had suggested waiting for more







guests to show up.

Having connected all the dots, everyone now had a different perception of Nathan.

If the act of Nathan purchasing a jewelry shop for Jedediah as his birthday present showed his great wealth, then what Nathan had just demonstrated through inviting so many political and military figures, was his amazing power and status in society. Everyone looked at him with utter disbelief. Nathan was indeed second to none, in terms of power, privileges, and riches.



Many key figures and socialites took turns and toasted Jedediah, providing him much pride and satisfaction.

Unwittingly, as he was getting a bit drunk, he held Nathan's hand and uttered emotionally, "Nathan, you are my best student. I am so proud of what you have become. You have never let me down."







Nathan smiled at him gently, "All thanks to you."

Jedediah casually asked, "I can see that you are definitely experiencing success in your career right now, but what about in terms of building a family? Have you found the one to marry yet?"

That was one question asked very bluntly!

Many turned to Nathan upon hearing that, especially Jarelle, who grew inexplicably nervous, secretly staring at Nathan.

"Oh yes, I am married and my daughter is already five years old," Nathan replied with a smile.

#### What?

Jedediah was flabbergasted at his words, whereas Jarelle could no longer hide the disappointment on her face!

Jedediah sighed, "Ugh, I used to think about letting my daughter marry you, making you my son-in-law. What a pity...







It's too late now!"

Russell knew that Nathan and Penny were as sweet as a pair of newlyweds, so he interrupted him, "Mr. and Mrs. Cross possess such a blissful relationship. Every day is a happily-ever-after for them. Mr. Zinke's daughter is a catch herself, and with such outstanding appearance and talent, I am sure that she has many admirers too! There should be no challenge at all, for you to find an ideal son-in-law."

Jedediah responded, "Haha, that's true, that's true! Now that Nathan is married, I should not talk about that anymore. Let me empty this glass as a penalty for bringing up the past."

The multitudes clinked their glasses and drank happily. The banquet ended quite late.

After the crowd had dispersed, Nathan personally drove the Zinkes back home.

Jedediah was already drunk and he was







now sleeping soundly.

"Take good care of my teacher. I'll get going," Nathan turned and left after he uttered those words.

"Hold on!" Jarelle stopped Nathan, as she gazed at his back with a complicated expression.

Nathan turned and smiled lightly, "Is there anything else, Jarelle?"

She bit her lip and then asked in a shaky voice, "Am I not good enough in your eyes?"

Nathan smiled again, "How is that possible? You're well behaved and pretty. Besides your stubbornness and high selfesteem, I don't think that you have any other weaknesses."

"If that is so, why don't you like me then?" asked Jarelle, puzzled.

Nathan looked completely nonplussed, "Silly girl, I've always seen you as my







sister." He continued softly, "Actually, I am not as good as you think I am. We aren't compatible. Also, in my heart, you're just like the sister I never had. You'll meet your prince charming one day, Jarelle. Goodbye." Nathan left thereafter.

Jarelle grunted as she watched Nathan disappear from her line of sight.



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It was slightly past nine when Nathan had arrived home.

Penny greeted him at the door and discovered him reeking of alcohol. She frowned and complained, "What were you up to? You were gone for the entire day!"

Nathan replied, "Well, I had some matters to take care of."

Penny did not prod further into the matter as she asked solicitously, "Have you had dinner yet? I'm reheating some food for you in the kitchen!"

"I've eaten at my teacher's birthday banquet earlier," Nathan explained, as a faint warmth and fuzzy feeling filled his heart.

There was no sight of their daughter, Benson, Leah, and Kylie so Nathan asked curiously, "Where is everyone?"

Penny answered, "They took the kids to the supermarket."







"Okay, then I shall go and take a bath first," Nathan announced.

"I will get the tub ready for you," Penny stated gently.

That was Penny... An elegant female CEO at work, and a virtuous wife at home.

She had gotten the tub ready for Nathan to enjoy a hot bath. After changing, she soon prepared a pot of tea for Nathan to unwind.

He sat on the sofa and was surprised to see the fruit platter and a pot of freshly brewed tea on the coffee table, "Penny, what's the occasion?"

Penny poured a small cup of tea for Nathan courteously and then smiled as she responded, "Well, I happen to have extra time today and I'd wanted to go over some matters with you."

Nathan took a sip and then looked at her with anticipation, "You're making me rather curious. What is it that you want to discuss







with me?"

"Actually, there's something that I've been keeping from you for some time now," Penny replied, carefully.

Nathan frowned, "What is it?"

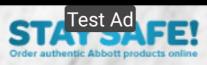
Penny continued, "Your father has always hoped for your forgiveness and he's been keeping in touch with my parents. He's been doing so because he treats my parents as family. He knows that you won't like it if he sent people to investigate about you, so he'd tried his best to get news about you and Queenie through conversations with my parents."

"What has he been telling all of you?" Nathan asked mildly.

Penny responded accordingly, "Just some small talk, revolving mainly about yours and Queenie's daily lives."

Nathan did not appear angry. Rather, he appeared disinterested at the mention of the topic. Penny could feel that he had let







go of some of his resentment towards Zayn.

Hence, she took the opportunity to advise him, "Nathan, I know that I'm not in any position to say this, but I want you to consider forgiving your father if you can. He's already an old man and we'll never know what would happen tomorrow."

With a bitter smile, Nathan then shared, "Penny, to be honest with you, I have already forgiven him. However, there's a big gap between us, so we'll never be able to be that pair of loving father-and-son like we'd used to be. Do you understand?"

Penny nodded, "Yes, I understand. I guess your father wasn't expecting you guys to be close again. He felt guilty and all he wanted was your forgiveness. He said that he's up to something big recently, which will be a surprise for you, and also to the world when he succeeds."

Nathan uttered casually with a pout, "Hmm... Whatever he says, just take it with a pinch of salt."







Penny exclaimed suddenly, "Darling, are you willing to forgive your father and let him know in person? Oh my gosh, he would be extremely delighted then."

Nathan looked at Penny who was beaming with joy and murmured with a chuckle, "I'm not sure if he would be happy to know that I'm letting bygones be bygones. However, one thing's for sure, he'll definitely be pleased to know this."

A wide-eyed Penny asked curiously, "What is it?"





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Chapter 858 Come Back Sooner To Call The Shots

Nathan sat beside Penny and then spoke into her ears, "He would be thrilled to know if we had another adorable child."

Penny blushed, rolled her eyes at Nathan in a feminine manner, as she whined, "You're so nonsensical."

Nathan laughed, "How is that so? Producing the next generation is the most sacred and noble task on earth!"

Penny stared at Nathan's profile that was practically before hers. She could feel Nathan's burning gaze. As the realization hit her, her face burned scarlet, as she subconsciously shut her eyes, slightly pouting her lips.

Nathan had just tested the theory. It's true when they say that girls would close their eyes in anticipation when a guy leans in close enough.

Nathan subsequently kissed her bright red lips and caught a whiff of a wonderful fragrance.







Both of them responded like amateurs. Penny gently pushed Nathan away but ended up getting hooked onto his neck as they kissed passionately.

After a long while, they stopped, to gasp for air. Nathan looked at his blushing bride and a strong temptation urged him to carry her right away, heading towards the bedroom.

Penny instantly tensed up, as she sensed what was going to come. What she initially thought would happen only on her wedding day seemed to have been brought forward!

At that moment, Nathan's phone rang. Unfortunately, the loud ringtone brought the two back to reality.

Nathan's face gave out an unpleasant frown, as he placed Penny down on the bed and murmured, "Who the heck is this, calling at the wrong time?"

Penny admitted sheepishly, "Don't say that. Answer the call quickly. It could be







something important."

Nathan took his phone out. It was an incoming call from Francis, the head butler. Why would Francis call?

Nathan frowned again as he received the call, "Hello?"

"Sir, bad news. Mr. Cross... He has passed away," Francis was weeping, as he relayed the news over the phone.

#### Boom!

Nathan felt as though a thunderbolt had struck him; his whole body shook uncontrollably. He yelled with disbelief, "What nonsense are you talking about?"

Francis sobbed as he began to fill Nathan in, "Sir, I'm terribly sorry to inform you that Mr. Cross has passed away. Actually, he has always felt very guilty towards the death of Mrs. Cross, when she'd died of liver cancer. So, he secretly sponsored a research institute in Johnstone City, which has been dedicated to test drugs used to







treat cancer. A few days ago, he'd received news from the institute that their preliminary research showed successful results in producing the cancer medication. Mr. Cross was so thrilled to know that his investment for years was reaping rewards, so he travelled immediately, to Johnstone City. However, the news came in just now that he had fallen off the building at Paradise Hotel, in Johnstone City of the West."

Nathan was both astounded and furious at the same time, "That's impossible. This is unbelievable. My father will not die as he just told his granddaughter and me two days ago that he had a surprise for us. You must be kidding me..."

Francis continued, "It's true, Sir. I am so sorry. Johnstone City has updated us that Mr. Cross committed suicide by jumping off the building. However, it's strange, as his research had just produced good results and it would have been earning him money very soon. How could he kill himself at this time? Moreover, he's always thinking of you and his granddaughter!"







Committed suicide? Nathan's eyes widened upon hearing the news.

Francis murmured in a quivering voice, "Another dubious incident had happened, an hour before Mr. Cross fell off the building; all the cash from the Cross family account was taken away. Mr. Cross died and the Cross family is collapsing. Sir, you've got to return now to take charge!"

With tears in his eyes, Nathan proclaimed in a cold tone, "The Cross family will never collapse, as long as I live. Whoever had killed my father, I will ensure that all of them pay the full price for their crimes."





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Along the next seven days, Nathan held a funeral for his late father. It was conducted in his hometown, in Sunnydale.

The wake service was soon concluded. Following this, Nathan's father's coffin was soon buried beside his late mother's grave.

Penny and Queenie, as daughter-in-law and granddaughter, had accompanied Nathan throughout the funeral.

After the funeral was completed, Nathan asked Penny, Queenie, and Queenie's mom to return to Channing. In addition to that, he instructed Waves and Thomas Dunn to protect his family.

After making all the necessary arrangements, he brought Colin and Elite Eight, along with him to the West.

Even though it was reported in the West that his late father had committed suicide by jumping off a building, he refused to buy the excuse, as he soon intended to personally investigate the cause of his father's death.







After arriving at Johnstone City of the West, they headed over to Paradise Hotel, without haste.

The Paradise Hotel was a well-known, fivestar hotel and it was one of the landmarks in Johnstone City.

Nathan stared at the skyscraper and asked coldly, "Is this the building that my dad had allegedly jumped off?"

Colin replied politely, "Yes, according to the authorities in the West, Old Master Cross had jumped off from this building to commit suicide."

However, Nathan was impassive as he queried, "Why would my dad come to this hotel?"

The Chamber of Commerce of the West was formed by the wealthiest individuals in the region.

Besides, it was said that most of the prominent figures in the West were its members.







In other words, the Chamber of Commerce of the West monopolized all profitable businesses in the West!

Therefore, the Chamber of Commerce of the West was the de facto ruler of the West. It dictated that only those from the West would be allowed to do business here. They would squeeze out and even take revenge against any outsiders who tried to grab the market share in the West.

Under such circumstances, outsiders could hardly venture into businesses in the West.



It was also the reason that Cross Group could not sell its products in the West, even though it successfully ventured into the markets in the South, Northania, and The East.

To put it simply, the wealthiest individuals here became oligarchs, who squeezed money out of any newcomers!

After Colin responded to his question, Nathan sneered, "Since Paradise Hotel is







worth over ten billion, its owner might also be one of the members of the Chamber of Commerce of the West."

Once Nathan finished, Colin answered, "The owner of Paradise Hotel is Juno Packer. He's an important member of the Chamber of Commerce of the West. Hence, every important meeting or cocktail party, that is hosted by the Chamber of Commerce of the West, is often held here, in Paradise Hotel."

Soon after that, Nathan squinted and murmured, "My dad had passed away in Juno Packer's hotel, while Juno Packer is a member of the Chamber of Commerce of the West. If my dad were indeed murdered by someone, I believe that Juno Packer would surely know something about it. Let's head in to meet him."

However, when Nathan was about to enter the hotel with Colin, several security guards stopped them at the entrance.

The captain, a man with almond-shaped eyes, announced coldly, "I'm sorry, this is a







five-star hotel. Any guests who wear shabby clothes are not allowed to enter."

In all actuality, Nathan and Colin had not worn any fancy clothes because they had still mourned Nathan's dad. Hence, their clothes appeared slightly shabby, compared to the branded suits of the other guests.

Nathan replied to the man calmly, "I'm wearing plain clothes because I had to mourn one of my family members.
Besides, we're here to see your boss, Juno Packer."

The next instance, the man laughed it off and jeered, "Mourning someone? Well, I don't care if it were your dad or mom who'd passed away. Rules are rules. Any guests who wear shabby clothes are not allowed to enter! Besides, do you think that our boss is a nobody? Will he agree to it just because some rednecks had requested to meet him? Get the hell out of here, or I'm afraid that you'll be left crippled."







Since they were barred from going in, Nathan instructed Colin, "Some rubbish is blocking our way. Make sure that they're crippled."

Once he finished, Colin replied calmly, "Yes, sir!"

Immediately, Colin threw kicks at the man and the other security guards. His feet were as fast as lightning.

Crack! When Colin kicked the man at his knee, it immediately broke.

The next moment, he screamed in extreme pain as he knelt before Nathan.

Meanwhile, the other security guards were frightened and furious. They immediately took out their own sticks and rushed towards Colin.

Much to their surprise, Colin was unafraid, as he approached them like a ferocious tiger instead.

Crack!







As Colin kicked their left legs, cracking their bones, the security guards shrieked. They were unable to steady themselves. As such, they eventually kneeled before Nathan.

Meanwhile, the guests around the hotel and staff in the lobby were frightened, all screaming in fear.

Nathan walked into the hotel unhurriedly and glanced around the awe-inspiring lobby.

After sitting on the couch near a desk, he waved at the beautiful manager who wore a sheath dress.

Even though the manager was extremely fearful, she had no choice other than to grab a glass of water, getting ready to approach him.

After setting down the glass, she greeted him and asked cautiously, "Sir, how may I help you?"

Soon, Nathan put a pile of cash on the tray







and announced, "Tell Juno Packer to come down and meet me here."

Meanwhile, the manager stared at the tip. It was worth about a hundred. She glanced at it for a while longer, before shifting her gaze to Nathan. Although he was wearing plain clothes, she could feel that he had behaved like a graceful noble.

Hence, she was better off than the security guards, realizing at first glance that he was no ordinary person.

However, she refused to accept the tip, as she apologized anxiously, "Sir, I'm very sorry. I can't help you with this. A lowranking employee, such as myself, can't even talk to our boss."

Staring at Nathan's handsome face, she could not help but give him a word of advice, "Since my boss is a powerful figure in Johnstone City, you really shouldn't mess with him. I would advise you to leave instead, or you'll be in trouble when Mr. Henry arrives."







Since the manager reminded them out of kindness, Nathan asked smilingly, "Who is Mr. Henry?"

The manager stared at him, her eyes wide open. He doesn't even know who Mr. Henry is! In that case, why does he have the guts to cause trouble in Paradise Hotel?

Despite that, she still explained to Nathan, "Mr. Henry is one of the mob bosses in Johnstone City. He is Mr. Packer's, righthand man. He'll always be here in person whenever someone tries to cause trouble. Besides, he is known to be brutal. Previously, the security guards failed, in stopping some drunkards from causing trouble. Once Mr. Henry arrived, he instructed his men to beat them, leaving them crippled. Please run now if you want to remain alive!"

Much to her surprise, Nathan nodded and uttered satisfactorily, "So, Mr. Henry is the right-hand man of your boss! Would your boss come to see me immediately, if I beat the hell out of Mr. Henry?"







The manager was startled when she heard it.

Her message was clear... To inform Nathan Cross that Mr. Henry was brutal so that he could run away before it was too late.

Nevertheless, she did not expect Nathan's refusal in running away. He had even boasted about beating Mr. Henry, as a deterrent to Mr. Packer.

Why would there be such an audacious, yet brainless man in this world?

At this moment, dozens of vehicles arrived at the hotel.

Soon, a man with a bald head alighted a black Mercedes-Benz. He was none other than Mr. Henry, one of the mob bosses in the Undergrounds, of Johnstone City.

He wore a murderous look as he stalked into the hotel furiously, with dozens of his underlings.







As soon as Mr. Henry arrived at the lobby, he shouted angrily, "Who dares to cause trouble in our hotel? Come over here and kneel when you speak to me."



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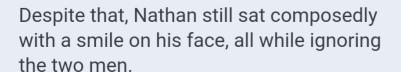




Mr. Henry and his men surrounded Nathan and Colin in no time.

At first, he glanced at Nathan, who sat still on the couch and smoked. Then, his gaze moved towards Colin, who stood beside Nathan. After a while, he sneered at Nathan and asked, "Hey, how dare you! How could you sit still and smoke even after you'd seen me? Guys, bring him over now!"

Immediately, two men with tattoos of tigers and dragons on their bodies rushed forward, towards Nathan.



Meanwhile, Colin made action to ward them off.

The two men looked at each other for a moment and sneered, "Fool, your life ends here!"

Soon, they threw punches at Colin swiftly.







Nevertheless, before they could even touch his sleeve, Colin moved speedily, throwing his heavy punches at them.

## Bang!

Once Colin punched their faces with all his might, they bled immediately and fell. They could not withstand the heavy punches and fainted almost immediately.

What? Mr. Henry was momentarily stunned before he cried out frightenedly, "Now I understand why they have the guts to cause trouble in our hotel. This man is a martial arts master!"

However, he soon calmed his nerves and sneered, "Well, you may be skilled in martial arts but you can't defeat all of my men!"

Thereafter, he instructed his ferocious underlings, "Go together and kill the both of them. Don't worry because our boss will protect us. Kill them!"

Once Mr. Henry gave the command,







dozens of his underlings, with tattoos of tigers and dragons on their bodies, grabbed their weapons, such as iron rods and knives. After that, they swiftly rushed towards Nathan and Colin like a pack of wolves.

Meanwhile, the hotel staff and other guests screamed in fear and ran away.

Nevertheless, Colin sneered, "A bunch of trash like you dare to make trouble with us? You're risking your neck for this!"

Once Colin finished, he moved swiftly, to face all of them, as if he were a ferocious tiger coming out from a forest.

## Bang!

When Colin knocked over the first few gangsters, their bones were cracked while their bodies were sent flying, in little to no time at all.

After that, Colin came up to the rest and began to throw his punches.







He strode through the opponents, landing swift and heavy blows upon them.
Although he was apparently outnumbered, no one was his match, as they could only scream pitifully and fall.

At this time, Mr. Henry was shocked to see that his men were no match for Colin. Hence, he immediately commanded, "Bull, take on the fellow on the couch first."

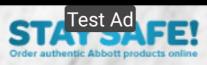
Bull, who was as strong as an ox, stepped up immediately and replied, "Yes, Mr. Henry."

The next moment, Bull rushed forward, towards Nathan and yelled, "Your life ends here!"

As Bull was speaking, he lifted his strong right arm, in an effort to throw a heavy punch at Nathan, who merely sat comfortably on the couch.

On the other hand, Nathan, who was still smoking at that moment, lifted his left hand to grab Bull's arm. Much to everyone's surprise, Nathan stopped Bull's







punch effortlessly.

What? Bull stared at Nathan in disbelief.

How could he stop my powerful punch by merely lifting his hand?

All while Bull was still at a loss for words, Nathan exerted some force upon his left arm.

Crack! As Bull's sturdy arm was broken in an instant, he shrieked in pain.

After that, Nathan stood up and kicked him, swiftly.

Bang! Bull was sent flying, as he soon smashed against the wall.

In almost a flash, the wall was cracked, split across, like a spider's web. As Bull had fallen to the ground, his body had left behind what appeared to be a terrifying trail of blood, stained upon the wall.

This is extremely frightening! Mr. Henry was extremely frightened, upon witnessing







the turn of events.

Who are these men? Why are they so skilled in martial arts? I've never heard of them before.



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# To Be Continued

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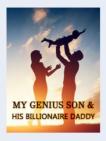
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