

Chapter 901 King Of Single Combat

In the afternoon, Penny and Kylie returned from shopping.

Just when both of them arrived with Nathan at the hotel restaurant, Colin walked over with a man dressed in military uniform.

The man was about thirty years old and had a muscular body and sharp face features. His gaze was exceptionally fearsome.

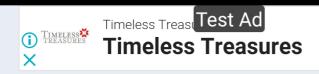
When the man saw Nathan, his face lit up.

Rushing over, he yelled out excitedly, "Ge..."

Before he could finish the word 'General', Colin suddenly cleared his throat.

At Colin's cue, the man seemed to have remembered something and he shouted out, "Nathan!"

The man was none other than Heptakill, one of the Three Tigers under Nathan's command.



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Fang was the best strategist Nathan had. Destroyer was the strongest vanguard under Nathan while Heptakill was the King of Single Combat!

When it came to one-to-one combat, Heptakill had never lost to anyone other than Nathan before.

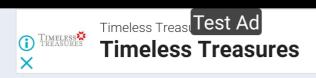
He was known as the King of Single Combat among the North Army and also called King of Martial Arts.

Nathan was delighted to see his favorite captain. Standing up, he held up the kneeling Heptakill and said with a smile, "Good man! Why are you here in the West?"

Heptakill replied, "My Grandma's house is in the West. As I am on holiday to visit my relatives, I took the chance to travel around the region."

Nathan asked with a smile, "I hope I'm not imposing on your visit?"

Heptakill laughed. "I've already visited all



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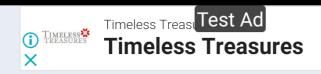


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my relatives and was on my way back to the North. When I heard that you are here in the West, I quickly came over to see you."

Nathan nodded. "Don't return to the North yet. Tomorrow, Lucas Ziegler has invited me over for a drink. Accompany me there."

The General of the West, Lucas Ziegler!

Squinting his eyes, Heptakill's gaze sharpened as he responded spiritedly, "Yes, Sir!"

After that, Nathan introduced Penny and Kylie to Heptakill. He told them, "This is my comrade from the North Army, Heptakill."

To any ordinary person, the name Heptakill would sound strange.

However, both Penny and Kylie did not inquire about it out of respect. Many soldiers kept their identities as a secret. In its place, they would usually use a callsign.

Penny greeted him with a smile, "Hello,

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Heptakill!"

Heptakill replied, "Hi, Penny! Pleasure to meet you."

Meanwhile, Nathan instructed Heptakill and Colin, "Don't be strangers. Sit down and let's eat."

The next day.

Bearing gifts, Fletcher, Mark and Jeremiah led a large group of men towards the West Army's headquarters in their luxury cars.

When they arrived, they realized that the number of soldiers gathered at the entrance today was exceptionally huge.

Battalions upon battalions of heavily armed men was standing at attention. It was a magnificent sight as if they were going to welcome someone very important.

Lucas' right hand man, Chris, was personally standing at the entrance, waiting.

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After Fletcher and his companions alighted from the car, they approached Chris and said with a smile, "General Gore, we are simple businessmen. You don't have to welcome us with such fanfare. You're simply flattering us."

Rolling his eyes at them, he sneered, "Don't let your imaginations run wild. Today, the young General is visiting the army headquarters. General Ziegler has stationed me here to welcome him. That aside, you guys aren't worth my time to be standing here for you."





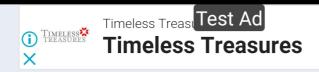
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When Fletcher and the others heard Chris, their smiles froze as they were plunged into extreme embarrassment.

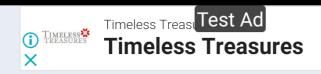
They had wrongly assumed that Chris was there to welcome them!

While Fletcher was feeling awkward, he was also caught by surprise. "You mentioned that you are welcoming the young general. Which one? The General of the North?"

Squinting his eyes, Chris snorted, "Other than the General of the North, how many young generals does our nation have?"

When Fletcher and the others heard that the General of the North, also known as the God of War, would be visiting the base today, they too became excited. They exclaimed, "My God! We're really lucky today to be able to see the General of the North himself!"

Chris smiled knowingly when he heard them. Remaining expressionless, he instructed, "You should quickly go in and



not crowd around here. It would be rude if the General sees you blocking the way."

Fletcher replied immediately, "You're right. Let's head in then. We will wait for the young general together with General Ziegler."

With that, Fletcher entered the army headquarters.

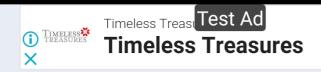
Inside, he saw tens of thousands of soldiers gathered at the training ground.

They were all fully geared up with weapons. Standing at attention, they looked ready to be inspected.

In fact, there was even an inspection platform stationed in front.

Meanwhile, the General of the West, Lucas Ziegler, looked imposing in his Lieutenant General uniform.

Behind him, the Five Tigers of the West, the Unbreakable Eight and the Twenty-Eight Knights stood in an impressive



formation that served to accentuate his commanding presence.

When Fletcher and his companions saw Lucas, they quickly approached him and bowed respectfully. "It's an honor to see you today, General Ziegler!"

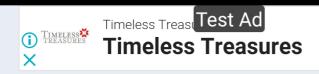
Squinting his narrow eyes, Lucas nodded slightly. "So, you're here."

Forcing a smile, Fletcher added, "Yesterday, you mentioned that you would invite Nathan here to help resolve our problem. Hence, here we are today as you instructed."

Lucas replied with a smile, "I'm aware of the bad blood between you and Nathan."

"However, I would like to know how do you plan to destroy him."

Clenching his teeth, Fletcher answered, "Nathan has killed many of our subordinates and even beat up my son. Also, he claimed that he wants the lives of Mark Zane, Jeremiah Donne and me."



"Furthermore, he even hurt your own guards! His actions are extremely wretched and unforgivable!"

"My opinion is that we capture him and his people and sentence them to death by firing squad. Only then can we placate the people's anger."

Nodding, Mark added, "That's right, we will not rest until Nathan and all of his men are dead."

Jeremiah too muttered, "I strongly plead with you to shoot him on sight!"

Hearing their responses, Lucas tried to hide his smile. "Very well, I understand what you want."

Hearing his answer, Fletcher and his companions were elated as they assumed General Ziegler had acceded to their request.

At that moment, a shout was heard from outside. "The General is here!"

"Fire the cannons!"
Boom!
Boom!
Boom!
One by one, the ceremonial cannons fired in salute, causing the ground to rumble.
"Attention!"
"Salute!"
On the wide expanse of the training ground, tens of thousands of soldiers were neatly divided into square-shaped

On the wide expanse of the training ground, tens of thousands of soldiers were neatly divided into square-shaped formations of thousands of men each. As they clicked their heels at attention and raised their hands in salute, they shouted in unison, "Welcome to the West, General!"

With his best warriors behind him, Lucas raised his head and stared at the figure who was at the other end of the red carpet.

Meanwhile, Fletcher and his companions

tip-toed while trying to catch a glimpse of the general.

All they could see was a young man in a white general's uniform with gold trimmings, strolling down the carpet with his subordinates behind him.

The epaulette on the young man's uniform had a golden national emblem and a sword on it.

He was none other than the General of the North, Nathan Cross.





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When Fletcher and his companions took a closer look at the General's face, they were utterly shocked.

"The ge-ge-general is Nathan!"

At that moment, Fletcher's face turned pale as his head began to spin. With his vision fading, he felt as if he was going to faint anytime.

Meanwhile, when Mark and Jeremiah realized that Nathan was the General of the North, their blood pressure skyrocketed to the extent they almost vomited blood.

Nathan is actually the young general!

Fletcher and his companions felt as if the sky was rumbling and their world was turned upside down.

They didn't even notice the cold sweat that had drenched their clothes.

Pale-faced, they stared at Nathan with trembling lips.



After they triple-checked to verify that the man in the military uniform walking towards them was indeed Nathan, they froze like statues.

Behind Nathan were two of his subordinates. One was Heptakill, who was wearing a major general's uniform, while the other was Colin Dunne, who was in a colonel's uniform.

Behind them, there were eight fearsome warriors in North Army uniform. They were the best soldiers among Nathan's personal guards, the Elite Eight.



The closer Nathan got, the deeper Fletcher's heart sank into despair.

Good God!

They never imagined that the person whom they had messed with turned out to be the General of the North.

He was the man who massacred the nation's enemies, and had always left a pile of bodies in his wake. He had earned



himself the moniker: God of War.

Dear God, why did we offend the devil himself!

It suddenly occurred to Fletcher and his companions that death wasn't so bad after all. They finally understood why the political leaders of the West had ingratiated themselves with Nathan and why Chris had saluted Nathan at the Johnstone Hotel.

The reason was simple. Nathan was the General of the North!

It now made sense as to how Nathan was able to destroy the Furies so easily and how he dared to threaten the Western Chamber of Commerce.

It was because he was the God of War!

Fletcher and his companions could feel their stomachs turning.

If they had known earlier that Zayn was the General's father, they wouldn't have dared



plot to steal the Cross family's businesses and assets for themselves.

But it was all too late now.

Fletcher and his companions felt only despair in their hearts. It's over, it's all over.

At that moment, Lucas led his officers towards Nathan.

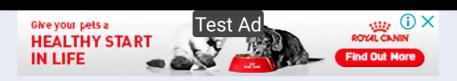
When they arrived in front of him, they saluted.

Nathan and his men saluted Lucas in return.

After completing the military protocol, Lucas' serious expression broke into a smile. Extending his hand, he said, "Haha, General Cross, it's a pleasure to see you again!"

Nathan replied with a smile, "The pleasure is mine, General Ziegler."

When Fletcher and his companions saw Lucas shaking hands with Nathan and



addressing him as General Cross, whatever hope left in their hearts had been snuffed out.

Lucas' words had verified Nathan's identity. There was no doubt now that Nathan was truly the General of the North.

After shaking hands with Lucas, Nathan scanned the surrounding soldiers and smiled, "General Ziegler, I am impressed by the warm welcome the West Army has given me. There are guards of honor and even a cannon salute. You are really an excellent host!"

Lucas replied with a smile, "The citizens of the West are sturdy people, hence martial arts is popular here."

"The men of the West Army love to idolize powerful men."

"The West Army has long admired you for your nickname, the God of War."

"When they heard that you will be paying us a visit, they were overwhelmed with



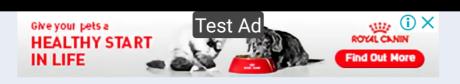
excitement!"

Nathan replied with a smile, "You are exaggerating my talents, but I very much appreciate the respect you have accorded me."

Meanwhile, Colin looked towards Fletcher and his companions on purpose. Feigning surprise, he asked, "Oh, those men are not part of the West Army. Are they also here to welcome General Cross?"

Lucas replied with a smile, "Haha, they attempted to bribe me into capturing all of you and execute you by firing squad."

"I found it interesting, so I pretended to agree to their demands to trick them into coming here. Now, do what you will with them."





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Nathan looked towards Fletcher and his companions.

When the three of them made eye contact with Nathan, they felt their hearts tightened as if a bullet had pierced through it.

Thump!

Thump! Thump!

As their knees buckled, they dropped to the ground one by one, trembling and drenched in sweat.

Looking at Fletcher and his companions, Nathan sneered, "You guys have done it. Not only did you kill my father, but you also seized my family's businesses and assets."

"When you couldn't kill me with your own capabilities, you even asked the General Ziegler to execute me."

Fletcher and his companions trembled as they sprawled on the floor. None of them



managed to speak a word.

Nathan ordered coldly, "Raise your heads and answer me."

As Fletcher lifted his head, his face was covered with tears of fear. In a trembling voice, he answered, "General, we're sorry!"

Nathan sneered at them, "Weren't you very arrogant before this, thinking that you can act on impulse? Why is it that you only realize your mistake now?"

Mark explained in tears, "General, we didn't know Zayn was your father. Or else, we wouldn't have dared to target the Cross family."

Jeremiah too was in tears. "That's right. If we knew you were the General of the North, we definitely would have stayed away."

Nathan's gaze sharpened when he heard their response. As his anger swelled, his voice became colder. "Haha, do you mean that if I wasn't a general, it would then be



alright for you to assassinate my father and send someone to kill me too?"

"If I were an ordinary citizen, my father would have died in vain while my family's assets would be seized just like that. In fact, I would even be dead."

"What did the civilians do wrong to deserve your unscrupulous bullying?"

Unable to respond, Fletcher and his companions kowtowed repeatedly to beg for forgiveness.

However, there was nothing that could change Nathan's mind now. He ordered, "Men, arrest and execute them!"

"Yes, sir!"

The very next moment, the Elite Eight had Fletcher and his companions to their backs.

And then, three gunshots were heard.

Fletcher, Mark, and Jeremiah were dead.



Meanwhile, the rest of their subordinates were completely stunned.

After ordering the execution of Fletcher and his companions, Nathan was still not done yet.

Knowing what's on Nathan's mind, Lucas instructed Chris, "Chris, send three groups of men to surround the Zane, Harvey and Griffin residences. Arrest all their family members and freeze their assets."

"Then, send them to the relevant agencies. The innocent will be released while the guilty will be punished severely."

Chris responded in a deep voice, "Yes, General!"

With that, Chris formed three groups out of six thousand men, who all prepared themselves in a fearsome manner.

The frustration in Nathan's heart was greatly relieved after he had avenged his father.



However, his father was never coming back.

Nevertheless, he knew now wasn't the time to mourn. Regaining his composure, he said to Lucas, "Thank you very much, General Ziegler!"

Lucas shook his head. "We are comrades while Fletcher is an unscrupulous businessman who preys on the weak. Ever since I became aware of it, it is my duty to punish them accordingly. Therefore, you don't have to thank me."

Looking at Nathan, Lucas changed the subject with a smile, "Let's put the unhappy memories behind us. Today, the West Army is going to have a competition to choose The Best Warrior."

"It's a wonderful coincidence that you are here. As the God of War, you can participate in selecting the King of Warriors among the West Army. You can also be in charge of testing their skills."

When Nathan heard the proposal, he



narrowed his eyes.

He was well aware that Lucas was not looking to pick the King of Warriors, it was just a ploy to get his subordinates to fight in front of Nathan.

Lucas still couldn't let go of the fact that Nathan was given the title the God of War and refused to acknowledge that Nathan deserved the title.

With his mouth broadening into a smile, Nathan nodded. "Very well, let me see what the brave men of the West are capable of."





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At the King of Warriors' competition.

Only officers below the rank of general were allowed to participate.

There were more than ten elite warriors who participated in the competition. Finally, a colonel named Stryker emerged as the winner as he outclassed all his opponents with his excellent techniques.

"Congratulations Colonel Stryker for winning the title of King of Warriors of the West Army. May we invite the General of the North to present the medal?"

Applause instantly broke out from the crowd. Lucas and his officers, together with the tens of thousands of soldiers, clapped and cheered for Stryker.

A soldier politely passed the medal to Nathan, so that Nathan, as an important guest from the North, would award it to Colonel Stryker as a sign of encouragement.

Nathan would definitely not refuse the



opportunity to motivate a soldier.

Just when he was about to pin the medal on the colonel, Stryker suddenly stood at attention and saluted.

"Sirs, forgive me for being rude, but may I exchange this medal for something else?"

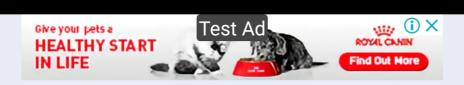
Nathan replied with a smile, "The medal represents a form of honor. It cannot be exchanged for anything else."

"Nevertheless, I am curious as to what you are interested to exchange it with?"

Meanwhile, everyone turned their attention to Stryker.

Raising his head and puffing his chest, he declared with his eyes filled with conviction, "I have always admired the God of War. My dream is to one day be able to spar with him."

"I hope to exchange this medal for a lesson from the God of War himself."



Everyone was shocked to hear Stryker's proposal.

Stryker, the King of Warriors, had just challenged Nathan, the God of War!

Meanwhile, Lucas feigned anger and was the first to protest, "Insolent! Stryker, who do you think you are to challenge the General? Are you trying to overstep your authority?"

Standing straight at attention, Stryker replied aloud, "Sirs, I would not dare to overstep my authority. All I want is just some pointers from the God of War."

Lucas continued in anger, "You're just the King of Warriors and yet dare to challenge the God of War. Aren't you disrespecting the General?"

With his gaze filled with resolve, Stryker replied, "Only a bad soldier would not dream of being a general. Therefore, only true warriors dare to dream of becoming the God of War."



Exasperated, Lucas whipped out his gun and bellowed, "You impudent fellow. I'm going to kill you!"

"General Ziegler, please hold back."

Smirking, Nathan stepped forward to restrain Lucas.

Leaning close to his ear, Nathan muttered, "Lucas, I know you and the King of Warriors are in this together, but your performance is way over the top!"

Lucas' eyes widened in awkward surprise when he heard Nathan.

Turning around, Nathan looked at Stryker with a smile. "Those are some gutsy claims, but you are right. Only true warriors desire to be the God of War."

When Stryker heard Nathan's response, his eyes sparkled with anticipation. He asked, "Would I now have the honor of being shown the ropes by you, sir?"

Nathan replied with a smile, "Yes!"



"You're a colonel and the King of Warriors. Therefore, I shall pick someone of similar rank and level for you to spar with."

"If you win, I will personally spar with you."

Lucas' face lit up when he heard that.

Meanwhile, the tens of thousands of soldiers cheered in excitement.

The West Army and North Army had always been competitive rivals, with neither ever acknowledging the other.

Since there never was an opportunity for them to officially compete against each other, everyone was enthusiastic about this rare event.

After all, they could now finally settle the debate on who was stronger once and for all.

Stryker was filled with excitement when he heard that he would have the chance to face Nathan, as long as he defeated the King of Warriors of the North.



If he could also defeat Nathan, he would not only bring glory to the West Army but also be famous throughout the entire world.

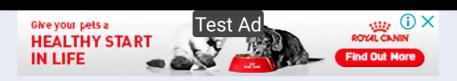
Overwhelmed with fighting spirit, he replied eagerly, "Alright, may I know who is the King of Warriors of the North?"

With a smile, Nathan called out, "Colin Dunne!"

Dressed in a colonel's uniform, Colin strode out and acknowledged Nathan's call. "Here, sir!"

Nathan replied with a smile, "Spar with Colonel Stryker. Remember, it's a friendly contest so don't hurt him."

Shooting Stryker a glance, Colin nodded in earnest. "Yes, General!"



All the soldiers present looked at each other in shock.

Meanwhile, Stryker was pissed. As they were both Kings of Warriors, what gave Nathan the right to assume that Colin could hurt him? Wasn't that too presumptuous of Nathan?

It is unforgivable!

Suppressing his anger, Stryker walked to the center of the ring with all preparedness to fight Colin.

Meanwhile, Lucas' interest was piqued given that Nathan agreed to Stryker's request even though he had seen through their agenda. It was obvious to him that the warriors of the North Army were also keen to show their strengths to the West Army.

Getting into his battle stance, Stryker squinted his eyes and called out, "Let's do this!"

Colin grunted, "Alright!"



The moment he answered, Colin was already charging forward with his fist preparing to launch at Stryker.

Stryker too threw out his punch, as he wanted to test the power behind Colin's fist.

Bang!

Their fists clashed head-on!

Feeling the sting in his arm, Stryker was startled. There's a lot of explosive power in his punch!



After the first clash, Colin continued attacking relentlessly.

When real warriors fight, the battle would be decided in a blink of an eye instead of being drawn out.

Colin rained punches and kicks on his opponent in typical military battle style. Every move was deadly enough to kill.

Very quickly, his punches broke through



Stryker's defense. Then, he followed up with a kick from mid-air that hit Stryker right in the chest.

As a result, Stryker was sent flying backwards by seven to eight meters. As he struggled to stand on his feet, he couldn't help but throw up a mouthful of blood.

After vomiting, he managed to clear out the blood in his airway that was choking him. Only then was he able to breathe smoothly again.

Although he remained defiant in spirit, his body was hurt to the extent he couldn't continue the fight. Reluctantly, he surrendered, "I yield!".

The tens of thousands of soldiers were in an uproar.

Their newly selected King of Warriors was easily defeated by Colin. They found it extremely humiliating.

Meanwhile, a man clad in a Major General's uniform stepped out with a



solemn expression. He was one of the Five Tigers of the West, Leo Hunt. He declared, "Colin, let me test my skills against you."

Just as he spoke, Heptakill walked out.

Also a Major General, Heptakill coldly said, "It's inappropriate for a soldier to face a general. Therefore, General Hunt, I will be your opponent."

When Leo saw that Stryker was defeated, he wanted to redeem the West Army's reputation.

Now that Heptakill volunteered to fight him, he sneered, "Very well. This way, I won't be accused of picking on the weak."

Heptakill countered, "I'm just worried that you will be embarrassed when you lose to a lower-ranked officer."

In the match between Colin and Stryker, they still managed to keep it civil.

However, with Leo and Heptakill, the gloves were off as they were dead serious



in defeating their opponent.

Meanwhile, the crowd could feel the competitive atmosphere grow increasingly intense and exciting.

Gesturing with his fingers, Leo barked, "Come on!"

Heptakill bellowed in response, "Let's do this!"

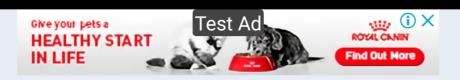
Boom!

Suddenly, the rocky ground below Heptakill cracked open.

Just like a cannonball, he launched himself towards Leo.

Leo's pupils constricted as he focused all his attention on the opponent. Then, he sprang out like a tiger to intercept Heptakill's attack. His speed was so fast that all everyone could see was an afterimage.

Bang!



Chapter 906 The Fight

Both of them exchanged plenty of punches and kicks before breaking apart.

Leo scoffed, "Ha, I expected a lot more from the one known as the King of Fighters!"

Smiling smugly, Heptakill responded, "Is that so?"

Whoosh!

Charging at Leo again, Heptakill whipped his leg in Leo's direction.

The kick was as swift as lightning.

Meanwhile, Leo raised both his hands to block.

Bam!

Heptakill's kick pushed Leo to the side by a few meters.

Trying his best to suppress the blood swelling up in his chest, Leo was both shocked and puzzled. He wondered how



Chapter 906 The Fight

Heptakill managed to increase both his speed and power so tremendously.

Or perhaps, this was his actual ability after all!

Seizing the very moment when Leo was in shock, Heptakill slipped in front of him like a shadow.

Then, just like a hurricane, he sent flying kicks and spinning elbows at Leo, every attack deadly enough to maim.

Meanwhile, Leo was like a canoe swept up in a cyclone as he shielded himself from the barrage of attacks. Despite his best efforts, Heptakill smashed through his defense and managed to land a devastating punch on his chest.

With a loud grunt, Leo was pushed back by six or seven steps. Licking his lips, he realized that blood was oozing out from the corner of his mouth.

Despite his injuries, he remained defiant and wanted to continue fighting.



Chapter 906 The Fight

However, Lucas intervened and ordered, "Leo, enough. You have lost."

With that, Leo suppressed his dissatisfaction and hung his head in shame. "Yes, General!"

Turning towards Nathan, Lucas complimented, "General Cross, your subordinates are highly skilled indeed!"

"Your King of Warriors defeated mine, while your Tiger General did the same. So, what do you think we should do?"

"Tell you what, why don't both of us commanders have a sparring match too?"



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Nathan shook his head, "It's not a good idea."

Lucas widened his eyes in surprise. "Are you afraid?"

Nathan nodded. "I'm afraid you will blame me when you lose in front of your men."

Hearing that, Lucas' pupils dilated in anger. "Nathan, based on those words alone, I must fight you to determine who is truly stronger!"

Nathan was the Commander-in-chief of the North Army while Lucas was the Commander-in-chief of the West Army.

Both of them were responsible for defending their respective regions of the nation.

The upcoming fight between the two commanders caused the crowd to go wild.

Everyone, including the soldiers of the West Army and Nathan's subordinates, was filled with excitement as they knew it



was going to be a grand spectacle.

Shortly, Lucas was already standing in the center of the training ground with a commanding presence while Nathan stood opposite him, giving out a heroic vibe.

Smiling smugly, Nathan called out, "General Ziegler, let's do this!"

Lucas roared, "Here I come!"

As he spoke, the granite floor beneath Lucas started to crack and sink.

Just like a cannonball, he exploded towards Nathan and threw a punch towards his chest.

His body flew ahead like a diving dragon while his fist had the power of a tank, carrying a fearsome amount of destructive power.

Tilting his body to the side, Nathan managed to avoid Lucas' punch.



However, Lucas' reflexes were as quick as lightning. In mid-air still, he twisted his torso to change direction and spun his elbow towards Nathan's face like a knife.

Raising his hand, Nathan blocked the attack with ease.

Following up, Lucas dropped his body back and launched a sweeping kick upward at Nathan's head.

Shielding himself with his right hand, Nathan managed to block another deadly kick.

Lucas' fighting style was typical of military hand-to-hand combat.

His movements were quick and brutal, without an ounce of grace in them.

Every attack of his was textbook-like and aimed at the opponent's vital organs. They solely relied on his speed and strength to annihilate the enemy.

Although the style appeared simple, it was



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Following up, Lucas dropped his body back and launched a sweeping kick upward at Nathan's head.

Shielding himself with his right hand, Nathan managed to block another deadly kick.

Lucas' fighting style was typical of military hand-to-hand combat.

His movements were quick and brutal, without an ounce of grace in them.

Every attack of his was textbook-like and aimed at the opponent's vital organs. They solely relied on his speed and strength to annihilate the enemy.

Although the style appeared simple, it was



extremely deadly when deployed on the battlefield. It enabled the soldier to defeat the enemy with a single strike.

Furthermore, Lucas had tons of battle experience. It enabled him to maintain tactical superiority as he unleashed his devastating attacks.

Also, between his advances and retreats, there was no gaps for his opponents to exploit.

After exchanging a few attacks, Nathan couldn't help but feel impressed by Lucas' technique.

Although Lucas only used half his strength, he didn't manage to even touch Nathan. That was when he realized that Nathan's title as the God of War was well deserved.

As his bloodlust was invigorated by how strong Nathan was, he decided to go all out and unleash all of his most devastating skills.



With Lucas at maximum power, the granite floor was at the brunt of his attacks. It was either stomped into pieces or had its debris swept up along with his kicks.

The tens of thousands of soldiers who were watching were gripped in excitement.

After all, General Ziegler was a legendary fighter. His skills and technique were both deadly and devastating.

All the soldiers of the West Army were confident that Nathan would not be able to withstand Lucas' attacks.

Even Heptakill, Colin and the Elite Eight were a little worried as Lucas was a really formidable opponent.

However, deep down, they still had full confidence in Nathan.

To them, Nathan was the undisputed God of War.

The God of War was invincible and naturally had no equal.



As the soldiers watched on, they only saw Lucas attack relentlessly while Nathan continued to defend without counterattacking.

They thought that Nathan was so overwhelmed by the attacks that he couldn't fight back. As they grew increasingly excited, they began to chant, "Dragon! Dragon! Dragon!"

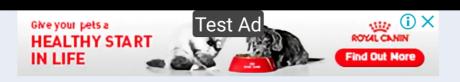
Within the army, Lucas was known as the Dragon of the West.

Every time he went into battle in person, his subordinates would chant this holy title of his!

The soldiers of the West were overwhelmed with excitement.

Meanwhile, Lucas was puzzled. Nathan defended with ease and yet didn't attack at all. It was obvious that Nathan wasn't going all out.

As Lucas continued his attacks, he muttered, "Nathan, why are you not



attacking? Are you looking down on me?"



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Nathan planned not to damage Lucas' reputation in front of his men by fighting Lucas to a draw.

However, Lucas seemed to be angry.

From the perspective of a warrior, not going all out against an opponent was considered an insult.

Nathan replied, "Alright, General Ziegler. I'm sorry."

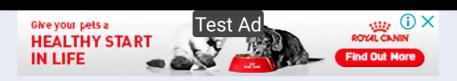
With that, Nathan's otherwise nonchalant expression turned into a serious one.

His previously relaxed gaze also sharpened considerably.

The vibe he was giving out changed drastically to one that was sharp and edgy.

Nathan's change set off alarm bells in Lucas.

He had a dangerous feeling as if he were being hunted by a beast.



"Argh!"

Under the immense pressure from Nathan's murderous intent, Lucas was overwhelmed by the bellicose desire within him. Letting out a roar, he charged at Nathan aggressively.

Meanwhile, Nathan threw out a punch to intercept the incoming punch from Lucas.

Bam!

As their fists clashed, a loud rumble reverberated throughout the military base.

Unmoved from where he was, Nathan was steady as a mountain. However, the ground beneath him started cracking like spiderwebs.

Meanwhile, Lucas was pushed back a few meters, leaving a trail of footprints on the granite floor.

Before he could steady himself, Nathan had caught up to him and executed a barrage of attacks just like a tsunami.



In the face of the attacks, Lucas was like a helpless boat within the tsunami. After defending against the first few attacks, he was soon completely overwhelmed.

With his defenses broken, Nathan landed a controlled punch at Lucas' abdomen.

Nevertheless, Lucas felt as if all his organs were about to explode and almost threw up last night's dinner.

But he managed to forcibly suppress his urge to puke.

At that point, he saw that Nathan had no desire to continue fighting. With an upset and disappointed expression, he declared, "I lost!"

When all the soldiers saw that Nathan had beat Lucas and Lucas had personally admitted defeat, they were both stunned and disappointed.

On the other side, Heptakill, Colin and the Elite Eight were filled with excitement and admiration for Nathan.



They thought to themselves that being the God of War, Nathan naturally would have no equal in combat.

Patting Lucas on the shoulder, Nathan said calmly, "Lucas, winning and losing is part of the game. More importantly, we shouldn't be discouraged by defeat.
Therefore, you shouldn't dwell on it."

Looking at Nathan who didn't even break a sweat, it wasn't difficult for Lucas to surmise that Nathan had beaten him without using his true power.

It made him even more depressed.

At the same time, he couldn't help but ask Nathan in curiosity, "General, when we were sparring, I knew you weren't going all out. So, tell me how much strength were you using, eighty percent?"

Nathan remained silent.

Feeling increasingly upset, Lucas asked again, "Sixty percent?"



Nathan just smiled in response.

Lucas' face was all red now as he inquired further, "My God! Don't tell me that you defeated me with only fifty percent of your power?"

Nathan replied with a smile, "Lucas, stop asking!"

Hearing Nathan's response and looking at his expression, Lucas surmised that Nathan defeated him with less than fifty percent of his strength.

"F***, you really are a monster!" Lucas couldn't help but swear.

Nathan replied with a smile, "Lucas, you invited me for a drink but I haven't seen one until now. All I've seen is one scheme of yours after another."

Hearing that, Lucas laughed in response. "Haha, I just wanted to see how strong the God of War really is!"

"But now, I regret doing so. I shouldn't have



let my curiosity get the better of me."

"Your title as the God of War is well deserved. I now acknowledge your strength."

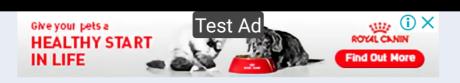
When the soldiers of the West saw how convinced Lucas was with Nathan's abilities, they too looked at Nathan in admiration.

As the people of the West were sturdy folk, they appreciated martial arts a lot. Hence, the soldiers of the West Army idolized strong men.

Nathan Cross, the God of War, was now the most powerful person they knew.

Meanwhile, Lucas instructed loudly, "Men, prepare the banquet. I want to do challenge the General to see who is better at drinking!"

"Yes, General!"





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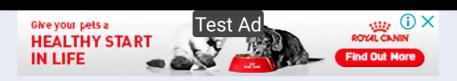


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During the banquet, Lucas personally led his men to toast Nathan.

When Lucas challenged Nathan earlier, he was easily defeated.

Now, he wanted challenge Nathan again at drinking. In fact, all his subordinates were clamoring to have a toast with Nathan, so that they could all get him drunk.

Nathan didn't refuse any of them and drank with anyone who approached. After two rounds with everyone, he still looked just as fresh.

Lucas and his subordinates were stunned at how much Nathan could actually drink!

As they drank on and on, Lucas became worried that he would collapse first before Nathan was even drunk.

Finally, the banquet ended after everyone had their fun.

While already woozy, Lucas personally walked Nathan back to the entrance of the



base.

He said with a smile, "Nathan, I have never acknowledged you and your band of young upstarts in the army. But after today, I am utterly convinced of your strength."

"However, don't start resting on your laurels yet. We, the West Army, myself included, will double our training so that we can compete again next time."

Nathan replied with a smile, "Very well. We, the North Army, will be willing to work together with the West Army to improve ourselves!"

In response to Nathan's extended right hand, Lucas declared, "Everything we do is for the sake of our country!"

ClapI

As both their hands clasped tightly together, Nathan replied, "That's right. We will strive harder for our nation!"

Meanwhile, as Leo and the officers saw



what was unfolding before them, they too raised their right hand in salute. In unison, they shouted, "We would like to thank the General and his officers for coming!"

Heptakill, Colin and the Elite Eight stood at attention as they saluted back. "Thank you for your kind hospitality. Till we meet again."

The Blue Sky Hotel was a five-star hotel situated in the outskirts of the West.

There, Penny, Kylie, and a group of seniors from the Cross Group had been waiting in the hotel's VIP reception hall. They were beginning to feel restless after having waited for a long time.

Today, they were supposed to meet Helmut Hoch, the president of Hoch Group. They planned to appoint Helmut as the official distributor for the Cross Group's liver cancer vaccine.

Both sides had agreed to meet in the morning to negotiate the deal.



However, there was still no sign of Helmut despite him claiming earlier that he would be late. After waiting for the whole morning, Helmut had yet to arrive.

When Penny and Kylie were about to leave angrily after running out of patience, they heard a voice coming from outside the room.

"Haha, I'm here! Sorry for making you pretty ladies wait for so long."

At that moment, Penny and the others thought that it was Helmut who had finally arrived.

However, they didn't expect to see Edmund Harvey, who was dressed in a suit with his head wrapped in bandage. He had arrived in a gloating mood together with his subordinates.

Unsure of what was going on, Penny inquired, "Why are you here? Where's President Hoch?"

Edmund replied with a smile, "President



Hoch has agreed to allow me the opportunity to work with you after I had a discussion with him and offered him some incentives."

"Therefore, my objective here is to negotiate the deal. Haha."

Hearing that, Penny was both surprised and angry. She had not expected Helmut to have sold them out.

As Kylie widened her eyes and raised her eyebrows, she scolded Edmund, "You're a daring one! Even after being taught a painful lesson by my brother-in-law, how dare you come here and bother my cousin again?"

Meanwhile, Penny nodded in agreement and said coldly, "That's right. There's still time for you to leave now. Or else when my husband comes, I'm afraid he will make your life miserable again."

When Edmund and his men saw that Penny and Kylie were using Nathan to scare them, they exchanged glances and



broke into a hearty laugh.

"Hahaha!"

As Penny and the others were puzzled, her expression turned solemn. "What are you laughing at?"

Edmund sneered, "Haha, I surmise that Nathan is probably in big trouble now; he might even lose his life anytime."

"It's naive of you to still think that he would come and save you, Haha."





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