

Harold's eyes widened when he heard those words.

In the next instant, he guffawed loudly. "Hahaha! How much alcohol did you take to be this drunk? Men, get him!"

His men immediately moved to obey his order.

Suddenly, eight strongly-built men in black suits appeared out of nowhere and stood protectively in front of Nathan. They hollered, "Who would dare do anything!"

It was none other than the Elite Eight.

Harold scoffed when he saw them. "Oh, so you have some lackeys as well. No wonder you're so cocky. Take them all!"

"Yes. Sir!"

The soldiers advanced toward Nathan, Colin, and the Elite Eight without hesitation, thinking it would be easy to capture them all.



Nathan's lips twitched upward in an indulgent smile. "Colin, these men are General Ziegler's National Guards. Why don't you all test their skills?"

Immediately, Colin and the Elite Eight's eyes gleamed with anticipation.

The reason was incredibly simple.

Having achieved many great feats in the battles up north, Nathan had been dubbed the God of War.

However, not everybody was happy with this development. One of those people was the commander-in-chief of the West Army, Lucas Ziegler.

Several times, Lucas had publicly expressed his displeasure at Nathan's title, saying he wanted to have a battle with Nathan to see who was the real God of War.

Nathan did not bother to comment on this matter, not even once.



Some people reasoned that he only had public interest at heart and would not fight over something as silly as a title.

Others thought he was disdainful of Lucas and did not think him a worthy enough opponent to fight.

It did not matter what the real reason was. There was one fact that everyone in the military knew——Lucas Ziegler of the West was unconvinced of the abilities of Nathan Cross of the North.

Colin and the Elite Eight were probably Nathan's staunchest supporters in the North Army. To them, he was practically a god and they worshipped him as such.

All of them were ready to throw their lives away at a moment's notice to protect Nathan.

In their eyes, he was absolute: nobody was allowed to humiliate or insult him.

Nathan might not have minded Lucas's comments, but the Elite Eight sure as hell



did.

For a long time, they had been itching to compete with the West Army to see who had better skills. Unfortunately, they never had that chance.

Yet today seemed to be their lucky day! General Ziegler's National Guards had come to arrest Nathan. Even better, Nathan actually gave them permission to fight the National Guards!

At that moment, Colin and the Elite Eight were practically vibrating with excitement as they mentally vowed to teach those impudent punks a lesson.

This was not just any normal match.

This was a battle for their very honor!

On the other hand, Harold's men were blissfully unaware that the men before them were their mortal enemies.

They thought Colin and the rest were just ordinary bodyguards and were jeering as



they made light of the situation.

"Heh! These bodyguards actually think they're a match for us! How foolish and arrogant!"

"Boys, take it easy on them, eh? We don't want to accidentally kill them."

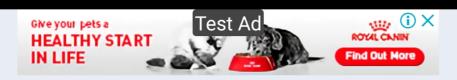
"Hahaha! Hey, you pieces of trash, just roll over like the dogs you are and surrender!"

Harold watched with a cold smile as his thirty men lunged toward Nathan's "bodyguards".

Contrary to his expectations, they did not seem the slightest bit afraid. Indeed, they even seemed eager and surged forward to meet his men.

Hm? Harold was confused and uttered a soft sound.

Within seconds, the two sides clashed. Next, eight of his men were downed by the Elite Eight.



Huh?

The smile vanished from his face; shock took over.

Nathan's eight bodyguards had knocked out eight of his men in one blow!

What the f**k is going on here?

His men were part of the National Guards under General Ziegler. They were supposed to be the elites, the best of the best handpicked from the West Army. So why did they seem so weak before Nathan's men?



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The rest of Harold's men shouted to each other, "Damn, get serious!"

"Be careful, boys! These guys are tough!"

"Don't hold back! Teach these b*stards a lesson they'll never forget! Our honor as the West Army demands it!"

Infinitely more cautious now that eight of their own were out for the count, the soldiers threw themselves at the Elite Eight again.

Unfortunately, despite the fact they went all out, they were still not the Elite Eight's equals. One by one, they dropped like flies.

This outcome had Harold's eyes growing wide in surprise as he growled furiously, "You b*stards actually dared to hurt my men? I'll kill you!"

With that said, he reached for the gun at his belt.

In the blink of an eye, Colin appeared in front of Harold.



Grabbing his opponent's hand, Colin narrowed his eyes as he sneered, "Reaching for your gun is cheating!"

Harold took in the muscular build of Colin and the fighting style the Elite Eight were using. He realized it was the sort of combat style taught in the army. In fact, they were almost textbook perfect in their execution of the fighting moves. Only then did he guess Nathan's bodyguards were all ex-military.

The realization had him holstering his gun before he pried Colin's fingers off his hand. "And where the hell did you posers come from? You wanna fight using military combat skills? Fine, I'll show you what a real military man can do!"

Dashing toward Colin, he swung his fist out in a punch.

"Bring it on!" Colin taunted before he darted forward to meet the colonel, letting his own fist fly.

Thud!









The two fists collided.

The impact forced Harold to stagger back several steps before he managed to steady himself.

By contrast, Colin did not even flinch; he remained rooted to the ground.

Shock shone in Harold's eyes. His entire right arm was numb and his knuckles were starting to swell.

Opposite him, Colin seemed completely unfazed as he grinned. "That was fun. Again!"

With that, he lunged toward Harold like a tiger pouncing on a lamb.

Just where the hell did Cross even find these fearsome men!

Harold knew he was in a tight spot. With Johann and the other leaders watching, he would be shaming not just himself but General Ziegler as well if he lost.



Left with no choice, he steeled himself and let out a loud roar, running to meet Colin.

The two men clashed like two fierce tigers. Their limbs were a blur as they attacked each other in a flurry of kicks and punches.

Despite Harold's considerable prowess, he was just no match for Colin.

In three quick jabs, Colin had broken past Harold's defense and pressed forward to ram his elbow into the colonel's chest.

Wham!

Harold's face instantly whitened as he stumbled back a few steps. Blood trickled from the corner of his lips, showing that he was definitely suffering from internal injuries.

Colin did not press on. Instead, he commanded haughtily, "Yield!"

Everyone present was astounded at what had happened. All thirty of Harold's men



were beaten by the Elite Eight while the colonel himself was injured by Colin!

Johann, who was aware that Colin and his group were the General's National Guards, was understandably less shocked.

But for those not in the know, they were floored.

Upon hearing that one word from Colin's lips, Harold knew he was defeated. Enraged, he reached for his gun again.

Colin, who had spotted his movement, also moved his hand to his back.

He also had a gun holstered behind him. If the other man dared to aim his gun at Nathan, he would not hesitate in shooting the colonel dead.

Colin was more than confident in his marksmanship.

Right then, Nathan stated harshly, "That's enough! Harold Harvey, stop your embarrassing shenanigans. You are



reflecting poorly on Lucas Ziegler."

Harold's whole body jerked in response and he looked at Nathan with a befuddled expression.

Nathan's muscular figure stood tall, staring with eyes as dark and deep as ocean trenches. Not a hint of emotion could be seen in those black pools.

There was an imposing air around him, an aura that commanded respect.

Just who is Nathan Cross? He must be some important figure, right? Why else would he dare to address General Ziegler by his full name? Why else would his men be so powerful?

Gritting his teeth, Harold grudgingly returned his gun to its holster. He spat hatefully, "Nathan Cross, you have a lot of guts. This isn't over between us; just you wait!"

"Retreat!" he barked at his injured men before fleeing the scene with their tails



between their legs.



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Now that the entire fiasco was over, Johann and the various leaders bade their goodbyes and left.

Nathan, Penny, and Kylie returned to their hotel suite.

They had only just stepped inside the living room when Penny could not hold back any longer. She asked worriedly, "Nathan, who were those people earlier? Why did they want to arrest you?"

"Those men are from the military. Fletcher Harvey must have contacted them for help to deal with me." he answered with a smile.

Even more concerned now, Penny suggested, "Nathan, maybe we should ask the mayor to look into the case. You should probably stop involving yourself in these things. I feel like Fletcher Harvey and the others are too influential here in the West. It worries me that they're even able to get the military to come after you."

Nathan's voice replied softly, "The Chamber of Commerce of the West has



been around for many years. Their reach spans the entire West with connections everywhere, be it the military, politics, or even the underworld. The mayor was only recently appointed here. With him having to answer to the governor, there are still limitations on what he can do. That's why only I can handle this business with the Chamber of Commerce."

At this point, he paused and gave her a comforting reassurance. "Don't worry. Your husband is now the head of the Cross family. While the Chamber of Commerce of the West did much damage to our family, we're not yet completely helpless. Besides, I have connections in the military, too. I'll deal with Fletcher and the rest myself. Please don't worry, Penny."

Penny wrapped her arms around him and buried her head in his chest, whispering, "You know, after everything that's happened, my family is the most important thing to me. Please promise me you'll be careful. I'm so scared something will happen to you."



"Relax, I'll be fine. I still owe you a magnificent wedding ceremony, and we still need to have a son together!" he murmured with a grin.

In an instant, her face flushed bright red. She hissed, "Kylie's just over there! Don't you have the slightest bit of shame?"

Sitting on a nearby couch playing with her phone, Kylie shook her head. "Lalala, I don't hear anything! I don't know anything! You two can just continue. Don't mind me!"

If that was even possible, Penny's face turned even redder. She darted over to tickle Kylie in revenge, saying, "You weirdo!"

Giggling madly, the two women were soon engrossed in a tickle fight.

Shaking his head in exasperation, Nathan left the ladies and went to take a shower.

In the living room of the Harvey family home.



Fletcher, Mark, and Jeremiah were staring with wide eyes and open mouths as they finished listening to a report of the earlier events.

Mark repeated dumbly, "Did you just say Captain Harvey brought thirty of his men there, only to get their asses kicked by the Cross bodyguards?"

The underling who had come to report added in a meek voice, "Yeah. Cross's bodyguards were just too strong! Even Captain Harvey was injured!"

Everyone present gasped.

Harold and his men had been personally handpicked by General Ziegler to be part of the National Guards. They were supposed to be the elites, so why were they no match for Nathan's bodyguards?

Jeremiah's brows were tightly furrowed as he fretted. "My goodness, if even Captain Harvey could not defeat Cross, how are we supposed to do that?"



Fletcher started to chuckle, causing the other two men to stare at him oddly.

"Mr. Harvey, why are you laughing?"

Smiling with crinkled eyes, he replied, "I'm laughing because that punk has just brought the wrath of God upon himself."

His words stupefied the rest. Jeremiah questioned, "Mr. Harvey, care to explain?"

"Everybody knows that if there's one thing General Ziegler is known for—other than his fearsome combat abilities—is that he's incredibly protective of those he deems his. Cross actually had the guts to harm Harold and his National Guards. When the general finds out about this, there's no way he'll let Cross go," Fletcher explained smugly.

As the understanding dawned on the others, they exulted, "Hahaha! You're so very right, Mr. Harvey. There's no escape for Cross this time!"



The military truck carrying Harold and his men rumbled back toward the base.

They had barely made it through the gates of the base when they were halted by a convoy consisting of a red luxury sedan and three Jeeps.

The backdoor of the luxury sedan opened and a burly man in his late thirties stepped out. He had thick bushy eyebrows and a broad face.

It was none other than the commander-inchief of three hundred thousand soldiers of the West, Lucas Ziegler!

Lucas was born in one of the West's powerful families and enrolled in the army at a very young age. Since then, it had only been promotion after promotion for him as he climbed the ranks rapidly due to his superior fighting abilities.

Not even forty years old and he was already the General of the West.

Along with Nathan Cross, the General of



the North, a lot of people liked to call them the nation's two greatest bulwarks for their contributions to the safety of the nation.

As such, his position and status in the army were practically on par with Nathan's.

When the truck driver caught sight of Lucas, he hurriedly put on the brakes.

Harold and his men hastily exited the vehicle, standing ramrod straight as they gave their general a salute.
Simultaneously, they called out, "Greetings, General!"

Lucas was about to ask Harold where they had gone when he noticed how exhausted all of them looked. Not only that, but they were also all injured as well.

A stern look appeared on his face as he asked, "What were all of you doing? Are there enemies invading from the West?"

Harold and his men bowed their heads in shame, muttering, "No."



Words could not describe the aggrievement they were feeling. They were the National Guards of the West, yet they had their asses kicked by Nathan's bodyguards. If word got out about that, it would be even more humiliating than losing a battle with foreign armies.

Frowning, Lucas demanded, "If the enemy is not invading, what happened? Why are you injured?"

They shifted uneasily but nobody dared to speak up.

His expression darkened and he ordered in a displeased tone, "Harold, answer me."

In a shaky voice, Harold said, "Sir, we got into a fight with some men."

Lucas's brows tightened momentarily. His tone was calm when he pressed, "Did you win or lose?

Trembling all over, Harold reluctantly murmured, "We l-lost..."



Whoosh!

Lucas's booted foot flashed up to kick Harold in the chest hard, sending him flying back eight meters before slamming onto the ground. The colonel's features were twisted in a grimace of pain.

"You useless pieces of trash! You really think you're all that just because you won a few small battles? How dare you leave the base without permission? And for what, to get into a fight with others? What makes all this even more f**ked up is that you b*stards actually lost! You not only shamed the West Army, but you've shamed me as well!" Lucas roared in rage.

Cowed, Harold and his men shrank back in terror.

Turning to the men standing beside him, Lucas ordered, "Men, throw these pieces of shit into confinement for three days!"

"Yes, Sir!"

Thus, Harold and his men were dragged



away for their punishment.

Still pissed off, Lucas shouted, "Chris!"

Instantly, a man with the rank of Major General appeared before him. Snapping a salute, the younger man bellowed, "At your command, Sir!"

Narrowing his eyes, Lucas ordered, "Bring some men with you and capture the people who injured Harold and the rest of our men."

"Sir, yes, Sir!" Chris responded loudly.



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In no time at all, Fletcher, Mark, and Jeremiah heard about Lucas sending Chris to capture Nathan.

Immediately, they gathered their own men and rushed to Johnstone Hotel. They wanted to be present when Nathan was brought to justice. In fact, they were even hoping that he would be executed on the spot by Chris.

By the time they arrived at the hotel, the entire vicinity was swarming with fully-armed soldiers.

Fletcher and his group hurried forward to ask one of the soldiers how things were going, only to be met by the guns of nearby soldiers.

One of the soldiers hollered, "We're under orders from General Ziegler to capture someone. All you irrelevant persons stay away, or we'll arrest you as well!"

Despite getting shouted at by the soldier, Fletcher and the rest laughed gleefully.



"Looks like General Ziegler is really pissed off this time. Even the men he sent here are mad as hell. Cross is so very dead!" Fletcher exclaimed smugly.

At the same time, Chris had ordered his men to lock down the hotel before he brought a hundred of his best fighters with him inside. They would be heading upstairs to nab Nathan.

Unexpectedly, Nathan was already waiting for him in the lounge of the hotel lobby.

Colin and the Elite Eight were standing nearby, their posture stiff and tensed.

Within seconds, Chris's men had surrounded the lounge area. One hundred submachine guns pointed at Nathan and his men.

Chris sauntered forward, glancing at Nathan, who was smoking calmly.

Curling his lips in a cold smirk, Chris stated, "Heh! You allowed your bodyguards to beat up the General's National Guards,



yet you have the audacity to sit here smoking? Men, drag that punk here and give him a good whipping before arresting him."

Nathan stared at the Major General before he answered with a half-smile, "Arrest me? You're not worthy!"

"I'm not worthy?" Chris snarled, "I don't care who the f**k you are, I'm gonna beat your ass today and then drag you back with me!"

With that said, Chris pulled out his gun and advanced toward Nathan menacingly.

Nathan took out a military officer ID before speaking in a hard tone, "Open your damn eyes and see what this is."

He tossed the ID at Chris, smacking him in the face.

Chris instinctively grabbed the ID as his face throbbed with pain. His temper sparked and he was about to act on it when he registered what he was holding.



He went still in surprise.

Infuriated, the surrounding soldiers shouted, "You dare throw something at Major-General Gore? Die!"

Hurriedly raising his hand in a "stop" gesture, Chris yelled, "Wait!"

The soldiers shot him looks of confusion, wondering why he had ordered them to halt.

Ignoring them, Chris carefully opened the little booklet. When he saw Nathan's photo inside, he was absolutely stunned.

Nathan was wearing a general

's uniform.

Name: Nathan Cross

Division: North Army

Title: Commander-in-chief of the North

Army



Rank: General

Boom!

Chris's mind went blank when he finished reading the document.

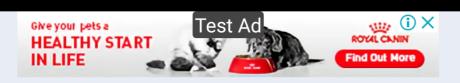
Oh, sh*t!

The strongly-built man before him was actually the General of the North Army!

Despair and terror fought for dominance on Chris's face as he stared at Nathan. Now he knew why his opponent was completely unfazed by their presence.

He could also understand how Harold and his men lost so badly to Nathan's men.

How could they not? Colin and the rest were the personal guards of the General of the North!





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Looking at Chris who was filled with shock, Nathan asked with a grin, "Do you still want to capture me and beat me up?"

Chris responded with silence. However, frustration began to grow among his subordinates. "Damn it, we have surrounded the hotel and have hundreds of submachine guns trained on him. How dare he speak with such insolence?"

"Drag him out and break his legs!"

The next moment, a few heavily armed soldiers of the West Army approached Nathan.

Chris bellowed instantly, "B*stards, stop where you are!"

Raising his hand, he gave every subordinate who had taken action on their own accord a forceful slap.

Together with the ones who were slapped, the other soldiers were dumbfounded

Rubbing their painful faces, the soldiers



who were slapped looked at Chris quizzically. "Major General, what are..."

As he pointed at Nathan, Chris yelled out to his men, "Do you know who he is?"

"He is the commander-in-chief of the three hundred thousand strong North Army, the General of the North, Nathan Cross!"

What?

The General of the North!

All the soldiers of the West Army were astounded and gaped at Nathan in disbelief.

They had only seen his picture before in the military newsletters.

However, in those pictures, he was in uniform and had a commanding presence. Compared to how he looked now in civilian clothing, the contrast was indeed surprising.

Hence, despite Chris declaring that Nathan



was a general, the soldiers were still unconvinced, and couldn't help but ask, "Major General Gore, is he really the General of the North?"

Shooting an angry glare at the soldier who spoke out, Chris fumed, "You idiot! How can there be a fake general? This is a huge misunderstanding. Apologize at once!"

With that, Chris and his men lowered their weapons and tidied up their uniforms.

"Attention!"

At Chris's command, the hundreds of soldiers behind him clicked their heels and stood at attention.

"Salute!"

With another command, Chris and his men raised their hands to their heads in unison, saluting Nathan.

Without looking away, they shouted spiritedly in one voice, "Good day, Sir!"



Nodding slightly, Nathan smiled. "Comrades of the West, good day to you, too."

As Chris and his men were still wide-eyed in shock, they answered with awkward expressions, "Reporting for duty, Sir!"

Nathan laughed. "Do you still want to capture me and beat me up?"

Embarrassed, Chris replied, "Sir, it was just a huge misunderstanding. General Ziegler wasn't aware it was you, or else this wouldn't have happened in the first place."

Nathan nodded. "I know. When Warren Quirke visited Channing, he brought General Ziegler along to see me. Hence, we are well acquainted with each other."

"When you return, please send my regards to General Ziegler and tell him that I owe him a drink."

Chris instantly acknowledged. "Yes, Sir. I'll pass on your message to General Ziegler."



Waving his hand, Nathan dismissed Chris. "Alright, you can return to him and carry on with your duties now."

"Remember to keep my identity a secret because I don't want to attract unnecessary attention."

Chris replied, "Yes, General!"

Meanwhile, at the hotel entrance, Fletcher and the others were still waiting outside the parameter set up by the soldiers to see Nathan getting arrested.

From outside the full-length windows, they could see Chris aiming his gun at Nathan, ready to shoot anytime.

Suddenly, for some inexplicable reason, Chris's attitude towards Nathan changed drastically. In fact, he became very courteous to Nathan.

Finally, Fletcher and the others realized Chris wasn't going to take Nathan into custody. Instead, he left with his men in an amicable fashion.



Once outside the hotel, Chris commanded, "Return to base!"

Soon enough, all the soldiers marched off accordingly.

Fletcher and his men were confused. Didn't Chris agree to capture Nathan and even execute him on the spot?

Why are they leaving now?

Staring at Nathan in shock, their anxiety grew as they wondered, who is Nathan?





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Chapter 897 The Ones Who Hurt Them Are The Men Of The...

Chris had led an intimidating team to arrest Nathan, but left hurriedly for some inexplicable reason.

What piqued Fletcher's interest was the fact that Chris and his men saluted Nathan before they left.

This observation gave him the feeling that Nathan was someone with a powerful background.

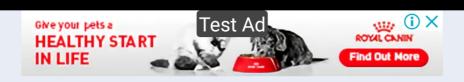
Thus, they didn't dare linger outside Johnstone Hotel and hurriedly left with their men.

After returning home, they surmised that Nathan might have some connections to the military.

Clenching his teeth, Fletcher suggested, "Given the turn of events, we only have one last option to deal with Nathan."

Mark and Jeremiah couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Harvey, what is that?"

Fletcher squinted as he explained, "Do you



know General Ziegler's brother, Neil Ziegler?"

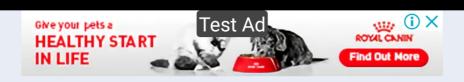
Both of them nodded as Mark replied, "I know. General Ziegler is highly decorated and is the commander-in-chief of the three hundred thousand strong West Army. He is considered one of the nation's pillars. However, his brother cannot be mentioned under the same breath."

Jeremiah continued, "In fact, Neil isn't worth mentioning at all given how useless he is."

"He is simply incompetent. Over the last few years, he's been involved in developing property in the West. If it weren't for Mr. Harvey's help, he would have been bankrupt a long time ago."

Fletcher added with a grin, "Neil not only failed to do well in the government and military, but he was also terrible at conducting business."

"However, he has one redeeming quality, which is his brother!"



"These few years, the Western Chamber of Commerce has taken good care of him and included him in many profitable projects. Hence, he made a lot of money and feels indebted to us."

Both Mark and Jeremiah were savvy businessmen. By then, they could easily guess what Fletcher's plan was.

Mark questioned in delight, "Mr. Harvey, do you plan to get General Ziegler to deal with Nathan by going through Neil?"

Fletcher replied with a smirk, "The Western Chamber of Commerce has taken good care of Neil all these years. Now, it's time to reap that investment."

Jeremiah added in excitement, "Haha, if we can use Neil to get General Ziegler to personally deal with Nathan, Nathan would be finished!"

Fletcher concluded with a grin, "It's going to cost a lot to convince General Ziegler. So, we have to prepare some expensive gifts when we visit him tomorrow."



Late at night.

Inside the office of Lucas Ziegler, at the headquarters of the West Army.

Sitting upright on his wooden chair, Lucas had his military jacket thrown around his shoulders and was reading The Art of War.

At that moment, a voice boomed, "Reporting, Sir!"

Without looking up, Lucas replied, "Come in."

Chris marched in wearing his military fatigues and boots.

When he arrived in front of Lucas, he clicked his heels and saluted.

Lifting his head to give Chris a glance, he calmly asked, "Have you captured the group of men who beat up Harold?"

With an awkward expression, Chris answered, "I'm sorry to report that we didn't, Sir."



Lucas glared at Chris coldly in response. "Harold got his ass kicked today; did that happen to you, too?"

Indeed, there had never been a case in which the army of the West failed to capture someone.

Breaking into a cold sweat, Chris scrambled to explain, "General, the men who beat up Harold and his companions belong to the General of the North. And Nathan Cross himself gave them the order to do so."





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Nathan Cross!

Lucas couldn't help but widened his eyes in surprise.

As he froze for a moment, Lucas's mouth widened into a smile. "Haha, and here I was, wondering who could defeat the Captain of my guards and his men. I now realize it's Nathan's men! This makes perfect sense now!"

Meanwhile, Chris carefully continued, "The General has also asked me to deliver a message to you."



Squinting his narrow eyes, Lucas replied, "Speak!"

Chris relayed the message, "The General said that he will buy you a drink when he sees you."

Lucas raised an eyebrow. "Haha, what a coincidence. I would like to buy him a drink, too!"

When Chris saw the sharp glint in Lucas's

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Chapter 898 Here For Fletcher Harvey And His Accomplices

eye, he could feel that the general was unconvinced that Nathan deserved the title of the God of War.

If Lucas did meet up with Nathan, it would definitely be a grand spectacle.

Gulping, he thought to himself anxiously, will they break into a fight when they see each other?

Lucas called out, "Chris!"

Chris replied instantly, "Yes, Sir!"

Lucas instructed, "Go and investigate what Nathan is doing here."

"Also, tell Nathan tomorrow that I am inviting him to a drink at the West Army headquarters the day after."

Chris was puzzled. "Ah, why do you need to wait till the day after to invite him for a drink?"

Lucas replied diabolically, "Haha, of course I'll need time to make the necessary

Open

Chapter 898 Here For Fletcher Harvey And His Accomplices

preparations to welcome the general!"

After staring blankly at Lucas for a while, it finally dawned upon Chris that the former was going to set a trap for Nathan!

After some thought, it did make sense to him.

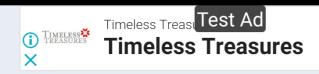
General Ziegler had always been skeptical of Nathan's title as the God of War and wanted to challenge him. Despite that, General Ziegler never had the opportunity to do so.

Now that General Cross is in the West and has beaten up General Ziegler's guards, it would be unlike the latter to sit quietly without doing anything.

The next morning.

Dressed in civilian clothing, Chris and his subordinates arrived at Johnstone Hotel to see Nathan Cross.

Meanwhile, Nathan was having breakfast at the restaurant with Penny and Kylie.



When Penny saw Chris and his men, she asked, "Nathan, who are they?"

Nathan replied with a smile, "He's the subordinate of a friend of mine, likely here to pass me a message."

After exchanging pleasantries, Chris politely relayed the invite, "General Cross, General Ziegler would like to invite you over for lunch tomorrow. He will be preparing a wonderful spread just for you."

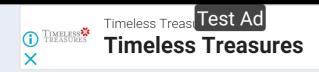
Nathan tried to hide his smirk, "Haha, I hope it isn't a trap?"

Breaking into a cold sweat, Chris awkwardly replied, "That isn't possible. You are overthinking matters."

Nathan smiled without responding further. Then he said, "Go back and tell Lucas that I'll be there tomorrow to drink with him."

Chris replied immediately, "Sure, I shall return now with your answer."

Not daring to impose further on Nathan,



Chris quickly left with his men and returned to the army headquarters to see Lucas.

When Lucas saw that Chris had returned, he asked, "Have you done what I instructed?"

Chris replied, "Sir, General Cross has accepted your invitation for tomorrow."

Satisfied, Lucas inquired further, "Have you found out what Nathan is doing here?"

Chris replied, "A week ago, Nathan's father, Zayn Cross, fell to his death at Paradise Hotel in the West."

"The official line was that he committed suicide by jumping off the building, but there were rumors saying he was killed by Fletcher Harvey and others from the local Chamber of Commerce over a commercial dispute. That means Nathan is likely here for Fletcher and his accomplices, most probably to avenge his father's death."

Frowning slightly, Lucas nodded. "No

wonder Harold led his men to trouble Nathan. It appears that there's bad blood between Nathan and the Harvey family."

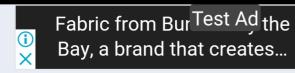
At that very moment, a soldier knocked on the door and entered. He reported, "General, your brother, Neil, together with Fletcher Harvey, Mark Zane, and Jeremiah Donne are all waiting outside to see you."

Lucas smirked when he heard the report. He told Chris, "Haha, speaking of the devil! Look who's here. The Harvey family is looking for me."

Chris smiled in response. "The Harvey family likely isn't aware that Nathan is the General of the North. Nevertheless, they realize that they're not his match. Therefore, I suppose they're here to seek your help in dealing with Nathan."

With his mouth widening into a grin, Lucas sneered, "So it appears that they want me to do their dirty work for them. Interesting."

Turning to the soldier, he ordered, "Let them come and see me."



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Chapter 898 Here For Fletcher Harvey And His Accomplices

The soldier saluted. "Yes, Sir!"



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In a brief moment, the obese Neil entered the room together with Fletcher, Mark, and Jeremiah.

"Brother!"

Neil greeted his elder brother, who was sitting in his chair with all smiles.

"Good to see you, General!"

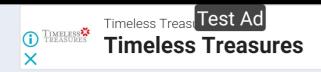
The three businessmen who were known as the Three Heroes of the West within the business community greeted Lucas politely with a bow.



Lucas replied calmly, "Neil, I'm surprised to see you here at the base."

"And the three of you, what are you here for?"

Letting out an awkward laugh, Neil explained, "Brother, these are my good friends from my business dealings. This is Fletcher Harvey, Chairman of the Western Chamber of Commerce. He is also the cousin of the captain of your guards,



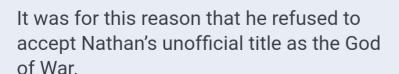
Harold Harvey, whom I mentioned to you before."

Glancing at Fletcher, Lucas replied, "I have heard of the Three Heroes of the West."

The three businessmen were excited to hear Lucas's response.

It was their honor that General Ziegler had heard of them.

What they didn't know was that Lucas wasn't just good at waging wars—he also paid particular attention to fame and reputation.



The Three Heroes of the West was a nickname given by both the legal and underground segments of society in the West. It represented how much influence and power the three men wielded there.

However, Lucas didn't share the same

sentiment that the nickname embodied.

He felt that it was insulting to him and his men for three unscrupulous businessmen to be called Heroes of the West.

Even the three hundred thousand soldiers under me who protect the nation don't dare to call themselves that. What gives you three dirty businessmen the right?

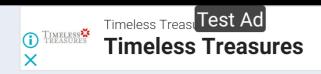
Such impudence!

However, Fletcher wasn't aware of the way Lucas regarded them.

The three men became full of themselves when they realized that General Ziegler knew of them.

Pretending to be humble, Fletcher replied, "Haha, it's just a nickname arbitrarily given to us by our friends in the business world out of respect. It doesn't mean much."

Mark added, "That's right. In the West, everyone knows who General Ziegler is. You are the real hero of the West, a hero



amongst heroes."

Jeremiah continued the flattery, "We have also admired you for a long time. We finally have the opportunity to meet you and hear your advice."

While the corner of Lucas's mouth curled upward a little as he listened, he was barely smiling. His expression was unfathomable to others.

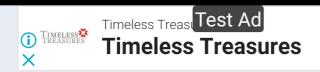
Lucas replied indifferently, "Anyone here is a guest. Please have a seat and state your business."



When Neil and the others heard Lucas, they smiled in delight and attempted to find a chair to sit on.

However, they soon realized that Lucas's office was spartan. Other than his own table and chair, there was only one other unoccupied chair.

Since there were four of them, how were they going to sit on a single chair?



Meanwhile, Fletcher began to realize something was amiss and figured that the general was showing them his authority.

He quickly answered, "There's no need to. General Ziegler, we are fine to listen to you standing."

When Neil saw that the other three were not sitting, he felt that it would be inappropriate if he did.

Walking over to Lucas's side, he explained with a grin, "Lucas, Mr. Harvey has always been looking out for me. However, he has recently encountered some trouble which he is unable to manage himself. Therefore, he would like to seek your help."

As he spoke, Neil took out a set of documents and smiled awkwardly. "Lucas, this is a humble present from Mr. Harvey, kindly accept it."

Shooting a glance at his brother, Lucas picked up the contract and skimmed through it.

When he finished, he couldn't help but show his surprise.

Fletcher and the others were willing to give Lucas one percent of the dividends from the profits of the Western Chamber of Commerce. It would also be an annual contribution going forward.

The Western Chamber of Commerce had long monopolized all businesses in the West.

The combined profits from all the businessmen amounted to more than one trillion. Therefore, one percent of that was already ten billion.

To pay ten billion annually to Lucas was a huge amount of money.

Fletcher's plan wasn't just to get Lucas to help deal with Nathan; it was also to secure his own political support going

forward.

Chucking the documents back onto the table, Lucas sneered at all of them. "Are you trying to bribe me?"

Fletcher quickly replied, "Of course not. The dividends belong to your brother as they will be transferred to his account."

Prior to this, Fletcher and the others had preempted this issue. They knew that General Ziegler might not directly accept such a large sum of money.

However, by paying the bribe to Neil, it would be less conspicuous and reduce the risk of any trouble for the General.

Meanwhile, Lucas scoffed to himself at how corrupt they were to even have considered this.

Maintaining an indifferent expression, he asked, "So what do you need my help for?"

Fletcher and the others were delighted to hear Lucas's response. At that moment

they all shared the same thought: we've got him!

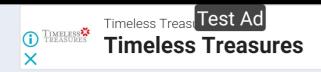
With that, Fletcher explained the feud they had with Nathan, including twisting many facts to suit their purposes. They made Nathan sound like a bully who acted with impunity just because he had strong political support.

After Fletcher was done exaggerating, he even managed to squeeze out some tears as he lamented, "General, Nathan has his eyes on our businesses and plans to destroy the Western Chamber of Commerce so that he can take over those businesses."

"He even demanded that the three of us slit our own throats and that our families go into exile."

"Now, no one else can help us other than you!"

However, Lucas remained expressionless, and no one could tell what he was feeling.



He then calmly replied, "I understand your problem. Tomorrow, I will invite Nathan here and all of you should join us."

When Fletcher and the others heard what Lucas said, they assumed that he had agreed to help them deal with Nathan.

Their faces were filled with wild expectations. "Thank you, General!"

Lucas replied, "That's all."

"Yes, Sir!"

With that, all of them left.

Just as they left Lucas's office, they could faintly hear him barking out instructions to Chris. "Assemble the Five Tigers of the West, the Unbreakable Eight, and the Twenty-Eight Knights here tomorrow..."

Fletcher and the others were most excited to hear Lucas's orders. General Ziegler is gathering the strongest warriors of the West. Tomorrow, they will destroy Nathan with an overwhelming force!

It will be extremely exciting!

Fletcher and the others were filled with great anticipation, so much that they couldn't wait for tomorrow to see how General Ziegler would crush Nathan.

Meanwhile, back at Johnstone Hotel.

Penny and Kylie had gone shopping under the covert protection of the Elite Eight, while Nathan was in the hotel suite talking to Colin.

With an uneasy expression, Colin suggested, "General, I don't think General Ziegler's invitation to you to have a drink at the Western Army's headquarters is as innocent as that!"

Nathan laughed and replied, "He has always refused to accept my title as the God of War. Also, given that I beat up his guards yesterday, I expect that he wants to repair his reputation."

"The armies of the North and the West have always been at loggerheads with

each other."

"Therefore, on our trip to their headquarters tomorrow, we have to be careful not to lose our reputation."

Colin acknowledged, "Yes, Sir!"

"By the way, I forgot I still have something to report."

Nathan replied, "What is it?"

Colin continued, "Sir, one of the Three Tigers under your command, Heptakill, recently went back to his hometown to get married. Today, he happened to pass by Johnstone City."

"Somehow, Heptakill found out that you are here and wants to see you."

Fang, Destroyer, and Heptakill! They were Nathan's Three Tigers.

When Nathan heard that Heptakill was coming to see him, he grinned. "Haha, what a coincidence! He came at the right

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Chapter 900 The Three Tigers Under Nathan

time. Get him to stay another two days so that he can accompany me to the West Army headquarters. We will have a good time sparring with Lucas!"



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