

Chapter 1091 Not A Match For Nathan

One of the Fierce Four, Sword-Master John huh? Nathan looked at John with interest. As if recalling something, he queried, "What is the relationship between Edward Seraphim from Eagleland and the Fierce Four?"

A hint of surprise flashed across John's eyes as he answered in a grave voice, "Edward was our master, and he trained the four of us himself."

"How do you know our master? And why did you mention him all of a sudden?"

So, Edward is the master of the Fierce Four.

Edward had formed a Coalition Army with the masters from eighteen nations three years ago to secretly invade the North, and behead the General of the North.

Unfortunately, Edward was killed in the battle.

He died under the General of the North's sword, and his corpse was left to rot in the



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wilderness of the North.

John was shocked when Nathan mentioned his master.

Nathan cracked a smile and replied, "Oh, nothing. I was just asking."

John vaguely sensed that there was some kind of history between Nathan and his master, or perhaps Nathan had previously heard his master's name in passing.

Edward Seraphim was well-known all over the world.

Hence, it would not be a surprise if Nathan knew of him.

John snorted in derision, "Since you know my master's name, it will be your honor to die by my sword. Draw you sword!"

When Nathan heard that, the corner of his mouth rose slightly into a barely-there smirk. "Sure. I'm interested to see whether the apprentices of the despicable and cowardly Edward will turn out to be any



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better than him.”

Edward was a skilled warrior, but he had a sinister and cunning personality.

During the battle, he had failed to execute his surprise attack on Nathan. In the end, Nathan had dealt a death blow to him using a backhanded technique with his sword. Hence, Nathan never saw the renowned European fighter as a threat. Just talking about him made Nathan’s face scrunch with disdain.

John was livid when he heard what Nathan said. He seethed with rage and growled, “How dare you insult my master? You’re a dead man!”

With that, he swiftly drew his sword. A beam of light was reflected off the long blade as he aimed it straight for Nathan’s neck.

Nathan tilted his head slightly, dodging the gleaming blade with ease.

John made a soft sound of surprise, but

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quickly recovered. He flicked his wrist slightly, and his long sword shot towards Nathan at a tricky angle, intending to cause a fatal blow.

Nathan did not draw his sword. Instead, he simply flicked his finger.

John's sword shattered in pieces as if it were made of glass. The sound of the sword breaking was echoing throughout the space.

What?

John's pupils dilated in disbelief. Not even his master could rival his opponent's terrifying power!

Right after Nathan shattered the sword in John's hands with a flick of his finger, he had bolted across the distance in a blink of an eye and collided with John, using his elbow to hit him harshly in the chest.

Bam!

It sounded as if he had slammed against

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solid wood.

John staggered a few steps back, barely able to stabilize himself. His ribcage had been splintered and his chest had caved in on itself.

His face had turned pasty. He made a pained sound before vomiting a mouthful of blood mixed with pieces of his lungs.

Two of his comrades rushed forward in time to support him, or else he would have collapsed onto the ground.

However, everyone could see that he had been severely injured by Nathan. The injuries he sustained were severe, and death was knocking on his door at that very moment.

When the Smith's saw that Nathan had yet again defeated another opponent, they did not dare to cheer out loud, but they could barely contain their excitement either.

It was especially true for Penny, who was bubbling with emotion.

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Gabriel's group of men exchanged glances. They couldn't believe that all of the masters brought by Cicero were not a match for Nathan.

Meanwhile, Cicero had a really complicated expression on his face.

Shock, anger, fear, and disbelief... A wide variety of emotions flickered across his features.

The Sword-Master of the Fierce Four wasn't even a match for Nathan.

Just what kind of monster is Nathan Cross?

Are most of the people here this terrifying?



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Cicero was completely panicking by now as anxiety seeped into his heart. He roared angrily, but a hint of fear could be detected in his voice, "Who... Who will step forward and kill him?"

Dagger-Master Hans, Hammer-Master Sol, and Shield-Master Chris, all looked at one another with horror in their eyes.

Nathan said leisurely, "There's no need to pick one. I don't have time to waste. I'll fight all of you at once."

Fight all of us at once?! Hans, Sol, and Chris exchanged glances. Their eyes were brimming with humiliation and fury.

Although Nathan was an immensely skilled fighter, however, the three of them weren't too shabby themselves. They were more than capable of breaking a few bones.

Much as they were doubtful about taking Nathan down, the provocative statement made by the latter was enough to flame their angers into taking the challenge. The



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fact that Nathan had challenged them to come at him together just showed that he didn't take them seriously.

If they didn't kill Nathan today, they would never be able to face themselves in the future.

"Boys, let's kill this insolent fool!" Chris, who was extraordinarily built with muscles covering his whole body, held a thick shield and charged towards Nathan first. He intended to ram into Nathan with his shield, and send him flying from the force of it.

Dagger-Master Hans wielded a sharp combat dagger, while Hammer-Master Sol lifted up his war hammer. Both of them flanked Nathan and worked in tandem with Chris to attack him.

Nathan scoffed, "A bunch of imbeciles, trying to win a losing battle."

Then, he moved at a speed faster than light, darting out of the way.



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The Smiths were all holding their breaths with anticipation as they watched the scene unfolding before them.

Nathan had appeared in front of Chris in a flash, then raised his leg to launch a powerful kick.

Boom!

Nathan landed a kick squarely on the shield!

The extremely solid shield instantly dented from the force of his kick, and cracks formed on its surface, resembling a spider's web.

The entire shield violently slammed back against Chris.

Bang!

Chris, who had a sinewy figure, was sent flying backwards with the disfigured shield.

Every bone in his body was broken. By the



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time he landed on the ground, his body was twisted at odd angles, and he died from severe internal bleeding.

Swish!

Dagger-Master Hans' combat dagger came slashing towards Nathan next.

Nathan raised his hand to grasp Hans' dagger-wielding wrist, then smashed his right fist into Hans' face.

With a sickening crunch, Hans was killed on the spot without so much as a scream, as if he had just been hit by a sledgehammer.

Whoosh!

There was a gust of wind as Hammer-Master Sol brought his war hammer down on Nathan.

Nathan leaned backwards slightly to avoid it, then snapped his leg out to kick Sol right in the head.

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Thwack!

His foot landed on Sol's head!

Sol groaned in pain, and his grip on the war hammer loosened. His body resembled a falling tree as it went crashing towards the ground.

Silence ensued and one would probably be able to hear the sound of a needle dropping onto the ground.



Even the air molecules seemed to be frozen in place. It was so quiet that everyone could only hear their own vigorous heartbeats.

Cicero's eyes were bulging out of their sockets, and his mouth was hanging wide open; so wide that it could probably fit three eggs.

He wished he could dig his eyes out, so that he could get a better view of things and see if what just happened was all true.

The Fierce Four!

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All of them were defeated by Nathan. He had even killed three of them at one go!



Nathan Cross' abilities are way too terrifying to be true!

Sword-Master John, who was severely injured and on the brink of death, fixed his eyes on Nathan. Suddenly, something flickered in his eyes, and his expression morphed into one of realization.

He pointed a feeble finger at Nathan and spoke in a shaky voice, "I know who he is. I know who he is."

"No wonder he brought up our master. No wonder he dared to look down on our master. And no wonder none of the Fierce Four or the Twelve King's Knights were his match. He's the God of War!"

"Haha! Even though we lost, we get to keep our dignity..." John croaked in an emotional voice, right before his head tilted to one side, and he drew in his final breath.

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The God of War!

Cicero and the others were completely
stunned when they heard this.



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Chapter 1093 Are You Going To Kill Us All

Nathan Cross is the God of War?

Everyone was dumbfounded.

It was especially the case for Cicero's remaining men, who were desperately backing away in fright.

The God of War had once single-handedly pulverized the Coalition Army, spilling blood that could dye a whole river red, and leaving a pile of bodies from eighteen nations.

Cicero's men were evidently scared witless when they were struck by this revelation.

Cicero recovered from his initial shock and refuted loudly, "He can't possibly be the God of War! The God of War is the General of the North. He should be in the North commanding his troops, so why would he appear in the South? Furthermore, if he is the General of the North, why would he be dressed like a commoner? And why is he not protected by his army? He's definitely not the God of War!"

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After Cicero said that, his men, as well as Gabriel and the rest, were put at ease.

Cicero turned to look at Nathan with eyes that revealed mixed feelings. "I admit that you're very skilled! But there are hundreds of elite men under my command. I don't believe that you can kill all of them on your own. Today is the day you die!"

Then, he turned towards the remaining of the Twelve King's Knights, and also his royal elite army of a hundred fighters whom he had handpicked to follow him here. In an authoritative voice, he said, "This man killed William, the Fierce Four, and also four knights! What do you think we should do about that, my loyal warriors?"

Almost immediately, hundreds of his elite fighters chanted, "Kill, kill, kill..."

In an instant, their combined voices filled the air with murderous intent.

Gabriel and his associates looked at each other and silently agreed that it was time



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they pledge their loyalty to their 'sovereign', as well as to gain his favor.

Gabriel was the first to stand up. He shot Nathan and the Smith's a cold look before announcing, "The Lambert's are willing to help Mr. Trumbo eliminate Nathan Cross and the Smith's, to avenge William!"

José didn't hesitate either as he gestured for his men to stand with him and he declared, "The Jackson's are also willing to offer Mr. Trumbo our aid."

Kevin also brought forth a large number of men and yelled fervently, "The Lockhart's from the East are willing to fight for Mr. Trumbo."

All the big figures at the scene came forward one after another, showing that they willing to fight for Cicero Trumbo.

Penny and her family instantly paled as fear snaked into their hearts.

It wasn't just Cicero Trumbo who wanted to destroy Nathan and the Smith's. Many

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big figures from the South and the East also wanted to be a part of this, aligning themselves with Cicero to declare war against the Smith's.

Sean felt as if his whole world was crumbling down. Gabriel Lambert and the likes of him were much more powerful than the Smith's. As all of them joined forces to wage war against the Smith's, despairing thoughts flooded his mind. Is this really the end for the Smith's?

All the Smiths were ashen-faced and trembling in fright.

Nathan was the only one who remained calm and composed. He looked at Gabriel and the others with a scornful expression, then spat, "What a bunch of faithful dogs! I thought that the lot of you joined the Omniscience under the coercion of Cicero Trumbo. It turns out that this isn't the case at all. You're all just a group of traitors."

Gabriel and the rest had subtle changes in their expressions.



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Gabriel's eyes widened with unpleasant surprise, and he stared daggers at Nathan. "I don't know what you're talking about. You killed Mr. William, so you deserve to die. We stand on the side of justice."

Cicero also had a contemptuous gleam in his eyes as he looked at Nathan. "Nathan Cross, it seems like you know quite a lot. It's too bad that you and the Smith's won't live to see another day."

The edges of Nathan's lips rose slightly. "Are you going to kill us all? With your trashy army and these faithful dogs?"

Cicero let out a cold snort. "My men, combined with the men of my loyal followers, are enough to kill your family ten times over."

"Well, let's see who has the last laugh then," Nathan replied with a smile.

With that, Nathan raised his hand and snapped his fingers.

Whoosh!

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A flare shot up into the sky with a loud boom.

Cicero and his entourage were astounded. They snapped their heads up, staring dumbly at the flare that had exploded amidst the clouds.

They hadn't yet grasped the situation, when the earth began to shake beneath their feet.

Thump, thump, thump!

It was the sound of military boots stepping on the ground in a synchronized rhythm!

The expressions of Cicero, Gabriel, José and Kevin took a hundred and eighty degree turn.

They seemed to realize something and led their respective men out of the Smith's residence. They were terrified with the scene they were met with. Thousands of soldiers with submachine guns had the whole place surrounded, looking brutal and menacing.



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Cicero and the rest had eyes that looked like they were about to pop out.

Cicero whipped his head towards Gabriel and angrily reprimanded, "Didn't you say that you have everything under control? You said that you have spoken to the South's leaders, and that we could spill blood as much as we wanted!"

Gabriel replied in a quivering voice, "Yes. I spoke to the governor, Patrick Ward."

Cicero was beside himself with fury. "Then why have the military troops been dispatched?"

Gabriel started to break out in cold sweat, and his body shook like a leaf as he fumbled for words, "I don't know what's going on either. Logically speaking, this shouldn't be happening..."

Just then, Colin Dunne, who was clad in a colonel's uniform and had camouflage paint concealing his features, stepped forward with an intimidating aura shrouding him.



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Following closely behind Colin Dunne was Channing Military District's Major General, Franklin Wilson.

The two of them led their respective men and walked towards Nathan in large strides.

Under everyone's shocked gazes, Colin saluted and loudly announced, "Two thousand soldiers from the Dragonfury Special Forces have arrived at the designated combat zone. Awaiting for your further orders, commanding officer."

Franklin also saluted Nathan and announced in a clear voice, "Channing Military District's Major General, Franklin Wilson, in position with five thousand soldiers. Awaiting your next order, commanding officer."

Commanding officer!

Cicero was dumbstruck.

Gabriel, José and Kevin all had the same stunned expressions.



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Even Penny, Benson, Leah and Sean's side of the family were stupefied.

Nathan coldly ordered, "Attention, all troops! Ready your weapons."

Click--

More than seven thousand soldiers moved in sync as they loaded their guns.

The sound of the bullets being loaded made Cicero and the rest tremble with their faces turning as white as a sheet.

Nathan gave his next order, "Aim at the enemy!"

Whoosh!

More than seven thousand submachine guns were trained on Cicero and his entourage.

The knights and elite men surrounding Cicero were so terrified that they flung away their weapons and surrendered on the spot.

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Gabriel, José and Kevin also followed suit.

There were some who went weak-kneed as they stared down the barrel of numerous guns, peeing their pants on the spot.

With raised hands, Gabriel rushed over and shouted frantically, “Don’t shoot! Don’t shoot! I’m the richest man in the South, Gabriel Lambert! We’re on the same side...”

Gabriel had just approached a barely recognizable and aggressive-looking Colin, when the latter snatched the submachine gun from the soldier beside him in one swift motion, and smashed Gabriel’s face with the butt of the gun.

Thwack!

The butt of the gun was rammed into Gabriel’s face, instantly fracturing his nose and causing blood to dribble down his chin. His shrieks filled the area as he stumbled backwards and fell to the ground.

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Colin's rage did not subside, and he spat on Gabriel on the ground before reproaching him, "What bulls*** are you spouting? You're a dog who fraternized with the enemy and betrayed the country for personal gains. How dare you imply that you're one of us?"

When Penny's family witnessed this, they couldn't help but cheer.

However, they did not realize that this camouflaged colonel was actually Nathan's subordinate, Colin Dunne. Otherwise, they would have been shell-shocked.

Cicero's expression turned ugly, and he stated in a thunderous voice, "I am Cicero Trumbo, the king of Eagleland. I have diplomatic immunity. You have no right to treat us this way."

Just then, several black vehicles arrived at the scene. A group of men in black suits with name tags emerged from the car.

These people were from the Secret

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Service.

The one leading the team was the head of the Secret Service, Keanu Caesar.

He was carrying a black briefcase as he guided his men over. He saluted Nathan first, then shook hands with him.

Keanu smiled and uttered in a low voice, "It must be hard on you, General."

Nathan returned his smile. "It's hard on everyone!"

General!

Those who were too far didn't hear the way Keanu addressed Nathan.

However, Cicero, Gabriel and his associates, who were standing closer, heard it as clear as day.

They gaped at Nathan with fear in their eyes.

They finally understood why Nathan was

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able to defeat the Fierce Four single-handedly.

They also finally understood why Nathan was able to mobilize the army, and why they addressed him as 'commanding officer'.

It turned out that Nathan was indeed the General of the North, also known as the God of War.

Their hearts plummeted as regret and desperation overwhelmed them.

After Keanu shook hands with Nathan, he turned and pinned Cicero with a cold gaze.

"Cicero Trumbo, you and the Omniscience are suspected of endangering our national security. Your diplomatic immunity is invalid in the face of this crime. The Secret Service is officially arresting you..."



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Kaboom!

Cicero felt as though he was struck by lightning. His face had turned ashen and he tremored violently.

Gabriel and all the other 'faithful dogs' had forlorn expressions on their faces as they realized that it was over for them.

Franklin and Colin led their respective soldiers to assist Keanu in capturing Cicero and whoever was in league with him.

Cicero's face contorted with anger and hopelessness. He had come here to exact revenge on Nathan, but never expected things to pan out like this.

Nathan cracked a small smile as he looked at Cicero's bloodless face. "Cicero, I have known about the existence of the Omniscience since a long time ago, and have already investigated all of those who were involved. What I didn't expect was that you would come here to take revenge on me, together with Gabriel Lambert and



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the other faithful dogs. I'll have to thank you for this. Because if you didn't bring them along with you, we'd have a lot more work cut out for us trying to locate them. It's all good and well now that we can capture everyone right here."

Cicero, Gabriel, José and the rest almost spewed blood when they heard this.

Before long, Cicero and the others were arrested.

Keanu, Franklin and Colin retreated with their men, bringing along all the corpses. The blood on the ground was also washed away, as if nothing had happened.

However, the Smith's knew better. They had just been thrown into a life-and-death situation and witnessed the destruction of yet another enemy.

Now that there were no outsiders present, Sean and his large family scuttled over.

Everyone surrounded Nathan to pepper him with questions, wanting to know what



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exactly had just happened.

Sean's voice stood out the most, "Nathan, I heard them calling you 'commanding officer' earlier. What's going on?"

Samuel added with excitement twinkling in his eyes, "Yeah. You were so cool when you commanded the army earlier. Nathan, are you really a commanding officer?"

"I think I heard them calling you 'general' earlier. I must've heard it wrong, right, Nathan?" Ferlyn's question came next.

The Smith's, even Penny, Leah and Benson, stared wide-eyed at Nathan as they awaited his explanation.

Nathan looked at Sean and the rest, perceiving the conspicuous greed peeking through their eyes. In the end, he chose to keep his identity as a general a secret.

Firstly, he didn't want his identity to disturb the peace of his family.

Secondly, Sean, Samuel and Paul had a



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tendency to become two-faced whenever the situation was to their advantage.

If they knew that he was a general, they might abuse his name to show off and bully others.

That was what Nathan didn't want to happen.

Hence, he smiled in response and said, "You guys are mistaken. I'm not a commanding officer, let alone a general."

Sean and the others had doubt etched into their features. With heavy suspicion in his tone, Sean pushed on, "But I clearly heard that they addressed you as 'commanding officer'..."

Nathan maintained the smile on his face. "Actually, all of this was possible because of Sarah Lee. She was the one who uncovered the truth behind the anti-nation organization known as the Omniscience. When I served in the North Army, I was actually a soldier who worked closely with the general. So, I fed every intel that was

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gathered by Ms. Lee to the general. It just so happened that Cicero and the lot came to seek their revenge on me. The general ordered Major General Franklin Wilson and the Secret Service to cooperate with me, giving me temporary command over the army to arrest Cicero and his accomplices.”



Everyone finally understood everything, nodding as they agreed that what Nathan had said made sense.

Sean nodded and said, “I see. So, you were just the temporary commander. But to be able to command Major-General Wilson and the Secret Service, even for only one day, is already an impressive feat.”

Ferlyn chimed in, “No wonder I vaguely heard them saying general. So, they weren’t addressing you, but referring to your commanding officer, the General of the North.”

“Based on how often he brags to me that he’s a general, I’d say he’d be more than happy if he actually was one, but that’s just

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impossible.” Penny muttered under her breath.

Nathan smiled. “A soldier who doesn’t hope to be a general, is not a good soldier!”

Everyone laughed when they heard what he said.

In truth, when Nathan appeared before the Smith’s a year ago, Sean had already hired someone to do a background check on his identity.

The staff from the Household Registration office had informed Sean that Nathan was a veteran soldier from the North, and had served as a mere platoon leader.

That was also why Sean and his family easily believed that Nathan wasn’t a commanding officer, but just a temporary commander.

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The Secret Service was out on the move for the next few days, but there weren't any news to report.

Nathan was aware that radio silence meant that the situation at hand was serious.

People like Cicero and Gabriel were bound to be severely sanctioned. And these things were under the jurisdiction of the Secret Service, so he needn't bother.

In the following days, he basically spent time with his wife and child, living a leisure life.

Half a month flew by just like that!

Cross Group was preparing to officially launch their latest product Q-Than special meds into the market.

After discussing, Nathan and Penny decided to hold the product launch conference in Horton City in the East.

The reason behind that decision was

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simple. Nathan originated from Horton, and his parents were also buried there.

His mother died of liver cancer.

The special meds for liver cancer was successfully developed by his father.

Once Q-Than special meds were made available, it would be able to save countless liver cancer patients in the future. His parents would have been relieved and proud to learn about this.

Hence, Nathan and Penny chose Horton City as the designated location for the press conference.

It was Monday.

Nathan, Penny and Grace brought along Cross Group's top executives as well as the researchers from Hope Research Centre to Horton for the preparation of the product launch conference.

Nathan and their party of people arrived in Horton in the afternoon. They checked into

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the city's most famous hotel, Jewel Hotel.

After settling down, everyone was free to do whatever they wanted.

Nathan, Penny and Grace went to the hotel's restaurant.

After ordering their food, Grace stood up and said with a smile, "Excuse me, I need to use the washroom."

Then, she made her way towards the washroom.

Penny also got to her feet. "Nathan, I need to touch up my makeup in the washroom. I'll be back soon."

"Okay." Nathan offered her a smile.

Both women returned from the washroom shortly after.

However, they both had odd expressions on their faces.

Grace was wearing an embarrassed and



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aggrieved look.

Penny looked angry more than anything.

“What’s wrong?” Nathan questioned upon seeing them.

Before Grace could answer, Penny beat her to it, “Professor Hampton was harassed just now.”

A crease formed between Nathan brows. “What happened?”

It turned out that when Grace was walking towards the washroom, a man had patted her rear.

Grace had whirled around in anger and shock, only to see the culprit holding up a purse with a smile, saying that she had dropped it.

She had shaken her head doubtfully, denying that it was hers.

The man dismissed it quickly, saying that he must have been mistaken, then walked



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away.

She genuinely thought that it was a misunderstanding, so she went into the washroom without giving it another thought.

Penny, who had come slightly later, noticed the man entering a private room.

When she passed by the room door, she overheard the man bragging that he had won. He succeeded in touching the pretty lady's bum, and quickly urged his friends to pay up!



Only then did Penny realize that the man had betted with his friends. If he could touch Grace's bum without her getting angry, he would win the bet.

Penny was infuriated and relayed her discovery to Grace.

That was why the two women had varying expressions when they came back.

Nathan's face darkened after listening to

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Penny's explanation, and he uttered in a frosty voice, "Those hoodlums dared to lay a hand on Professor Hampton. We can't allow this matter to slide just like that. I'll make them pay for their actions."

With that, Nathan pushed back his chair and made a beeline for the private room just a short distance away.



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In the private room, a group of immaculately dressed men surrounded a man in a black Armani suit. They wore flattering looks on their faces as they showered him with praises, “Mr. Holt, you’re indeed a heart-throb. No girl can resist your charms.”

“After you touched that pretty lady’s bum, she couldn’t even bring herself to get mad at you. We’re more than willing to lose this bet.”

The man dressed in a suit, whom they addressed as Mr. Holt, answered with a smug expression, “Back in Brimmopolis, they call me a ladies’ man and the p**** conqueror. The number of women I’ve been with can easily top the number of clothes you have in your wardrobe. Did you think I wouldn’t live up to my reputation?”

Just then, Nathan walked in.

Everyone in the room instantly quiet down, frowning at the outsider.

“Who the hell are you? Who let you in?” Mr.

Chapter 1097 Master Holt From Brimmopolis

Holt exclaimed with displeasure in his tone.

Nathan ignored his question, and asked in a nonchalant tone, "Were you the one who harassed my friend outside just now?"

Mr. Holt noticed Penny and Grace trailing behind Nathan just then. He glanced at Grace and finally understood what this was all about. A smile that formed on his lips as he threw a question back at Nathan, "Your wife?"

"My friend," Nathan growled lowly.

Mr. Holt grinned widely. "If she's not your wife, then it's none of your concern. Now get out!"

Nathan's jaw clenched when he heard this.

The hotel owner, Ross Cabana, hurried over with a group of hotel security guards at that moment.

Ross had a look of panic on his face when he queried, "Mr. Cross, what's the matter?"

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Chapter 1097 Master Holt From Brimmopolis

Nathan pointed to Mr. Holt and said, “You are here just in time. This guy harassed my friend. You’re the boss here. Either you take care of this matter in a way that satisfies us, or I do it myself.”

In the private room, the group of people surrounding Mr. Holt curled their lips at Nathan. Then, they turned to look at Ross with amusement.

As expected, sweat beaded on Ross’ forehead as he was caught amidst the conflict between Nathan and Mr. Holt. His face showed just how awkward he felt to be put in such a tough spot.

Ross lowered his voice when he spoke, “Mr. Cross, this is the son of the Brimmopolis’ Holt family, Gerard Holt!”

“The Holt’s from Brimmopolis are considered wealthy and powerful, and most people can’t afford to offend them. I don’t think this matter is that big of a deal, so can you let it go for my sake?”

Ross didn’t know what else to do.



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Chapter 1097 Master Holt From Brimmopolis

He knew that Nathan was the head of the Cross family, and also the president of the Cross Group's husband. Hence, he was equally distinguished.

But he knew better than anyone that Gerard Holt was the precious son of the wealthy Holt family from Brimmopolis, whom he really couldn't afford to offend!

To him, a dispute between Nathan and Gerard resembled a war between the gods. He couldn't afford to get on their bad side. So, all he could do was persuade them to make peace.

When Nathan saw how Ross was trying to mediate between the two sides, he asked with a chilly smile, "Is Gerard Holt your friend?"

"Well..." Ross hesitated a little as he racked his brain for an answer.

"Answer me. Is he your friend?" Nathan coldly repeated his question.

Ross was intimidated by Nathan's



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Chapter 1097 Master Holt From Brimmopolis

oppressive aura. He realized that Nathan was really angry so he quickly shook his head in response. “No, he’s not my friend. He’s just a guest of the hotel, but he’s from the Holt family of Brimmopolis...”

“That settles it then,” Nathan didn’t wait for Ross to finish his sentence, butting in directly.

“My friend was harassed by this degenerate within the walls of your hotel. Shouldn’t you take responsibility?”

Ross steeled himself and answered, “I should!”

Nathan nodded. “Good. So, how are you going to do this? Call the police here to arrest him, or get the security guards to take him to the police station?”

Ross was already sweating profusely by then. “I... I...”



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Chapter 1097 Master Holt From Brimmopolis

Gerard sneered upon hearing what Nathan said, "Who the hell do you think you are? Call the police to arrest me? Get the security guards to take me to the police station?"

Gerard's friends burst out laughing too. "Haha! He wants to call the police to capture you? Mr. Holt, this guy probably isn't aware of your influence and status."

"Where the hell did this idiot come from?"

"Mr. Holt, just let him call the police. Not just them, but even the mayor of Horton has to show you respect."

Gerard's companions incited him. He swaggered towards Nathan with an arrogant look and poked his chest in a provoking manner. "B*****, do you know who I am? I'm from the Holt family of Brimmopolis. My name is Gerard Holt. Why don't you call the police and see what happens? Believe it or not; when they arrive, they'll arrest you but not me."

A shadow cast over Nathan's features, and

Chapter 1098 Bear The Consequences No Matter The Severity

his gaze frosted over.

Gerard goaded him in response, “What’s with that scary look? You wanna hit me? C’mon then! Hit me and see what happens!”

He leaned one side of his face towards Nathan in emphasis.



He had gotten himself into this kind of situation many times. No one in Brimmopolis dared to touch him, let alone the people from Horton.

There was once when a rich young man fought with him over a woman, to the point of whipping out a dagger and threatening to stab him with it.

He had also leaned forward to goad him into stabbing him.

In the end, the man chickened out and fell to his knees begging for mercy. He even offered up the woman, letting him have his way with her however he liked.

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Chapter 1098 Bear The Consequences No Matter The Severity

This time was no different as he provoked Nathan and got in his face.

He didn't believe that Nathan would dare to lay a finger on him.

Swoosh!

A strong gust of wind blew past.

Gerard was shocked to see a palm drawing close to his face.

Smack!

A loud slap reverberated through the room.

Nathan had landed a hard slap on Gerard's face, causing him to spit out a mouthful of blood and a broken tooth. He was sent flying across the space before falling heavily onto the ground.

What?

Mr. Holt got hit!

The hotel owner, Ross Cabana, was



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stunned beyond comprehension.

Gerard's companions were also dumbfounded.

On the other hand, Penny and Grace looked relieved, because this was Nathan's usual style of doing things.

Once Nathan lost his temper, he got straight down to business instead of making unnecessary small talk.

Gerard lay on the ground, clutching his swollen cheek as he looked at Nathan with disbelief. In a trembling voice, he said, "You hit me..."

His companions began bellowing in anger, one after another.

"B*****! How dare you hit Mr. Holt?"

"You're a dead man!"

"Mr. Holt is the eldest son of the Holt family of Brimmopolis. Even the mayor has to submit to Mr. Holt. How dare you strike



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Mr. Holt? It's over for you!"

All of them declared that Nathan was doomed.

Ross' face drained of all colors. Nathan striking Mr. Holt could implicate my hotel!

Penny and Grace also frowned slightly. They were worried that Gerard Holt was indeed from an influential background, and would cause Nathan trouble.

Nathan's face remained bored, and he scoffed, "The Holt family of Brimmopolis means nothing to me!"

"Kill him! Kill him now! I'll bear the consequences no matter the severity!" Gerard roared angrily.

His companions immediately charged towards Nathan upon his orders.

Ross wanted to stop them, but was shoved aside.

The men dashed towards Nathan

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aggressively.

Little did they know that the person in front
of them was the nation's God of War!



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Nathan snorted and met their attack head-on.

Bam, bam, bam...

In the blink of an eye, the group of fools were all knocked down by Nathan. With broken limbs, they collapsed to the ground and wailed like pigs being slaughtered.

After Nathan gave them a good beating, he went towards Gerard.

Gerard had only just got up from the ground. He stared at Nathan with horror in his eyes, asking in a shaky voice, "What do you think you're doing?"

At this point, Gerard was filled with regret.

He had come here for a gathering with some friends, and didn't think of bringing along his bodyguards. He believed that if he did, Nathan wouldn't dare to act so arrogantly.

Nathan placed a hand on Gerard's shoulder and pressed down hard. "Get on



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Chapter 1099 You Will Submit To Me

your knees!”

Thud!

Gerard’s knees slammed heavily onto the ground. He gritted his teeth in pain as tears leaked from his eyes.

“Apologize to my friend!” Nathan demanded in a menacing manner.

Gerard’s eyes darted to Grace and Penny, but he clenched his jaw and refused. “You want me to apologize? No way in hell! B*****! I swear that I’ll make you pay for what you’ve done. You’ll soon fall into my hands, and when that time comes, I’ll break every bone in your body, then play with those two ladies right in front of your eyes...”

Nathan sneered, “You will submit to me! This; I’m sure!”

Then, he turned towards the hotel security guards and took out a black card, telling them, “Come here and slap this guy. For every slap, you’ll get ten thousand on the



Chapter 1099 You Will Submit To Me

spot. Who's up for it?"

Ten thousand to slap Gerard Holt!

The security guards were tempted, but were more afraid than anything. Hence, they hesitated.

Nathan pursed his lips in disdain, and increased the price. "One hundred thousand per slap. Do it if you have the guts. I can't be bothered to do it myself. Trash like him will only sully my hands."

Hefty rewards always managed to spark the courage in men.

The security guards' eyes lit up with greed, and one of them immediately came forward, raised his hand, and gave the kneeling Gerard a hard slap across the face.

"A hundred thousand for you." Nathan transferred the money to him right then and there.

"But the slap was too light. The next one

Chapter 1099 You Will Submit To Me

has to be harder to count as a proper slap!”

When the security guards saw that Nathan kept to his word, they no longer hesitate.

One by one, they rushed forward with raised hands and slapped Gerard harshly.

The sound of their slaps echoed through the room like a whip cracking, and Gerard’s face became bruised and bloodied in no time.

The hotel owner, Ross, wanted to put an end to it. However, there was nothing he could do.

In the end, Gerard couldn’t handle the pain anymore and began begging for mercy.

With blood covering his entire face, he pleaded, “Stop! Please stop! I was wrong. I’m sorry...”

Ross became as white as a sheet when he saw what had become of Gerard.

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He regained his senses a few moments later.

He hastily took out his phone to secretly call the secretary of the mayor of Horton.

Very soon, the secretary directed the call to the mayor, Nolan Turner.

Nolan asked in a relaxed voice, "Mr. Cabana, is something wrong?"

Ross replied in a shaky voice, "Mr. Turner, something terrible has happened."

Nolan frowned on the other end of the line. "What is it?"

Ross was dejected when he explained, "Gerard Holt from the Holt family of Brimmopolis and Nathan Cross from the Cross Group had a dispute. A fight ensued, and I failed to get things under control..."

What?

The mayor of Horton, Nolan Turner, gasped in shock when he heard this.

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He was petrified and anxious at the same time, asking in a nervous voice, "What's the situation now? Nathan Cross isn't injured, is he?"

"Nathan Cross is fine, but he severely injured Mr. Holt. Mr. Holt's face is covered with blood now and is barely hanging on," Ross answered.



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Chapter 1100 I Will Violate Both Of His Women

When Nolan heard that the general was fine, he breathed a sigh of relief. While wiping the sweat off his brows, he said, "That's good. That's good..."

Ross was utterly dumbstruck.

Although Nathan was from the Cross family, Gerard was from the Holt family of Brimmopolis!

It stood to reason that Gerard Holt's status was much higher than that of Nathan Cross. The Holt family was also more prominent than the Cross family. Hence, the mayor should have been more concerned about Gerard.

Ross couldn't understand why the mayor wasn't anxious when he heard that Nathan had injured Gerard.

Even so, Ross was not a fool. From Mr. Turner's reaction, he could vaguely guess that Nathan's status wasn't as simple as it seemed.

It was no wonder Nathan didn't take the



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Holt family of Brimmopolis seriously.

With a mournful expression, Ross said, "Mr. Turner, those two are basically gods. A mere commoner like me can't handle a fight between them."

"What should I do now that Nathan Cross has injured Mr. Holt in my hotel?"

Nolan's tone once again became relaxed when he spoke next, "You don't need to worry about that. All you have to remember is to stay on Mr. Cross' good side and make sure everything goes smoothly for him, otherwise, it'll be the end for your hotel."

What?

Is it that serious?

What kind of background does Nathan Cross come from?

Ross looked completely flummoxed and couldn't help but whisper into the phone, "Mr. Turner, just who exactly is Nathan



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Cross..."

Nolan's voice became slightly hostile, "It's not something you need to know, so don't ask too much. Haven't you heard of the saying: curiosity killed the cat?"

A sheen of sweat had gathered on Ross's forehead. Even though his question was unanswered, he could tell that Nathan was from a frightening background.

He hurriedly said, "Yes, yes, yes. I know what I should do now, Mr. Turner."

"Mm. Report to me if anything else happens," said Nolan.

"Alright!" Ross answered.

After he hung up the call, he found that quite a number of his security guards had happily abandoned their posts after receiving such a big reward for slapping Gerard.

Only a dozen or so security guards remained; All of whom were too afraid to



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act, and now were overwhelmed with regret and frustration.

Gerard and his friends were lying on the ground, completely defeated.

Nathan brought Penny and Grace over, calmly saying, “Mr. Cabana, my sincerest apologies for causing a mess here. If your hotel has suffered any losses, ask your staff to send the bill to our room.”

“No, no. The hotel isn’t affected at all. Everything is good,” Ross quickly responded.

This brought a smile to Nathan’s face. “I have already taught this bunch of debauchees a lesson. I hope it’s not too much to ask for you to clean up the mess.”

“Sure, sure, sure. Not a problem at all,” Ross replied in a submissive manner.

After Nathan left with Penny and Grace, Ross turned to the hotel manager and staff and instructed with a wry smile, “Call an ambulance to send Mr. Holt and his



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friends to the hospital.”

Meanwhile, in the VIP ward of the Horton People’s Hospital.

After Gerard had his injuries treated, he roared for the doctors and nurses to leave his room.

A group of friends and relatives, who had caught wind of his situation, rushed to the hospital to visit him. They gathered around him as they offered him words of comfort.

With a grim expression, he swore, “I’m going to kill that son of a b****. I’ll break his limbs, and slice off his flesh piece by piece. Then, I’ll chop off his head, and pee into his skull! After all of that, I’ll get my hands on both of his women!”

Those around him stumbled over themselves to soothe him. “Yes, yes, yes. You’ll definitely get your revenge, Mr. Holt. That b***** Nathan Cross is a dead man.”

Gerard’s mood gradually improved, but his resentment towards Nathan did not



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diminish one bit.

He took out his cell phone and called his father, Ben Holt, who was in Brimmopolis.

“Dad, I was bullied by a b***** in the East. I am hospitalized now after being beaten up by him. I need you to send over Jaden and Kris to avenge me.”



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