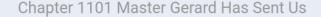
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Ben was especially infuriated upon hearing that his own son had been beaten up. Hence, Ben immediately accepted his request.

"Alright. I'll send the Cheng brothers to join you in the East and help you get revenge."

"Thanks, Dad!"

Gerard rubbed his palms together in excitement.

The Cheng brothers were ancient martial arts experts.

The elder brother, Jaden, had won ten consecutive championship in the national wrestling tournament.

Meanwhile, the younger brother, Kris, had dominated Brimmopolis' underground boxing arena for ten years and was known as the invincible boxing champion of Eurasia's underworld.

The Cheng brothers were indebted to the Holt family, so they accepted Ben's offer to

X

Chapter 1101 Master Gerard Has Sent Us

work as his personal bodyguards.

There was once when the Holt family had to negotiate a deal with a rival household.

Suddenly, they were attacked by up to a thousand men sent by the rival family.

The Cheng brothers ended up safeguarding Ben and killing over three hundred enemies.

After that incident, the duo became well-known across Brimmopolis.

Back to the present, the Cheng brothers took an overnight flight to Horton City in the East.

They showed up in front of Gerard the very next day.

Gerard was thrilled to see the two brothers. "Hehe, I've been expecting the both of you."

"It's our honor to serve you," the siblings declared in unison.

Chapter 1101 Master Gerard Has Sent Us

Gerard turned to a subordinate. "I told you to keep a close watch on Nathan Cross. How is it going?"

"We've been keeping an eye on them all this while. Nathan, Penny and Grace are currently shopping at L'Avenue."

Gerard smirked. "Get the cars ready. It's payback time!"

"Yes, Sir!"

.

L'Avenue was a popular shopping mall in Horton. It housed many international flagship stores such as Louis Vuitton.

Nathan accompanied Penny and Grace for shopping all day. The two women had bought a ton of clothes and their hands were filled with shopping bags.

Just as Nathan was feeling tired from all the walking, Penny and Grace decided that they were done with shopping and wanted to find somewhere to eat. Chapter 1101 Master Gerard Has Sent Us

Nathan headed to the underground parking lot while the two women waited at the entrance of the mall.

When he got to his brand new BMW 740 at the parking lot, he could feel an intense murderous vibe all of a sudden.

Nathan turned to see two middle-aged men walking out from the shadows.

They were the Cheng brothers.

Jaden had a tattoo on his bald head, and his snake-like eyes exuded a dangerous glint.

Meanwhile, Kris appeared frightening with his long hair and pale, dead-looking face.

"Who are you?" Nathan asked, frowning.

The siblings exchanged glances and smirked. "Master Gerard has sent us for you."

Nathan stared at the menacing duo and replied coldly, "Get the hell out of here

Chapter 1101 Master Gerard Has Sent Us

before I lose my temper."

Huh? Did he just tell us to f*ck off? How interesting...

The brothers were amused by Nathan's words as they looked at each other.

Then, Jaden glared at Nathan and sneered, "Hah! It looks like you don't know who are you dealing with. I haven't come across many folks who dare speak to us like that!"

Kris used to be an underground boxer, and was extremely violent and cruel.

"Why bother wasting your breath talking to him, Jaden?" he said with a smirk, "Just wring his neck and bring his head back to Master Gerard!"



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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"Fine!"

Jaden immediately began to move.

Like a panther that had been released from its cage, he charged toward Nathan at a terrifying speed. "Your time is up, punk!"

Jaden aimed a fist at Nathan's face. The fist was unstoppable and as powerful as an asteroid.

Nathan scoffed, "What an amateur." Then, he caught Jaden's fist with his left hand easily.

What!? How could he have intercepted the punch so easily? Jaden's eyes widened as a look of horror appeared on his face.

Without waiting for Jaden to snap back to reality, Nathan swung his right fist at the man's arm.

Crack! Jaden's right arm was instantly fractured

"Arghhhh!" Jaden couldn't help but cry out



in pain.

But before Jaden could recover his sense, Nathan's second punch had already landed on his face.

The screaming immediately ceased.

Jaden's face became completely disfigured and covered in blood as he fell backwards.

"Jaden!" Kris was stunned and horrified to see his older brother die from merely two punches. With a loud roar, he began to dash toward Nathan.

Unlike his brother, Kris was a boxing champion in Brimmopolis' underground world.

There were no rules where he competed, so he was in fact stronger than Jaden.

Kris pounced toward Nathan with a flying kick.

He was as quick as lightning and as loud



as a thunderstorm.

Seeing that, Nathan, too, lifted his leg without any hesitation. He was even faster and more powerful.

Bam! The two legs collided.

Crack!

The sounds of bones cracking rang at the same time.

Nathan instantly broke Kris' leg, twisting it into an unusual V shape.

"Arghhhh!" Kris wailed in pain.

Right after breaking the man's leg, Nathan swiftly sent another kick to his chest.

Like a kite without its' string, Kris instantly flew backwards and crashed heavily into a concrete pillar. He was completely motionless by the time he slumped to the floor.

Colin arrived with a few members of the



Elite Eight just in time.

Nathan adjusted his sleeves and said to them, "Take care of this."

Then, he got into his BMW and drove away slowly.

Meanwhile, at the entrance of L'Avenue.

While Penny and Grace stood there waiting for Nathan to come and pick them up, a Rolls-Royce Phantom suddenly stopped in front of them.

Just as the two beautiful women wondered when Nathan had changed cars, Gerard came down from the vehicle along with two subordinates.

"Hello, pretty ladies. We meet again," he said smugly.

Penny and Grace frowned slightly. "I can't believe you still have the audacity to come and find fault. My husband's on his way here from the parking lot. You'd better run while you can," Penny said coldly.



Upon hearing that, Gerard began to snicker, "Nathan Cross? He won't even get to walk out of the parking lot alive. I'll have you lovely ladies by my side from now on. Hahaha!"

Penny's face fell. "What do you mean? What happened to my husband?" she asked, quivering.

"I'm afraid he's just been chopped into pieces by my two subordinates," he responded gleefully. "You don't have to wait for him anymore. Come with me instead! I may not be as good as him when it comes to martial arts, but I'm certainly a better wrestler in bed. I can guarantee you'll be happy for the rest of your days!"

Penny was shocked and infuriated.

Just as she was about to rush to the underground parking lot to look for Nathan, a BMW stopped nearby.

The next moment, Nathan was seen exiting the car and walking towards their direction gracefully.



Penny and Grace were ecstatic to see him.

Gerard, on the other hand, stood there with his mouth agape.



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"Darling!" Penny's voice cracked as she called out to Nathan.

"Thank God you're alright, Mr. Cross!"
Grace exclaimed.

Gerard and his subordinates looked as though they had just seen a ghost.

The man stared at Nathan in shock and anger. "H-H-How are you still alive? Where are the Cheng brothers!?" he yelled.

"They wanted to send me to hell, but Hades refused to take me in. He took them in when I sent them over, though," Nathan answered calmly.

What?

Gerard and his subordinates' eyes widened in disbelief upon hearing Nathan's words.

Nathan actually got rid of the Cheng brothers? That's impossible! The Cheng brothers are so powerful that they protected Dad against a thousand men and even killed a few hundred of them!



One is a wrestling gold medalist, and the other is an underground boxing champion. How could Nathan even stand a chance against them?

Gerard knew how loyal the Cheng brothers were to the Holt family. So it was unlikely that they would run off while battling Nathan.

Seeing as Nathan had left the underground parking lot alive, that meant the sibling duo could have really died in the former's hands.

Gerard gazed at Nathan with a face full of fear.

Nathan walked toward him and remarked coldly, "Looks like you haven't learned your lesson back at the hotel last night."

Gerard began to step back in terror as he roared, "What are you doing? I'm warning you, don't you dare do anything to me, or you and your wife will die a miserable death—"



"Looks like I have no choice but to kill you."

Hearing that, Gerard frantically gave his subordinates a push. "After him, you guys! Kill him!"

The subordinates charged toward Nathan.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

They were sent flying by Nathan in the blink of an eye.

Then, Nathan appeared right before Gerard in a flash.

"I'll kill you!" With a loud roar, Gerard swung a fist at Nathan.

Crack! With a lift of a hand, Nathan broke the man's right arm effortlessly.

"Arghhh!" Gerard screamed out in pain.

Nathan didn't stop there; he proceeded to break Gerard's left arm, along with his two legs.

Bam!

After having all his limbs broken, the man was thrown onto the top of his Rolls-Royce, causing the roof of the car to cave in.

"Go home and tell the Holt family this: if you continue to cause trouble, your days will soon end," Nathan announced to Gerard, who was on the brink of death.

Then, he left with Penny and Grace.

Inside a classically decorated study room of the Holt family's Southern style manor in Brimmopolis, Ben Holt was now red in anger.

He had just received word that the Cheng brothers, who had been sent to assist his son, had been killed by Nathan instead.

More importantly, his son had just been beaten up by Nathan once again.

This time, the man's injuries were much worse.



After having his limbs broken, he had also severely damaged his spine after being thrown on the top of the car.

According to the doctor, all Gerard needed was time for his limbs to heal.

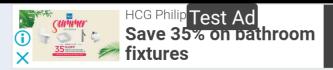
His spine, however, was a much more serious problem. If worse came to worst, the man would be paralyzed for life.

Ben's usually grim face appeared even darker now.

He was like a vicious rattlesnake, waiting to swallow someone up anytime.

After a long while, he finally declared, "Tell our men to get ready. I'm going to head to the East to take care of this personally."

"Yes, Sir!" the subordinates inside the study room responded in unison.



Open

Chapter 1103 Killed By Nathan Cross



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Jewel Hotel, Horton.

Nathan, Penny, Grace and a group of Cross Group's top executives were discussing how to organize their product launch.

Penny mentioned that she had already invited a large number of celebrities as guests to increase the event's publicity.

"But I feel like these celebrities won't be influential enough. It'd be better if we could invite more significant public figures or prominent celebrities to act as the final guest speaker," she said.

Then, she couldn't help but turn to Nathan. "You said to leave this matter to you, Nathan. The product launch will be held in two days. Have you found a suitable candidate for the task?"

Grace and everyone else gazed at Nathan with curiosity.

They all wanted to know who Nathan had invited as the final guest speaker.



Nathan smiled faintly. "Don't worry. I've already taken care of this. He's already on his way here. He'll arrive this afternoon at the earliest and no later than tomorrow morning."

"Who in the world did you invite, Nathan?" Penny couldn't help but ask.

Grace couldn't control her curiosity either. "Yeah! Tell us already. We're all dying to know. Are you trying to keep us in suspense?"

Nathan smiled. "I'm not keeping you in suspense. It's just that it wasn't confirmed yet previously, so I couldn't announce it. But now that he's agreed to help us, I'll tell you who it is. It's Stanley Torres, dean of the military hospital in the South.

Stanley Torres!?

Penny and the others gasped in shock.

There were two leading figures in Eurasia's medical world. One of them was Rupert Rothschild, dean of the North Army



General Hospital. The other was Stanley Torres, who led the South Army General Hospital.

They were both highly renowned and influential in the medical field of Eurasia.

Like Dr. Rothschild, it was just as difficult to reach out to Dr. Torres.

In fact, Dr. Torres rarely took part in product launches held by business corporates.

He would never promote anything that wasn't beneficial to the country and its people.

Therefore, if Nathan were to get him to be part of Cross Group's product launch, it would surely generate a great deal of publicity for them.

Penny and the others buzzed with excitement.

"That's great!" they exclaimed. "Now that Dr. Torres is joining our product launch, our



liver cancer drugs are sure to get lots of publicity."

Inside an ICU ward in the Horton People's Hospital.

Gerard Holt lay on the bed wrapped in bandages. He was wearing an oxygen mask and using a drip.

Ben Holt stood by his bedside with their subordinates.

He gazed at the unconscious Gerard before turning to the doctor. "How is my son's condition? Be honest with me."

The doctor replied, "The injury on his spine is too severe. None of our doctors can help him..."

Ben scoffed, "Then it looks like I'll have to transfer my son to a hospital in Northania."

"Truthfully, it'll be difficult even if you go to another hospital. There aren't many doctors who can treat an injury as serious as Mr. Holt's," the doctor said



embarrassingly. "But I do know someone who might be able to heal your son as long as he's willing to help."

"Who is it?" Ben asked hurriedly.

"It's Dr. Stanley Torres, the dean of the South Army General Hospital. He's a prodigy in the world of medicine."

Ben's eyes lit up. "Dr. Torres! I've heard of his abilities. People have referred to him as a national treasure. My son will surely recover if Dr. Torres treats him. Men, hurry over to the South Army General Hospital and get Dr. Torres over and save my son."

The doctor smiled. "You don't have to go all the way there. I have a friend in the South Army General Hospital who told me that Dr. Torres will be coming over to Horton City. He should be here by afternoon."

Ben was elated to hear that. "That's perfect!"

He then instructed his subordinates to get



Open

Chapter 1104 Stanley Torres

his car ready so he could welcome Dr. Torres personally and request for his help.



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At Horton Airport.

Dressed in a suit, Dr. Torres walked out of the airport entrance with two male assistants.

Despite being a prominent figure in the medical field, the man was extremely low-profile. He hated the public eye and despised all forms of extravagance.

In fact, he didn't even ask Nathan to pick him up from the airport, despite having been requested to take part in the latter's product launch.



"Welcome to Horton, Dr. Torres!" Dozens of men in black bowed to Dr. Torres in unison.

Dr. Torres and his two assistants froze in shock.



He smiled wryly at the sight. "I wanted to keep a low profile, but the General still managed to discover my tracks and sent so many people to welcome me," he muttered.

Then, Ben walked over with a few toughlooking subordinates and grinned. "Hello, Dr. Torres. My name is Ben Holt. I'm here to pick you up."

"Did Mr. Cross send you to receive me?"
Dr. Torres asked with a smile.

Mr. Cross?

A look of confusion flashed across Ben's eyes for a brief moment, and he quickly chuckled. "That's right. Please get in the car."

Dr. Torres smiled and stretched out an arm without hesitation. "You too, Mr. Holt."

Dr. Torres and his assistants quickly entered the car.

With a triumphant smile on his face, Ben



and his subordinates got into their respective cars and they all headed toward the People's Hospital.

They quickly arrived at the hospital to find a row of doctors and nurses, standing at the entrance with banners to welcome their distinguished guest.

Upon seeing this, Dr. Torres couldn't help but frown and realize something was wrong.

He turned to Ben skeptically. "What's going on, Mr. Holt? Where's Mr. Cross?"

"Mr. Cross?" Ben asked with a chuckle. "Which Mr. Cross are you referring to?"

"Nathan Cross, of course!" Dr. Torres replied sternly, his frown deepening.

Ben suddenly came to a realization. What a small world. So it was Nathan Cross who invited Dr. Torres over. It's too bad I've gotten in their way.

"There isn't a Nathan Cross or any other



Mr. Cross here," he said with a vague smile. "There's only me—Ben Holt of Brimmopolis' Holt family!"

Dr. Torres was filled with astonishment and rage instantly. "So you weren't sent by Mr. Cross. In that case, what have you brought me here for?"

Ben narrowed his eyes. "My son's been beaten up by Nathan Cross. His spine is so severely damaged that the doctors can't treat him. I've brought you here so you can save my son. Don't worry; the Holt family will reward you handsomely."



Dr. Torres finally realized that he had been duped.

He was already furious to learn that Ben had intentionally tricked him into coming here.

Upon hearing that Ben's son was in such a miserable state because of Nathan, Dr. Torres had even less reason to save the man.



Anyone whom the General personally deals with has to be a terrible crook. Why should I save him?

"Sorry. I'm here in Horton because of Mr. Cross' invitation," Dr. Torres said coldly. "It's not my job to save your son. You should get another doctor. Goodbye."

Then, Dr. Torres prepared to leave with his two assistants.

Unfortunately, they were held back by Ben's subordinates the moment they turned. "Sorry, but our boss didn't say you could leave."

Dr. Torres flew into a rage and glared at Ben. "How dare you stop me from leaving?"

"Well..." Ben replied with a smile, "Of course I'll let you leave, but only after you save my son."

Dr. Torres glared at the man. "I'm here at the invitation of Mr. Cross; how dare you try to hold me back? Your family will pay if

Open

Chapter 1105 How Dare You Try To Hold Me Back

Mr. Cross finds out about this!"

Ben's lips curled into a frosty smile. "Hah, hearing you say that makes me want to detain you for a one whole month until my son's injuries are completely healed. I'd like to see what Nathan Cross can even do to the Holt family!"

Dr. Torres shook with anger. "You insolent fool! You'll regret it soon enough."



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Cross Group chose Jewel Hotel as the venue to hold their product launch.

Penny personally led Cross Group's employees in decorating the place.

Nathan, on the other hand, had a more relaxed schedule. His job was to welcome Dr. Torres.

At this very moment, Colin appeared next to him and murmured, "Something's happened, Sir."

Nathan frowned. "What is it this time?"

"I just received word that Dr. Torres had already arrived in Horton an hour ago."

Nathan was surprised. "Why didn't he let me know in advance?"

"He probably felt that you were too dignified to be the one picking him up. Besides, he's a really low-profile guy, so maybe he thought of coming to meet you quietly. But something unexpected happened; he was taken away by force the



moment he walked out of the airport."

Nathan's gaze immediately darkened. "Who has such nerve to abduct Dr. Torres just like that?"

"It was Ben Holt of Brimmopolis' Holt family. The guy took Dr. Torres to the hospital and forced him to save his son, Gerard."

"Not the Holt family again!" Nathan raged. "They really have a death wish. Like father, like son."

"What should we do now, Sir?" asked Colin.

"Get my car ready," Nathan instructed coldly. "I'm going to pick Dr. Torres up."

"Yes, Sir!"

.

At the Horton People's Hospital.

Ben Holt was in the pavilion playing chess with an old man dressed in white robe.



This old man happened to be Jaden and Kris Cheng's master, Andy Han.

If Rupert Rothschild and Stanley Torres were the leading authorities of Eurasia's medical field, Andy Han would be king of the nation's world of martial arts.

Andy was born into a prominent martial arts family and began training since young. After serving in the army for a number of years, he retired and went on to study the nation's ancient martial arts as well as other combat skills from all over the world.

Eventually, he gathered all his knowledge and came up with his own technique: the Heavenly Crane Fist.

Many well-known fighters from the mixed martial arts and underground boxing world were his students.

Andy engaged in thousands of fights since the age of thirty and had never suffered a single defeat.



People referred to him as the God of War.

As of recent years, Andy rarely fought because he felt that he didn't have many worthy opponents. Furthermore, the man had been focusing on his mental and spiritual health lately, so he was no longer as cruel and murderous as he used to be.

However, Andy immediately headed to Horton upon hearing that his two precious disciples, Jaden and Kris, had died in Nathan's hands. He was determined to avenge his star pupils.

Tap!

Andy placed a black chess piece on the board. "Game over. You've lost, Ben."

Ben's eyes widened before he broke into laughter. "Your chess skills are as incredible as your martial arts skills, Andy. You're unstoppable!"

Andy merely smiled and asked calmly, "I just heard that you've brought Dr. Torres of the South Army General Hospital here to



cure your son."

Ben nodded. "That's right. But that geezer doesn't know his place. I promised to reward him generously, but he simply refuses to carry out any treatment on my son. He even spouted some nonsense about having been invited to Horton by Nathan Cross, and that I'd be dead when Nathan comes."

Nathan Cross?

A malevolent look flashed in Andy's eyes at the mention of Nathan.

Ben stole a glance at Andy before remarking carefully, "Nathan beat my son up and killed your two star pupils, Master Han. If he dares come over, I hope you'll personally give him the fate he deserves."

Just as Andy was about to respond, two crows landed on a tree branch nearby the pavilion.

The crows chirped irritatingly.



With a cold gaze, Andy picked up a chess piece and gave it a flick.

Zoom!

The chess piece flew straight toward the crows like a bullet.

Feathers and blood fell to the ground.

Two birds with one stone—literally!

"Nathan Cross killed my precious disciples. His fate will be no different than that of these crows," Andy said slowly under Ben's frightened gaze.

Just as he finished speaking, a subordinate dressed in a black suit rushed over.

"Nathan Cross is here for Dr. Torres, Master Ben," he said respectfully.



Chapter 1107 Who Do You Think You Are Calling Yourself Th...

Ben smiled wickedly as he witnessed Andy's terrifying strength and heard that Nathan had arrived. "He just loves getting himself into trouble, doesn't he? Now that you're here, he's practically sending himself to his doom. Let's head over and take a look!"

They quickly headed to the ground floor of the ward area and saw dozens of Ben's subordinates confronting Nathan, Colin and the Elite Eight who had come for Dr. Torres.

Nathan tried to leave with Dr. Torres, only to be held back by the Holt family's subordinates.

"I don't feel like punching any of you. Get the hell out of my way," Nathan demanded coldly.

Ben walked over with a smirk. "So you're Nathan Cross, the lunatic who beat my son up? Heh, we were just about to pay you back for that. Who would've thought you'd drop by on your own? But now that you're here, you may as well stay forever!"



Chapter 1107 Who Do You Think You Are Calling Yourself Th...

Upon hearing that, Nathan gazed at Ben and asked in disdain, "And who's going to make that happen?"

Nathan's eyes looked so cold that Ben couldn't help but shudder.

At this very moment, Andy, who was right next to Ben, spoke up. "I am!"

Nathan's gaze fell on Andy. He had already noticed earlier that this old man wasn't as simple as he seemed.

Andy had a vigorous aura. His footsteps were as solid as a mountain and his gaze looked extremely piercing. It was obvious that he was a true elite.

Nathan frowned slightly. "Who are you?"

Ben began to snicker. "Are you blind, punk? This is Andy Han, the legendary king of the world of ancient martial arts! Master Han is known as the God of War here. You killed two of his disciples, so he's come all the way here to personally avenge them. You should be honored to die at his



Chapter 1107 Who Do You Think You Are Calling Yourself Th...

hands!"

With his chin slightly raised and eyes squinted, Andy gazed at Nathan haughtily. He did seem to have the demeanor of a God of War.

God of War?

Nathan frowned and stared at Andy, lost in thought.

Meanwhile, Colin, the Elite Eight and Dr. Torres couldn't help but feel amused at the remark. How interesting! To think that someone dares call himself a God of War in front of Nathan Cross, the General of the North and Eurasia's very own God of War.

Nathan gave Andy a faint smile. "I've met many Gods of War, such as the ones from Japan and Northern Europe. I may not have killed up to a hundred of them, but I've certainly taken care of at least several dozen. I've heard of you, Master Han. Your disciples brought their deaths upon themselves, so I hope you'll have the sense to not avenge them and tarnish your



Chapter 1107 Who Do You Think You Are Calling Yourself Th...

reputation."

Andy was filled with anger. "I've trained on my own since I was a child and created the Heavenly Crane Fist by the age of thirty. I haven't lost a single battle since then, which is why everyone refers to me as the God of War. Who do you think you are, making up such nonsense about having defeated so many Gods of War?"

"That's just how outrageous this punk is, Master Han," Ben said with a snicker. "It's time you show everyone your true strength as God of War."



Andy nodded and glared at Nathan. "I'll let you live if you can handle ten moves from me, brat."

Nathan smiled faintly. "Ten is too many, but I respect you as a senior, so I'll just make one move."

Ben and his subordinates were dumbstruck to hear that.

They had never seen someone as brazen



Chapter 1107 Who Do You Think You Are Calling Yourself Th...

as this man.

Andy turned red with fury. "If you want to die so badly, I'll grant your wish!"



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Chapter 1107 Who Do You Think You Are Calling Yourself Th...

"Bring it on! I'd like to see just how tough you are. How dare you behave like this in front of me!"

Nathan smiled at him. "You're old, so I'll let you go first."

Such impudence! This is preposterous!

Andy's gaze were instantly set ablaze. Everyone he fought against would always approach him carefully, as though he were a tiger.

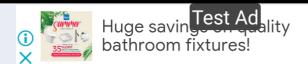
Yet, Nathan was treating him like a regular old man.

This certainly infuriated Andy.

"This is the first time I've seen someone who is so desperate to die. If that's what you want, I'll send you to meet Hades!"

Then, he slowly parted his legs and stood on one foot.

His aura completely changed in an instant.



Chapter 1108 | Will Send You To Meet Hades

Solitary and dignified, just like a crane.

Everyone could feel the menacing aura coming from Andy.

Ben and his subordinates couldn't contain their excitement. "Haha! We sure are lucky to be able to witness the God of War fight. What an honor!"

Nathan stood with his hands behind his back, gazing at Andy. "Interesting," he remarked calmly.

"Soaring Crane!" Andy bellowed.

He instantly launched himself into the air like a bird and formed a perfect parabolic line as he flew toward Nathan's head with a kick as swift as lightning.

This kick was strong enough to destroy metal and concrete.

However, Nathan took a step back and tilted his head, easily avoiding Andy's deadly attack.



Chapter 1108 I Will Send You To Meet Hades

Andy landed on the ground, feeling stunned internally. How could he have evaded me so easily?

Still, he didn't think much at this point and proceeded to charge at Nathan.

The man violently swung his right hand toward Nathan's neck while whooping like a crane.

Once again, Nathan stepped back and evaded Andy's attack.

Refusing to give up, Andy unleashed another attack. "Heavenly Crane Fist!"

This time, Nathan no longer tried to avoid his opponent. Instead, he used one of the military's most common combat techniques—the head-on punch.

Bam!

The two fists collided and made a thunderous noise.

Andy's arm instantly broke and his body



Chapter 1108 I Will Send You To Meet Hades

began to fly backwards, as though he had been struck by lightning.

Then, he heavily crashed into a tree, causing it to break instantly. The man slumped to the ground and coughed a mouthful of blood.

What?

Master Han—the man who has trained countless champion fighters, won every match since the age of thirty and is known as the God of War—just lost to Nathan Cross in one hit?



Ben was dumbstruck.

So were all his subordinates.

Even Andy, who was now laying on the floor with blood all over his mouth, stared at Nathan in disbelief.

He couldn't accept the fact that he had lost to Nathan in just one hit. "No. This is impossible..." he murmured. "There's no way a nobody could ever defeat me with



Chapter 1108 I Will Send You To Meet Hades

one punch! If there was truly someone who could, then it would only be the legendary General of the North, Eurasia's God of War..."

Andy's eyes suddenly widened as he trailed off, staring at Nathan in horror.

Nathan remained where he was, with his hands behind his back and head held high.

Oh God! Nathan Cross really is Eurasia's God of War!

Andy began to tremble in fear upon discovering Nathan's true identity.

He couldn't even speak properly anymore, "Y-You... You're Eurasia's God of War!"



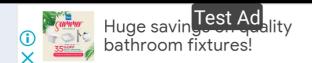
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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Chapter 1109 I Want You To Apologize Personally

Everyone seemed to be in a daze as they saw how terrified Master Han looked and heard him refer to Nathan as Eurasia's God of War. Who is Eurasia's God of War? They wondered in confusion.

Before Nathan could respond, Colin couldn't help but scoff, "Looks like you have some sense to be able to recognize our boss."

Having realized Nathan's true identity, Andy was no longer dismayed over suffering a defeat. "So you really are the God of War. It's no surprise that a fraud like me would lose!" he said with regret and shame.

Nathan calmly stared at the old man and remarked, "I've heard of you, Master Han. You've produced many highly skilled disciples, but you're too protective of them. Your two pupils tried to kill me, so I had to defend myself. You can say they got what they deserved. I hope you'll stop being unreasonable and put an end to this matter now."





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Andy now knew that Nathan was the commander-in-chief of the three hundred thousand men in the North Army; the God of War who had killed countless renowned fighters from different nations. On top of that, Andy was in the wrong too. So, how would he dare to cause more trouble with Nathan at this point?

He struggled to get up and responded with shame, "You're absolutely right, God of War. From now on, I'll retire and focus only on training my disciples. I won't take part in anymore fights."

Nathan turned to Ben.

Ben still hadn't realized who Nathan was and he was filled with doubt and terror.

The man wondered who Nathan was while being fearful over how terrified Andy appeared in the face of Nathan.

Still, despite not having guessed Nathan's true identity, Ben was no fool. He could tell that Nathan certainly wasn't just a regular guy.



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His face turned paper pale as he broke out in cold sweat.

"Your son tried to kill me several times. He also harassed my wife and friend. But instead of teaching your son a lesson, you encouraged him to take revenge. Not only that, but you also had the audacity to abduct my distinguished guest and bring him here by force. I don't have the time to deal with you right now, but I want you to show up at my doorstep tonight, kneel before my wife, Professor Hampton and Dr. Torres, and personally apologize to them. You'll be sorry if you don't."

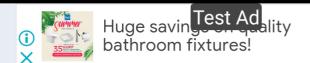
Ben's expression immediately took a turn.

His subordinates were also filled with rage.

How dare he make our master personally apologize to him?

Without waiting for Ben's response, Nathan left the hospital with Colin, Dr. Torres and the rest of their subordinates.

Ben couldn't help but ask Andy after



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Nathan had left, "Who on earth is Nathan Cross, Master Han?"

"The General of the North, Eurasia's God of War!" Andy slowly enunciated.

Ben and his subordinates were instantly struck with horror.

Boom!

Ben felt as though he had been caught in a thunderstorm.

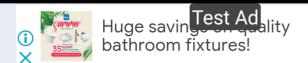
To think that the Holt family had offended the General of the North.

It's no wonder he never paid us any attention; It's no wonder Master Han lost to him so easily.

It's all because he's Eurasia's number one God of War!

Pfft!

Upon realizing Nathan's true identity, Ben's blood pressure skyrocketed and he spat



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out a mouthful of blood.

"Master Ben!"

"Are you alright, Master Ben!?"

His subordinates hurriedly rushed over to hold onto him.

At this point, Ben was filled with so much regret that he could just die. How he wished he could personally beat his troublemaker of a son to death right now.

Of all people, that rascal just had to find fault with Nathan.

"Quick! Hurry up and get ready," Ben said frantically while grabbing onto one of his men. "I have to see Mr. Cross tonight and apologize to him."



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At the Jewel Hotel, Horton City.

Penny and Grace, along with a number of Cross Group executives, were busy directing their employees on how to decorate the venue.

The product launch was to be held in two days, but the stage had not been built and the light testing was not done yet. So everyone had begun working since morning to ensure the event would run smoothly.

Meanwhile, Nathan arrived at the scene with Dr. Stanley Torres.

Penny and the others quickly surrounded them.

"It really is you, Dr. Torres! We're so honored to have you as our special guest for the product launch," Penny exclaimed.

With a smile, Nathan introduced Penny to Dr. Torres, "This is my wife, Penny Smith. She's the chairman and CEO of Cross Group."



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Dr. Torres nodded and smiled faintly. "Nice to meet you, Mrs. Cross."

Penny blushed upon hearing that.

She was commonly referred to as Ms. Smith in official settings, so being called Mrs. Cross made her rather bashful.

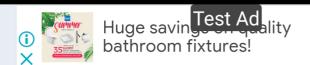
But the woman received an important message from this.

The fact that Dr. Torres addressed her as Mrs. Cross instead of Ms. Smith implied that he had agreed to take part in Cross Group's product launch mainly due to his relationship with Nathan.

Otherwise, the man would never have joined any commerce-related activities organized by any firm from the pharmaceutical industry.

Penny couldn't help but gaze at Nathan with pride. He's amazing to be able to invite Dr. Torres to our product launch.

Then, Nathan introduced another



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important figure to Dr. Torres. "This is Professor Hampton. She's the one who led our team of researchers in the development of our Q-Than liver cancer special meds. She's our hero."

"Hello, Dr. Torres!" Grace exclaimed with a bow, looking like a fangirl who had just met her biggest idol.

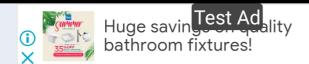
Dr. Torres nodded slightly. "I see so much potential in today's youth. Your generation will be the future of Eurasia's world of medicine."

"Thank you for your compliment!" Grace responded fearfully, "However, we have much to learn from figures like you."

Nathan smiled. "This is what we call an accumulation of medical knowledge. Stop trying to be modest or flatter each other. You're both incredible, okay?"

Everyone burst into laughter after they heard Nathan's words.

At this very moment, a series of chaotic



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footsteps could be heard coming from outside.

Then, a few men began to shout, "Move! Don't get in the way of our master!"

Nathan and the others frowned slightly.

A group of tall and pompous-looking bodyguards entered the hotel and pushed all the employees who were currently working aside.

Then, a man dressed in a white suit and gold-rimmed glasses strode in with one hand in his pocket.

This young man was exceptionally well-dressed to the smallest detail.

He had fair skin and exuded an elegant presence.

This elegance was certainly all real and natural; there was no way a nouveau riche could put on such an act.

Everyone couldn't help but wonder who



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this nobleman was.

The man stood before Nathan and Penny. He couldn't help but look slightly taken aback when he saw Penny, but he quickly shifted his gaze to Nathan.

Then, a faint smile formed on his lips. "You must be Nathan Cross."

"That's me," Nathan replied coolly. "And you are?"

The man adjusted his glasses with a finger and answered gracefully, "Peter Lindberg, from the Lindberg family of Brimmopolis."



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