

Nathan and his entourage drove out of the prison in a hurry.

Colin said, "The current situation is tricky. Volk's army must be hunting for us. It won't work if we were to take the usual route by flight."

"Drive toward north-east. We will return to the nation by land," Nathan said calmly.

Colin answered solemnly, "Yes!"

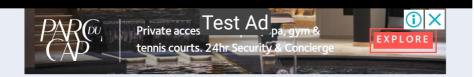
At the General's Mansion in Riverdale, Volk.



Kingsley Ruane sat in his chair surrounded by heavily armed guards as Zizan stood respectfully before him.

Kingsley was only forty years old, but he had earned himself a prestigious title in the army known as Volk the Mighty.

His face was ghastly pale as he said, "These people are really bold. Not only have they wounded Prince William, but they also wounded more than one hundred



Scorpion Prison's soldiers. They also took Penny Smith and Grace Hampton."

Zizan said respectfully, "General, Cross is daring but guilty. We must not let them go."

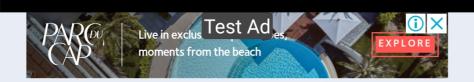
Kingsley snorted, "They are now fleeing toward the northeast, it's obvious they want to return to the nation. I am preparing to send our troops to intercept them at the border."

Zizan exclaimed in glee, "That's great!"



"You and William have caused so much fuss recently. I'm only just helping both of you. This time, I have to send my troops to kill Cross. You should know that firearms cost millions. By doing you a favor, I'm incurring a huge loss."

Zizan laughed, "Not to worry, General! As long as you kill Nathan, and hand over Penny Smith and Grace Hampton to me, the Barton family is willing to present you five billion as a token of appreciation."



When Kingsley heard that, a smile crept across his stern face.

He walked up to Zizan and patted the latter on the shoulder. "Mr. Barton, from the moment William introduced us, I knew you were different. You are definitely a man of greatness with a bright future."

Zizan smiled and said, "I hope we will have plenty of opportunities to work together in the future."

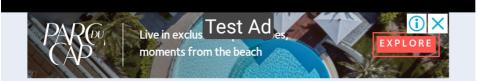
"Definitely!"

Then Kingsley issued an order to his deputy, "Assemble our troops. I want to set out immediately to intercept Nathan Cross."

"Yes, General!"

Nathan and his entourage headed toward northeast.

After fleeing for one day and one night, they arrived at the border.



Colin said happily, "Master, in another five kilometers, we will reach the South once we pass the border."

A smile spread across the faces of Penny and Grace when they realized that Motherland was just in front of them.

But right at that moment, a signal flare rose high in the sky and exploded in the distance.

Many vehicles such as jeeps, off-road trucks, pickup trucks and military trucks encircled them.

Colin was shocked and exclaimed, "Oh no! We're in trouble!"

Very quickly, Nathan and the others were surrounded by a large number of vehicles.

Armed soldiers alighted from the vehicles. The number of troops totaled two thousand soldiers.

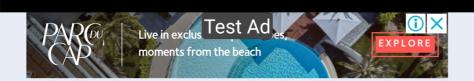
Two men alighted from the vehicle. They were Kingsley, Volk the Mighty, and Zizan.

The latter took a look at Kingsley's weapons and noticed they were equipped with only swords and daggers, with no guns in sight. He couldn't help but asked, "General, why are your soldiers not armed with firearms?"

Kingsley laughed and said, "Mr. Barton, you may not understand. Ever since a God of War emerged from the nation with the reputation of killing eighteen masters from the Coalition Army, this has led many countries in talks about this. Who would dare to open fire at the nation's border when there is an Ares of the North around? Wouldn't that be a death wish? Obviously, it will not be a big impact if we were to kill a few people at the border with swords."

Zizan understood finally. Neither party dared to open fire at the border as disastrous consequences would fall on whoever fired the first shot.

All the smaller neighboring countries



cowered in fear before Ares of the North.

Kingsley and Zizan, along with their two thousand armed troops, surrounded Nathan and his entourage.

Kingsley spread his troops out far and wide across the land. Death was in the air.

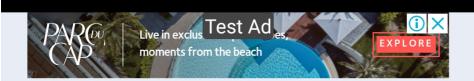
Penny and Grace looked pale with fright.

The corners of Nathan's lips turned upward and said, "I actually wanted to return to my homeland quietly. I never thought they would catch up to us. Judging by the sleeve badges of these men, if I'm not mistaken, they are the Volk's troops."

Colin, the Elite Eight, Thunderstorm and Waves formed a protective circle around Nathan Cross.

Colin nodded. "You are right. They are the private army of Kingsley Ruane, Volk the Mighty."

Just then, Kingsley and Zizan appeared.



The latter looked at Nathan, who was surrounded by two thousand Volkian soldiers. His eyes gleamed with triumph. "We have been waiting for you for the longest time, Cross. Isn't this view great? It'll be perfect to bury you here!"

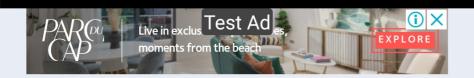
A smile appeared gradually on Nathan's lips and he said, "Barton, you're the worst person I've ever met. I gave you your last chance. Yet, here you come seeking death."

Zizan burst out in anger, "You prick, how dare you be so arrogant before Volk the Mighty?"

Kingsley looked majestic in his Volkian armor, with the sword hanging from his girdle.

He gazed at Nathan and felt that the latter looked somewhat familiar, as though he had seen him somewhere before.

Since I can't recall where I have seen him, there's no need to think any further. Just kill him and be done with it.



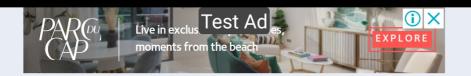
Kingsley said coldly, "You are Nathan Cross. Aren't you the one who led your men and broke into our military prison? You wounded hundreds of my soldiers and abducted two felonies from me. Are you willing to surrender yourself or do you want my men to attack you?"

Nathan chuckled, "For someone who was in a league with the eighteen masters from the Coalition Army, sneaked an attack on the North, and abandoned your allies and fled. How could you still be so arrogant?"

Kingsley was taken aback. He stared at Nathan in shocked.

Indeed, he joined forces with the masters from eighteen countries and formed the Coalition Army three years ago. They had invaded the North to behead the General of the North.

However, the general killed the Coalition Army single-handedly. Blood was spilt everywhere and corpses strewn across the field.



At that time, Kingsley was hiding right at the back. He abandoned his allies and fled after seeing how terrifying the General of the North was.

But no one knew about this shameful act!

In the heat of the battle back then, even the allies were not aware that he had fled the scene.

How could this man know about it?

Kingsley was stunned and looked doubtfully at Nathan.



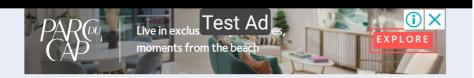
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Someone must have leaked this out!

Kingsley's eyes flashed with murderous intent.

Nathan Cross must die. That humiliating incident must not be known to anyone else, it would only ruin his reputation.

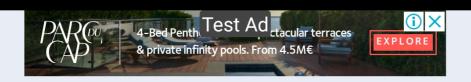
He sneered, "There is nothing wrong with arrogance. But if you are no match, you only have yourself to blame. Soldiers! Kill everyone here, except for those two women!"

Swoosh! The Volkian army drew their weapons simultaneously.

Penny and Grace were so frightened that their bodies shook with fear, and they looked deathly pale.

Colin, the Elite Eight, and Thunderstorm and Waves squared their shoulders and stood to protect Nathan, Penny and Grace.

Nathan looked at Kingsley, who was determined to kill all of them. "Kingsley



Ruane, this is the border between Volk and the Nation, I would advise you not to fight here. Or I'm afraid you will have to pay a heavy price."

Kingsley sneered, "Are you afraid because you know that your death is near? Trying to scare me with the border's troops?
Although I think highly of the General of the North, this is the South's military region. Your reinforcements might not even be here after I'm done chopping you all into pieces. Hahaha..."

Penny and Grace both knew that the border was just a few kilometers ahead.

They initially thought that the only help for them would be the troops from the border.

After hearing what Kingsley said, the feeling of despair came over them.

Under normal circumstances, there were few soldiers that were stationed at the border. Since there was no outbreak of war, there wouldn't be a massive military presence at the border.



Furthermore, they were still five kilometers away.

Even if the guards at the border were to know the danger that they were facing, it was unlikely for the guards to cross the border to save them. That was considered a violation.

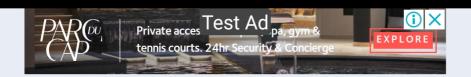
Penny and Grace felt hearts sank.

Nathan was calm. He looked at Kingsley with a faint smile on his face and said, "Looks like you are not afraid of the army from the South. But you seem to be more afraid of the army from the North."

Kingsley sneered, "Unfortunately, this is not the North and the North Army will not be here soon. You should just accept your terrible fate!"

With that, he raised his hand and was about to command his troops to attack.

"Did you say that the North Army will not turn up here? Then what's that at that low hillside?"



Kingsley, Zizan and the others were shocked. They turned and looked in the direction that Nathan was pointing.

Right at the hill slope, eighteen knights sat on their horses in their armors resembling eighteen demons from hell. Their cloaks billowing in the strong wind.

They had been standing there for a long time, and there was a heavy oppressive sense of darkness in the air.

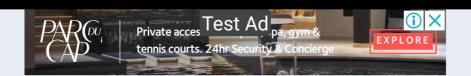
These men were the Eighteen Riders of the North, and they had come to Nathan's aid.

When Kingsley saw the eighteen knights, disbelief spread across his face.

One of his men shouted in fear, "Oh my God! The Eighteen Riders of the North!"

"This is the ace of the North Army. The Eighteen Riders of the North that can send its enemies down to eighteen levels of hell."

"It's over! How is it possible for the North



# Army to appear here?"



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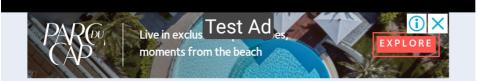


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Zizan eyes widened. How could the North Army appear at the border of the South? It's a delusion!

He snorted coldly, "This can't be true. They are not real. How could the North Army appear here? They are definitely not real!"

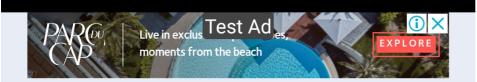
Zizan's words brought Kingsley to his senses.

The latter appeared dazed and said, "I'll say, even the South's military guards don't pay much attention to this remote area, so how could the North Army possibly appear here?"

Upon hearing these words, the two thousand soldiers shook off their fear, and their fighting spirit soared.

The Volkian army lifted their swords and shouted in anger, "Damn them! How dare they pretend to be the North Army to frighten us? Kill them all!"

"Yeah, kill them all!"



"Kill! Kill! Kill!"

Kingsley sneered at Nathan, "You bastard. You even found someone to pretend to be the Eighteen Riders of the North. You really gave me a fright."

"Volkians, listen to my orders. Kill!"

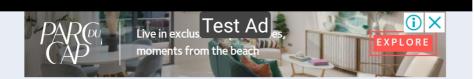
The Volkian army rushed ferociously toward Nathan and his entourage.

Nathan raised his fist and punched, killing a Volkian.

At the same time, he ordered, "Colin, get my wife and Professor Hampton into the car. Don't let them get out until we are clear of danger."

Colin quickly opened the door, then he ushered the women into the car and shut the door.

The Elite Eight, Thunderstorm and Waves surrounded the car to form a protective barrier. They put up a fierce fight when the Volk the Mighty attacked them.



Right at that moment, Colin, who was standing next to Nathan, raised his right hand high in the air and formed a tight fist.

This was a signal to the Eighteen Riders of the North, who were waiting from afar to begin the attack.

Jack Hughes, the head of the riders, who was riding on Marquis, drew out his sword and pointed at the Volkian army. "Kill them!" he commanded.

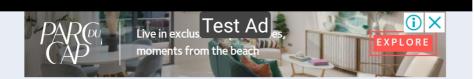
#### "Attack!"

The air was filled with thunderous sounds from the furious roars of the knights, horses' neighs and loud stamping sounds from the hooves.

The eighteen knights emitted a mighty aura similar to an army of a thousand soldiers.

Kingsley looked horrified. How can eighteen knights be so frightening?

The Eighteen Riders of the North rode



quickly, a huge cloud of dust rose in their trail.

They drew nearer and nearer.

Kingsley shouted in anger, "Kill them!"

Immediately, numerous Volkian soldiers brandished their swords and rode toward the Eighteen Riders of the North.

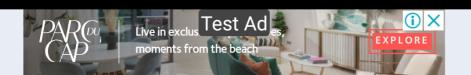
Jack was riding in the forefront. With a wave of his sword, he broke the enemy's sword. Three enemies were decapitated, their heads were thrown high in the air.

#### Whoosh!

With the lead of Jack, the Eighteen Riders of the North tore through the defenses of the Volkian army.

They killed as they penetrated the enemy's formation.

Wherever they passed through, enemies were slain and their bodies strewn across the ground.



Kingsley and Zizan were shocked beyond belief.

Their fighting force was too fearsome.

Moreover, a horrifying thought hit them. Are these the real Eighteen Riders of the North?



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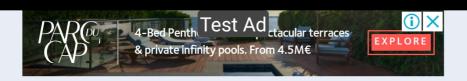


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Kingsley was Volk the Mighty, and he had been on the battlefield for a long time.

He quickly recovered from his shock and immediately ordered his men to form a barrier to withstand the Eighteen Riders of the North.

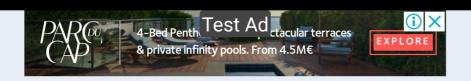
At the same time, he turned toward Nathan with deadly intent.

He decided that by taking down the latter, his men and powerful knights would halt the attacks and surrender immediately.

Kingsley sneered, "Your men are good fighters, it's no wonder you could fight against Mr. Barton. It's a pity you met me. Your time has come!"

As soon as Kingsley finished his words, a loud boom sounded from beneath him. The ground shook and collapsed from beneath his feet.

He shot toward Nathan Cross like a cannonball.



Zizan and his men watched in awe at the extraordinary strength of Volk the Mighty.

Nathan watched as Kingsley charged toward him. His lips curled with a smile.

In anger, Kingsley threw his signature punch.

With his raised fist, there was a sharp piercing sound from the force of his punch.

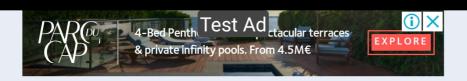
Zizan couldn't help but exclaimed, "What an amazing punch! That is indeed the power of Volk the Mighty."

Just then, Nathan also made his move.

He took a step forward and threw a powerful punch with his raised fist.

Kingsley Ruane felt the wind from the punch and he was stupefied instantly.

He yelled in fright. Gathering all his might and increasing the speed of his fist, he headed toward Nathan.



#### Boom!

Both of their fists collided and then there was a loud thunderous sound.

Kingsley felt a powerful force from Nathan's fist.

An unbearable pain shot through his right arm and exploded.

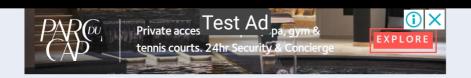
"Argh!"

To the shock of everyone, Kingsley let out a scream and fell heavily onto the ground.

His right arm was severed, and blood was dripping from the wound. He grimaced in pain and looked at Nathan with horror in his eyes.

Zizan and the Volkians were flabbergasted.

The opponent reduced Volk the Mighty's famous punch to nothing except a severed right arm.



# Oh god!

Nathan Cross was too powerful!

Kingsley was deathly pale. He looked at Nathan in fear and asked, "Who are you? Few people in the world can defeat me with a single punch."

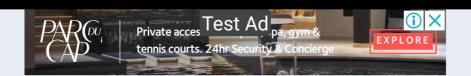
The God of War replied calmly, "You rat. You don't deserve to know my identity."

#### Rat!

Kingsley looked confused. This was the second time Nathan had called him a rat.

He couldn't help but think back to what Nathan had said about the humiliating incident that happened three years ago, where he had formed a Coalition Army with eighteen masters from eighteen countries to attack the General of the North, only to flee and abandon his allies.

He looked at Nathan again. The latter looked just like Ares of the North from three years ago.



## Boom!

Kingsley trembled.

Nathan turned out to be the General of the North, the most talked-about God of War!

He cried out, "You! You are the General of the North, the God of War!"



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"No wonder you and your guards could break the prison so easily... Defeating me with a single punch... the appearance of the Eighteen Riders... All because you're the God of War!"

Kingsley's voice echoed throughout the entire battlefield.

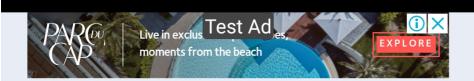
Suddenly, many Volkian soldiers who were still fighting hard even though they were on the verge of losing lost their fighting spirit. They dropped their weapons and conceded defeat immediately.

Kingsley's words hit Zizan's heart mercilessly like a bullet.

The latter stiffened. Fear and disbelief filled his eyes.

Nathan Cross was the General of the North!

He could not accept this terrifying truth. His voice trembled, "No way... Impossible..."



What Kingsley did next disappointed him to the core.

The Volkian lost his right arm, but that did not stop him from crawling toward Nathan and seeking his forgiveness. "Please spare my life, God of War! Please!"

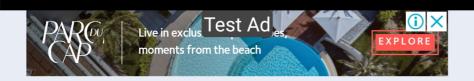
Kingsley's men also dropped their weapons and kneeled before him in fear.

Nathan mocked, "You're begging me for forgiveness? I thought you were proud of yourself when you worked with Zizan Barton and William to detain my wife and Professor Hampton illegally? Didn't you boastfully threaten to kill us all? Yet, you're begging me to spare you?"

Kingsley kowtowed repeatedly and said in a shaky voice, "We didn't know you're the God of War. If I knew your identity earlier, I wouldn't have agreed to help William and Zizan!"

Nathan responded with a mirthless laugh.

He turned around, looked at Zizan, and



sneered, "What do you think of the view here?"

The color drained out of the latter's face. Droplets of sweat rolling down his face, and he could not articulate.

When he came with Kingsley and an army of Volkian soldiers to ambush them, he told Nathan the view here was scenic, and it would be a nice burial ground for him.

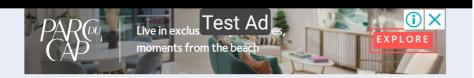
Now, Nathan hurled the same question back at him.

Obviously, he wanted to kill him!

Zizan dared not answer the question. He dropped to his knees and begged in between sobs, "It's my fault, General! I shouldn't have provoked you! I deserve to die tens of thousands of times!"

Nathan sneered, "You just need to die once."

Zizan was stunned, and his face and lips turned pale. He looked at Nathan



# desperately.

The general ignored him and turned to Kingsley, "Do me a favor, and I'll let you and your men off."

"Your wish is my command, sir!"

Nathan pointed at Zizan and said calmly, "I don't want to see this man again. Do what you need to do now."

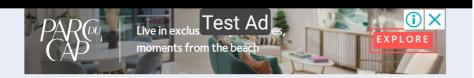
Kingsley paused for a moment and instructed his men, "Boys, kill these useless bastards!"

The Volkian soldiers raised their weapons and walked toward Zizan.

Agonizing screams resonated. The stench of blood permeated throughout the battleground.

Zizan and his men were slaughtered.

He paid a large sum to hire the Volkians to kill Nathan.



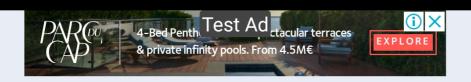
Never in a million years did he expect he would die under the hands of the Volkian soldiers.

When Kingsley saw his men had finally gotten rid of Zizan, he and his men immediately turned from ruthless wolves to harmless little lambs. They looked at Nathan with hopeful eyes, waiting for him to let them go.

Nathan waved his hands. "Get lost now, and I don't want people to discuss a thing about what happened here today!"

Kingsley was relieved, and he promised to keep this a secret. He did not want to embarrass himself either.

Like dogs that lost in a fight, Kingsley and his men then scuttled away.



After confirming that Colin, the Elite Eight, Thunderstorm, Waves and the Eighteen Riders of the North were unscathed in the incident, Nathan ordered, "It's time to go home!"

Nathan got into the car. The riders escorted him as he continued his journey back home.

Penny and Grace had been hiding in the car all this while, and Colin and Elite Eight protected them by blocking their views.

Hence, they did not know what happened outside the car.

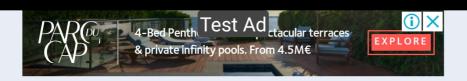
They thought they were doomed!

The turn of events was totally unexpected.

A group of riders came to Nathan's rescue, and Kingsley and his men also retreated accordingly.

Penny was surprised and confused. "Nathan, why did they let us go?"

Grace also gave him a puzzled look.



Nathan grinned. "Did you notice the Eighteen Riders of the North? They're my men who came to support us. They warned Kingsley that they're at the nation's borders. If the Volkians dare to harm the citizens there, the military troops at the border would come and destroy them. The Volkian soldiers were so terrified that they ran away."

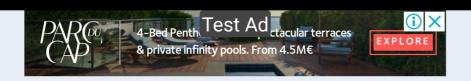
Grace was dumbfounded. "Are you serious?"

Penny heaved a sigh of relief, "So it was our nation and the troops at the border who protected us from the enemies. We should be grateful to our nation and our soldiers"

Grace nodded in agreement. "I feel so proud of being a citizen of this nation."

When Nathan and the others arrived at the borders, the military troops from the South were on standby to welcome their return.

They then got on a military helicopter, headed toward Alberesque in the South,



and took another flight back to Channing.

Attending a medical conference in Volk was a horrifying experience. To Penny and Grace, they felt fortunate to have cheated death.

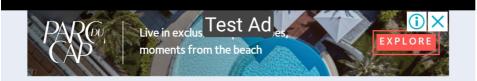
Though both of them had successfully returned to the country, they believed they would have been on the Volk government's wanted list by now.

Unexpectedly, the Volkians issued them a letter of apology when they arrived in the country.

According to the letter, they admitted they had arrested Penny and Grace by mistake and apologized to them publicly. The Volkian government would also like to compensate them an amount of money.

Though the compensated amount was just a few thousands, they seemed sincere in their apology.

Hence, Penny and Grace accepted!



Since Volk had admitted their mistake, they should also be magnanimous and let bygones be bygones.

What the two girls did not know was Volk issued this apology because they were terrified of Nathan.

The Volk had apologized, and the culprits

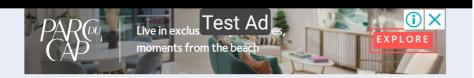
— Zizan Reech and William — had also
gotten a taste of their own medicine.

Zizan was dead, and William was sent back to England to continue his treatment!

Nevertheless, the doctor was quite certain that he would remain crippled even after he had fully recovered.

William's father Cicero, who was the Prince of England and the President of The Omniscience, flew into a rage after knowing someone crippled his only son.

The Omniscience was one of the world's most renowned racist organizations.
Under the leadership of Cicero, it remained active for the past few decades.



It had about 100,000 members all over the world, including politicians, scientists, tycoons, and intellectuals. They belonged to the elite society.

These people formed this network so they could exchange resources and expand their influence.

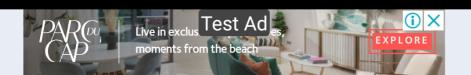
Besides, The Omniscience was also formed to stop the nation from becoming a powerful country.

When Cicero learned that its citizen had crippled his only son, he exploded with rage and immediately gave Peyton Black a call.

Peyton was the head of the Black clan, one of the nation's eight most revered families.

The Blacks would enroll their young children in elite schools in the West. Hence, they had many businesses there.

About a decade ago, they joined The Omniscience secretly.



This was also why the Black clan conducted business in the West with no obstacles and made a fortune from these countries.

Upon receiving Cicero's call, Peyton said with an ostentatious smile, "Anything urgent, Mr. Cicero?"

Cicero said in a cold voice, "A man named Nathan Cross from your nation crippled my son. I want you to avenge him."



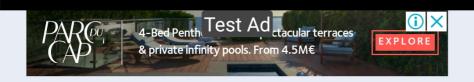
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## Chapter 998 The Blacks Of Northania

Just when Peyton thought it must be a powerful man who had the audacity to cripple Cicero's son, he soon realized Nathan was just an ordinary businessman from the South.

He squinted. "Don't worry, Mr. Cicero. I'll get people to make the necessary arrangement."

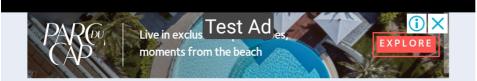
He then hung up the phone.

Peyton carefully deployed his men to investigate Nathan's identity.

In just a short while, his underling handed the profile to him.

It showed that Nathan Cross was a soldier from the North. He used to be a platoon leader, but he left the troop almost a year ago.

Nathan's wife, Penny Smith, was an emerging star in the business world. She was the Chairman and the CEO of Cross Group with a net worth of hundreds of billions.



Peyton was already in his sixties, and his wife had passed away many years ago.

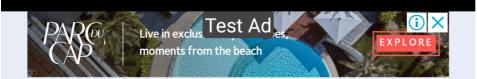
He looked at Penny's photo and thought she looked exceptionally gorgeous. Moreover, she had control over Cross Group.

The corners of his mouth quirked up. "At the beginning of the year, a fortune-teller told me this year would be a disastrous year for me, and I'll need to marry a wife to resolve this problem. Penny Smith looks like a good fit for the role. She has a lot of assets under her name, too. I'll be able to turn things around if marry her."

Peyton's godson, Victor Black, grinned and tried to please him. "You might be in your sixties, but you're still strong and healthy. You definitely deserve to marry a pretty woman like Penny Smith."

Peyton looked at Penny's photo and fell more and more in love with her.

The look of lust was all in the face, but he pulled a serious look and said, "Too bad,



Penny already has a husband named Nathan Cross. She'll hate me for helping Mr. Cicero kill him and remain a widow instead of marrying me!"

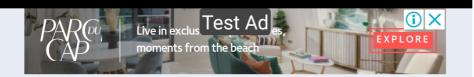
Victor Black said with a grin, "Don't worry about it. I'll help you get rid of Nathan Cross and arrange your marriage with Penny Smith. You don't have to worry about anything. Just wait for the right time to marry Penny and enjoy your first night with her!"

A smile crept across Peyton's wrinkled face. "Alright! Make a trip to Channing now and settle this for me. I'll reward you handsomely when you returned!"

At the Smith's family residence in Channing, Sean, Samuel, Paul, and the rest were taken aback by all the presents in the living hall.

Just ten minutes ago, someone came and dropped these dowries in their residence.

Thirty-three pairs of well-suited men and women dressed in cheongsam brought an



assortment of gifts into the house.

There were also countless diamond accessories, jade, and 66kg of gold.

Above all, the dowries came with stacks of banknotes worth a billion!

Sean and his family members were thunderstruck. Who did this?

Who are they planning on marrying? A billion worth of dowry in cash? How impressive!

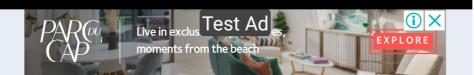
Amid their confusion, Victor walked into the house in his white suit with a few men behind him.

He grinned and said, "Congrats, Mr. Smith!"

Sean responded by asking, "You are?"

Victor smiled and introduced himself, "I'm from the Black Clan of Northania. My godfather is Peyton Black."

The Black clan!



## Peyton Black!

These names resonated in his ears loudly!

Sean immediately said, "So you're Mr. Black. You congratulated me just now. Can you tell me what's going on?"

Victor looked exceptionally smug in front of the Smiths, who spoke humbly.

Anyone who talked to the Blacks must watch their tone and attitude. This was how authoritative the Black clan was!

He smiled. "I'll not beat around the bush! My godfather wants to marry someone to improve his luck this year, and he has his eyes on one of the women. He sent me here with all these dowries."



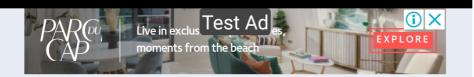
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Sean and his family members were stunned!

Mr. Peyton should be in his sixties, right? And he wants to marry a young mistress from the Smith family?

The age gap is just too wide!

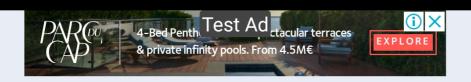
On second thought, Mr. Peyton was the head of the Black clan and had significant power and wealth. It would be a blessing for anyone from the Smith family to marry him.

It would also be good news for the Smiths.

Sean's mouth curved into a smile and asked cautiously, "May I know which of my granddaughter is Mr. Peyton interested in? Who does he plan on marrying?"

Victor answered without hesitation, "The daughter of your second son, Penny Smith!"

What?



Mr. Peyton gives us all these dowries because he wants to marry Penny?

The Smith family were utterly stupefied.

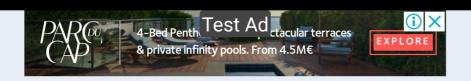
Upon noticing their reaction, Victor asked in dismay, "What's wrong? It seems like you're not happy about it."

Sean was taken aback. He could not afford to offend the Black clan!

He immediately explained, "It's not because we're unhappy, but Penny is already married and she even had a child. I don't think she's the best candidate."

Victor snorted, "She can always get a divorce. It's up to my godfather to decide whether she's a suitable candidate for him. I only want to ask you one question now — will you approve this marriage?"

Just when Sean was about to reply to him, Victor squinted and threatened him coldly, "Mr. Smith, think properly before you answer. No one has ever rejected the Black clan's request. If you upset my godfather,



the entire Smith family will be in the soup."

They were so terrified that their faces turned pale upon hearing his threat.

Just when the Smith family was in a quandary, an icy voice emerged from outside. "I object. Now get lost with your dowries and cash, or be prepared to face the consequences."

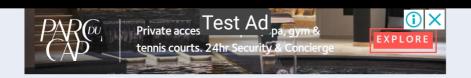
Everyone was shocked to hear that!

A vortex of anger swirled inside Victor. He looked toward the entrance and saw Nathan, Penny, Benson, Leah, and Queenie standing right there.

Coincidentally, Nathan and the rest came to visit the head of the Smiths today.

Upon their arrival, they learned that the Black clan was also here to deliver the dowries because Peyton Black wanted to marry Penny.

Nathan's expression darkened. Without any hesitation, he warned the people from



the Black clan and kicked them out of the house.

Victor saw a picture of Nathan and Penny during the investigation.

The minute Nathan stepped into the house, Victor recognized him right away.

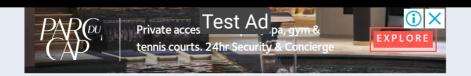
He sneered, "You're Nathan Cross! It's good that you're here. I don't have to take the trouble to look for you. I want you to divorce Penny right now!"

The moment the words got out of his mouth, everyone gasped in surprise.

They knew how powerful the Black clan was. No one should ever offend them.

The Smiths did not expect them to be such a bully. The Blacks clearly knew Penny was married to Nathan, yet they still brought dowries over and ordered them to get a divorce.

The Smiths were taken aback by what he said!



Even Penny could not help but grab onto Nathan's hand tightly.

Though she was a well-to-do businesswoman, her wealth was nothing compared to that of the Black clan.

If Peyton insisted on marrying her, he would do anything to break them apart. That would be an utter nightmare!

Benson and Leah looked at Vincent in fear and frustration while Queenie stood in front of her parents to protect them. Anger was written on her little face. "You cannot separate my mama from my papa."





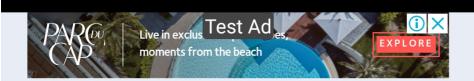
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Nathan bent down, carried his daughter, and smiled, "Don't worry, Papa and Mama have gone through a lot to be together. No one can break us apart."

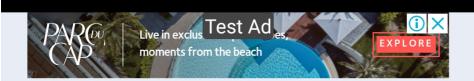
Queenie trusted Nathan and responded with a serious nod.

The moment Nathan turned his attention to Vincent, his smile vanished. "The Black clan is indeed powerful. You can just come in and destroy someone's marriage. You ordered us to get a divorce. What if I refuse to cooperate? What can you do?"

Victor squinted and smirked, "Refuse? The Black clan has spoken; you have no say in this matter."

"I can give Channing's Civil Affairs Bureau a call and get them to annul your marriage with Penny Smith right away. I can also make a call, wipe out all your records, and turn you into an unregistered citizen!"

Upon hearing Victor's words, Sean and the rest exchanged looks of confusion.



Penny's and her parents' faces turned pallid. Worry shone in their eyes.

They knew the Black clan was capable of annulling a marriage or wipe out a person's records completely.

Yet, Nathan remained calm and responded, "I don't believe you!"

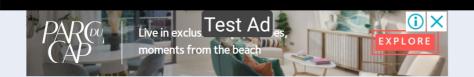
Vincent was totally pissed off. It was as if Nathan was challenging their authority.

He took out his phone and made a call. "Tell Channing's Civil Affairs Bureau and the Registration Department to annul Nathan Cross's marriage with Penny Smith. Also wipe out all his records and turn him into an unregistered citizen."

Oh no!

Penny's family panicked.

Sean's family, too, had a mixed reaction to the dramatic turn of events. After all, they had reconciled with Penny's family.



Nathan had inherited the Cross family, and Penny was the Chairman of Cross Group. Deep in their hearts, they didn't want the divorce or for Penny to marry Peyton.

However, they did not have any right to say anything!

The Black clan was way too intimidating!

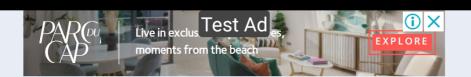
Nathan, on the other hand, put on a lopsided grin.

In just a short while, Gideon Roberts, the director of Channing's Civil Affairs Bureau, and Leonard Evans, the person-in-charge of the Registration Department, arrived at the same time.

Upon seeing Gideon and Leonard, the corners of Victor's mouth quirked up, "Welcome. Have you done what I told you to do?"

Everyone, especially Penny's family, looked at Gideon and Leonard anxiously.

Gideon tilted his head down and



whispered into Victor's ear, "Sir, I've tried many times, but I can't seem to annul their marriage in the system."

Leonard also added, "Me too. I tried clearing all Nathan Cross's records in several times to no avail."

What?

Victor was dumbfounded!

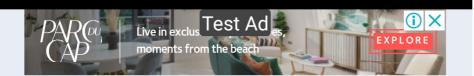
Everyone was just as thunderstruck!

There was a sudden pin-drop silence in the house.

Even Penny was stunned for a bit before putting on an ecstatic smile.

She got so excited and gave Nathan a hug. "Hubby, they can't annul our marriage! We're still a legally married couple!"

Benson and Leah were also relieved to hear that. Leah clasped her hands and said, "Thank God!"



"See, even God doesn't approve of all your wrongdoings!"



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