"I doubt it," Nathan said with a cold smirk.
"Didn't Cicero Trumbo ask you to kill me?
You agreed to serve him and kill your
fellow compatriot, no?"

Peyton responded while quivering, "I've decided to quit, General. Please give me a chance to redeem myself. I'll do my best to help you get rid of this enemy that is threatening our nation."

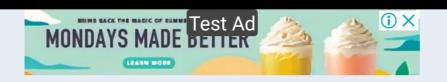
Peyton was exposing the Omniscience not just because he wanted an opportunity to seek Nathan's forgiveness and make amends.

There was another important reason.

Not only had the Black clan's international businesses suffered losses as of late, but they also received threats from the Omniscience.

The organization often made the Black clan do all sorts of things that would endanger Eurasia's interests.

The Black clan was starting to fear for



themselves.

They had initially joined the Omniscience in order to run their international businesses and avoid getting oppressed by the organization.

However, the things they had been asked to do lately were becoming increasingly monstrous.

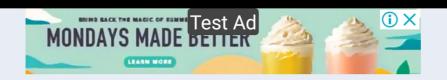
Peyton knew that if they were to continue harming the country, the Black clan would certainly die a horrible death should their actions be exposed eventually.

He had long wanted to back out.

But since he had offended the General, he figured they might as well risk everything for the sake of redeeming themselves.

Nathan squinted as he realized the severity of the matter. "Are a lot of our people part of the Omniscience?"

"The Omniscience is an extremely secretive group. Many members don't



actually know each other. Only Cicero and the higher-ups have the full list of members. However, from what I know, there are many people in our country who have joined the group, either as individuals or as whole families. One of the eight prominent clans, the Cross clan, seems to be part of the organization too."

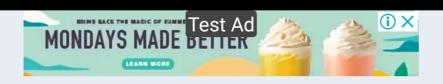
Upon hearing that, Nathan picked up the precious Go manual and flipped through it. "Looks like I'll be playing a game of Go against this enemy force. I'm going to draw out all the traitors in our country and wipe them out."

"The Black clan will be happy to redeem itself by assisting you, General," Peyton said immediately.

Nathan nodded before turning to Geronimo and the others. "Keep this a secret. We don't want to cause a stir."

"Yes, General!" everyone responded in unison.

...



At the Cross clan's residence in Johnstone City, Northania.

The three masters of the clan—Morris, Reuben, and Gregory—were in the midst of discussion inside the study.

Reuben had a muscular build and a commanding appearance. "I've just received the news, Morris," he said. "The Black clan unintentionally offended the General of the North. They've now gotten their act together after being taken care of."

Gregory chimed in, "Yeah. The Black clan doesn't dare to cause any more trouble. They've made a public apology to Nathan and Penny Smith. Our hopes of using the Black clan to oppress Nathan and getting him to help us are dashed."

Morris frowned slightly. "I was expecting Nathan to come to us for protection after being targeted by the Black clan. That would be the perfect opportunity for us to snatch Cross Group by force. Yet, the Black clan accidentally got on the General



of the North's bad side. Who knew this would happen? Now that the Black clan has been scared into a corner, it looks like we have no choice but to get Cross Group with our own hands."

"Do you have a plan in mind?" asked Reuben and Gregory.

Morris smiled pompously. "From what I know, Cross Group just released its latest product—the Q.Than liver cancer special meds. It has been sent to the FDA and is awaiting approval. Once it goes through, they'll be able to launch Q.Than in the market. The director of the FDA, Jorge Herman, happens to be a friend of mine. I was thinking of getting Jorge to drive Cross Group into a corner by impeding the approval of their Q.Than special meds."



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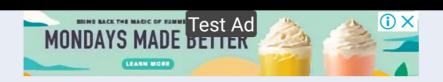
Reuben couldn't help but exclaim, "That would just stop Cross Group from getting their drugs approved! There's nothing in it for us."

"Calm down, Reuben," Gregory said with a smile. "I'm sure there's more to the plan, right, Morris?"

Morris smiled faintly. "You know me well, Gregory. That's right. There's one more step. While applying for their FDA approval, Cross Group will carry out clinical trials, which means they'll get volunteers to test their drugs. I want you guys to send some men to kill these volunteers, then spread the word that they died from consuming Cross Group's new drugs."

Reuben's eyes lit up. "That's great! Cross Group will definitely be driven into a corner when their FDA approval gets stuck and their clinical trials turn into a disaster at the same time."

"And that's when I'll approach Nathan and Penny, telling them I can help them get their drugs approved as well as get rid of



all their negative publicity," Morris said with a smirk. "But on one condition—we want some of their shares, and we'll become one of Cross Group's major shareholders. Then, with the same method we've been using for decades, we'll kick Nathan and Penny out of their own company and make Cross Group ours."

Reuben and Gregory were delighted to hear the plan. "You're incredible, Morris!"

Morris grinned. "I'm going to give Mr. Herman a call and tell him to put Cross Group's application on hold. Both of you are in charge of killing the volunteers. Remember, execute it properly and leave no trace behind. We have to make sure the world thinks they died from consuming Cross Group's drugs."

"We understand," Reuben and Gregory said in unison.

• • •

At Riverside Garden, Channing.



Nathan had just arrived home with gifts for everyone.

Queenie was thrilled to have received a bunch of toys and snacks.

Benson and Leah beamed with delight at their gifts too.

Only Penny seemed to have something weighing on her mind.

"What's wrong, honey?" Nathan asked curiously.

Penny smiled bitterly and answered, "Nothing much. Something has happened to the company."

"What is it?"

Initially, Penny didn't want to tell Nathan about it, seeing that he was tired from his trip.

But now that he had asked, she could only tell him the truth.



It turned out that two bad things had occurred in Cross Group.

Firstly, the Q.Than liver vaccine special meds had been rejected by the FDA on the grounds that the drugs contained unknown safety hazards.

The second problem was that the volunteers had suddenly fallen sick after taking the latest drug.

They were now lying comatose in the ICU. The doctors had already released a notice that the volunteers might die anytime.

"It was totally unexpected that the drugs would get rejected. To make matters worse, now that the volunteers are in such a state, there are countless rumors out there about our product's safety. We have invested so much money in our project and yet, this is the outcome. As a result, our stocks have plummeted in the past two days, and our market value has dropped by a few billion."



Nathan narrowed his eyes. "What a coincidence. The FDA rejected our application, and then something happened to the tester."

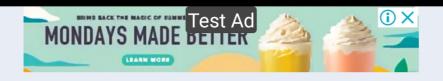
Penny replied, "I have no idea what is going on. We found subjects with terminal liver cancer to test our medicine, and they recovered slowly. Our medicine should be working well."

Nathan nodded. "For now, the most important thing to do is to save the dying subject and stop public opinion from getting out of hand."

"Right. I've contacted Professor Harold Sweeting, the most famous toxicologist in our nation. He's from Channing and will soon be back in town to visit his relatives," Penny agreed.

"I've set an appointment to meet him at his house at two this afternoon. We'll ask for his help to save the dying subject."

Nathan responded, "Okay, we'll go visit Professor Sweeting together."



"Sounds good," Penny said.

In the afternoon, Nathan and Penny brought along their gift and came to Moonbay Villas, where Professor Sweeting resided.

Someone opened the door soon after they knocked on it.

The servant who answered the door brought Penny and Nathan into the living room. Inside, they saw many statues of naked women.

The paintings hanging on the wall also depicted half-naked beauties.

A middle-aged man clad in only a bathrobe was drawing in the living room; he was fervently drawing a naked beauty.

Nathan frowned, while Penny felt terribly awkward at what they saw.

They didn't know Professor Sweeting was both a toxicologist and an "artist"!



The servant told his master politely, "Mr. Sweeting, these two said they have an appointment with you."

Harold turned upon hearing her voice and spotted the slender and stunning Penny, who looked gorgeous in her tight-fitting office wear. Smiling, he said, "Oh, I nearly forgot I agreed to meet you, Ms. Smith."

Upon noticing that Harold was only wearing a bathrobe and a pair of slippers, Penny furrowed her brows. This is too indecent.

However, they as guests had no right to judge what the professor wore in his own house.

She pretended not to have noticed his inappropriate outfit and said coolly, "Professor Sweeting, this is my husband, Nathan Cross."

Nathan greeted him, "Hello, Professor Sweeting!"

Harold glanced at him and grinned. "I



know why you are here. You want me to help save the dying subject."

"I daresay besides me and my teacher, the Master of Medicine, no one else would be able to save the subject. However, as my teacher has retired, I'm the only one who can help you."

Penny remained respectful. "That's why we are here—to ask for your help. If you agree to help us, we'll reward you handsomely."

Harold smirked. "I don't need money."

"Then?" Penny scrunched her brows.

Harold's lustful gaze scanned Penny's curvy figure, as if he wanted to tear off her outfit to see her naked body.

Licking his lips, he grinned and suggested, "If you want my help, Ms. Smith, you must be my model. I want to draw a nude painting of you."

Upon hearing his words, Nathan's jaw



hardened.

Penny was furious and shocked at his words. "Professor Sweeting! Please show a little respect!"

Harold merely sneered. "This is a form of art. There are plenty of ladies who want me to draw nude paintings of them, but I am not interested."

He paused and looked at Nathan with a half-smile. "You should convince your wife to agree to my condition. Otherwise, if the subject dies, the public will start criticizing your company. Your share price will drop and you'll lose billions!"



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Penny declared angrily, "Hubby, let's go! If he isn't willing to help us, we can ask for Professor Glades' help."

Harold couldn't help but burst into laughter. "Ha! My teacher? He has retired ages ago. Even if you offer him a handsome reward and grovel at his feet for three days, he won't agree to help you."

"I'm the only one who can assist, so make up your mind. Will you agree to my condition or not?"

Nathan glared at him icily. "Do you think you're being funny?"

Harold smirked. "I merely want your wife to be my model. Is that a problem? Are you saying I'm lusting over your wife? Do you want me to be honest by telling you I want to draw your wife naked and sleep with her?" he inquired and laughed loudly.

Harold glanced at Nathan, who was shooting daggers at him. Chuckling, he continued, "You seem angry with me. Do you want to hit me? Do you dare do so?"



"I am the only one who can help you. If you dare, go on. Hit me."

Whoosh!

Nathan raised his arm to slap Harold as the old man's irises dilated in disbelief.

All he could do was watch as Nathan's palm came closer to him.

Slap!

The sound resembled that of an exploding firecracker.

Nathan's forceful slap landed on Harold's face, slashing his skin open. Blood trickled down

Harold spat out a mouthful of blood and broken teeth as his body flew sideways and collided into the coffee table.

"Ah!"

The servant who was standing aside gasped in shock.



Penny was terribly anxious by the turns of events.

Nathan's slap was so forceful that Harold's cheek swelled up at once and several of his teeth came out.

He peeled himself off the floor and rolled up his sleeves while gritting his remaining teeth. "Damn it. I have a 5th Degree Black Belt in Taekwondo. You're going to hell."

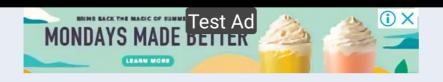
Nathan snorted. He placed his hand on Harold's shoulder and pressed down, hard. "Kneel!"

Nathan's hand was like a mountain landing on Harold's shoulder.

He was instantly crushed, and his knees crashed to the floor.

He felt so much pain that tears were about to stream down from his eyes.

Nathan slapped Harold a few times until his face turned bloody.



Harold looked up fearfully but he did not stop whining, "How dare you slap me? I will report this to the police! I will never save that tester of yours, either. You'll have to watch him die. He could've lived, but he'll have to die because you slapped me."

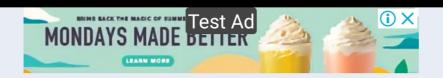
"You caused his death, so live the rest of your life in regret! Upon his death, the public will start criticizing you. I can't wait to see your share price plummet!"

Penny's face turned white as a sheet.

She knew what would be the consequences if that tester died. The Q.Than liver cancer special meds project would have to be put on hold, and the FDA wouldn't approve their drug for commercialization.

Developing the Q.Than liver cancer medicine had always been Zayn's wish!

Nathan smiled coldly after hearing Harold's threat. "Who do you think you are? Do you really think you're the only person who can help us?"



He took out his phone and called Colin. "I want the Master of Medicine to help me save someone. Ask him to meet me at Moonbay Villas as soon as possible!"



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Both Penny and Harold widened their eyes in surprise.

Harold began laughing diabolically.

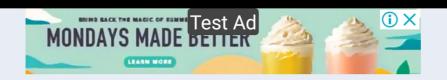
Glowering at Nathan viciously, he sneered, "Who do you think you are to summon my teacher here with just a phone call? Don't you know his influence and status in the toxicology field?"

"A year ago, the richest person in the nation knelt in front of his door to ask him to save his son. He also offered to pay my teacher one billion just for the consultation fee, but my teacher said no."

"You think you can ask him to come to you with just a phone call? Dream on!"

Nathan replied icily, "I want him to come and save the tester's life. Besides, he also has to teach you a lesson in front of me."

Harold sneered, thinking that Nathan was nothing but an arrogant chap. He had seen many wealthy men who thought they were invincible.



Refusing to argue with Nathan, he ordered his servant, "Portia, call the cops."

Portia glanced at Nathan fearfully, but soon she realized Nathan had no intention of stopping her.

She hid from his sight and dialed the emergency number in a diminished tone.

Seeing that Portia had already alerted the police, Harold was pleased. "Ha! When the police arrive, you'll be in deep trouble for what you did to me. I can easily torture you until you rot in jail."

Penny also thought Nathan was bluffing when he said he could ask for Professor Glades' help.

Besides, Nathan had assaulted Harold, so he'd be in trouble when the police arrived.

She tugged at Nathan's hands to persuade him, "Why don't we leave now? There's no need to argue with someone like him."

Nathan kept his cool. "No, we can't. I've



told the Master of Medicine to meet me here. What if he arrives after we leave? Besides, I need to punish this scum."

Harold merely smiled coldly. "Fine. Stay here if you dare. Let's see what will happen."

After half an hour, Harold became agitated.

Why isn't the police here yet? What's going on?

Even though we're in the suburbs, they should have arrived within ten minutes.

Right then, sirens of police cars sounded outside.

A fleet of police cars had arrived at Harold's house.

Aside from that, the people inside the house also heard the arrival of something loud, like a tractor.

Harold, who had been forced by Nathan to



kneel, rose to his feet at once and rushed out excitedly. "The police is here! Nathan, you're dead meat!"

When Harold arrived at the main entrance of his villa, he halted at once.

Nathan, Penny, and Portia followed behind him.

There were dozens of police cars parked at the entrance and the police officers were seen getting out of their vehicles.

They proceeded to maintain order and kept civilians out of the area.

A military chopper then landed on the lawn in front of the villa.

Colin jumped down from the chopper and helped an old man dressed in black to come down.

The old man was the famous Master of Medicine—Melvin Glades!

Harold's eyes widened in shock.



His teacher had retired ages ago and had never shown himself in public ever since. But he really came!

"Professor Glades!"

Harold hurried over to greet him.

Slap!

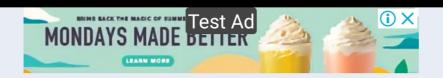
Melvin gave him a huge slap. "I don't have a scum of a student!"

Harold covered his cheek and stared at his teacher in bewilderment.

Melvin went over to Nathan and greeted him respectfully. "Mr. Cross, I came at once when I was told you wanted to see me. It's an honor for me to help you!"

Harold's eyes nearly popped out of his head.

His teacher wasn't someone who cared to flatter wealthy men. Why is he full of respect for Nathan?



Penny's eyes were shining with delight as she looked at Nathan. Wow, how did he manage to ask the Master of Medicine to come to our help? She was in glee.



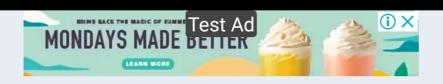
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Nathan shot Melvin a smile. "Professor Glades, you've retired a long time ago. Please forgive my abrupt invitation as I really need your help."

Melvin replied at once, "I am honored to be able to help you, Mr. Cross."

Melvin knew Nathan was both the General of the North and the God of War.

He despised wealthy men and government officials, but he had great respect for soldiers.

Nathan had crushed the Coalition Army, leaving behind destruction and despair. And it so happened that Melvin's idol was the God of War, Nathan himself.

In his own words: every man should aim to be the General!

Melvin had retired a long time ago. Since his retirement, he had stopped interfering in worldly affairs.

He was not moved at all when rich and



powerful men came to ask for his help. When he found out Nathan wanted his help, however, he came over at once.

Nathan was calm. "We know you have retired, so we dare not come to you. We wanted to ask your student to help, but he went overboard. I had no choice but to seek your assistance, Professor Glades."

Nathan then explained Harold's actions to Melvin in detail.

Harold's face paled visibly upon hearing his words.

Melvin had heard from Colin when the latter went to pick him up, but Colin's account wasn't as detailed as Nathan's.

When he heard how Harold was acting so despicably, Melvin flew into a fit of rage.

He turned to Harold gravely. The smile on his face faded and was replaced by fury.

He roared, "Harold Sweeting!"



Panicking, Harold immediately answered, "Professor Glades, I am here."

Melvin erupted in anger. "I'm not your teacher anymore, so stop addressing me that way!"

"Back then, the first thing I taught you was that ethics come before skills. You must learn how to conduct yourself before you learn medicine. I never knew you'd do something this despicable to humiliate me."

Harold immediately knelt in front of Melvin. With a trembling voice, he pleaded, "Professor Glades, I..."

Melvin interrupted him icily. "Stop calling me that. From now on, you're no longer my student."

"You can no longer use my name. I'll also announce publicly that I've cut ties with you. You'd better watch out!"

Boom!



Harold felt he was struck by thunder.

He paled at once in despair.

Medical ethics is terribly important for a doctor.

If the Master of Medicine publicly denounced him and cut ties with him, the whole world would perceive him as an immoral doctor.

And no reputable hospital would hire an immoral doctor.

His life and career were ruined!

After teaching Harold a lesson, Melvin turned to Penny and Nathan, apologizing once again.

He told them to inform the hospital to be on standby. He would head there at once to diagnose the subject before treating him accordingly.

Nathan ordered Colin and Zed to tell the police to escort Melvin to the hospital.



Penny also called the hospital and have the personnel there on standby.

Right then, Harold, who was still kneeling on the ground, gazed at Nathan who was talking to Zed. He couldn't help but ask in a trembling voice, "Professor Glades, who is he? Why are you full of respect for him?"

Melvin followed his gaze and answered calmly, "Ares of the North."

Boom!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Melvin's answer reverberated in Harold's ear.

Ares of the North? The General?

Upon finding out he had offended the General of the North who had 300,000 soldiers under his command, Harold spat out a mouthful of blood.

Melvin coldly glared at a stunned Harold. "Now you know the stakes. From now on,



get your act together and keep yourself in check!"



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Soon, the police were escorting Melvin to the hospital while the hospital was on standby mode.

Nathan and Penny accompanied the old man to the hospital so he could diagnose the dying tester.

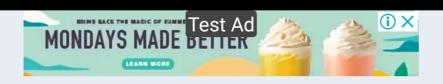
Melvin lived up to his reputation as the Master of Medicine. He concluded the tester wasn't ill because of the special meds. Instead, he had been poisoned.

"Poisoned?"

Nathan, Penny, and the medical staff gasped in horror.

Melvin nodded. "He has been poisoned with a rare substance. As this chemical is good at concealing itself, normal doctors have a problem detecting it. Besides, this poison can damage the liver by killing liver cells rapidly, causing the patient to die from hepatic failure."

Nathan's expression darkened instantly. "Looks like someone is framing us by



poisoning the testers and blaming the deaths on the special meds. They're out to destroy our drug's reputation!"

Everyone was dumbfounded. Who would be that bold to harm the tester and place the blame on Cross Group?

Penny hurriedly inquired, "Professor Glades, you've successfully diagnosed the subject. Can you save him?"

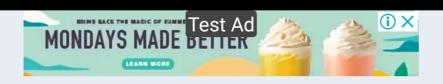
Melvin chuckled. "Of course. Otherwise, why would I be known as the Master of Medicine?"

Everyone was relieved by his confident words.

Since the Master of Medicine could save the tester and clarify that it wasn't the fault of the medicine, the crisis was resolved.

Melvin acted swiftly and decisively. He prepared the antidote himself to save the dying patient.

By afternoon, the patient's condition had



improved drastically and he regained consciousness.

Melvin grinned and told Nathan and Penny, "Two days later, the poison in his body will be flushed out completely. He'll recover by then."

Nathan and Penny thanked Melvin gratefully for his help.

Melvin was overjoyed to be praised by the General and his wife.

Suddenly, Nathan's phone rang.

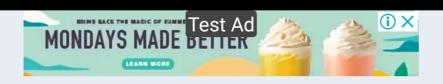
The call was from an unknown number.

Nathan answered, "Hello, who is this?"

An irritating voice greeted him on the phone, "Nathan, this is the third master of the Cross Clan, Gregory Cross!"

Oh, Gregory Cross.

Nathan remained calm. "It's you again. What is it now?"



Gregory laughed coldly, "Nathan, I decided to forget what you did to me because we're from the same clan."

"I called to help you."

Nathan frowned. "What do you mean?"

Gregory seemed pleased as he said, "I heard your special meds application got rejected by the FDA, and that a tester is in danger because he took that medicine. You have invested a lot in this project; this is a crisis like no other!"

Nathan's expression grew stormy. "How do you know so much? Did you get someone to reject our FDA application? Were you also the one who harmed our tester and framed it on us?"

Gregory neither admitted nor denied it.

He merely sneered, "Nathan, I can help you save that tester's life and get you the FDA's approval, but you have to pay a price for it."

As Gregory was the one who ordered for



the tester to be poisoned, he naturally had the antidote.

The Cross Clan was the one who ordered to put Cross Group's application on hold, so they could also order for it to go through.

Nathan's eyes gleamed with danger. He asked deliberately, "What is the price?"

Gregory smirked and replied, "I want 51% of Cross Group's stock."

Nathan scoffed, "Ha! Dream on! Get lost. We will save the tester and get the FDA approval. We don't need your help."

"But since you played these tricks, be careful. I'll settle the score with you later. I'm afraid your clan can't bear the consequences."

Gregory exploded in anger. "Young man, it seems like you want to do it the hard way. Let me tell you: don't even dream of getting FDA approval. When the tester dies, the public will turn its back to you!



Chapter 1037 I Called To Help You

This rapid succession of bad news will cause your share price to plummet. We will then acquire Cross Group at the lowest price possible!"

Nathan merely sneered. "Ha! We shall see about that!"



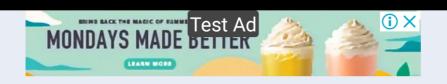
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Inside the Cross Clan's residence in Johnstone City, Northania.

Morris, Reuben, and Gregory were eating in the dining hall.

They were used to discussing business over dinner with the news playing on the TV on the wall.

Gregory was raging. "Morris, I don't know why Nathan is so bold to reject our offer. He didn't cave in at all. Instead, he said he can solve the crisis himself. He even declared he'll settle the score with us later!"

Morris smiled. "He's just a stubborn man."

"After the tester dies, tell the media to write a few articles saying the special meds manufactured by Cross Group caused his death. Make the Cross Group the public enemy. At the same time, spread news that the FDA rejected the Cross Group's application because something is wrong with the medicine. When the share price drops to a low, we'll



take over the company."

Both Gregory and Reuben chuckled in delight. "That's a brilliant idea!"

When the three of them were chuckling away smugly, they heard the newscaster's report.

"Recently, there was widespread speculation that a drug tester fell critically ill after testing Cross Group's new medicine. The police investigated and found that the tester has been poisoned. This is a deliberate and malicious crime targeting Cross Group. The case is still under investigation as we speak."

The newscaster continued, "Professor Melvin Glades, also known as the Master of Medicine, personally confirmed the tester has been poisoned. He is currently working to save the patient, and we believe he will recover soon."

Morris and his brothers stared at the newscaster in shock with wide eyes.



Nathan asked the Master of Medicine to help him out!

And he managed to clarify the truth on the news!

Good heavens!

He must possess some exceptional abilities in order to achieve such a feat!

Morris was still dumbfounded. "How did Nathan do this?"

Reuben guessed. "Did Melvin owe the Cross family a favor and agreed to help them?"

Gregory made a wild guess, too. "The news reported this incident because of Professor Glades' reputation. It should have nothing to do with Nathan."

Morris nodded. "That's what I thought."

"Well, Nathan is a lucky man. The news program even helped to clarify everything. Now, the Cross Group is no longer in



danger."

Gregory chimed in, "But they will never get FDA approval."

Morris nodded. "Yes, the FDA's director, Jorge Herman, is my friend. He has agreed to help me put Cross Group's application on hold. Gregory, head to Channing to talk to Nathan. Tell him if he isn't willing to transfer the share to us, their application won't be approved."

Gregory responded, "Okay, Morris."

The next day, Gregory brought his men and boarded a plane to Channing.

He arrived at the Cross Group headquarters not long after.

However, their entourage was stopped at the door by Cross Group's security.

The security team leader, Deric, coolly informed Gregory and his entourage, "I'm sorry. Without an appointment, you can't meet Mr. Cross and President Smith.



Please leave now."

Gregory chuckled evilly. "You're nothing but a bunch of dogs guarding the door. How dare you stop me? Amon!"

A well-built man with a blind eye underneath his eye patch stepped out. He grinned maliciously. "Mr. Cross, I'm here."

This one-eyed man was Amon, an ex-UFC champion. Gregory had spent a huge amount of money to hire him to be his bodyguard.





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Gregory narrowed his eyes and ordered, "Teach the dogs a lesson!"

Amon snickered, "Yes, Sir!"

As soon as he finished his words, Amon rushed forward swiftly, stunning the security guards.

Thump!

Deric flew backward as a punch landed on him. Blood trickled down his face as he lay on the ground unconscious.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Deric's team of security guards was sent flying by Amon, too.

The surrounding crowd gasped in dismay at his actions.

Right then, the receptionist received a phone call and came over to them. She told Gregory nervously, "Mr. Cross said he'll meet you. Come with me."



Gregory replied with a grin, "He should've done so earlier. Let's go!"

The receptionist brought them into an elevator and headed to the floor on which the president's office was located. Once they reached that floor, they were brought to the conference room.

Inside the conference room, Nathan and Penny sat waiting for them, flanked by Colin and the Elite Eight.

Both Nathan and Penny had already been informed about Gregory ordering his men to hurt their security personnel. Penny was furious, but Nathan seemed calm and unaffected.

Gregory brought Amon and his dozens of men into the room. His smile didn't reach his eyes as he said, "Ha! Nathan and Penny, we meet again."

Nathan glanced at Gregory's seemingly menacing men and asked coldly, "Which of you hurt my security team?"



Amon, who was standing behind Gregory, stepped forward with a grin. He huffed, "It was me. What about it?"

Gregory knew Nathan wanted to confront them. He sneered, "Nathan, this is my bodyguard, Amon. He was a UFC champion for three consecutive years. He can kill a bull with one punch, so I'd advise you to stay away from him."

Nathan curved his lips up in a smirk. "Colin!"

Colin answered in a deep voice, "Yes, Sir!"

Staring at the well-built Amon, Nathan ordered, "Break his limbs as punishment!"

"Yes, Sir!" Colin replied and strode toward Amon.

Gregory chuckled coldly and patted Amon's shoulder. "Make him a cripple. Don't disappoint me," he ordered.

Amon grinned. "Yes, Sir!"



He headed towards Colin after he said that.

Amon was an experienced fighter, so he had already raised his fist and threw a punch at Colin before even reaching him.

Colin didn't try to avoid the punch. He threw a punch at Amon, too.

Thud!

When their fists slammed into one another, a loud crack was heard. Colin had broken Amon's arm.



"Aargh!"

Amon screamed in pain and raised his left arm to hit Colin's head in retaliation.

Colin lifted his own left arm and grabbed Amon's left arm before landing a forceful punch on it.

Crackl

The sound of bones fracturing



reverberated through the place.

Amon's left arm was broken, too.

Without stopping, Colin landed two kicks swiftly on Amon's left and right knees.

Crack! Crack! Amon crumpled onto the ground with his broken legs.

His face was all twisted in pain as he released a scream of anguish, "Aargh!"

Gregory freaked out instantly when he saw what had happened.

The UFC champion he had paid handsomely was crippled by Nathan's subordinate in mere seconds.

He stared at Nathan in fear.

Nathan shot him a haughty grin. "Now, let's settle the score."



Settle the score!

Gregory's face fell upon hearing his words.

Amon was crippled, but he himself was the one who gave the orders. It was obvious how Nathan would punish him.

Gregory glowered at Nathan and demanded, "I'm the third master of the Cross Clan. How dare you?"

Nathan scoffed, "Colin, there are too many people here. Throw the irrelevant people out."



"Yes, Sir!"

Colin and the Elite Eight marched towards Gregory's men.

Given Gregory was humiliated by Nathan last time, he had learned to bring Amon and dozens of his trusted men today.

However, he never expected his bodyguard, Amon, to be defeated by Colin in just a few moves.



Upon seeing Colin and the Elite Eight coming to him, he howled in anger, "Everyone, take them down!"

At once, over ten of his men took action.

Nevertheless, Colin and the Elite Eight were much faster and their attacks were also much more violent.

As a battle erupted, screams and yells rang across the conference room and the stench of blood filled the air.

The battle was over soon after it started.

In a blink of an eye, Gregory's men had all collapsed in a pool of their own blood. Gregory was the only one left standing.

Hands clammy, Gregory stared at Nathan with a terrified look. With a trembling voice, he bellowed, "Nathan, how dare you hurt my men!"

Nathan was still poised and relaxed as he replied placidly, "When you hurt my security team, you should've realized this



would happen. Colin, drag these dogs out.""

Soon, Amon and the other wounded men were all dragged out of the conference room by Colin and the Elite Eight.

By the time the door closed again, Nathan, Penny, and Gregory were the only ones left in the sprawling conference room.

Nathan glanced at Gregory, but he didn't invite him to take a seat. Instead, he announced coldly, "You can tell me why you are here now. I'm an easy person to talk to. If you have something to say to me, you can say it to my face. But of course, you should do it nicely, or I'll think you're trying to provoke me. You saw what happened to those people who provoked me, didn't you?"

Gregory's expression turned grim.

He steeled himself and declared, "Nathan, you'll pay a heavy price for offending the Cross Clan! Don't be cocky!"



Nathan merely scoffed. "Gregory, did you come here from Northania to tell me nonsense?"

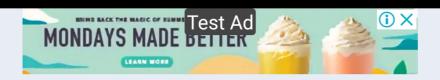
Gregory responded angrily, "Nathan, let me be honest with you. We are the ones behind the rejection of your FDA application."

"If you don't agree to our condition, your special meds will never be approved by the FDA. You'll never get to sell it."

Penny grew upset when she heard his words. She reprimanded him furiously, "You despicable old man!"

Nathan, however, was still calm and collected. He scanned Gregory before saying, "From what I know, the FDA is a government agency. How can you control their decision?"

Gregory replied smugly, "Ha! The FDA's director, Jorge Herman, is a friend of ours. We told him to put your application on hold so that you can never receive their approval!"



Nathan shot him a grin. "Well, that's interesting. Yesterday, I informed Jorge Herman to come and see me today. He should be arriving soon. You can confront him, too."



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