Left with no choice, Ian parted his lips and choked out, "I'm sorry."

Nathan said coldly. "Apologize to my aunt!"

Aunt?

lan's mind went blank for a few minutes before he realized Nathan was referring to Wendy. Hence, he turned to the woman and apologized to her.

Wendy was stunned by the turn of events.



Ian was a powerful media mogul whom no one dared to offend, but Nathan's subordinate had just beaten him up and he was even kneeling before her right now. No one would believe her even if she told them about it.

After hearing lan's apology, Nathan said coldly, "I'm in a good mood today, so I won't pursue the matter further. From now on, stay away from Aunt Wendy. If you dare to find her troubles, I'll make sure you die a horrible death."

Right after saying that, he left with Wendy and Colin in tow.

The onlookers who spotted Ian started pointing fingers at him while exclaiming, "Isn't that the Media Godfather, Ian Grant? What happened to him?"

lan felt his cheeks burning as he struggled to get up.

His injured bodyguards also helped each other up aside him.



The man's expression darkened in fury as his eyes reddened. Glaring in the direction where Nathan and Wendy left, he announced, "Wendy, you b***h! How dare you get someone to beat me up? This isn't over!"

He took out his phone and called an underworld friend of his in Mayberry. "Grolf, let's meet for lunch at two today. I need your help, my friend."

Meanwhile, Nathan and Colin arrived at Wendy's house. It was a 150-square feet

residence that was decorated prettily.

Nathan smiled and praised, "It's nice!"

Wendy let out a bitter laugh. "I bought it a while ago. But now my agency is in trouble, I'm going to sell it soon."

Upon hearing her words, Nathan recalled how Ian said he had blacklisted Wendy's agency, driving them to bankruptcy.

Glancing around, he asked curiously, "Where's your husband?"

Wendy's cheeks flushed a bright red as she protested, "I'm not even married yet!"

Nathan was taken aback.

Turned out after Wendy finished her studies abroad, she focused on starting her own business. She had no time for a boyfriend, so she remained single until now.

Wendy told Nathan and Colin to make themselves at home before she headed to

the kitchen to prepare lunch.

It didn't take her long to fill the table with a scrumptious spread. She ushered both men to the dining table so they could enjoy lunch together.

After tasting the dishes, a smile flitted across Nathan's face. "Aunt Wendy, you are a great cook."

Wendy was pleased. "When I was studying abroad, I couldn't get used to the food there. Hence, I had to learn how to cook.."

Nathan held his bowl and ate the dishes slowly. "Tell me everything." He uttered suddenly.

Puzzled, Wendy questioned, "What?"

Nathan answered, "Everything. About your agency, and about that lan."

Wendy told Nathan everything, including Swoosh Entertainment, a small but potential agency; and also the dirty offer from Ian.

Finished explaining everything, Wendy let out a small chuckle. "That's all about me. It's your turn now, Nathan."

The nephew grinned. "There's nothing much about me since I've spent most of my life in the military. The only highlight in my life is that I got married and have a lovely daughter."

Having said that, Nathan took out his phone and showed a photo of him with Penny and Queenie to Wendy.

Wendy was delighted as she lamented, "You're all grown up now. Look at your little family. If Angela is still alive, I bet she'll be elated!"

When Nathan heard his mother's name, his gaze turned sorrowful.

Nodding, he answered, "My parents were dead. Aunt Wendy, you're the closest relative to me now."

"lan was rude to you and even blacklisted your agency, I'll teach him a lesson. As

long as I am around, no one can bully you."



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Wendy got a shock upon hearing her nephew's announcement.

She hurriedly persuaded him. "Nathan, you've already beaten lan and his bodyguards up. He's a powerful man here. We can't afford to offend him. We should be grateful enough if he decides not to take revenge. Don't go to him and stir up trouble."

Speaking of the devil, when they were talking about Ian, Wendy's phone rang.

It was lan.

Wendy's face fell as she answered her phone.

lan's sneer sounded over the phone. "Wendy, I'm at Marriott Hotel right now with Grolf. He's a mafia boss of the underworld in Mayberry."

"If you want to keep Nathan alive, come and accompany us right now. If I don't see you in an hour, I promise he'll be dead by tonight."

After saying that, lan hung up.

Wendy's face turned as white as a sheet.

Nathan asked her coolly, "Was that Ian?"

Wendy parted her pale lips and answered, "Yes. He might've sought help from an underworld's mafia boss to deal with you."

"Nathan, leave the city right now!"

Nathan remained cool and collected. "I won't leave. A media mogul is nothing to me. Let's go meet him together."

Wendy disagreed, as she was afraid Nathan would act impulsively.

But the nephew shot her a reassuring smile. "You need to resolve this matter anyhow, so why not resolve it now?"

Realization dawned on Wendy. Even if Nathan escapes now, he might fail to leave!

No matter what, we need to settle this

face-to-face.

We will need to ask for lan's forgiveness. That's our only way out.

Hence, after reminding Nathan to stay calm, the three headed to Marriott hotel together.

Inside Peony Hall of Marriott Hotel, Ian and his men were feasting with a bunch of heavily tattooed men.

The leader of the group was a tall man with eyes glowing like a wolf. His looks were so menacing he could make people tremble in fear

This was one of the mafia boss in Mayberry's underworld—Grolf.

Those men were drinking happily when the hotel manager led Nathan, Wendy, and Colin into their VIP room.

"Mr. Grant, Mr. Grolf, you have visitors." The hotel manager said. Upon seeing Wendy, lan's lips quirked up in a smirk. He gestured the hotel manager to leave, then fixated his gaze on Nathan and the rest before he scoffed, "You're all here. Good!"

"If you don't want to die, Wendy, perform a strip dance for Mr. Grolf here. Make sure everyone here enjoys your dance."

"As for you, young man, get down on your knees with your subordinate in that corner. She's your aunt, right? Tonight, I'll have my way with your Aunt Wendy."

Nathan's expression darkened at once. He snorted, "Seeking death, I see!"

He appeared before Ian in a flash and flung his arm out to slap him.

As quick as lightning, his slap landed on lan's face.

The mogul was sent flying by the sheer force of his slap. His body even knocked over the table before he crumpled onto the ground like a broken puppet. Several of his

teeth also broke along the way.

lan froze, and so did the rest.

Even Wendy was taken aback by her nephew's action.

Everyone gazed at Nathan in shock.

How dare Nathan slap Ian in front of Mr. Grolf?



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"Did you just hit me? Again?" Ian demanded.

"How dare you do so in front of Mr. Grolf?"

lan held his cheek as he glared at Nathan angrily. He was so infuriated that he wished he could devour Nathan right this minute.

Wendy, who was standing beside Nathan, was about to cry.

On their way here, she had reminded Nathan again and again to stay calm and let her deal with the matter so Ian could forgive them.

She knew Ian was rich and influential with friends on both sides of the law. They were no match for him.

The nephew had also promised her to not act recklessly, but he gave Ian a tight slap the moment he saw that man.

We're so doomed! She thought.

Indeed, Ian turned to Grolf indignantly and cried, "Mr. Grolf, look! He's so arrogant and even ignored your existence! Please help me teach him a lesson. Skin him alive and tear him apart. Make him suffer!"

Color left Wendy's face instantly.

Everyone turned to look at Grolf, but realized he was gazing at Nathan in shock.

lan was surprised at his reaction and thought, Is Mr. Grolf in shock because Nathan slapped me in front of him?

"Mr. Grolf? Mr. Grolf!"

The mafia boss only returned to his senses after lan called him twice.

Holding his wounded cheek, lan complained, "Mr. Grolf, he had the nerve to slap me in front of you. How atrocious! Hurry, avenge me!"

Before Grolf could speak, one of his men, Baldy, strode over to Nathan.

The subordinate demanded viciously, "You b*****d! How dare you slap Mr. Grant in front of our boss?"

Having said that, he flung his fist at Nathan.

But the latter's punch was much faster than Baldy's,

Thud!

His fist hit Baldy's jaw and crushed it completely.

Baldy didn't even have a chance to cry in pain as he fainted at once.

"Brat, you must be crazy. How dare you hit both Mr. Grant and our friend?!"

"Everyone, let's attack him together!"

The thugs roared in fury and were about to charge toward Nathan.

Ian couldn't wait to see that happen, while Wendy's face ashen.

There was only one thought in her mind, We're done for.

The mafias were about to leap toward Nathan when the stunned Grolf finally snapped back to reality.

He hurriedly stopped his men and commanded, "Stop it!"

What's going on?

Everyone stared at Grolf, utterly confused.

However, everyone was flabbergasted by what happened next.

After stopping his men from attacking Nathan, Grolf went to Nathan and got on his knees with a resounding thud.

The fearless Grolf, mafia boss of the underworld in Mayberry, was kneeling before Nathan.

lan, Wendy and the rest at the scene were dumbfounded.

Silence ensued in Peony Hall, so quiet one could only hear one's own breath.

Nathan picked a chair and sat down. He lit up a cigarette slowly and glanced at Grolf, who was still kneeling before him. With an icy voice, he declared, "I know who you are."

Grolf shuddered at once upon hearing the legend's words. Fear shone in his eyes, as if he were a prey who had met its predator.

He used to be a thug in the North underworld. Once, he was bullying the weak when General Nathan Cross bumped into him.

Back then, Nathan gave him a forceful kick and broke five of his ribs. He was even locked up in military jail for two years.

After Grolf was released, he dared not stay in the North and escaped to Mayberry, building his way up in the underworld again.

Never in a million years did he imagine

he'd run into that man once again!

He was terrified as Nathan even remembered who he was.



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For others, it would be such an honor to be remembered by the General.

However, thing was the opposite for Grolf.

The thugs were utterly infuriated when they saw how Nathan treated their boss and started hurling curses at him.

"Brat, how dare you talk rudely to our boss? Lemme kill you!"

"Mr. Grolf, why are you afraid of him? We'll bring him down right away!"

The mafia boss turned to his men and bellowed, "Everyone, shut up! Get down on your knees, now!"

Grolf was a ruthless and decisive man, so his men respected him a lot.

They didn't know what was going on, but they got on their knees at once without hesitation.

Upon seeing Grolf and his men kneeling before Nathan, lan's eyes widened in

shock.

He was so stunned. The excruciating pain on his cheek was nothing compared to what he had just heard.

Even Wendy couldn't believe her eyes.

Nathan lounged back in his chair and glared at Grolf icily. "This should be the second time I caught you in the act."

Grolf dared not look at him and nodded while shivering in fear. "Yes!"

The God of War remained indifferent as he inquired, "How should I deal with you?"

Grolf replied, his voice shaking, "I'm at your disposal, Mr. Cross."

Flicking the ash off his cigarette, Nathan told him coolly, "Break one arm each and leave. I can't be bothered to punish you."

Break one arm each?

This is such a terrifying punishment!

However, Grolf was so relieved upon hearing Nathan's order and immediately agreed.

He took an iron rod from his men and smashed his left arm, breaking it with a loud crack.

Crack!

The sickening sound of bone breaking echoed across the room. Grolf had just broken his left arm!

lan's eyeballs were going to pop out anytime soon.

Wendy covered her mouth in shock and barely stopped herself from gasping in horror.

Under Grolf's order, the other thugs hit and broke their own arm.

The sounds of bones cracking and wails of anguish pierced through the air, causing both lan and Wendy to tense up.

What a scary sight!

Everyone now had a different perception of Nathan.

Grolf did his best to suppress the pain shooting up his arm as he inquired, "Mr. Cross, can we leave now?!"

Nathan replied coldly, "Leave!"

At once, Grolf gathered his men and left in a hurry.

After they left the hotel, his men held their arms and asked Grolf pitifully, "Boss, who's that young man? Why are you so afraid of him?"

Upon recalling Nathan's identity, Grolf appeared to be in awe and replied fearfully, "Don't ask me who he is. He has a terrifying identity."

"One thing I can tell you. He was the one who broke my ribs back then. After almost killing me with one kick, he sent me to jail so I'd repent." He added.

"After I was released, I escaped to Mayberry. Who would have thought I'd bump into him again tonight. That was really scary."

Nathan broke Mr. Grolf's ribs with just one kick, so he must be really skillful.

If he could send Mr. Grolf to jail, that means he is a powerful man.

Realization dawned on his men. No wonder boss is so afraid of Nathan. Turns out he's a big shot!

Meanwhile, in Peony Hall.

Nathan was glowering at lan icily. "Now, it's time to settle our score."

His words made lan's legs turn jelly as he collapsed onto the ground.

Still in his chair, Nathan smoked casually and asked, "This is also the second time you've fallen into my hands. Tell me. How should I punish you?"

Nathan's casual threat terrified Ian immensely!

He had asked the same thing to Grolf, who then led his men to break their arm before he agreed to forgive them.

Grolf and his men were often involved in fights, so they were used to getting injured.



However, Ian was a media mogul. He was used to leading a privileged life and wasn't as bold as Grolf!

Gazing at Nathan fearfully, he forced out, "Nathan, Wendy, don't go too far. If you ask around, you'll know I call the shots in Mayberry."

Nathan was amused. "You call the shots in Mayberry?"

Mistaking Nathan's amusement for fear,

lan regained his composure and yelled loudly, "That's right. You'd better apologize to me now. I can consider forgiving you if you do so."

Actually, Ian wanted to escape for now. He planned to kill Nathan and Wendy using his connections and resources later.

Grinning, Nathan picked up his phone and called Mitchell

When the call got connected, Nathan let out a cold laugh. "Mitchell Bright, you told me you call the shots in Mayberry, didn't you? Why is someone else claiming the same thing?"

Mitchell Bright from the prominent Bright family, also the president of the Elite Club!

When Ian heard the name, he was astonished.

Mitchell was a member of the high society that was unreachable even to him.

However, he didn't believe Nathan was

friends with Mitchell.

Back then, when he blacklisted Wendy's agency, she panicked and was all over the place.

If Nathan knew someone as prominent as Mitchell, he would've helped Wendy earlier on.

Hence, Ian was sure Nathan was nothing but a reckless meathead. There was no way he'd get to know someone like Mitchell Bright.

Nathan must've pretended to call Mitchell because he's afraid I'll take revenge on him. It must be a prank!

As that thought occurred to him, lan's smile widened.

He thought, Fine, go on with your act. Let me see how you're going to summon Mitchell to help you!

On the other side of the phone, Mitchell broke into a cold sweat when he received

Nathan's call. He blurted out nervously, "Mr. Cross, are you in Mayberry?"

Nathan replied calmly, "What do you think?"

Oh my, the General is in Mayberry!

Scared out of his wits, Mitchell asked, "Mr. Cross, did you just say someone claims he pulls the strings in Mayberry? What happened?"

"A media mogul named Ian Grant bullied my aunt, and this arrogant man said those words." Nathan responded.

"What do you think about that?"

Upon hearing Nathan's explanation, Mitchell finally realized Nathan was not here for him.

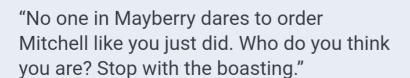
He relaxed slightly before answering in a loud voice, "Damn it, who the hell is he to say so? Mr. Cross, please wait. I'll head there at once."

Mitchell was obviously trying to butter up Nathan.

However, the legend remained indifferent. "I'll give you 30 minutes. Meet me at Marriott Hotel."

He hung up after saying that.

When Ian heard Nathan's last sentence, he couldn't stop himself from bursting into laughter. "Haha! Did you just order Mitchell? I know you're merely pretending you know him because you're afraid I'll take revenge on you."



Wendy was almost convinced by her nephew, but she thought lan's mocking words make sense.

Shit, Ian has seen through his act.

We must leave at once.

Otherwise, when lan's men arrive, we won't be able to escape.

Hence, Wendy said in a low voice, "Nathan, let's forget about it. We should leave now."

Seeing how Wendy wanted to leave, the mogul grew increasingly sure that Nathan was merely pretending.

At once, he exclaimed, "Ha! Didn't you summon Mitchell to be here in 30 minutes? The time isn't up yet. Why are you in such a hurry?"

"Besides, even if you can escape today, you can't escape forever. With my connections and resources, I can find you no matter where you are."



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Nathan hurriedly comforted Wendy, "Aunt, don't worry. We'll wait for Mitchell to teach him a lesson."

Wendy felt anxious yet helpless.

Ian mocked, "Why are you pretending? Fine. If Mitchell really does show up, not only will I beg for your mercy, but I'll also crawl while barking."

Half an hour soon passed. Ian looked at the time and smiled smugly. "Haha! Time's almost up. Where's Mitchell? You can stop pretending now. I've told you that I saw through your tricks already. You've run out of them now. If you're scared that I'll seek revenge on you, you should get on your knees now and apologize."

As soon as he finished speaking, footsteps could be heard from the corridor.

Before Ian and his subordinates could react to the situation, Peony Hall's door was kicked open.

A bunch of men in suits strode in and

stood on both sides.

Mitchell, who was wearing a white suit, walked in with a clutch, looking anxious.

A group of young masters from powerful families in Mayberry followed behind him.

These were the rich people who had previously knelt alongside Mitchell in Channing.

When they learned that the General was in Mayberry, they hurriedly followed Mitchell to visit Nathan.



lan was so astonished to see them; his eyes were going to pop out of his eye sockets.

Oh God!

Almost all of the richest families' young masters are here!

lan quickly walked up to them with a smile. "Mr. Bright, what brings you all here..."

All the young masters, including Mitchell Bright, ignored Ian, pushing him aside.

They walked toward Nathan and bowed uniformly. "Mr. Cross!"

Boom!

lan turned paled as his body trembled; he felt as if he had just been struck by lightning.

Wendy's pretty eyes widened as her jaw dropped open in disbelief.

Nathan shot a look at Mitchell and the young masters, smiling, "Hello everyone. Thank you for coming."

The usually arrogant young masters were over the moon when they heard Nathan's kind words. "It's no trouble at all!"

Shortly after, Mitchell looked at the dazed lan and hissed, "So you're lan Grant. Come over and apologize to Mr. Cross now."

Sweating, the latter got on his knees and



begged, "I'm wrong, Mr. Cross. It's all my fault..."

Nathan sneered coldly, "Save your apology for my aunt!"

Ian then crawled toward Wendy Lindberg hurriedly and slammed his head against the floor, pleading, "Ms. Lindberg, it's my fault. Please forgive me!"

Some time passed before Wendy regained her senses. She glared at him icily. "Are you still going to blacklist my company?"

lan continued slamming his head on the floor while he pleaded, "I promise I won't do it anymore..."

Wendy's anger simmered down upon seeing how pathetic lan was acting.

Nathan smiled at Mitchell and his friends. "Thank you for your help!"

Surprised by how polite Nathan was, Mitchell asked daringly, "Mr. Cross, are we considered your friends?"



Nathan replied blandly, "Forget about being friends. Handle him better if you have any respect for me!"

Mitchell knew deep down that they were unfit to be the General's friends.

So, he said hurriedly, "Yes, of course. Rest assured, Mr. Cross. We'll deal with this guy."

Nathan nodded before leaving with Colin and Wendy.

As soon as they walked out the door, the voice of Mitchell sounded, "Men, break this rascal's limbs!"

The sound of bones breaking could be heard as lan screamed...



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Chapter 1437 The Power Of The Cross Family

As Nathan and Wendy walked out of the hotel, the latter asked curiously, "Nathan, you're so awesome. The young masters from Mayberry are willing to listen to your instructions. How did you do it?"

In fact, she was dumbfounded by how respectful the rich young masters acted toward Nathan.

What surprised her more was Nathan did not even see them as his friends.

She stared at Nathan curiously, wondering how he managed to command those young masters?

Nathan smiled as he replied, "I forgot to tell you that I have returned to the Cross family. I'm in charge now. In terms of wealth and power, our family is almost on par with the Bright family."

Upon hearing that, feelings of joy could be seen on Wendy's face.

She only knew Nathan and his sister had been disowned by the Cross family years



Chapter 1437 The Power Of The Cross Family

ago, rendering them homeless. His sister had later on passed away, and Nathan ended up serving in the military.

When she met up with Nathan again, she had thought he was still an ordinary soldier!

Little did she know that he had returned to the Cross family and held all the power.

She felt so happy for him.

However, she was confused and bewildered at the same time.

When it came to net worth, the Cross family and the Bright Family had more or less the same amount.

But in terms of their influence, the Cross Family should be incomparable with the Bright family.

If so, why was Mr. Bright so respectful toward him? He tried so hard to butter up Nathan when they're not even friends.

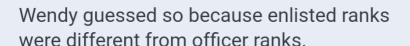
Chapter 1437 The Power Of The Cross Family

Nathan could sense her confusion and explained with a smile, "During the years that I have been serving in the North Army, I have had several achievements. So, people like Mitchell Bright still have to respect me."

Realization soon dawned on Wendy.

What Mitchell venerates is Nathan's position in the army!

Inquisitively, she started guessing his position, "Nathan, what's your position in the army? Are you a Major?"



Many ordinary soldiers retired as mere sergeants.

Only those who had had exceptional performances while serving were promoted to officers.

Hence, even if a soldier had fought hard till he retired, the chances of him being Chapter 1437 The Power Of The Cross Family

promoted to a Major were slim.

If one could be promoted to the enlisted ranks, such as a Major, he was considered successful.

Upon seeing how excited she was, Nathan smiled. "My rank is a bit higher."

A bit higher!

He was being humble; a General was definitely not just 'a bit higher' in rank compared to a Major.

When Wendy heard what he said, her face flushed red in excitement. She began exclaiming, "So you're a Lieutenant Colonel! Oh, God! You're amazing! I reckon there aren't many Lieutenant Colonels of your age. No wonder they respect you so much. If your sister in heaven can see how well you've grown up to be, she would be so proud!"

Lieutenant colonel?

Nathan was dumbfounded. He was not



Chapter 1437 The Power Of The Cross Family

expecting her to take his words literally and guessed the next rank in line!

It was not exactly her fault. It really was rare for the military to have such a young Lieutenant Colonel.

She dared not dream of him being a Colonel or a Senior Colonel, not to mention anything higher in rank.

Upon seeing her unusually excited reactions, Nathan was unsure of how to react.

He dared not reveal to his aunt that he was the General of the North. He was afraid she would be overwhelmed with euphoria.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Not long after, Nathan and Colin followed Wendy back to her house.

She tidied up two rooms for them to stay in temporarily.

After showering, Colin headed back to his room to rest, not wanting to interrupt the family bonding time.

Nathan and Wendy were catching up in the living room.

They talked about each other's lives.

Nathan felt there was nothing much to say about his time in the military as all he did was train and fight. Hence, most of the things he said were related to Penny and Queenie.

She was totally engrossed in his story and commented on how he had started a family already.

As they chatted, Nathan found out that she was still single.

She explained that she had been putting all



her efforts into studying and starting a business. He then advised her to put some thoughts into her marriage.

Wendy stroked her hair and muttered, "I have very high expectations for my other half. I'd rather be single if I don't find anyone suitable. Furthermore, even if I end up being single, I can stay with you when I'm old. I can be your nanny as long as I am fed."

Nathan looked at his pretty aunt, unsure of how to react. "Aunt, you must be joking. Countless men must be going after you! How can you end up single? But if it does happen, I'll take care of you. My parents aren't around anymore. You're one of the few relatives I have left."

She smiled brightly upon hearing that. "You still have some conscience! I did not pamper you in vain, after all."

At that moment, her phone rang. Upon informing Nathan, she picked up the call.

Shortly after she ended the call, she told



him excitedly, "Nathan, the news Ian Grant being punished by Mr. Bright has been spread. My company is no longer blacklisted. The person who called me just now is a famous director; he said he's going to hire my actor for his military movie named The Tiger of War."

Nathan smiled. "That's great news! Congratulations!"

Grinning, she replied, "This is all thanks to you. If it weren't for you, I would still be threatened by Ian Grant, and my company would be on the verge of bankruptcy."

Upon finishing her sentences, she thought of something and asked, "Nathan, you're still in the military, aren't you? I need to ask you for a favor. It's alright if it's not possible."

He chuckled. "Tell me about it."

"The director who called just now is very famous. He usually takes a very long time to film a movie; it will sometimes even take him up to two to three years.



However, the movies he produces are always box-office hits. Hence, he has very high expectations of the actors. The main male lead of his latest movie, The Tiger of War, is my actor, Jellal Kirk. He wishes Jellal to experience military life for two months so that he can express the assigned character to perfection. Since you're in the military, can you make any arrangements regarding this?"

Nathan grinned at her request. "I see. If that's the case, I'll bring you and Jellal to the Mayberry military districts tomorrow. I'll inform the captain over there. There should be no problem."

Surprised, Wendy exclaimed, "For real! Oh, God! This is good news. Nathan, you are the best!"

The next day, Wendy brought her personal assistance and her company's actor, Jellal Kirk, along with her as she followed Nathan and Colin to the military districts.



At the entrance of the military base, dignified guards with live ammunition were on duty. When they saw Nathan and the people behind him, they blocked his path and questioned, "Stop. This is a military base; non-military personnel is not allowed to enter. What are you doing here?"

Nathan smiled. "I've already informed your general, Christopher Windsor, that I'm coming today."

The soldiers were dumbfounded when they heard what he said.

How does this young guy know our commanding officer, a Lieutenant General?

They checked Nathan out from head to toe suspiciously, doubting his words.

Nathan was muscular, and his eyes shone like the stars. He exuded a unique and powerful aura.

One of the soldiers asked, "What's your name? I'll check with the office."

Nathan smiled while replying, "My name is Nathan Cross."

The soldier called the office to ask, but he was soon notified that General Windsor had gone to the city for a meeting. He would only return in the afternoon.

As he ended the call, he looked at Nathan with a frown, "General Windsor and the commanding officers are having a meeting in the city now. They will be back by noon. Did you actually schedule a meeting with the general?"

Nathan answered, "Yes. I just realized that we've arrived much earlier than the time I've set."

Indeed, it was only 10 o'clock in the morning. There were two more hours left to their scheduled appointment.

The guards nodded. "You may go in and wait at the guest lounge. Bear in mind that you're on a military base. You're not allowed to walk around and take pictures. Otherwise, you'll be arrested as spies.

Don't blame me for not reminding you!"

Nathan gave the other man a brisk nod. "Don't worry. I know the rules."

After entering the military districts, they headed straight to the guest lounge.

According to military rules, they were only allowed to stay in the lounge. They could not move around as please, not to mention taking pictures. Or else, they would be convicted as spies.

Jellal Kirk had recently graduated from a theatre academy. It had only been half a year since he signed a contract with Wendy's company, so he still retained the simplicity of a college student.

If it were some other artists, they would refuse to accept the company's arrangement of sending them to a military base for training.

However, Jellal was no ordinary artist. He was actually looking forward to the military experience.

As he stood beside Nathan and Wendy, he caught sight of rows of tanks and armored vehicles in a distance. His eyes lit up like a boy who had seen his dream toy as he exclaimed, "Oh, God! This is so cool!"

Nathan laughed at his reaction. "I hope your thinking will remain the same even after you've gone through the hard training. By then, you will be a qualified soldier."

Curiously, Jellal asked, "Why?"

"Because a true soldier will be proud of himself."

Jellal was not able to fully grasp what Nathan meant, but he nodded anyway.

He stared at the tanks, armored vehicles, and even some helicopters from afar, sighing, "It's a shame we can't take pictures. It'll be so cool if I get to take pictures with them."

Wendy reminded him, "That's not going to happen. The guard made it clear that no

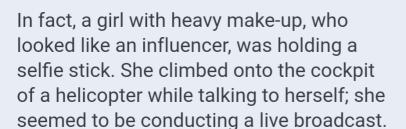


picture-taking is allowed in the military districts."

Nathan chuckled. "Don't be so disappointed. After your two-month training, you'll be shooting a military movie with all kinds of props like tanks and planes. That should satisfy your wishes."

Everyone laughed out loud at that.

At that moment, they noticed there were a group of youngsters dressed in colorful clothes taking pictures with their phones.





Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Astonishment was written all over their faces once they realized what she was doing.

It was a military base; ordinary people would be removed from the compound if they got too near.

Those who were allowed to enter the military districts were given strict warnings to not take pictures.

However, not only did the youngsters take pictures everywhere, but they also even took pictures of the interior cockpit of the latest helicopter, Harbin-19.

The influencer was even conducting a live broadcast!

Nathan's expression darkened as fury sparked in his heart.

These bunch of idiots!

Don't they know what they're doing is illegal?

Don't they know that they're releasing confidential data and secrets of advanced equipment to the hands of enemy spies by live streaming?

It's no secret that the spies of our enemies are constantly looking for ways to steal information.

Nathan could barely suppress his anger when he imagined how the spies would record confidential data while watching the live broadcast.

Just as Nathan was on the verge of losing his cool, a group of soldiers strode toward the youngsters.

The soldier walking at the front was a man in Captain's uniform. He questioned them sternly, "What are you doing? Who permitted you to conduct a live stream here? Do you know the consequences of your actions?"

The youngsters exchanged looks.

Meanwhile, the influencer who was

broadcasting live from the cockpit got off the helicopter.

Pursing her lips, she sneered, "Why are you shouting? We're just conducting a live broadcast. What's the big deal? I'm Cassandra, a streamer with 30 million fans. There are over millions of people watching my live stream now. Stop barking like a dog."

The soldiers at the scene were appalled upon hearing this.

As they got ready to arrest Cassandra and her friends, she warned them icily, "Who dares to arrest me? Your Senior Colonel, Robinson Freedman, permitted me to live stream here. If anyone of you dares lay a finger on me, I'll get him to deal with you."

The soldiers were stunned upon hearing this.

So that was why she had the guts to live stream here; she had the Senior Colonel's permission.



Even if their actions were permitted, it did not justify their behaviors that would leak military secrets.

On one side was the Senior Colonel, while on the other side was the possibility of leaking military secrets.

The Captain and his subordinates could not decide as to how to deal with this incident.

Cassandra scorned, "Aren't you scared? Get lost, dogs. Don't interfere with my live stream."

As she spoke, she turned her head toward the phone's camera while chuckling, "My babies in the live stream, what else do you want to see? Send me some gifts, and I'll show you..."

After teasing them, she climbed onto a tank and carried on with her live broadcasting.

The soldiers who were witnessing this scene felt anxious but helpless. As they

were about to report this incident to Senior Colonel, a figure blocked Cassandra's path suddenly.

It was Nathan who had had enough.

Before Cassandra and her friends, as well as the soldiers, knew what was going on, Nathan raised his hand and slapped Cassandra on her cheek.

The sound of his slap was so loud that almost everyone present heard it.

That slap caused the corner of her lips to bleed; her carefully set hairdo soon turned into a bird-nest-like-mess.

Nathan then snatched her phone over and threw it onto the ground, smashing it into pieces.

Everyone was dumbstruck by his actions.