



Chapter 1531 Show Him Everything You Got

What?

Levis's eyes widened in shock.

All the Nine Angels gasped.

The eighteen elders were so shocked that their eyes nearly popped out of their heads.

The elite men of the Dark Temple who were at the scene began sweating profusely. They quickly kept their guard up higher.

Nathan had killed all the Four Devils of Dark Temple in quick and precise moves.

However, the man still looked calm and relaxed, as he chuckled, "The Dark Temple is known as the world's largest assassin organization, yet they dare try to make my subordinate become a Fallen Angel. They even joined forces with eighteen other nations trying to kill me. Is this all you've got?"

With an ashen face, Levis solemnly



Chapter 1531 Show Him Everything You Got

instructed his men, “Everyone, don’t hold back anymore. Show him everything you’ve got. Either he dies, or we die today fighting him. Kill him!”

At his command, everyone on the scene went into action, including the Nine Angels, eighteen elders, and the hundreds of elite men.

Everyone rushed towards Nathan.

Levis was beginning to regret his actions. He had stipulated that no one could carry firearms when entering the meeting hall.

Otherwise, the assassins who were good with firearms would have guns, and it would be easier to deal with Nathan.

Unfortunately, they could only fight with him head-on now!

Although Levis’s fearless men did not carry guns, each of them had weapons such as daggers or brass knuckles. Like a group of beasts, they roared and charged at Nathan, trying to take him down with

Chapter 1531 Show Him Everything You Got

their numerical superiority.

Colin and Ava yelled in unison, "Protect the General!"

The two of them, as well as the Elite Eight, launched themselves into action together, intercepting the enemy.

However, because of the large number of enemies, many directly bypassed them and lunged at Nathan.

Seeing that more than a dozen people were approaching him, Nathan raised his right foot and stamped it hard on the ground.

Boom!

The ground cracked, and a blast of air came out from under Nathan's feet, sweeping towards the enemies that rushed to him.

The dozen or so guys were directly sent flying through the air by the air blast under their feet...

Chapter 1531 Show Him Everything You Got

Grumbling Earth!

This move caused the corners of Levis's eyes to twitch.

Levis had stood out among 100,000 children and became the strongest among the assassins of that term in his school.

Since his debut, he had never encountered an opponent who was a match for him.

Yet, upon facing Nathan now, he felt every muscle on his body tense up; every cell of his was burning. He knew that Nathan was the strongest opponent he had ever encountered.

However, he was acting very patient and had been reluctant to strike.

He would rather sacrifice the lives of his men to wear Nathan down as that would increase his chances of winning.

Even so, Nathan didn't want to waste too much time on his men. With his eyes set on Levis, he strode towards him with a

Chapter 1531 Show Him Everything You Got

sullen look on his face.

With a sharp yell, a strong Angel rushed up and threw a punch at Nathan.

Nathan raised his left hand and caught the opponent's fist with his palm. He then exerted force with his fingers, breaking the opponent's wrist with a click.

"Ahhhh!"

As soon as the Angel let out a wail, Nathan threw his right fist out like an axe to a tree and a hammer to a rock.

Thud!

Nathan's fist hit the Angel's face, smashing his bones to pieces. The latter abruptly stopped wailing.


Whoosh!


Whoosh!


Another two of the Nine Angels rushed up to him.

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One of them was a blond-haired man, and the other was a dark and curly-haired man.

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Chapter 1532 Let Me See What You Have Got

The blond man punched Nathan in the chest while the other man kicked Nathan in the back.

Two dull thuds were heard almost simultaneously.

The two men were pleasantly surprised at first after they succeeded in attacking him, but when their fist and foot landed on Nathan's body, they realized something was wrong.

It felt like they were kicking a steel plate.

With a cold smile tugging at the corners of his mouth, Nathan released a force from his body.

Crack!

Crack!

The right fist and right foot of the men were shattered by the terrifying force that came from Nathan's body.

Both of them screamed in pain and backed

Chapter 1532 Let Me See What You Have Got

away.

Whoosh!

Meanwhile, Kane, the head of the eighteen elders of the Dark Temple, had already gone up to Nathan. He raised his right fist with brass knuckles and threw it towards the latter fiercely.

Without hesitation, Nathan threw a punch in retaliation.

Bam!

The clashing of their fists produced a thunderous sound.

The brass knuckles on Kane's right hand bore the brunt. They were directly smashed into pieces.

His right arm was broken by Nathan.

"Ahhh!"

Amid the screams, he retreated like a wounded dog.

Chapter 1532 Let Me See What You Have Got

No one dared to step forward to intercept Nathan after that, even though he was walking straight towards Levis.

Levis knew he had to take action now. With a raging desire to fight in his eyes, he raised his hand to throw the long conference table into the air directly. "God of War, let me see what you've got."

Whoosh!

The huge, long conference table was suddenly lifted by Levis and thrown towards Nathan.

The latter did a sweeping kick.

Bang!

With a loud noise, the long conference table that was several meters long broke into two pieces after being kicked by Nathan, causing wood to splinter in the air.

Just as Nathan broke the long conference table, Levis had already appeared in front of him like a phantom with a sharp, thin

Chapter 1532 Let Me See What You Have Got

and long rapier.

There were even several blood grooves on the body of this rapier, just like a longer version of the triangular bayonet.

Whoosh!

Levis aimed his rapier at Nathan's chest at lightning speed.

Although such a weapon was rare, there were several blood grooves on it. Once someone was stabbed, the wound would be unable to close, and one would bleed until death.

Nathan took a step back, barely dodging Levis's attack.

The latter then glided across the floor to get closer to Nathan. He flicked his rapier and struck thrice.

Nathan easily avoided Levis's attacks as if he were strolling in a courtyard.

However, Levis continued advancing. Once

Chapter 1532 Let Me See What You Have Got

he started, his advance was unyielding, as he launched a flurry of offensive attacks against Nathan.

All of a sudden, the sound of a sword cutting the air filled the meeting hall.

However, despite Levis's offensive attacks, Nathan remained like a small boat in a storm—although he was being attacked, he always dodged it with ease and calmness.

One's fighting spirit would often be depleted and exhausted as time went by.

Levis had launched dozens of attacks in one breath, but none of them had even touched the hem of Nathan's clothes.

Just as he was catching his breath between his attacks, Nathan made his move.

A dagger slipped out the cuff of Nathan's shirt and into his hand.

He then raised his hand and quickly

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slashed the dagger towards Levis.

Nathan's attack caught Levis by surprise.

Levis had bene catching his breath to restore his energy when Nathan had unexpectedly attacked with a dagger.

He widened his eyes in fright.

He felt that Nathan's attack carried a murderous aura as cold as frost, making him feel like he was in a freezer, turning his hands and feet cold.

Screw it!

Roaring, he raised his rapier horizontally, and tried his best to block the surprise attack from Nathan.



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Chapter 1533 What Should We Do With These Guys

Swoosh!

Nathan put away his knife as soon as he completed his move.

The surrounding battle also stopped.

Everyone, including Colin, Ava, the Elite Eight, and the backbone members of the Dark Temple, widened their eyes to look at Nathan and Levis, wanting to know the outcome of the battle between the two leaders.

Standing with his hands behind his back, Nathan said with an indifferent look on his face, "Dark Emperor? So much for the title."

After these words were heard coming from Nathan, the backbone members of the Dark Temple finally realized that something was wrong.

They all looked at Levis, who was motionless while holding the rapier above him to block Nathan's attack.

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Chapter 1533 What Should We Do With These Guys

A faint click was then heard before the rapier Levis was raising horizontally broke and dropped to the floor with a clank.

Everyone's face changed drastically as they looked at Levis again, who was ashen-faced with blood streaming down from his forehead straight to his chin.

This stream of blood divided his facial features into two perfect halves.

The men of Dark Temple were horrified. Someone quickly shouted, "Master!"

As soon as the voice was heard, Levis's face suddenly ripped open. His round head was broken in half before his body fell to the ground.

Everyone at the scene was shocked by the sight.

The Dark Emperor hadn't even laid a finger on Nathan, yet he had been directly killed by Nathan in one single move.

Oh gosh!

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Chapter 1533 What Should We Do With These Guys

The God of War is way too terrifying!

Everyone looked at Nathan in horror.

Clank!

One of the men was unable to hold the weapon any longer because his hand was shaking. The dagger in his hand fell to the ground.

Clank, clank, clank...

Immediately afterwards, the sound of weapons continuously falling to the ground was heard. One after another, all the remaining Angels, the Dark Temple elders, and those elite members tossed aside their weapons.

Thud!

A man knelt down.

Thud, thud, thud...

All the members of Dark Temple began kneeling down one after another.

Chapter 1533 What Should We Do With These Guys

They were like a group of wild beasts who had met their king. They had no courage to resist, nor the courage to escape. They were so scared that they could only get on their knees and wait for their death.

“Please have mercy on me!”

“Please have mercy on me, God of War!”

“We know we were wrong. Please spare our lives, God of War!”

“Yes, we swear that we will not offend you again for the rest of our lives, nor will we dare offend anyone from your country.”

Looking at the assassins, who had once claimed to dominate the lives of countless people, kneeling before Nathan and begging for mercy, Colin, Ava, and the Elite Eight looked at Nathan with admiration.

This is our God!

The God of War is unparalleled in the world.

Chapter 1533 What Should We Do With These Guys

Colin looked at Nathan expectantly. “What should we do with these guys, General?”

Suddenly, there was the sound of gunfire coming from outside.

Nathan stated calmly, “I believe the Peacekeepers have arrived and are in a shootout with the remaining members of the Dark Temple.”

The Dark Temple elders couldn’t help but feel shocked when they heard Nathan’s words.

Only then did they know that Nathan hadn’t come here with nine of his men. He still had reinforcements - the Peacekeepers.

It turned out that Nathan had just donated 2 billion to the UN Peacekeepers and the Red Cross. He had been nurturing a good relationship with the UN Peacekeepers recently.

Therefore, he had asked the UN Peacekeepers for help when he came to rescue Ava.

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Chapter 1533 What Should We Do With These Guys

The Peacekeepers had dispatched more than 2,000 soldiers to assist Nathan in destroying the world's notorious assassin organization, the Dark Temple.



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Chapter 1534 Are You Kidding Me

“You’ve been serving in the Dark Temple for three years now,” Nathan said to Ava. “I trust you can identify which of the people here have committed crimes of a magnitude that can’t be pardoned and which of them still have a sliver of humanity left within them.”

“Execute all the bastards who should not be pardoned. Leave the rest for the Peacekeepers. They will send them to the International Military Courts to stand trial.”

“Yes, sir.” Ava bowed.

It was not long before Ava had singled out quite a few people from the crowd present. They were put to execution immediately amidst a storm of blood and fury.

Out of the remaining seventy people gathered, half of them had been grimly executed by Ava.

A sudden bang split the still air, and it was deafening in the silence. Wood splintered as metal groaned torturously.

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Chapter 1534 Are You Kidding Me

The door of the meeting room had been blown to bits by a bundle of small-scale explosive charges.

“Move, move, move!” A voice barked loudly. “Surround them immediately!”

A troop of Peacekeepers rushed into the meeting room through the smoking remains of the door, guns drawn and armed. They fanned out quickly, surrounding Nathan and his allies completely and boxing them in.

The leader was a young man clad in a smart uniform that identified him as the Major General of the Peacekeepers. The young man was from the Nation but carried himself in such a way that suggested he was from Ariarica. Obviously, he was the commanding officer in charge of the Peacekeepers’ current operation, Axel Jordan.

Axel entered the room just in time to see Ava mercilessly shoot an elder of the Dark Temple in the head.

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Chapter 1534 Are You Kidding Me

Surprise and anger racing through his mind at the sight, Axel shouted. “Stop! Put your hands above your heads now! Don’t even think about moving or we’ll shoot you.”

Nathan raised an eyebrow at the sudden incomer. Flanked by Colin and his other underlings, he approached the Peacekeepers with his most charming smile. “Greetings! If I’m not mistaken, you must be Commander Jordan, commanding officer of this Peacekeeper operation.”

“I’m Nathan Cross of the Nation, pleased to meet you.” Nathan held his hand out in expectation of a handshake, even as he spoke.

Instead, the unthinkable happened. Axel ignored Nathan’s offered hand, not even dignifying him with any response other than a cold accusation. “Don’t flatter me. Your men have been killing people.”

Nathan shot a glance at Ava before turning to face Axel. “Are you talking about her?”

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Chapter 1534 Are You Kidding Me

He laughed, startling the Peacekeepers.
“I’m sorry, but we came here with a purpose. We’re here to eliminate the Dark Temple, not fool around.”

“Is there a problem with us sending these sinners to hell? It’s where they belong, after all.”

Axel was beyond furious. “You don’t get to decide whether they live or die— the law of the Military Courts does! It’s not up to you and it never will be.”

“Also,” Axel’s eyes narrowed, “Don’t think even for a second that just because you threw some donations in our way and satisfied the leaders of the Peacekeepers, you can just trample all over us and do whatever you want. I won’t allow it.”

Nathan smiled. “But I wasn’t ignoring you and doing whatever I wanted. You are the keepers of the peace and I truly admire your dedication to uphold justice.”

“But we are warriors and soldiers. And as soldiers, we cannot be blamed for killing

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Chapter 1534 Are You Kidding Me

our enemies.” Here Nathan tilted his head defiantly and he clearly wanted to challenge Axel. “Truthfully, we are all just doing our duties and what is expected of us.”

That being said, Nathan could not help but laugh at Axel’s stony expression. “However, it might be true that your methods are gentler than ours.”

Having said his piece, Nathan turned to his allies. He nodded at Colin, Ava and the Elite Eight. “We’re done here. Commander Jordan and his forces will take over and we should be going.”

Before Nathan could even take another step forward, Axel stepped forth to stop him. “Not so fast.” His eyes were narrowed. “I just witnessed your subordinate Ava kill someone barely five minutes ago. That goes against every international law there is. She can’t leave with you.”

“In addition to that, my sources tell me that she was a professional assassin once.”

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Chapter 1534 Are You Kidding Me

Axel's stone-carved expression grew even colder. "And apparently, she was at the top of the league as well. I'm told her codename was S1. I'm sorry, but I can't allow her to leave with you. We're going to take her into custody along with the others to stand trial at the International Military Court."

A dark cloud rolled over Nathan's formerly unthreatening expression.

He levelled a deliberately cool look at Axel. "Are you kidding me?"

"If only I was," Axel said, just as icily. "But I haven't even gotten started on you—allowing your own troops to kill prisoners of war? You'll have to come with me for investigation too."

"Men!" Axel raised his voice. "Arrest Nathan Cross and all of his allies!"



Chapter 1535 A Personal Visit

Axel's order had barely left his mouth when two of his Peacekeepers hurled themselves at Nathan, wielding primed submachine guns. They were grimly determined to arrest him at all costs.

Nathan just stood there calmly with an almost amused glint in his eyes. He made no attempt to escape. Before the two Peacekeepers could even get close to Nathan, Colin had appeared in front of them in a blink.

Colin was famed for his lightning-fast reactions. His two fists flashed outwards, catching the two Peacekeepers in surprise before they could even react.

The two loud cracks of Colin's fists colliding with the Peacekeeper's faces were almost simultaneous.

The two Peacekeepers crumpled to the floor limply. Colin stood over their unconscious bodies and dusted his knuckles with a smirk.

Caught off guard badly, the surrounding



Chapter 1535 A Personal Visit

Peacekeepers had never expected Nathan and his allies to have the guts to put up a fight. They surged into action, attempting to crush the resistance before it could begin. But it was too late; there was someone among Nathan and his allies who was simply too much faster than them.

Proving that her three-year title as the deadliest assassin was not earned idly, Ava, an assassin to end all assassins, leapt into action.

She was a terrifying ghost in her own right, slipping soundlessly through all the chaos in an instant to appear in front of Axel.

Anger and surprise burning in his chest, Axel raised the submachine gun in his hands.

The smile on Ava's face was nothing less than predatory. Before Axel could even pull the trigger, she had clamped her left hand around the muzzle of his gun and forced it upwards with terrifying strength. He had barely registered the incredulous feat

Chapter 1535 A Personal Visit

when Ava's other hand, already clenched in a fist, hit him in the face.

Stars exploded across his vision. Axel felt his head snap backwards with the force of the blow.

He was bleeding freely where Ava's fist had landed. Red pooled across his face like an upturned box of watercolor.

Ava pried the gun from Axel's grip easily. She shoved the muzzle under his chin, commanding the other Peacekeepers' attention effortlessly. Their expressions ranged from fear to utter horror. Satisfied, Ava forced Axel's head upwards, exhibiting the gun at his throat. "No tricks, or your commanding officer will be the first one who dies today."

The Peacekeepers were stunned. They barely had time to blink before their commanding officer was now held hostage. The situation was growing worse with each second that passed.

At this moment, even the remaining

Chapter 1535 A Personal Visit

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Chapter 1535 A Personal Visit

survivors of the Dark Temple who were kneeling on the ground—elders and elite soldiers among them—could not help but look down at Axel and his Peacekeepers. Their mocking thoughts ran through a similar vein: How much wine did these idiotic Peacekeepers drink, thinking they could actually take on the God of War?

In fact, they had a saying that worked exactly for this situation! These poor, poor fools were trying to steal offerings from the altar of the Yama King. That was just asking for death.

Nathan looked upon Axel's bloodied face, courtesy of Ava. Despite all the carnage in the room, Nathan remained seemingly untouched, wearing the ineffable little smile that he knew irked other people to no end. "A valiant effort, but obviously your troops still need more training."

Bloodied and broken as it might be, Axel's face still showed his fury rather adequately. But Ava prodded the gun under his chin threateningly, forcing him to swallow his pride. He had no words for

Chapter 1535 A Personal Visit

Nathan, knowing he was beaten.

“Don’t get ahead of yourself,” Axel spat viciously.

“I have another platoon of Peacekeepers waiting outside. None of you will be leaving so easily.” Axel closed his eyes. He sneered, “You might as well kill me now if you have the guts. If you don’t, you’ll still be captured by my people anyways. And mark my words, when that happens, they’ll see to it that you and all your allies will stand trial at the International Military Court.”

There was a sudden angry shout from the direction of the ruined door. “Just what do you think you’re doing?”

The effect was instantaneous. Everybody turned their attention to the door. A tall and well-built man had entered the room hurriedly, dressed in a Peacekeepers’ uniform that marked him as a General. He was followed by a large number of his troops.

Chapter 1535 A Personal Visit

To the mixed horror and delight of the gathered people in the room, it was General Mason Zahn, High Director of the United Nations Peacekeepers.

General Zahn was a righteous man of the Nation through and through and he descended from a well-known military family. He held the prestigious post of the highest authority over the United Nations Peacekeepers.

But at the moment, his normally benevolent face was tight with anger as he yelled loudly at Axel and his other peacekeepers. “Are you out of your minds? The purpose of our current mission here is to assist General Cross and his forces in eliminating the Dark Temple. And you, Jordan—what the hell are you even doing, fighting General Cross?”

“Put away your weapons now— all of you!” General Zahn’s last words were a bellowed order.

A hurried clattering filled the room as the Peacekeepers present acknowledged the

Chapter 1535 A Personal Visit

order and quickly lowered their weapons.

Seeing the change in the situation, Nathan nodded at Ava, who promptly let go of Axel.

Wiping away the blood on his face, Axel turned to face General Zahn with surprise and joy. "Sir, I'm glad to see you, but with all due respect, you put me in charge of this operation. What brings you out here personally?"



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Chapter 1536 A Chance To Redeem Yourself

General Zahn’s frustration was more than evident in his growled answer. “I was worried about the operation, that’s why.”

“And for a damn good reason too, it seems.” He shot a withering glare at Axel. “Jordan, before you decided to attack General Cross, were you aware that your actions would cause a diplomatic mess so horrible it would take years to clean up?”

Axel’s expression betrayed his shock and resentment at being chewed out so directly. “But, sir! General Cross and his people killed those captives— that’s a direct breach of all the international laws we stand for—”

“And I don’t blame him in the least,” General Zahn interrupted coolly.

Axel was dumbfounded as he started to question, “Sir—”

General Zahn eyed the various captives kneeling on the ground with distaste. He was well aware of their status as the backbone of the Dark Temple. He said



Chapter 1536 A Chance To Redeem Yourself

coldly, “Whatever you may think about these bastards, I’m going to assure you that they are at least ten times worse than that. They aren’t just professional killers—no, they train others to become their brand of killers as well.”

“Every year, they abduct millions of children from all around the world and bring them to concentration camps in Siberia.” General Zahn chuckled humorlessly. “And that frozen hell is where they train those children to kill. Out of those millions of children, usually only one survives the entire ordeal.”

Axel’s eyes widened in horror. He sucked in a cold breath of air unconsciously.

A million children, set upon each other’s throats to survive, killing and killing until only one prodigy survived.

This was truly success, if success was something cruel that demanded to be built on a mountain of bleached bones and rotten flesh.

Chapter 1536 A Chance To Redeem Yourself

General Zahn's next words were bitter. "And this brainwashing is exactly how they create their infamous assassins. For every top-grade assassin they create, countless families across the world loses a child. They are worse than cruel— they are literally living devils on this earth.""

"And so," General Zahn said with the same sense of bitterness that had suffused his earlier words, "I say well done, General Cross."

Upon hearing General Zahn's words, Axel fell awkwardly silent. What had seemed like righteous anger earlier now felt extremely out of place, an insult to every victim of the Dark Temple. Without that feeling of justice, he was oddly unsure of how to address Nathan now.

General Zahn calmly said, "Now, Jordan, I want you to apologize to General Cross."

Reluctantly, as much as he chafed against it, Axel did as he was told. Summoning his courage, he apologized in a small voice, "General Cross, I'm sorry for offending you

Chapter 1536 A Chance To Redeem Yourself

earlier. Please accept my apology.”

However, his principles would not allow him to roll over so utterly and he raised his chin in a purposely defiant manner, gritting his teeth. “But I still believe it’s wrong to just kill prisoners of war who have already surrendered to us!”

“Even if they are truly guilty, they still have to stand trial and let the law decide whether they should be killed or spared.” Axel’s voice was impassioned.

Nathan just sighed lightly, as if he had heard this argument more than once. “The way I see it, I’m just responsible for sending the sinners to face God. Then it’s His call whether He wants to forgive them or not.”

Upon hearing Nathan’s flippant statement, Axel and his Peacekeepers once again found themselves dumbfounded.

Nathan broke into a smile, patting Axel’s shoulder. He said, “I’ve said this before, but you have your own principles and I have

Chapter 1536 A Chance To Redeem Yourself

my own code. None of us are in the wrong; we're just doing our duties."

"But," Nathan added, "You're still inexperienced. You need a lot more training."

Under the dried blood on his face, Axel flushed an embarrassed shade of red.

Chuckling as he came over to shake hands with Nathan, General Zahn said, "My Peacekeepers usually aren't allowed to interfere in battles, General Cross. They have good and adequate training, but they could use some pointers from you and your men in terms of actual battlefield experience."

"You're too modest, General Zahn," Nathan smiled, clasping the other man's hand firmly. "Especially since my men and I all look up to you as one of the infamous Princes of Hell."

General Zahn gave a hearty chuckle of acknowledgement. "That may be true, but I'm not much next to your legendary

Chapter 1536 A Chance To Redeem Yourself

proWess, General Cross.”

They went back and forth like this for a while, exchanging various flattering comments with each other. Finally, Nathan was able to leave General Zahn in charge to settle the aftermath of the scene.

With Colin, Ava and the Elite Eight in tow, Nathan left the Dark Temple.

That night, they boarded a private jet to make the long trip back to their nation.

Making the trip alongside Nathan and his other allies were Ava’s mother, her younger brother, and her younger sister.

Inside the Commanding Officer’s cabin, Ava was kneeling remorsefully in front of a seated Nathan. Tears ran unrestrained down her cheeks as she cried like a little child.

Ever since that last incident, she had felt far too ashamed to see the General again, much less show herself in his presence. And yet, he had still come to rescue her

Chapter 1536 A Chance To Redeem Yourself

and her family.

In the past, she had repressed every single emotion to survive the endless stretch of dark days. But now, on the plane headed back home, that dam had broken down thunderously. She threw herself onto her knees before Nathan, hugging his feet tightly as she cried and cried like a lost child finally returning home at last.

Nathan looked down at Ava silently, watching her body shake with every sob. In a measured tone, he said slowly, "I want you to know that the crimes you committed was unforgivable."

At Ava's soundless nod, he continued, "But the North Army now requires every bit of manpower it can get and training a new talent isn't easy. That's why I'm pardoning you. However, you will be demoted to the lowest rank in the army and you are given a chance to redeem and prove yourself again. Do you accept these terms?"

It was not so much a question than an order, but Ava raised her tear-streaked face

Chapter 1536 A Chance To Redeem Yourself

to look up at Nathan without any hesitation. "Yes, General, I do."

Teary-eyed, she caught his gaze. "I am your humble servant, General, to the end of this life and this world. I will never ask for more again, not now, not ever. As long as you're willing to allow me to serve under you and fight your battles, I will be content."



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Chapter 1537 None Of Your Business

Airport, Brimmopolis.

Nathan, Colin, Ava, the Elite Eight and Ava's family were just disembarking from the newly landed plane when a group of men in black wearing official work badges appeared.

Their leader was wearing a pair of dark glasses that did nothing to mask the domineering air of absolute authority he carried.

He was the boss of the Brimmopolis Police Department, a nasty piece of work by the name of Rohan Glover.

"Hello there, General!"

Rohan strode over in Nathan's direction with a couple of his lackeys, lazily extending a hand in greeting.

Nathan was in no hurry to shake Rohan's hand, preferring to first observe him with a morbid sense of interest.

He was well-aware of Rohan's background

Chapter 1537 None Of Your Business

and how he had been promoted to his current position thanks to Boris Tucker.

Boris was Rohan's mentor, but it was a well-known fact that the two of them were as close as father and son.

Nathan had been at odds with Boris lately, a fact that Rohan had to be well-aware of.

As someone under the Boris Tucker's banner, Rohan would not come all this way just to welcome Nathan and his allies back to Brimmopolis. He almost certainly had an ulterior motive that Nathan was keen to discover.

With that in mind, Nathan offered Rohan a dangerous half-smile. "I must say, I'm flattered with all the attention, Chief Glover. I appreciate you coming personally, certainly, but you've brought so many men too? I'm very flattered."

"Oh?" Rohan's eyes turned slightly forced behind his easy smile.

It was all too easy to pick up the

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undertones in Nathan's polite voice. That man was mocking him.

But two could play at the game and Rohan was nothing but an experienced player. The slight awkwardness in his eyes vanished just as quickly as it appeared.

He cleared his throat, using a tone of voice that suggested serious business. "General, my men and I are indeed here to welcome you, but we also have official matters to bring to your attention."

"Oh?" Nathan allowed himself a quiet chuckle. "Please, enlighten me."

With a serious expression set on his face, Rohan gestured at Ava, who was standing demurely beside Nathan. "Your companion, Miss Ava Quinn, is a suspect in the murder of Boris Tucker's son, that is Spencer Tucker."

"I was informed that she would be returning to the country today." Rohan's intent eyes never left Ava's face. "And so I came with my men personally to request

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that she come with us to assist in our investigation.”

Ava’s expression was complicated.

Spencer Tucker had hired her to kill Nathan. For one reason or another, he had purposefully kept Nathan’s true identity from her and even tried to have her silenced after doing the dirty deed.

At that time, she was still an assassin under the auspices of the Dark Temple, thinking that she would never be able to return to her country or the General’s side ever again.

And that was why she had turned on Spencer Tucker instead, killing him in a fit of rage. At that time, she was truly beyond caring. Worry was something that she had long since crushed beneath her heel in order to face the harsh reality.

Never in a thousand years had she thought that the General would come for her, or that he would pardon her and allow her to return to serve in the North Army.

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It really was all too good to be true. But alas, her murder of Spencer Tucker had caught up with her.

Mr. Tucker was a man of unimaginable power. There was no way he would let his son die in vain.

Even now, Rohan Glover was already here to apprehend her.

Ava schooled her complicated expression carefully.

However, Nathan was not fazed in the least. The corner of his mouth even rose to his trademark little smile, except this time it was fully mocking.

He regarded Rohan coolly and the smile turned into a sneer. "Ah, I see now. I assume Mr. Tucker asked you to come arrest her, yes?"

Rohan stood his ground resolutely, the denial coming easily to his lips. "I believe you are mistaken, General. Our preliminary investigation suggests that Miss Quinn

Chapter 1537 None Of Your Business

here is a primary suspect in the murder of Spencer Tucker in Japan. We're acting on procedure to arrest her—"

"The hell you are," Nathan growled.

Rohan's collected thoughts screeched to a sudden halt. Nathan's curt insult had sent him reeling. His men were also frozen in shock.

Even Ava, Colin, the Elite Eight and Nathan's other allies were surprised.

Rohan's shock manifested itself in sputtering anger even as his face flushed about ten different shades of red. "General, you—"

Nathan shook his head coolly. "If you can't admit that Boris Tucker sent you here, that's fine. But saying your arrest of Miss Quinn is based on procedure— that's a load of bullshit and we all know that."

"Is this your first day at work?" Nathan was being unabashedly condescending now. "Let me refresh your memory. Ava Quinn is

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a member of the North Army and one of the Captains of the National Guard at that.”

“And just so I am very clear on this.” Nathan smiled viciously at Rohan. “You should know that whatever the North Army does is entirely under my jurisdiction. It is exactly none of your business.”



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Chapter 1538 Do Not Disappoint Me

Struck speechless by Nathan's words, the furious Rohan could only gape soundlessly while his face turned even redder.

Furiously, Rohan turned the facts over in his head. Nathan was the General of the North, that much was indisputable. And now, if Nathan still recognized Ava as a standing member of the North Army, Rohan had no power to arrest Ava even if she had actually committed the crime in question.

All branches of military had their own disciplinary departments to oversee any incidents personally. It was truly none of his business.

Nathan glanced dismissively at Rohan. "I know Boris Tucker ordered you here to capture Ava. Go back and tell him to come personally if he wants her. I have a score to settle with him in the meantime."

"Now get out of my sight!" Nathan said, walking away before Rohan could say a single word.



Chapter 1538 Do Not Disappoint Me

Rohan's already flushed face turned into an ugly shade of purple.

He did not expect Nathan to burn all his bridges with Mr. Tucker so completely just for the sake of one of his subordinates.

Grinding his teeth in frustration, Rohan turned to leave. His position, as highly-ranked as it was, was still not one that could compete with Nathan's and his legal standing to arrest Ava was nothing but a fever dream. Disgraced and beaten, he could only retreat empty-handed with his subordinates.

As she watched Rohan and his men slink away with tails between their legs, Ava finally turned to face Nathan, and unable to restrain her words any longer, she said, "General, I murdered Spencer Tucker and it's no surprise that his father wants me in revenge— but you could've just handed me over to them! You didn't have to offend Mr. Tucker any further—"

"Do I," Nathan said slowly, "look like someone easily intimidated by Boris

Chapter 1538 Do Not Disappoint Me

Tucker?”

Ava bowed her head, shocked into silence.

Nathan regarded his men— Colin, the Elite Eight and so many others that had fought and served with him unquestioningly, “You all are my men, my soldiers. Nobody can touch a single hair on your heads without my permission.”

Touched to the core, Ava, Colin and all of Nathan’s other allies looked at Nathan with an emotional gaze.

They all knew that within the North Army, the General was strict but just, and he gave out both punishments and rewards in all fairness.

But to all outsiders, the General was very protective of his men and stood with them no matter what the circumstances.

And this was why the countless soldiers of the North Army decided long ago that they would gladly follow the General into hell and high waters, serving him no matter

Chapter 1538 Do Not Disappoint Me

what the costs. He was loyal to them— so of course they would be nothing but loyal to him in return.

In fact, Nathan lived by this simple code as well.

The way he saw it, the only way to be a capable leader was to capture both the hearts and minds of his men.

This line of reasoning was not without its logic. It was age-old advice— pamper your soldiers and spoil your generals.

He knew that if he did not do anything to inspire loyalty in his men- if he did not extend them the simple courtesy of protecting them as he would a loyal friend- he would not have any loyalty given to him either when they went to war. On a battlefield, bravery was a coveted asset but loyalty was priceless.

Nathan's gaze fell on Ava and his voice was that of deadly steel. "Besides, Spencer Tucker hired an assassin to kill me. I haven't gotten even with his father for that



Chapter 1538 Do Not Disappoint Me

yet either.”

“Spencer Tucker has only himself to blame for his own death,” Nathan continued. “But trust me, even if Boris Tucker comes after you, Ava, I will protect you to the very end. I can promise you that much.”

“However, you still have a lot to atone for,” Nathan said warningly. “I expect you to honor your second chance and redeem yourself. Don’t let me down.”

For a moment, the shadow of the old Ava could be seen when she snapped a sharp salute to Nathan. Her voice was loud and clear as she said, “Yes, General!”

.....

Boris Tucker’s Study, Tucker Mansion.

If there was one thing Boris Tucker valued more than dignified elegance, it was power. Clad in an expensive tailored gray suit jacket, Boris Tucker frowned as he listened to Rohan’s report of his encounter with Nathan Cross.

Chapter 1538 Do Not Disappoint Me

He said slowly, “My beloved son is dead. His body has just been returned from Japan and is still lying at the funeral parlor without a proper funeral. And yet now you are telling me that not only does Nathan Cross refuse to hand over the murderer, but is also going to great lengths to protect her?”

Rohan dipped his head in shame. His voice was a subdued whisper. “Cross is taking full advantage of his influential position as the General of the North, sir. He didn’t just disgrace me publicly, but...” Rohan hesitated, trailing off.

“But?” Boris prompted in a silky voice.

Looking as nervous as he had ever been since the start of his report, Rohan said, “He challenged you, sir. He demanded that you meet him personally if you want the murderer. He also said he has a score to settle with you.”

Rohan cringed as a loud crack shattered the tranquil silence of the study room.

Chapter 1538 Do Not Disappoint Me

Boris slammed his palms onto the surface of his desk, breathing heavily. His outrage bled into his normally cultured tone.

“Preposterous!”

“So, the insolent brat thinks that being General of the North means that he can ignore any law he likes?” Boris seethed, “Does the authority of the Great Cabinet mean nothing to him?”

Rohan said nothing and kept his head low. Truth be told, whether Nathan submitted to the authority of the Great Cabinet or not remained a mystery, but it was blatantly obvious that Nathan did not give a damn about Boris Tucker.

A moment later, Boris collected himself. The raving and outraged old man was an image of the past and Boris Tucker was once again a picture of elegant and dignified calm.

He said, “If Nathan Cross requires my personal visit to hand over the murderer and settle our old score, so be it.”

Chapter 1538 Do Not Disappoint Me

“Arrange a meeting place for us,” Boris ordered in clipped tones. “And send someone to inform Nathan Cross. Tell him I will holding a dinner to welcome him back to Brimmopolis and we can talk over dinner.”

Boris steeped his fingers together while a calculating look crossed his face. “I would like to see if he still refuses to hand over that criminal by then.”

A smile that was sharp as any knife blossomed across his face. “And then, we’ll see if he truly has any debts to settle with me.”



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Chapter 1539 Seafood And Beer

Nathan did not want to stay long in Brimmopolis. He planned to only greet President Hansel Windsor and the First Lady Madam Camilla Quinn, then immediately return to Channing.

However, before he could depart for the president's house to meet Hansel, he received an invitation from Boris.

Boris had asked for him to come to the Danville hotel, where a welcoming banquet awaited him.

Nathan looked at the invitation in hand and smiled, "Oh Boris, he really plans to meet me in person, eh?"

"General, do you wish to attend this banquet?" Asked Colin.

"Of course."

"If I do not show up, this old chap might assume that I am afraid of him, and that might cause more problems."

"Get ready, we're heading for the Danville

Hotel.”

“Yes, sir,” Colin and the others replied.

The Danville hotel was definitely one of Brimmopolis’s best hotels.

Judging by the name of the hotel, it was obvious that it was a place of sophistication.

In fact, anyone who ate in this hotel definitely had power and wealth. Were it any other regular rich person, they would not have been granted entry.

However, today, the hotel was fully booked.

Of course, it was none other than Boris who booked the hotel.

Boris was fully dressed in black. Having just lost his son, his eyes were sorrowful, but they retained a sense of calmness.

There were two people in his company. One of them was Rohan Glover.

Chapter 1539 Seafood And Beer

Another was his personal bodyguard, who went by the name 'Gyrfalcon'.

Gyrfalcon was personally handpicked from the army by Boris and served as his personal bodyguard.

He was lanky and tall. Even the way he stood emanated the intimidating aura of an eagle.

Boris glanced at his watch; it was about 10 seconds until his designated meeting time with Nathan Cross, yet Nathan was nowhere to be seen.

"Does he not dare to show himself?" Rohan scorned.

"Impossible," came the cold voice of Nathan Cross the very moment Rohan finished his sentence.

Nathan, Colin, and the Elite Eight had showed up at 5 o'clock sharp, as if by clockwork.

"You came, General." A smile appeared on



Chapter 1539 Seafood And Beer

Boris's previously sullen face at the sight of Nathan.

"Of course, how could I refuse an invite from you?" Nathan smiled in response.

Both of them laughed and exchanged handshakes.

"Come, have a seat." Boris gestured at a seat.

"I heard that you have returned from abroad and joined forces with the United Nations' Peacekeepers to eradicate the world's largest assassin organization. So, I have specially prepared this banquet to welcome you back."

Nathan, Boris, and Rohan each took their seats in order while the others stood at one side of the room.

With a casual wave of Boris' hand, the hotel chef appeared.

"This is Chef Terrier, one of the best chefs here. Name and dish and he can cook it,"



Chapter 1539 Seafood And Beer

Boris introduced.

“We have especially chosen him to prepare our meals today. General, order anything to your liking.”

“Alright, do you have diet restrictions?”
Nathan asked with a smile.

“Alas, at my age, my doctor warns me to steer clear of food that contains too much oil and sugar, or else I’d risk getting a stroke,” Boris admitted.

Nathan nodded.

“Let’s make it simple - just fill the table with seafood and bring two dozen beers!”
Nathan said decisively.

Seafood and beer?

Was this not a stroke-inducing meal
Nathan just ordered?

Chef Terrier looked stunned.

Rohan and Gyrfalcon were dumbfounded



Chapter 1539 Seafood And Beer

as well.

Ava, Colin, and the Elite Eight could only look at each other, equally stunned.

As for Boris, he was fuming.



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Chapter 1540 You Do Not Touch My People

Boris had mentioned he was at risk of a stroke, and yet, Nathan had ordered seafood and beer, a meal fit to give a stroke. Was he trying to send Boris to an early grave?

If it were someone else, they would not have dared to joke of such a thing with Boris, for Boris would have surely lost his temper.

But seeing that it was Nathan Cross, he repressed that temper.

Nathan could not help but smirk at the sight of Boris's pale expression.

He had always hated Boris and his hypocritical ways. Boris had clearly invited him out to settle a score, yet he pretended to welcome him with fake pleasantries and that fake smile of his.

Nathan could not help it. He had purposely ordered this stroke-inducing meal just to have his own little fun with this old chap.

But Chef Terrier was very obviously in a

pinch.

He stuttered, unable to make a sound as he hesitated whether he should agree with Nathan's orders.

"What's wrong, Chef Terrier?" Nathan feigned surprise.

"General, pardon me. Mr. Tucker here has stated that he is unable to eat anything with high sugar and oil content, let alone seafood and beer, as that definitely is a meal to induce stroke..." Chef Terrier answered as he bit his lips.

"Oh, is that so," Nathan mused.

"Then let's have some simple dishes!"

"Yes, I shall go prepare the meals, then," Chef Terrier nervously said.

By the time Chef Terrier exited the room, Boris's face had clouded over.

"Boris, you seem unwell. You should look after yourself!" Nathan said.

Chapter 1540 You Do Not Touch My People

“You need not worry, General. My body is still tough,” Boris coldly replied.

“You didn’t summon me here just for a meal, am I right?” Nathan chuckled.

Boris, having seen that Nathan brought it up on his own, dropped his pretense and asked, “General, I’m sure you have heard of the news of my son’s demise in Japan, correct?”

“Yes., I have heard,” Nathan calmly answered.

“Tell me, do you know who killed him?” Boris questioned him with a cold smile.

“I heard your son Spencer was displeased with me and had hired an assassin from the Dark Temple to assassinate me. Turns out, the assassin failed to kill me. Instead, he had a dispute with your son and killed him in the process,” Nathan calmly answered.

“Nathan, you...” Boris’s face changed drastically in disbelief.



Chapter 1540 You Do Not Touch My People

“Well, am I not speaking the truth?” Nathan interrupted.

“However, you need not worry, for I do not wish to ask of anything from you.”

“Also, since we have eliminated the entire Dark Temple, it should count as revenge for your son’s death. You need not investigate it any further.”

“Otherwise, it’d be a never ending cycle of a blaming game, wouldn’t it?”

Boris and his men understood Nathan’s intentions now.

Nathan had meant to put Spencer’s assassination attempt behind them, and that meant Boris did not have the right to harass Ava as well. It was an eye for an eye.

“You are right. If we were to keep at it, it would never end,” Boris agreed.

“My wishes are simple - I only want to avenge my son. So, let me take her with



Chapter 1540 You Do Not Touch My People

me, and I shall consider all our past misdeeds written off.”

When Boris mentioned ‘her’, he raised his hand and pointed at Ava, who stood by Nathan’s side.

“You will be disappointed, then.” Nathan’s face darkened in response.

“Let me tell you straight to your face: you do not touch my people.”

“I suppose that can’t be helped, then,” Boris sneered.

Boris ordered Gyrfalcon and Rohan, “Call the rest of our members hiding outside to come in - all of them.”



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