

Gyrfalcon's right fist shot up on cue, and upon that signal, near two hundred black suits swarmed forth from the perimeters and surged towards the hotel.

Each and every one of these men bore the same set of characteristics. They sported similar crew cuts and towered above 1.8 meters in height. Their assured strides and intense demeanor left none in doubt of their discipline and rigor, and intimated what they were capable of.

In no time at all, they had the main hall completely surrounded. Their ferocious gazes were locked squarely upon Nathan Cross and his companions as they regarded them with certain hostility.

Nathan let out a smirk and mused, "Mr. Tucker, I presume that you are not intent on playing fair? Are you positive that you have enough numbers here to go around, though?"

A cold smile drew across Boris's lips, "I am well aware of the General's irrepressible talents, therefore I have also taken to



other... precautionary measures."

Just as Boris' voice died down, Rohan to his flank had the intercoms raised, "Get yourselves over here!".

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Following that, police transports of various makes, numbering two hundred in all, roared unto the scene and invariably screeched to a halt in front of the hotel entrance.

As their doors were thrown open, the boots of close to a thousand armed troopers hit the ground running, and they, with great efficacy, had the premises locked down in short order.

More than a dozen amongst them then burst into the hotel, took their places by next to Boris, Rohan, and Gyrfalcon, and placed themselves at their command.

Nathan was momentarily taken aback by this unexpected show of force, but he managed to regain composure. "Huh,



looks like Mr. Tucker has indeed come prepared today."

Boris matched Nathan's frostiness with that of his own, "Tomorrow, I will send my son off on his final journey. But before this day comes to pass, I shall see his killer brought to justice."

"General, I understand that Ava Quinn is your subordinate and that it is your will to protect her, but that would not be on the cards today, I am afraid, as I must take her away."

"I hope that you would not attempt to make this task more trying than it needs to be. As should it come to a head, I imagine things might get very unpleasant for you."

Nathan scoffed, "Unpleasant? Really? I'd say it is going to take more than this lot that you have with you to spoil my day."

Boris mockingly quipped, "The General's skills are quite formidable, but are they sufficient to enable you to stand against a thousand armed men? Dear General, I

implore you not to seek the unfavorable. Cooperate with me and hand over Ava."

Nathan glanced between Gyrfalcon and Rohan, and then looked at the men in black suits and the armed troopers present.

He jested, "Mr. Tucker, you would genuinely have yourself believe that I would not have anticipated such trickery from you, you wily old fox."

Nathan's words briefly made Boris raise an eyebrow, but he recovered just as quickly and burst out chuckling, "General, who are you kidding?"

"You may be General of the North Army, but those are all the troops that are at your disposal, and they are thousands of miles away. Not to mention that it is against regulations for you to deploy them within Brimmopolis."

"Moreover, how do you expect them to be able to arrive at the capital to face off with me on such short notice? Can you



parachute them in from the sky?"

Boris had strong suspicions that Nathan had some kind of contingency lined up, but had ultimately grown weary of bantering.

He went on to bark out instructions, "Men, take Ava Quinn into custody, and give no quarter to anyone who stands in your way. These are Boris Tucker's orders."

With that, a number of suited-up men and troopers, with live arms at the ready, started towards Ava Quinn.

But right at this moment, the sound of marching footsteps came chorusing from their rear.

To the astonishment of all, a massive army arrived at the broad streets before the hotel's entryway.

Columns upon columns of fearsomelooking armed soldiers, possibly numbering in the tens of thousands, descended upon the hotel with submachine guns in hand.



Boris, Gyrfalcon, Rohan, and everyone else present were slack-jawed.

They wondered where the army came from.



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Just as Boris edged upon being overwhelmed with shock, he spotted the imposing figure of an illustrious general as he strode forth purposefully at the spearhead of an impressive contingent.

It was none other than Will Long, the Commander of the Capital Garrison himself.

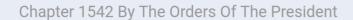
Will bellowed at his charges, "Secure the grounds immediately. Disarm these bastards and shoot anyone who dares resist."

"Sir, yes Sir!"

With a mass of firearms pointed at their temples, Gyrfalcon, Rohan, and their men had no choice but to lay down their own weapons, one after the other.

Will then proceeded to make his way inside the hotel.

Boris had not expected Will to show up with his men and subdue all of his own men in the process.



He slammed his fists on the table as he got to his feet, directing his fear, as well as rage towards Will, "Will Long, have you gone mad? Do you intend to usurp power and disrupt the chain of command?"

Will first bowed towards Nathan, then turned back to face Boris, unperturbed, "That, I would not venture to do. I merely seek to perform my duty."

Boris's anger was not allayed, "Upon whose orders are you acting? Since when has the Commander of Capital Garrison become Nathan Cross' lackey?"

Will maintained his dignified stance. "I am here on the orders of the President!"

The President!

That finally led Boris to simmer down.

Though he may be one of the ten elder statesman and someone who was widely considered to be the strongest candidate in line for the highest office in the land, he understood that he was not one who could



afford to pit himself against President Hansel Windsor at present.

Boris withheld his displeasure and queried, "And for what reason has President Windsor sent you here with your troops?"

Will whipped out his cellphone and proffered it to Boris, "Perhaps it would be better for the elder to ask the President himself."

Will was again unnerved by this latest sequence of events and hesitantly took the call.



He spoke tentatively into the phone, and from the other end came President Windsor's wizened yet authoritative voice, "Boris!"

Boris's body language visibly revealed his deference, "Yes, Mr. President, it is I."

President Windsor spoke calmly, "I am aware that you and Nathan have your differences, but it is everyone's best interest for internal matters to be resolved



internally."

"By deploying the Cabinet's Security Detail, activating the Capital Garrison, and staging a very public confrontation with him, you are acting out of line."

"It would be unbecoming should any of our successors follow the example set by Nathan and yourself in dragging their subordinates into open skirmishes."

Boris bit his lip and admitted, "I acted thoughtlessly."

Hansel continued, "Since you have realized the error of your ways, kindly reflect upon it at tomorrow's Cabinet meeting."

Boris's eyes widened, "What of Nathan...?"

Hansel's tone was indifferent, "Nathan, too, is at fault. Half of his annual wage shall be forfeited, and both of you have been sentenced to fifty strokes."

Boris was sullen and indignant at this verdict.

To ask him, as an elder statesman, to issue a public apology to the President and the other members of the Cabinet would cause tremendous damage to his esteem, while losing half of his annual wage, by comparison, would be inconsequential to Nathan.

But Boris was well aware that Nathan was favored by Hansel, and as such, the President was bound to do his utmost to protect him.

On top of that, Hansel was also intentionally taking the opportunity to undermine his standing and diminish his chances of ascending to the Presidency.

Boris inhaled deeply but finally decided to back down.

"Yes, Mr. President."

Hansel went on, "Your son's situation - it's a complicated one. He hired assassins to murder generals and, in turn, fell victim to one himself. Worse still, he was killed in Japan."



"As Nathan and yourself are in highly sensitive positions, I would prefer that the both of you distance yourself from the matter."

"Therefore, I feel that investigation for this case should be referred to the Japanese police, and neither of you is to see any further involvement in it."

This greatly incensed Boris.

He had little faith that the police would be able to uncover anything, and even if they did, he doubted their ability to punish Ava as she had previously served as the Captain of National Guards. The Japanese police would likely prefer to avoid trouble and elect to play it down until the whole issue boiled over.

Boris was absolutely livid at this thought, but he replied regardless, "Yes, Mr. President."

Chapter 1543 For The Country And The People

Very soon, Boris left with his people gloomily.

Nathan smiled at Will and said, "It's all thanks to you, General Long."

Will Long replied respectfully, "I carried out my task according to the President's order. Furthermore, you had something else to deal with on your end. It is only natural for me to help out."

He continued, "Oh, right. The President has commanded you to meet him in a while."



Nathan nodded, "Okay."

Soon, he arrived at the Royal Palace.

The servant guided Nathan to the side hall and asked for his patience.

However, Nathan ended up waiting for three hours.

The truth was, it was President Windsor's idea to make him wait. He thought of Nathan as a fiend in human form as he



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Chapter 1543 For The Country And The People

had recently created so much trouble.

First of all, Nathan had appeared on Japan's "Feast of the Gods". He had also been accused of the illegal trade of firearms.

Secondly, he had also murdered Mr. Tucker's son, Spencer. Moreover, he had a dispute with Mr. Tucker in public, and the conflict had ruined their image.

Furthermore, while Nathan was overseas, he had totally destroyed the Dark Temple!

To add fuel to the fire, according to Axel Jordan of the United Nations' Peacekeepers, Nathan had killed prisoners while he was overseas.

President Windsor certainly had a hard time cleaning up after Nathan. Hence, he summoned Nathan and intentionally made him wait to teach him a lesson and dull his sharp edge.

After three hours of waiting, it was already ten at night.



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Chapter 1543 For The Country And The People

Just then, Hansel presented himself with his wife, Madam Camilla Quinn, and a few National Guards at the side hall.

Hansel and Camilla both thought that Nathan would've left after waiting for so long.

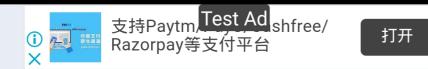
When they entered the hall, they were astounded to see Nathan with his hands behind his back as he observed a calligraphy masterpiece on the wall with full concentration. They scrutinized the man but found no sign of impatience.

Six words were written in elegant calligraphy: For The Country And The People.

Nathan seemed to be so absorbed in the calligraphy that he lost track of time. He was oblivious to the presence of Hansel, Camilla, and the others.

Hansel coughed softly to get Nathan's attention

Nathan snapped back to reality. He turned



Chapter 1543 For The Country And The People

to look at Hansel and the others. "President, First Lady," he greeted with a salute.

Hansel's expression was hard to read. He wanted to punish Nathan, but he never expected Nathan to be so into his calligraphy that he lost track of time.

He was a jumble of emotions.

He then asked sulkily, "What were you doing? Why didn't you notice us when we entered?"

"I was admiring the First Lady's calligraphy and was too fascinated by it," replied Nathan with a smile.

There were no changes in Hansel's expression and tone. "Oh? What is so good about this calligraphy?" he asked.

Again, Nathan responded with a smile, "This calligraphy reflects power, vigor, great vitality, and boldness. I now understand why Aunt Camilla is known as one of the best calligraphers in our nation."



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Chapter 1543 For The Country And The People

Camilla's eyes shone with a sense of playfulness. She interjected gently, "This work is not mine; it's written by your Uncle Windsor."

"Really?" Nathan was flabbergasted.

Hansel said spitefully, "Quit acting. You know the difference between our calligraphy. I don't buy it."

Despite his harsh words, everyone could see that Hansel was delighted by Nathan's praise.

All the bottled-up anger due to settling matters on Nathan's behalf disintegrated and faded into nothingness.

Then, he asked Nathan to take a seat.

Nathan did as told.

Since the guest was seated, the guards served some tea.

Hansel asked Nathan how he was doing recently and chastened Nathan stirring up



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Chapter 1543 For The Country And The People

so much trouble over a guard's blunder.

Nathan stood his ground. Calmly, he said, "Ava Quinn is my subordinate. She is a very talented person. I can't give up on her no matter what comes at me."



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Chapter 1544 Let Nathan Suffer Too

Hansel did not swell in this small matter. He told Nathan that his term of service is going to end soon.

He continued, "Boris has been eager to succeed the President's place. I have nothing against his passion, but I have come to realize that he harbors ill intentions. What infuriates me more is that he never hesitates to use underhanded tricks, and he has also been having ambiguous relationships with some of our enemies from other countries."

"Furthermore, he has always been displeased with me and regards my subordinates whom I personally supported as his foes. You're also one of them."

"So, no matter the circumstances, I won't agree to let him take the presidency."

Nathan just listened attentively without giving any opinions.

Hansel then said, "Ever since you and Hailey defeated the north king, Lucifer, and Christopher Windsor of Mayberry one by

Chapter 1544 Let Nathan Suffer Too

one, Boris already realized that I was going to do something to him."

"You recently sent his son to an early grave, literally. I bet he hates us much more now."

"While I still wield power, he wouldn't dare to lay a finger on you for the time being, even if he wants revenge badly. Even so, you have to be on high alert."

Nathan frowned, "Do you mean that Boris may retaliate soon?"

Hansel narrowed his eyes and answered, "In the last days of my term of service, I am to bring these parasites to justice."

"But Boris is planning to drag on until I step down. Then, he can reach the peak and rule the world."

"When he realizes that I will end him before I step down, he and his members will certainly not sit back and await their doom. They will definitely launch a counterattack." Chapter 1544 Let Nathan Suffer Too

Nathan replied solemnly, "I understand. I will take note of that."

Hansel said, "Well, you have only a short period of time till the end of your holiday. Don't stay in Brimmopolis for too long; go back to Channing to spend time with your family."

"Alright!" Nathan chirped with a grin.

The next day, the cabinet meeting carried on as usual.

Today was also the day Boris would selfreflect before all the cabinet members, as per President Windsor's request.

Hansel thought that Boris would use his son's funeral as an excuse to take the day off and be absent from the cabinet meeting. He expected Boris to use all means to escape the awkwardness of confessing his mistakes before the entire cabinet.

Hence, he was shocked when Boris appeared at the cabinet on time to attend



the meeting as usual.

Furthermore, Boris did as he was instructed and admitted to all his mistakes, after which he attended the rest of the meeting and voiced his opinions as he normally would.

On the surface, there was nothing amiss. There was no sign that he had lost a son. Nobody would've thought that this energetic man was going to host his own son's funeral afterwards.

Hansel stared at the calm-looking Boris.

He realized Boris's mentality and perseverance matured significantly. He was now mentally stronger and more frightening.

If Boris were to become the next President, it would be impending doom for Nathan and his subordinates.

Hansel squinted his eyes and looked at Boris for a long time, as if lost in thought.



After the meeting, Boris rushed to the funeral parlor with his bodyguard to host his son's funeral.

The number of guests who attended the funeral of Spencer was countless. Among them were some important people from both legal and illegal sectors.

Finally, the funeral was over.

That night, Boris went home and consoled his grieving wife.

Then, he went to the study room alone.

He sat in the dark room without turning the lights on. "Shadow!" Boris said coldly.

The silhouette of a human then emerged in front of him. It had a hoarse voice. "Yes, master."

"I want Nathan to also experience the heartache of losing a son!"

Shadow replied, "Yes, master."



Nathan did not stay at Brimmopolis for long. He took a flight back to Channing the next day.

After returning to Channing, Nathan directly gave Colin, Ava, and the Elite Eight their vacations, allowing them to rest for two days.

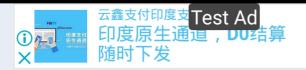
He, on the other hand, drove straight to Cross Group as he had originally planned to pick up Penny and go home for lunch together.

Penny, who was just getting ready to leave work, was surprised to see Nathan. "Darling, you're back! Why didn't you tell me in advance?"

Nathan smiled and said, "I thought of giving you a surprise, so I didn't inform you in advance."

"Come on, let's go home for dinner."

At this moment, Penny Smith's personal bodyguard and assistant, Frida, reminded, "President, Herman Franck, the newly



appointed director of the Food and Drug Administration in the province, came to Channing for an inspection today."

"Just now, the leaders of the city informed the bosses of Food and Drug Enterprise in Channing that they should all go to the guesthouse at noon and attend the banquet to entertain Commissioner Franck."

"Cross Group is the number one enterprise in Channing and the number one pharmaceutical enterprise in the South."

"I'm afraid it's a bit inappropriate for you to not show up."

Nathan snorted coldly, "What do you mean 'inappropriate'? It's just a reception. It'll be fine as long as the leaders and prominent businessmen of Channing attend it. It's not necessary for everyone to be there."

Penny Smith laughed, "He is an influential and powerful person while we are just businessmen. All our work will be under Commissioner Franck's supervision in the

future."

"Besides, the leaders of the city have informed us that we are invited to the banquet. It'll not look good on us if we don't show up."

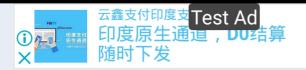
In a way, everyone was obligated to flatter the higher-ups.

Even those who don't intend to curry favors through lowly means would attend such events to avoid sticking out like a sore thumb. It would be tragic to leave behind a bad impression should the leaders remember the absentees.

Penny Smith said to Nathan, "On second thought, I think we should go. Hubby, will you go with me?"

Nathan agreed, "Sure!"

Nathan instructed Frida to prepare the car, and then he and Penny went to the guesthouse together to attend the banquet.



The parking lot near the guesthouse was occupied by an assortment of official cars and luxury cars. The hall in the guesthouse, too, was packed with people, a stark contrast to its usual state.

The people present were either department leaders or company presidents - all bigwigs who dominate the market. They were all gathered together today for a special occasion.

These bigwigs gathered around a thin middle-aged man.

The person in the center of attention had an unremarkable physique. A pair of glasses perched on his hooked nose, and he resembled a monkey, which made it a rather comical sight.

However, his expression was one of arrogance. The people around him, including the mayor of Channing, Russell Crow, treated him with respect and showered him with compliments.

He was Herman Franck.

Herman Franck scanned the room and frowned, "I've heard about a pharmaceutical company called Cross Group in Channing with assets of more than a trillion. I have been told that it is a leading pharmaceutical company in the South, even in the nation."

"I also heard that Penny Smith, the president of Cross Group, is one of the most highly-regarded workers in the nation and is also known as the Business Goddess. Why have I not met her today?"

Coincidentally, just as Herman finished his sentence, a murmur spread through the crowd, "President Smith has arrived!"

Immediately, the crowd turned to look at the entrance.

Nathan strode in, his impressive physique immediately capturing the attention of many. Next to him stood the slender Penny and their bodyguard, Frida.

Herman had known of Penny, the Business Goddess, since a long time ago, but when



he saw the woman in question, he couldn't conceal his look of astonishment. This woman is really a fine specimen.

At this juncture, Penny Smith had taken the initiative to bow towards Herman and greet him, "Might this be Commissioner Franck? Commissioner Franck, Mayor Crow, and my respected seniors in the business field, it is my honor to meet you."

Herman snapped out of his thoughts when he heard Penny's' lilting voice. He grinned broadly, his eyes turning into crescents as he extended a hand to Penny. "Hahaha... So this is the renowned Ms. Smith. You're far more beautiful than the rumors imply."

Upon hearing this, Russell and a few leaders of Channing stiffened slightly, their expressions shifting perceptibly.

Russell started to feel anxious. I've heard that Commissioner Franck has a bad reputation when it came to his private life. Surely, this fellow isn't harboring detestable thoughts about Ms. Smith? That would be digging his own grave!



Penny Smith was also sensitive to Herman's words, which carried a hint of immodesty.

She maintained basic etiquette and politely declined to shake hand with him with a smile. "It's nice to meet you, Commissioner Franck. I'm sorry, but my husband does not like it when I shake hands with other men," she explained.

Herman was obviously displeased by this.

He came from the province to inspect this city - even Russell Crow had to treat him with the utmost respect.

As for the rest of the businessmen, they walked on eggshells around him and bombarded him with flattery.

He had taken the initiative to shake hands with Penny, but she had the guts to turn him down and publicly humiliate him.

He couldn't afford to let her trample on his dignity.



His face fell, and his tone became chilly, "Your husband?"

Penny hurriedly introduced Nathan, who was standing beside her, "This is my husband, Nathan."

Russell noticed Herman's dissatisfaction and became even more apprehensive. He hastily stepped forward and said with a smile, "Yes, Yes, Commissioner Franck. Let me introduce this man, this is..."

Russell wanted to tell Herman that Nathan was the General of the North to prevent him from poking the bear.

Alas, Nathan coldly interrupted, "My name is Nathan Cross. I'm a soldier. I'm now on vacation to visit my relatives, so I decided to accompany my wife and attend your banquet. You can take it as an act of hospitability as a host. I am part of Channing's public, after all."

Russell originally wanted to reveal Nathan's identity, but Nathan shot him an icy glare. All those present who were privy

to Nathan's true identity dared not let out a peep.

Herman vented his fury on Nathan. "You are neither the leader of Channing nor a businessman; you're not fit to be a host!"

The audience's faces were filled with trepidation when they heard this.

Russell swallowed hard, bracing for the worst.

Penny quickly grasped Nathan's hand, surreptitiously reminding Nathan to quell his anger and ignore people like Herman.

Herman noticed Russell's dramatic change in mood, but he figured that Russell respected Nathan and Penny because their company could generate a large amount of tax revenue for Channing.

He thought disdainfully, I don't care about Cross Group's tax revenue. Moreover, Cross Group is also under my supervision.



I control the lifeline of their business. Why should I bother with maintaining civility?

Herman also noticed Penny hand tugging Nathan's as she silently implored her husband to suppress his anger.

He sneered internally, I can tell that Nathan is a reckless man, but at least Penny knows to read the room. They can't afford to cross me, so she's asking her husband to hold himself back.

Awkwardness filled the room.

Fortunately, the manager of the guesthouse walked over at this crucial moment and said with a smile, "Respected leaders, the banquet will start soon. You can take your seats."

Russell Crow hurriedly changed the subject, "Take your seats, everyone, take your seats..."

The crowd was seated and ready to feast. The heavy atmosphere lifted temporarily.

Russell let out a sigh of relief.

Just as Russell thought that they had dodged a bullet and Herman was in the clear, Herman approached Penny after downing a drink. "Ms. Smith, what position do you hold in Cross Group?"

"I'm the president," Penny said curtly.

Herman said with a smirk, "Good for you! Becoming a president at such a young age is an amazing feat."

With that, he looked at his driver, Wade, and laughed, "Wade, look at you. You're old, but you can only work as a driver. Ms. Smith is the president at a young age."

"Why didn't you try harder? This could have been your fate as well."

Wade smiled and said, "Commissioner Franck, being a company president is also my dream, but I don't have the ability, so I can only work as a driver. On the contrary, if you had entered the business field, you would definitely become a president."

Herman looked at Penny with an ambiguous smile, "Ms. Smith, do you agree with Wade? If I were in the business field, could I become a company president?"

There were a few people present who knew Nathan's identity. Their faces turned pale when they overhead Herman openly flirt with Penny.

Russell was the most shocked of the bunch. He had a sense of impending doom when he caught sight of Herman's relentless advances.

As expected, just as Herman finished his sentence, Nathan struck out in anger.

Nathan raised his hand and slapped Herman so hard that he was thrown backwards.

Half of Herman's face swelled from the slap. Blood trickled down the corner of his lips. He covered his battered face with a hand and looked at Nathan in disbelief, screaming, "How dare you hit me!"

Chapter 1547 Am I A Joke To You

"Not only do I dare to beat you, but I can also suspense you from work. Believe me?" Nathan asked coldly.

Everyone was shocked upon hearing that.

Russell's face darkened along with a few of them who knew Nathan's true identity.

He reached out to Herman and helped him up. "Mr. Cross, Commissioner Franck is drunk. He didn't mean a thing."

He then proclaimed, "Come, let's give a toast to Mr. Cross and Ms. Smith! Let bygones be bygones!"

Russell was trying to save Herman from the mess he created.

But Herman was still mad and spurned Russell's offers of help.

He pushed Russell away as he berated, "I'm not drunk! How dare he hit me? You want me to give him a toast now? What the hell is this? I know Cross Group is your biggest client. So, of course, you would

side with him! But I'm not done with him yet. Don't interfere in our matters. Or else, I'll get even with you for this!"

Everyone was stunned when they heard him.

"Yeah, he's right. Don't interfere in our matter today. We have unfinished business to deal with," Nathan sneered.

Russell was in a dilemma; he had been just trying to make peace. "Mr. Cross, please, do me a favor. Don't take his words seriously."

However, Nathan simply nodded his head silently. He grabbed his goblet and poured the wine on the floor. "Get him to lick the wine. Only then will I forgive him and let him go."

Herman's eyes widened.

He's crazy. He's a nasty son-of-a-bi***!

How could he ask me to lick the wine on the floor after beating me? Did he forget

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He's crazy. He's a nasty son-of-a-bi***!

How could he ask me to lick the wine on the floor after beating me? Did he forget

he has businesses within my territory? He's only a businessman!

"How dare you insult me like this!" Herman reproached.

Nathan sneered, "Treat others the way you want to be treated. You get what you deserved. Don't you know what it means? How dare you take liberties with my wife? I have no choice but to teach you a lesson! Do it, or I shall never forgive you!"

Herman was growing more and more infuriated.

He yelled, "Where is Walker? Take this man now! I'm going to punish him!"

Zed Walker, the police captain from Channing, immediately appeared from the crowd.

But to one's surprise, Zed did not arrest Nathan as per order. He walked up to Herman and said calmly, "Commissioner Franck, I'm not in a position to arrest Mr. Cross. Furthermore, I don't think he has

done anything wrong. You were the one who harassed Ms. Smith in the first place."

Huh?

Herman was stunned as he looked at Zed with his big round eyes.

Did I hear him wrong? What's wrong with this bunch of crazy people in Channing? How dare all of them take his side? He's only an entrepreneur and a taxpayer!

Herman regained his composure and barked, "What did you just say? You're not in the position to arrest him? Are you kidding me?"

However, Zed did not deny it and answered straight away, "Yes, you heard me right. I'm not in the position to arrest him."

Herman was astounded.

If my memory serves me right, Penny said he's in the army. He comes back from the camp to visit his family. Well, then that makes sense. The police do not have the

authority to arrest the army.

Herman looked at Nathan and scoffed, "Well, looks like I've got a short-term memory loss. You're in the army! Are you taking advantage of your authority to go against me? Let me warn you. You can't get away with it even though you're an army. Do you believe me when I say I can make a call to your superior right now and get him to hand you over to me?"

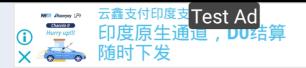
"You can give it a try," Nathan smirked as he raised his eyebrows malignantly.

What an arrogant man!

Herman had not expected to hear that as his answer.

Nathan looked young, so Herman thought his rank in the army would not be higher than Lieutenant.

"You're pushing your luck. Give me your superior's number now. I'm going to show you who's the boss." He smiled coldly.



"Are you sure?"

"Do I look a joke to you?" Herman refuted.



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Nathan gave him a landline telephone number.

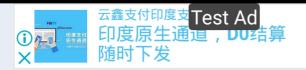
Herman called the number directly, feeling a bit stunned by how short the number was. This number is pretty simple and easy to remember.

His call was soon answered.

Before the person on the other end could speak, Herman spoke first. He introduced his name and his purpose right away.

"Hello. I'm the commissioner of the South CDER, Herman Franck. One of your subordinates, Nathan Cross, has beaten and blatantly threatened me in public. He has a serious attitude and behavioral problem. I hereby requested your permission to terminate his service with immediate effect. Please hand him over to the South Police Department for further investigation. Comrade, can you do it now?"

As soon as Herman finished talking, he glanced at Nathan and Penny haughtily.



You're doomed. Your superior is surely going to penalize you for your wrongdoings.

However, a mature and serious voice was then heard over the receiver, "Nathan Cross is a great combatant. I'm sure there must be some misunderstanding. I will send someone over to investigate the matter soon. Please, be patient."

Herman was displeased upon hearing that. He scowled, "What do you mean you will send someone over to investigate the matter? Are you covering up for your subordinate or playing the fool with me? I'll say it one last time. Terminate Nathan Cross this instant!"

President Windsor, who was on the other end of the line, was growing furious.

What's this? Why's he calling me for such a small matter? I've already said I'll send my men to investigate. How dare he commands me? A guy from the South CDER? Who the hell he thinks he is?



"How dare you command me? Who do you think you are to give me such commands?"

Herman retorted, "Well, well, my dear comrade. Don't think too highly of yourself. Tell me your name, rank, and unit. I can terminate you from your position too!"

"I'm Hansel Windsor, President of Brimmopolis!"

President Winsor!

Herman was stupefied when he heard him, and he was struck dumb.

He stood aghast with his eyes wide open. He was gaping at his phone, at lost for words, and his face had turned ashen in just a few minutes.

"You...you...are...the...the...president?" He could not help but stammer in horror.

President Windsor did not answer his question and said rigorously instead, "The congress is going to summon you!"



He then hung up on the call as soon as he finished speaking.

With the mobile phone still in his hand, Herman looked completely blown away. He was sweating profusely as beads of perspiration fell from his forehead. He looked up at Nathan helplessly and stuttered, "Who...who...the hell are you?"

Russell finally let out a sigh.
"Commissioner Franck, he's the General of
the North, the God of War of the nation, Mr.
Nathan Cross!"

The General of the North? The nation's God of War?

Herman was scared to death and almost foamed at the mouth.

He was in a daze as he asked Nathan. "You... you are the young General of the North?

Nathan snorted.

He soon realized Nathan was the General

of the North.

No wonder Russell dropped me hints and wanted me to apologize to him immediately. I thought he was being biased with his client. Who would have thought that he was trying to save my life!

Herman felt deep regret for what he had done.

He was shaking like a leaf as he began begging for his life, "General, I've made a mistake. I know I'm wrong. Please give me a chance to amend my mistake. Please..."

Nathan was elevated directly by the President. He was the president's blue-eyed boy.

If Nathan could plead on his behalf, he probably would still have a chance to survive.

However, Nathan simply said to him coldly, "Talk to the leader of the special investigation unit who will be coming for you soon. He will decide if you deserve a



chance."

Nathan then left with Penny and Frida as soon as he spoke.

Herman was left in self-reproach, feeling a sharp pang of remorse about what had happened.



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As soon as Nathan and Penny left, a group of men in black suits with name tags rushed in and took Herman away.

Herman is doomed for sure.

Everyone at the scene had the same thoughts.

Russell and the rest believed that Herman had brought this on himself.

His attitude is endangering. Sooner or later, he's going to jeopardize himself even if he did not meet the General



Once Nathan and Penny got in the BMW and about to tell Frida to head home, Penny's phone rang.

It was an incoming call from the school. Penny's face darkened, and tears began to fall from her cheeks before she bawled, "I'm coming now!"

Nathan had a hunch that something was not right and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Honey, the school has been hit with food poisoning, and our daughter is one of the victims. They have all been sent to the emergency room in People's Hospital..."

What?

Nathan was startled, and his eyes flew wide open.

"Head to the People's Hospital now!"

"Yes, sir!"

Frida sped all the way to the hospital in a flash.

It was supposed to be a half an hour drive, but it only took Frida ten minutes to reach the hospital.

At the hospital, parents were pacing up and down in front of the emergency unit.

It had been P.E for Class 1, Grade 1 in the last period. However, the teacher had decided to bring them outside the school to do some cleaning.

This kind of activity could not only train students physically but could also help beautify the streets. The teacher was killing two birds with one stone!

However, an incident had happened this time around.

On their way back to the class, a street vendor had been selling sugar-coated haws to Queenie.

The little girl had not been able to resist and bought one.

However, little did she realize that the sugar-coated haws she had bought were poisonous.

Queenie had shared her sugar-coated haws with some of her friends who didn't buy them.

Hence, each of them took one and finished up all the sugar-coated haws. That action had landed all of them in the hospital.

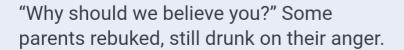
Their parents were overwhelmed with

anger when Nathan and Penny walked in. They cried out, outraged, "It's all your daughter's fault! She's the one who placed our children in danger!"

Penny was sobbing helplessly as she did not know how to face the angry parents.

"Stop it!" Nathan cried out at that critical moment.

"No one expected something like this to happen. What's important right now is to save our children. I promise to do my best to ensure that."



Nathan took out his military ID and lifted it for everyone to see. "I'm a soldier. I promise to get the best doctors and medical supplies to save our children as soon as possible. I swear to do so on my life."

At that moment, Colin, Ava, and the Elite Eight appeared in the hospital in military

uniform.

"General, we heard that the young Ms. Smith was poisoned, so we rushed here as soon as possible. We're ready to follow your instructions."

Wow, that must be the dignity and pride of a General.

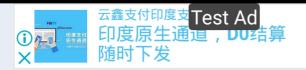
Upon seeing them appear, the parents finally believed Nathan was capable of getting their children the best doctors and medical supplies.

In the end, the parents were completely disarmed by Nathan's assurance as they gathered around him. They begged him to save their children alive.

"Don't worry. I will take full responsibility for everything," Nathan assured them.

The hospital director, Paul Seaman, and his senior management team soon came to greet Nathan.

"Director, what's the current situation?"



Paul wiped the sweats off his forehead and answered truthfully, "General, their condition isn't optimistic. Our experts and specialists are fighting a desperate battle to save the children's lives. They're in critical condition now. We could only stop the poison from spreading now. We hope you can get more experts to assist us."



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Nathan turned around and commanded Colin, "Fly in Professor Torres from the South and Professor Rothschild from the North in our private jets."

"Yes, Sir!"

After taking the order, Colin went to instigate the task given as soon as possible.

Nathan then turned around to face Paul and all the other parents. "I have a favor to ask. Can all of you not leak out any information about the children? I suspect someone has come for my daughter. I need to investigate and find out who that person is."

Paul and the parents nodded. They felt relieved upon hearing that the two most famous specialists were on their way to save their children.

"Spread the word that the children are in stable condition and that Dr. Rothschild and Professor Quinn are here to save them," Nathan ordered Ava.

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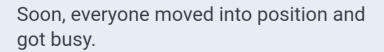
Chapter 1550 Student Of Boris

"Also, tell them that Dr. Torres is a drug information specialist. Not only does he have antidotes to expel the poison, but he can also track the origin of the drug."

Ava was taken aback for a second, but she still answered, "Yes, Sir!"

Lastly, Nathan instructed Frida and the Elite Eight to stay in the hospital to protect Penny and his family.

He also let the Elite Eight call Franklin Wilson for a military troop to keep the hospital in order.



The Celestial Club was a skyscraper located on the top floor opposite the hospital. It was the most renowned private clubhouse in Channing.

Inside a private room, a good-looking man in a white suit was standing in front of the French window, overlooking the hospital just opposite the street.





Chapter 1550 Student Of Boris

Many police cars and army trucks had surrounded the People's Hospital.

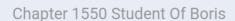
Even a troop of the military army was keeping the situation in the hospital in order.

"Shadow, look at what you've done! You can't even do a small thing right. It's such a mess out there!" The good-looking man said coldly.

"Well, the dosage of the poison on the sugar-coated haws are acute. It should have been more than enough to kill Queenie. I didn't expect her to share it with her friends," A skinny man in a black hoodie said sheepishly.

"Although it was not enough to kill her on the spot, there's no need to worry. She's on the verge of dying now, and after a few hours, she will be poisoned to death. The doctors won't be able to do anything by then."

It turned out that the good-looking guy was one of Boris Tucker's students, Yale.



Yale sneered upon hearing his words, "Don't give me that bull***! I've heard that their condition is stable and that Nathan has used his authority to fly in Dr. Rothschild and Dr. Torres. Dr. Torres is confident that his antidote can cure them, and guess what? He's also a drug expert who's capable of tracking the origin of the poison. They will find out the real culprit soon enough."

"What?" Shadow was stunned to hear that.

He suddenly felt regret for his actions as the drug he had used was uncommon in the market. If Dr. Torres were an expert, he could surely track him down, and that would give clues to Nathan, who would surely come for him soon.

There's a good possibility Nathan will be able to find me!

Shadow was beaded with perspiration as Yale looked at him, saying, "Well, well. Guess you still need me to clean up your mess. Listen, you'd better bring some men and ambush Dr. Torres at the airport. Kill

Chapter 1550 Student Of Boris

him once you see him. We have to follow Master's instruction no matter what. Not only do we have to let Nathan suffer the loss of his daughter, but we also have to make sure he's not going to find any clues to get us."

"Yes, Mr. Holt. I will do it right away!" Shadow answered in his deep voice.



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