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The bearded man tossed a black ID card to him.

The middle—

aged man glanced at the ID and took a deep breath. He hurriedly put away the gun and raised his hand to salute, “Greetings, Colonel...”

His voice was shaking.

Frontier Corps.

The ranks

were divided into privates, sergeants, majors, colonels, and generals, who were also known as the wardens!

The man in front of him was obviously a colonel.

He was a true overlord who could mobilize more than 300,000 troops.

Seeing her boss’ behavior through the car window, Angelica could not help but frown.”

Captain Holt, this guy looks like a fraud at first glance. Have you ever seen a colonel wandering around alone?”

Jupiter raised a brow, finding some sense in Angelica’s words. He was about to speak when he saw five patrol cars and three other cars belonging to political leaders driving over from not

far away.

The chief of the Jonford

Inspection Office and the governor of Jonford got out of the cars and walked over at the same time.

Jupiter's eyes abruptly shrank.

Now that the governor and his immediate boss had arrived, it seemed that the identity of the colonel had been confirmed.

In the car, Angelica was also frightened by the platoon.

What was with this situation?

Was he really a colonel?

Why was he knocking on their car window?

Angelica looked at Nash in shock.

Was the colonel here for Nash?

The chief of the Jonford Inspection Office, the governor, and the group of dignitaries greeted Stellar at the same time.

Stellar frowned slightly. "Who told you to come? Didn't I say I won't be seeing anyone?"

The governor of Jonford smiled awkwardly. "Colonel, we... we wish to meet the warden!"

Stellar scoffed. "Do you think just anyone can meet the warden so easily? Get lost!"

The intensity of his authority shocked the governor and the chief, driving them a few steps back.

Wiping away their cold sweat, the two of them immediately led their people and evacuated the

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area.

Hera had just turned around after ending her call, only to see that Nash still had not gotten

out of the car.

There were still matters to be attended to at the company, so she hurried over to the patrol car and asked, "Nash, why are they looking for you?"

Nash smiled and replied, "It's nothing. They're just asking about Hannah."

Hera looked at the two law enforcement officers and said, "You can ask me and my family about Ms. Hannah. Nash just arrived at the Lewis Estate less than two days ago. He doesn't know anything!"

Jupiter wiped away his cold sweat and answered with a smile, "Alright... Let's head inside..." He then opened the door and said, "Mr. Calcraft, you can leave the car now."

Since the colonel had mentioned specifically that he wanted to take Nash away, why would he not follow his wishes?

Nash stepped out of the car. He looked at Stellar and asked, "Is he here?"

Stellar shook his head and said, "I came to you to ask for your contact information!"

Nash smiled. He stretched out his hand and said, "Give me your phone..."

Stellar took out a special satellite phone.

Nash accepted it and input his number. Once he was done, he returned the phone.

Stellar put the phone back into his pocket without even looking at it. He then reminded him, "My boss will arrive in Jonford in three days. Be prepared. You must be on call within three days!"

Nash nodded and said, "I understand..."

His master had once taken him to the border defense in the Southern Region. At that time, his teacher had treated the warden of the Southern Region's disease for free.

After that, his teacher warned him that he would stand to gain from helping fulfill the aspirations and healing the ailments of those who had made great contributions to the country.

Nash never understood what he meant by either of that, though.

Stellar went toward the Rolls–Royce parked in the distance without looking back.

Nash turned his head and glanced at the cracks in the patrol car, his eyes flickering slightly.

There had not been any fluctuations in Stellar's inner energy, but even without it, he managed to break the window.

The fact that he was able to do that meant that his strength should be higher than that of a grandmaster. He could not really put a finger on his cultivation, though.

He probably practiced some kind of breathing technique that allowed him to hide his breath..

"Captain Holt, what should we do now?"