

Chapter 1563 Why Is Nathan Still Alive

Meanwhile, in Imperial Club.

Isaac and his lackeys were drinking in the most luxurious VIP room available.

His right-hand man, Marvin, had a simpering smile on his face. “Boss, Mr. Reed had been out for over two hours without any news. Did something happen to him?”

After listening to him, Isaac stopped sipping on his liquor as his gaze darkened.

Marvin hurriedly slapped himself twice and forced out a smile. “Boss, I was wrong. Mr. Reed is capable enough of killing Nathan. His assassination will be a success!”

Isaac snorted and downed his liquor. He narrowed his gaze and informed his men. “Just because Nathan's God of War, that doesn't mean he's great. He gained his title through the sacrifices of his soldiers. I don't think he's that capable.”

“Aran, however, is a capable man. Tribe leaders, drug dealers, and pirates are all afraid of him.”

“When I faced the indigenous people abroad, Aran protected me by using only a gun and a knife. He killed thousands of them as we escaped. Nathan is nothing compared to him.”

Marvin and the others nodded profusely as they praised Aran's courage and skills.

Smugly, Isaac announced. “Just you wait and see. Half an hour later, our friend will deliver Nathan's body and his wife. Ha!”

Right after he said that, someone knocked at the door.

Isaac was ecstatic. “Is it my friend, Aran? Quick, open the door!”

Marvin and his men went to the door, but to their surprise, a burly man was standing outside. It was Colin.

With a polite smile, Colin asked, “Is Isaac Dilk inside?”

Marvin's expression soured immediately. “Our boss isn't free. Leave!”

With that, he slammed the door shut.

But before he could do so, a loud bang sounded out of nowhere.

Colin's huge fist punched through the door and landed on Marvin's face.

Marvin was sent flying and finally landed on the ground as blood splattered all over.

Isaac was dumbfounded by the turn of events.

His lackeys' jaws dropped open in shock.

They could only watch as Colin retracted his fist and pushed the broken door open. He strode in with the Elite Eight.

After they entered the room, they stepped aside automatically.

Nathan then swaggered into the room.

When Isaac spotted Nathan, his face paled instantly. Sweat poured down his forehead.

Why is Nathan still alive?

Where is Aran?

Isaac was full of questions, but he dared not question Nathan. He stammered, “M-Mr. Cross, why are you here?”

Nathan glanced around at the servers and hostesses in the room. He ordered, “Leave us alone.”

They immediately fled like their lives depended on it.

Nathan pulled out a chair and took a seat. He lit up a cigarette and took a puff. His features appeared especially mysterious and creepy amid the smoke.

Slowly, he spoke. “This is the second time. Am I right?”

Isaac trembled slightly. Feigning ignorance, he replied, “Mr. Cross, what do you mean?”

“Aran is dead!” announced Nathan coolly.