

Chapter 1564 Miss Davier

What?

Isaac's eyes widened in disbelief as fear rose in his heart.

He knew why Nathan came here right after killing Aran.

Shivering in fear, he pleaded. "Mr. Cross, I was wrong. Please forgive me! Please give me another chance. I promise I'll repent!"

Calmly, Nathan uttered, "Oh? Give me a reason not to kill you."

Isaac's mind was racing to come out with a solution. "Actually, I didn't come up with the plan to kill you. It was my future sister-in-law, Phoebe Davier, who insisted I should kill you. She gave me the order."

Frowning, Nathan asked, "Phoebe Davier, daughter of Clifford Davier?"

"Yes!" Isaac nodded profusely. "Please forgive me this once, Mr. Cross."

Nathan hadn't expected the Daviers' involvement in this matter.

He glanced at Isaac. "You shouldn't have tried to harm my family."

With that, he stood up to leave. "Kill him!" he ordered Colin and the Elite Eight.

Reaching out, Colin grabbed Isaac's neck and snapped it forcefully.

Isaac died on the spot.

The next day, news of Isaac's death reached Brimmopolis.

The upper class society was in an uproar.

Phoebe was relaxing in the beauty salon when she received news of Isaac's death. She declared coolly, "He claimed to be the God of Weaponry and capable arms dealer. Ha! Useless man!"

Her bodyguard, Durand, replied politely, "Miss, Mr. Duvier said you should stop offending Nathan."

Phoebe scoffed. "Nathan killed my fiancé, making me a widow before I got married! He ruined my reputation. No one will want to marry me in the future!"

"I need to kill him to avenge Darren and myself."

After a pause, Phoebe announced, "Durand, I'll be going to Channing to meet Nathan myself."

Durand panicked. "Miss, you can't do that. Nathan's a merciless general who will kill anyone who crosses him. You're a frail lady. He'll defeat you in no time."

He added, "Besides, Mr. Duvier doesn't want you to go against him. Why are you insisting on taking revenge?"

"Durand, you've been my servant for years. You know me well. I must take my revenge. Will you obey my order or my father's?"

Durand used to be a general working under Clifford. After his retirement, he stayed with the Duviers and was assigned to protect Phoebe.

After a brief hesitation, he declared. "Your wish will be my command."

Phoebe nodded in satisfaction. "Good! Prepare one hundred men. We'll depart to the South soon."

"Also, inform the young men in my social circle that I'm going to the South for a vacation. If they are interested, they can come along."

Before Phoebe got engaged, she was a player.

She spent her days partying and drinking with the rich brats of Brimmopolis. Most of the rich brats were her sexual partners and would willingly listen to her orders.

Obviously, she was trying to use their influence to go against Nathan.

"Yes," came Durand's soft reply.

Looking out of the window, Phoebe sneered. "Nathan, you killed my fiancé and destroyed my reputation. Just you wait."