

Chapter 1569 Honored

Nathan is both the General of the North and God of War!

Alma was close to tears.

She finally understood why Nathan was unbothered by her sarcastic comments.

It was because Nathan was too influential and couldn't be bothered to stoop to her level.

I can't believe I called him a poor chap!

I was telling him I earn over a million annually. But, Nathan spent ten million in one go just to celebrate his wife's birthday.

Right then, Chauncey told her. “Mr. Cross is an influential and powerful man. His wife, Penny Smith, is the chairperson and president of Cross Group. They are estimated to have a net worth of billions.”

“As it's her birthday banquet tomorrow, you need to make sure nothing goes wrong. Make sure Mr. Cross and Ms. Smith are satisfied with our arrangements. If anything goes wrong, you'll be held responsible,” he reminded her.

At his words, Alma shuddered violently.

What?

Nathan's wife is Penny Smith, known as the Business Goddess worth hundreds of billions?

Alma's complexion was ashen by the unexpected news.

Penny completely outshined her, be it in terms of appearance, figure, wealth, and professional capability.

I can't believe I thought Nathan would regret not choosing me.

Biting her lip, she asked, “Boss, can someone else organize Ms. Smith's birthday banquet tomorrow? I'm not feeling well, so I might mess things up.”

“No!” Chauncey replied icily. “You got lucky as Mr. Cross didn't get mad at you for offending him earlier.”

“So, you need to make sure Mr. Cross and Ms. Smith are satisfied with our service here. You must be at their beck and call. If Mr. Cross is dissatisfied, getting fired will be the least of your worries.”

“Get it?” he roared.

Alma lowered her head gloomily. “Yes, got it,” she responded in a low voice.

Chauncey used to be a mafia boss who turned a new leaf by opening a legal business. However, he was still a ruthless man who'd resort to despicable means. Alma was afraid of him.

She was utterly dejected and helpless by now.

Nathan is the General of the North and his wife is the Business Goddess.

I didn't manage to insult Nathan. Instead, I have to witness their PDA tomorrow. This is pure torture.

The next morning, countless expensive cars arrived at the entrance of Crescent Moon Hotel.

Chauncey and Alma rushed out from the hotel to welcome them.

“Mr. Cross's wife's birthday banquet will be held tonight, right?” Chauncey inquired anxiously. “Why are they here early in the morning?”

“I have no idea either,” replied Alma.

When Chauncey and his staff arrived at the entrance, they realized it wasn't Nathan but a bunch of rich brats from Brimmopolis.

An elegantly dressed young lady alighted from her black Lincoln with a poodle in her arms.

She was Phoebe, from the Davier family in Brimmopolis.

The other wealthy young men and their lackeys came down from their respective cars.

There were two prominent young men among the guests—Donnie Waters and Marshal Herrington.

As Chauncey was from Brimmopolis himself, he was truly stunned to see them here.

He immediately welcomed them warmly. “Oh, my. Ms. Davier, Mr. Waters, Mr. Herrington. Welcome, welcome. What an honor!”