

## Chapter 1570 You Cannot Offend Nathan

Phoebe gazed at Chauncey arrogantly. “You know who we are?” she questioned.

“Of course. I am from Brimmopolis. I know who you are, Ms. Davies,” he responded at once.

“Good. From today onward, we are requisitioning this hotel. Only certain people are allowed to come and leave. Outsiders will not be welcomed.”

Chauncey was pleasantly surprised.

Then he quickly remembered that Nathan had booked the entire hotel today.

Stumped, he stuttered, “I’m afraid not today, Ms. Davies.”

At his words, Phoebe’s expression hardened.

Donnie demanded, “What do you mean? Is Ms. Davies not important enough?”

Marshall grabbed Chauncey’s collar and yelled, “How dare you reject Ms. Davies’ request? Do you have a death wish? Or do you want your hotel to go bankrupt?”

Chauncey’s knees almost gave way to Phoebe and the rich brats.

He pleaded, “Ms. Davies, Mr. Waters, Mr. Herrington. I would love to do so, but the General of North, Nathan Cross, has already reserved our whole hotel today. I can’t go against him, can I?”

Phoebe scoffed. “So? You can go against us?”

In fact, Phoebe and the young men came here because of Nathan.

When they arrived in Channing, they found out Nathan would be celebrating his wife’s birthday here in Crescent Moon Hotel.

Phoebe and the rest came to Channing to cross Nathan.

Hence, they arrived at Crescent Moon Hotel and demanded Chauncey to make way for them.

Meanwhile, Chauncey was about to grovel at their feet.

After all, he couldn’t afford to offend the General of the North or Phoebe and her entourage!

It was as if he was stuck between a fight of the rich and powerful.

“Ms. Davies, please don’t make this difficult for me,” he implored. “I can’t afford to offend any of you. Please!”

Phoebe petted her pet dog and sneered, “Do I look like I’m joking? My dog, Blackie is celebrating its first birthday today. I want to book the entire hotel to celebrate its birthday.”

“Nathan should go elsewhere to celebrate his wife’s birthday,” she declared smugly.

Donnie spoke. “Mr. Stanson, you’re afraid of Nathan but not us? We can close your hotel any minute!”

Marshall mocked. “That’s right. Nathan might be influential, but he’s in the military. There are many political leaders in my family. It will be terribly easy for me to teach you a lesson.”

Chauncey’s expression fell.

“Hold on, let me contact Mr. Cross and ask him,” he suggested.

He scurried away and whipped his phone out to call Nathan through the phone number the latter left yesterday.

Colin picked up his call.

After getting to know everything, Colin hung up and informed Nathan. “General, something has happened.”

Nathan knitted his brows. “What’s wrong?”

Colin replied, “It’s Crescent Moon Hotel. Phoebe Davies wants to book the hotel to celebrate her dog’s first birthday. She claims you should go elsewhere to celebrate Mrs. Cross’ birthday.”

A shadow slipped across Nathan’s face when he heard those words.