





"You rascals! How dare you ask me to harm the General? I will have both of your heads first!"

What the heck?

General of the North?

Rowan Yaleman and Chad Yaleman both stared at Nathan in utter disbelief. Their beady eyes were filled with complete terror.

Even Felix Quirke and the rest of the troop of Fearless Warriors had their tongues tied.

Nathan Cross is the legendary General of the North?

Warren Quirke hurriedly shouted a command, "Stand fast, soldiers! Present arms!"

Felix Quirke and the rest of the troop all straightened their bodies and in one neat file, all of them raised their arms and rendered a hand salute at Nathan Cross.







Warren Quirke led the troop in, saluting the General, "Good day to you, General!"

All of the five hundred soldiers roared loud and clear, "Good day to you, General!"

Nathan Cross raised one arm and returned a salute. He greeted in a perfunctory manner, "Good day to all of you, the reserve unit of the West!"

At that moment, the ground was rumbling.

Thud! Thud!

The neat sound of a march came from afar once again!

It was Franklin Wilson, who was grandly leading a troop of over two thousand soldiers on active duty.

Warren Quirke faltered, "Major-General Wilson, why are you here too?"

Franklin Wilson explained with a smile, "I am here to accompany you for the reserve unit's training and to protect the General







while I'm at it, in case the General is ambushed."

Thump!

Thump!

The Yaleman brothers could not take it anymore. They had lost all hope.

Never had it crossed their minds that Nathan Cross was the General of the North!

Rowan Yaleman and Chad Yaleman were both in utter despair.

Concurrently, they felt deep remorse over their mistakes. They shouldn't have messed with the Cross Group's vaccine project!

If only the Yalemans had retracted their orders to interfere with the Cross Group's project, back then, when Quintus and Carl Yaleman had wanted revenge on Nathan Cross. They would not have gotten themselves into the disaster they were in







right now.

Had Chad and Rowan Yaleman not come, declaring war on Nathan Cross's family with all of their troops, the Yalemans would possibly still have a path to fall back on.

Now, they were completely done for.

The two of them were deeply twisted in anger and regret.

Franklin Wilson looked at the two of them with disgust. Without a trace of warmth in his voice, he barked an order at his followers, "Send the two of them on their way!"

Immediately, Rowan Yaleman and Chad Yaleman were hoisted away. Following their arrest were two loud gunshots.

Everyone at the scene knew what the two gunshots meant.

Warren Quirke was covered in a cold sweat as he stared dead at the ground. He was







trembling in fear.

He was also filled with remorse and anger. He shouldn't have answered the Yaleman brothers' call, as he wouldn't have been in the dilemma that he was caught in right now.

He had no clue at all about what punishment the General would give him.

While Warren Quirke was still treading on thin glass, Frankin Wilson and Nathan Cross shifted their attention onto him.

Nathan Cross spoke coldly, "Warren Quirke."

Warren stood up in a hurry and answered, "Yes sir!"

Nathan Cross announced with contempt, "Since you are Lucas Ziegler's man, I will not punish you. You return to him and confess all that you have done to him. Whether will you be punished is all up to his discretion."







Warren Quirke fell on his knees and pleaded in a trembling voice, "General Cross, my master has always been a stern man. If he knew that I was trying to assist the Yaleman brothers in harming you, he would definitely take my life with his own hands! Please I beg you, have mercy on me!"

Commander-in-chief of the West, Lucas Ziegler, was a strict and unforgiving man. If he had heard of what Warren Quirke had done, he would certainly refuse to spare Warren's life.

Nathan Cross saw Warren Quicke weep in remorse for a few seconds, before he finally muttered indifferently, "Alright. I bet Lucas would actually kill you if he were aware of what you'd done."

"You don't have to report today's matter to General Lucas!"

"However, I don't think that you are suited to be the chief of armed forces of the West. You are to resign from your position when you return. You may retire!"







Warren's body slumped in relief at the words of Nathan Cross, as if he had just been pardoned of a death sentence. He thanked Nathan repeatedly, "Yes, yes, yes! I will resign from my position when I get back and retire for good!"



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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By the time Nathan had returned to the city area, it was already two in the afternoon.

Nathan Cross dismissed Colin Dunne and the rest before he drove to The Orient.

He was going to take away the crystal shrimp dumpling at this place. It was Penny's favorite.

Unfortunately, when he reached the entrance of the restaurant, he realized that the entire restaurant was booked.

On the door, there was a notice which read, "Jedediah Zinke's Sixtieth Birthday Banquet!"

Jedediah Zinke?

Nathan Cross was surprised when he saw that name. His class mentor back in high school went by that name.

Nonetheless, he was pretty sure the high school he attended was in Cledondale of Northania.







And his mentor was teaching at the First High School of Cledondale.

Could it be a mere coincidence?

As Nathan Cross was still deep in his thoughts, a pretty woman clad in a Chanel dress looked at Nathan and gasped, "Aren't you Nathan Cross?"

Nathan was equally as surprised to see the girl, clad in Chanel, "Jarelle!"

Jarelle Zinke was Jedediah Zinke's only daughter.

Jarelle Zinke sized Nathan up, in the bat of an eye and laughed, "You're here for my dad's birthday celebration right? Why are you still pacing at the doorsteps?"

"Is it because you haven't been doing well lately and are too embarrassed to talk to my dad?"

Nathan Cross looked at Jarelle who seemed like she held a silent grudge against him. He thought of the time when







he was chased out of the Cross family with his mother. Back when they had nowhere to go, Jedediah was the one to take them under his roof.

While Nathan and his mother were staying at the Zinke household, Jarelle had confessed her love to Nathan.

However, Nathan had rejected her back then.

Nathan had rejected Jarelle's confession immediately, which had embarrassed her a great deal. Since then, she had always held a bad opinion of Nathan, as she felt that Nathan did not know how to appreciate her.

From then onwards, she had purposely tried to make life difficult, for Nathan and his mother. She told everyone that Nathan and his mother were beggars who were reluctant to move out of her house and that they shamelessly feeding on their household's fortune.

Not long after that, Nathan left the Zinke's







household and Cledondale altogether.

Nathan had not seen Jedediah Zinke for almost ten years now.

Who knew that he would bump into Jarelle here of all places?

Nathan looked at Jarelle who was treating him with hostility and derision, and laughed coldly, "I should have paid my dear teacher a visit a long time ago. I feel bad for not keeping in touch with him."

Jarelle rolled her eyes and smiled in return, "Actually, my dad has spoken a lot about you, all this while. He was wondering how you were faring in the outside world."

"Since you're here, just join us!"

Nathan nodded, "Alright!"

Nathan and Jarelle walked into The Orient. There were tables set up everywhere for the birthday banquet.

Out of curiosity, he asked Jarelle as they







traveled down the hallway, "Didn't Mr. Zinke use to teach in Northania? Why is he now in the southern area?"

Jarelle glanced at Nathan and announced smugly, "It's because my dad was so good at teaching that he was scouted by a private high school in Channing. They offered him a high salary, so why not?"

Nathan Cross nodded again, "Oh I see."

Jarelle took a closer look at Nathan and noticed that he was not wearing anything out of the ordinary. Therefore, she concluded that he had not been doing well in life.

She had not forgotten at all, about how Nathan had rejected her back then.

Thus, she deliberately asked him, "Nathan, where do you work now?"

Nathan laughed and answered, "I have just gotten discharged from the military. I'm practically unemployed now."







Nathan was holding the position of chief advisor at Cross Group, but he rarely clocked in at the office, which made him felt that he was holding the position for nothing.

Jarelle uttered with disdain, "Oh, so you're busy being a jobless nobody now!"

Nathan sensed the mockery in Jarelle's tone but he was not intimidated by her at all. He replied calmly, "Well, I guess you could say so."

Jarelle could not hold in her urge to disparage Nathan anymore. She sneered, "Hah. You're still a useless chap after such a long while!"

"Do you regret rejecting my confession when I went out of my way to confess my love to you back then?"







Nathan Cross had never thought that Jarelle Zinke would have brought up his past with her, on her own accord. He was lost for words.

Before he had the chance to reply, Jarelle waved to a guy dressed formally in a shirt and slacks, "Declan dear, would you come over for a second?"

At once, a young lad dressed in Armani with his glossy hair combed back walked over with a grin on his face, "Jarelle, what's the matter?"

Jarelle proudly introduced the man, "Nathan, I would like you to meet my dad's pet student."

"This is my new boyfriend, Declan Roger."

Jarelle intentionally added, "Roger is from a wealthy family of aristocrats in Channing. His family runs the livestock farming industry in this area. His family owns a total of three large-scale pig farms, which are worth more than three hundred million. That's crazy, right?"







"Crazy rich is what I'd say!" Nathan smiled and nodded his head. However, in his head, he thought to himself, Since when could properties that were only worth three-hundred million, land someone the title of an aristocrat?

Jarelle saw that even Nathan had admitted that her boyfriend was amazing and she soon grew increasingly smug. She explained to Declan, "Declan, this guy over here was also one of my dad's favorite students. Unfortunately, he hasn't been doing well recently, I'm afraid. He is unemployed now."

"Declan, why don't you look for a suitable job for him and arrange for him to join your company someday?"

Declan scanned Nathan in a belittling manner and writhed his mouth, "My company is hiring workers to feed our livestock. If you don't mind, you can come to work at our pig farm starting tomorrow."

"The salary for that vacancy is around six thousand, but since you're Jarelle's







acquaintance, I am willing to give you a salary of ten thousand."

Jarelle grinned and urged Nathan, "What are you waiting for Nathan? Quickly thank my boyfriend!"

Nathan's face soon held a twisted expression. He was just about to say a word, when all of a sudden, an old man scurried over and exclaimed, "It is really you, Nathan!"

The old man was Nathan's teacher back in high school, Jedediah Zinke.

Nathan was surprised too, "It's nice to meet you, Jedediah!"

Jedediah cupped Nathan's hands in his and chided emotionally, "We haven't met for so long. Have you been doing well lately?"

Jarelle Zinke intervened, "Dad, Nathan is not doing well at all."

"He has just gotten discharged from the







army and is unemployed now. I've even asked Declan to link him with a pig-feeding job at his farm just now."

Jedediah frowned at his daughter's words, reprimanding her, "Keep your mouth shut!"

"What nonsense are you spouting! Have I not taught you your manners?"

"How can you be so rude? You're supposed to treat him as if he's your brother!"

Jarelle's face turned as red as a tomato in an instant. She was utterly humiliated.

Her father's attitude towards Nathan was no different, from when he took Nathan and his mother under his roof. The way he treated Nathan was as if Nathan was his son, full of fatherly love and warmth, which was totally different from the rough treatment he gave her.

Nathan quickly jumped in, "Sir, Jarelle didn't lie at all. I am indeed unemployed at the moment."







Jedediah laughed, "Even if she was speaking the truth, she shouldn't have been so blunt and rude about it."

"I still remember you were the student that I had the highest expectations for. When you were living in my house, I had even wanted to give you Jarelle's hand-inmarriage, having you as my son-in-law."

"Too bad, both Jarelle and I don't have such luck."

Perhaps Jedediah had started to speak his mind freely, now that he had gotten older.

His words had made it awkward for both Nathan and Jarelle.

Declan, who had just become Jarelle's new boyfriend was also secretly upset by Jedediah's statement.

Declan thought, why are you saying such things when your daughter's current boyfriend is around? Are you looking down on me?







Declan deliberately proceeded to greet Jedediah with a smile on his face, "Good afternoon, sir!"

Jedediah was aware that his daughter had gotten a new boyfriend, but it was his first time meeting him in person, so he did not know that the man standing before him was Declan. He thought that he was just one of his students whose name he had forgotten, and he asked with uncertainty in his voice, "And you are?"

Jarelle saw the situation and hurried on to introduce her boyfriend to his dad. "Dad, this is my boyfriend whom I had mentioned earlier. He is Declan Roger from the Roger family, who's descended from a line of aristocrats in Channing."

"His family is in the livestock rearing industry. They run three large-scale pigsties, which are in total, worth more than three hundred million."







Declan Roger was glad to hear Jarelle boast about his family background, but he still had a polite and reserved smile on his face.

He smiled, "Sir, I know that it's your birthday today, so I'd specially brought you a present. I hope you'll like it."

Jedediah Zinke saw how formally dressed Roger was, and also considering the fact that he was an aristocrat, still being a polite kid, he smiled at Roger, "Ah, you sure are a thoughtful child."

Declan Roger turned over and waved towards a waiter.

Instantly, a waiter in a black suit carried a tray over.

On the tray was the present. It was covered in a small piece of golden satin.

The Zinkes as well as many of the guests at the scene were curious about what kind of present was lying beneath the piece of golden satin.







Declan lifted the piece of golden satin with his own hands, unveiling a piece of shining gold in the form of a pig.

A golden pig!

By the looks of it, it must have weighed at least ten pounds.

A golden pig this heavy must have been worth a lot.

Jedediah had his eyes fall wide, at the sight of the golden pig, while Jarelle eyes started to sparkle. The guests around could not help, but let out gasps of amazement.

Declan Roger proudly declared, "Sir, the pig is your Zodiac animal."

"I have had this golden pig specially forged for you at Dayan Zwaine's jewelry shop. It is made of five kilograms of 24-karat gold, and it costs three million. I hope you like it."

Three million!







Everyone at the scene was utterly bewildered. Everyone was whispering to one another about how Sir Zinke's future son-in-law must be rolling in dough.

Jedediah grinned with glee and nodded a few times, "Well, I don't know what to say, Declan. You are so thoughtful, kid."

Declan heard Jedediah's compliment and smiled, "It's just a small gift from me. As long as you like it, I am happy."

Jedediah was still wearing the joyful grin on his face, "Yes, I do like your gift a lot."

Indeed, money never failed to bring a smile to anyone's face.

Who wouldn't like a 24-karat golden pig for their birthday present?

Jarelle was overjoyed to see her dad liking her boyfriend's present so much. It had brought her glory, making her proud of her boyfriend.

While she was indulging in her little







moment of joy, she accidentally caught sight of Nathan, on the sidelines. Immediately, her face darkened slightly. She deliberately asked him, "Hey Nathan, what have you gotten for my dad?"

"You can't possibly come to my dad's birthday empty-handed right?

"If you were any other guest, it wouldn't matter whether you had brought a gift or not, but you're not just any guest. In fact, you were my dad's most treasured student back then, and he had taken great care of you. He'd even taken you under our roof if my memory hasn't failed me."

"Regardless of how badly you have been doing in life right now, after such a long while, shouldn't you have brought something at least?"

Jedediah Zinke grew up in poverty, and it had made him someone avaricious. In fact, that was the sole reason he had come to teach in Channing. The salary was high, and he really loved money.







However, despite being a slave who lived for money, he still took great care of Nathan Cross.

Earlier on, Jedediah had heard that Nathan had just gotten out of the army and was now unemployed.

He glanced at Nathan's empty hands and figured that he probably had not brought any presents with him.

He quickly went ahead to mediate Nathan's conflict with his daughter, "Hahaha, it is indeed my sixtieth birthday today. If you have brought a present, I would of course gladly receive it, but even if you haven't brought anything, I'm still happy to see you here. As long as you've brought your heart here to wish me a happy birthday."

"You might have not brought actual gold with you, but you did show up with a heart of gold after all. Though I must say, I will be much, much happier if you have also brought something else, along with that heart of yours, Nathan! Hahaha!"







Jedediah's humor had gotten everyone at the scene laughing.

Anyone could tell that Jedediah was trying to rescue the tense situation, making things less awkward for Nathan.

However, Declan looked as if he had not understood the speech made by Jedediah moments ago. He surmised with a stiff smile on his face, "Sir, but how could you say that he has brought his heart along when he'd just showed up empty-handed? If someone actually has the heart to wish you well, they should have thought of you ahead of your birthday, preparing something for you right?"

"It's your sixtieth birthday sir! What an important occasion it is! Anyone who insists that they respect you a lot but still brings you nothing is definitely talking crap. That person is probably just making excuses to cover up for their own laziness!"







Everyone at the scene heard Declan Roger's words and shifted their attention towards Nathan Cross.

Even the dumbest person in the room would have known that Declan's words were directed at Nathan.

Nathan was completely aware that Declan's words were directed at him.

Jedediah Zinke had awkwardness written all across his face, while Jarelle was secretly enjoying the scene that unfolded in front of her.

Nathan smiled and responded calmly, "Declan is right. Today's my mentor's sixtieth birthday. As his student, I should have bought a present. In fact, I should have prepared something big."

Declan and Jarelle could not help but let out a cold snort at Nathan's words. They wanted to mock Nathan for saying that he should have prepared something big for Jedediah when he was the one who had arrived, empty-handed.







Nathan did not wait for the two of them to make a response, before he took out his phone in front of everyone and dialed for Colin, "In ten minutes' time, I want Dayan Zwaine's jewelry shop transferred under my name. I intend to give it to my teacher as his birthday gift."

Boom!

The gossip mill, which consisted of the crowd in the room, started to grind after Nathan Cross had spoken his words.

Everyone started to discuss what they had just heard. It had already been very impressive of Declan to buy a ten-pound 24-karat golden pig for Jedediah, but now Nathan said that he wanted to step up the game, buying the entire jewelry shop of Dayan Zwaine as a present for his teacher?

Jarelle started to laugh in disbelief, "Hahaha! What? You don't even have a job. How can you afford the whole of Dayan Zwaine's jewelry shop? You should learn to be a better liar instead, hahaha!"







Declan carried mockery in his tone as he jeered at Nathan, "Are you aware of the net worth of Dayan Zwaine's jewelry shop?"

"It is worth around eighty million!"

"Do you not have the least bit of shame in you, beggar? How dare you boldly claim that you will have Dayan Zwaine's jewelry shop under your name in ten minutes?"

Everyone at the scene was throwing an unfathomable gaze at Nathan. They were all whispering to one another about how Nathan Cross was a big, fat liar who probably had nothing up his sleeves.

Even Jedediah had gotten embarrassed by the situation. He whispered to Nathan, "Nat, you didn't have to do that. If you don't have the money to buy me a present, it's fine. I don't mind it at all."

Nathan smiled in return, "Sir if it wasn't for your kindness for taking me in, I might have already starved to death."

"It's your sixtieth birthday today. Since I







have already promised you that I would buy you the entire jewelry shop of Dayan Zwaine, I definitely have to fulfill my promise."

Declan Roger and Jarelle Zinke, as well as the rest of the people in the room, laughed with a mocking tone. All of them were making a joke out of Nathan's shamelessness and total lack of selfawareness.

Just at this moment, five BMWs pulled over in front of The Orient's gates.

Colin Dunne showed up with a group of Dayan Zwaine's employees and strolled inwards in big strides.

Everyone was dumbfounded. Before the crowd, Colin greeted Nathan and relayed politely, "Master, I have already bought Dayan Zwaine's jewelry shop and transferred it to your mentor Jedediah Zinke as his birthday present."

Keller Lillard, the manager of Dayan Zwaine's jewelry shop came forward and







bowed humbly at Nathan and Jedediah, "A good day to you, Mr. Zinke and Mr. Cross. I am the manager of Dayan Zwaine's jewelry shop. The documents concerning the transfer of our shop's ownership under Mr. Zinke's name are here. Please have a look at it."

Bam!

Everyone was completely stunned by what they had witnessed.

Nathan had actually bought the entirety of Dayan Zwaine's jewelry shop, in order to present it to Jedediah.

Declan Roger was dumbstruck.

Jarelle Zinke too.

Jedediah Zinke stuttered, "B...But..."

Nathan grinned and proclaimed, "Sir, from now on, you are the owner of the Dayan Zwaine's jewelry shop. All of the people here are your subordinates."







Jedediah was on cloud nine, still stuttering as he murmured to Nathan, "N...Nat, how much did you shell out, to buy this s...shop...also, I am no businessman! I know nothing about running a shop!"

Nathan smiled, "Not much, I'd only spent a hundred million. It's okay if you don't know how to run a business. Keller Lillard over here will be in charge of everything at the shop. You'll merely have to wait for the cash to be banked into your bank account every month."

Keller Lillard saw the ten-pound golden pig at the scene and furrowed his brows, "Wait, isn't that the golden pig that Sir Roger had us make, out of mock gold earlier? Why is it here?"

The golden pig was made out of mock gold?

The Zinkes, Nathan, and the rest of the guests at the scene had all of their attention shifted towards Declan Roger.

Declan Roger started to panic, all of a







sudden.



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Jarelle Zinke suddenly grew pale. She stared at Declan Roger and spat out her words, one after the other, "Declan, is this pig real or fake?"

Declan's sweat was starting to roll down his forehead, "Jarelle, I..."

Keller Lillard explained, "This golden pig was indeed a craft that was ordered by Sir Roger. As per his request, he had made the pig out of a gold alloy with a low percentage of actual gold content. The total price of this model is a hundred and thirteen thousand."

"Sir Roger, you have only paid us the thirty thousand for the deposit. Please do remember to pay us the remaining onehundred thousand that you still owe us!"

The crowd was in an uproar.

Not only was the golden pig from Declan fake, rather, the pig had not even been paid for, in full.

Everyone was murmuring that Jarelle's rich







boyfriend only knew how to put on a flashy show.

Jarelle glared at Declan, she repeated, "The pig is fake?"

Declan's face flushed red, and his sweat was all over him. He stuttered, "Listen to me, Jarelle..."

"The pig is fake?"

"[...]..."

"THE PIG IS FAKE?"

Declan was forced onto a figurative edge, off a cliff by Jarelle. He finally blew his top in shame, "So what if it's fake? That doesn't change the fact that I have already spent a few thousand on it! And I still owe the jewelry shop one hundred thousand!"

"Aren't you the one who'd wanted to bathe in your own vanity? Well, let me tell you one thing! I did all of this just for you to satisfy your ego!"







"We have already been together for one month and we haven't even slept together once. Now, you want to treat me like your enemy?"

Jedediah Zinke heard Declan's words and started to tremble in rage, "You rascal! How dare you!"

Jarelle's face was also as white as a sheet of paper. She looked at Declan in disbelief, "I can't believe the goody-two-shoes you were was just an act you'd put on to get inside my pants! So this is who you actually are huh, Declan Roger?"

Declan was also thrown under the bus by that comment. He sneered, "You seek fame and glory while I crave for your body. Isn't that a fair exchange?"

"Hahaha... You don't really think I am going to marry you right?"

Jedediah almost vomited blood when he heard Declan's words. He was utterly flabbergasted.







Jarelle Zinke was trembling, with tears in her eyes. She shouted, "Get out of here! Leave this place immediately! I never want to see you again! "

Declan seemed to be totally unaffected, "Alright, I'll just go! Why get yourself so worked up? Do you really think you can make me stay? Don't overestimate yourself."

"If I'd never intended to fool around with you, I would've never spent so much time on you."

"Ah, too bad that I have wasted a couple hundred thousand on you. Won't it be easier if I just pay for a model to be my sugar baby?"

"Why are you acting so high and mighty when you have already slept with so many men before? I bet you're already all rusty down there. You'd just wanted me to settle down with you after you'd taken your swim in the sea of men? That is so not happening!"







Declan Roger was done speaking. He spat at Jarelle's feet before he stormed off the scene.

Jedediah was still trembling from the shock that he just had. He pointed at Roger and muttered shakily, "This s...son of a..."

Jarelle finally could not hold her tears in her anymore. She burst into tears.

Everyone at the scene shook their heads. They thought it was so unfortunate of the Zinkes to have crossed paths with a playboy, such as Declan Roger.

Declan was just about to walk away, with two of his personal assistants when Nathan shouted with a derisive tone, "Hold up!"

Declan halted and looked at Nathan with a provoking expression, "What's up?"

Nathan announced with scorn, "I will put aside my personal grudge against you, but I need you to apologize to Jedediah and







Jarelle for how you have treated them."

Declan was speechless and whatever glee he had earlier was drained from his face, "Who the heck do you think you are?"

"You want me to apologize? Sure! But would you mind demonstrating? I have no idea how should I apologize to them."

Nathan's face darkened. He muttered apathetically, "Screw you and your arrogance! I want you to apologize to the Zinkes on your knees and lick away the mouthful of saliva you'd spat earlier before you walk away from here."

Declan laughed coldly, "Who the hell do you think you are? You think you are worthy enough to make me kneel?"



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Nathan was rather unbothered, as he shouted, "Colin!"

Aware of his intentions, Colin strode towards Declan.

The two subordinates accompanying Declan immediately guarded him and warned Colin, "Don't mess around, silly, big guy, or we'll break your legs!"

Colin raised his arms and threw two, hard punches at the men. Thud! Thud!

The two bodyguards each received a hard blow from Colin, which had resulted in their faces being covered in blood. They collapsed before they could even cry out in pain. Everyone cheered, happy, upon seeing that.

Declan looked at Colin with a ghastly expression. Terrified, he asked, "What are you going to do?"

"Kneel!" Colin single-handedly lifted Declan up, as if he were a little chick, dragging him all the way to Jedediah and Jarelle before





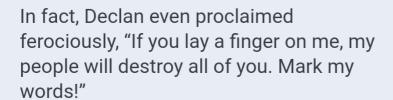


pressing him down on the floor.

Declan felt as though Colin's hand was like a big mountain, clutching him until his knees buckled and he crashed, landing hard before the Zinkes. Thump! He clenched his teeth as he felt the excruciating pain strike, throughout his body.

Colin commanded coldly, "Apologize!"

He and Nathan were surprised by Declan's stubbornness. He refused to apologize, regardless.



Everyone who had heard the threat was astounded, especially the Zinkes, whose facial expressions morphed drastically.

It was most troublesome to deal with a character like Declan, who had some dark backgrounds and complicated social







relationships. Who knew that he would really bring along a large group of desperadoes, looking for trouble?

Nathan sneered, "You're going to get us all beaten up? Great, call your men over now. Show me what you've got and do bring along your best supporters. I really want to see who is behind all of this, giving you such courage to remain so arrogant and ridiculous!"

Declan did not actually think that Nathan would give him the opportunity to call for help, so he grinned hideously and muttered, "Dude, get ready to face your doomsday!"

As soon as he made that claim, he called the boss of the Channing underworld for help, "Yes, yes, yes. I'm being bullied at The Orient. They made me kneel down and lick their phlegm! Mr. Green, hurry up and bring the gang over here to rescue me."

"You're all dead! My boss is on his way and soon, you'll get to experience living hell!" He lifted his head and grinned grotesquely





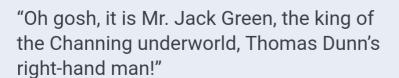


at Nathan after he had made the call.

Appearing bewildered, Colin and Nathan exchanged glances. Mr. Green? Is there such a person in the underworld of Channing?

In less than ten minutes, a man in a black leather jacket appeared, along with close to a hundred fearsome followers.

Many of the guests, including the Zinkes, gasped in shock when they saw the man in the black leather jacket. Everyone started chattering about it.



"It's over, the Zinkes and Nathan are going to face a bad ending. Jack Green is Thomas Dunn's trusted subordinate. He has an advantage over him, as he has millions serving him."

Seeing the arrival of Jack Green, Declan struggled to rise, as he trotted over to







welcome Jack with a fawning smile, "Mr. Green, you've finally arrived."

Jack was taken aback as well, upon seeing Colin and Nathan at the scene. His heart skipped a beat but he forced himself to remain calm. Feeling somewhat perplexed, he turned to question Declan, "What on earth is going on?"

Declan pointed at Nathan and declared proudly, as he exaggerated the sequence of events that had happened.

Towards the end, he even dwelled in selfpity, "Mr. Green, this fellow had even asked me to kneel down and lick the phlegm on the floor clean. How ridiculous. Don't you think that this is too much?"

Jack answered, "Not at all!"

Declan agreed unwittingly, "Exactly, that is way too much! Huh? Wait... Mr. Green, what have you just said?"

With his eyes squinted, Jack admonished him harshly, "I'd said that Mr. Cross's







request was never too much! I want you to kneel before Mr. Zinke and Ms. Zinke and apologize to them right away. Otherwise, I'll personally break your legs to help you do so."



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