

## UNRIVALLED 101

### [Chapter 101](#)

Nathan's figure blurred. In the blink of an eye, he was in front of Novem.

As their gazes met, Novem's heart trembled. It was like staring into a deep, dark abyss, and inexplicably that he felt exceedingly small.

There was shock and terror on his face as he asked, "Just who are you?"

Nathan's reply was icy, "You don't deserve to know. A criminal like you dying by my hands is already a great honor!"

As the words parted his lips, his left hand shot out to grab Novem's throat as if the other man weighed nothing. He lifted him off his feet easily.

Before Novem could struggle, Nathan's fingers tightened and with a loud crack, he crushed his windpipe.

Flinging the dead body away, Nathan turned around with narrowed eyes to look at the battlefield behind him.

The floor of Draco Manor was littered with more than two hundred dead or injured. All of them were Novem's men.

Already cowed by Colin Dunne and his team's murderous rampage, Novem's remaining men lost the will to fight as they saw the demise of their master. They flung away their weapons as they fell to their knees, begging for mercy.

Surrounded by the dead bodies of their enemies, Colin, Thomas and the other eight members of their team looked like ten demons standing in the midst of Hell.

Nathan's face was indifferent as he stood beneath the painting of the dragon with his hands clasped behind his back. He looked like an emperor surveying his subjects.

In this battle, Colin had downed 58 men while Thomas had downed 29.

Thomas spoke to Colin with admiration in his voice, "No wonder you're the captain. I humbly concede defeat."

Colin declined to comment as he turned to Nathan. In a respectful tone, he asked, "General, what should we do with the remaining men?"

Nathan replied mildly, "Let Thomas deal with them. From now on, he's in charge of the Channing

underworld. I don't want to see any upstart hooligans causing trouble ever again!"

Thomas answered solemnly to his general's words, "Yes, sir!"

There had been a lot of instances where the thugs of the underworld had caused trouble for Nathan. Finally, he got fed up and decided to chop off the lead dragon.

The next king of the underworld would be Thomas Dunn. With him in charge, Nathan would not need to worry about any such troubles in the future. Plus, he had ordered Thomas to abolish all gray markets and shady businesses.

With the newer and stricter rule, Channing would be a much safer place for all.

...

"What? Novem is dead?!"

At the Smith Family Villa, Samuel was taken aback at the news.

Paul smiled bitterly as he spoke up, "Brother, I couldn't believe it too. However, news on the streets is that Thomas Dunn had brought his men to Draco Manor last night to have a confrontation and he killed Novem."

Disbelief clouded his features, Samuel spat, "How could a man as powerful as Novem lose to Dunn?"

"Not only him. Apparently, Ross Elliot and Phil Dennar were both wiped out last night as well. Everyone's saying Dunn is going to take over as the new king of the underworld now."

Samuel fell into a seat nearby as he muttered in frustration, "Who would have known Dunn was so powerful? If he is calling the shots now, it'll be nearly impossible to touch Cross and Penny."

His brother spoke up worriedly, "But if we don't kill Cross in revenge for Mr. Felix, the Logan family is gonna come after us. Sam, what do we do now?"

## [Chapter 102](#)

A complicated series of emotions played across Samuel's face as he mulled things over. At last, he said, "With Dunn protecting Cross and Penny, it would be impossible for us to go after them anymore. I think we should let the Logan family deal with this. Let them be the ones fighting against Cross next."

Paul laughed bitterly. "But Mr. Logan specifically said that we, the Smiths, had to get revenge for Mr. Felix."

Samuel grinned as he replied, "Gabriel Logan has always been a stubborn and domineering man. He won't change his mind even if we beg him to. However, I heard his favorite is his second son, Kenneth."

“I think I should pay a visit to Kenneth with some extravagant gifts. Hopefully, that would please him enough that he’ll help us put in a good word with his father. Maybe that might change Gabriel’s mind and he’ll let us off the hook.”

Paul’s eyes brightened as he exclaimed, “That a great idea! Let’s go then!”

...

The most luxurious private room of Red Cube in Alberesque was surrounded by several beautiful young women.

The Smith brothers were trying to butter up an arrogant looking young man who was none other than Kenneth Logan.

Unlike Felix, Kenneth was Gabriel’s heir and favorite son. Thus, his position in the Logan family was a lot higher than his bastard little brother.

At the moment, two women were cuddling him as he wrapped his arms around them. These women were Red Cube’s hottest picks.

Narrowing his eyes at the brothers, Kenneth spoke blandly, “Well? What do you want? I’m sure you two didn’t come here just so you could have a few drinks with me.”

Exchanging glances with each other, Samuel pulled out a brand new car key. Placing it down before Kenneth, he plastered a smile on his face as he simpered, “Mr. Kenneth, we were in a hurry to get here so we didn’t manage to get you a good gift in time. Nonetheless, we heard you’ve been wanting to buy a LaFerrari but there was no ready stock in Alberesque. Hence, we thought of buying you one from the other cities immediately. We hope you’ll accept our meager offering.”

When the women in the room spotted the Ferrari logo on the car keys, their eyes lit up.

Ferrari was a well-known brand for a sports car. LaFerrari was the most spectacular of all the cars they had, priced at more than twenty million.

Just because you can afford it doesn’t mean you can get it. The waiting list is long and there just aren’t any available on the market.

It was the dream of most men to own this super luxurious sports car as well as quite a few women who prayed at the altar of materialism.

Kenneth had always been an avid fan of sports cars, which was why he had a collection of close to twenty different sports cars in his garage.

He had always wanted to get a LaFerrari but have never been able to buy one.

He had not expected the Smith brothers to present him with something so extravagant on their first meeting.

His lips twitched upwards slightly but he did not move to take the keys. Instead, he stared at the brothers as he scoffed, "There's no such thing as a free lunch. There must be something you want from me badly. Just tell me what is it?"

Kenneth's words took Samuel and Paul by surprise. They had taken him as one of those many rich playboys who would lose all his senses upon seeing something he desired in front of him. Instead, he remained cool and collected, keeping his wits about him as he questioned the motive behind the gift that had been dropped right before him.

Samuel laughed awkwardly. "We don't want much, we just want to befriend you."

The young man snorted in reply. "Are you kidding? You expect me to believe that the two of you came all the way here to give me such an expensive gift because you want to befriend me.

"Then again, I don't need you to tell me anything as I have already guessed why you're here. If I am not mistaken, this has something to do with that damn brother of mine, right?"

### [Chapter 103](#)

Even though Kenneth and Felix were brothers, they were actually from different mothers.

Kenneth was the legitimate son of the Logan family whereas Felix was the bastard child born of his father's mistress. This was why Kenneth had always looked down upon his little brother.

Clearly, they had no brotherly love for each other as Kenneth did not seem to have any sad feeling whenever he mentioned his dead brother. In fact, there was even a faint hint of disdain in his voice.

The two brothers shifted awkwardly and were a little shocked at how straightforward Kenneth was. So, Samuel responded, "Mr. Kenneth, you're very astute to have deduced the reason for our visit. We're very sorry about your brother's death. We really wanted to get revenge for him!

"But then the underworld became Thomas Dunn's playground and he made it very clear that nobody was allowed to touch Cross. We don't know what else to do so could you please put in a good word with your father for us? Please convince him to let us go!"

Paul chipped in as well, "Yes, exactly! We'll reward you greatly if you do this for us."

Kenneth narrowed his eyes at the two men. "The Smith family has always been good friends with the Logan family. Who knew the Smiths would have fallen so far in the last few years? You can't even handle a minor character like the king of the Channing underworld!

“How about this, I’ll personally see to the extermination of Nathan Cross and Thomas Dunn while you prepare one hundred million for me as my reward. After I kill Cross, you’ll hand Penny Smith’s project over to my father as per your agreement with him. Then, I put in a good word with my father, that way he’ll definitely forgive you.”

The brothers were stunned at the man’s words. “Mr. Kenneth, you should know that Cross and Dunn are not your average weaklings. Are you sure you want to go after them personally?”

The heir to the Logan family snorted as he said arrogantly, “When the cat’s away, the mice will play. Who are they before the might of the Logan family?”

Thinking it over, the brothers had to agree. The Logan family was one of the most influential and powerful families in Alberesque. It would be child play for them to get rid of Cross and Dunn.

Raising his glass in a toast, Samuel had a sly smirk on his lips as he uttered, “Then the Smiths should thank you, Mr. Kenneth.”

The three men clinked their glasses together. While the brothers drank till their glasses were empty. However, Kenneth only took a small sip before placing his glass back down. Then, he turned to the man standing behind him. “Bane, get everything ready and come with me tomorrow to Channing. We are going to kill the two clowns.”

Dressed in a black overcoat, Bane had an expressionless look on his face as he replied, “Yes, sir!”

...

Channing, Riverside Garden, Nathan Cross’ villa.

As the first ray of sunlight shone through the window, Nathan woke up instantly.

Queenie, who had initially been sleeping in the middle of the bed, had rolled over to the other side, clutching her toy bear tightly as she slept.

Although Penny had insisted that she and Nathan take half of the bed each with their daughter as the middle line, she was currently curled up in him contentedly. Her arms were wrapped around his neck as she slept soundly.

A faint hint of amusement swirled in his eyes.

He had lost count of how many times this had happened. Every night, deep in her slumber, she would roll until she cuddled in his arms. In order to prevent her from getting angry in embarrassment, he would always pretend to wake up later than her.

As he stared at the beautiful face that was just several centimeters away from him, his gaze landed on her lush pink lips. His heart started to pound faster as he got the sudden urge to kiss her.

Unfortunately, before he could carry out his impulse, he realized Penny's eyelashes were quivering.

She's waking up!

He hurriedly slammed his eyes shut, pretending to be asleep.

As he predicted, the woman shifted in his arms slightly before he heard her muttering, "Oh no, why did I crawl into his arms in my sleep again? Luckily he's such a heavy sleeper, or else I'll never hear the end of it!"

She breathed a sigh of relief after she carefully pulled herself from him.

She never noticed how the supposedly sleeping man's lips curled upward.

#### [Chapter 104](#)

Seeing that it was the weekend, the Cross family decided to go shopping at the Sky River Shopping Mall.

When they arrived at the mall, Nathan had Penny and his in-laws take Queenie in first while he parked the car.

Penny decided to bring them to the third floor where all the famous branded stores like Gucci, Chanel, and LV were located.

Nathan had been shopping with her recently so she did not need to buy anything. Her main purpose here today was actually to buy her parents some clothes.

They had been working hard all their lives for her. Even though their quality of life was a lot better now, they were still wearing the same old clothes they had for close to a decade.

Carrying Queenie in her arms, Penny led her parents into a Gucci store.

Benson and Leah had hardly ever been to a luxury brand store like this. As Benson looked around the brightly lit store with high-quality clothing, he lowered his voice as he asked his daughter, "Penny, these clothes look really expensive."

His daughter smiled as she answered, "It's okay. I want to get the two of you a few sets of nice clothing."

They were astonished when they heard that their daughter was there to buy clothes for them. They had hardly ever bought lavish clothing like the ones on display in this store.

Leah stole a glance at the price tag of one of the suits on the racks. When she saw the number printed

on it, her eyes bulged out in alarm. Then, she pulled her husband aside and whispered, “Oh my god! This suit is nearly thirty thousand!”

Her husband was equally shocked as he hurriedly said, “That’s outrageous! We can’t afford that. I think we should go back to Helen’s House. One piece of clothing here is probably equal to a hundred pieces over there!”

Penny opened her mouth wanting to tell them it was fine and they could afford it. Before she could say anything, a woman’s voice rang out shrilly, “Hey! Get your grubby hands off the clothes! Don’t touch anything if you can’t afford it!”

A woman with heavy makeup on her scowling face strode towards them. There was a name tag pinned to her chest that stated ‘Store Manager, Scarlet’.

Leah dropped the price tag she held instantly like she had been electrocuted. Her face was embarrassed as she apologized, “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to. I was careful to not touch the suit itself; I only wanted to have a look at the price tag.”

Scarlet sniffed disdainfully before she ranted, “Who said you could touch the price tags as you please? I absolutely hate you filthy villagers; you’re as uncivilized and dirty as a pig! What are you doing here when you can’t possibly afford anything in this store anyway? Go to Helena’s Happy house or whatever. How annoying!”

Benson and Leah flushed in embarrassment as they apologized profusely. They tugged on Penny wanting to leave the shop immediately.

Penny was not going to put up with this nonsense. A look of fury appeared on her face as she told them, “Dad, Mum, we can’t just let that go!”

Planting her hands on her hips, Scarlet sneered, “Hah! Not willing to accept the cold, hard truth? Why don’t you prove me wrong then? If you’re really not some bumpkin from the countryside, just buy the suit. I seriously doubt you can afford it!”

Scarlet had taken notice of Penny’s clothing and instantly deduced she was probably a white-collar worker here with her farmer parents. If she tightened her belt a little, maybe she could buy one or two pieces of clothing from this shop. This was why Scarlet had deliberately provoked them.

If Penny could not afford to buy anything, Scarlet would have the perfect opportunity to scold these miserable wretches. On the other hand, if the woman did force herself to buy something, Scarlet would be able to get a hefty commission. It was a win-win situation for her.

With nothing to lose, she stared at Penny challengingly.

Enraged by the store manager’s words, Penny was about to buy the suit when Nathan entered the store.

Spotting the furious look on his wife's face, he asked lowly, "What happened?"

At his appearance, Benson, Leah and Penny calmed down slightly. For some reason, his presence always brought a sense of security and comfort to them.

From her mother's arms, Queenie piped up, "Papa, this lady here says we're too poor to afford the clothing here. She's trying to chase us out."

### [Chapter 105](#)

Nathan stared at Scarlet, who stared back at him arrogantly. She was not afraid.

Noting how the woman was raring for a fight, his lips quirked upward slightly.

He pulled out a Centurion Card and waved it in front of her face, a small smirk on his lips. "I wonder if this card will be enough to buy all the clothing in this store?"

The Centurion Card by American Express was a card that could be used globally. More importantly, there was no credit limit on the card.

When Scarlet saw the black card in Nathan's hand, her arrogant expression changed into a shock before turning into glee.

An ingratiating smile appeared on her face as she flattered, "Of course, sir! That card of yours could probably buy one hundred of our stores and there wouldn't be a single issue."

Turning to Penny, Benson and Leah, she immediately apologized for her earlier attitude.

Her mannerisms were utterly despicable and the Cross family could not help but look down on her.

In a particularly shameless move, Scarlet asked Nathan, "Sir, what kind of clothing are you looking for? I'll be more than happy to assist you."

He answered while pointing at a few rows of clothing randomly, "This row, this row, and that row!"

The store manager's cheeks flushed with joy. With how much he was buying, the commission she would get would likely be hundreds of thousands!

Elated at the prospect, she hurriedly instructed the other staff members, "What the hell are you fools still doing standing around? Bring those clothing here, quickly!"

There was a mad scramble as she and the staff busily took nearly half the store's clothing off the racks.

When they were done, she turned to Nathan. "Sir, we've taken down all the clothing you've selected. Would you like to pay for them now?"

Ignoring her question, he asked calmly, "Are you happy?"

A wide smile split her lips as she hurried to answer, "Yes, of course! I'm ecstatic!"

His next words were like a lance that popped her happy bubble. "Don't be so happy just yet. I'm not going to buy them."

Eyes popping out of her head, Scarlet shrieked hoarsely, "What!"

He snorted as he replied, "Why should we buy your clothes when we're not even allowed to look at the price tags?"

With that said, he turned to his family. "Mum, Dad, Penn, let's go to the store opposite. We don't have to buy anything from here."

Satisfaction coursed through them as they saw the speechless look on Scarlet's face. After that, the family trooped out of the store without a backward glance, heading to the store opposite, Hermes.

Less than half an hour later, the family exited Hermes, loaded down with bags. The staff was lined up by the entrance as they thanked the family profusely for coming.

Hermes was a lot more exclusive than Gucci. Based on the amount of bags alone, the Cross family had bought at least several hundred thousand worth of purchases!

From where she was hiding in the Gucci store, Scarlet's face turned purple with rage.

...

In Channing, at Cloud Palace.

There was only one table of customers in the spacious restaurant.

Dressed in a bespoke suit, Kenneth Logan was sitting at the table as he elegantly ate his steak.

Standing behind him were two men - Bane, dressed in his long overcoat as usual, and a man with his head shaved bald, Gunther.

Behind Bane and Gunther were thirty other men in suits and they were all Kenneth's men too.

As his knife cut away at his steak, Kenneth called out, "Manager!"

The manager of Cloud Palace, Vance, hurried over. "How may I help you, sir?"

Stabbing a small bite of steak, Kenneth placed it into his mouth. He chewed and swallowed it before saying in an almost friendly tone, "I want to see your boss, Thomas Dunn."

### [Chapter 106](#)

Vance blinked in surprise for a moment before he smiled apologetically. "Sir, our boss rarely comes to the restaurant to deal with matters unless it's very important. If you're dissatisfied with the quality of the food or the services, you can tell me. I'll be more than happy to serve you."

Kenneth stopped cutting his steak as he lifted his head to stare at the manager with narrowed eyes. "Are you sure about that?"

Despite dressing and acting like a gentleman, when Vance met Kenneth's eyes, an inexplicably strong feeling of unease rose in him.

Forcing a courteous smile on his face, he replied, "Yes sir, I'm sure!"

The words had barely left his lips when the knife in Kenneth's hand flashed. The sharp blade bit into the manager's throat, instantly slicing it wide open.

Eyes widening in shock and horror, Vance's hands flew up to clutch at his throat helplessly. Staggering backward, bright red blood spurted from between his fingers relentlessly.

Under the horrified gazes of the rest of the restaurant staff, he finally collapsed to the ground in a pool of red that formed around him.

The staff quickly fled, one of the waiters shouting loudly as he went, "Quick, contact the boss! Something bad has happened! Someone's been killed!"

Kenneth's expression was placid as he wiped the blood from his knife with a napkin. Using the very same knife, he started to cut his steak again. "Gunther!"

The baldheaded man stepped forward, answering sharply, "Yes, sir!"

His boss's voice was mild as he commanded, "Bane and I can handle things here. Take twenty men with you and bring me Nathan Cross' head. Is one hour enough?"

He smirked as he boasted, "More than enough!"

With that, he gestured for twenty of the men to follow him and they left.

All that remained in the restaurant was Kenneth, the expressionless Bane, and ten other men.

A few minutes later, Thomas Dunn appeared with Jack and ten men.

“Quick! Surround those troublemakers!”

Within seconds, they had Kenneth and his men surrounded.

Finished with his steak, Kenneth placed his cutlery down and used a napkin to wipe his mouth clean. Lifting his head to look at Thomas, a smile played at his lips.

“You’re Thomas Dunn?”

Thomas glanced at Vance’s dead body before shifting to look at Kenneth and his men. When his gaze landed on the man standing behind Kenneth, his eyes narrowed.

Even though Bane was standing still, there was a menacing and oppressive aura around him. He’s definitely a strong one!

Switching his gaze back to Kenneth, Thomas replied, “That’s right. Who are you? Why did you kill my man?”

The man sitting at the table had an odd smile on his face. “You and Cross killed that useless little brother of mine, yet you haven’t recognized me?”

Realization dawned on Thomas and his eyes widened. “You’re from the Logan family!”

Kenneth clapped his hands approvingly. “Congratulations, you’re correct! As your reward, you get one opponent.”

Turning to Bane, he ordered coldly, “Kill him. Make it slow.”

“Yes, sir!”

Bane moved towards Thomas with a blank look on his face, then a black dagger slowly slid out from his sleeve slipping into his right hand.

...

Sky River Shopping Mall.

As the Cross family stepped out of Hermes, they decided to put their bags at the lockers first as they wanted to continue shop.

After that, Benson and Leah took Queenie to the ninth floor to buy some toys while Nathan and Penny headed to the fifth floor where the other luxury goods were sold.

Penny wanted to buy something nice for Nathan. After much thought, she finally decided to buy him a

watch so they headed to Vacheron Constantin.

As she browsed around, her picky nature came into play. She just could not seem to find something that she liked.

Finally, she found one that she felt was a good match for Nathan. The watch looked simple, but the more she looked at it, the more she thought it suited her man. There was just one tiny little thing that bothered her.

The watch was part of a couple watch set, which meant they did not sell the watches individually.

She was torn as she really liked the watch but then she would have to buy the whole set. If she gifted the male watch to Nathan, it would be odd to give the female watch to any other woman. However, if she were to wear the watch herself, Nathan might misunderstand and tease her mercilessly.

Noticing Penny's hesitation, the saleswoman smiled charmingly as she said, "Ma'am, Vacheron Constantin is a world-famous watchmaking brand; I assure you the quality is top-notch. These pair of watches suit you and your husband perfectly."

### [Chapter 107](#)

Penny's cheeks flushed as she stuttered, "I-I..."

The saleswoman pulled out a beautiful umbrella swiftly as she was worried that Penny would give up on buying the watches. She smiled as she introduced, "If you buy the watches now, we can gift you this limited-edition umbrella. This black umbrella was handcrafted by some of the finest makers in the world; the manufacturing cost alone is ten thousand per piece. Although there's no way it can compare to a Rolls-Royce umbrella that costs one hundred thousand, the quality is still very high."

Unable to withstand the salesperson's persuasion, she bought the watches, her face was red with embarrassment. She really liked the male watch and wanted to give it to Nathan.

After paying the bill, Nathan took the umbrella as Penny carried the bag with the watches. Then, they left the store together.

He had a slight smirk of amusement on his face while she was still blushing.

Why did I buy that couple set? Great, this jerk is going to tease me nonstop now!

The two of them continued down the corridor heading toward the elevator to meet the others on the ninth floor.

Suddenly, Nathan halted all movement.

Penny stared curiously at him, wondering what was going on.

Before she could say anything, she realized a well-built man with a shaved head had appeared in the middle of the corridor. Behind him were a group of men in black suits, all with one hand shoved underneath their suit jacket. From the shape of the bulges, she could tell they were holding knives.

Are they assassins?

The blood drained from her face thinking of that.

In contrast, Nathan seemed exceedingly calm as he said, "Don't be afraid. Close your eyes and follow me slowly."

His words comforted her and she shut her eyes obediently. She followed his sedate pace forward while grabbing a corner of his shirt.

The bald guy was Gunther, Kenneth Logan's right hand man.

Gunther narrowed his eyes at Nathan's movement. With a cold smile on his face, he waved his hand at his men. "Kill him!"

At his order, the twenty men behind him charged towards Nathan.

The man leading the charge raised his knife up high intending on bringing it down on Nathan's head.

Whoosh!

Taking one step forward, the black umbrella in Nathan's hand shot out like a spear, the tip embedding itself in the charging man's throat.

Two more men approached him and he took two steps forward, the umbrella swinging out to crack down their kneecaps.

Their kneecaps were instantly shattered and the men collapsed to the ground, howling in pain.

Like they were taking a walk in the park, Nathan gently led Penny through the crowd of men. His pace did not even falter for a single moment. For every step that he took, one of the assassins would crumple to the ground, wailing in pain.

Gunther's eyes were wide as he stared in disbelief at the scene before him.

The men he had brought with him were the Logan family's best fighters. How could none of them be Cross's equal?

Putting on his beloved brass knuckles, he gave a loud roar as he thundered toward Nathan.

Nathan's foot snapped out.

Wham!

His kick landed on Gunther's chest and the man flew back several meters. With a loud crash, he slammed against the wall beside the elevator before sliding down to the ground limply. Several of his ribs were clearly broken.

The baldheaded man stared at Nathan, he was absolutely horrified. His defenses had never been broken before; even a sledgehammer to the chest would not have harmed him much. Yet, one kick from this man had him badly injured.

He could only stare helplessly as Nathan and Penny paced closer. Blood was still dripping from the tip of the umbrella slowly, leaving a trail of blood behind the couple. Fear overwhelmed him as Nathan inched closer like the Grim Reaper was here to claim his soul.

Gunther wanted to cringe away or crawl into a deep, dark hole so Nathan would never find him. However, the hard gaze of this man pinned him to the spot and he froze.

### [Chapter 108](#)

I'm so dead. This was the mantra that ran through Gunther's head.

Nathan's voice was apathetic as he called out, "Excuse me, please call the lift!"

Gunther stiffened in surprise before understanding the request. He ignored the pain of his broken ribs as he struggled to get up and reached out to press on the lift button.

Several seconds later, the lift arrived and the doors opened slowly.

Nathan and Penny walked past Gunther, heading into the lift.

With their backs facing Gunther, the fear in him vanished. Turning your back on your enemy was the most foolish thing to do as it would be the best opportunity for him to kill the man.

Should I do it? Ah, f\*\*k it!

He knew how cruel and sadistic Kenneth Logan could be. If he went back now to report his failed mission, he would be in a world of pain. So, he might as well take the risk.

Pulling a dagger out from behind his back, he lunged towards Nathan aiming for his heart.

Without even looking back, the umbrella in Nathan's hand jerked backward.

Squelch!

The tip of the umbrella stabbed right into the middle of Gunther's forehead and he stiffened.

As Nathan pulled back the umbrella, Gunther pitched forward to the ground and died.

Pressing the button for the ninth floor, the doors began to close.

After the doors were fully closed, Nathan turned to Penny, who still had her eyes shut tight. "Okay, you can open your eyes now."

Her face was pale as she opened her eyes and asked in a quavering voice, "Who were they?"

His voice was steady as he reassured her, "You don't need to worry about that. I'll handle it."

Reaching the ninth floor, they reconvened with Benson and the others. After that, the whole family took another lift to the car park.

Nathan told Penny, "Penn, you guys go ahead and head back home. I still need to deal with some matters."

She knew he was going to deal with the assassins. She assumed they were sent here by people who were after the construction project again. There was concern in her tone as she urged him, "Please be careful."

Nathan smiled at her gently. "I will."

As Penny drove away, an inconspicuous black SUV pulled out from a parking space further back and followed them. The men in the van had been tasked by Colin to protect the Cross family from afar.

When their car disappeared from the view, a Jeep stopped in front of Nathan.

In the driver's seat was Colin.

Nathan got into the Jeep and murmured, "How many people from the Logan family came?"

Colin, who had found out everything he could before he came, replied lowly, "The heir to the Logan family, Kenneth Logan, is here with Bane and Gunther, two of his best men. He also brought thirty of their elite fighters with him."

Gunther and twenty of those elites had already been defeated by Nathan. Some were lucky enough to escape with injuries but some were not.

"Where's Logan now?"

Exiting the parking lot, Colin reported, "He's at Cloud Palace now creating trouble for Thomas."

"Get there ASAP."

"Yes sir!"

...

Cloud Palace, Channing.

The restaurant was in shambles. Jack and his men were lying on the ground in their own puddles of blood, each badly injured and close to death.

Amidst the ruins of the once tidy restaurant, Bane had a faintly smug look on his face as he stared at Thomas with cruel eyes. The black dagger in his hand was stained with blood.

Thomas' body was littered with hundreds of slashes, each deep enough to have blood oozing from the wounds. He was breathing heavily as he glared at Bane.

Although he was part of Nathan's guard, he had been forced to retire early due to some injury. His fighting prowess was nothing like it used to be when he was at his peak. To make things worse, he had not been training much the last two years and his fighting skills had deteriorated rapidly.

Bane, on the other hand, was a man specifically raised by the Logan family to be a killing machine. Every day, he spent countless hours practicing the various ways to kill people.

Needless to say, Thomas was at a complete disadvantage fighting against an opponent like him. If it had not been for Kenneth's order to drag this on as long as possible, he would have died by Bane's hands long ago.

Instead, he had to suffer a slow, agonizing death as Bane cut him up, bit by bit.

### [Chapter 109](#)

Sitting on a chair nearby, Kenneth was smoking a cigarette gracefully. His ten bodyguards were standing in a row behind him.

Kenneth looked at the bloodied body of Thomas and his lips curled into a smirk. "I thought the man who could kill my brother and eliminate Novem would be a lot more impressive than this. What a disappointment."

Despite the wounds all over his body, Thomas had not lost his fighting spirit. Spitting a mouthful of bloody saliva out, he swore, "You bunch of clowns, you won't get to be so arrogant for much longer. When Sir arrives, he'll wipe the floor with your blood!"

Admiration shone in his eyes as he mentioned Nathan Cross.

Jack and the others, who were still lying on the floor perked up at the mention of Nathan's name. They struggled to their feet and shouted, "Tom is right! When Sir gets here, he'll squash you like the bugs you are!"

Kenneth furrowed his brows slightly, wondering why these men were almost fanatical in the worship of Nathan Cross.

Sneering, he mocked, "By this time, I'm sure Gunther has already cut off Cross's head and is on his way back here. As for you trash...Bane, send them off to hell. Can't have their precious 'Sir' lonely there."

"Yes, sir!" Bane answered as he dashed toward Thomas.

Thomas growled as he threw out a fist, aiming for Bane's face.

Nimbly, Bane dodged under his swinging arm and swept his dagger upward. Right before the tip was about to pierce into Thomas' body, there was a spark like a bullet hitting the blade.

With a loud ping, there was a firework of sparks and Bane's lethal move was diverted.

He was astounded and glanced down to the floor only to be surprised by what he saw. It was nothing but a cigarette butt.

Who had managed to flick a cigarette butt so hard that it became a bullet that was forceful enough to move his blade?

Everyone's gazes snapped in the direction where the cigarette butt had flown from.

It was at the entrance to the restaurant.

As they watched, a tall and slender man walked inside with a well-built man following him.

They were Nathan Cross and Colin Dunne.

Thomas and the others cried out in surprise as if they were seeing the light at the end of the tunnel, "Sir!"

Kenneth was dumbfounded and also staring at Nathan. He stuttered uncertainly, "W-why are you here...? Gunther..."

"He's dead and you will be next," Nathan replied coldly.

A burst of laughter left Kenneth's lips before he snarled, "Such arrogance! Let's see if you have the skills to match! Bane, kill him!"

A stern look appeared on Bane's face as he twirled his dagger expertly. In the next second, he was dashing toward Nathan.

There was a brief gust of wind as he brought his blade down on Nathan's head, his movement was as quick as lightning.

With his lips twitching into a smirk, Nathan picked up a chopstick randomly from the table beside him. Using the chopstick like a sword, he thrust his hand forward.

Bane's blade was only a few centimeters away from Nathan's forehead when the chopstick stabbed right into his throat. With that, his movements halted instantly.

What? Bane was killed in one move?

Kenneth's eyes bulged as he wondered if what he just saw was real.

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Nathan yanked out the chopstick and Bane's dagger fell to the floor with a clatter.

Grasping at his bleeding throat, Bane muttered, "Y-you're so strong! T-tell me, how much of your true power did you use to kill me?"

Nathan's reply was chilly. "Ten percent."

Bane toppled to the ground with an expression of shock forever frozen on his face.

Kenneth stared at Nathan with astonishment. Bane was one of his family's top killers, yet he was killed within seconds!

Nathan said as he turned his piercing gaze on Kenneth, "I thought I have made it perfectly clear that the Logan family was not to step foot in Channing ever again. Yet you showed up here so you can't say I didn't warn you."

Realizing the implication behind his words, Kenneth cried out, "You dare to kill me?!"

Then, Nathan ordered, "Kill him!"

Putting on a brave front even as terror and impotent fury raged in him, Kenneth shouted, "I'm Kenneth Logan, the heir to the Logan family! Who dares to touch me!"

His ten bodyguards placed themselves around him leaving him standing in the middle of their protective

circle.

Colin Dunne and Thomas Dunn leaped towards the bodyguards with savage snarls on their faces like demons released from the gates of hell.

After several moments, the sounds of battle stopped and a stillness descended upon the restaurant again.

The coppery smell of blood was thick in the air.

Kenneth and his men were all lying dead in a pool of blood. The eyes of the young heir were wide open with the look of disbelief forever carved on his face. He had clearly not expected Nathan to kill him just like that.

Just then, a huge crowd of people swarmed into the restaurant. Thankfully, they were all Thomas' men.

Nathan eyed the crimson stain all over Thomas' body. "Are your injuries serious?"

The man bowed his head as he muttered shamefully, "I won't die but my skills have deteriorated a lot in the past few years. I'm a disgrace to you, sir."

Nathan understood the reason behind his subordinate's degradation in skill and did not blame him at all. "What's more important is that you're okay. Send Kenneth Logan's body back to his family in Alberesque. Make sure you give them one more warning."

"Yes, sir!"

Colin, who had been silent all along murmured hesitantly, "Sir, there's one more thing I have to report."

"What is it?"

"According to my sources, Kenneth Logan made it seem like he was here to get revenge for his brother but in actual fact, he came here on behalf of the Smith family. The Smith brothers had promised him a huge reward for killing you and Thomas."

A cold look flashed past Nathan's eyes. "The Smith family must really have a death wish. If it weren't for the fact they were Penn's blood relatives, I would have killed them long ago."

"Shall we teach them a lesson?" queried Colin.

"Crackdown on the Smiths. Maybe if they suffer enough losses, they'll finally get the hint and learn their lesson!"

"Yes, sir!"

...

On the same day, Kenneth's body was sent back to his family in Alberesque. News of the unfortunate demise of the young heir spread like wildfire.

At the Smith Family Villa, the Smiths were having an emergency family meeting.

As it turned out, all the companies owned by the Smiths began to run into some trouble after Kenneth's death. Some of the companies' stock markets had plunged causing a rapid price drop in their shares; some companies had a sudden influx of investigations that led to huge fines or orders to overhaul certain departments within a short period of time.

In short, they were suffering heavy losses on all fronts.

Sean was so furious that his lips were trembling as he demanded, "Who can tell me just what the f\*\*k is going on?! Why are our companies running into so much trouble and suffering such massive losses!"