

## UNRIVALLED 151

### [Chapter 151](#)

Very quickly, Jon Xander prepared thirty million in cash. The bank notes filled nine briefcases to the brim.

Scar headed out with nine skilled subordinates at night carrying the nine briefcases along. They arrived at the top floor of Cloud Palace in Channing to meet Nathan Cross and Thomas Dunn.

Cloud Palace was undergoing some renovations and didn't accept any customers for now.

Scar walked into the restaurant with his nine subordinates.

Nathan Cross was enjoying a steak at a table by the window.

Meanwhile, Thomas Dunn stood politely next to Nathan.

Big Skull and his group of thugs lay on the floor, motionless and on the brink of death, with Jack and a group of men watching over them.

Scar walked over but was quickly halted by Jack before he could even go near Nathan.

Jack used a weapon detector on Scar and each of his men, allowing them to proceed only after making sure they were unarmed.

Scar narrowed his eyes as he arrived before Nathan. "I've brought the money you asked for, Nathan Cross."

Nathan smiled faintly. "Congratulations on making the right decision. You may now leave with your group of handicapped men. But when I say 'leave', I mean you must get out of Channing."

He was telling Jon Xander that they were never to set foot inside Channing again.

Scar narrowed his eyes. "And if my boss refuses?"

"This is your only chance to live," Nathan said casually. "If you don't walk away now, you'll remain here forever."

Scar's eyes glinted. "Not if I kill you first! Men, attack!"

The moment Scar's words fell, the nine subordinates behind him tossed the briefcases they held in the air.

The briefcases opened up, sending countless banknotes flying in the air.

Inside each case was a dagger, which now began to fall to the ground alongside the banknotes.

The nine subordinates swiftly grabbed the daggers and charged toward Nathan.

“Protect Mr. Cross!” Thomas Dunn roared.

He held three men back, but the remaining six continued to charge at Nathan. Six sharp daggers reached for the man’s throat at the same time.

“Such insolence!” Nathan remarked disdainfully while eating his steak.

With that, he swiped at them with the knife in his hand.

Slash!

With a flash of light, six hands fell to the ground.

The six killers who charged at Nathan wailed in pain and backed away at the same time.

Nathan had gotten rid of six enemies with just one move, but Scar had already taken the opportunity to attack.

He directed a punch at Nathan while running toward him.

When he clenched his fist, the bones of his hand made a crackling noise. It sounded rather frightening.

Nathan narrowed his eyes while gazing at Scar amidst the crackling sounds.

“It’s the Firecracker,” he said with astonishment. “By exerting one’s power, every joint in the body makes a crackling noise, just like that of a firecracker. It’s said that one’s strength intensifies with every crackling noise, and the results are endless... This move is a fancy one!”

The moment Nathan finished speaking, he raised an arm and directed his own fist against Scar’s.

Bam!

A loud noise was heard, but Nathan remained unmoving.

On the other hand, Scar yelled in pain as all the bones in his right arm shattered. He staggered backwards and slumped to the floor with an expression full of pain.

He gazed at Nathan in bewilderment. I’ve never met an opponent as frightening as Nathan Cross.

Gazing back at Scar, Nathan's focus shifted to an eagle tattoo on the back of the man's hand. "You've just been given another chance to live because of your origins."

Scar's eyes widened. He was once the leader of the Eagle Special Forces, but had been forced to retire after committing a serious offence.

He then began working for Jon Xander to make ends meet.

But he was taken aback by how Nathan knew his background just by glancing at the mark on his hand!

He stared at Nathan in shock. This guy must be a military ace.

The sight of Nathan stirred the memory of a brave warrior's silhouette to appear in Scar's mind.

The image became increasingly vivid and the silhouette eventually matched that of Nathan Cross' completely.

Scar's pupil enlarged as he said with a quiver, "Y-You're—"

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Knowing that Scar had figured out his identity, Nathan cut him off. "You should watch yourself since you know who I am. How could an elite like you end up as someone else's pet dog?"

"Forgive me," Scar said remorsefully. "I'll cut all ties with Jon Xander from now on and make an honest living."

He struggled to get up, but couldn't help but ask before leaving, "There's one thing I want to be clear of, how much of your total strength did you just use against me?"

Nathan glanced at him and answered calmly, "One-tenth!"

Scar was shocked once again. "As expected of Ares," he muttered before humbly accepting his defeat and left.

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Meanwhile, at Wigston Club.

Jon Xander was beyond livid as his subordinates stood by his side in fear.

A murderous look flashed in his eyes. "Scar didn't manage to kill Nathan Cross—and he left without a word?"

"Yes," one of the subordinates answered. "Nathan Cross also sent us a warning. He's giving us three

days to leave Channing and never return, or we will bear the consequences.”

Jon Xander was so furious that he laughed. “What a mad lad! In that case, I’ll kill Nathan Cross and Thomas Dunn in three days!”

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It was the first day of summer vacation, so Nathan and Penny took Queenie to the Children’s Activity Centre.

With summer break just starting, the center was in the midst of recruiting students for various classes.

Every corner in the center was packed with parents showing their children around.

Nathan Cross asked his daughter with a grin, “Is there something you’re interested in? What do you feel like learning?”

Nathan and Penny thought the child would be interested in singing, dancing or playing the piano, just like other girls.

However, Queenie made a request, “Daddy and Mommy, I want to learn to play Go.”

It turned out that whenever Benson Smith was free, he would take Queenie along to play Go with the other elderly men at the park.

That was how Queenie developed an interest in the board game.

“Chess helps to develop the mind. If that’s what you’re interested in, let’s go take a look at the Go class over there,” Nathan said, smiling.

Just as they arrived at the entrance, a woman dressed in fashionable clothes and a large pair of sunglasses walked over with eight bodyguards.

“Move!”

“Scram!”

“Get out of the way!”

Wherever the lady went, her eight bodyguards would push everyone in front of her aside.

Penny, who was carrying Queenie, was caught off guard and shoved by one of the men.

She showed a painful expression on her face when she knocked against the wall.

“Are you okay?” Nathan asked while supporting Penny.

“I’m fine!” Penny shook her head.

Nathan turned to the lady in sunglasses.

Just as he was about to go into a rage, he saw one of the bodyguards shove a limping man to the ground. The man was dressed in camouflage shirt.

“Are you blind, you damned cripple? Do you want your other leg broken too!?” shouted one of the bodyguards.

The man who fell to the ground was Hank Larson, a disabled veteran.

He was leered at by a ticket officer when he showed his disability card to get a half-price discount on his entrance ticket.

Now, he was being picked on again while queueing to enter the Go Academy.

The man looked extremely humiliated and his heart ached.

Just then, a tall and suave figure stood in front of him. It was Nathan Cross.

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Nathan reached out to pull Hank from the ground. “Are you alright, comrade?”

From the moment Hank looked into Nathan’s tenacious-looking eyes, he could tell that this man was a soldier too.

“Thank you for your concern. I’m alright,” he said gratefully.

Nathan’s chest tightened as he saw how this retired veteran tried his best to stand up straight despite being crippled. “You have been wronged, comrade.”

Nathan was a soldier himself and the General of the North, so he naturally felt for this man.

But the woman in sunglasses behind them was not impressed to see the two men blocking her path.

She looked displeased and a bodyguard with a crew cut walked over.

He said while placing a hand on Nathan’s shoulder, “Hey brat, you and this cripple are in Ms. Jennings’ way!”

With a gleam of his eyes, Nathan demonstrated a perfect shoulder throw.

Bam!

The 170-pound bodyguard was instantly thrown to the ground and writhing in pain.

The woman in sunglasses was a rising celebrity, Zoe Jennings.

She was surprised and furious to see her bodyguard being attacked. "How dare you! Get him, all of you!"

In an instant, the rest of the guards charged toward Nathan.

Nathan raised his fist and struck the face of the leading bodyguard.

The punch carried such an impact that even a tall, sturdy tree wouldn't be able to withstand it.

Nathan sent the bodyguard flying with just one punch.

The guard spewed a mouthful of blood, flew backwards and slammed into a wall before slumping to the floor.

Everyone stood there with their eyes widened.

What is this monstrous strength? He sent a man flying with just a punch?

Nathan charged through the crowd, swift like a lightning and ferocious like thunder.

He directed every blow on each of his opponents' vital areas, causing them to fall to the ground screaming.

In the blink of an eye, all of Zoe Jennings' bodyguards were laying on the floor.

Zoe stared at Nathan in fear. "What are you doing?" she screeched. "Let me warn you that I'm an artist signed with Channing Television. I'll take you to court if you ever touch me! You'll lose your entire fortune! Also, my boyfriend is the well-known Go master of South Korea, Park Sehun! He'll never let you go so easily if you lay a finger on me."

Slap!

Nathan gave the woman a solid slap across her face. "You talk too much!"

Zoe's sunglasses fell off her face.

Her hair, which took a long time to style became disheveled instantly.

The crowd was dumbfounded, but they couldn't help but cheer quietly. What a good move!

Zoe clutched her own cheek while staring at Nathan in disbelief. "You dare hit me?"

"I went easy on you," Nathan said coldly. "You're just a nobody. How dare you insult an injured veteran? This man became crippled while protecting the nation! There wouldn't be a stage for you to perform if it weren't for people like him offering their lives to guard the frontlines. A wh\*re like you has no right to insult an elite soldier! Get lost!"

Nathan's words resonated across the entire place.

The moment he told this C-list actress to get lost, she ran off in terror.

The crowd couldn't help but cheer for Nathan. "Well said!"

Nathan turned to Hank and gave him a salute. "You've served well, comrade!" he said solemnly.

Queenie and the other children began to salute. "Thank you for your service, Mister!"

Penny and the rest of the citizens there were moved. They paid their respects and said in unison, "Thank you for your service, sir."

Hank was so full of gratitude that tears rolled down his face.

He straightened his back and returned a salute to everyone. "Thank you, everyone!" he choked.

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After the commotion, Nathan and Penny took their daughter into the Go Academy.

The Go Academy was bustling with noise and excitement today.

That was because a Go prodigy from South Korea, Park Sehun, had come to defeat every Go expert in this country to prove that the best Go player hailed from South Korea.

Right now, the South Korean had just defeated Luther Chuss, Channing's top Go player.

Luther Chuss had decades of experience in Go and was a professional in his younger days. The man once ranked third in the world.

He had heard of an arrogant foreign Go player's declaration to shake up the entire country's Go circle and take down all the top players.

Having received the title of Channing's top Go expert, Luther had accepted Park Sehun's challenge in the Children's Activity Center.

But Luther didn't expect Park Sehun to be so formidable despite the latter's young age.

Park Sehun had cornered Luther since the beginning of the match, and the elderly man finally lost after a long and tough fight.

Having attained his victory, Park Sehun laughed heartily on stage. "I've just beaten Channing's top player. That's a third consecutive win against your country! Hahaha! You guys have been bragging about how your country invented Go all this while. What a joke!"

Park Sehun's words sent the audience into a fit of rage.

Everyone turned livid and didn't hold back their remarks.

"What do you mean by bragging? It is a fact that we invented Go!"

"Damn, is this guy claiming that they're the ones who invented Go? How shameless can he be!"

"Get out of our country!"

The thousands of people there began to hurl insults at Park Sehun.

"Mr. Park Sehun, please watch your words," the Director of Children's Activity Center William Harrison, reminded him. "Your match with Mr. Chuss has ended, so let's talk elsewhere."

Park Sehun shook his head. "No. I've come here for two reasons, to defeat China's Go players and to let the world know that my country invented this game. If you want me to get off the stage, then you'll have to declare that Go was invented by South Korean!"

William Harrison was rather furious too, but he couldn't act out.

The audience became even more agitated. Some even wanted to bypass Park Sehun's bodyguards to attack him.

Park Sehun said arrogantly while gazing down at the crowd, "You're mad because you can't do anything. If your country was the one that invented Go, why can't any of you beat me? To anyone who dares, come and play a match with me! But you will publicly admit that Go is a South Korean invention if you lose. Does anyone dare to step forward?"

Park Sehun looked insolent, but he was in fact very sly.

Anyone who was provoked by his taunting and took him up on his challenge might lose and forced to



declare that South Korea was the inventor of Go.

By then, every media in the world would fight to cover this incident.

South Korea would then be able to declare even more proudly that they were the creators of Go.

“I’ll have a match with you, Park Sehun!”

A clear voice rang out from among the crowd.

Everyone couldn’t help but turn their heads toward the source, only to see a tall, well-built man.

Who else could it be other than Nathan Cross?

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Everyone gazed at Nathan in shock.

“You wanna go up against Park Sehun? Can you really do it, fella?”

Even Channing’s top player, Luther Chuss, had just lost to him.

Hence, it was no surprise that the crowd didn’t have much faith in Nathan.

This guy probably doesn’t mind losing, but it’d be a huge problem if he had to end up declaring that Go was invented by South Korea.

Even Penny turned to Nathan in astonishment. “You know how to play Go, Nathan?”

“Just a little,” Nathan smiled. “But beating this joker will be a piece of cake.”

What Penny and the audience didn’t know was that Nathan had learned to play Go since young and was especially gifted at it.

While in the North Army, Nathan used to compete against several top-class professional Go players and even Grandmasters.

In fact, he had never lost a single match.

Many even referred to him as a champion who was being held back by military duties.

A triumphant smile crept across Park Sehun’s face upon realizing that someone had fallen for his taunts and was going to have a match with him.

At this moment, his girlfriend, Zoe Jennings, appeared next to him and whispered, “That’s him, Darling!”

He's the one who hurt my bodyguards and slapped me!"

Park Sehun squinted. "I'll avenge you."

He smiled subtly as Nathan casually walked onto the stage. "You want to have a match with me?"

"That's right!" Nathan said calmly.

"Pathetic. We can duel, but if you lose, not only do you have to admit that my country invented Go. You'll have to roll yourself out of here too. Are you up for it?"

Nathan brushed his hands across his sleeves. "Bring it on!"

Shortly after, Nathan and Park Sehun sat across each other in front of a clean board.

Park Sehun asked Nathan, "Black or white?"

Everyone looked at Nathan. Those who played Go understood that Black moved first and had an advantage.

If two equally skilled players competed against each other, Black would always be a better choice.

But Nathan didn't seem to take advantage of this. "I'm the host and you're the foreign guest. I'll let you go first," he said calmly.

Park Sehun was rather surprised that Nathan didn't take him up on his offer, but instead let him move first.

He gladly picked up a black stone.

Clack! He placed his stone.

Nathan picked up a white stone and casually placed it on the board in a composed manner.

The two men played extremely quickly. The next stone would be placed on the board immediately after the other person had moved.

Within just a short period of time, they had already made several dozen moves.

However, Park Sehun looked increasingly nervous.

He had never managed to gain any advantage over Nathan at all. In fact, things were only getting more and more challenging for him.

I'm going to lose badly if I don't turn the tide!

Penny didn't know how to play Go, but she could observe the players' expressions.

She saw how calm and natural Nathan looked.

Meanwhile, Park Sehun was sweating profusely and looked disarrayed.

From that, Penny could tell that Nathan was dominating the game.

With a forehead full of sweat, Park Sehun suddenly called for a time-out. "Adjourn. I need to use the bathroom."

Nathan gave him a glance and said calmly, "Alright."

Park Sehun quickly left with a few subordinates and returned ten minutes later.

Upon returning, the man wore a pair of sunglasses. He was no longer nervous and it looked like he had regained his confidence too.

Nathan was slightly astonished. His confidence returned just after a bio break?

Looking carefully, something caught his eye.

There was an extremely tiny pinhole on Park Sehun's sunglasses.

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Nathan's lips curled into a slight smile. From one quick glance, he knew that Park Sehun was cheating.

He must be using some high-tech methods to get an expert to guide him from behind the scenes.

No wonder he regained that confidence of his after coming back from the bathroom.

But instead of exposing his opponent, Nathan resumed the match.

He looked nonchalant as usual and moved quickly. It was as though he was a master playing against a disciple.

Meanwhile, thousands of miles away in Seoul, South Korea.

South Korean Go prodigy, Cho Bonghyuk, gathered inside the VIP room of a top-tier Go hall with a dozen other well-known South Korean Go players.

Cho Bonghyuk and the other experts were using high-technology equipment to watch Park Sehun's

match against Nathan Cross.

On top of that, the Go master, Cho Bonghyuk was personally advising Park Sehun on the latter's moves.

Apparently, Park Sehun was Cho Bonghyuk's disciple.

To Cho Bonghyuk, something as incredible as the Go game had to be invented by South Korean instead of the Chinese.

He was determined to announce to the world that Go was a South Korean invention.

In fact, he was the one who had arranged for Park Sehun to battle against China's top Go players.

Cho Bonghyuk gazed at the board displayed on the screen, as well as Nathan Cross.

This young man looks rather familiar, but I can't figure out where I've met him.

Nathan looked extremely serene and didn't feel any pressure from the game at all. At times, he could even be heard singing a tune from a TV series.

Gazing at the match over the screen, Cho Bonghyuk calmly gave Park Sehun his instructions using a microphone.

The other Go experts grinned from ear to ear. "Hmph, I bet this Chinese brat has no idea that he's actually playing against our Go master!"

"How long do you think that Chinese kid can put up with the South Korean Go master?"

"Hehehe, I'm guessing it'll be over for that brat in less than ten moves."

Cho Bonghyuk smiled faintly and remained composed. It's a privilege for this Chinese brat to compete against a Go master like me. It is too bad he has no idea what is going on.

Both Nathan Cross and Cho Bonghyuk moved quickly.

Initially, Cho Bonghyuk looked relaxed, as though his victory had been secured.

But he couldn't help but yelp in surprise after making a few moves. Nathan was much more skilled than expected that the older man began to get nervous.

Another several move later, he soon realized what kind of opponent he was up against. Veins began to appear on his forehead and he was in utter shock.

The air-conditioning made the entire VIP room feel cool and comfortable.

Yet, Cho Bonghyuk was drenched in sweat and no longer looked as relaxed as he was earlier.

Meanwhile, Nathan remained composed and continued to sing from time to time.

The group of South Korean Go players gazed at how nonchalant Nathan looked.

Then, they turned to Cho Bonghyuk, whose forehead was now full of sweat.

The men were dumbstruck. To think that our master is in such a state because of a plain Chinese man!

Cho Bonghyuk gave his best and unleashed every move he had up his sleeve.

Yet, all his struggles were in vain against Nathan's immeasurable abilities.

It wasn't long until Cho Bonghyuk suffered a crushing defeat.

The South Korean Go master slumped into his chair in despair.

At that very moment, the sound of Nathan's cold laugh was heard on the screen. "Cho Bonghyuk, I defeated you easily in Jeju three years ago, but you're here making a fool of yourself instead of practicing?"

Nathan's words struck Cho Bonghyuk like lightning and a look of sheer terror formed on the latter's face.

He had only lost once after being named South Korea's Go master.

It happened three years ago on Jeju Island; he had lost to a nameless Chinese young man.

Back then, Cho Bonghyuk thought he would lose his title and reputation as the Go master after being defeated by that young man.

Unexpectedly, the young man never spoke of the incident at all and that allowed Cho Bonghyuk to keep his fancy title.

Three years had passed, he had practically forgotten about his defeat until Nathan Cross brought up the incident in public!

Cho Bonghyuk gazed at the tall and sharp-looking Nathan across the television screen. "It's him. So it's him after all," he said, quivering.

"No wonder he looked familiar. This man, Nathan Cross, was the young man who had defeated me on Jeju Island three years ago!"

Cho Bonghyuk's words caused the other South Korean Go experts to become speechless.

Meanwhile, Cho Bonghyuk's blood pressure skyrocketed. He spewed a mouthful of blood before blacking out and falling to the ground...

"Master! What's happened?" the other Go experts yelled in shock.

Meanwhile, back in Channing, China.

Luther Chuss cheered like a maniac over Nathan's victory. "You've won!"

But at the same time, he couldn't help but remind Nathan, "This guy is called Park Sehun, Mr. Cross. He's not the South Korean Go master, Cho Bonghyuk. You're mistaken."

"I'm not mistaken," Nathan replied with a smile. "I can still recognize Cho Bonghyuk's style and moves until today. This fellow here has a tiny camera on his sunglasses and a mini headset shoved inside his ears. Cho Bonghyuk was personally guiding him behind the scenes during our match."

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Upon hearing Nathan's words, Luther Chuss was surprised, delighted and furious at the same time!

He was surprised because Park Sehun had the nerve to cheat and delighted because Nathan had actually defeated South Korea's Go master, Cho Bonghyuk.

However, he was furious because a South Korean had used such underhand and shameless methods just to win the game.

Every Chinese citizen at the venue was filled with rage. They instantly snatched Park Sehun's sunglasses, mini headset and other devices used to cheat.

"How dare you cheat!? It's just too bad that even your Go master is no match to Mr. Cross!"

"It's time to deliver your promise. Tell everyone which country invented Go!"

Looking completely despondent, Park Sehun lowered his head and said, "I admit that Go was invented by the Chinese!"

Luther Chuss and the rest of the audience cheered and gazed at Nathan in admiration.

Park Sehun looked beaten and crestfallen and he was trying to sneak away.

But Nathan called out to him. "Wait! You forgot something."

The thousands of audience chimed in. "He's right. You said the loser would have to roll themselves out

of here.”

“You can’t just walk now. Roll yourself out!”

Park Sehun turned livid and shouted at Nathan, “Don’t go too far, or I’ll make a complaint to the embassy!”

At this moment, Nathan noticed that Thomas Dunn had shown up with a group of men.

“Thomas, this fellow here is being a sore loser. Help him out and teach him how to roll out of here!”

“Yes, sir!” Thomas Dunn said with a grin.

With a gesture, some of the men next to Thomas walked over to Park Sehun aggressively.

It wasn’t long until the South Korean man was beaten to the ground and rolled down the stage...

The joker, Park Sehun, was chased out of Children’s Activity Center along with his nameless celebrity girlfriend.

William Harrison and Luther Chuss walked over to Nathan, commending his Go skills and morale. Nathan had helped to restore the nation’s honor and teach that joker a lesson!

Penny carried her daughter as she watched everyone praised Nathan. Her heart was filled with pride.

Many often looked down on her husband. They would either call him a jobless bum or a man who lived off his wife.

Now that everyone around Nathan was showering him with admiration, Penny couldn’t help but wanted to tell off those relatives who used to mock Nathan, look at how incredible my man is!

Their daughter, Queenie, was overwhelmed with joy and excitement too. The way she looked at Nathan was as if the words ‘My Dad is the Best’ were written on her forehead.

Luther Chuss, who was dressed in a tunic, said to Nathan with a smile, “Your Go skills are formidable, Mr. Cross. You threw that South Korean clown into complete chaos. That was simply amazing.”

Nathan smiled faintly. “I took him up on his challenge on a whim. Fortunately, luck was on my side and I didn’t end up humiliating our country.”

“You’re too humble, Mr. Cross. I saw it clearly. You were unstoppable, just like a general leading an army of millions. Every obstacle you faced was like nothing but a flea. Your abilities are equal to that of a Grandmaster’s. You’re being modest by saying it was due to luck.”

“I’m really just average. I came to the Children’s Activity Center to sign my daughter up for Go lessons. I want to find her a teacher.”

Luther stared at Nathan in bewilderment. Do such low-profile peoples still exist today?

Someone like Mr. Cross is calling himself average?

But Luther knew from Nathan’s performance earlier that the latter’s abilities were of world standard.

Luther himself was already a formidable player, but it would be difficult for him to continue improving without a good opponent to play against.

He wanted to stay connected with Nathan, and so he took the chance to speak after hearing that the young man was looking for someone to teach his daughter. “Haha! Your talent is irreplicable, Mr. Cross. But you must be so busy with work that you don’t mind, I’d be willing to take her as my disciple and teach her.”

Nathan agreed without any hesitation. “Sure!”

With that, Luther Chuss took Queenie as his disciple. The man had a Go club in Channing called Square Inch.

From then on, Queenie would head over to the club to learn Go during holidays.

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Luther Chuss was a renowned figure, so taking in Queenie as a disciple was not a small matter. Nathan had to treat the man to an extravagant meal.

Nathan’s family, along with Thomas Dunn, took Luther Chuss and William Harrison to a restaurant called the Moreish.

They dined in a large private room and Luther personally selected an array of dishes. He even asked the manager to bring out a bottle of 30-year-old Maotai liquor.

Luther was in a good mood and he declared, “This isn’t a treat for the master; this is a meal to celebrate the receiving of a new disciple. It’s on me today and don’t you ever try to fight for the bill, or I’ll get mad!”

From the old man’s serious expression, everyone knew he meant what he said.

Nathan smiled faintly for he knew that the dishes and alcohol Luther ordered weren’t cheap.

Luther didn’t want to burden Nathan’s family so he had declared from the start that he was paying for



the meal. He didn't want them to think he was taking advantage of them.

Nathan had an extremely good impression of the old man because of this small gesture.

The food was served shortly and two bottles of 30-year-old Maotai were opened up as well.

"Here's to Mr. Chuss for accepting a new disciple! Cheers!"

"Cheers!"

Everyone stood up and clinked their glasses. Even Penny raised her glass and drank a little.

However, Nathan frowned as he lifted his glass.

Luther and the others froze when they saw Nathan's expression.

"What's wrong, Mr. Cross?" Luther asked in confusion.

Nathan shook his head slightly and said, "Nothing. It's just that there's something wrong with this liquor."

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The liquor's fake?

Everyone was stunned to hear Nathan's words.

Luther skeptically poured himself another glass and gave it a taste.

He was not an expert, but he could still tell the difference between real Maotai and moonshine.

It wasn't long until his expression turned ghastly.

With a grim face, he looked toward the waiter nearby and said coldly, "Get your manager or boss here. I'm hosting my distinguished guests but you're humiliating me by selling me fake liquor. I'm going to shut this place down if I don't get a satisfactory explanation."

Hearing that, the waiter quickly headed outside and summoned someone over.

Shortly after, a young, insidious-looking man entered the room with a bunch of men.

They consisted of thugs armed with iron bars, security guards holding batons, and some chefs holding kitchen knives.

The insidious-looking man said coldly upon entering, "Which one of you had the balls to slander our

restaurant and accuse us of selling fake liquor? I'll break your legs!"

Upon seeing this man, William Harrison exclaimed, "Ahh! It's Harry Wilson! He's the son of Felix Wilson, the Director of the Industry and Commerce Bureau!"

Harry Wilson snickered. "Hmph, at least one of you could recognize me."

William quickly greeted him while passing him a cigarette. "I'm terribly sorry. This is all a misunderstanding!"

Harry slapped the cigarette away and said coldly, "Don't give me that bulls\*\*\*. Who's here with you? Which one of you just said I'm selling fake liquor? Show yourself!"

Luther Chuss had no choice but to stand up. "I did. You're selling fake liquor. You can't do whatever you please just because you're Mr. Wilson's son!"

"Hehe, the Moreish isn't just mine alone," Harry replied with a smirk.

"We have many shareholders, including Quin West, son of Captain West of the Investigation Unit; Mitch Langford, son of the Head of the Traffic Management Bureau; and even the Mayor's son, Zeke Crow. How dare you accuse us of selling fake liquor?"

Luther's expression changed instantly. He didn't expect this restaurant to be run by a group of officials' children.

It was no wonder the place was still brimming with customers despite selling fake liquor.

Luther wouldn't be afraid of Harry Wilson if it were only Mr. Wilson involved, but he no longer dared to cause a scene after learning that there were many other important figures behind this restaurant.

Otherwise, he'd be in hot water!

Luther forced a smile and relented. "The liquor isn't fake. I must have been mistaken, so it's fine."

Seeing that Luther gave in, Harry chuckled even more coldly. "It's fine with you, but not with me. You accused me of selling fake liquor and even threatened to shut this place down."

Feeling awkward, Luther dared not say anything more.

Harry picked up the two bottles of fake liquor and placed them in front of Luther. "One should always own up to their mistakes. Drink up these two bottles and I'll let you go."

The arrogant man was forcing an old man like Luther to finish two bottles of fake liquor. Luther was beyond livid but dared not say anything

“Mr. Chuss is of old age, Mr. Wilson. There’s no way he can drink two bottles of liquor. Please have mercy on him!” William Harrison pleaded.

“Piss off! Did I allow you to speak?” Harry yelled. “He’ll drink these two bottles. Otherwise, don’t even think about leaving this place.”

### [Chapter 159](#)

The faces of many inside the private room turned pale out of fear.

Suddenly, a cold voice rang out. “Hehe, what an ignorant little fly.”

Everyone turned to the source of the voice. It was the calm-looking Nathan.

“What did you say?” Harry asked in fury while glaring at Nathan.

Nathan smiled faintly. “I’ve seen my fair share of fake liquor, but this is the first time I’ve come across such a horrible one. Maybe I should call all your dads over and see what they have to say about you.”

Harry and all his subordinates couldn’t help but gasp.

It was not because they were frightened, but thought that Nathan had taken his boasting too far.

Harry laughed heartily. “Our dads are Directors, senior Captains and even the Mayor, and you want to call them over? Haha! Go ahead and summon them. You sure have a lot of balls to boast like this! Hahaha!”

Luther and William also gazed at Nathan with an awkward smile. There’s no need to go this far just to scare Harry Wilson. Who do you think you are, wanting to call a bunch of high ranking officials over?

With a faint smile, Nathan whipped out his phone and made a call. “Colin, I want all of the Moreish’s shareholders and their fathers to show up in front of me within ten minutes.”

Harry and his subordinates burst into laughter again.

Even Luther and William thought Nathan had taken things a little too far.

How can he get the Mayor and all the other Directors to show up here in ten minutes!?

Harry and his men couldn’t stop laughing. “Hahaha! This guy wins the Drama King award. Who does he think he is!?”

Penny was full of concern too. This place is run by a bunch of officials and Nathan wants to summon

them all here? That's impossible!

We're talking about Directors and even the Mayor of Channing!

These people weren't the same as the thugs Nathan beat up on a regular basis!

Penny tugged onto Nathan's sleeve while carrying their daughter. "Nathan, these guys are a bunch of bullies. We should just eat somewhere else. Let's go, everyone," she said softly.

Upon hearing Penny's words, Harry's face instantly darkened. "If you have the balls to cause a scene at our place, don't even think about leaving before settling this issue," he said coldly.

Then, his eyes twinkled as he gazed at Penny. This woman looks stunning!

Penny was dressed in a long, Bohemian style dress and a pair of exquisitely-designed rhinestone heels. She looked absolutely elegant and beautiful.

A suggestive smile crept onto Harry's face. "Serve me a kiss and drink with me, then I'll take that as an apology and let you guys off. Hahaha!"

Kiss and drink referred to a woman feeding a man alcohol via her mouth.

Penny's face flushed with anger. "You are despicable!"

Nathan's eyes gleamed with danger. "Do you wanna die?"

"You're the one who wants to die!" Harry responded. Gazing at his Rolex watch, he narrowed his eyes and snickered. "Nine minutes have passed. Where are they?"

As soon as he finished talking, the sounds of hasty footsteps could be heard from outside.

A voice rang out at the same time. "Move! Why is everyone gathered in the hallway? Where is Mr. Cross?"

The people inside the private room were so horrified that they quickly made their way. A middle-aged man dressed in a gray jacket walked in with a group of men.

Harry's eyes widened at the sight of this man in gray.

This elegant-looking man was no ordinary bloke, he was the Mayor of Channing, Russell Crow.

### [Chapter 160](#)

Behind Russell Crow were several high-profile Directors, such as the Head of the Investigation Unit and Traffic Management Bureau. Harry Wilson's father, Felix Wilson, stood among them as well.

Harry often used to accompany his father to visit Russell Crow, so they knew each other.

He was completely dumbstruck seeing Russell Crow along with a group of directors. "Mr. Crow! What are you doing here?"

Russell immediately walked past Harry without even giving him a glance and stood in front of Nathan, apologizing fearfully. "I've found out about everything that had happened here, Mr. Cross. I'm sorry for the trouble."

Oh God!

The Mayor, Russell Crow, is treating Nathan Cross with so much respect!

Many inside the room were bewildered including Luther Chuss and William Harrison. Even Penny gazed at Nathan in disbelief.

But Nathan didn't seem to show Russell any mercy. "Since you're aware of what's going on, I'd like to see how you intend to handle this issue and give your citizens the justice they deserve!"

Russell nodded fervently. "Yes, sir. I'll take care of it right away."

Harry and his men were utterly dumbfounded. "What in the world is going on, Dad?" he asked arduously while gazing at his father.

Felix Wilson slapped his son across the face hard and yelled with anger, "You troublemaking bastard! You said you and your friends wanted to start a food business together and we allowed it. Yet, instead of running the place well, you're here selling fake liquor to Mr. Cross!"

The elder Wilson became increasingly furious as he spoke. He picked up a wooden chair and threw it onto his own son. "I'm going to kill you for this!"

Harry kneeled on the ground while covering his head, screaming for mercy.

But Felix didn't stop there. He continued to beat his son with the chair while yelling at him. "It's better for me to kill you than to have you beaten to death by someone else for all the trouble you have caused!"

Felix sounded extremely harsh and lifted the chair high up, but it landed like a feather.

In truth, Harry was in no pain at all.

Russell frowned slightly. "Mr. Wilson!"

Felix put the chair down and said while panting, "Don't try to stop me, Mr. Mayor. I have to beat this little punk to death for all the trouble he caused Mr. Cross."

Nathan merely watched the little show Felix put on all this while, but hearing the latter's words made him laugh out loud.

Everyone inside the private room turned to Nathan, not understanding why he was laughing.

Nathan's lips curled into a faint smile as he gazed at Felix and the others. "That's not how you beat someone up!"

What?

Everyone gazed at Nathan in confusion.

Nathan walked over and picked up the same chair next to Felix. "Actually, it should only take one hit!" he said with a smile.

With that, he raised the chair and slammed it against Harry's left leg.

Bang!

The chair broke, and so did Harry's leg.

"Arghhhh!"

Harry's wails of pain resonated across the entire private room.

It was much louder than the blows he got from his father.

Nathan rubbed his hands while gazing at the man screaming on the floor. "That was for leering at my wife. As for the issue with your fake liquor, I'll leave it to the Mayor."

Russell Crow quickly took the opportunity to speak. "It's against the law to sell fake liquor. Therefore, the Moreish shall be put on indefinite hiatus."

Indefinitely hiatus essentially meant everything was over for the restaurant.

Everyone was shocked that the Mayor was giving such a strict penalty.

Russell felt he hadn't done enough, so he added, "Secondly, I noticed that several shareholders of the Moreish are officials of the city, including myself. Such an incident will lead to vile outcomes. Hence, I want all children of officials to quit the company and not get involved in the management of this restaurant. They will also be subject to strict self-evaluation during the weekly meeting!"

After finishing, Russell and his team of subordinates gazed at Nathan expectantly. "Are you happy with these arrangements, Mr. Cross?"

Nathan nodded. "Do as you say!"

With that, he left with his family, Luther Chuss and William Harrison.

Penny couldn't help but ask after exiting the restaurant, "How did you do it, Nathan? How could you have summoned the Mayor and the rest of them over with just a phone call? They were even being so nice to you and took care of the matter right away."

Luther Chuss and William Harrison gazed at Nathan, feeling just as curious.