

Nine Tattoo Dragon, Dan Hugh!

When everyone heard the title, their faces paled immediately.

Dan Hugh was a terrifying force to be reckoned with in Channing City. He had once cut nine enemies to pieces using only a knife, which happened to be the battle that had earned him the title.

That was also how he rose to power as the war god of the Western District.

Everyone in Channing knew exactly how ruthless he was.

When they heard that Dogbreath was another goon of Dan Hugh's, their expressions turned to one of fear.

There were few who would dare to anger Dan Hugh.

Dogbreath tossed out Dan Hugh's name to scare Nathan Cross, yet he had remained strangely calm.

"So the Nine Tattoo Dragon has instructed you to come and stir up trouble?" He asked.

Dogbreath stared at Nathan Cross incredulously. Looks like this guy doesn't fear him at all! , he thought.

Was he just ignorant of Big Brother Draco's tyranny, or did he just have a lot of guts?

Dogbreath would never confess that the Dragon himself had sent him to make such a scene. "Dude, can't you ask around a bit and find out what kind of presence Big Brother Draco has here in Channing?"

"You'd better kowtow to me right now, or else I'll make

you suffer in the worst way possible!”

Nathan Cross scoffed, “You’re not going to say it? Fine, I’ll settle it my way.”

Dogbreath had a bad feeling when he heard Nathan Cross’ words.

“You were going to break my leg, am I right?” Nathan Cross asked.

Dogbreath looked nervously at Osborn, who was sprawled on the ground, unconscious. He swallowed.

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Nathan Cross simply drawled, "I can tell that you are all gangsters."

"Isn't 'an eye for an eye' your motto?"

"If you want to break my leg, then it would make sense for me to break yours as well, no?"

When Dogbreath heard that, he immediately broke out into a cold sweat. "I-if you even dare to touch me, I'll make sure that Big Brother Draco comes after you!"

Nathan Cross' lips curved upwards. Suddenly, he raised the metal bar he had been holding high up,

bringing it down on Dogbreath's right leg.

Dogbreath squeezed his eyes shut and screamed.

However, Nathan Cross simply tapped Dogbreath's right foot lightly with the metal bar.

When the pain he had been expecting never came, Dogbreath slowly opened his eyes and stared at Nathan Cross with a look of confusion.

Nathan Cross smiled, "I haven't even hit you yet, why are you screaming already?"

"I'm keeping my promise though. If I said that I'm going to break your leg, I am going to break your leg."

Dogbreath was going to break down, and he opened his mouth to plead for mercy.

Before he could do so though, a Land Rover and two Chevrolets rushed into the scene, tires screeching.

A well-built man with hawkish eyes alighted first, followed by a dozen of his men.

When Dogbreath saw them heading his way, relief flooded him.

The hawk-eyed man was no other than Dan Hugh's brother, Leo Hugh, also known as the Prowling Leopard.

As it turned out, someone had run off to report to him, while Dogbreath got into a fight with Nathan Cross.

Leo Hugh immediately rushed to the scene with several of his men.

"Big Brother Leo! Help me!" Dogbreath shouted at the

top of his lungs.

However, the only thing Leo Hugh saw was how Dogbreath and his men were sprawled across the floor, utterly defeated.

Nathan Cross was still holding onto his metal bar, preparing to bring it down on Dogbreath's leg. Leo Hugh's eyes widened as he bellowed, "Stop! I'm the Prowling Leopard of the Western District. How dare you disrespect my men in my territory?"

Nathan Cross glanced at Leo Hugh before lifting the metal bar and letting it fall with a loud whoosh.

Dogbreath's leg was smashed into pieces immediately.

"AHHH-"

Dogbreath let out a piercing scream.

Leo Hugh's eyes twitched in both surprise and anger.

If not for Nathan Cross' blatant show of his terrifying power, he would already have ordered his subordinates to deal with the situation.

He looked from Dogbreath, who was writhing around on the ground in pain, to Nathan Cross. "Not bad. Looks like none of my subordinates would have a chance against you. Why don't you tell me who you are?"

Nathan Cross tossed the metal bar away and wiped his hands on his handkerchief. "I don't care about you. Call the Nine Tattoo Dragon now and tell him to ask for my mercy. I want compensation from him as well."

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