

UNRIVALLED 111

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In the span of two days, the Smiths had lost several hundred million, which was nearly half of their assets.

Samuel smiled bitterly as he voiced his thoughts, "Dad, there's no need to even think about it. Someone is putting pressure on us."

Sean roared in anger, "Who would dare to do such a thing?"

The eldest son answered with a crying face, "Who else but the Logan family? They probably blame us for the death of Kenneth Logan!"

Sean snapped at his son as he growled angrily, "I let you handle this matter because I thought you could do it well. Look at what you've done now! You got Gabriel Logan's precious son killed! The Smith family is in deep trouble this time."

Samuel gritted his teeth as he bit out, "We can't just stand around and do nothing while the Logans do this to us!"

Raising an eyebrow, Sean asked, "What do you have in mind?"

"Dad, do you know the Zabinski family of The Southern Four?"

The old man's eye widened. "Of course I know who they are. The Logan family is practically a third-rate family compared to the Zabinski family."

Samuel grinned slyly as he explained, "Remember the last king of the Channing underworld, Novem? He was a part of the Zabinski family too."

"When Dunn eliminated Novem and took over his empire, he forbade the Channing underworld from partaking in any gray businesses. I'm not sure if you know this, but the Zabinski family has fingers in nearly all the gray businesses in the South. What Dunn had done was basically cutting off their source of income in Channing. I've heard the Zabinski family have already sent someone here to deal with Cross and Dunn."

Frowning in confusion, Sean said, "What does the Zabinski family going after Dunn and Cross got to do with the Logan family coming after us?"

Samuel chuckled as he replied, "Dad, since we can't do anything against the Logan family ourselves, we might as well seek refuge with the Zabinski family. Even though we'll have to hand in a portion of our profits yearly, at the very least we'll be under their protection."

A thoughtful silence descended upon Sean as he mulled this idea over. Finally, he sighed. "Seems like we have no other choice anyway. You can go and talk to the Zabinski family on this matter."

Samuel was surprised to get his father's permission so he quickly agreed, "Okay. I know Jerry Zabinski should be here in Channing already. I'll go visit him now."

...

On a luxury yacht in the middle of Moonlight Bay in Channing.

Dressed only in a pair of boardshorts, Jerry Zabinski was lounging back in a beach chair on the deck. There was a pair of sunglasses perched on his nose as he clutched a flute of champagne.

Several beauties massaged his back and legs while a few intimidating looking bodyguards stood a little further away.

Samuel was standing before Jerry respectfully with a stack of ledgers in his hands.

Jerry narrowed his eyes at the man in front of him. "If the Zabinski family is to become your patron, you'll need to pay us half the profits you earn yearly. Naturally, you'll receive our protection in return. I can guarantee you nobody would dare to trouble you in the future."

A simpering smile appeared on Samuel's face as he thanked the man.

Jerry crooked a finger at one of his men, who instantly brought over a contract for Samuel to sign. Once the contract was signed, the Zabinski family was officially the patron for the Smith family.

Jerry exclaimed as they toasted each other, "Congratulations! To our future cooperation!"

"To our future cooperation!" echoed Samuel.

Taking a deep gulp of the champagne, Samuel spoke up carefully, "Mr. Zabinski, Gabriel Logan is blaming my family for the death of his son and has vowed to take his revenge on us. What do you think we should do?"

Jerry answered steadily, "Relax. I heard he's coming to Channing now with all of his best fighters to kill Dunn and Cross. I'll let him do the dirty work for me. Once he gets rid of them, I'll just pop in and say hello. He'll not trouble you any further when he finds out you've taken refuge with us."

Samuel was delighted and he bowed. "Thank you, Mr. Zabinski!"

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At that moment, Gabriel Logan had left his home with more than three hundred of his best fighters, heading straight for Channing in a convoy of black cars. There was only one thing on their minds -

revenge.

News traveled fast, especially when it concerned an influential family like the Logan family.

Soon, the news that Gabriel Logan was on a mission to exterminate the killers of his sons reached Nathan's ears.

Gabriel's convoy had only just entered the outskirts of Channing when Nathan stopped them with his own men in tow.

Men poured from the convoy of cars like ants from a disturbed anthill. In less than a minute, three hundred of the Logan family's elites were gathered on the wide, empty road.

The imposing figure of Gabriel appeared in front of the group of men with two other men standing slightly behind him.

Gabriel stared at the small team of men that stood across from him with his eagle-sharp eyes. The group consisted of Nathan Cross, Colin Dunne, Thomas Dunn, and the Elite Eight.

Although these men were all dressed in casual clothes, there was an air of confidence and strength surrounding them.

The head of the Logan family shouted, "Cross, Dunn, have you resigned yourselves to your deaths already? Why else would you deliver yourselves out here to me? Very well, I'll give you an opportunity to kill yourselves since you're smart enough to know the error coming your way."

The only reason Nathan had stopped Gabriel here on the outskirts of the city was that he did not want to scare his family.

Who would have known that this arrogant man would think that they had delivered themselves here to die?

Clasping his hands behind his back, Nathan called back, "I've warned you before to never step a foot in Channing, or I'll kill all of you. Seeing that you still haven't reached the city technically, I'll give you one last chance!"

Gabriel was furious. He had come here intending to kill Cross, Dunn and Samuel Smith in revenge for his poor Kenneth. He had wanted to give Cross one last chance to kill himself, saving himself from the agonizing death Gabriel had in mind for him. Yet, what was Cross babbling about giving him a chance instead?

"Chance? What chance?"

"The chance to walk out alive."

Gabriel burst into laughter as rage simmered in him. "I see you have a death wish! I brought all my best men here today just so I could exterminate all of you like the vermin you are! There will only be one conclusion today, and that is your deaths!"

That struck Nathan's raw nerve and his voice turned chilly as he said, "I gave you a chance but you rejected it. What happens from now on is entirely your fault."

Gabriel sneered as he ordered, "Blanc, Noir, kill him. Once we're done here, we'll head into Channing to kill off all their families in revenge for the deaths of my sons!"

"Yes sir!" The two men standing behind him chorused an acknowledgment of their master's order as they stepped forward.

What made these two men stand out was the way they were dressed. The one dressed in all black was Noir while the one in all white was Blanc. They were Gabriel's right-hand men and had killed hundreds of people. They were notoriously known for being ruthless and no one had ever survived their attacks.

They were the reason Gabriel Logan was where he was today.

Noir grinned savagely. "Get ready to die, punk!"

Blanc had an equally cruel look on his face as he snarled, "Time to die!"

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The next instant, the two assassins dashed toward Nathan, flanking him in a pincer movement.

Nathan snorted as he mocked, "Amateurs!"

He lifted his legs and he kicked out. With two loud thuds, his feet hit Noir and Blanc in the chest. Immediately, blood sprayed from the two assassin's mouths as they flew backward like puppets that had their strings cut. They crashed to the ground by Gabriel's feet, coughing out one last mouthful of blood with their necks fell to the side limply.

They were dead.

What?

Gabriel and all three hundred of his men were stunned as they stared in disbelief at the corpses.

The two merciless killers, who had never been beaten before, were dead at one kick from Nathan?

Snapping out of shock, Gabriel pulled out a gun and aimed it at Nathan. As if he was seeing the latter for the first time, he growled, "Damn punk! Who would have known you were so strong? Even Noir and

Blanc weren't your equals.

"But then, what is your strength in the face of my gun?"

The minute Colin, Thomas and the Elite Eight saw Gabriel reaching for his gun, they moved in front of Nathan instantly. As his personal guard, they were more than ready to protect him with their lives.

Noting how the men had moved to protect Nathan, Gabriel jeered, "Cross, you only have ten bodyguards there while I have twelve bullets in my gun. Plus, I still have three hundred of my best fighters with me. Do you seriously think that I can't get to you?"

There was not the slightest bit of fear on Nathan's face when he saw the gun. Ordering his men to step aside, he moved forward so he could stand in front of them.

There was an amused look on his face as he questioned, "You dare wave that gun around in my face? Are you picking on me only because you think I don't have any men or guns?"

A vicious smile curled Gabriel's lips. "So what if I am?"

After that, he pulled the trigger on his gun.

Nathan sneered as he mocked, "You don't seem to have ever used a gun before; you didn't even disengage the thumb safety! How do you expect to kill me when you don't even know the basics?"

The head of the Logan family blinked in surprise before looking down at his gun. The thumb safety was indeed on and he hadn't loaded the gun yet.

He cursed himself for his foolishness before cursing Nathan for reminding him.

Nathan's eyes narrowed as he spoke up again, "If you're trying to make a fool out of yourself, it's definitely working. Let my men teach you the proper way to use a gun!"

With that said, he lifted his right hand and curled it into a fist. It looked a lot like the hand signal for an attack.

Taken aback at the hand gesture, Gabriel hurriedly pulled the slide back and loaded his gun. He panicked as all he could think about was shooting the other man first.

Just as he finished loading his gun, there was a loud crack of a sniper rifle.

A bullet sped toward Gabriel, hitting his right arm. Instantly, a bloody red mist sprayed out as his entire arm was blown off.!

"AHH!" he wailed in pain as he gripped the bloody stump of his arm.

However, his cries of pain were soon drowned out by a loud rumbling sound. Four tanks appeared in the distance like giant metal beasts with their cannons aiming forward as they rolled closer.

Behind the tanks were several armored trucks. Further behind those trucks were rows and rows of marching soldiers, all fully armed. The staccato beat of their synchronized marching rang out like a heavy drumbeat.

A thousand meters away, a dozen snipers flicked on the lasers on their rifles. Immediately, red dots bloomed to life on Gabriel and his men, either on their heads or their hearts.

Obviously, if anyone were to even twitched a muscle, they would not just be losing an arm.

What was even more terrifying was the two armored helicopters that appeared in the sky, their high-speed machine guns locked onto them as well. If anyone dared to try and escape in a car, they would never get far.

From one of the tanks, a colonel dressed in army fatigues ordered through his wireless earpiece, "Secure the area! Not even a bird is allowed to leave this place!"

Within moments, the two thousand over soldiers had completely surrounded the men from the Logan family.

Hopping down from the tank, the colonel jogged toward Nathan before snapping a crisp salute. In a ringing voice, he reported, "Reporting, sir! The Dragonfury Special Forces have surrounded the enemy and all relevant units are in position. We await your orders, sir!"

Click! Click!

The chilling sound of thousands of guns being loaded rang out.

"Awaiting your orders, sir!" the soldiers chorused.

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The stench of urine wafted through the air as the men from the Logan family pissed in fear.

Even Gabriel had temporarily forgotten the pain of his lost arm as he gaped at Nathan in shock. In a quavering voice, he asked, "W-who are y-you?"

Taking in the ashen face of Gabriel as well as the trembling men behind him, Nathan snapped harshly, "You're not worthy of knowing my identity! I tried to give you a chance to live; but you didn't take it."

"Finish him!"

At his command, two soldiers dragged the struggling Gabriel to the side and executed him on the spot.

That was the end of Gabriel Logan.

Gabriel's men, who had already been terrified out of their minds, broke down when they saw their boss' demise. They fell to their knees as they pleaded pitifully for mercy.

Colin approached Nathan and whispered in his ear, "What should we do with them?"

Nathan's voice was cold as he replied, "Arrest them all and check their backgrounds. Punish them according to their crimes."

There was a reason the Logan family had so many men, they used them to bully the people of the city. He was sure these men would all need to be imprisoned for some crime or another.

Despite the bleak prospect of their future, Gabriel's men were immensely relieved for having escape death today. After all, being alive and in jail was better than being dead and below ground.

After instructing Colin to ensure there would be no leaks on his identity, Nathan left his subordinate to clean up as he went back to the city.

...

On a luxury yacht in the middle of Moonlight Bay in Channing.

Jerry Zabinski was having some drinks with the Smith brothers and a few of Channing's prominent figures.

At that moment, a man with a long ponytail strode towards them. He was Jerry's right-hand man, Teneb Siel.

As he came close to Jerry, he bent his head and whispered in his ears.

Jerry furrowed his brows as he shouted, "What!"

His shout had gained the other men's attention and they turned to look at him curiously. Samuel asked, "Mr. Jerry, has something gone wrong?"

Seeing no need to hide the truth from them, he told everyone the news he had received.

His voice was glum as he replied, "Gabriel Logan had brought his men to Channing to get revenge on Cross for his sons. Unfortunately, he ran into the Dragonfury Special Forces, who were running some counterterrorism exercises.

“With the number of men he had brought with him, he caught the attention of the military there. As he was suspected of being a terrorist, Logan was executed on the spot while the rest of his men were captured. The Logan family has fallen!”

Everyone present was shocked at this piece of news and went silent.

It was several seconds later before someone muttered, “What a misfortune for the Logan family.”

Samuel was at once elated and regretful when he heard the Logan family was gone. Elated because with Gabriel dead, no one would be after the Smiths anymore. However, he regretted it as his effort to save the Smiths was wasted!

They had thrown themselves at the mercy of the Zabinski family for nothing! To add insult to injury, the Smiths would have to pay a yearly ‘contribution’ to them which was half their profits!

Jerry commented mildly, “You could say it was bad luck, but they asked for it too. They have never been the cleanest of families around, yet they boldly proclaimed their intent for revenge. The military was just taking the opportunity that had fallen into their laps.”

Samuel huffed crossly. “Dunn and Cross escaped unscathed again!”

In a calm tone, Jerry stated, “Don’t worry. They killed Novem; he was one of our men. They also forbid anyone from running gray businesses in Channing, which meant they cut off our earnings too. My sole reason for being here this time is to deal with them.

“My initial plan was for Logan to eliminate Cross and Dunn for me; however, it turned out that he was useless. It looks like I’ll have to handle them myself.”

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When Samuel heard Jerry’s words, he flattered, “Hah! With you gunning after them, Mr. Zabinski, they’ll be dead for sure!”

A pleased look crossed Jerry’s face but what came out of his mouth was, “Even though I don’t think Cross and Dunn are that great, the fact of the matter is, whenever anyone declares their ill intentions toward them, they get arrested. Which means I’ll have to be secretive and operate in the dark.”

Samuel could not wait for the Zabinski family to get rid of Nathan. To him, that damnable man was the reason for the Smith family’s current situation.

“May I ask what you plan to do, Mr. Zabinski?”

Jerry tossed a photo at the man in reply. “Is this woman from the Smith family?”

Picking up the photo, Samuel took a glance and saw it was Penny. “She’s my niece. However, we exiled

her family a long time ago. The Smith family has nothing to do with her now.”

Jerry’s lips curled into a smirk as he said, “Really? Very well. She’s quite pretty and I like her.”

Samuel and the rest of the men were taken aback by his words. It was several beats before they remembered another important aspect of this man.

Jerry Zabinski was nicknamed the Player because he was notorious for sleeping with a lot of beautiful women. Once he set his sights on a woman, he would do anything to get her. Anything.

There was a wicked smirk on his face as he continued, “I thought I should tell you in advance, seeing she’s your niece. However, I won’t have to hold back anymore since she has nothing to do with the Smith family.”

“In less than two weeks, I’ll make sure Cross and Dunn die suitably horrible deaths as Penny Smith screams in pleasure beneath me.”

...

It was afternoon by the time Nathan reached home.

As it was a Sunday, Penny and Queenie were both at home.

When the little girl spotted Nathan, she sprinted over on her short legs, calling out a sweet ‘Papa’.

Bending down to scoop his daughter up, he pressed a warm kiss to her chubby cheeks. “Have you finished your homework?”

Queenie was quick to reply, a smug look on her face, “I finished it ages ago. Papa, you promised to take me out to play if I finished my homework!”

Penny chose that moment to speak up as she reprimanded her daughter, “If it weren’t for me forbidding you from watching TV and supervising you as you work; you probably wouldn’t have finished your homework even now! That’s why you don’t get to go out and play. Stay at home and review your work!”

Pouting, the little girl whined, “But Papa said he would take me out once I finished my work!”

Nathan smiled at her indulgently as he asked, “Where would you like to go?”

“I wanna go swimming!”

It was summer now and the weather was swelteringly hot. As such, the little child’s request was rather reasonable, especially since all children loved to play with water.

He did not even hesitate as he immediately agreed, "Okay. Papa and Mama will take you to the pool now."

At his words, Penny refused hurriedly, "I don't want to go. The two of you can go and have some father-daughter bonding time."

Queenie looked at her mother with pleading eyes as she begged, "Mama, you should come along! You've been so busy with work recently; it's so rare that you're here on a weekend with me and Papa."

Nathan chuckled lightly as he chimed in, "Yeah. I'm a man, there are certain things that will be a lot more convenient if you handle them. Like when Queenie changes into her swimsuit or needs to go to the washroom. A woman needs to take her as I am sure I can't do it."

To be honest, Penny thought it was a good idea for her daughter to go practice her swimming at the pool. After all, it will never hurt to have an extra skill. There might come a day where knowing how to swim might be vital to her survival.

Thus, she agreed to go with Nathan and their daughter to the Good Times Natatorium.

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Good Times Natatorium was one of the more well-known swimming pools in Channing.

There were indoor pools, outdoor pools, kids pools, and a few VIP rooms with private pools.

When Nathan and his family arrived at the natatorium, the first thing they did was head to the store to buy swimwear.

Though the swimwear there was generally more expensive, but there were plenty of choices.

Nathan and Queenie found something for themselves but Penny couldn't find anything to her liking.

Most women would have chosen something sexy; but for Penny, the more conservative it was the better.

Even her usual sleepwear were those that covered everything.

She was embarrassed just thinking about wearing swimwear in front of Nathan, so she was determined to find the most conservative piece.

Yet there were barely any, so she just gave up and chose one.

Nathan had reserved one of the VIP rooms. The pool there wasn't too big and was just slightly larger than an indoor hot spring. It was the perfect size for a small family.

Once Nathan, Penny, and Queenie changed into their swimwear, they all got into the pool.

Queenie had a float around her, and she was overjoyed playing around in the water.

On the other hand, Nathan grinned at Penny who looked as shy and as nervous as a young bride.

“Honey, I just realized how good your figure is.”

Penny blushed but she enjoyed Nathan’s compliment while she replied demurely, “Oh, come on. It’s not that great.”

Nathan grinned, “You’re slender and tall. And it looks like you have quite the ideal body measurements.”

Ideal body measurements?

Nathan explained that the ideal measurements for a woman was for the length of her body — that is, measuring from the neck to the feet — to be nine times that of the length of her head.

Nathan then grinned and offered, “Would you like me to measure you and see if you fit the bill?”

Penny’s face turned even redder and stuttered, “That’s not a good idea...”

Nathan laughed. “Why not? Come, let me measure you.”

Nathan used his hand to measure the length of Penny’s head, then moved down to measure her legs.

One, two, three...

Nathan’s hand gently moved up against Penny’s calf and eventually reached her thigh. Penny whispered nervously, “Nathan...”

The corners of Nathan’s lips turned upwards as he gently coaxed her to relax.

Just as his hand reached Penny’s thigh, her cellphone’s ringtone started blaring loudly.

Penny jumped to the side. “My phone is ringing. I should get it!”

Nathan let out an exasperated laugh. Who on earth is that?

The call was from Penny’s mother.

Leah had clearly been crying. “Penn, your father is in trouble!”

Penny gasped in shock and quickly asked her what had happened.

Leah sobbed, "Your father and I went out to do groceries. I don't know how it happened, but we somehow collided with another car."

Penny was so nervous that she almost lost her voice. "Is my father alright?"

Leah quickly assured her, "Your father is fine, so is the driver of the other car. But the problem is, the car crash had caused an antique that was in their car to break."

Penny was relieved to hear that no one had been hurt. "Thank goodness everyone is fine. We just pay them for the broken vase."

Leah sobbed even louder. "We can't afford it! They said that the antique is a porcelain vase from the Yuan dynasty and it's worth around two hundred million!"

"They were really aggressive! They've grabbed your father and have threatened to kill him if we don't pay them back."

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An antique worth two hundred million?

Penny's face turned pale. Her company still owed hundreds of millions, they wouldn't be able to cough up two hundred million even if they sold their house!

She told her mother not to panic, Nathan and she would head over to take care of the matter.

Nathan noticed that Penny's face had lost all color after her phone call.

So he furrowed his brows and asked her what had happened.

Penny explained the situation to him while fighting to hold back her tears.

Nathan answered calmly, "And here you had me worried it was something horrific. Everything will be fine as long as no one was injured. Come on, let's go and check it out."

Nathan, Penny, and Queenie left the natatorium and headed over to the market.

They could see that a crowd had gathered outside the market.

Penny got out of the car and headed over, with Queenie in her arms and Nathan following right behind them.

Arriving on the scene, they saw two damaged vehicles. One was the Mercedes-Benz E-Class that Nathan bought for Benson, and the other was a Toyota Alphard minivan that was worth over one million.

There were a lot of people loitering around and passing their comments, but Leah and Benson were nowhere to be found.

Penny quickly gave her mother a call, only to find out that she and Benson had been dragged to an auction house nearby by the other party.

After hearing so, Nathan, Penny, and Queenie quickly rushed over.

When they entered the auction house, they noticed a handful of fierce-looking men in suits standing around the place.

When the men saw Nathan and his family walking in, one of them walked up to them. "Who are you? We're closed for the day and we're not entertaining any more customers. Come back some other day," he growled.

Penny was just about to explain, when she heard intense shouting coming from one of the rooms. "Old man! This Yuan dynasty porcelain is worth two hundred million!"

"If you don't pay me in full, I won't hesitate to kill you."

The faint sound of Leah's sobs could also be heard over the shouting.

Penny's expression darkened and she pushed the man in front of her aside, then ran towards the direction of the yelling.

Nathan held Queenie's hand and quickly followed behind her.

When Penny entered the room, she saw an expensive-looking sandalwood box sitting on a table in the middle of the room with shards of porcelain inside.

There was a man in a slicked-back hairstyle, a chunky gold necklace around his neck, and a Rolex on his wrist, sitting comfortably in a leather chair. A few aggressive-looking men were standing around him.

Benson stood in front of them looking pale and defeated.

And beside him was Leah who was weeping helplessly.

The two had sunk into a state of despair. But when they saw Nathan and Penny, it was as if they see the light again.

Both of them called out Penny's name and tried to get to her, but were stopped by Slicked-back's lackeys.

When Slicked-back saw Nathan and Penny, a flash of coldness swept over his eyes but he quickly shook

it off.

He looked at Nathan and Penny with a grave expression. "You're the old man's daughter and son-in-law?"

"You've arrived just in time. Your father reversed his car into ours, which resulted in this antique porcelain getting smashed. So now you need to pay us two hundred million in damages!"

Penny was feeling overwhelmed when Nathan spoke up calmly, "Since it's an accident, we should hand it over to the police and have them investigate the accident. Only after they have figured out which party is at fault can we decide who is ultimately responsible for the damages."

"So even if my father-in-law is at fault, we should still follow the proper procedure as required by the law. Then, we need to have the damages assessed before we even discuss the amount of compensation."

"The accident has just occurred and we don't even know who's at fault yet. So it seems unreasonable for you to demand that my father-in-law pays for your damages."

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Slicked-back's eyes widened when he heard Nathan's words.

He didn't expect him to remain calm or to be able to have such a clear and precise chain of thought.

He sneered, "You want to follow the law? Then we'll follow the law! But don't come crying to me when you go bankrupt!"

He then whipped out his cellphone to make a call.

Not long after, two cops arrived.

The cops took a look at Slicked-back's photos of the accident, then headed to the scene itself to investigate. They then determined that Benson was responsible for all the damages suffered by Slicked-back, Harvey Babcock.

Penny and her parents' face turned pale when they heard the determination of the police. Their eyes filled with despair and they felt like it was the end of days for them.

Harvey Babcock smugly waved the cops' result slip in his hand and sneered at Nathan and his family. "The cops have determined that you are fully responsible for all damages. What else do you have to say now?"

"Cough up my two hundred million right away. Otherwise you'll find out why they call me the T-Rex."

Nathan frowned at T-Rex's words. He stated coldly, "You keep saying that the antique is worth two hundred million. I'm sure you won't mind if I take a shard and have someone do an appraisal?"

T-Rex chuckled coldly, "This very antiques auction house is the largest and most respected appraiser of antiques in the whole of Channing. How dare you question the authenticity of my porcelain?"

"Very well," he huffed, "Take a shard then. And when you're done, you can finally stop trying to find ways to worm yourself out of this."

T-Rex picked out a small porcelain shard and handed it over to Nathan.

He then proceeded to warn Nathan and his family. "I'm only giving you one day to get it appraised and to compensate for my loss. If I don't get my two hundred million by tomorrow afternoon, then you all better watch out."

His cruel eyes swept over Nathan's family nonchalantly .

Queenie, startled by T-Rex's behavior, quickly tucks herself behind Nathan.

Nathan's expression darkened but he controlled himself and led Penny and her parents away.

When they arrived home, Penny hurriedly inquired about the details of the accident.

Benson's hands were still trembling. Then, he explained in a shaky voice, "Your mother and I had finished with the grocery shopping so we went back to the car. I was reversing the car out when suddenly a car just appeared behind me! I couldn't hit the brakes in time and I rammed into them."

"They got out of the car and immediately grabbed me, accusing me of not just crashing into them but also causing the antique in the car to shatter."

Nathan furrowed his brows. He felt like the accident hadn't been that severe.

Logically speaking, the impact from reversing the car wouldn't have been strong enough to cause the antique to shatter. Something doesn't smell right.

Nathan called for Colin to send the shard of porcelain off for appraisal.

That night, Colin called back to inform Nathan that their experts had determined the shard to be authentic.

This result took Nathan by surprise.

Penny and her family just sat there, their faces ashen and devoid of all hope.

Nathan noticed their demeanors and softly consoled Penny, "Don't worry. This is just a small matter. Leave this to me and I'll take care of it tomorrow."

Penny could feel her heart turn all warm and fuzzy with Nathan's words.

However, even though Nathan was great at fighting, she knew that this wasn't something that could be resolved with fists.

She urged Nathan not to act rashly, while also secretly making plans to go to her uncle for a loan.

She wanted to make sure that her father survived this crisis, even if it meant mortgaging her company.

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The next day, Thomas Dunn himself came to pick Nathan up. He went along with him to meet Harvey Babcock and to discuss the amount of compensation.

But before Nathan and Thomas reached the auction house, they received a call from Colin.

Colin reported, "Sir, the experts left out some details last night. Even though the porcelain shard itself is authentic, they also detected signs of polishing."

"What does that mean?" frowned Nathan.

"It means that the porcelain vase was already broken even before excavation, and not smashed recently," explained Colin.

"So what you're saying is, someone found a piece of broken porcelain, polished its edges, then mixed it in with other fake shards to con my father-in-law?"

"Yes, sir. It appears that Mr. Smith is the target of a scam," confirmed Colin.

Nathan narrowed his eyes, "Alright. I understand."

Nathan hung up the call and uttered coldly, "Bloody low lives! How dare they try to con my father-in-law?"

Thomas spoke up immediately, "Sir, I've looked into Harvey Babcock's background. People call him the T-Rex, and he also has the backing of the Zabinski family which is one of the Southern Four."

"Simon Peters, whom we took care of last time was a follower of the Zabinskis and also the spokesperson for them in Channing."

"Could T-Rex's actions be related to the Zabinskis?"

Nathan's lips twitched upwards when he heard Thomas' analysis. "Rumors have it that the Zabinski family is behind most of the shady business in the South. If this incident has something to do with them, Hehe, I won't mind giving them a little of my attention."

In the auction house, fifty bodyguards in spiffy suits were standing by.

Their gazes were sharp and their stances firm indicating that they were all highly-trained men.

Harvey Babcock the T-Rex wasn't part of the underground circle nor the above-ground circle.

He was a powerful man who had dealings in both legal and illegal matters and thrived in the grey areas in between.

And because he was also a follower of the Zabinski family, people from both sides of the law were courteous with him.

Right then, T-Rex was sitting in his leather chair smoking a cigar lazily as he watched his men bringing in Nathan and Thomas.

He narrowed his eyes, "I assume you've validated the authenticity of the shard?"

Nathan pulled out a chair and sat on it nonchalantly making it look like he was the one running the show with Thomas stood dutifully behind him.

"Yes we have. It is indeed an authentic porcelain shard," answered Nathan indifferently.

T-Rex's eyes brightened. "So you're here to discuss the amount of compensation?"

Nathan nodded, "Correct."

T-Rex looked intently at Nathan. "You're prepared to pay me two hundred million?"

Nathan shook his head, "Two hundred million seems a bit much."

"That porcelain vase that was worth two hundred million and was shattered by your father-in-law. So tell me, how much are you offering to pay?" asked T-Rex coldly.

Nathan raised two fingers.

T-Rex's face contorted and his voice turned harsh. "Twenty million? Do you take me for a fool?"

"Not twenty million. Gosh, no!" chuckled Nathan.

T-Rex's expression eased a little. "Then how much?"

Again, Nathan raised two fingers.

Anger flooded through T-Rex as he glowered at Nathan. He smashed his fist onto the table and thundered, "Two million? Are you f*****g kidding me? Should I just cripple the two of you right now?"

The trained men who were standing by all got into positions at T-Rex's roars. With their deadly gazes, they looked like a pack of wolves who were itching to rip Nathan and Thomas apart.

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Nathan looked at the furious T-Rex and gave him a small smile. "You're misunderstanding me. Not two million. Just two. Two bucks."

"You've gone to a lot of effort to acquire both authentic and counterfeit shards to scam my father-in-law."

"So I will reward you for your effort and I'll be happy to pay you two bucks."

T-Rex was both outraged and dumbfounded. Is he an actual idiot or does he think Thomas Dunn can protect him?

T-Rex recalled Mr. Zabinski's orders and sneered at Nathan. "If you wish to die, Nathan, I'm happy to comply."

"Break their limbs!" ordered T-Rex.

The bodyguards immediately jumped into action at his command.

T-Rex had spent a small fortune hiring those bodyguards. They were highly trained and were vastly different from the average muscleman.

Any one of them was equal to ten men.

They were like a pack of wolves with murderous intent as they inched towards Nathan and Thomas. They looked like they could finish the pair off within seconds.

Yet Nathan just sat there in his chair looking completely unfazed. "Enough!" he snorted.

He slammed his palm onto the coffee table before him, and the coffee table, which was made out of tempered glass, shattered into smithereens.

Nathan waved his arm and the shattered glass flung themselves towards the advancing bodyguards.

Horrific screams filled the room instantaneously.

The highly-trained bodyguards collapsed onto the ground as they had just run into a shower of bullets.

The few that hadn't been injured were deftly neutralized by Thomas even before they could get close to Nathan.

What?

Fear and bewilderment filled T-Rex's eyes.

These bodyguards were so skilled that they had always ensured his safety, even when they were facing off against hundreds of men.

And yet today, they were taken down by Nathan in just one move.

While T-Rex was still in shock, Nathan stood up and fixed the cuffs of his shirt slowly.

His cold gaze fell on T-Rex. "So, do you have anything else to say regarding the compensation?"

Cold sweat broke out all over T-Rex's body as he trembled, "No, no. We're good. There's no need for compensation. No need at all!"

He had just finished his sentence when the stocky Thomas came up to him and slapped him hard twice on his face.

T-Rex's face swelled up and blood trickled from the corner of his mouth.

Thomas snapped, "Who do you think you are? You can't ask for anything that Mr. Cross doesn't wish to give you. And you can't reject whatever he intends to give you."

Thomas opened his wallet, took out two bucks, and threw it on the ground. "Take it!"

By then, T-Rex was already a whimpering blob. He bent down and picked up the money carefully as he looked at Nathan with fear in his eyes.

Nathan said calmly, "I'm an easy person to talk to. If someone has something to say to me, they can say it to my face. But of course, they should do it nicely, or I'll think they're trying to provoke me!"

T-Rex quivered, "Yes, yes!"

"Now answer me. Why did you con my family? Who instructed you to do so?" asked Nathan coldly.

T-Rex intended to lie but stopped himself when he saw the iciness in Nathan's eyes.

T-Rex was a ruthless man who had seen his fair share of cruelty.

However, the moment he locked eyes with Nathan, it felt as if he were struck by lightning. His heart thumped heavily and fear took over his senses.

It was a fear that chilled him to the bones, just like how a small helpless animal ran into the mighty King of the jungle.

T-Rex realized that he dared not lie. He whispered with difficulty, "It's...it's Mr. Zabinski who instructed me to do so."