

## UNRIVALLED 141

### [Chapter 141](#)

Sebastian Smith slowly woke up from his deep slumber while in the hospital.

Samuel and Paul Smith immediately rushed to his side. "Uncle, you're awake!"

Sebastian Smith took one look at them and almost fainted again as the memory of calling Hudson Quarrington at the restaurant hit him like a rock.

"No need to worry, Uncle. Nathan Cross got his hands on Mr. Quarrington's number by chance. Mr. Quarrington doesn't know him," Samuel Smith said.

Sebastian Smith wasn't convinced. Hudson Quarrington wasn't the kind to hand out his personal phone number to anyone he meets.

Only a few higher-ranking officials and his family knew what his phone number was as it was top secret.

Even if he had to give a phone number to the public, it would be his office phone number, and never his personal one.

Sebastian Smith couldn't help but wonder if he had underestimated Nathan Cross. He might be on good terms with Quarrington, even if he wasn't part of the nobility.

Besides, he had been highly disrespectful to Quarrington during the phone call, and Quarrington could retaliate by digging out every detail about his past with a single command.

He would definitely be suffering once he gets back to work.

Sebastian Smith waved his hand at his grandnephews to chase them out of the room. He needed some quiet time.

That night, Sebastian Smith received an investigation notice from the Grand Council.

He rushed back to the capital to assist with the investigation, not even stopping to bid farewell to the Smiths.

...

Back at the Smith family mansion...

Sean Smith's face was filled with rage as he stared at Samuel and Paul Smith.

"What is going on? Why did your uncle leave without even saying goodbye to us? What have you'll

done?” Sean Smith asked, fuming.

“It’s Penny Smith and her family’s fault! Uncle left because Nathan Cross was getting on his nerves,” Paul Smith answered indignantly.

“We wanted to get some benefits for our family from Uncle, but that plan has gone down the drain now,” Samuel Smith added.

Sean Smith only got angrier. “Samuel, go to Benson’s house and force him to apologize, or else he’ll have to deal with the consequences.”

Samuel Smith immediately rounded up his bodyguards and rushed to Riverside Garden to argue with Penny Smith and her family.

However, just as his car rounded a corner at Novel Street, a van with no car plate number popped out of nowhere and screeched to a halt before them.

Before he could even curse at them, a bunch of men armed with guns alighted from the van.

They smashed the windows of Samuel Smith’s car and pointed their guns at the passengers. “Don’t move! We’ll shoot you if you do.”

Samuel Smith was terrified, but he put up a brave face and yelled, “Who are you? You have the audacity of you to attack me! Do you even know who I am?”

A suit-clad man with a suit walked over to him and smiled. “You must be Samuel Smith. Our boss wants to see you, so you either come down yourself, or we’ll be dragging your dead body to him.”

Samuel Smith raised his hands and alighted obediently.

He was immediately swept into the van, which sped off from the place.

The man in a ponytail and the gunners glared at the bodyguards inside of Samuel Smith’s car. “Don’t call the police, or you and your families will suffer.”

After that, he left the scene together with his men.

## [Chapter 142](#)

At 10 p.m., Nathan Cross, Penny Smith and their daughter were preparing to go to bed.

Suddenly, Penny Smith received a call from her grandfather.

“Penny Smith! You’re so cruel! I sent your uncle over to talk things out with you, and you kidnapped

him?” Sean Smith yelled into the phone.

Penny Smith was shocked. “No, Grandpa, I didn’t!”

“You didn’t? Your uncle got kidnapped on the way to your house, so it definitely has something to do with you and Nathan Cross!”

“If your uncle doesn’t get home safely by tomorrow morning, I’ll bring the whole family to kneel at your doorstep and tell the whole of Channing how cruel your family is!”

Penny Smith began to panic. “Grandpa, this really has nothing to do with us, we won’t kidnap Uncle no matter what...”

However, Sean Smith was not convinced.

He hung up on her before she could even finish her sentence.

Nathan Cross frowned and asked her about what happened.

Penny Smith told him before frowning deeply. “Uncle was kidnapped by someone, and Grandpa thinks we did it.”

“He even said that he will bring the whole family to kneel before our door and get the whole of Channing to turn against us if we don’t send Uncle back by dawn tomorrow.”

“What should we do, Nathan?”

Nathan Cross looked at his agitated wife. “Don’t panic. You should get some rest with Queenie. I’ll handle it.”

He took out his phone and walked over to the balcony to give Colin Dunne a call. “Samuel Smith got kidnapped and the Smiths think I did it. Can you find out what happened?”

“Yes, Sir!” Colin Dunne answered.

Within minutes, several groups sprang into action, including hackers working for the country.

They used every method available such as hacking into online accounts, checking the footage from public and private security cameras as well as tracking the whereabouts of every passing vehicle and person.

Ten minutes was all it took for Colin Dunne to get an answer.

He called Nathan Cross immediately. “Sir, we’ve figured it out. A man that goes by the code name

Ponytail kidnapped Samuel Smith with a few gunners.”

“Where did they take him to?” Nathan Cross asked.

“According to the information we retrieved, they took him to an abandoned building in the suburb in the east,” Colin Dunne answered.

“Do we rescue him?”

Nathan Cross genuinely did not care for Samuel Smith’s life. Even so, he had to intervene this time round since it could gravely impact Penny Smith’s life.

If Samuel Smith died and Sean Smith got the whole family to kneel before their doorstep, they would definitely become the target of malicious gossip for the Channing residents.

“My wife will get involved if something goes wrong here. I’ll go and check it out myself,” he said.

Nathan Cross hung up and walked back from the balcony to take his coat. “Your uncle was taken to an abandoned building. I’ll go over and take a look. You should sleep.”

Penny Smith began to worry for his safety.

She knew that Nathan Cross was not an ordinary person, but she couldn’t help but feel uneasy about it. “Let me go with you,” she said.

Nathan Cross declined her request, saying that it would be too dangerous.

Penny Smith insisted. “He’s my uncle, so let me go with you. If I stay at home, I’ll be nothing but a panicking mess anyway.”

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Nathan Cross knew that Penny Smith was just being worried for him, and warmth surged in his heart. “Fine then. Stay close to me and don’t be reckless.”

“Yes, Sir!” Penny Smith said while she grasped his hand tightly.

The two of them exited the house after asking Benson and Leah Smith to tuck Queenie Smith in bed.

Just as they stepped out of the neighborhood, three Jeeps swooped in and stopped right before them. It was Colin Dunne and the Elite Eight.

“Good evening, Sir, Madam!”

Colin Dunne and the Elite Eight saluted at Penny Smith.

Penny Smith could feel herself turn red from embarrassment. "Nice to meet all of you," she said with a polite nod.

She gave Nathan Cross a confused look after that.

Why were those people addressing Nathan Cross as 'Sir' just like Thomas Dunn? she asked with her eyes.

Nathan Cross smiled. "I used to be a platoon sergeant in the army, and they were my soldiers."

"I may have retired but they haven't, so I called them over to help us rescue Uncle."

Penny Smith immediately turned to the others and thanked them profusely.

"Let's not waste anymore time. We should get going," Nathan Cross said.

They got onto the Jeeps and sped off in the direction of the Eastern suburbs.

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Meanwhile, at an abandoned building in the suburb...

Ponytail and his men hauled Samuel Smith into the building.

There were a few more people were waiting inside..

The lead person was tall, and he had a square face, deep-set eyes, and high cheekbones. The air around him was filled with bloodlust. He was no other than the lord of the Arcvale underground, Jon Xander.

Samuel Smith stared at Jon Xander in fear. "Who are you? Why did you take me here?"

"It doesn't matter who I am. What matters is that you betrayed the Young Master despite pledging your loyalty to the Zabinskis," Jon Xander said coolly.

Samuel Smith could tell that Jon Xander had some kind of connection to the Zabinski family.

"I'm not involved in the plot against Mr. Jerry!" Samuel Smith said, trying to weasel his way out.

Jon Xander only smirked. "I don't think so. Even the Old Master thinks that it's got something to do with you, since it happened at your house."

Samuel Smith began to tremble. "It's really not my fault! Nathan Cross barged into my house and beat up Mr. Jerry. Please let me go!" he sobbed.

Jon Xander watched as Samuel Smith pleaded for mercy on his knees, before bending down to pat his cheeks. "Don't worry. T-Rex is dead, so it's time for you to die as well," he said coldly.

"As for Nathan Cross and Thomas Dunn, they're not going anywhere too."

"Anyone who was involved in this case must die. That's the order from the Old Master."

Samuel Smith's eyes sank into despair.

Jon Xander turned around and walked away with his men, but not before giving more orders to Ponytail. "Don't give him the easy way out. Mr. Zabinski wants him to suffer."

"Yes, Sir!" Ponytail said.

After Jon Xander left with his bodyguards, the only people left in the building were Ponytail, his men, and Samuel Smith, who had lost all hope by then.

Ponytail pulled out his gun and gave Samuel Smith a twisted grin. "Set up a camera. I want Mr. Zabinski and the Young Master to witness his death later on," he told his men.

His men did as they were told, they set up cameras from various angles while sneering at Samuel Smith. "Hey, since you're going to die soon, why not smile at the camera?"

Samuel Smith crawled to Ponytail's feet in desperation. "Mr. Ponytail, please let me go! If you do, I'll give you as much money as you want. I can give you my niece Penny Smith as well, she's really pretty..." he pleaded while he sobbed.

#### [Chapter 144](#)

When the threat of death loomed over him, Samuel Smith became more pathetic than he already was.

He would pull all the plugs just to stay alive.

Ponytail and his men remained silent.

Suddenly, a male voice boomed from behind them. "Well, Samuel Smith, you're more shameless than I thought. I probably shouldn't have come to save you after all."

Everyone jumped in shock and turned around.

Two shadows approached them in the darkness.

One of them was Nathan Cross, the other was Penny Smith.

Woosh!

Ponytail and his men pointed their guns towards them.

Ponytail stared at Nathan Cross in fear. "Who are you? How did you find this place so quickly?"

Nathan Cross pushed Penny Smith behind him and stared back. "I am Nathan Cross, and by the way, the grave of the last person who pointed a gun at me is still fresh."

"So you're Nathan Cross!" Ponytail exclaimed in surprise.

"Haha! What an easy catch!"

"Our next target is supposed to be you, but I guess you have spared us the trouble!"

A scrawny man beside Ponytail eyed Penny Smith and gave a nasty grin. "Mr. Ponytail, this guy threw himself into our trap and brought a hot chick for us to enjoy!"

Ponytail pointed his gun at Nathan Cross and yelled, "Kneel!"

"You're threatening me with those guns?" Nathan Cross asked without a hint of fear.

"It's more than enough to kill all of you. Are you kneeling or not?" Ponytail snarled.

Nathan Cross merely squinted his eyes. "Playing with guns is a very dangerous act. I certainly hope you're ready for the consequences."

Ponytail was provoked upon hearing his words. He put his finger on the trigger and got ready to fire a few shots at Nathan Cross'.

Suddenly, a bunch of people emerged from the dark around the abandoned building, and the sound of guns firing tore through the air.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Samuel Smith collapsed onto the ground, terrified.

Penny Smith hid behind Nathan Cross, hugging him tightly.

The air became still again after the short firing.

By then, Ponytail and his goons were already lying in pools of blood. They did not even get a chance to fire a single shot.

Colin Dunne and the Elite Eight closed in on them, each holding a gun.

They carefully kicked the guns away from the goons to ensure everyone's safety.

Ponytail's body was in a bloody mess, and his right arm was broken beyond repair, though he was still clinging on to his last breath.

His breaths were shallow and ragged as he stared at Nathan Cross with wide eyes.

"I told you, playing with guns can be dangerous," Nathan Cross said calmly.

After that, Ponytail's head lolled to the side upon taking his last breath with his eyes wide open.

Nathan Cross and Penny Smith led Samuel Smith out of the building and got into their car.

Colin Dunne would take care of the aftermath, so he didn't have to worry about anything.

In the meantime, Samuel Smith stared at Nathan Cross and Penny Smith with a terrified expression on his face.

He was still reeling from the shock of seeing Nathan Cross' men wiped out the mobs sent by the Zabinskis.

That was so violent!

At the same time, a million questions popped up in his head.

What was Nathan Cross' true identity? How did he have authority over those people from the military?

Despite everything, he kept his mouth shut and continued to gawk at Nathan Cross out of shock and trepidation.

### [Chapter 145](#)

Soon, they arrived at the Smith family mansion in their Jeep.

Everyone there was still awake.

There was no way they could fall asleep after knowing that Samuel Smith had been kidnapped.

However, they didn't dare to call the police in case the kidnappers killed him.

They were left with no choice but to stay up and fret about it.

"Uncle is back!"

Paul Smith's son Peter Smith came running back from the outside, hollering happily.

Sean Smith's face lit up at the sound of that. The whole family got up to meet Samuel Smith at the door.

Samuel Smith was standing just outside the living room with Nathan Cross and Penny Smith, looking worse for wear.

Sean Smith was overjoyed to see Samuel Smith return safely. "Oh, my dear son, welcome back. You have scared me out of my wits!"

Samuel Smith was relieved as well. "Man, I almost died today!"

Suddenly, Penny Smith called out from behind them. "Grandpa!"

Sean Smith's gaze immediately turned cold. "You bastards! How dare you kidnap your uncle?"

"If I didn't threaten you, what would you have done?"

"And you dare to come and meet me? Someone chase them out now!"

Seeing this, Samuel Smith decided to put his ego aside and intervene. "Dad, this has nothing to do with Nathan and Penny."

Sean Smith furrowed his brows. "Really?"

"That's right. Nathan commanded a group of soldiers to take down the kidnapers. He saved me."

Everyone widened their eyes to look at Nathan Cross. He could command the military?

"Actually, he didn't command anyone. Nathan just asked for backup from the military to help save Uncle," Penny Smith added.

No wonder!

There was no way a jobless guy like Nathan Cross could command soldiers from the military at his will!

They knew that there were troops stationed in Channing for an anti-terrorism mission.

From the Nine Tattoo Dragon to Gabriel Logan, the troops cleaned up every troublemaker that they came across.

Samuel Smith's kidnapers were too much for Nathan Cross to handle on his own, so he sent a distress signal to the troops to help him out.

The Smiths refused to believe that Nathan Cross was more powerful than they thought, instead they gave the credit to the ongoing crackdown.

Nathan Cross and Penny Smith noticed the lack of enthusiasm from them and decided not to push it.

After all, Samuel Smith had been rescued, and the proof that they were not involved in the kidnapping was solid as stone.

They left soon after.

Sean Smith called Samuel and Paul to his study room to ask them about what happened.

Samuel Smith told him everything from start to end, not daring to miss out even the tiniest detail.

Sean and Paul Smith's faces turned more and more ashen as time passed.

"So it's the Zabinskis!" Sean Smith finally said after a long while as worry etched into his face.

"Mr. Zabinski believes that we are to blame for Mr. Jerry's predicament," Samuel Smith said bitterly.

"That's outrageous! Didn't we just agree to give them one of our subsidiaries as a token of apology yesterday? Who knew they would be so ungrateful?" Sean Smith exclaimed.

"Dad, Big Bro, the Zabinskis are part of the Southern Four with a lot of influence over this part of the country. What are we going to do if they decide to come after us?"

Samuel Smith's expression shifted several times before he finally growled, "Looking at the current situation, I guess we have no choice but to find a scapegoat."

## [Chapter 146](#)

"How do you intend to have someone bear the cost of damage?" Sean Smith asked.

"Didn't we promise to hand over our subsidiary, Diva Limited, over to the Zabinski family?" Samuel Smith said with a cold smile.

"Since the Zabinski family intends to wipe us out, we shouldn't hand Diva Limited over to them. Instead, we should let Benson's family have it!"

The old man was stunned. "What? Give Diva Limited to that ingrate, Benson?"

Samuel nodded. "That's right. We won't just give him Diva Limited. We'll also invite him back into the family."

Sean stared at him wide-eyed. "I chased them out, but we're going to ask them to come back now and even offer them a subsidiary?"

"I got it now, Dad," Paul said with a grin. "This is what Samuel meant when he said to have someone else bear the cost of damage."

"We said we'd give Diva Limited to the Zabinski family, so it's very likely that they'll send someone over to claim it from us."

"But if we offer Benson the company too, there's a high chance that he and the Zabinskis will start a fight over Diva!"

Samuel grinned. "That's right. We're going to have Benson bore the cost of damage on our behalf!"

"Besides, Benson can share some of our burdens if we invite him and his family back."

That idea finally dawned upon Sean Smith. "I see what you mean now," he said with a smile. "Alright. We'll invite Benson back into the family and let him have Diva Limited by tomorrow!"

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The next morning, Sean and the rest of the family dropped by Benson's residence at the Riverside Garden bringing them various gifts.

Benson Smith and his family were so surprised that they hurriedly invited everyone into the house.

Sean thanked Nathan and Penny for saving Samuel last night, then turned to Benson. "I've made some mistakes in the past, Benson. I'm here today to invite you and your family back into the Smith clan!"

Benson was filled with excitement and disbelief.

But Leah felt rather doubtful. "This is too much to handle. You might kick us out again if we make you guys upset one day."

"Dad is being completely earnest this time, Leah," Samuel said with a grin.

"That's right," Paul chimed in. "Dad has even decided to hand our biggest subsidiary, Diva Limited, over to you and your family. From now on, every cent Diva makes will be yours!"

Benson and Leah weren't the only ones who were shocked.

Even Nathan and Penny exchanged glances. At this rate, pigs might fly!

Benson was honest and kind-hearted by nature.

His eyes watered at the fact that his father had come to apologize to him personally and invite him back into the family. The old man had even given him Diva Limited, which was worth over five hundred million!

“I’m eternally grateful, Dad. I don’t want Diva Limited, but I’ll return to the Smith clan.”

Sean chuckled while holding Benson’s hand. “No, I have to compensate you. Diva will be yours from now on. But I must remind you to manage it well. Don’t ruin such a fine company, or I’ll be extremely disappointed with you!”

Benson used to think his father never gave him a chance to prove himself, but now his time had come.

He was overwhelmed with excitement and he declared loudly, “I’ll definitely manage Diva well, Dad. I’ll never let it fall until the day I die.”

“Alright. I shall wait and see,” Sean said with an ambiguous smirk.

#### [Chapter 147](#)

That very night, Sean organized a grand celebration at the Smith family mansion to welcome Benson’s family back into the clan.

Everyone gave a toast to Benson and drank merrily. The entire clan looked unified and harmonious.

Benson and his family were overjoyed. Even Leah thought that the Smith Family had changed for the better and wanted to get along now.

But Nathan Cross, who was feeding his daughter in a corner, remained composed all the while.

He couldn’t help but feel that a leopard could never change its spots.

The Smith clan was full of old, cunning foxes. Hence, there was no way they could miraculously transform into good people overnight.

Moreover, the Smiths were greedy by nature; why would they hand a company worth hundreds of million over to Benson just like that?

There’s something fishy going on.

There must be something wrong with Diva Limited too!

But seeing how happy his father-in-law looked, he couldn’t bear to let the man down. I’d only end up

being everyone's enemy.

Besides, it didn't matter if there really was something fishy.

As far as Nathan Cross was concerned, nothing was ever a problem.

If Diva Limited was like a bomb coated in gold, Nathan would just rip the gold and fling the bomb back to the Smiths!

The next day, Benson was officially the General Manager of Diva Limited.

He arrived at Diva Limited in the company of Leah, Nathan and Penny.

"Welcome, Mr. Smith!"

A group of Diva Limited's top-ranking executives stood by the building's entrance with banners to welcome Benson.

Benson came from a prominent family and had once studied business management. On top of that, Diva Limited operated normally. Even if he were to take over the company now, there shouldn't be much of a problem.

He enthusiastically greeted the executives and took a tour around every department before finally arriving at the General Manager's office.

He said to the Assistant General Manager, May, "I've just arrived, so I'm not too familiar with how things operate here. Please tell everyone to carry on with work as usual."

"Yes sir!" May said with a nod.

May left together with the group of executives. Only Benson, Leah, Nathan and Penny remained in the General Manager's office.

Benson was in high spirits. "This is like a dream. I never thought I'd get the chance to become the General Manager of Diva Limited's and manage the entire company."

"We have our dear son-in-law, Nathan, to thank for," Leah beamed.

Benson turned to look at Nathan, who was standing right next to Penny. "You're right," he said with a chuckle. "If Nathan hadn't rescued Samuel from the kidnappers, Dad and the others would have never let go of the past.

"It's all thanks to Nathan that I got to become the General Manager of Diva Limited."

Nathan smiled. "That's not true, Dad. You deserve all this."

Indeed, it was only right that Benson, the second son of the Smith clan, managed this company.

Penny was also smiling ear to ear. "Dad, since Grandpa's given you such a responsibility, you'd have to manage Diva well and prove yourself to him."

Before Benson could make a bold declaration, May suddenly barged into the office with a pale face. "We're in big trouble, Mr. Smith."

Benson froze. "What's wrong?"

"There's a fierce-looking group of men outside saying they're here to take over the company!" May said, quivering.

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Benson was both angry and shocked. "What's going on?"

May lowered her head and said timidly, "I don't know either. They said Diva Limited is a gift from the Smiths to the Zabinskis, so they're here to claim it today!"

Benson and the others frowned and wanted to find out more.

Suddenly, a large, burly man barged into the office with a group of vigorous-looking men in suits.

Benson yelled in panic, "Who are you guys!? Who gave you permission to come in? Security!"

"Don't bother calling security," the man leading the pack interrupted. "Anyone who tried to stop us has already had their legs broken. There won't be any security coming over."

Benson's eyes widened. "You...!"

"I am Big Skull and Jon Xander is my boss. I'm here to claim what belongs to the Zabinski family under his orders."

"That's bull\*\*\*\*!" Benson fumed. "Diva belongs to the Smiths; since when has it become the Zabinskis'?"

Big Skull smiled coldly. "You'll have to ask Sean Smith about that. Your family did something to the Zabinski family's young master, so Sean Smith promised to hand Diva over to us."

"I'm here today to take over Diva Limited on behalf of the Zabinski family. All of you Smiths, hand over the company seals and get the hell out of here."

Benson was bewildered. "That's impossible!" he exclaimed. "Why would my dad ask me to manage the company if he has given it to the Zabinskis?"

Leah and Penny had the same question too.

Nathan sighed internally. Isn't it obvious, my foolish father-in-law? Your father is just using you to deal with the Zabinski family.

Big Skull took out a piece of paper and slammed it on the office desk. "Open your eyes wide. This is a letter written by the old man of your family personally," he scoffed.

Benson picked it up and glanced through it. It was indeed a letter of commitment written by his father.

Inside the letter, Sean Smith expressed his remorse for what happened to Jerry Zabinski and promised to hand over Diva Limited as compensation.

Benson was dumbfounded after reading the letter.

May leaned over and whispered, "Don't believe their nonsense, Benson.

"Father had considered giving Diva to the Zabinskis, yet they hired people to kidnap your brother.

"Your brother, Samuel, would've been dead if Nathan hadn't come to his rescue.

"Father refused to hand Diva over after seeing how despicable the Zabinskis are, so don't just let them take over the company so easily!"

Benson nodded after hearing May's explanation. "I see. I won't give up the company then."

Benson turned to Big Skull and his men. "Diva Limited is currently under my name. I've yet to personally receive my father's confirmation, nor have I come across a legitimate transfer agreement, so I won't hand the company over to the Zabinski family. Please don't cross the line."

Big Skull's eyes flashed coldly after hearing that Benson refused to let go of the company. "Huh! So the puny Smith family dares to fool around with the Zabinskis. I see you must have a death wish. Don't blame me for doing things the harsh way then."

"All of you tear this office down and show them what we're all about!"

The moment Big Skull's finished his words, the thirty men behind him raised their machetes and iron bars and began to wreck the place.

The building turned into chaos in an instant and screams rang out everywhere.

Benson trembled in anger. “You bl\*\*dy hooligans! How dare you wreck my company!?”

Big Skull walked over with a wicked smile. “I won’t just wreck the company. I’m going to hit you too.”

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After saying that, Big Skull raised his right arm and swung it towards Benson’s face, wanting to give him a huge slap.

But before his hand could come into contact with Benson’s face, Nathan stepped forward and stopped him.

“How dare you hit my dad?” Nathan asked coldly while grabbing Big Skull’s wrist.

Big Skull gazed at Nathan in shock. He tried to break free of the latter’s grasp, but he couldn’t move at all.

“Kneel now!” Nathan roared.

Then, he lifted one foot and kicked Big Skull in both his kneecaps.

Crack! Crack! The sounds of bones cracking could send shivers down everyone’s spine. Nathan instantly broke both of Big Skull’s legs with a kick.

Big Skull wailed in pain and fell heavily to his knees in front of Benson. The man was in so much pain that his tears and sweat formed alongside each other.

Benson, Leah and the others stared at Nathan in shock, unable to believe what they saw.

Nathan Cross looked so graceful and elegant but who would ever guess that he could be so ruthless?

“This little brat actually hit Big Skull? Let’s kill him!”

The men who were bashing up the place began to rush over while yelling with rage.

“Be careful, Nathan!” Penny and Leah screamed in fear.

Big Skull thought he could count on his henchmen to get rid of Nathan.

But he was disappointed very soon.

Nathan was swift as lightning and strong as a mountain. Every move he made caused his enemies to scream in pain.

None of these henchmen were a match for Nathan.

In less than two minutes, all thirty of his men were on the floor, groaning and whimpering in pain.

Penny was long aware of Nathan's abilities, so she could still take it calmly.

Meanwhile, Benson, Leah, May and the group of executives stared at Nathan in disbelief.

This fellow is way too good at fighting!

Penny quickly rushed over and asked in concern, "Are you hurt, Nathan?"

Seeing how concerned Penny looked, Nathan's felt warm. "I'm fine," he said with a smile. "Pests like them can't do anything to me."

Benson and his wife walked over too. "What should we do with these guys? Should we let the police handle this?" they asked in confusion.

"There's no need to waste the police's resources," Nathan said calmly. "Get Thomas Dunn to take these men away."

"At the same time, we'll inform their boss, Jon Xander, that if he wants his men released, he'll have to make up for our losses. The ransom will be a million per head, so it'll be thirty million in total."

May and the others stared at Nathan in bewilderment when they heard his words.

These were men hired by the Zabinski family which was part of the Southern Four. Not only did Nathan attack them, he was even wanting to demand such a large amount of compensation from the Zabinskis. This is like getting blood from a stone!

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In the meantime, Jon Xander stayed over at Wigston Club when he arrived at Channing at the last minute.

He had gotten so wasted last night that he only woke up around 10 am the next morning.

A triumphant expression formed on his face as he gazed at those beautiful women lying next to him.

Despite being in his forties, he was still full of vigor!

Putting on a white robe, Jon walked out of the bedroom barefoot and entered the living room.

Just as he sat down, a muscular man in black strode in.

The man was over two meters in height and packed with muscles. Even the black suit he wore couldn't conceal his ripped physique.

Just from the looks of it, he possessed an explosive amount of strength.

The guy had a distinct jawline and sharp eyes, but there was a scar in the middle of his left eyebrow.

This man was Jon Xander's most powerful fighter, Scar.

### [Chapter 150](#)

Scar stood in front of Jon Xander and said with a low voice, "There's a problem, boss."

Jon took out a cigarette and puffed on it nonchalantly. "What's wrong?" he asked, narrowing his eyes.

"Both Ponytail and Big Skull are in trouble."

Jon frowned. "Wait a minute. Weren't Big Skull and the others sent to get rid of Samuel Smith and film his death? What did he get himself into?"

"Ponytail and his men haven't returned until now. We've practically lost contact with them," Scar answered.

"Then where's Samuel Smith?"

"I've had someone investigate. Samuel Smith is safe at home, so Ponytail and his men may have been taken down."

"F\*\*\*!" Jon raged. "Can't they do anything right? They deserve to die then."

He immediately continued, "Then what about Big Skull? Didn't I tell him to take over the Smith family's Diva Limited? What happened to him?"

"Big Skull went over to Diva with a few dozen men and Sean Smith's letter of commitment this morning, but the manager, Benson Smith, refused to hand the company over. With that, both parties got into a fight. In the end, Big Skull and everyone else was bashed up and they've been captured by Thomas Dunn."

"

Jon's eyes widened. "So Ponytail screwed up and allowed Samuel Smith to escape. Now, the Smiths have gone back on their word and refused to let Big Skull take over Diva. We're in a bind just because of one wrong move!" he said furiously.

Scar added, "The worst thing is that Big Skull and the several dozen men are now being held captive by

Thomas Dunn. Nathan Cross has demanded a ransom of thirty million before he let them go.”

Jon Xander smiled coldly. “Heh! He must have a death wish to ask for money from me like that. He won’t get a single cent from me! Have Nathan Cross await my revenge!”

Scar smiled bitterly. “Boss, all of Channing’s underground world is under Thomas Dunn’s control, and Thomas Dunn takes orders from Nathan Cross. I’m afraid it won’t be that easy to get rid of those two in such a short time.”

“I’ll gather thousands of men from Arcvale. We’ll see if Nathan Cross and Thomas Dunn can handle that!” Jon scoffed.

“It’d certainly be easy to have all of our men in Arcvale wipe the two men out, but don’t forget that there seems to be a chief training his soldiers in Channing now,” Scar reminded him. “If we cause too much of a ruckus and get that chief’s attention, we might end up repeating the sad history with Novem Dragon and Gabriel Logan!”

Jon frowned as he heard the man’s words. “That’s indeed a cause for concern.”

Scar continued, “Moreover, Big Skull and his henchmen have all been injured. Their spirits will be dampened if we don’t save them in time, and you may have problems getting new men in the future.”

Jon’s eyes narrowed. “Is that all I can do? Give thirty million to Nathan Cross just like that? Where will I ever hide my shame?”

Scar said with his head raised, “I can take thirty million with me and meet Nathan Cross. You know my abilities best, Boss. I’ll kill that man as long as you let me approach him within a 3-meter radius!”

Jon was elated to hear that. “Hah! So we’ll aim straight for the king. We’ll destroy Nathan Cross, then take Thomas Dunn. With that, the throne of Channing’s underground world will be mine to claim. Scar, I’ll let you oversee all of Channing’s gray-area businesses if you kill Nathan Cross.”

“Thank you, Boss!” said Scar with his eyes full of excitement.