



An abandoned factory sat in the suburbs outside of Channing.

Several fierce-looking men lounged inside with beer and snacks.

They all surrounded a girl who was tied to a chair. Her tear-streaked face came to view - it was Queenie.

Those men belonged to a gang of outlaws.

The leader was Cobra, who was also the caller from earlier.

Another man with a pockmarked face approached Cobra, “Boss. Will Penny Smith really give us the money?”

Cobra narrowed his beady eyes and chuckled, “Who cares? With those murders in Channing, we have to be on the road anyway. We’ll take her daughter with us if she fails to pay. We can easily get a million or two, selling that pretty girl to some elite brothel.”

A few men sniggered wickedly, “Smart! I heard that many wealthy men have a fetish for virgins. I’m sure she’ll make us rich.”

Cobra kept an impassive smirk on his face as he glanced at Queenie.

After intense crying and struggling, Queenie’s face was messy. Yet, there was still a hopeful look on her face. She warned, “My dad is very powerful. He won’t let you get away with this!”

Cobra snorted, “Oh, yeah? If he’s that great, how come he’s not here saving you?”

The moment Cobra finished his mocking, he heard a voice, “I’m right here!”

Cobra and his gang shot up nervously to look at the door.

They saw two figures walking towards them.

One was Nathan and the other was Penny.

Colin had ordered his teams locate Queenie immediately after receiving Nathan’s call.

Those units, which consisted of a few thousand people, got to work immediately.

They filtered numerous data before sending over the gang’s information and location to Nathan in less than ten minutes.

Cobra did not expect to be found shortly after he called Penny.

Queenie's face lit up, "Papa! Mama!"

Penny's heart broke when she saw her daughter in such a state, "Queenie!"

Before Penny could dash towards Queenie, the pockmark-faced man dragged Queenie to him and laid a dagger on her neck. He threatened, "Stay where you are!"

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Penny froze and implored in a shaky voice, "Okay.

Whatever you say. Please don't hurt her."

Apparently flustered, Cobra squinted his eyes, "Well, well. Look at you. I wasn't expecting any guests. What did you do to my men outside?"

Nathan did not care to answer. Instead, he shot a sharp look at the pockmarked-face man, "Release her if you want to live. This is your last chance."

Cobra and his men shared a look and cracked up as if they had just heard a ridiculous joke.

Cobra turned around to stare at Nathan, "Sure. We can let her go. What about the ten million I asked for?"

Nathan mellowly stated, "I have a few hundred million with me. I hope that you don't find that overwhelming."

Cobra sneered, “There’s no such thing as too much money. If that’s the case, I have my ways to launder it without leaving a trace. We can live comfortably off it.”

The pockmark-faced man noticed that Nathan and Penny were empty-handed, “Cobra, don’t fall for his game. We’re already on the run anyways. We might as well kill the man and take the babe.”

He sized Penny up with a lewd smile, “Damn. Look at her pretty face and killer bod. We can have our way with her before selling her for good money. What do you say?”

The whole gang agreed with the same filthy smirk.

Cobra casually negotiated with Nathan, “Did you hear that? Show us the money now. If not... Hehe.”

Nathan emitted a strong killer vibe as the air

thickened.

He frigidly asked, “Are you sure?”

Cobra answered directly, “Of course.”

Nathan told Penny and Queenie to close their eyes. Then, he raised his right fist.

This was when Cobra understood the danger he was in.

Before words left Cobra’s mouth, a loud bang cut him off. A huge bullet penetrated through a window to hit the pockmark-faced man’s right arm.

“Ah!”

The arm fell off his body, and the man collapsed to the ground.

Along with the other men, Cobra struggled to react to this unexpected twist. A few thunderous blows followed, and their tin roof was peeled away.

Strong sunlight flooded in, the thugs looked up to see three heavily armed helicopters above them.

Four military tanks crashed the rotten walls from outside. After they made themselves the entrances, they immediately barged in.

They advanced toward the middle of the factory and encircled Cobra and his gang.

That was more to it. Two thousand heavily armed and uniformed men marched in from all directions, covering the perimeter.

“First and second troop, lock down this place. Not

even a bird is allowed out!”

A man in a colonel uniform commanded, after hopping off an off-road vehicle.

“Sir! Yes, sir!”

Sixty soldiers shouted in affirmation. Their deafening voices echoed.

Instantly after that, the colonel drew out a handgun, “Everyone else, follow me in!”

The soldiers jogged in and filled every inch of the space.

“Freeze! Get on your knees and put your hands above your heads!”

The soldiers ordered as they were charging in.

Clang!

The thugs dropped their weapons involuntarily.

Panic-stricken, their faces fell, eyes bulging out.

Holy cow... the army? Is this for real?

They had never seen anything like it, let alone ever be prepared for it.

Naturally, they were left with no choice but to wave the white flag.

All eyes were on the colonel when he strutted to Nathan and saluted him solemnly and respectfully.

“Colin Dunne, colonel of Dragonfury Special Forces. I have rallied two thousand fighters here. Your order,

sir!”

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