

Suddenly, someone yelled, “Big Brother Draco is here!”

The crowd of gangsters gave a collective roar.

They stepped aside to form an aisle in the middle.

A black Mercedes Benz S600L appeared before the crowd. The car plate number had nothing else but the number ‘6’ repeatedly, which was how one would identify the ride of the Nine Tattoo Dragon.

Leo Hugh immediately rushed up to open the car door, greeting his brother, “Welcome, Big Brother.”

A tall man in a red dress shirt and a black suit alighted from the Mercedes. He had his hair trimmed short and a scar was adorned on his left eyelid.

Two buttons at the top of his dress shirt were unbuttoned, leaving on display the unmistakable tattoo of nine dragons on his body. This had confirmed his identity as the Nine Tattoo Dragon Dan Hugh, leader of the underground in the Western District.

Dan Hugh glared at Leo Hugh and his army. “If I hadn’t come, my reputation would have been ruined by all of you.”

Leo Hugh lowered his head in silence.

Dan Hugh glanced around at his five-hundred-men-strong army.

Nathan Cross, Penny Smith and the others from the Cross Corporation were trapped in the middle.

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At that moment, Dogbreath dragged himself to Dan Hugh's side. Despite the excruciating pain in his right leg, he managed to utter, "Big Brother Draco, you're finally here! That guy there beat up thirty of our men singlehandedly and even broke my right leg!"

Dan Hugh looked down upon Dogbreath, who was struggling to sit up, on the ground. "Your right leg's broken?" He asked, emotionless.

"Yes!" Dogbreath answered.

“What about your left leg?”

Dogbreath froze for a moment before answering, “My left leg’s fine!”

Upon hearing that, Dan Hugh immediately raised his foot and brought it down upon Dogbreath’s left leg, with a crisp sound of bones snapping.

AHHH!

Dogbreath’s chilling scream pierced through the air yet again, and everyone was startled.

Dan Hugh merely turned to his assistants and instructed, “Take this useless piece of trash away!”

Within a second, Dogbreath was dragged away from the scene by a few of Dan Hugh’s aggressive-looking assistants.

When Penny Smith and company witnessed this, they could not help but feel sorry for Dogbreath.

Dan Hugh turned around and looked at Nathan Cross' party. "Who beat up my men and told me to compensate for your losses? Show yourself!"

Everyone's eyes turned to Nathan Cross. Dan Hugh looked at him as well.

Nathan Cross merely stared at Dan Hugh with an unreadable expression, as he stepped up, "It's me."

Nathan Cross' body was lean and slim, which was the kind that one would slowly fall in love with after some time.

Dan Hugh could sense Nathan Cross' undying resolve, and he figured that he had a history in the

military. He would not have been able to injure thirty people at one go otherwise.

Dan Hugh scoffed, “That’s so brave of you, though it’s also really stupid of you.”

After that, Dan Hugh turned to his five hundred men and hollered proudly, “Brothers! What should we do with this man who’d beat up our men?”

“Fight!”

“Fight!”

“Fight!”

As the war god of the Western District, Dan Hugh had no shortage of bloodthirsty warriors at his command. At the moment, all of them were gathered at the entrance of the area, shouting war cries and waving

their weapons in the air.

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