

## UNRIVALLED 51

### [Chapter 51](#)

Seeing the doubt on Penny's face, Nathan spoke again, "Don't you think that this project of ours has a lot of potentials, being a good investment?"

She did not need to even think about it. "Of course! This project is one of the most important projects in the city. As long as we do it well, the returns would definitely be immense."

The man's eyes crinkled in a smile as he exclaimed, "Exactly! Those men did not get to be so wealthy by being fools. Who doesn't love money?"

Even though she felt that things were not as simple as he was making it out to be, his words did make a lot of sense.

Whatever the case, she decided not to pry further. This was a good thing anyway.

...

Meanwhile, the Smith family was not in as good a mood as Penny was.

In the study of the Smith Family Mansion.

Sean was sitting on his chair, his face as black as thunder as he glared in front of him. Standing before him were Samuel, Paul, Miles and May.

His tone was furious as he chastised, "Samuel, did you just say that the little b\*\*\*\*, Penny, managed to get a bunch of investors?"

Samuel answered bitterly, "I have no idea what'd happened either. Those men were practically falling over themselves to invest in her company."

From beside him, May burst out, "Yeah! They were like old women at a market fighting over the items on sale. This one said that he would invest three hundred million; that one said five hundred million. I've never seen such a shocking thing happen before in all my life..."

"That's enough! Stop talking!" Sean roared as his face darkened.

The woman's jaw snapped shut with a click. Everyone looked upset as they thought over the matter before them.

Paul spat hatefully, "Just what exactly happened? We were so close to getting the Asiatic shopping mall project! Why would these bosses suddenly want to invest in her?"

A silence descended upon them as everyone pondered on the question.

Finally, Samuel spoke up slowly, "Actually, it's not that hard to understand. This project is a huge project. Investing in it would bring considerable returns once it has finished. If even we know this, those businessmen most definitely do. It makes sense that they would want a cut of the profit."

At his words, everyone present nodded their heads in agreement. Paul sighed wistfully, "If only we had met with Penny earlier to discuss investing in her company. What a pity."

Sean growled, "No use crying over spilt milk. Now that she doesn't need any more funds, how are we supposed to nab that project?"

At this, a wicked smile crossed Samuel's face. "Dad, you don't need to worry about that. Penny might have the necessary funds now, but Cross Corporation is still relatively small and weak. Plus, she and Nathan angered Joseph Myers when Nathan smashed a beer bottle over his head. You know that he won't let that slide. He'll definitely find a way to ruin them."

"All we need to do now is wait. Once Mr. Myers forces them into a corner, we'll jump out at the last moment to be the good guys. We'll beg Mr. Myers to let Penny go, but in return, she would have to hand the project over to us."

Smiles split everyone's lips when they heard Samuel's suggestion. It was no wonder why, as he was the eldest.

Nodding in satisfaction, Sean reminded his eldest son, "Take the time to get closer to Mr. Myers. Once we get the Asiatic project, I can finally force Penny to divorce that useless Nathan Cross. After that, I'll marry her off to Mr. Myers."

Samuel grinned as he replied, "Yes, sir!"

## [Chapter 52](#)

That night, Samuel, Miles and May visited Joseph Myers, while bearing a lot of expensive gifts.

Dressed in a tunic, the man was currently in his living room with Harry Leigh, plotting his revenge on Nathan Cross and Penny Smith.

When he saw Samuel and his family, his eyes narrowed as he said indifferently, "Smith."

Samuel gestured for Miles and May to present their gifts. Plastering a smile on his face, he said, "Mr. Myers, I've heard that the crazy man had injured you. Hence, I've brought you some supplements. I hope that you'll get well soon."

At the mention of his assault, Joseph's face darkened. Never had someone dared to smash a beer bottle

over his head.

“I’ll never forgive that b\*\*\*\*\*!”

Harry Leigh shifted slightly, his floral shirt moving aside briefly to reveal the tattoos covering his chest. His lips split into a wide grin as he assured Joseph, “Mr. Myers, leave this matter to me! I promise you that I’ll make sure that they regret the day they’d dared to offend you!”

Samuel stared at the well-built man before him in shock. His voice was weak as he asked, “You’re the underground overlord of Channing, Harry Leigh?”

Harry replied smugly, “That’s me.”

Turning to Joseph, Samuel said, “Mr. Myers, Nathan Cross is a dead man if you have Mr. Leigh helping you.”

Ignoring the man who was speaking, Joseph looked at Harry Leigh. “Mr. Leigh, I want Nathan Cross to regret the day he was born. I want his company destroyed and his life to be ruined. I also want you to bring me his wife. Can you do that?”

Harry smiled savagely as he answered, “That’s easy.”

As if to prove his statement, he immediately called Channing Bank’s director, Liam Harrison, so that he could get a feel of this Nathan Cross. Then, he would plan his next move.

Occasionally, there were debts that were unable to be collected by the bank. When this happened, the bank would usually hire men like Harry Leigh to collect those debts. Thus, as the director of Channing Bank, Liam Harrison had to have connections with the underground. That was how they had known each other.

When Liam heard that Harry was trying to teach Nathan a lesson, his expression fell.

His voice was stern as he warned, “Harry, I advise you against taking this course of action. Mr. Cross is not someone whom you’d want to cross.”

Since Harry had left his phone on loudspeaker, everyone present heard his words.

Harry snorted, “Director Harrison, are you saying that I shouldn’t cross Nathan Cross? Me, the king of the underground?”

Liam replied seriously, “Yes. I suggest that you leave him well enough alone. Otherwise, you might just be defeated at his hands.”

Taking into consideration Harry’s pride, he had tried to warn him off in the best way that he could.

In truth, if Nathan Cross wanted, one order from him and Harry Leigh would be made to disappear from the city.

No matter how well-intentioned Liam's words were, they still sounded particularly offensive to Harry.

He could not afford to anger a nobody like Nathan Cross? What a joke!

Sneering, he replied, "I get it now. I've heard you and a bunch of old farts recently invested in Cross Corporation. You don't want me to mess with Nathan Cross because you're worried that it might affect your profits, am I right?"

Liam laughed bitterly. "As a friend, I'm telling you that you'll lose your life if you insist on doing this. If you don't want to believe me, that's your call."

Narrowing his eyes, Harry questioned, "Then tell me this. Other than Thomas Dunn, does Nathan Cross have anybody else backing him up?"

"No," Liam answered honestly. Technically, he was speaking the truth. Nathan Cross was the Ares of The North, a general in his own right. Why should he need anyone to back him up?

Unfortunately, Nathan's identity as a general was top secret and Liam had dared not leak it. He did not want to be arrested for unauthorized disclosure of state secrets.

Liam's reply had Harry feeling relieved. At this point, he was assured that the other man was simply trying to scare him off, no doubt because he was worried about his investment.

"I know what to do now, you don't need to worry about me."

Realizing that the other man was determined to get revenge for Joseph Myers, Liam shook his head and sighed, "Don't say I didn't warn you. It's your grave you're digging!"

### [Chapter 53](#)

Hanging up, Harry turned to Joseph and said smugly, "Director Harrison told me that Nathan Cross has no other backer other than Thomas Dunn. Luckily, I know for a fact that Dunn's father has recently passed away. This means that he's gone back home to handle the funeral. He won't be coming back anytime soon."

Joseph's eyes narrowed as he smirked widely. "That means that Nathan Cross will be alone and unprotected. Perfect! Mr. Leigh, looks like you can go all out when you teach those two wretches a lesson."

Laughing boisterously, Harry replied, "Don't worry, Mr. Myers. I'll definitely make them regret ever crossing you."

“Make sure to let them know that I’m the one behind their suffering. I want Penny Smith to come crawling as she begs me for mercy.”

“Got it!”

With that, Joseph promised Harry that he would reward him thirty million upon getting the job done.

Incentivized, Harry called his right-hand man, Carl, over the next day.

Listening closely as his boss instructed him Carl nodded. “Okay, boss, I understand. I’ll get it done.”

Today was a weekend, so the Cross family had decided to take a hike up Mount Blanc. Other than Nathan, Penny, and Queenie, his in-laws were coming along as well.

The family was having fun in the park near Mount Blanc when Penny received a call from Bob Hoffman, the head of the construction team.

The man’s voice was panicked as he cried out, “President Smith, something’s happened!”

“Bob, calm down! Tell me, what’s happened?”

“When our demolition team was transporting the waste materials from the construction site, we were stopped by a group of people. Not only that, but the rest of our trucks were also forcefully detained by them. When the drivers tried to reason with them, they got beaten up for their troubles.”

Penny frowned. “Who are these people and why are they blocking our trucks? Who gave them the right to detain our trucks and hit our people?”

“They say that they’re residents on that street and they’ve accused us of destroying their road with our heavy trucks. They also blamed us for dropping a lot of trash and other waste materials as we’ve gone past. That’s why they’re forbidding us from using it. They say that if we dare to use their road again, they’ll damage our trucks and beat up our men.”

Bewildered, she asked, “Were our trucks going against regulations? Did they overload or not put a tarp on?”

“Most definitely not! I’m very strict about enforcing these workplace regulations. Besides, I don’t think these men look like residents of the street. They actually look more like thugs looking to cause some trouble. Boss, what do we do?”

“Is there any way that we can avoid that road in the future? As for the injured drivers and the detained trucks, maybe I could go negotiate with these people?”

Bob sighed as he replied, “Nope. We definitely have to go past that area if we want to reach our construction site; there’s no way to avoid it.”

Penny furrowed her delicate eyebrows. “Have you called the police?”

“We did, but they don’t seem to be coming anytime soon. This is some tricky business, boss. If we don’t settle this soon, we’ll not be able to continue with the demolition and the trucks won’t be able to transport them away.”

“Alright, I’ll head over there immediately.”

Noting the troubled look on Penny’s face as she hung up, Nathan asked gently, “Did something happen at the construction site?”

She answered with a bitter tone in her voice, “Yeah. Some thugs are causing trouble. They’ve detained several of our trucks and have beaten up some of the drivers. They’re also refusing our trucks future passage. If we don’t resolve this quickly, the project will have to be put on hold.”

A calm expression on his face, he offered, “I’ll go with you!”

She nodded.

Leaving their daughter in the care of her grandparents, the two of them hurried to their car.

As they neared the road leading to the construction site, they saw a convoy of trucks parked at the intersection. Around thirty thugs were standing nearby with arrogant smirks on their faces. Bob was currently trying to reason with their leader, a man with curly hair.

Carl gave Bob a hard slap across the face, shouting, “Who the hell do you think you are? I’ve already said that none of your trucks are allowed to go past here in the future; otherwise, I’ll trash every truck and beat up every man I see.”

## [Chapter 54](#)

Bob’s cheek was swelling as blood trickled from the corner of his lips. Unfortunately, he could only fume silently in impotent rage.

Watching all this happen from their car, Nathan urged to Penny, “Stay here. I’ll be right back.”

In truth, the moment their BMW came to a stop nearby, the thugs had already taken notice of them. After all, any random commoner would not have been able to afford such a luxurious car.

They knew that the president of Cross Corporation had arrived.

At that moment, Nathan Cross stepped out from the car.

Carl exchanged glances with his men before they turned as a unit to look at Nathan, hostility written across their faces.

Bob rushed forward to greet him, respect in his tone, “Mr. Cross, you’re here! These men are being unreasonable...”

Eyeing the injured man, Nathan spoke, “I know. You should wipe the blood from your lips first.”

Bob grimaced as he used the sleeve of his shirt to wipe away the blood.

Turning to look at the fierce-looking thugs, Nathan’s voice was hard as he asked, “Who sent you here to cause trouble?”

The group of men sneered at him in reply.

Carl sized him up before letting out a villainous chuckle, “You trying to act the hero in front of your pretty boss? Let’s see what you’re capable of then!”

With that, he lifted his hand before bringing it down in a smack across Nathan’s face.

He had never failed to land a hit before.

Yet before his hand had even touched Nathan’s face, the man’s hand snapped out to grab his wrist tightly.

“You!”

Carl felt like his wrist was being held in a vicelike grip. No matter how hard he tried to move it, he found that he could not even budge a single inch. He glared at Nathan, equal parts shocked and furious.

Before he could do anything though, Nathan gave him a heavy backhand.

Smack!

The force behind that hit was immense. For a brief instant, Carl wondered if anyone could withstand this terrible power. In the next instant, his face seemed to explode with agony as blood spurted everywhere.

His thickly-built body flew backwards like a sack of potatoes, slamming into two of his men, causing them all to fall to the ground in a heap.

Everyone present gasped at the scene.

Although the hit had been aimed at Carl, the absolutely terrifying strength behind it could be seen by all. Fear trailed icy fingers down the rest of the thugs' spines at how easily their leader had fallen in one blow.

One of the thugs finally snapped out of his shock and screamed angrily, "How dare you attack Carl? Get him, boys!"

Immediately, the thugs pulled out their weapons. Metal pipes and knives glinted in the sunlight as they charged towards Nathan, vicious snarls on their faces.

Penny, Bob, and the crowd that had slowly formed could only watch on anxiously, wondering how he would get out of this. He was severely outnumbered.

Nathan snorted as he stepped forward to greet the first person with a hard punch to the face.

With a loud crack, the man collapsed to the ground soundlessly.

Like a ferocious tiger, Nathan charged through the crowd of men, his punches brutal and precise. With every hit, there would be an agonized cry before one of the thugs would crumple to the ground. None was his equal.

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

## [Chapter 55](#)

Although this was not the first time Penny and Bob had seen Nathan in action, they still found themselves surprised at his prowess.

Approaching her husband, Penny asked in concern, "Nathan, are you alright?"

Nathan smiled as he replied, "Little upstarts like them can't possibly hurt me."

Bob spoke up, "Boss, Mr. Cross, what do we do now?"

Nathan was quick to answer, "Call the police again and have them come to deal with these troublemakers. Also, contact the drivers at the construction site and ask them to drive these trucks away. Everything will proceed like normal."

"Yes, sir!"

After that, Penny and Nathan got back in their car and headed towards the park at Mount Blanc to pick up the rest of their family.

As they arrived back home, Benson and Leah volunteered to cook a delicious feast for everyone.

At that moment, the doorbell rang.

Penny went to open the door, only to find several stern-looking men dressed in police uniforms standing on the doorstep.

The middle-aged man in the lead had a serious look on his face as he asked, "Are you Ms. Penny Smith?"

Shocked, Penny subconsciously answered, "Yes, I am. What's happening?"

"I'm the vice-captain of the police, Harold Lee. Is your husband in? He's being suspected of intentionally causing harm to others, so we need to bring him back for questioning."

Just then, Nathan appeared by her side. Narrowing his eyes at the men at their door, he asked, "I'm Nathan Cross. Are you sure that you're here to arrest me?"

Harold eyed him contemptuously. "We're not here to arrest you, we're here to merely ask you to come with us to help with the investigation."

Lips twitching into a small smile, Nathan answered, "Okay, I'll go with you. I would like to see how you're investigating this."

Panicking as her husband was taken away by the police, Penny hurriedly explained to her parents what was happening. Leaving her daughter in their care again, she rushed outside to go to the police station with Nathan.

When they arrived at the police station, Carl and his men were boldly sitting right there. The curly-haired man was kicking up a fuss as he shouted arrogantly, "Hey, somebody get me some medicine for my bruises!"

Angry at how these troublemakers were not behind bars while her husband was being treated like a criminal, Penny turned to Harold, demanding, "What's going on? These men detained my construction company's trucks without my permission and even beat up my drivers! Why aren't you locking them up?"

The man scoffed in reply, "Ms. Smith, are you telling us how to do our jobs?"

Flushing at how offensive her words had sounded, she shook her head. "That's not what I meant. They..."

Harold cut her off, "They're innocent. They were only protesting your trucks that were using and destroying their roads. Your husband, on the other hand, deliberately injured them. I'd brought the both of you here to investigate this matter."

Just then, Carl swaggered over, a hand clasped to his badly injured face. His eyes were smug and hateful

as he stared at Nathan. “You little shit! How dare you beat us up? Do you have a death wish?”

Turning to Harold, he continued, “Vice-captain Lee, this couple attacked thirty of my men. I’m demanding at least one million for each man they’d injured as compensation.”

Immediately furious and astounded at the audacity of the man, Penny shouted, “What? You guys purposely stirred up trouble first, but now you’re demanding thirty million from us? Why should we pay you!”

## [Chapter 56](#)

Harold commented coldly, “You and your husband injured so many men; of course, they’ll want some compensation!”

“Now, I’m giving both parties the chance to negotiate. If you and your husband don’t take the deal, I’ll just have to do things by the law. Your husband will most likely end up in jail for this.”

Nathan’s lips curled into a smirk. “No wonder you were so slow to respond when our man had called the police. You’re all working together!”

Temper flaring, the policeman growled, “Seems like you still haven’t realized the severity of the situation. Men, bring this criminal to the holding cells! Let’s see if he’s more aware of his situation once he’s been stewing in there for 24 hours.”

Knowing that her husband was about to be locked up, Penny was visibly panicked as Carl and the thugs laughed maliciously, gleeful at his misfortune.

There was a strange smile on Nathan’s face as he said, “If you want to lock me up, sure. Just let me make a phone call before then.”

Harold narrowed his eyes. “Calling your lawyer? Hah! You seriously think anyone can save you from this fate?”

Ignoring him, Nathan pulled out his phone and called Colin Dunne. After telling the other man that he was at the police station, he hung up.

Turning, he followed the policemen escorting him to the holding cells. He had barely taken more than two steps when Harold’s phone rang.

Pulling out his phone, the vice-captain glanced at the caller ID. His expression instantly changed as he accepted the call and spoke courteously, “How can I help you, Chief? It’s odd for you to be calling me personally.”

“Are you tired of living, you damn piece of trash! Do you have any idea who Mr. Cross is? How dare you arrest him! You f\*\*\*\*\* shit, don’t drag me down with you into this mess. I’m a few months away from

retirement and you better not mess it up! If anything, anything happens to Mr. Cross, I'm going to f\*\*\* you up!"

Harold winced slightly as his superior continued to berate him. His face was pale as a cold sweat broke out on his forehead. Finally, the chief of police demanded that he apologize to Mr. Cross. Or else, he would face the consequences.

He had just ended the call when the captain, Jerry Tallman, called him. Like the chief, Jerry gave him a harsh dressing down.

When he finally hung up, his ear was ringing with the loud screaming that it had been subjected to. A terrible sinking feeling was in his gut as he realized that he had angered someone whom he should not have.

Nathan, noting the terror in the vice-captain's eyes as he stared at him, had a faint smile playing on his lips. "Are you still going to lock me up now?"

Voice quavering, Harold pleaded, "Mr. Cross, I was wrong. Please give me another chance. I beg you, please forgive my actions..."

The rest of the policemen were staring at Harold with a mix of consternation and shock. Just a few minutes ago, he had been aggressive and commanding, yet two phone calls later, he was timid and subservient. What exactly happened?

Nathan stared back at the vice-captain coldly. "Do you know why you were wrong?"

Harold hurriedly answered, "I was ignorant and incredibly rude to you. That was foolish of me."

"Wrong! You were not wrong because you were rude to me; you were wrong because you were protecting the guilty and punishing the innocent!"

Sweat trickled down the sides of Harold's face. "Y-yes. I know that I was wrong now. Please, Mr. Cross, give me a chance to make up for my mistakes. Someone of your status shouldn't be in here; why don't we go to the VIP lounge and talk?"

"No, I want to stay here. Bring that curly-haired man, Carl, in here for me."

At Nathan's words, the vice-captain seemed a little confused. However, something seemed to click in his mind as he replied several seconds later, "Yes, sir. I'll get right to it."

That being said, he and the other policemen left the holding cells.

[Chapter 57](#)

In the lobby, Penny was nearly going mad with worry as she tried to get a lawyer for Nathan.

Even though Carl and his men were all injured, they were still in a good mood upon their 'victory'.

With a lecherous grin on his face, Carl teased the woman, "Heh! Beautiful lady, you really should give up; no lawyer can help you now. However, if you agree to sleep with me for the night, I might just be willing to tell Vice-captain Lee to let your husband go."

The rest of the thugs burst into laughter at their boss' words, their eyes greedily roving across Penny's curvaceous figure.

Anger and anxiety swamped Penny but there was nothing she could do.

At that moment, Carl spotted Harold and the other policemen coming out of the holding area. He sauntered over and deliberately pitched his voice louder as he said, "Vice-captain Lee, look at how badly that b\*\*\*\*\*, Nathan Cross, injured me. Locking him up is too light a punishment for his crimes!"

Harold's expression was unfazed as he asked, "Then what would you like me to do?"

Chuckling evilly, Carl replied, "Beat him up in revenge, of course!"

A disdainful look appeared in Harold's eyes but it was gone in an instant. "Fine, head to the holding cells then."

Carl's eyes gleamed. Harold permitting him to enter was basically serving Nathan up on a silver platter. After all, with Nathan being in the holding cells, that meant that he was most likely in shackles right now. How could I refuse?

There was a gleeful look on Carl's face as he thanked the other man profusely before heading over to the holding cells.

The two policemen who had escorted him there stopped in front of the door, gesturing for him to head inside alone. Clearly, they had no intention of going inside as well.

Carl grinned as he nodded in understanding. "Right, you two can't be there when I beat up Nathan Cross. Plausible deniability and all that!"

Opening up the door, he walked inside.

The moment he stepped through the door, he heard a loud click as it locked behind him. His heart skipped a beat at the ominous sound as an uneasy feeling rose in him.

Quickly sweeping a gaze around the room, he soon spotted Nathan sitting on a chair, looking perfectly composed. He was also not in shackles like Carl had imagined.

Something's wrong!

The smug smile on Carl's face froze as he stared in fear at Nathan. Taking several steps backwards, he spun around and banged on the door. "Open up! Why isn't he in shackles? Quick, let me out! Let me out of here - Ah!"

Even as painful screams rang out, the two policemen standing outside the door remained expressionless, ignoring them entirely.

At the same time, Harold and Penny were in the control room, watching through the surveillance cameras as Nathan viciously beat Carl up.

The vice-captain's smile was ingratiating as he spoke to Penny. "As I said, Ms. Smith, Mr. Cross is perfectly fine. Do you believe me now?"

Seeing the rapid one-eighty attitude in Harold and the rest of the policemen, Penny was speechless. Nathan was currently particularly brutal in his actions, not making matters any better.

When Nathan was finally done teaching Carl a painful lesson, Harold and his men accompanied Penny to the holding cells.

The vice-captain barely threw a glance at Carl before he turned to Nathan. "Mr. Cross, do you have any other instructions for us?"

Nathan's voice was hard as he replied, "Punish these criminals severely. Also, Carl confessed that they were sent here by Harry Leigh to cause trouble. Tell Mr. Leigh to pay us thirty million as compensation or suffer the consequences."

His gaze bore into Harold's as he spoke his next words. "As for you, I don't think that you're worthy of your current rank. You should go back to basic training."

## [Chapter 58](#)

All the blood drained from Harold's face, yet he did not dare show his dissatisfaction. He could only nod his head meekly in acquiescence.

Nathan and Penny had just left when the vice-captain received a call from the chief of police. "Lee, prepare a handover for your job. There's a vacancy at Buffalo Hill and you're being transferred there tomorrow."

Harold felt like he could weep. Buffalo Hill was deep in the countryside, with dense forests and nobody around for miles. His only companions there would be bugs and snakes. He was being exiled!

As the Cross couple drove home, a squad of patrol cars escorted them.

Sitting in the passenger seat, Penny stared at her husband as her mouth opened to speak. She seemed to change her mind, however, as she then snapped it shut.

Not sure whether to laugh or cry, Nathan said, "I can tell that you're dying to ask me something. Go on."

His wife chewed on her lip for a moment longer before blurting out, "Nathan, what was up with Harold and the others? Why did they have such a sudden change in attitude?"

The man blinked his eyes slowly as he replied, "Would you believe me if I told you that I'd only made a call to my old boss and he'd handled all this for me?"

Suspicious of his identity, she snorted delicately, "This old boss of yours is always helping you no matter what problems you run into. It's a little odd how well he treats you, don't you think?"

Eyeing her, he pondered for several seconds before saying, "Fine, I'll stop pretending. I don't actually have an old boss; I'm actually the general of..."

Before he could finish explaining his true identity, she was already rolling her eyes. Her tone was grumpy as she interrupted him, "Stop boasting and tell me the truth."

A bitter smile crossed his lips. Left with no other choice, he corrected himself, "Alright then. I used to be part of the National Guard that was in charge of my old boss' safety. We're rather close so he'd always look out for me, especially when I'm in trouble."

This, she could believe. After all, she had seen him in action before. It was not every day that one could claim to have defeated a group of men by himself. His combat skills were truly amazing.

So the fact he was part of that old boss' personal guard made sense. It was logical that the boss would be willing to look out for him.

All her doubts evaporated and she spoke gently, "Nathan, this isn't the first time that your old boss has helped us out of a sticky situation. Be sure to thank him the next time you see him."

He smiled back at her. "I will."

A silence descended between them as Penny got lost in her thoughts. When she remembered Nathan's earlier demand about Harry Leigh reimbursing them thirty million, worry gnawed at her insides.

"Nathan, I've heard of this Harry Leigh; they say he's not someone whom you want to piss off. Maybe we should just forget about the compensation. I'm worried that our project might be affected if we continue clashing with these outlaws."

Nathan's voice was calm as he reassured her, "Don't worry. I'll handle this matter."

At Riverside Garden, in front of the most luxurious villa.

Queenie Smith was squatting in front of the villa, her hands clapped to her cheeks as a worried frown creased her face.

Despite Leah and Benson's best efforts, the little girl refused to go back into the house. She wanted to wait right here for Mama and Papa to come back.

Suddenly, she saw her parents' car approaching, with a squad of police cars escorting them. Her eyes widened as she stared in shock.

Benson and Leah had a look of surprised joy on their faces as well. They had been worried when they heard that Nathan was being arrested. Thankfully, their daughter and son-in-law were back now, with a police escort too.

As Nathan and Penny stepped out of their car, Jerry Tallman, the captain of the police, hurried forward. There was a polite smile on his face as he spoke. "Mr. Cross, Ms. Smith, you're home now. If there's nothing more, we'll be taking our leave."

## [Chapter 59](#)

Nathan grunted in reply whereas Penny professed gratefully, "Thank you for escorting us back."

Penny had suggested the idea that the police escort them back since they had initially been taken away by the police. This would show their daughter that her parents were not criminals and had not been arrested.

Jerry quickly answered, "It's no trouble, miss."

"Papa, Mama!" Queenie called out excitedly as she sprinted towards them.

Nathan bent down to scoop his daughter into his arms. The cold look that was on his face earlier melted to form an adoring smile. His voice was warm as he cooed, "Hello, sweetheart!"

Benson and Leah came over at a more sedate pace. Checking to make sure Nathan and Penny were alright, they were delighted that the younger couple had returned safely. Turning to the policemen, they warmly invited them in for some tea.

Jerry declined, "There's no need, sir, ma'am. We were only escorting Mr. Cross and Ms. Smith here home. We need to get back to work now."

Queenie burst out, "Mister, I thought that the police only arrested bad people. Why did you take away my Papa and Mama just now?"

Jerry gulped nervously as he broke out in a cold sweat. "Kid, your Papa and Mama aren't bad people. I was here to ask them for their help in catching the bad guys."

"Your parents are heroes. Don't tell them, but we're planning to award them a Good Citizen Award."

The suspicious look on Queenie's face evaporated as she threw her arms around her father's neck tightly, saying proudly, "I always knew that my Papa was a big hero! He's the best!"

Everyone laughed at the little girl's antics. Jerry took this opportunity to excuse himself, leaving with his men.

The happy family went back inside the house for a late dinner, chatting and laughing merrily.

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At that moment, in Allheaven Hotspring Club.

Harry Leigh, Joseph Myers, Samuel and Miles Smith were relaxing in the hot spring as they chatted.

Smile on his face, Samuel flattered Harry, "With you in charge, this job is a done deal. That Nathan Cross has some serious guts, beating up your men like that. Too bad he doesn't know your relationship with Harold Lee. I'm pretty sure he's in jail now, deeply regretting his actions!"

There was a smug look on Harry's face as he replied, "We're good friends, Harold and I. I've already told Carl to demand thirty million for medical reimbursement. If Cross refuses, he'll just be sent to prison!"

Joseph spoke up slowly, "Leigh, thirty million is letting him off too easily."

Harry chuckled and answered, "Don't worry, Mr. Myers, thirty million is just the beginning. Once they pay us thirty million, I'll change my mind and say I want fifty million. I'll just keep on demanding more and more until they run out of money. After that, Cross will be sent to prison."

Joseph narrowed his eyes as he nodded. "Acceptable."

Harry continued, "I still have some buddies in prison. When Cross gets there, I'll make sure they take good care of him. Once he's close to breaking, we'll just kill him."

A smile crept onto Joseph's face. "Good!"

"After Cross is dead, Penny Smith will be alone and helpless. I'll just keep sending men over to cause trouble at the construction site. Eventually, she would have no choice but to stop the project. The investors will be knocking down the doors then, demanding their money back. This is when you, Mr. Myers, will step out to save her. By then, she'll have no choice but to accept any and all terms you set."

You'll finally be able to get the woman in your bed."

The smile across Joseph's face spread wider as he said in satisfaction, "Great!"

Deliberately turning his head to look at the Smiths, he asked, "What do you think, Smith?"

Samuel smiled as he simpered, "Penny would be very lucky to marry someone like you, Mr. Myers. The Smith Family is looking forward to becoming in-laws with you."

The man in question laughed loudly, saying, "Very good. Once I get Penny, I'll share the Asiatic project with you. This way, everyone benefits."

Samuel exchanged a delighted look with his son before they chorused, "Thank you, Mr. Myers!"

## [Chapter 60](#)

At that moment, a man in a black leather jacket walked toward the four men.

His face was anxious as he whispered, "Boss, there's some news from the police."

Not noticing the look on his underling's face, Harry asked smugly, "What is it? Are Cross and his wife conceding defeat and paying us the thirty million?"

His underling lowered his head further as he muttered, "No, they were released. Carl and the other boys have been arrested and are going to be punished heavily for their crimes."

Dumbfounded, Harry shouted, "What? Call Harold! Get me an explanation, now! Is he f\*\*\*\*\* with me?"

His underling replied bitterly, "Harold Lee has been demoted and exiled to Buffalo Hill; he can't exactly help anyone right now. Plus, Cross had them deliver a message for you, Boss."

Not expecting things to take a turn for the worse so quickly, he snarled, "What did he say?"

Steeling himself, the underling answered, "He said that you had to reimburse them thirty million or he'll destroy us."

Harry roared, "Insolent b\*\*\*\*\*!" This sudden news was ruining all his well-laid plans!

Joseph and the Smiths were also taken aback.

Joseph frowned as he said unhappily, "Leigh, what's the meaning of this?"

Frustrated, Harry had the underling bring him his phone. He wanted to call Harold and ask just what the hell had happened.

The call was picked up immediately.

Just then, Harold was packing up his belongings dejectedly as he prepared to leave for his new post.

When he saw who was calling, hate erupted in him.

If only he had not tried to help Harry against Cross, he would not have offended Cross, being exiled by his superior to the middle of nowhere.

Despite the rage burning in him, his voice was calm as he answered, "Mr. Leigh, what do you need?"

"Lee, what the hell is going on? Cross was released and my men were arrested. I even heard something about you being transferred to another post! Just who is this Nathan Cross?"

To be honest, even Harold himself did not know who Cross was. He did know that whoever he was, he was not someone to be trifled with. That man had connections and power beyond his imagination; there was no other reason why his superiors would be so spooked otherwise.

However, with the vindictive hatred churning in him, he had no intention of telling Harry about that fact. He merely replied vaguely, "What I did was against the standard procedure. My superiors managed to get ahold of some evidence, so I was demoted."

Here, Harry had thought that Cross was from some powerful or special background. It turned out the problem was Harold Lee himself. If he had not left evidence of his illegal actions, things would not have turned out like this.

His nerves settled. As long as Cross was a normal person, there were still plenty of ways for him to deal with him. When plan A failed, move on to plan B, so on and so forth.

He continued chatting with Harold for a while longer, offering fake platitudes about how he would help if he could if the other man needed anything in the future.

Despite knowing that Harry was just pretending to care, Harold did not say anything to expose him. Scoffing mentally, he thought, B\*\*\*\*\*, if it weren't for me helping you, I wouldn't be in this mess. You're not even going to reimburse me a little? Don't be so smug just yet, you piece of shit. I'll be waiting to see how Mr. Cross ruins you.

Finally, Harry hung up. The other three men in the hot spring were staring at him with questioning looks on their faces.

He sighed. "Cross got lucky. What Harold did was against protocol and his superiors got ahold of evidence of that. They demoted him, which was why Cross and his wife were released."

At the explanation, the three men glanced at each other.

Joseph snapped angrily, "Leigh, your plan was an epic failure!"

Harry hurriedly reassured, "Mr. Myers, please don't worry. I'll gather my men and personally lead them to the construction site tomorrow. I'll deal with Cross myself!"

Joseph narrowed his eyes as he growled, "Fine. I'll be waiting for your good news."