

## UNRIVALLED 61

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Harry Leigh felt as though he was slapped in the face as he did not manage to accomplish what he was supposed to.

At this moment, he could only pander up to Joseph and Samuel, “Mr. Myers and Mr. Samuel, we will head to Goodrich Hotel for a nice meal first. Then, I’ll bring you guys to Brick’s Bodies Boxing to watch a boxing match! Please enjoy yourselves today. Rest assured I will deal with Nathan Cross tomorrow.”

The largest underground boxing ring in Channing, Brick’s Bodies Boxing, was run by none other than Harry Leigh.

Many wealthy individuals from high society enjoyed the thrill and brutality of underground fights as it helped them discover their deepest, darkest desires.

Joseph and Samuel were extremely interested and excited about underground boxing and agreed to Harry’s plans.

Night fell and the moon shone brightly.

Nathan and Penny just finished dinner and were watching a TV cartoon with their daughter.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang. Penny opened the door to see Thomas Dunn outside, looking a little flustered.

Surprised, she asked,

“Mr. Dunn, what are you doing here?”

Normally, Thomas acted as though he was unsurpassable in this world. However, at this moment, he behaved in a cautious and reserved manner as though he was a student visiting an esteemed teacher.

He spoke courteously,

“Ma’am, I’m here to see Sir.”

Nathan’s voice echoed from the inside of the house, “Is Thomas here? Let him in!”

As Thomas followed Penny into the house, Nathan passed his daughter to Penny and urged to Thomas in a calm manner, “Let’s go to the study.”

After the two settled down in the study, Penny brought two cups of tea and left the room.

Nathan's gaze drifted to Thomas as he asked, "I heard that your father's passed away. Have you held the funeral yet?"

The former was slightly overwhelmed by the amount of concern showed. He replied, "Sir, my father's funeral is settled. Thank you for your concern."

After a slight moment's hesitation, he continued, "Sir, I'd heard that Pike Baker and Harry Leigh sent some men to cause trouble at Young Madam's construction site while I was not in Channing. Captain asked me to ask you if want us to destroy Harry Leigh's gang?"

Thomas Dunn was a member of Nathan's unit in the National Guards. Naturally, he was referring to the Captain of National Guards, Colin Dunne, when he mentioned 'Captain'.

Nathan replied casually, "There's no need to waste the country's resources. Furthermore, I trust you. Don't you have the confidence to destroy Leigh and his men?"

In reality, Harry Leigh dominated the underworld in Channing for many years and was much stronger than Thomas Dunn.

However, Thomas could not look weak in front of the man he had idolized so much. Without thinking, he asserted, "Of course I am confident! I will gather a group of men and do as you say – destroy them."

A plan brewed his mind. He planned to gather all the manpower possible to defeat Leigh's gang. No matter what it took, he could not lose the General's men.

However, Nathan Cross was an observant individual and knew immediately that Thomas was being stubborn. With a faint smile, he suggested, "Don't worry. Follow me to Leigh's territory later and we will teach him a lesson."

"Sir, Leigh is just another man off the streets! You don't have to go personally," Thomas exclaimed with his eyes widened.

Calmly, Nathan responded, "Well, there seem to be many jokers around recently. I'm inclined to play along with them since I'm free anyway."

...

The largest underground boxing arena in Channing, Brick's Bodies Boxing, was located at Allheaven Hotspring Club.

The carpark at the club was filled with various luxury cars because of the underground boxing competition tonight.

Many wealthy people came to watch the match for its thrill and excitement.

Suddenly, an army of cars arrived at the entrance of the club. It was a formation of a Rolls Royce and three black Audis.

As the car door opened, a tall and sturdy man stepped out along with a slender figure. Surrounding the duo were ten bodyguards.

The slender figure was none other than Nathan Cross, while the tall and sturdy man was Thomas Dunn.

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On first impressions, Nathan Cross was a man who would dazzle. As time went by, one would grow to appreciate his manly aura and charisma.

There were many rich ladies, married and unmarried, who swooned hard as they saw Nathan Cross getting off the car. Amidst their frenzy, they even blew kisses to him.

If it was not for Thomas Dunn and the bodyguards, this group of women would have initiated a conversation with him already.

A beautiful female manager, dressed in a cheongsam, welcomed them enthusiastically as they arrived. With a wide smile, she asked, "I am the manager here, May Thompson. Is there anything I can help you with today?"

Nathan remained silent while Thomas told her in a low, muffled voice, "He is here for the boxing match."

May ushered them in with a smile, "Please! Come in!"

She led them into the club and took the elevator down with them.

This was because Brick's Bodies Boxing was located underground.

It was as large as a football field, with the center decorated with an octagon-shaped boxing ring. Four enormous LED-screens hung from the ceiling, which broadcasted the match to the audience sat at the back.

There were already more than a hundred people present by the time they arrived. Men wore suits while women wore gowns. It was indeed the high society.

Everyone was discussing amongst themselves on which boxer to bet on.

May Thompson brought Nathan and the group to a private VIP room, which had a layer of glass.

It was, in fact, a one-way mirror. Nobody outside could see what happened in the VIP room, while

everyone in that room could see what happened outside, including the match on the ring.

As the room was not huge, Thomas Dunn's bodyguards could only stand guard outside the room.

May quickly instructed the staff to serve them snacks and tea. Plastering a pleasant smile on her face, she told Nathan Cross, "Sir, I don't think we have met before. Is this your first time visiting us?"

"Yes, you are right. Why don't you introduce the rules to me?" Nathan let out a small smile as he asked.

"Well, as you can see, most of us are here for the underground boxing match. The entrance fee is a thousand per person. However, I'm pleased to let you know that your entrance fees have been waived," May explained.

There were twelve of them, including Nathan, which totaled up to twelve thousand. May actually waived the entire sum!

However, Nathan and Thomas knew very clearly that she thought that they were extremely wealthy clients, and hence, she did not bother with collecting the meager sum of the entrance fees.

With what had seemed like a smile, Nathan asked again, "What other programs do you have apart from this?"

Taking out an electronic device that looked like an iPad, May scrolled through the page and informed him, "You can look at all of the boxers' information on this page. And you can also place bets before the competition starts."

"Ah, so it's gambling. Anything else?" He said.

Gazing at Nathan with an affectionate look, she neared him and announced rather seductively and coquettishly, "Our highest level VIP can do anything here, including me."

Thomas, who stood at the side, looked away and acted as though he did not see anything.

Raising his eyebrows, Nathan asked, "So I can make you do anything?"

"Yes!" May approached him once more and wanted to sit on his lap. With pouted lips and a seductive voice, she asked, "What would you like me to do, sir?"

Before she could even seat herself on his laps, Nathan pointed over to a corner of the room and instructed, "Very well then. Why don't you head over there and do two hundred push-ups for me?"

The smile on her face froze along with her body as she looked at him in disbelief.

She knew that Nathan's background was extraordinary, seeing that he came in a Rolls Royce.

She was willing to do anything for him, including using her own body, as long as he was pleased.

However, she did not expect him to ask her to do push-ups!

At this moment, she felt as though she was being humiliated. Biting her lips, she asked, "Sir, are you being serious?"

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Nathan said coldly, "I thought you'd said that I could ask you to do anything. I will give you ten thousand for one push-up. Is it too difficult for you?"

May Thompson widened her eyes once more. Even though she felt humiliated when Nathan asked a petite, beautiful woman like her to do push-ups, but she succumbed to the monetary temptation. Ten thousand for each push-up!

Dragging her feet to the corner, she started her count.

At the side, Thomas was stifling his laughter to the best of his abilities.

Meanwhile, Nathan's gaze was fixed outside. There was a group of brightly-dressed people who appeared in the hall outside. They were none other than Joseph Myers, Harry Leigh, Samuel Smith, and his father.

The group was also ushered into another private room the moment they had stepped in.

The first match of the night was about to begin. The two fighters' code names were Firebull and Greyhound respectively.

Since the two of them were similar in physique and standings, the betting odds were one to one.

The audience placed their bets very enthusiastically and put their money on the best boxer in their eyes.

Joseph Myers and the Smiths were exhilarated when it came to these sorts of thrilling and gory matches. They each placed a bet of more than ten thousand.

In the private room next door, May Thompson relented after just fifty push-ups. Sweating profusely, she gazed at Nathan with desperate eyes.

Naturally, she was waiting for Nathan to make his word count and pay her five hundred thousand.

Thomas asked him, "Sir, are we betting on this match?"

"Well, if we don't bet, it will become boring and meaningless. Let's bet just a little," he replied casually.

Upon this, Thomas fished out a credit card and tossed it in May's direction, asking her to swipe the card for a ten million bet on Greyhound winning the match.

He was a professional too and could see that Greyhound was a much better fighter in this match.

Initially, May was worried that he would not pay up. However, she did not expect him to bet ten million at one go!

May was instantly delighted as she looked at the generous man in front of her. She was sure that he would pay her the five hundred thousand for the push-ups she did earlier.

A short moment later, the match started.

It was barely two minutes before Greyhound sent a kick directly to Firebull's head.

Like a beast who was shot, Firebull collapsed onto the ring before he could even express his agony.

The audience was riled up at this and started to cheer loudly.

In the room, May looked at Nathan with shock too.

Within a short couple of minutes, he had already won ten million.

Taking away the ten percent commission, it was still nine hundred thousand!

Still sat there calmly, he instructed Thomas, "Don't forget the tip for Ms. Thompson here."

Just a few words and her bank account balance increased by five hundred thousand.

Earlier, when Nathan asked her to do the push-ups, she felt that he was shaming her.

However, right now, she wanted to tell him that she could continue with the push-ups!

At Brick's Bodies Boxing, those who won a lot would garner the attention of the management.

The moment Nathan won ten million, someone went to report to Harry Leigh.

When the latter heard that someone had won that much money, a frown appeared on his face.

However, he chose to keep silent in front of Myers and the Smiths, and merely ordered his men to monitor the situation and report to him.

The second match was Flying Dragon Monk from China against Eight-Faced Buddha Boxing Champ from

Thailand.

The former was packaged and marketed as a famous boxer, while the latter was the true world-champion at boxing.

Everyone knew this and betted on the latter to win.

In the room, May Thompson fixed her gaze on Nathan and asked, "Mr. Cross, are you betting on this match?"

He replied, "Eight-Faced Buddha's odds are lower in this one, probably 1 to 0.5. I will bet more. Place down two hundred million."

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May Thompson's eyes went wide as her jaws dropped. She was lost for words.

She had worked at Brick's Bodies Boxing for a long time, never bearing witness to such a generous man as Nathan Cross who would bet two hundred million at once.

Lowering his voice, Thomas whispered to him, "Sir, it's alright if you want to bet small. Things will go wrong if we place too big a bet."

After all, Thomas Dunn belonged to the underworld and understood the bets around underground boxing matches.

Since the fighters were both invited by the arena, the winner would be whoever the organizer said so.

If Nathan really placed a bet on Eight-Faced Buddha for two hundred million, the organizers would definitely tell him to lose the match.

However, Nathan was unfazed and remarked, "it's alright. As long as I say that he wins, he will have to win."

Immediately, Thomas understood.

The winners and losers would of course be determined by General!

Two hundred million was beyond Thomas' credit card limit. Nathan fished out a Centurion Card for May to place his bet.

For the third time tonight, May was astonished. The Centurion Card was an invitation-only charge card that could be used globally. There were only a limited group of people who could use it and there was no credit limit on this card.

Those who could possess such a card were definitely extraordinary individuals.

Someone placed a bet for two hundred million!

The news quickly spread to Harry Leigh, who was the boss of Brick's Bodies Boxing.

After he heard his subordinate's report, he commented with a slight quiver in his voice, "What? Someone from next door has bet on Eight-Faced Buddha winning for two hundred million?"

"Yes, sir!" The man replied respectfully.

Joseph Myers and the Smiths were lost for words too.

They met many who had gambled at underground boxing matches but it was still their first time coming across someone who had such deep pockets.

Harry Leigh asked suspiciously, "Who are the guests in the room next door?"

"There are two of them. One of them is Thomas Dunn, the underworld boss of Eastern District. The other man is Nathan Cross."

Nathan Cross!

Harry Leigh made eye contact with Joseph and the Smiths.

Very quickly, he recollected himself and scoffed, "I was wondering who would place such big bets. Well, it turned out to be Nathan Cross and Thomas Dunn. These two are definitely here to tear down the place."

The man asked cautiously, "Boss, what should we do now? Should we accept their two-hundred-million bet?"

"Why not? They are giving us money," Harry Leigh grinned in a sinister manner.

"Go and tell the organizers that Eight-Faced Buddha has to lose this round. I will give him twice what I'd promised him earlier. Oh, and another one million for working this hard."

"Yes, boss," The man responded loudly.

He proceeded to the backstage and informed the Eight-Faced Buddha of the timing he would have to throw in the towel to lose the match.

In the next room, Nathan fished out his phone and sent a text message to Colin Dunne in a composed manner, telling him that he wanted Eight-Faced Buddha to win this match.



Eight-Faced Buddha agreed to Harry Leigh's offer and was about to enter the ring for the match.

However, just as he walked out of backstage, his phone suddenly rang. It was his mentor who called him!

He quickly answered the call, listening to what his mentor had to say. While he was very shocked, he still nodded and replied, "Yes, sir. I know what to do."

Very quickly, Flying Dragon and Eight-Faced Buddha faced each other in the boxing ring. The audience was high, exhilarated, and were screaming at the top of their lungs.

Meanwhile, Harry Leigh dialed Nathan's number and scoffed into the phone, "Young man, how dare you and Thomas Dunn come to my territory and cause trouble. I will definitely win that two-hundred-million bet you just placed. Just you wait! Hahaha!"

"You will lose everything you have tonight, trust me," Nathan replied, undaunted.

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He hung up right after as he could not be bothered to speak with Harry.

Angered by Nathan's attitude, he cursed under his breath, "F\*\*\* this man!"

The match began and the two fighters in the ring began an intense and high-staked match.

Eight-Buddha Faced was extremely aggressive. He attacked with fierce punches, powerful kicks, and terrific speed. As Harry Leigh observed the fight in the ring, his frown deepened as he muttered to himself, "I thought I'd asked him to fake the match. Why is he being so aggressive?"

Samuel Smith speculated, "Maybe he just wants it to look real?"

Harry nodded, "Perhaps..."

Before he could continue, Eight-Faced Buddha delivered three strong punches and broke down Flying Dragon's defense. With astonishing speed, he sent a powerful kick towards the latter's head.

Bam!

Upon the impact, blood splattered from Flying Dragon like a watermelon that had exploded. He collapsed onto the floor with a loud slam, just like how the trees would fall when they were chopped!

"What!" Harry exclaimed loudly as his world collapsed.

In the next room, Thomas looked at Nathan with admiration as he commended, "Sir, it is indeed like

what you said. Whoever you said would win had really won. Look, Eight-Faced Buddha just won the match.”

Nathan smiled slightly with an indifferent expression on his face.

He betted two hundred million and won half of it within a few minutes!

May Thompson’s face flushed red with excitement as her eyes lit up, her heart palpitating quickly. With her gaze affixed on Nathan, she wanted to tell him so badly that she could even do single-handed push-ups just to earn a tip from him!

Harry Leigh did not expect Eight-Faced Buddha to play the match against his orders. As a result, he lost one hundred million to Nathan alone!

Furious, he gathered a group of men and stomped towards Nathan’s private room.

Just as they arrived at the door, Jack and his team of bodyguards blocked their way. With a calm tone, Jack asked, “Mr. Leigh, something wrong?”

Snorting, Harry replied, “Get out of my way. Ask your boss Thomas Dunn and Nathan Cross to come out and see me!”

As soon as he said that, the door to the private room creaked open.

Nathan Cross stood in front of him with Thomas Dunn and May Thompson.

Narrowing his eyes, Nathan announced coldly, “Harry Leigh, you are Channing’s number one retard.”

Harry’s gaze landed on the two men as his expression became increasingly ominous. Gritting his teeth, he threatened, “Nathan Cross, Thomas Dunn, you will die in my hands today.”

“Die in your hands? With these men of yours?” Nathan smirked slightly as he scanned the group of fierce bodyguards stood behind Harry.

Harry Leigh sneered, “My brothers behind me will definitely defeat all of you, repeatedly.”

Nathan turned to Thomas and asked, “What do you think?”

Proudly, Thomas asserted, “Sir, they are mere prey to us.”

Harry did not expect the two of them to speak and behave so arrogantly when his men had surrounded them. There were more than three layers of defense for them to breakthrough if they wanted to walk out of here alive!

Raising his hand, he commanded his men, "Destroy them. Then we will go to Eastern District and take over all of Thomas Dunn's territory."

The moment he gave out his order, the hundreds of men who stood behind him started to attack Nathan and his companions, circling them like wolves.

Thomas Dunn reacted quickly. He gave orders to protect Nathan before charging towards the enemy with the dozen of bodyguards.

Thomas was prepared. The men he had brought with him tonight were his best fighters.

Hence, even though Harry had more men, they could not defeat Thomas's gang as easily as they thought.

On the other hand, Thomas was extremely adept at martial arts and fighting. His punches were vicious and he defeated a dozen of Harry's men continuously.

Harry noted Thomas's strong fighting skills. He scoffed and yelled, "Rattlesnake!"

"Yes, sir!"

A two-metered, sturdy, and bald man appeared in front of everyone.

He was none other than the best fighter in Brick's Bodies Boxing and Harry's favorite, Rattlesnake!

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A centipede-like scar was visible on Rattlesnake's bald head, which made him look very fierce and tough.

In a low voice, he asked, "Boss, what do you want me to do?"

Harry Leigh pointed a finger at Thomas Dunn who was in the middle of the chaos and instructed, "You, destroy him."

"Yes, boss!"

Immediately, Rattlesnake dived towards the crowd, pushed away his brothers, and approached Thomas Dunn with a murderous look on his face.

The latter jumped slightly as he noticed this oddly-physique man coming in his direction.

Reacting quickly, he sent a flying kick towards Rattlesnake's chest.

Bang!

Thomas's feet landed on Rattlesnake's chest.

Normally, the strength of his kick could break a rather thick tree.

However, this time, his kick had no effect on Rattlesnake and he stood rooted to the ground.

Thomas's eyes widened in shock. Before he could react, Rattlesnake grabbed onto his ankles and tossed him towards the ground as though he was a sack!

Bang!

Thomas collapsed on the floor and knocked down two of his men with the impact.

Even though Rattlesnake was a large and heavy man, his moves were extremely swift.

The moment he threw Thomas up, he started running in large strides.

Using the momentum he gained, he leaped into the air and crushed Thomas with his stone-like body.

He was more than three hundred pounds and his weight was sufficient to crush anyone.

As Jack and the rest saw this, they yelled, "Thomas! Be careful!"

Thomas wanted to duck but was too weak to do so. All he could do was stare in horror as Rattlesnake's figure got closer and larger.

"F\*\*\* off!"

A loud shout could be heard as a figure appeared beside Thomas Dunn and sent an earth-shattering kick towards Rattlesnake.

Bang!

The sole of the leather shoes hit Rattlesnake right in the chest, a loud resounding sound could be heard.

Unexpectedly, Rattlesnake's three-hundred-pound body flew backward at the speed of lightning. He knocked a dozen of people down. The ground was instantly scattered with motionless bodies.

His chest caved in and his ribs broke. His lips parted like a dead fish and blood splattered out of his mouth. It looked like Rattlesnake would not survive this battle.

Who saved Thomas Dunn at such a crucial moment?

Whose earth-shattering kick was it that could cause such fatal injuries to the three-hundred-pound man,

Rattlesnake?

Everyone's attention turned to the figure beside Thomas.

The man was dressed in a white shirt and black trousers. He stood tall and lanky, and an infuriated look was plastered on his handsome features. This man was none other than Nathan Cross!

Everyone was shocked!

Even May Thompson stared at him in utter disbelief.

This gentle-looking man, this man who spent money so that he could bully her into doing push-ups – he had such terrifying fighting skills!

Harry Leigh and the rest widened their eyes, jaws dropping. They could not believe what they had just seen.

Nathan Cross' kick almost killed the best boxer in Brick's Bodies Boxing. The same boxer whom Harry Leigh had groomed personally, Rattlesnake.

Harry's men looked on with astonishment, as they instinctively retreated a few steps.

As Harry noticed this, he yelled at the top of his lungs, "What are you guys afraid of? He's just one man! We would outnumber him! All of you! Destroy him!"

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Nathan shot a cold stare at Harry and asked, "Are you done with your nonsense?"

He moved with great speed as he spoke.

Nathan was so fast that one could only see his silhouette move. Thomas, Jack, May, and the rest looked on with admiration in their eyes!

Bang!

A resounding noise could be heard!

Harry felt a shadow fall behind him in an instant, with Nathan appearing right in front of him, the next moment.

Before he could retaliate, Nathan already sent his palms across his cheeks ruthlessly.

The force of the slap was so hard that it had sent him turning on his feet. The right side of his cheeks swelled and turned red.

“Kneel down!”

Nathan commanded as he placed his hand on Harry’s shoulder.

Instinctively, Harry tried to resist.

However, it was as though Nathan’s hand was an invincible force weighing down on his shoulders.

Harry was instantly crushed and his knees crashed to the ground.

One could hear the breaking of his kneecaps from afar.

His kneecaps actually broke!

“Ahh!”

Harry let out a terrifying scream in agony and the onlookers cringed in horror.

Nathan looked down at Harry and questioned him coldly, “Do you know that you are in the wrong now?”

With his eyes widened like an injured prey, he spoke in a coarse voice, “Nathan, I dare you to kill me now. My brother is one of the most famous figures in this district. If you lay a finger on me, I guarantee you that my brother will kill your entire family.”

Nathan raised his leg and sent a kick to Harry’s neck. A crack could be heard, as Harry’s neck snapped at the impact.

Before he could even scream in pain, Harry’s body collapsed onto the floor like a slaughtered chicken. He was dead!

Everyone was stupefied at the scene. The underworld boss of the Southern District was killed by Nathan Cross in such a merciless manner!

It was as though he was prey!

How unnerving and high-handed!

Harry’s men looked at Nathan Cross with fear and respect. They looked at each other, dropped their weapons, and ran out frantically.

Similarly, Jack and the rest stared at Nathan Cross in a fanatical manner.

Previously, they had known him as the man whom Thomas Dunn had respected the most. Tonight was the first time they had witnessed his prowess.

Nathan's adept fighting skills and his high-handed ways left a deep impression on them.

He was such a cool man! No wonder Thomas respected him so much!

He killed the underworld boss of the Southern District mercilessly, without blinking an eye. It was just like slaughtering another prey to him!

Nathan's gaze followed Harry's men who had escaped the scene in fear. Calmly, he told Thomas, "You will take over Harry's territory."

"Yes, sir!" Thomas replied respectfully.

As he said this, Nathan scanned his surroundings. However, he did not see Joseph Myers and the Smiths.

It turned out that they had found an excuse to leave after realizing that Harry Leigh and Thomas Dunn were going to be embroiled in a fight.

To them, people like Harry and Thomas were outlaws who could only survive in the underworld.

Needless to say, they did not want to be implicated by these two groups of outlaws, prompting them to quickly leave the scene.

However and unfortunately, they missed the best moment of the fight. Of course, they left unscathed.

Nathan left some instructions to Thomas for the clean-up and left.

It was past ten when he arrived home.

His parents-in-law, Penny, and their daughter were watching TV. Upon seeing that her husband had arrived home, Penny heaved a sigh of relief.

"Daddy is home!"

His daughter cheered and dashed towards Nathan happily.

Picking up his daughter, he fished out an ice cream out of nowhere magically and cuddled her, "Daddy got this for you."

"Wow! Ice-cream!" His daughter exclaimed as her face lit up.

"Thank you Daddy!" She added.

Penny approached and asked him in a low voice, "Did something happen when you'd gone out with Mr. Dunn earlier?"

"It's nothing. Harry Leigh has been dealt with and he will never cause trouble at the construction site again," replied Nathan with a smile.

Penny thought that the trio had come to a truce after discussion. She nodded and remarked in surprise, "That's good! Really good!"

However, she was oblivious to the fact that Harry Leigh was now a corpse. Naturally, he would not be able to cause any more trouble.

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Nathan went for a shower after spending some time with his family.

As he stepped out of the bathroom, his parents-in-law already went to bed.

Penny was also coaxing their daughter to sleep in the bedroom.

However, the young one refused to sleep and threw a tantrum. She asked for her father constantly and insisted on sleeping together on the same bed.

As Nathan entered the room, Penny pouted her lips and told her daughter, "Alright, Papa is here now. You can go and sleep together in his room."

However, the young girl shook her head and exclaimed, "No, I want to sleep with both Papa and Mama!"

Nathan burst into laughter while Penny's face flushed red. She told her daughter, "Papa and Mama cannot sleep together."

"But I asked my friends at kindergarten. They'd said that their Papa's and Mama's would sleep together. They'd even said that only those who are fighting with each other will sleep separately." Her daughter spoke indignantly.

Both Penny and Nathan broke out into a cold sweat upon their daughter's words. Did children who would attend kindergarten know so much nowadays?

After saying her piece, she narrowed her eyes and looked at her parents suspiciously, "Papa, Mama, are you two fighting?"

Penny quickly assured her, "Of course not. Papa and Mama are fine."



The young girl looked at them in doubt. Biting her lips, she started to speculate, "Then why don't you two sleep together? Are you two getting a divorce?"

Nathan's forehead broke out in sweat while Penny did not know whether to laugh or cry at her daughter's question.

Gently, she assured her,

"You little one, what you are thinking of? Papa and Mama are not getting a divorce. Why would we do that?"

Her daughter pouted and wailed, "But that's how it happens on TV! Papa and Mama will sleep in different rooms when they argue, and then they will get a divorce..."

Penny warned her, annoyed, "You are grounded from watching TV for a week!"

Normally, when Penny punished her daughter like this, the latter would pout as though she was wronged.

However, this time, not only did she not do that, she begged Nathan and Penny pitifully, "Papa, Mama. I will not watch TV anymore. I won't ask for ice cream anymore too! I will do my homework on time and sleep early. I will also help Grandma with the dishes and household chores. Please don't get a divorce? I don't want to be an orphan..."

Penny felt sympathy for her daughter when she acted like this.

She knew that her daughter had grown up in a single-parent family. Since she had just gotten a new father, she would naturally be afraid of losing either of them.

Hugging her daughter tightly, she assured her gently, "Hey, silly girl. Papa and Mama will never get a divorce. You won't become an orphan, alright? Why don't you ask Papa if that is true?"

Queenie Smith raised her head and looked at Nathan, who stood beside her.

Nathan promised her too, "Papa swears that I will never divorce Mama. We will always be here for you."

Queenie blinked her eyes and asked again, "Are you guys not divorcing anymore?"

Nathan and Penny replied in unison, "We'd never wanted to divorce, alright?"

Queenie added quickly, "Then can you two sleep in the same room, just like my friends' Papa's and Mama's?"

Nathan could not make the call on this matter.

Meanwhile, Penny's face was slightly flushed, as she was about to reject her daughter.

However, if she did so, her daughter would surely think that they were fighting, getting closer to a divorce.

Alas, she could only say in a soft voice, "Alright, Mama, Papa and you will sleep in the same room tonight. Are you happy now?"

Queenie jumped in joy and cheered, "Oh yes!! I can finally sleep in the same room as Papa and Mama again."

The word 'again' made Penny and Nathan recall how there were only two rooms when they stayed at the old apartment blocks in Asiatic Village.

They slept together in the same room, but Nathan slept on the floor instead.

However, times were different now.

Penny changed her attitude towards Nathan ever since Benson Smith and Leah acknowledged him as their son-in-law.

Nathan contributed a lot to the family and left a good impression on Penny too.

No matter what relationship they had now, Penny would not allow him to sleep on the floor any longer.

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With a slightly blushed face and an embarrassed tone, she told Nathan, "Why don't you sleep in the master bedroom with us tonight? Queenie can sleep in the middle and we can sleep on each side of the bed. Remember not to cross the boundary, or else..."

Penny was a stubborn and capable woman, and it was rare for Nathan to see this awkward and embarrassed side of her. Instantly, he asked in jest, "Or what?"

Penny widened her eyes and stared at Nathan. As she noticed his mischievous look, she huffed, "If you cross the boundary, I will kick you off the bed!"

In fact, while Penny was rather embarrassed at this, she still trusted him.

If Nathan wanted to touch her, he would have done so when he slept on the mattress back at Asiatic Village. He did not need to wait until today.

Very quickly, they settled down, switched off the lights, and headed to bed.

Queenie slept in the middle with Nathan and Penny on each of her sides.

While Penny normally suffered from insomnia, she drifted to dreamland unexpectedly quickly today with Nathan beside her.

Nathan slept soundly too. Amidst his drowsiness, he felt a head resting on his chest and a pair of hands around his neck.

He thought that it was his daughter and continued to sleep.

The next morning, Nathan woke up the moment the first ray of sunlight had shone into the room.

As his eyes fluttered open, he realized in shock that the woman in his chest was Penny Smith, not his daughter.

She was sound asleep like a little kitten in his arms.

As for Queenie, she was at the end of the bed, snoring loudly with her limbs spread out.

What was going on?

Did Penny turn over and cuddle him while she was asleep?

Just as Nathan laid in shock, he suddenly saw Penny's eyes flutter.

She was about to wake up.

To prevent things from getting awkward, Nathan quickly shut his eyes, while pretending to be asleep.

Shortly after, Penny stirred in his arms. She was obviously awake.

Nathan could feel her pause in stun as she opened her eyes, before hearing a soft exclaim from her. After which, she escaped from his embrace and scurried away like a frightened deer.

He could also hear her sigh in relief, "Whew, lucky he's not awake yet. Otherwise, it would be so embarrassing!"

...

Last night, Thomas Dunn and his men did not sleep a wink. They chased after Harry Leigh's men and took over all of his businesses.

In the morning, Thomas came to see Nathan with the accounts.

As they gathered in the study room, Thomas Dunn placed the accounts on the desk respectfully as he reported, "Sir, we have defeated all of Harry Leigh's remaining men and took over all of his businesses."

"All the accounts are here. There is two hundred million in cash, nine million in assets. Please take a look at them."

Without glancing towards the books, he told Thomas, "Don't let me see these next time."

Thomas thought that he should report to Nathan about all of the territories and businesses he had gotten from Harry Leigh. After all, it was a fruitful hunt.

However, his forehead broke out into cold sweat after he heard Nathan's tone that was slightly displeased.

Nathan was such an omnipotent figure. Why would he care about something so insignificant? Did he even need this sort of dirty money on his hands?

Thomas bowed his head and admitted in a terrified manner, "Yes, sir. I know that what I've done was wrong."

Eyes darting to Thomas, Nathan advised, "Even though you are no longer in the military, you have to remember where you've come from."

"If you give up on your principles, you will never be able to get them back."

"The same goes for your bottom lines."

"As such, you must know exactly what you believe in and what your deal breakers are. Adhere strictly to them, and be a man of principles."

Thomas stood straight and responded in a low voice, "I understand what you've said, Sir."

"You have to give up all of your businesses which operated in the grey areas, including those you took over from Harry Leigh. You can't be involved in any of those anymore, just keep the ones that are in accordance with the law," Nathan instructed.

Thomas would suffer great losses if he did so since many of his businesses had operated in the grey area.

However, he still agreed without hesitation and replied, "Yes, sir. I will do as you say."

[Chapter 70](#)

The news spread quickly that Thomas Dunn, the underground boss of the Eastern District, attacked Harry Leigh, the boss of the Southern District. Furthermore, all of Leigh's men were destroyed. This thoroughly shocked the underworld in Channing.

Many talked and gossiped over this throughout tea and dinner.

However, they merely repeated what they had heard despite not knowing the truth.

They did not know that it was Nathan Cross who had destroyed Harry Leigh and they thought that this was a strategic attack by Thomas Dunn.

At Joseph Myer's mansion, Samuel and Paul Smith, as well as Joseph Myers himself, sat together and discussed the destruction of Harry Leigh by Thomas.

Till now, Samuel Smith was still in disbelief and he expressed doubt as he frowned, "Harry Leigh ruled the underground in Channing for so many years. He should be much better than Thomas Dunn. How could he be defeated so easily?"

Initially, Joseph placed all hopes of revenge on Harry Leigh. He had hoped that Harry Leigh would punish Nathan and Penny. However, things went south as Harry Leigh's empire was destroyed within a night.

Puzzled, he remarked, "Thomas Dunn is such a ruthless and sly man. He'd definitely come prepared this time. I suppose Harry Leigh did not see this attack coming and hence, was defeated by them this easily."

Meanwhile, Paul added angrily, "Thomas Dunn destroyed him and now, Nathan and his wife stand to win so much! I remember that we'd even wanted Leigh to punish the two of them. What are we going to do now?"

"Exactly. Nathan and his wife are too lucky," sighed Samuel Smith.

"Haha, why do I think otherwise?" Joseph Myers scoffed with his eyes narrowed.

The two Smith brothers looked at Joseph and asked with their brows raised, "Mr. Myers, what do you mean?"

He let out a sneer and explained, "Nathan Cross asked Thomas Dunn to help him defeat Harry Leigh. However, do you know who is Harry Leigh's brother, Lightning?"

Paul looked lost. He obviously did not know who this man was.

On the other hand, a shocked expression crept onto Samuel's face as he blurted aloud, "Did you mean Lightning? The ruthless man who took the underworld by storm in recent years? Are you telling me that the man who turns everyone in the underworld pale, Lightning, is Harry Leigh's brother?"

Joseph Myers replied with a smug, "Exactly. Why did you think Harry Leigh could have a piece of his own in the underworld? It's all because of his brother."

"Lightning is extremely cold-blooded and merciless. He is also extremely protective."

"Surely, he'd be infuriated upon discovering that it was Nathan Cross and Thomas Dunn who'd killed his brother. Do you think he would let them off that easily?"

The Smiths turned elated as they heard Joseph Myers's words.

With a smile on his face, Joseph continued, "Well, it so happens that I'd once had a meal with Lightning. I will let him know of what'd happened and tell him who's killed his brother."

...

Night fell outside of Mojo Club, which was located along Club Street in Alberesque.

The first floor of the club had a large hall and booths. The second floor had private VIP rooms, while the third was Lightning's nest.

There was an altar with a statue of Zeus on the third floor.

Lightning was seated on an armchair, with a bold and imposing posture. There was a large Tibetan Mastiff next to him, which stuck its tongue out in a ferocious manner.

Behind him were a dozen men. Each of them had a vicious look in their eyes. One could tell that all of them have had blood on their hands.

Meanwhile, a bespectacled man knelt in front of Lightning.

The man had a bag in his hands and he spoke with a quivering voice, "Lightning, I've brought the money that I'd owed you, including the interest. It's a total of three hundred thousand. I followed your instructions and it's all in cash."

Lightning pursed his lips slightly with an indifferent expression on his face. One of his men immediately understood, went up and took the bag from the bespectacled man, and did a quick count of the sum. Nodding, he reported, "Lightning, it's all good."

The man knelt on the floor breathed a sigh of relief. Wiping the cold sweat trickling down his forehead, he muttered softly, "Lightning, I have returned you the money. If there is nothing else, I shall take my leave."

He stood up and was prepared to scurry away.

However, Lightning stopped him, "Stand right there!"

His voice was low and coarse, and he sounded like a devil speaking in the dark.

The bespectacled man froze in his steps. Turning around, his eyes darted to Lightning in a terrified manner as he asked, "Do you have something for me?"

Lightning brushed the Mastiff's head lightly as he asked in a cold manner, "Do you remember when I'd said you should return the money?"

The man's expression changed slightly as he replied, "Before nine o'clock tonight."

Lightning asked again, "What time is it now then?"

The bespectacled man started to tremble and he replied with a shaking voice, "It's ten o'clock now."

Lightning lifted his gaze and shot a cold glance at the shaking man in front of him.

"Don't you remember what I'd said? That if you dare to return me the money even a second late, I'd toss you from the balcony?" He added.