



Chapter 301 Send Him To Hell

At that very moment...

A black Maybach appeared at the side of the road.

Carl Russo was inside the Maybach, his sideburns snowy white and his hawkish eyes glinting under the light. He was clad in a black suit and sitting in the backseat.

There were two others in the car beside him.

One of them was Yoel Lagorio, who had a well-built body, slanted eyes and an aggressive aura.

The other person was Fabian Howard, who had a stubbly chin and eyes as bright as a tiger's. He was barely five and a half feet tall, but his body was very muscular. With his tanned skin and huge muscles, he resembled a fierce tiger that could make anyone's legs turn to jelly.

The two of them were Carl's sworn brothers.

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They were also Carl's eyes and ears.

Yoel squinted at the cars that zoomed past them and sneered. "Looks like we've overestimated Joseph Queen. He fell into Thomas Dunn's hands just like that!"

"Let's forget about him and move on to killing Nathan Cross. We need to avenge the Young Master and Young Mistress," Fabian said.

"Don't get too excited. The Zabinski family fell from grace precisely because they were too confident. We need to know our enemy before we make a move," Carl said calmly.

Yoel was an arrogant man, while Fabian was hot-headed. Both of them were not of the calm type, but they respected Carl greatly.

"Yes, Big Brother!" they chorused.

"As for that rascal Joseph...he's Mr. Turner's adopted son, after all. Nathan Cross is our common enemy. It wouldn't

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be appropriate for us to just abandon him like that. We have Mr. Turner to answer to.”

Fabian was enraged. “What? Do we have to save that good-for-nothing of a person? Disgusting!”

“Calm down, Fabian. We might be able to take down Thomas as well. Once we do that, Nathan would lose one of his right-hand men,” Yoel explained.

“That sounds reasonable,” Carl said, smiling. “We don’t even have to kill him. As long as we’re able to kidnap him and lure Nathan over, we can get rid of them once and for all.”

His two sworn brothers looked at him in awe. “You’re so smart, Big Brother!”

...

Thomas arrived at an abandoned building with Joseph and his gang.

There was nothing but endless stretches of weed. Not a single person could be

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seen roaming the area.

It was a perfect place to torture and kill people.

Joseph and his gang were dragged off the van, each of them looking like they had one foot in the grave.

Thomas squinted at Joseph. "Talk to me. Who sent you to stir up trouble here?"

Joseph was scared, but his mind was clear.

His gaze flitted to the side before he answered, "No one did. I was just one of Ms. Smith's secret admirers. I didn't know that she had a husband. I'm sorry! I won't do it again!"

Before Joseph could finish his sentence, Jack raised his hand and brought it down hard upon Joseph's face.

Blood began to seep out of the corners of his mouth.

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“You dare to lie in front of Mr. Dunn? Channing belongs to Mr. Dunn now, so he doesn’t need to ask you to get intel on all the gang members in Channing!” Jack yelled. “According to my investigations, you and your gang members aren’t from around here.”

“The car that you drove was registered in Alberesque. Did the Zabinskis send you here? Or was it the Russos? How about Dip Turner?” Thomas asked calmly.

Joseph’s eyes widened. He had grossly underestimated Thomas’ abilities in digging out every detail about him.

However, there was no way he could betray Mr. Turner.

If he stayed loyal to Mr. Turner, he might be able to live at least a while longer.

Otherwise, he would be dead in seconds.

He kept his mouth tightly shut, refusing to speak another word.

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Thomas huffed. “If you’re not going to talk about it, then you can bring your secrets to your grave.”

“Jack, send him to hell!”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Chapter 302 Worthy Opponents

Joseph had not expected Thomas to give him a death sentence so quickly. He began to scream and struggle for his life.

However, Jack shoved him onto the floor with his foot before he could break free of his restraints.

Jack raised his dagger, ready to stab it through Joseph's heart.

Before he could do so though, a spark cut through the air and smashed into Jack's wrist.

"Ow!" Jack screamed as the dagger in his hand clattered to the ground.

He stared at his wrist in disbelief as the skin began to swell and blister.

Looking at the ground, he was shocked to find that the weapon had been a cigarette butt.

"Who's there?"

Thomas and Jack whirled around to see

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three people appearing at the entrance.

The person in the lead was in a black suit, and his sideburns were snowy white. He had the aura of a mighty hawk and the body as straight as a tree trunk.

To his left was a tall man with slanted eyes, and to his right was a stout man with tiger eyes.

It was none other than the trio of Carl, Yoel and Fabian.

The person who had thrown the cigarette butt and knocked the dagger out of Jack's hand was Fabian.

A look of wild excitement appeared on Joseph's face upon seeing the trio. "Mr. Russo! Please save me!"

Bam!

"Shut up!" Thomas yelled as his fist connected with Joseph's cheek, shoving him onto the floor.

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Carl simply glanced at Thomas and asked, "So you're Nathan Cross' right-hand man Thomas?"

Thomas pointed his chin at Carl. "So you're one of the top four goons of Dip Turner? Didn't you see what happened to the Zabinskis? How do you still have the guts to come and stir up trouble here?"

Carl's eyes flashed with anger, but his voice remained calm. "Nathan killed my children, so I'm coming to reap his soul. You're just a bait to lure him here."

Thomas snorted. "How absurd! Get ready to die! Men, take them down!"

Without hesitating, he led the charge towards the trio.

Jack and his subordinates also yelled their battle cry and rushed into the fray.

Fabian glared at them and bellowed, "You're provoking the wrong people!"

"You've gotten yourself some worthy

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opponents!" Yoel added.

After that, they rushed forward to parry Thomas and his subordinates' attacks.

Bam!

Fabian and Thomas smashed into each other, and while Fabian came out relatively unscathed, Thomas staggered backwards while grimacing in pain.

At the same time, Yoel thrust out his fists in a powerful punching motion.

Bam! Thump!

Two of Thomas' subordinates flew into the air and landed on the ground with a loud thud, blood spewing from their mouths. By the time they landed, they had already turned into corpses.

Thomas growled and threw himself into battle yet again.

Carl walked around the battlefield to reach Joseph and ask him if he was alright. By

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the time that happened, the battle was long over.

Fabian and Yoel stood tall in the middle of the battlefield.

Thomas was lying on the ground, covered in injuries.

The bodies of his subordinates were scattered around him, some of them just barely alive.

Joseph stared at the scene before him in shocked silence, before turning to Carl and thanking him profusely. "Thank you, Mr. Russo! If not for you, I would have died!"

Carl simply smiled and turned around. "Fabian, Yoel, make sure Thomas stays alive. Tell Nathan Cross to meet me in exchange for Thomas' life."

"Yes, Big Brother!" Fabian and Yoel said in unison.

Chapter 303 You Are Going To Suffer Soon

That afternoon, Penny left for work again after lunch.

Nathan chose to stay home and keep his daughter and parents-in-law company.

Suddenly, he received a call from Jack.

“Master, we’re in trouble,” Jack whispered weakly.

“What happened? Where’s Thomas?” Nathan asked, slightly concerned.

“He’s hurt!” Jack said in a raspy voice.

He proceeded to tell Nathan about everything that had just transpired. “Carl said that you’ll have to meet him at the Eastern suburbs shooting arena alone by sunset, or else he’s going to kill Thomas!”

“Understood,” Nathan said, frowning. “Take care of yourself and anyone who’s injured.”

After hanging up, he made another call to Colin Dunne.

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He relayed the situation to Colin Dunne before saying, "I'm going to the Eastern suburbs. You take care of the rest."

After that, he hung up and drove out of his town alone.

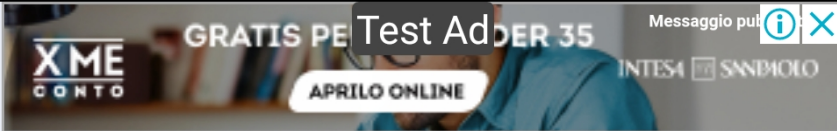
The shooting arena in the Eastern suburbs was also known as the Sharpshooters' Club, and the boss of the arena was a man named Hunter Zinke.

There were already very few shooting arenas in the country, let alone those that allowed the use of live rounds.

The Eastern suburbs shooting arena only had the facilities for people to practice using a handgun, but it was one of a kind in the South.

That would not have been possible if not for Hunter's interesting background.

He was a follower of Carl and had managed to set up his shooting arena in Channing thanks to the Russo family's connections.



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Meanwhile, in the shooting arena, Hunter and his subordinates stood by the door and welcomed Carl and the others to the arena warmly.

Carl glanced at Thomas, who was covered in blood and bundled in ropes. He squinted and asked, "Would Nathan Cross fall into this trap so easily?"

Hunter grinned. "Mr. Russo, your presence in Channing and Thomas' defeat should be enough to scare him off. Why would he have the guts to even come here?"

"Wouldn't I be wasting my time then?" Carl asked, frowning.

"Big Brother, your daughter's body is resting in the Channing Funeral Parlor. They're waiting for you to have your last meeting with her and authorize the cremation," Yoel said.

"Big Brother, I don't think Nathan Cross would dare to come anyway. Why don't we go to the funeral parlor and settle your daughter's funeral first?" Fabian asked.

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“Yes, Mr. Russo. I will take care of things here,” Hunter added.

Carl looked at Hunter, hesitation evident in his eyes. “Are you sure, Hunter?”

“Of course!” Hunter exclaimed, a little displeased. “Not only am I well-known in Channing, but most people in the South also know me by reputation as well. Besides, I have twenty faithful subordinates and countless handguns here. If Nathan Cross dares to step foot in this place today, I’ll make sure he regrets it.”

That convinced Carl that things would go his way. After all, twenty fierce fighters and hundreds of guns were nothing to joke about.

That boy Nathan wouldn’t be able to survive a shower of bullets, would he?

“If he comes, kill him. If he doesn’t, kill Thomas,” he ordered Hunter.

“Yes, Mr. Russo!” Hunter yelled at the top

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of his lungs.

Carl left the scene soon after on his Maybach, his two sworn brothers trailing behind him. They sped off in the direction of the funeral parlor.

After the trio left, Hunter moved his gaze to Thomas. "Oh my, Thomas! I bet you never expected to fall from grace so suddenly, right? It doesn't matter if Nathan Cross comes or not. You're going to die today! Any last words?"

Thomas spat out a bloody wad of phlegm and snickered. "Hunter, you're going to suffer tonight."

Hunter's eyes widened. "What? I'm going to suffer tonight?"

"That's right. When my Master comes, you're all going to suffer," Thomas sneered again.

Hunter snickered. “Such blind faith! Let me say it once and for all: if Nathan Cross comes, you’re dying together; if he doesn’t turn up, I’m sending you to hell first!”

He waved his hand in his subordinates’ direction. “Tie this guy to the targets in the shooting range. When Nathan Cross comes, I want to practice shooting at live targets using the two of them.”

His followers were bloodthirsty beings, and when they heard that they were going to use live targets, they immediately began to roar with excitement.

They pushed Thomas onto the shooting range and tied him to one of the targets.

Hunter took out his beloved Desert Eagle pistol and stood about a hundred meters away from Thomas. Raising his pistol and pointing the muzzle at Thomas’ head, he grinned and asked, “Who among here thinks that I can bust his head open with one shot?”

His subordinates cheered him on

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enthusiastically. “Do it, boss! We want to see his head explode! Hahaha!”

Hunter was about to disengage the safety mechanism on his pistol when one of his subordinates rushed over.

“Boss, there’s a BMW parked outside. The guy in it claims to be Nathan Cross.”

Hunter pulled back his pistol, looking shocked. “He came? Is he alone?”

“That’s right, Boss!” his subordinate replied.

Hunter smirked. “How righteous of him! He came at the right time. If I get rid of him together with Thomas, Mr. Russo would definitely reward me handsomely. Tell him to come in.”

Soon, a tall, handsome man with starry eyes strolled into the arena.

Nathan took his time to walk across the arena, admiring its facilities on the way.

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However, the moment he saw Thomas strapped to a target in the shooting range, his face fell.

His cold gaze settled on Hunter and his men.

Whoosh!

Hunter's subordinates raised their guns in unison and pointed them at Nathan.

Hunter crossed his arms across his chest, his right hand still holding on to his golden Desert Eagle. "You're Nathan Cross?" he sneered.

Nathan took one look at Hunter and knew that he was not the person he was looking for. "You don't have the right to talk to me, so step aside. Tell Carl to come here now."

Hunter flew into a rage. "Stop inflating your own ego! You don't deserve to meet Mr. Russo! Mr. Russo is busy, so he told me to send you and Thomas to hell on behalf of him."

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Russo had left?

Nathan was slightly taken aback by the news. His lips curved upwards as he glanced at Hunter and the crowd behind him. "He told you to kill us? Have you ever murdered people before?"

Hunter exchanged looks with his subordinates before bursting into raucous laughter.

"Boss, is he belittling us?"

"Haha! Did he actually think that we've never gotten anyone's blood on our hands before?"

"He probably doesn't know that we were a bunch of ruthless murderers before we came to this shooting arena!"

Hunter bared his teeth in an ugly grin. "There's no one but myself and my subordinates here today. You're going to hell soon anyway, so I won't mind disclosing a secret to you."

Chapter 304 A Secret I Am Not Afraid To Disclose

“Oh? What secret?” Nathan asked, cocking his head to the side.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Chapter 305 The Wolf Of The International Waters

Hunter looked at him arrogantly. "I am the so-called 'Wolf of the International Waters!' Ten years ago, I hijacked and sank the Princess cruise in international waters together with my subordinates. Of course, we've murdered people before!"

Ten years ago, a locally-registered cruise ship carrying several millionaires sailed into international waters for gambling purposes.

However, the ship was stormed by pirates and sank, killing everyone on board.

It had been the news of the year.

However, since the incident had taken place on international waters, there was a severe lack of evidence, so the culprits were never arrested.

Nathan had never expected to meet those pirates in person.

He nodded. "Alright then. That settles it."

Hunter looked confused. "What do you

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mean ‘that settles it?’”

Nathan raised his hand and curled his fingers to make a finger gun. He pointed it at Hunter and his subordinates. “Since all of you are criminals that deserve to die, I won’t hesitate to end your lives.”

Hunter and his subordinates froze for a moment, before bursting into laughter yet again.

“Boss, is he threatening us?”

“What is he going to use? His fingers?”

“Is this guy *stupid*?”

Hunter smirked. “Boys! Load your guns! Show him what *real* guns do!”

Snap! Snap! Snap!

The sounds of guns being loaded rang through the arena.

Soon, the crowd was poised to shoot.

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However, Nathan simply pulled the trigger on his finger gun and whispered, "Bang!"

It was just a barely audible sound.

Thousands of meters away, the Dragonfury soldiers perched on the hills fired their guns in unison.

Hunter's subordinates fell to the ground, some of them literally shattering into pieces, as a bloody mist filled the air.

Within seconds, Hunter's subordinates had turned into corpses, covered in blood and gore.

What?

Hunter looked like he had just seen a ghost, his eyes wide and his body tense.

He could not believe what he had just witnessed.

Then, he looked up at Nathan, his legs trembling uncontrollably.

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A stream of liquid began to run down his legs and onto the floor.

The smell of ammonia began to permeate the air, together with the metallic stench of blood.

Hunter had wet himself out of pure shock!

Nathan pointed his finger gun at Hunter.

“No!” Hunter screeched.

At the same time, he raised the Desert Eagle in his right hand in an attempt to make the first move.

Unfortunately, he was too late.

A thousand meters away, Colin Dunne had already pulled the trigger of his sniper rifle.

Bam!

Hunter’s head exploded into a bloody mist, and his headless body slowly toppled onto the ground.

Chapter 305 The Wolf Of The International Waters

Without even bothering to take a second look, Nathan strode over to the shooting range and freed Thomas from his restraints. "Are you alright?"

Thomas was covered in blood and was shaky, but he forced himself to stand upright. "I'm fine, Master!"

...

"What? Hunter's dead? The arena sealed off and under investigation?"

The news of Hunter's death reached Carl the moment he came out of the funeral parlor, and it shocked him greatly.

Even his sworn brothers found it puzzling.

Joseph could only force a smile.

"Apparently, Hunter was the perpetrator of the Princess cruise tragedy ten years back. The arena is swarming with police now, and no one can go in, not even the journalists."

Chapter 306 Invincible In Channing

Carl furrowed his eyebrows. “How could he mess this up? Does Nathan Cross have anything to do with this?”

“The culprits of the tragedy had been a mystery for the longest time. Even if Nathan Cross investigated him, he wouldn’t have found out about it so quickly,” Yoel said.

“That sounds right. The police must have investigated the case for a long time and have already determined the culprit to be Hunter, so their operation today might have been a coincidence,” added Fabian.

Carl nodded profusely at his sworn brothers’ words.

The case must have been under investigation by the police for ages, so there was no way Nathan could be involved.

“What a lucky streak they had! How did they escape such a perfect death trap?” he growled.

Chapter 306 Invincible In Channing

Yoel glanced at the urn in his hands. “Big Brother, your family in Alberesque is still waiting for your daughter’s ashes. What are we going to do?”

Before Carl could say anything, Fabian lowered his voice and whispered, “Take her back to Alberesque. I’ll deal with Nathan Cross.”

“Are you sure?” Carl asked, visibly reluctant to leave Fabian alone in Channing.

Fabian felt indignant. “What are you talking about, Big Brother? I’m a seasoned fighter. I’ve ended countless lives before, and Nathan Cross would just be another person added to my body count.”

“Count me in too, Mr. Russo!” Joseph chirped. “With my brains and Mr. Howard’s brawn, we would be an invincible force in Channing. Killing Nathan Cross would be an easy task. Rest assured, Mr. Russo!”

Carl looked at the two of them and smiled. “Alright then, I’ll send Shannon’s ashes back to Alberesque with Yoel to give her a

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proper burial. I'll be back in a few days, so in the meantime, just keep an eye on Nathan Cross. Don't do anything rash until I come back."

"Yes, Sir!" Fabian and Joseph chorused.

However, Fabian was feeling rather impatient. *Why would I need to wait for Big Brother and Yoel to come back? Nathan Cross is nothing compared to me!*

...

By the time Nathan sent Thomas to the hospital and got back home, it was already 5 P.M. in the afternoon.

Penny was home as well, and she was getting ready to go out with her parents, Kylie and Queenie.

"Where are you going?" Nathan asked, a little surprised.

"Oh, you came back at the right time, Nathan! Kylie's parents are landing at the airport soon, so we're going to pick them

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up!”

Kylie’s mother, who was also Leah Smith’s sister, was coming to town!

“I’ll go with you then!” Nathan said, smiling.

The family got into their BMW and headed straight for Channing International Airport.

The roads were rather congested since it was the evening rush hour. By the time they got to Channing International Airport, they were already five minutes late.

At the entrance of the airport, a middle-aged couple in fashionable clothes stood by the doors, displeasure evident in their eyes.

The couple was none other than Kylie’s parents - Hank and Prudence Tonkins.

Hank turned to his wife and huffed, “Why isn’t your sister’s family here yet? The airport’s service is horrendous, the scenery here is revolting, and everyone here lives

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like beggars! They're a whole five minutes late!"

Prudence was equally annoyed. "My sister insisted on marrying that useless man all those years back, despite my parents' refusal. I bet they're coming on a bus to pick us up!"

Hank sneered. "I wouldn't ever set foot in this place if not for our daughter. I hate dealing with beggars!"

"Of course! If not for Kylie, I wouldn't want to see them ever again," Prudence said.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Chapter 307 This Car Is Yours Too

As the Tonkins continued to complain about their situation, two BMWs pulled up beside them.

Kylie and Nathan's family alighted from the cars.

"Dad! Mom!" Kylie yelled.

"Oh my, Kylie! We missed you so much!"

Hank and Prudence hugged their daughter tightly.

"Hank, Prudence. Long time no see."

Leah and Benson approached the Tonkins tentatively.

They had to be careful - after all, both the Tonkins and the Maxwells were prominent families in Northania.

Leah Smith, then Leah Maxwell, had insisted on marrying Benson Smith despite her family's reluctance.

She had suffered a lot afterwards, and

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even her own family had turned against her.

Even after all those years, it was still difficult for her to face her family members with Benson by her side.

Hank and Prudence' faces darkened the moment they saw Benson and his family approaching them.

Prudence glanced at the BMWs parked at the side and sneered, "No wonder you're so late! Are you trying to prove something with those pieces of trash?"

Benson and Leah Smith blinked and tried to explain themselves.

Kylie pulled her parents aside and whispered, "Dad, Mom, it's not Penny's fault! We got caught in a traffic jam on the way here!"

Prudence pouted. "Girl, you're too innocent for this! Don't you know how fast beggars spend money? Don't you know how insistent they are on boasting about their

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nonexistent wealth?”

“I bet they took out a loan just to get those BMWs! They don’t deserve to own them,” Hank added.

Penny and her family could only stand at the side in embarrassment, while Nathan’s face darkened.

He had not expected his mother-in-law’s relatives to be such arrogant jerks.

Kylie was already feeling embarrassed for her parents’ irresponsible words, and seeing Nathan’s annoyed expression only made her anxiety worse. “Dad, Mom, Penny bought her car without taking a loan. They’re living comfortably now!”

“Penny started a company and made us quite a bit of money!” Leah said.

“Let’s go home! Dinner is ready,” Benson added enthusiastically.

The Tonkins got on one of the cars, albeit rather reluctantly. “We’ll go and take a look.

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If we don't like it, we're going to the hotel! We won't accept anything less than five-star accommodation!"

Kylie felt her cheeks heat up at that comment.

Benson took the wheel of the BMW 7 Series that the Tonkins and Kylie were in.

Nathan, Penny and their daughter drove the other BMW home.

Prudence ranted on to Leah throughout the whole trip home. "Having a bit of money or two BMWs won't make you rich! The Tonkins have much better things than you."

The two cars pulled into the garage back at their house after a while.

Prudence did not stop her lecture even then. "BMW's and Mercedes cars belong to the poor in Northania!"

"Don't you know what the rich people drive? They drive Rolls-Royce and Bentley

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cars!”

“The wealthiest of them all drive Lamborghinis, Ferraris, Paganis... You name it, they have it!”

The Smiths nodded profusely. “Yes, we understand.”

The Tonkins looked smugly at the Smiths, taking in the look of shock on their faces.

However, the moment they alighted, a Pagani Zonda parked in the corner of the garage caught their eye.

Hank shivered. “Oh my! That’s a Pagani Zonda! It costs millions to even own one!”

Prudence was shocked out of her wits too. “Leah, does it belong to your family too?”

Chapter 308 Useless Jerk

“It belongs to Nathan. We didn’t even know it is expensive...” the Smiths explained humbly.

The Tonkins turned to look at Nathan, who had just alighted from the BMW that pulled up beside them, in utter disbelief.

Nathan had heard everything that the Tonkins said, and was not very happy about it.

Nonetheless, he walked to them like nothing had happened and asked, “Aunt, Uncle, what were you talking about?”

The Tonkins merely shook their heads in embarrassment. “Nothing much. Your parents-in-law seem like they’re living well.”

The Smiths could tell that the expensive car came as a rude shock to them.

They looked at Nathan approvingly. *Didn’t expect him to scare them off with just one car!*

Chapter 308 Useless Jerk

The Tonkins felt as though time stood still when they saw the Pagani Zonda sitting in the garage.

They also noticed that Penny and her family had been living in a bungalow.

Although Channing was nothing compared to the top cities in the North, it had a rather sizeable and wealthy population.

A bungalow on premium land would cost tens, sometimes hundreds of millions.

The Tonkins began to reconsider their image of Penny's family.

Prudence turned to Leah when they entered the house and asked, "Wow, I didn't know you moved out from that cheap condominium! Of course, this is nothing compared to my mansion, but it's pretty impressive!"

Leah had rebelled against her family and married Benson, which led to her being isolated from the rest of the family and ridiculed all day long.

Chapter 308 Useless Jerk

That gave her an inferiority complex whenever she met her family members, as they had given her the impression that she was an unfilial daughter who sacrificed her own family for her own selfish pursuits.

That was why she treated her family members like royalty.

“Yeah, that was all thanks to Nathan and Penn!” Leah said, smiling.

“What does your son-in-law work as?” Hank asked.

They had already found out about Penny’s company back at the airport, but they had yet to ask about Nathan’s occupation.

They figured that only the CEO of some huge company would be able to afford a Pagani Zonda.

“He used to be in the army, but he retired just recently. He’s helping Penn with her job now,” Leah Smith replied without much thought.

Chapter 308 Useless Jerk

She was not wrong though - Nathan was indeed unemployed.

His job now was to be Penny's right-hand man and help her rise up the ranks in Channing.

However, the Tonkins thought otherwise.

To them, being unemployed reduced someone to a useless imbecile.

They shot a quizzical look at Nathan. "Huh, looks like I was right the whole time! You are a beggar! Wait no, you are a parasite!" Hank scoffed.

Prudence turned to Kylie and said, "Kylie, your future boyfriend has to be someone with a stable job! Don't be like your cousin!"

Chapter 309 He Does Not Deserve Her

Penny and her family stood awkwardly by the side, not knowing how to explain themselves.

Kylie forced herself to stay calm instead of slapping a hand over her parents' mouths.

Nathan had the power to buy over a million business within minutes and the authority to summon a million soldiers with a simple phone call.

Her parents were calling a literal war god *aparasite!*

If not for her promise to Nathan to never speak a word about his true identity, she would have blurted it out to her parents there and then.

She turned to her parents and growled, "Dad, Mom, can't you be quiet for once?"

Penny and her family stiffened as well, fearing a conflict between Nathan and the Tonkins.

Penny slipped her hand through Nathan's

Chapter 309 He Does Not Deserve Her

arm to remind him to stay calm.

No matter what people said, Nathan would always be the apple of her eye.

The Smith couple began to usher everyone into the house. "Let's go in and sit down, everyone!"

The Tonkins stopped making fun of Nathan for the time being, seeing that their daughter was getting agitated.

However, that did not stop them from thinking of Nathan as an imbecile that leeched off Penny.

They figured that it must have been Penny who had funded the Pagani Zonda.

The Tonkins glared at Nathan, their hatred for him growing deeper and more intense. *What a useless imbecile! He doesn't deserve her!*

Dinner was ready and waiting for them on the table.



Chapter 309 He Does Not Deserve Her

There were several sumptuous dishes, all of them painstakingly put together by Leah according to her own memory of her sister's favorite food.

But to their surprise, Prudence simply pouted and looked away. "What are all these? Are you telling me that you can tolerate these dirt cheap dishes? You know, besides cooking at home, we usually go to restaurants to have our meals. Top-tier steaks and caviar are a must, and our drink of choice is usually 1982 Lafite. I can't stomach whatever this is!"

As the hosts, the Smiths could only stare at the Tonkins in awkward silence as they ranted on.

Nathan furrowed his brows. *How could such a sweet girl like Kylie have such unreasonable parents?*

Queenie stared at the Tonkins with her wide, innocent eyes. "Grandaunt, Granduncle, are you saying that you only eat the best food and not simple dishes like these?"

Chapter 309 He Does Not Deserve Her

“Of course!” Prudence huffed with an arrogant grin.

“But Aunt Kylie seems pretty happy with the food here!” Queenie chirped.

The little girl’s words were like a stinging slap to the Tonkins’ faces.

Not only did their faces turn beet red, but Kylie could also feel her cheeks heating up as well.

“Kylie is just being polite! We *only* eat the best when she’s staying with us!” Prudence insisted, her face a deep scarlet.

“Well, since the food here is subpar, shall we go to Eastern Dragon Hotel for dinner then?” Hank suggested.

“I know the boss there, and it’s the perfect chance to meet up with my nephew Yancy. He’s a soldier in Channing!”

Yancy Tonkins was the son of Hank’s older brother. He had entered the military the moment he graduated from university, and

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ten years later, he became a well-respected captain.

He was crowned the “all-rounded fighter” of Channing, and rumor had it that he was favored by Major General Franklin Wilson of the Channing military base and was poised to succeed in his military career.

However, one problem bothered the Tonkins: Yancy was already thirty years old, yet he was still single.

Hank had taken a special liking to Penny, who had become the boss of her own company at a young age.

He felt incredibly indignant that she chose someone as worthless as Nathan Cross over anyone else.

That gave him the idea of matchmaking Penny with his nephew to distract her from Nathan.

He felt that it was the best gift he could give to Penny.

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Also, he believed that Penny would thank him profusely for it, and the older Smith couple would be grateful to him for eternity.

As for Nathan Cross... He wanted him out of his sight as soon as possible.

Prudence understood what her husband wanted to do when he announced that he was inviting their nephew to dinner at the Eastern Dragon Hotel.

"Of course! Let's go to the Eastern Dragon Hotel. I'll give Yancy a call!"



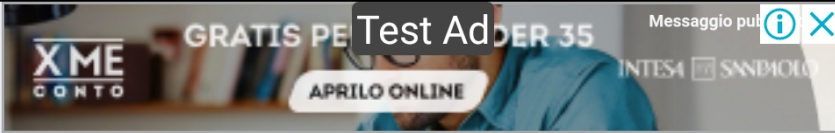
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Penny and her family decided to humor their guests this time round and set off for the Eastern Dragon Hotel.

Soon, they arrived at the shimmering towers of the hotel. They got themselves a private room and a full course meal.

A man in his military uniform walked into the room the moment all their dishes arrived. "Hello. I'm sorry for being late."

That person was none other than Yancy Tonkins.

He had been very reluctant to turn up for dinner when he heard that his uncle and aunt meant for it to be a blind date.

That was because he had just returned from a month-long, grueling competition in Northania where he represented Channing.

However, his eyes lit up and his heartbeat quickened when he saw Penny sitting by the table.

Oh my, what a beauty! I have to court her!

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Hank stood up happily when he saw Yancy enter the room. "You're here, Yancy!"

Prudence turned to her daughter and said, "Kylie, move somewhere else and give your seat to your cousin."

Kylie was confused, but she did as she was told and gave up her seat next to Penny to her cousin Yancy.

With that, Penny was sandwiched between Yancy and Nathan.

There was something fishy about that arrangement.

What are the Tonkins trying to do by getting Yancy to sit next to Penny?

"This is my older brother's son Yancy. He's a captain in the military now, and he has been a soldier since he graduated from university. Isn't he great?"

"He's a talented young man!" the Smiths chorused, forcing themselves to smile.

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Prudence glanced at Nathan arrogantly and continued, "Of course! I bet your son-in-law didn't even get to be a staff sergeant back then, let alone a captain, am I right? That's the difference between a prodigy and an imbecile!"

Penny and her family gasped inwardly, shocked at Prudence's rudeness.

However, Nathan seemed mildly interested in Yancy.

He figured that Yancy would recognize him since he had attended the award ceremony at Franklin Wilson's military base.

However, what he did not know was that Yancy had been in Northania the whole time, so he had been absent from the ceremony.

Thus, there was no way he could know who Nathan really was.

The Tonkins proceeded to give a simple introduction of Penny to Yancy so that he

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could get to know her better.

Hank grinned at Yancy. "This is Penny. She may already be a mother, but she isn't officially married yet. Not only that, but she's also the boss of her own company! What do you think, Yancy?"

Yancy had fallen for Penny at first sight.

He had not experienced love for over a decade, and he was now completely smitten with her.

That was why Hank's words about her being a mother went completely over his head.


"I think Ms. Smith is very beautiful. If she's willing to date me, I'll make sure to protect her and give her the best I can provide," he announced out loud.

That made Penny and her family freeze in place.


Nathan could not tolerate it any longer. He turned to the Tonkins and snarled, "Are you

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serious? How dare you matchmake my wife with someone else?"

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