

Penny's heart skipped a beat when she heard what Edmund said. As concern flashed in her eyes, she queried anxiously, "What are you babbling about? My husband is visiting a friend, how can his life be in danger?"

Edmund sneered, "Nathan has offended both my family and me. Do you seriously think that he can leave the West alive? All of you have underestimated the power my family wields."

Getting increasingly worried, Penny demanded, "What have you done to Nathan?"

Edmund gloated, "Haha, doesn't Nathan have a good relationship with the leaders of Johnstone City?"

"Did he think that just because he has the political support of the Johnstone City government, he can disrespect us and challenge the Harvey family?"

"I'm not afraid to tell you that my dad has managed to get the General of the West, Lucas Ziegler, to help deal with Nathan."

"Now, I'm afraid that Nathan and his

companions must have been captured and shot dead by General Ziegler in the West Army's military base."

What!

Suddenly, Penny felt her head spin and almost fainted.

Meanwhile, Kylie, who was standing beside, held on to her in support. She anxiously said, "Penny, don't listen to his nonsense. Even if it were General Ziegler, it would be impossible to kill Nathan."

Kylie knew Nathan's secret identity and that he was the General of the North, and alike Lucas Ziegler, they were commanders-in-chief of their respective regions. In fact, Nathan's rank was higher than that of Ziegler's still.

Therefore, it was impossible for General Ziegler to kill Nathan. Besides, the consequences of Nathan's death would also be too much for him to bear.

Furthermore, Nathan was invincible. Even if he wanted to, Kyle surmised that Ziegler wasn't strong enough to do it.

When Edmund and his men heard Kylie say that it was impossible for General Ziegler to kill Nathan, they couldn't help but burst into laughter.

To them, this was a ridiculous statement. General Ziegler was the Commander-in-chief of the three hundred thousand strong West Army. For him, wouldn't killing Nathan be as easy as squashing an ant?

Laughing hysterically, Edmund said, "You guys really don't know anything. Who do you think Nathan is that General Ziegler cannot kill him?"

"Even if it was ten thousand Nathans, if General Ziegler ordered it, they would all be dead!"

Meanwhile, Penny was well aware of General Ziegler's strength. Any general that was in charge of defending a corner of the nation would have only climbed to their position by leaving behind a mountain of bodies.

Killing one or two people was as easy as squashing an ant.

By now, Penny's eyes were filled with tears.

Chapter 910 You Should Be The One Kneeling

In a trembling voice, she pleaded, “Stop it, don’t say anymore...”

However, Edmund continued to gloat, “Haha, now that you know how powerful I am, are you afraid yet?”

“If you want to save your husband, beg me for it!”

“Now, I want both of you to take off your clothes, crawl on the ground and beg me to have fun with you. If you manage to please me, I might call my father and ask him to spare Nathan.”

Penny’s expression changed drastically.

Kylie reassured her, “Penny, Nathan will be fine, there is no need to beg him.”

Edmund scoffed, “Is that so? Penny, do you want to let the opportunity to save your husband slip through your hands? If he is dead, would you not regret it?”

By now, Penny face was pale as sheet and covered in tears.

Edmund growled, “You two b*****, kneel before me!”

At that very moment, a frosty voice could be heard from outside. “Edmund Harvey, you are the one who should be kneeling instead!”

Everyone in the room was stunned.

As they shifted their attention to the entrance, they were shocked to see Nathan swagger in with Colin, the Elite Eight and a large group of soldiers from the West Army.

Penny’s eyes lit up in delight as she screamed, “Nathan!”

Kylie too called out in excitement, “Nathan!”

At that moment, Edmund was stunned and he bellowed in disbelief, “Didn’t my father get General Ziegler to kill you? How can you still be here?”

Nathan sneered, “Your dad has been executed while the Harvey family is now under criminal investigation.”

“Both the army and the police are combing the city to arrest you!”

Chapter 910 You Should Be The One Kneeling

“However, we didn’t expect you to have left the hospital and quietly slipped here instead.”

Hearing that, Edmund’s eyes widened as he caught his breath. In a trembling voice, he said, “What did you say? My dad is dead? My family is finished?”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!



Chapter 911 Revenge

“My father’s dead and the Harvey family is gone... No way... no way...”

Edmund Harvey’s body began to tremble violently upon hearing Nathan’s words.

Just then, Dean Zannis walked over and glared at him. “Edmund Harvey, your family was involved in a murder case along with the Griffins and the Zanes.”

“Mark Zane, Fletcher Harvey, and Jeremiah Donne have been shot dead by commander-in-chief General Ziegler. The members of all three families are under arrest, including you.”

“No... no way...my dad went to find General Ziegler to help us get rid of Nathan Cross... why would he kill my dad?” Edmund Harvey muttered with a terrified look on his face. “You’re lying...you’re definitely lying!”

Chris Gore walked up to him and growled, “Edmund Harvey! Cooperate or else!”

All hope was lost for Edmund once he saw Chris in his West Army uniform.

Both Nathan and Dean might have been

Chapter 911 Revenge

lying, but there was no way Chris would bluff him on this.

Chris was the right-hand man of Lucas Ziegler, after all.

Looks like the Harvey family is done for...

With the last bit of hope draining out of him, he fell to the ground at Nathan and Penny's feet with a loud thud.

Following that, his men raised their hands in surrender.

Nathan glanced at Edmund before turning to Dean and Chris. "Take all of them back and punish them severely for their crimes."

"Yes, Sir!" they chorused.

When the General himself gave the verdict to the Harveys, Griffins, and Zanes, the West would be free of their tyranny for the foreseeable future.

Soon, Edmund and his men were led away.

Meanwhile, the military and the police made their retreat as well.

Chapter 911 Revenge

The only people left in the hotel were Nathan, Penny, and their party.

Penny held Nathan's hand tightly, still in a state of shock. "What happened?"

At the same time, Kylie and the executives of the Cross Group trained their eyes on Nathan as well. All of them were eager to know the truth.

Nathan smiled. "Fletcher Harvey wanted to bribe General Ziegler into assassinating me, but unfortunately for him, General Ziegler was not someone that could easily be swayed by money. Instead of getting what they wanted, the three families got arrested."

"They managed to find evidence of their involvement in my father's death as well as the loss of my family's assets and funds! General Ziegler took it upon himself to rid the world of those criminals."

When Penny and Kylie heard what he said, they clapped their hands in excitement.

Penny then reached out and grabbed Nathan's hand while holding back tears. "That's great! We can finally avenge your

father!”

Nathan nodded. “The court would punish those three families severely, and the Liver Cancer Special Meds Project, as well as the funds they took from us, would be ours once again.”

“We should go to your father’s grave and tell him the good news,” Penny whispered.

“Yeah... I hope he can hear us,” Nathan said.

The two of them and their party spent the next few days in the West.

Penny managed to establish ties with an agent who would help her manage the production of the liver cancer vaccine in the West.

They returned to Channing after that.

Heptakill, however, chose to return to the North instead of following Nathan to Channing.

The verdict came just a few days after Nathan arrived at Channing.

Everyone in the Western Chamber of Commerce, who had been guilty, was charged accordingly.

The Liver Cancer Special Meds Project, as well as the three hundred billion that was stolen from the Cross family, were retrieved and returned.

“The Liver Cancer Special Meds Project belongs to the Cross family, and that’s that,” Nathan told Johann Panz, the mayor of the Johnstone City. “My mother died of liver cancer, so I must make sure that the special meds enter the market and become widely available. That’s my only wish.”

“As for the three hundred billion, I’m planning to start a charity fund in my father’s name to help the needy with their medical expenses.”

“Mr. Cross, this is three hundred billion you’re talking about! It’s your father’s entire life savings!”

“Don’t you know? Money becomes a mere

number when you have too much of it," Nathan said calmly. "Besides, I've always believed in giving back to society as a businessman. My father's money would be the best blessing he could give to the world."

Mayor Johann Panz was moved by Nathan's words.

Besides, he knew that Nathan would be making loads of profit once the medicine enters the market.

After all, compared to the preventive nature of the liver cancer vaccine, the special meds would target the cancer cells directly and save countless lives.

Plenty of millionaires would be willing to buy his medicine at high prices just to save their own lives.

"Don't worry, Mr. Cross! I'll set up the charity fund for the needy patients as soon as possible!" Mayor Johann declared out loud.

"Alright," Nathan nodded his head.

The next day, Nathan took his wife and

daughter back to his family home in Tiverton Mountain to pay his late parents a visit.

They stayed there for a few days before returning to Channing.

When he returned, he heard that the ownership of the Liver Cancer Special Meds Project had been transferred from Dawnlight Medical Research Agency back to the Cross family.

After that, The manager of the Dawnlight Medical Research Agency, Grace Hampton, gave Nathan a call to update him on the progress of the project.

“The preliminary tests showed promising results, so our next step would be to send them for certification by the state’s food and drug administration. If everything goes well and the medicine gets approved, we can start introducing it to the market,” she said. “Mr. Cross, please give a name for this special medicine.”

Nathan smiled. “Let’s call it Q-Than.”

“Is there a particular meaning behind that name?” Grace Hampton asked out of

curiosity.

“‘Q’ refers to my daughter Queenie, while ‘Than’ is part of my name,” Nathan explained. “My daughter is an angel, and I hope that this special medicine would be able to free the liver cancer patients from their suffering, just like an angel’s blessing. I also want to assure everyone that I, Nathan Cross, will be taking full responsibility for the quality of the medicine.”

Upon hearing that, Grace Hampton’s eyes widened in awe. “What a beautiful name! Alright, the medicine shall be named ‘Q-Than’ from now on. Feel free to come for inspections whenever you have the time.”

“Alright,” Nathan replied.

He hung up the phone after that. However, in just merely two seconds, someone called him again. This time, it was from Colin.

He frowned as he picked up the phone. “What’s wrong, Colin?”

“Master! We’re in trouble! Johann Panz of Johnstone City just committed suicide!”

Colin said hurriedly.

“What?” Nathan exclaimed, eyes wide.

He had entrusted the three hundred billion to Johann to establish a charity fund that would cover the medical expenses of needy patients.

Unfortunately, Johann Panz was scammed in the process, and all the money was gone within seconds.

The scammer had been someone that he was powerless against, and out of pure guilt and despair, he threw himself off a building and fell to his death.

“The audacity of that person to steal my money and force Johann into taking his own life!” Nathan exclaimed while his fists clenched tightly in anger. “Colin, I need you to bring that son of a b**** to me. I want to see who that scumbag is!”

“Yes, Sir!” Colin saluted.

Colin got back to him on the matter just hours later.

“Master, I have a lead on our investigations. The scammer was from the Barton family of Northania,” Colin said. “Their third young master, Tom Barton, took advantage of a loophole in the contract and committed the fraud.”

“Johann Panz could not retrieve the money and felt too guilty to face you; hence, he took his own life.”

The Bartons of Northania!

Nathan furrowed his brows when he heard that name.

The Bartons of Northania had been one of the nation’s eight most revered families and was also known as the Barton Group. They were well-respected by many.

The family had plenty of both brains and brawn, and they had followers in almost every corner of the nation and every industry of the economy.

Aside from that, they had considerable influence over the economies of other

countries as well.

The Barton Group controlled seventy percent of the nation's pharmaceutical market and monopolized almost every stage of its production line.

It could be said that seven out of ten of the nation's widely-used medicines were related to the Barton Group, in one way or another.

Saying that the Barton Group was the uncrowned king of the nation's pharmaceutical sector was nothing near an exaggeration.

And because of that, Nathan failed to consider the possibility of the Bartons swooping in to snag the three hundred billion from Johann's hands, which forced him into taking his own life out of despair.

Nathan's face darkened at the thought of that. "Everyone fears the Barton Group and lets them do whatever they want. But I'm not going to let them off so easily this time. They must pay for this!"

"Master, are you planning to demand the money back as the General of the North?"

Colin asked.

Nathan shook his head. "This is a huge sum of money, and I doubt they would spit it out so easily, even if I went up to them as the General of the North. Besides, people might get suspicious of my wealth if they didn't know that it was my father's life savings. They might think that I was guilty of embezzlement or bribery."

Colin frowned. "What should we do then?"

"No need to fret. I'll go to the West for a few days," Nathan said calmly. "I want to move the research agency to Channing so that we don't have to travel between Channing and the West once the medicine enters the market."

"Also, Johann Panz used to work for me as a clerk, and he died under my watch. I must attend his wake."

"Understood. When are you planning to set off to the West?" Colin asked.

"Prepare a private aircraft for me. I'll be leaving in an hour's time," Nathan said.

"Yes, Sir!" Colin saluted.

Nathan bid his farewells to his family before setting off for the West with Colin and the Elite Eight on his private aircraft.

They headed straight for Johann's wake once they touched down on Johnstone City.

Johann had killed himself by jumping off a building, which wasn't exactly the most glorious way to die.

Besides, his death was related to the Barton Group and that made the aristocrats even more reluctant to attend his wake.

Thus, his wake ended up being a quiet and private procession with only a handful of visitors.

Nathan paid his respects and turned to Johann's wife, Caroline Helm. "My sincerest condolences to you."

Caroline's eyes were swollen and teary. She pulled out a letter from her pocket and handed it to Nathan while sobbing uncontrollably. "Mr. Cross... this is my husband's will... please read it."

Chapter 913 The Northania Bartons Were Behind It

Nathan took the letter from her hands and opened it.

In Johann's will, he requested for his family to take care of his children and mentioned his guilt regarding the loss of Nathan's money.

Mr. Cross, please avenge me after my death. Take the three hundred billion back and punish the Bartons.

I'll be able to rest in peace once you succeed.

"Mr. Cross, my husband doesn't deserve to die. You have to help us!" Caroline cried, tears running down her face.

Nathan nodded. "Don't worry. I'll make sure to punish those criminals severely."



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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With that, Nathan left the wake with a heavy heart.

In the afternoon, he paid a visit to the research center in the suburbs of Johnstone City.

It had been funded by the Cross family since the beginning. Currently, the 'Q-Than' special meds project that Nathan's father had poured his heart and soul into was also under its care.

The person in charge of the project and the research facility was Grace Hampton.

Meanwhile, in one of the facility's meeting rooms...

Grace glared at a man in a white suit and gold-rimmed glasses coldly. "Tom Barton, I think I've made myself very clear. The 'Q-Than' special meds project belongs to the Cross family, which had been its sole investor since its conception. Please direct your negotiations to our boss, Nathan Cross."

Behind Tom, a dozen suit-clad and fierce-looking bodyguards stood by and glared ferociously back at her.

One of them jabbed his finger at Grace's face, the scar on his cheek giving him a monster-like appearance. "B****! You'd better be grateful that the Third Young Master bothered to come down and negotiate with you!"

Tom simply grinned. "Have you forgotten what I've told you? Be a gentleman to the ladies, especially the pretty ones like her."

"Yes, Young Master," the bodyguard with the scar said politely.

Tom then turned to face Grace again with a smile. "Ms. Hampton, we'll offer you a billion if you agree to work with us. Should you join the Barton Group, I'll make sure that Nathan Cross stays out of this."

"You're talking to the wrong person, Tom Barton," Grace huffed. "The Cross family is the one and only investor of the facility, and only they can hand us off to another owner."

Tom chuckled. "No one has ever been able to deny my requests, and you won't be an exception, Ms. Hampton," he said with much confidence.

Grace raised one of her eyebrows and asked, "What if I do?"

The tips of Tom's lips curved upwards into a sly grin. He turned around and did a quick headcount of his twelve bodyguards.

"If you reject my request, my twelve bodyguards here will have their way with you, and I'll be recording the whole thing for your family and friends to watch."

Grace's face turned pale the moment she heard that.

Then Tom sucked in a mouthful of smoke from his cigarette and blew it towards Grace's face.

"I'll also be pouring acid on your face to turn you into an ugly witch!" he added, cackling.

"You... you monster!" Grace exclaimed, trembling slightly.

Tom's nasty smile did not diminish a single bit. "Thanks for the compliment!"

He proceeded to throw a contract onto the table. "If you don't want to be abused by

Chapter 914 Deliberately Courting Death

twelve men or lose your beautiful appearance, then sign the damn contract!”

Grace could only stare at the contract in despair.

Suddenly, someone kicked the door open with such force that it slammed against the wall loudly.

A tall, starry-eyed man walked in with an army of subordinates.

The man was none other than Nathan Cross.

Everyone in the room stared at them in utter shock.

“Who the hell are you?” Tom demanded.

“I am Nathan Cross, the boss of this place,” Nathan replied coldly. “You’re deliberately courting death, Tom Barton.”

Boss?

Grace felt hopeful for just a second before the excitement drained out of her.

He can’t afford to pick a fight with Tom

Chapter 914 Deliberately Courting Death

Barton!

Considering how much power the Bartons hold over the nation's economy, Nathan's going to be in deep trouble if he gets into Tom Barton's bad books...



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Tom and his subordinates glared at Nathan upon hearing his words.

The man with the scar raised his arm, ready to attack.

However, Tom stopped him before he could swing his arm down on Nathan.

He studied Nathan from head to toe and pushed his gold-rimmed glasses further up his nose with a grin. "So, you're Nathan Cross, the boss and the investor of this place? You came at the right time. I'm planning to buy this place for a billion."

He took a contract from the lawyer beside him and tossed it onto the ground beside Nathan's feet. "Sign it and get out of my sight."

The bodyguards glared fiercely at Nathan, ready to tackle him should he refuse to cooperate.

Grace looked at Nathan with a panicked expression, knowing that trouble was brewing between him and Tom Barton.

If Nathan refused to cooperate, there was no telling what methods Tom would use to

torture him.

However, Nathan seemed unfazed by Tom's threats. "A billion for my research facility? Ridiculous!"

Tom snickered. "No one has ever been able to refuse my requests, so you're not leaving until you sign this contract. If you don't, you and your family will suffer, though I won't reveal how. In case it scares you."

"You're really leaving me with no other choices, am I right?" Nathan asked while grinning.

Tom glanced at him with an unreadable expression on his face. "I'm already giving you an easy way out. As long as you sign this contract and hand over the facility and the project, I'll let you live."

Nathan smiled back at him and replied, "Truly, a son of the Barton family. Unfortunately, you're nothing to me."

Grace widened her eyes when she heard that.

Did he just insult Tom Barton and the

entire Barton family?

She stared at Nathan, dumbfounded. Is he just ignorant of Tom Barton's true power, or is he actually capable of dealing with him?

"Nathan Cross! You're asking for trouble!" Tom exclaimed in anguish.

Nathan grinned. "Guys, tackle him."

"You wouldn't dare!" Tom hollered.

His bodyguards pulled out their daggers and charged forwards.

However, Colin and his subordinates were much faster.

The moment they pounced forward, the metallic stench of blood began to permeate the air as a vicious fight broke out between the two parties.

Soon after, the battle ended as quickly as it started.

One by one, Tom's bodyguards fell to the ground, drowning in their own blood.

Grace's heartbeat quickened in surprise.

Did Nathan's subordinates just knock out Tom's bodyguards?

Tom's eyes looked as though they were going to pop out of their sockets as he struggled to register what was happening before him.

"Get on your knees!" Colin ordered, pushing Tom's shoulder with his hand.

Powerless against Colin, Tom was pressed onto the ground unwillingly.

Thud!

His knees made contact with the ground roughly, the pain almost bringing tears to his eyes.

"You see, I don't need you to give me the easy way out," Nathan said, glaring at Tom as he trembled on the ground. "I'll find one myself."

“How dare you insult my family!” Tom bellowed, staring at Nathan scornfully. “You’ll regret this!”

“We’re not done for today yet. Let’s not talk about the future,” Nathan scoffed. “You stole the three hundred billion I entrusted with Johann Panz, and he killed himself out of guilt and embarrassment. How do you think we should settle that matter?”

“I was just following the terms of the contract!” Tom screeched, visibly panicking. “He gave us the money so that we could redirect the funds to charity! We didn’t steal it!”

“Remember, boy, I’m a young master of the Barton Group! You’d better be careful, or else you’ll meet your end just like Johann Panz!”

“Stop playing tricks with me!” Nathan bellowed, his face darkening. “Slap him!”

Heeding to order, Colin stepped forward and swung his hand across Tom’s face.

The sound of his hand touching Tom’s face echoed throughout the room.

Tom's cheeks swelled up immediately as blood seeped through his lips.

He glowered at Nathan as he continued to yell, "I'm the Third Young Master of the Barton Group, and you have no right to..."

Slap!

Colin slapped him on the other cheek, turning it into a swollen, bloody mess as well.

Yet, Tom refused to give up. "I'll kill your entire family!"

Slap!

Another slap from Colin made Tom's ears ring and his head heavy.

This time, his voice began to die down. "The Barton Group will find you..."

Slap!

Slap! Slap! Slap!

Colin continued to slap Tom with every word that he uttered.

After a dozen slaps, Tom's head resembled more of a pig's head than that of a human. Blood streaked from his cracked, swollen lips.

There was not a single bit of resolve left in him after that whole ordeal, and he could only plead for their mercy. "I'm sorry... please don't slap me anymore... I'm really sorry!"

"What are you sorry for!" Nathan asked.

"I shouldn't have stolen the money from Johann Panz..." Tom replied weakly. "I also shouldn't have tried to take the research facility away from you, Mr. Cross..."

"Where are the funds?" Nathan continued.

"It's in the Barton Group's bank account, but I don't have the right to access it. You'll need to seek my father's permission," Tom answered, his voice trembling.

Nathan frowned at the sound of that.

"What now, Master?" Colin asked.

"It doesn't matter if the money is in their bank account or already spent. I'll chase

every last single bit back!” Nathan said coldly. “The funds were my family’s donations to charity, and I’ll fight anyone who tries to steal them.”

Grace stared at Nathan in awe.

At that moment, she was shocked at how nonchalant he acted towards the Barton Group as well as the fact that he forked out three hundred billion just for charity.

She gazed at him curiously as she wondered if there was more to him than what meets the eye.

“Drag this guy to Johann’s wake and get him to kneel there for twenty-four hours while reflecting on his actions,” Nathan ordered Colin. “Send him to the police after that for investigations, and tell them to retrieve the funds from the Barton Group.”

“Yes, Sir!” Colin answered, saluting.

Tom almost fainted when he heard that Nathan was going to force him to kneel before Johann’s body for a whole day.

How would the world react if they heard that the Third Young Master of the Barton

Chapter 916 Stop Playing Tricks In Front Of Me

Group was forced to kneel before someone's dead body?

The Barton Group would be so humiliated by this!



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Soon, Colin and the Elite Eight dragged Tom to Johann's wake and threw him onto the ground before Johann's coffin.

The Panz family was shocked by his sudden arrival.

What in the world?

Nathan's already back with that criminal?

The Panz family stared at Tom as he kneeled on the ground, covered in blood and looking as though he already had one foot in his grave.

It came as a pleasant surprise to them, though they could not help but worry for their future.

Tom was from the Barton family - a family that no one dared to get in the way of.

They feared retribution from the Barton family.

"No worries, everyone! Our Master brought him here," Colin announced. "He will deal with any attacks from the Bartons as well, so rest assured that none of you will be affected by this."

“Also, he will hand him over to the police after this and retrieve all the funds that have been stolen. We will avenge Mr. Panz!”

“Thank you, Mr. Cross!” the Panz family members chorused with teary eyes.

At that moment, Dean Zannis of the Johnstone City’s police department arrived at the scene with a troop of police officers.

Despite the coolness of the autumn air, Dean was drenched in sweat.

He was reluctant to deal with Tom Barton, but he dared not defy Nathan’s orders.

Being stuck in the crossfire between the General of the North and the Barton Group made him fear for his life.

Right then, he went up to Colin and greeted him gingerly.

Colin pointed at Tom and said, “You came at the right time, Director Zannis. My Master got him to kneel before Johann’s body and reflect on his actions, so we need you to supervise him and maintain order around here.”

“After twenty-four hours, bring him back for investigations. We need you to retrieve my Master’s funds from the Barton Group as well.”

“Understood,” Dean Zannis said with a bitter smile.

After that, Colin and his party left the wake to return to the research center.

“Master, I have sent Tom Barton to Mr. Panz’s wake as per your request. Director Zannis will be there to deal with the matter,” he reported to Nathan. “However, since the Barton Group is involved, it might take some time before the verdict passed and the funds returned.”

“That’s not a problem. As long as justice is served and the money is returned, nothing else would matter,” Nathan said.

“Yes, Sir!” Colin saluted.

Nathan turned to Grace and smiled at her. “Professor Hampton, tell your researchers to pack their things. We’re moving the center to Channing City.”

Grace opened her mouth to say something

but quickly closed it again.

“Any questions, Professor Hampton?”
Nathan asked, chuckling.

“Boss, I don’t think we’ll be able to escape the wrath of the Barton family even if we move to Channing,” Grace confessed.

Nathan froze for a second before bursting into laughter. “You think I’m moving the center to Channing because I’m scared of the Bartons?”

“Are you not?” Grace asked.

“Haha! You’re overthinking things. I’ve already planned it since ages ago, and it’s got nothing to do with the Barton Group. In fact, they don’t matter to me. Just focus on your research,” he said.

Grace nodded in silence.

He’s right. My job is to conduct research, nothing else.

That day, Nathan sent a message to Lucas Ziegler to request a group of elite fighters from the West as assistants during their move.

Chapter 917 Moving To Channing

He even asked for a few military helicopters to transfer the apparatus, reports, and staff to Channing safely.

That came as a massive shock to Grace.

How could he summon the military to do his bidding?

At that moment, Nathan's true identity appeared to be even more mysterious to her.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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The next morning...

Several black vehicles screeched to a halt in front of Johann's memorial venue.

"Quick!"

"Hurry up!"

An army of men clad in black suits clambered out of the cars and fell into formation swiftly.

A large figure alighted from the Rolls-Royce leading the procession.

He was close to two meters tall, very well-built, and fierce-looking.

He was Kyle Langdon, Tom Barton's personal assassin.

He advanced towards Johann's memorial with his men.

The security guards standing by the entrance stopped them in their tracks.

"Who are you?"

Thud! Thud!

Kyle sent two flying kicks into the guards' faces, launching them into the air and into the memorial venue.

Blood poured out of their mouths the moment they made contact with the cold, hard floor.

Everyone in the memorial gasped in horror.

Dean rushed forwards with his men and bellowed, "Who do you think you are?"

"We are from the Barton Group!" Kyle said coldly.

Dean's face changed the moment he heard that. He knew that the Bartons would send someone after them sooner or later.

However, he had underestimated their speed.

Kyle shoved Dean aside roughly and rushed over to Tom, who was still kneeling on the floor and looking haggard.

They fell to their knees before Tom and began to plead for his mercy. "Young Master! We are sorry for the wait! Please forgive us for our tardiness!"

Tom lifted his head weakly to look at his capable subordinate before a spark went off in his eyes. "You're finally here, Kyle! I might meet my end right here if you had come any later."

Kyle stepped forward and helped Tom up to his feet.

Tom's legs were completely numb from kneeling, so Kyle turned to his subordinates and ordered, "Take the Third Young Master to the hospital first. We'll deal with those scumbags later."

With that, they walked towards the exit with Tom in tow.

Just then, Dean stepped forward to stop them in their tracks.

"Apologies, sir. Tom Barton was involved in a scam, so he must stay behind to assist with investigations," Dean said, albeit a little apprehensively.

"Get out of my way," Kyle growled.

"I'm not doing that," Dean insisted.

"Besides, you injured the security guards, so you'll need to come with us as well."

Kyle narrowed his eyes at him. "Who gave you the guts to be such a nuisance?"

He took out his phone and dialed a number before handing it over to Dean. "The new mayor of Johnstone City would like to talk to you."

His name was Hector Zahler, and he had replaced Johann Panz as the new mayor after the latter's untimely death.

Dean picked up the phone with trembling hands.

"Dean Zannis, what are you doing? How dare you attempt to arrest someone from the Barton Group?" Hector demanded.

Beads of sweat began to appear on his forehead. "Mr. Hector, I can explain..."

"I don't want to hear your excuses," Hector said coldly. "Give your job to someone else and take over the logistics of the station in the suburbs from tomorrow onwards."

Boom!

It was as though a streak of lightning had struck Dean squarely on the head.

The new mayor was an avid follower of the Bartons, and he would definitely find ways to favor them.

However, Dean did not expect Hector Zahler to throw him out of the city completely just to appease the Bartons.

“Do you know the consequences of getting in the way of the Bartons now?” Kyle asked, smirking.

“You’re not going to get what you want all the time,” Dean growled, clenching his jaws together.

Kyle glanced at Tom, and they exchanged a knowing smile upon making eye contact.

“Apologies, Mr. Zannis. That’s just how the Bartons work,” Tom said with a nasty grin. “Now get out of the way, and go to your post in the suburbs! Your career here is over, so be prepared to spend the rest of your life in regret! Hahaha!”

Dean’s face turned ashen with anger.

“You’re pretty lucky, you know,” Tom said with a malicious glint in his eyes. “The only thing you lost is your job. As for that

Chapter 918 We Are From Barton Group

Nathan Cross, I'm going to take everything from him!"



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Meanwhile, in Channing...

Nathan gave his orders to Thomas and Colin to move the research facility into a spare military base. They would continue their research for the 'Q-Than' special meds project there.

At the same time, Nathan called up the commander-in-chief of the Channing military, Franklin Wilson, and told him to protect the research center in secret.

He returned to Riverside only after everything was settled.

"Papa!"

His daughter threw herself into his embrace the moment he stepped into the house.

He picked up Queenie and planted a kiss on her chubby cheek. "Do you miss Papa, my dear?"

"Of course! Mama misses you too!" Queenie cooed.

"Oh? How did you know?" Nathan asked, intrigued.

“When Papa’s not home, Mama would have trouble sleeping. She keeps calling your name in her sleep!” Queenie replied.

Benson, Leah, and Kylie glanced at Penny with smiles on their faces when they heard Queenie’s words.

Instantly, Penny turned red in the face. “What are you talking about, honey?”

“I’m serious!” Queenie protested.

Penny wished she could dig a hole in the ground and hide in it forever.

At last, Nathan decided to step in, seeing how embarrassed she was.

“Wow, what’s that? Smells great!” he asked as he took in a huge whiff.

“Nathan, your mom-in-law made your favorite dishes when she heard that you’re returning today!” Benson said with a bright smile.

“The food is ready. Let’s eat!” Leah said, grinning from ear to ear.

“Alright,” Nathan said. “I really missed your

cooking when I was away, Mom.”

Finally reunited with one another, the family sat down for a sumptuous meal at the dining table.

Afterward, they moved to the living room to watch TV.

Suddenly, Nathan’s phone began to ring. It was a call from Dean Zannis.

He walked onto the balcony and answered the call with a smile. “How’s the case, Director Zannis?”

“Please don’t call me that anymore, General,” Dean said sorrowfully. “I’ve been kicked out of the police department in Channing and posted to the suburbs instead. I’m in charge of logistics now.”

“What happened?” Nathan asked, the smile melting off his face.

Dean outlined the events of that day to him, and by the end of it, Nathan was seething with anger.

“This is ridiculous! Why did they appoint a follower of the Bartons as the new mayor?”

And dismissing you from police duties?” Nathan growled. “I’ll call the governor and tell him to let you back in. I refuse to believe that a mayor could be so shameless!”

“Please don’t, General! The minister has already spoken to me,” Dean said hurriedly. “He told me that he will let me spend some time at the grassroots first before transferring me to another city’s police department. You don’t have to trouble yourself over my issues.”

Dean was genuinely scared for his and Nathan’s lives.

The Bartons would definitely escalate the matter to someone even more highly-ranked should Nathan get in contact with the governor.

If things spiraled out of control, it would be Dean’s fault.

After all, it was not worth it for the General to make himself an enemy of the Bartons, especially since the minister had already promised to move him elsewhere after a few months.

Thus, Nathan decided not to call the governor after hearing Dean's words.

"Dean, I'm sorry for dragging you into this mess," Nathan said. "I know you don't want things to escalate, and I will respect your decisions. If you run into any problems later on, just drop me a call."

Dean was ecstatic to hear that.

It was a blessing in disguise after all!

Despite suffering a great setback in his career, he would be getting a second chance in just a few months, and the General himself was on his side.

"Thank you, General!" he answered.
"Actually, General, I have other matters to discuss with you. Tom Barton has unfortunately escaped, and he has vowed to come back for you. Please be careful, General!"

"Hm, looks like I've underestimated the Bartons," Nathan hummed. "I'll deal with them myself then."

Meanwhile, in the abandoned research facility at the suburbs of Johnstone City...

Tom Barton, Kyle, and about a hundred highly-ranked followers of the Barton Group walked into the empty research center.

“Urgh! How annoying! They moved away before we could catch them!” Tom snarled.

Kyle stood beside him, looking as calm as ever. “Young Master, I’m sure Nathan Cross moved the research facility away because he was scared.”

“He ran away?” Tom said, narrowing his eyes and grinning. “Did he actually think he could run away from the Barton Group? Hah! How ridiculous!”

“Master has told me to shield you from every source of harm, Young Master,” Kyle said. “Do you have any plans right now? Should we sniff Nathan Cross out first or return home?”

Tom looked at Kyle with a wide grin. “Kyle, you’re my personal assassin, so you shouldn’t have a problem sniffing him out. Why don’t you go to Channing and get rid

of Nathan Cross for me?”

“Yes, Young Master!” Kyle said.

“I may be the third son of the Barton family, but I’ll rake in three hundred billion for the family all by myself!” Tom said with a wild glint in his eyes. “If I can take over the Liver Cancer Special Meds Project as well, I’ll definitely outshine my older brothers and become the heir to the throne!”

“You have our full support, Young Master!” Kyle and his subordinates chorused out loud.

“Book the tickets! We’re going to Channing tomorrow,” Tom declared.

The next morning...

Penny walked into the Cross Group office as usual and summoned the executives of the company for their weekly meeting.

However, before she could even start speaking, the door to the meeting room was shoved open roughly.

As Penny and the executives looked on in

horror, Tom, Kyle, and their subordinates flooded into the room.

“Who are you? Who let you in?” Penny screeched. “Security! Chase them out now!”

Tom simply grinned. “Ms. Smith? There’s no need to call for security. I’ve beaten all of them up on my way here.”

What?

Penny and the executives glared at him angrily.

What makes them think they could just barge in like that?

Not only did they trespass the office, but they also beat up the security as well?

However, having gone through numerous events like that, Penny remained calm and collected.

She stood up and glared at Tom. “Who are you, and what business do you have with us?”

Tom was genuinely surprised by Penny’s

beauty, even though he was not one to be easily swayed by looks.

He lifted a hand to Penny's chin as he smacked his lips. "Hm, a strong and independent woman. You intrigue me."

"Excuse me! Please cut it out!" Penny hollered, swatting his hand away.

Tom turned to Kyle with a smile. "She told me to cut it out. What do you think we should do?"

In response, Kyle pulled out a dagger and pressed it against Penny's neck. "Don't you dare move, or else I'm carving your windpipe out."

Penny turned pale immediately.

The executives of the Cross Group began yelped in shock when the knife appeared.

"Haha! Who would think that Nathan's got a pretty wife, eh? Let me check if those are real!" Tom snickered as he eyed Penny's chests.

Without any warning, he reached out, trying to grapple at Penny's ample bosom.

Chapter 920 Tom Barton Is Here

However, before his hands could make contact with her chest, a frigid voice rang from the doorway. "I'm cutting off your hands if they get any closer to her."

Tom's hands froze just inches from Penny's chest.

Everyone turned around to find out who had spoken.

Nathan strode in with Colin, Thunderstorm, and Waves, as well as the Elite Eight, looking furious.



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