





When Felix heard that, he sneered, "Young lad, it seems like you have a lot of confidence in your bodyguard lackeys! If I manage to defeat them, in addition to retrieving our Yaleman family's possessions, can I also take your life?"

Nathan smiled and replied, "If you manage to defeat any one of my subordinates, you can punish me in any way you deem fit."

Felix scoffed, "Such arrogance, looks like I'll have to teach you impudent brat a lesson today."

"Brian!"

"At your command!" A burly and roughlooking man answered and stepped forward.

Felix ordered, "As a Major, I don't think it's appropriate for me to take action personally, in case they accuse me of being a bully. Go ahead and choose the person you want to compete with. Don't disappoint me and don't tarnish the reputation of the reserve unit of the West."







Brian nodded, "Yes, Sir!"

Then, he looked towards Colin and the Elite Eight.

As Brian could tell that Colin was the leader of the group, he beckoned Colin to come over, "You'll be my opponent, let's have a showdown! Don't worry, I won't kill you. I'll at most just knock you unconscious."

Nathan, Colin, and the Elite Eight exchanged knowing glances with each other and grinned.

Colin walked out smiling ear to ear and said, "I shall thank you in advance then!"

Brian got into position and shouted, "Come on, I'll let you make the first move!"

"Sure!" Colin's foot snapped out in a powerful kick almost at the same time he spoke.

Smack!







Before Brian could react, Colin had already struck him in the head.

His head started spinning and his vision went black. With a loud thump, he fainted and collapsed on the ground.

What?

Brian was taken down with just one kick!

Felix and the other nine of his subordinates stared wide-eyed in disbelief.

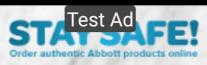
A split second later, Felix and his men snapped out of their shock and started to resuscitate Brian.

After their continuous efforts, Brian finally regained consciousness!

When he woke up, he said softly in shame, "Captain, I didn't expect that guy to launch such a fast attack, I was too careless."

Felix was visibly enraged, "Your performance during training had always been outstanding. How could you be so off







form during actual combat? Looks like I have to do this myself!"

After he finished speaking, Felix stepped forward and chose Colin as his opponent as well.

"Come on!" he bellowed.

Colin replied, "Right away!"

Employing one of the most basic military combat skills, Colin took a deep breath. Then, he stepped forward and threw a punch towards Felix's face.

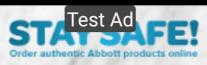
Felix was already very careful in anticipating Colin's move.

However, Colin still managed to catch him off guard with his powerful punch at breakneck speed.

#### Bam!

When the heavy blow landed on Felix's face, his world started to spin.







Blackness filled his vision and he could feel himself almost fainting.

His subordinates immediately rushed forward to hold him up while asking, "Captain, are you alright?"

Felix tried to shake away his dizziness and bit his tongue to force himself to stay conscious.

"I... I am fine!" He replied with much difficulty.

Colin sneered, "I had higher expectations for you guys, all of you should just attack together!"

#### What?

Felix and his men felt deeply offended by that statement. It was obvious that Colin was blatantly looking down on them!

"Let's attack together and cripple him!" Felix yelled, enraged.

As soon as he finished speaking, Felix and







his group charged towards Colin like a pack of ferocious wolves.

The Elite Eight stood by idly and had no intentions to interfere with Colin's battle.

Even though Colin was fighting in a oneagainst-many situation, he did not flinch at all as he marched forward to take them on.

Colin's movements were swift, decisive, and explosive.

He had utilized every single standard military combat skill.

Tackling each opponent with one move, Colin took down Felix and his subordinates with ease. None of those men was a match for him.

Before long, Felix and all ten of his subordinates were defeated by Colin.

The surrounding crowd was gob smacked and audible gasps of shock could be heard continuously.







Even those few female college students also couldn't help but exclaim, "Oh my God, looks like we'd better find boyfriends elsewhere next time!"

Felix and his men instantly turned red with embarrassment and anger.

Penny couldn't help but ask softly, "Nathan, what is it that they want from you? If it's not something precious, why don't you just give it to them!"

Nathan nodded as he heard what his wife said and instructed Colin, "Let them take that corpse away!"

"Yes, Master!" Colin replied.

Nathan glanced towards Felix and his men, who were suffering the aftermath of the fight. He said to them smilingly, "You should step up on your training when you're back. Also, tell the Yalemans to know their limits. If you come looking for trouble again, I won't be letting you off so easily."







Colin led Felix and his men to a dilapidated funeral parlor to retrieve Carl's body.

Immediately after, they fled back to the West in a miserable state.

When Chad saw the dead body of his youngest son, he couldn't help but let out an anguished wail and cried out, "My poor son!"

Rowan comforted his brother gently, "Chad, I'm sorry for your loss!"

Meanwhile, Felix reported the details of his Channing trip to Warren. At the mention of his group's defeat to Nathan's subordinate, Colin, his face burned with shame.

With his eyes downcast, Felix said, "Nathan Cross is really hateful, even though he knew that I'm General Quirke's man, he didn't even show you one ounce of respect. After his subordinate defeated us, he even mocked us and told us to step up on our training."

Warren was livid with rage. He slammed







his hand down on the table as he roared, "How could there be such an insolent brat in a small place like Channing! He didn't even bother to show me any consideration."

When Chad heard that, he took the opportunity and said, "General Quirke, my two sons died such a horrible death! I beseech you to avenge our Yaleman family."

Rowan added in, "Yup, as long as General Quirke agrees to help us deal with Nathan Cross, we will definitely reward you handsomely."

Warren smacked his chest and said, "Please don't stand on ceremony, Mr. Chad and Mr. Rowan! We are as close as brothers, the enemy of the Yalemans is also my enemy. Don't worry, I'll assemble a team of soldiers at once and we'll set off for Channing to deal with Nathan Cross."

Chad and Rowan were thrilled when they heard that!







However, Chad couldn't help but express concern, "General Quirke, we are really glad to have your help, but you're from the reserve unit of the West after all. If you and your men appear in the South, would you get into any trouble?"

Warren smiled and replied, "No trouble at all, I'll just have to inform the General of the West and contact the reserve unit of the South to let them know that our team is going there to exchange information on combat tactics. That will do."

After hearing that, Chad replied delightedly, "Thank you then, General!"

Without further delay, Warren sought permission from his superiors and contacted the South that same day.

Then, he gathered five hundred reserve soldiers and set off for Channing, fully armed.

The Yaleman brothers had also gathered a few hundred subordinates from the Yaleman family.







Carrying the coffins of his two sons, Chad and his group of people stormed towards Channing.

He intended to bury his sons in Channing and have Nathan's entire family join them.

The Yalemans were the first to arrive at Channing the next day.

They settled at Sandfort Mansion, which was located in the suburbs of Channing.

Chad heard that Sandfort Hill was an auspicious burial location and intended to hold a funeral for his sons tomorrow and bury them on the hill.

At the same time, he had also sent someone to inform Nathan to attend his sons' funeral.

He had also requested that Nathan bring along Penny, Queenie, Benson, and Leah. All of them were to die and be buried with his sons.

Chad even got his men to pass the







message that if Nathan did not appear, not only his family of five had to die, the immediate three generations of his family members would also be punished.

Meanwhile, at the Channing military base, Franklin, commander-in-chief of the Channing military district, was enjoying afternoon tea with Nathan in his office.

Colin stood beside the two men while he conveyed the message from the Yaleman family to Nathan, informing him that Chad had requested for Nathan to be buried with his sons.

Franklin fumed, "Hah! The Yaleman family from the West seems to think too highly of themselves. They even have the nerves to dream of having our General's family to be buried with Chad Yaleman's sons. I'll get some men and set off for Sandfort Hill right away to exterminate this family."

Nathan dismissed Franklin with a wave, "No need for that. It's just a small matter and not worth wasting so much manpower."







Franklin flared up and voiced his displeasure without holding back, "General, you've already given the Yalemans more than enough chances. Not only did they not cherish it, but they had also even gotten worse. We have to properly teach them a lesson this time."

Right after Franklin finished speaking, one of the guards entered the room.

The guard reported, "General, Commander, Major-General Warren Quirke of the reserve unit of the West is outside seeking an audience."





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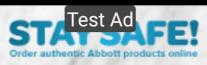


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According to the military rules, an officer who was transferred from an active-duty unit to a reserve unit would usually be promoted one rank up!

For example, a second lieutenant from an active-duty unit would be promoted to first lieutenant after being transferred to a reserve unit, while a colonel would be promoted to major-general in the same situation.

As Warren was a major-general of the reserve unit, his rank was far lower than Franklin's, who was major-general of active-duty military forces. Naturally, his status and scope of authority could not be compared to Franklin's.

As such, Warren was not able to speak to Franklin casually and had to 'seek an audience' formally, to show his respect for the man.

Franklin had an unfathomable smile on his face as he said, "This is interesting. If I guessed it correctly, Warren Quirke is here to assist the Yaleman family in their quest







for revenge under the disguise of work. I bet he doesn't know that the enemy of the Yalemans is our General, who's sitting right here!"

Nathan had an amused expression and said, "Let him in!"

Soon after, Warren, who was dressed in his military uniform, strode into the room.

He stood at attention and faced Nathan and Franklin, before saluting them respectfully.

In a serious and loud voice, Warren stared straight ahead and said, "General, Major-General Wilson, Warren Quirke, Major-General of the Fearless Warriors reserve unit from the West, reports."

Nathan nodded, "Good afternoon, Major-General Quirke, take a seat!"

Immediately after Warren sat down, Colin served him a cup of tea, which made him feel flattered.



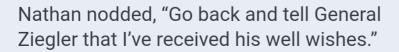




As Warren sat upright with a straight back, he stole a glance at Nathan and was surprised. Our General is really young!

Nathan smiled as he inquired, "What brings Major-General Quirke from the West all the way here to the South?"

Warren answered quickly, "General, we are here to exchange military tactics with Channing's reserve unit. In addition, our commander-in-chief of the West, General Lucas Ziegler, knows that you're here in the South, and had instructed me to send his regards."



"Yes, Sir!" Warren replied before he took a pause and continued, "Oh right, General, a team of my reserve soldiers will be engaged in actual combat training at Sandfort Hill, which is located in the suburbs of Channing, tomorrow. I would like to seek your approval on this matter."

Nathan replied indifferently, "That area is







under the care of Major-General Wilson, you should speak to him instead."

Warren looked at Franklin.

Franklin took a sip of tea and replied coolly, "Shouldn't be a problem, I'll let the mayor of Channing know so that he can inform the residents that there'll be a military exercise in the vicinity of Sandfort Hill tomorrow and no one is to go near the area."

"Thank you, Major-General Wilson!" Warren was delighted to hear that.

After chatting for a while more, Warren quickly took his leave.

That was because he was well aware that he was not on the same level as the General and Major-General Wilson, and did not dare to impose any further.

After Warren left Franklin's office, he set off for Sandfort Mansion at Sandfort Hill with one of his subordinates from the reserve unit to join the Yaleman family.







Chad and Rowan had already prepared a feast at the Sandfort Mansion to welcome Warren and his group of men.

During the banquet, Chad poured a drink for Warren while asking cautiously, "General Quirke, have you informed the Generals in charge of the Channing military?"

Warren, feeling pleased with himself, replied, "Of course, not only did I manage to speak to Franklin Wilson, commander-in-chief of the Channing military district, I even got to meet the General of the North. Both the General and Major-General Wilson had agreed to designate Sandfort Hill as a restricted zone for military exercise tomorrow and common folks would not be allowed to enter the premise. So, even if we go on a killing spree tomorrow, the Channing authorities would not interfere."

Chad was elated to hear that and sneered, "I've already sent someone to inform Nathan Cross to bring his entire family to Sandfort Hill to be buried with my sons







tomorrow. And if they fail to show up, I'll personally kill everyone who's dear to him."



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Nathan went to the hospital to visit Thunderstorm and Waves in the afternoon.

The two men had been crippled by Yasha previously and the doctors had said that even after they recovered, it would be almost impossible for them to return to their peak forms.

Thunderstorm and Waves thought that they were already valueless to Nathan.

They did not expect Nathan to visit them at the hospital and were very emotional when they saw him.



Nathan said placidly, "I've already avenged the both of you, so just focus on recuperating. I've gotten these from the North Army General Hospital which should be helpful for your recovery. Keep it."

Nathan tossed two black bottles to Thunderstorm and Waves after he finished speaking.

It was just two plain-looking black bottles, but had the words 'Black Tiger Bone







Regeneration Balm' printed on them!

The red logo of the North Army General Hospital was also stamped on the bottles!

Thunderstorm and Waves were barely able to conceal their delight and surprise from their faces. It was the bone regeneration balm supplied to the generals by the North Army General Hospital. Word had it that applying it would ensure maximum recovery for any bone-related injuries.

As producing the balm was costly, it was not made available to ordinary soldiers.

Thunderstorm and Waves were shocked that Nathan had given it to both of them!

The two men were incredibly grateful and thanked Nathan profusely with tears in their eyes.

Nathan smiled and replied, "Both of you work for me, there's no way I would let you suffer. Continue to protect my family after you recover. I'll try to enlist you two into the North Army to serve the country when







an opportunity arises."

Thunderstorm and Waves exchanged glances as their eyes brimmed with delight. "Yes, Master!" They answered in unison.

Nathan left the hospital after instructing both of them to focus on their recovery.

When he got back into his BMW, Colin reported in a soft voice, "Master, Chad Yaleman and Rowan Yaleman had settled at the Sandfort Mansion with hundreds of their subordinates. The coffins of Chad Yaleman's two sons had also been brought there. He also ordered you and your family to turn up at the Sandfort Hill tomorrow to meet your doom and be buried with his sons. If you don't do as he says, he will kill everyone who's associated with you, including your relatives and close friends. Master, how would you like me to deal with this?"

Nathan said coldly, "The Yalemans really don't learn from their mistakes. If I'm just an ordinary folk, wouldn't they have already







killed me a thousand times over? They need to suffer the consequences of their own sins. Prepare two coffins as my gifts to the Yaleman brothers tomorrow!"

"Yes, Master!" Colin answered solemnly.

The Sandfort Mansion had already been set up as a mourning hall the next day.

Chad and Rowan had gathered the five hundred over subordinates of the Yaleman family, who were all dressed in white robes and armed with sharp blades.

Everyone from the Yaleman family was awaiting the arrival of Nathan and his family, who would be here to accept their deaths!

Chad said to Rowan, who was next to him, "Nathan Cross is a rather influential local who's quite powerful in Channing. Even Thomas Dunn, the King of the Underground in Channing, is his subordinate. I don't think he will submit to us easily. Get our men prepared for battle."







"Chad, I've already instructed them to get ready. Don't worry, the men we've brought along on this trip are the elites among the elites. Besides, General Quirke's soldiers are having their military exercise in the vicinity of Sandfort Hill. They can back us up any time. No matter how powerful Nathan Cross and Thomas Dunn are, it's impossible for them to beat an entire army of soldiers, right?" Rowan replied.

At the mention of Warren and his soldiers, Chad couldn't help but be filled with confidence.

He narrowed his eyes and said with murderous intent, "I'm definitely taking Nathan Cross's life today. Even if Thomas Dunn come with all his men, there's no way he'd be able to save Nathan Cross."

Rowan scanned across the mourning hall, where the Five Hundred White Robes of Yaleman were present, and frowned. "I'm just afraid that with so many of our men guarding the place, Nathan Cross wouldn't dare to show up!"







Just as he finished speaking, one of the subordinates of the Yaleman family rushed over while shouting, "Mr. Chad, Mr. Rowan, Nathan Cross is here!"



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Just a moment ago, Chad and Nathan were still worried that Nathan would not dare to turn up, but well, speak of the devil.

With a wicked smile, Chad said, "Hah, this fella is pretty brave to have accepted his death invite!"

Rowan smirked, "Maybe he knows that if he doesn't come, our Yaleman family would be massacring his loved ones."

At the open space in front of the Sandfort Mansion, the Five Hundred White Robes of Yaleman were standing by in combatready mode under the lead of the Yaleman brothers.

Thud! Thud!

Two heavy objects were dropped onto the ground!

The Elite Eight had just placed two coffins side by side in front of the Yaleman family.

Right after that, Nathan appeared with Colin.







Everyone from the Yaleman family creased their brows, feeling puzzled. Why did Nathan Cross bring along two coffins?

Chad stared at Nathan with a frosty look, "So, you are Nathan Cross huh! Hah, I remember inviting your family here as well, where are they? I didn't agree to let them off. Also, why are these two coffins here? You only need one of them, if you're thinking of your subordinates as well, two won't be enough for all of you!"

Everyone from the Yaleman family laughed mockingly at Nathan.

With a smile, Nathan replied nonchalantly, "I've specially prepared the coffins for you two Mr. Yalemans. Since the Yalemans seem to like digging your own graves, I'll grant your death wishes and let your entire family accompany each other in death!"

Chad couldn't believe what he heard and widened his eyes!

Rowan was quivering with anger!







The Five Hundred White Robes of Yaleman were all infuriated and waved their weapons in the air, while shouting to kill the insolent Nathan Cross.

Chad burst into laughter as rage simmered in him, "Haha, I wonder how you can display such arrogance even at your death bed! You think you can kill me just with these nine lackeys you have?"

Nathan replied smilingly, "These nine guys are my bodyguards, they are only in charge of protecting me and are not usually involved in attacks. I have other men who are in charge of attacks."

Immediately after Nathan finished his sentence, a group of riders appeared on the hillside a distance away.

There were eighteen of them in total.

They were decked out in black battle suits with a cloak over their shoulders and a battle blade hung from their waists.

They were all riding on armored horses!







The horses were breathing clouds of smoke from their nostrils, like ferocious beasts.

The Yaleman family's subordinates looked towards the hillside in shock. They were stunned by the presence of the Eighteen Riders, who reminded them of grim reapers.

Chad was momentarily stunned as well, but quickly after, he let out a sneer, "Hah, who are they bluffing, knights on horseback in this era?"

"Chad, cut the small talk, just finish this fella off first to avenge my two nephews! After that, send some men to his house to kill his wife and child and get rid of his roots once and for all," Rowan said.

Chad nodded and said in a commanding loud voice, "The Five Hundred White Robes of Yaleman!"

"At your service!" The five hundred men, who were all armed with katanas, answered in unison.







Chad lifted his chin and said, "Follow me, warriors! Let's kill them all!"

"Charge!"

The Five Hundred White Robes of Yaleman dashed towards Nathan and his team of men in an intimidating manner, just like huge white waves, ready to shatter their opponents into pieces.

Nathan kept his composure as the Five Hundred White Robes of Yaleman charged towards him. "Order the Eighteen Riders of the North to attack," he said calmly.

At Nathan's instructions, Colin raised his right hand and clenched his fingers into a tight fist.

When the Eighteen Riders of the North saw Colin's gesture in the distance, Jack, the leader of the group, drew out his blade slowly and pointed the tip of the blade forward. "Attack!" He roared.

The Kirin which Jack rode let out a bellow and charged forward, galloping like the







wind.

Their horses were like dragons and the men like tigers as the Eighteen Riders of the North stormed forward, taking the form of eighteen hurricanes.

Before the Five Hundred White Robes of Yaleman could get anywhere close to Nathan, the Eighteen Riders of the North were already on their heels.

The next moment, both parties collided and an intense fight broke out among them.





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The Eighteen Riders of the North took the form of eighteen hurricanes, as they wreaked havoc upon the Five Hundred White Robes of Yaleman.

In the blink of an eye, none of the Yalemans were unscathed.

Howls of pain and agony filled the sky, as a thick scent of fresh blood reaped across the air. The area had been transformed into hell.

The Eighteen Riders of the North were the trump card of the North Army.

To have them deal with the White Robes of Yaleman was to break a butterfly on a wheel.

The Eighteen Riders of the North charged straight into the battalion as if there was not a single soul ahead of them. They hacked their way through the line of defense that the Yuan had formed as if they were clearing weeds in the backyard.

Yaleman family's troops were completely







annihilated. The corpses were scattered all over the battleground. It was a sorrowful sight to behold.

Chad Yaleman and Rowan Yaleman were completely dumbfounded.

In a mere blink of an eye, the Eighteen Riders of the North had penetrated the formation that the Yuan family had set up.

The Eighteen Riders of the North had just made one strike, and over half of the Five Hundred White Robes of Yaleman were slaughtered.

There were only a bit over two hundred lone soldiers left, standing on the battlefield.

Rowan Yaleman was petrified and he cried out, with his voice shaking, "Oh Lord.
These riders are so terrifying. Are they demons sent straight from hell itself?"

Chad Yaleman also could not believe the sight, unfolding before him. The Eighteen Riders of the North were already







reorganizing amongst themselves, preparing for a second strike.

His eyes reddened as he shouted with all his might, "Everyone gather! Get ready for the next wave! We are fighting on!"

However, the remaining troops of the Yaleman family were all battered and trembling as they involuntarily retreated, "Sir, we are not fighting anymore!"

"Y...Yes! These fellas are literally battle angels of death. There is no way that we can hold them off, let alone defeat them!"

"I say we run for our lives before they go on their second strike!"

The soldiers of the Yaleman family dropped their weapons one by one, scattering off in all directions.

Everyone wished that they could grow another pair of legs to aid them in their escape from the hell that they were in.

Very soon, all that was left on the







battlefield were the Yaleman brothers, standing alone next to each other.

Ahead of them was Nathan Cross and Colin Dunne, accompanied by the Elite Eight.

Behind them were the Eighteen Riders of the North.

Both of the Yaleman brothers were already trapped, with nowhere else they could possibly escape to!

Nathan Cross looked at Rowan Yaleman and Chad Yaleman with a stare that was devoid of any warmth, "The two of you still want to burn my house down?"

Rowan Yaleman's face was full of despair!

However, Chad Yaleman had his fists clenched tightly. He refused to admit defeat even at this moment.

He grimaced and warned, "Don't get too full of yourself. Yes, your soldiers might be invincible, but would they still have a







chance against an army armed with rifles?"

He had just finished talking when he took his phone out to dial for Warren Quirke, "General, send help now!"

Chad Yaleman grinned cunningly at Nathan Cross, "Hahaha, from this second onwards, the lot of you are just counting down to your own demise!"

A smirk broke out, across Nathan Cross's face. "Is that so? I look forward to it then," he announced.

Very soon, the sound of heels tapping on the gravel to a regular beat could be heard from afar.

Subsequently, hundreds of reserve soldiers, each of them wielding a rifle in hand, appeared, in neat rows in the far East. They marched uniformly towards the battlefield.

Warren Quirke was leading the army of reserve soldiers towards the Yaleman







# brothers.

Rowan Yaleman and Chad Yaleman were beyond thrilled to see Warren Quirke. They rushed over to welcome his arrival.

Chad Yaleman was getting emotional, "General, you have finally come to our rescue!"

Rowan Yaleman followed on, "Yeah! If you'd arrived any later, the two of us might have already lost our lives!"



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Warren Quirke and his troops saw the bloody scene in front of them and shuddered.

He quickly released an order, "All soldiers, prepare yourselves for battle!"

"Yes sir!"

Felix Quirke and the army of reserve soldiers dispersed in a uniform manner, getting themselves into a battle formation, as if they were facing a big threat.

Rowan Yaleman and Chad Yaleman glanced at the heavily-armed and well-trained soldiers before exchanging an excited gaze with one another. A spark had rekindled in their eyes. Even if Nathan Cross has the nine lives of a cat, he will surely die!

The two of them glanced in Nathan's direction, as they pictured him cowering in complete terror and despair, kneeling on his knees to plead for mercy.

Unfortunately, they were left in utter







disappointment.

Nathan had his hands behind his back, and his face was still as calm as ever. His lips were curled up into an ambiguous smile.

Warren Quirke declared in a loud tone, "I am Major General of the Fearless Warriors reserve unit from the West. I order all of you thugs to surrender your weapons and put your hands up in the air!"

"Anyone who dares to resist will be executed right away!"

Nathan Cross smirked and mocked blandly, "My Warren, how different you are now, from our meeting yesterday! You are quite the mighty general, huh?"

The familiar voice quickly registered in Warren Quirke's mind.

He started to appear anxious, once Nathan Cross was done speaking.

He stared at the person who had just finished speaking and squinted his eyes,







as he scrutinized his face.

Boom! The person who was speaking seconds ago was none other than Nathan Cross.

Warren's body was trembling as if he was struck by thunder.

He froze upon the spot.

He had recognized the man in front of him. That man was the General of the North whom he had just conducted a meeting with, yesterday, at the army base in Channing.

Nathan Cross is the General!

This discovery caused his body to tremble uncontrollably.

All Warren had in his mind was that he was done for. He had just brought in a whole troop of forces and declared war on the General. He had just landed himself in hell.

The troop under Warren's command and







the Yaleman brothers had yet to notice the odd expression on Warren's face.

Felix Quirke, the leader of the army who was under Warren's direct command, overheard Nathan's brazen speech to his superior and ordered two of the reserve soldiers, "Go and capture the rascal over there!"

"How dare you!"

Warren let out a ferocious gruntle and gave Felix Quirke a kick that sent him flying.

The Yaleman brothers were frozen at the sight of that.

In fact, all of the soldiers were frozen in shock.

Why had Warren Quirke gotten so angry that he gave his dearest subordinate a flying kick?

Everyone was in total bewilderment.







Warren Quirke turned over and bellowed at all of his subordinates, "All of you, retreat from your positions immediately! I want the battle formation broken down this instant! Safety locks to be switched on, on all weapons. If anyone fires a gun, I will personally take you down!"

"Roger that, sir!"

The entire army could not seem to wrap their heads around the situation, but nonetheless, they followed the orders from their superiors immediately.

If Warren Quirke wanted them to retreat from their battle formation and put on the safety locks on their rifles, they had to do everything as he had commanded.

The Yaleman brothers were deeply perplexed by Warren's confusing act.

Are they not taking Nathan Cross down anymore?

Why has Warren disengaged all of his troops from their battle positions,







# forbidding them from firing?

Chad Yaleman had thought that they were minutes away from getting their revenge when Warren Quirke had soon ordered for everyone to retreat.

He grew anxious all of a sudden and questioned Warren angrily, "Warren what are you doing? Didn't you promise me to take care of Nathan Cross just now?"

Warren Quirke's expression morphed when he heard those words escape Chad's mouth. He raised an arm in fury and gave Chad a hard slap, right in his face.



# Clap!

The slap had Chad's face swollen. His lips cracked and started to bleed.

That slap had left Chad Yaleman dumbstruck.

Chad Yaleman put a hand to his bruised face and asked in disbelief, "Warren, what the hell was that for?"







The Yaleman brothers along with Felix Quirke and his soldiers were all bewildered. They could not understand why Warren Quirke had lashed out like that. First, he was kicking his subordinate, then, he proceeded to slap Chad Yaleman?

Warren Quirke was in a hot temper. He pointed at Nathan Cross and bellowed at the Yaleman brothers, "Do you two know who that guy is?"

"He's the General of the North, the commander-in-chief of the three hundred thousand soldiers in Northania!"





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