

The boss' silence meant that he was furious, and someone would die whenever the boss was angry!

John's life was hanging on the line, and it all depended on his boss' will.

The silence went on for an entire minute before the boss reprimanded, "Useless shit! I wanted you to murder the man, but you refused to do so. That left a threatening loose end! What is the point of keeping you around?"

John was so terrified that he fell on his knees despite being on the phone. "Boss, this is all my fault. I am willing to accept the punishment."

The boss sounded cruel when he said, "No matter. You can still be of use, so I will let you live for a few more years. The timing is perfect, though. I am almost done prepping for my big plan. My godson will carry out the plan. Williams will die before he cures the Justice Defender. This is a wonderful opportunity to train my godson. You will spare no effort to assist my godson in carrying out this plan."

John agreed immediately, "Don't worry, boss. I will put my life on the line for him."

The boss paused for a moment before adding, "My godson is talented in every way, but he has one weakness. His lust is uncontrollable, and

he has a messy life. I will authorize you to do this one thing. You must listen to his orders on all other matters, but you are free to control his personal life. If his lust got in the way and disrupted the plan, I will hold you responsible for it!”

“Understood.”

John stared at the sky after hanging up the phone.

*My role as the representative of the Rivermouth state is snatched away and given to his godson just like that?*

*I am not okay with it!*

*I wonder who the hell his godson is. How did that boy get the boss to have such high hopes for him?*

At the border of Rivermouth state.

A fleet of army that comprised over a thousand men was there. Everyone had one knee on the ground as they worshipped the powerful man in front of them.

The entire scene was ridiculously glorious.

The tall man was wearing a tuxedo, and his face shone with pride.

He remained unmoved by the worship of those thousand men. It seemed he was already used to that kind of treatment.

The man in the tuxedo was none other than the boss' godson, Mance.

He had traveled all the way from Northern Xinjiang to Rivermouth on his godfather's orders to implement the big plan.

"Mance, Rivermouth is right in front. We can't go any further with you," reported one soldier.

Mance nodded slightly and instructed, "Alright, head back to camp now. Remember, be ready to attack on my command to move in accordance with the big plan."

The men nodded, then returned to camp.

The footsteps of a thousand men got the shook the earth.

Mance looked at the beautiful Rivermouth and said in excitement and anticipation, "I am here, Zeke Williams. I wonder just how powerful you are. How did you have my godfather call me out on a mission?"

Mance joined the army in Northern Xinjiang when he was nine, and he had since spent twenty years there.

He had never carried out a mission because all other missions were too simple, and they never needed someone as strong as he was.

The 'big plan' was his first mission.

"I hope you won't disappoint me, Zeke Williams."

After murmuring that, Mance got into a Bentley parked at the side, and headed toward Rivermouth.

Another car was parked close to the road, and the owner of that car was none other than Nancy Hinton.

She stared in Mance's direction and cried when she witnessed an army of a thousand men knelt for a single man.

That man was tall, muscular, and absolutely charming!

Nancy was all too familiar with that silhouette.

He was the hero she had been dreaming about!

She had never seen her hero's face before. She had only ever seen him from a distance, so she mistook Mance as her hero.

She was nervous and excited when she saw her

'hero' driving toward her.

Was she finally going to come face to face with him?



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*How should I act?*

*What should I say when I greet him?*

*Is my outfit too sexy? Would he think I am slutty?*

Nancy was still overthinking everything when Mance's Bentley approached her.

His eyes lit up, and his heart pounded the second he saw Nancy.

*Is that an angel?*

*No, this lady is even more angelic than an actual one!*

Mance had been with countless women during his time in the army.

However, those were all trained and muscular. They were beautiful, but they were also tough and lacked femininity.

The woman in front of him was way more beautiful and sexier than his exes.

However, the most important point was that the woman was extremely feminine and exuded a sexy aura.

That was what Mance loved.

He fell in love at first sight and decided that he must have her, regardless of the consequences.

He parked the car beside Nancy and greeted politely like a gentleman, “Hey there. Did your car break down? Do you need a lift?”

Nancy was even more surprised then.

He had taken the initiative and started the conversation. It was even more probable that he was her hero!

Nancy took a deep breath to adjust her emotions before she asked, “Excuse me, but are you the Hero? The man who has been helping me from the shadows?”

*Hero?*

Mance was confused.

However, he had been in the army for twenty years, and that trained him to be quick in adapting to sudden changes.

He nodded immediately. “I didn’t think you’d figure it out so easily. Yes, I am him.”

After confirming the man’s “true” identity, Nancy became so excited that she felt like her heart was about to jump out of her chest.

Her face lit up with anticipation as she asked, “Thank you for all the times you lent me a helping hand, Hero. You really helped to solve a lot of huge issues. I-I don’t know how to repay you. Can I buy you dinner to thank you for all your help?”

Surprisingly, Mance rejected that offer instantly. “Sorry, but that won’t be possible.”

Nancy felt like a bucket of ice water had been poured on her, and she was cold from head to toe. She even felt hopeless then.

She had been rejected, and it looked like she would never love again.

Mance then took a turn and added, “I am a man. How can I let a woman buy me dinner? That would hurt my pride. My beautiful lady, will you do me the honor and let me buy you dinner?”

Nancy was at a loss by the sudden turn of events.

She was so excited her heart skipped a beat, and she almost passed out.

“Sure, great!” Nancy said immediately because she was worried that Mance would change his mind.



He grinned. "I'm guessing your car broke down. Come on, I'll give you a lift and have someone tow your car back for you."

"Thank you," said Nancy before she hopped into Mance's car without a second thought.

Her car didn't actually break down, but she would not let up the opportunity to spend some quality time with her hero.

Nancy couldn't speak. She was dazed, still in a state of excitement.

Mance didn't speak either. Instead, he greedily enjoyed the feminine scent exuded by Nancy.

None of the women he had been with in the past had exuded a scent like that.

His phone suddenly rang.

He checked the screen and saw that it was from John, the person who was supposed to meet up with him in Rivermouth.

Mance answered.

"Mance, where are you right now? I'll send my men to drive you over," said John politely.

"There's no need for that. I met a friend and will eat out tonight. I'll meet up with you after

dinner.”

“Friend?” repeated John in confusion.



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