

CEO Bride 1001

Chapter 1001

Upon hearing this, Melody pursed her lips and said to Wookie, "That's right, he's my man. If you beat him up, I'll marry your young sir!"

Wookie translated their words into Motandish and conveyed them to

Barton.

Barton glanced at the four men at the table and said calmly, "Then beat him up!" The nearly two-meter-tall burly men started approaching

Nash.

Wookie went up to him first, saying arrogantly, "Kid, our young sir has taken a liking to your woman. We're gonna beat you up today. Afterward, we'll give you two billion for you to divorce her. Do you

understand what I mean?"

The way he saw it, these people had no power or influence.

Otherwise, they would not be eating cheap barbecue in a place like this. Motandiners were different; they lived on the vast grasslands

and were not particular about their way of life.

Nash set down the half-eaten chicken wing in his hand, wiped his mouth with a few napkins, and glanced lightly at Hera and Melody

The two of them lowered their heads, not daring to look at him.

Nash said lightly, "I suggest you all leave as far away as you can

while my mood isn't completely ruined yet."

Besides Wookie, the rest could not understand their language.

The onlookers turned their gazes toward Wookie. With a grim

expression, Wookie transla

The burly men glared at Nash angrily, their Profound Reality Realm aura erupting. A fierce wind rose, and yellow sand filled the air. Cillian flicked his sleeve lightly, instantly causing the yellow sand to subside. With that, the barbecue on the table was saved.

The burly men looked at each other and noted the seriousness in

each other's eyes. This person's strength was not below theirs. It might perhaps be even higher. It looked like they had encountered a tough opponent today.

Wookie looked at the white-haired young man in purple robes in

disbelief. Those with him were all in the early stage of the Profound Reality Realm and possessed strong bodies capable of withstanding

blades and guns.

Their combat ability rivaled martial artists at the peak of the Profound Reality Realm in the Martial Arts Realm. However, they had been so easily repelled by this white-haired young man. One could tell from

this that this person was at least in the Mystique Loyalty Realm.

After pondering for a moment, Wookie went up to Barton and

whispered, “Young Sir, the white-haired young man’s strength is

unfathomable. He’s also a practitioner of the Path. It’s best we don’t offend him so simply.”

Barton naturally recognized the white-haired young man’s immense power. He did not expect to encounter a Mystique Loyalty Realm expert in a second-tier city like Jonford.

If he were just any ordinary Mystique Loyalty Realm expert, it would have been manageable. Unfortunately, he practiced the Path.

“Brother, I want the beautiful lady!” Baden stomped his feet like a child, throwing a tantrum.

Barton patted Baden’s shoulder reassuringly. “Don’t worry, I’ll fulfill

your wish!”

Barton looked at the white-haired young man seriously and said in somewhat non-standard Darkonian “I have a close relationship with the head of the Path Master Sect on Drogon Tigres Mountain. I hope you’ll refrain from interfering in this matter out of respect for him.”

The Path Master Sect on Drogon Tigres Mountain was the most famous Path sanctuary in Capiton and was known to everyone.

Cillian sipped his tea calmly before looking up and glancing at Barton. “What if I insist on getting involved?”

Batton narrowed his eyes and replied, "Then you can expect to be thrown out of the Path!"

With that, he took out his phone and got ready to make a call.

"Are you sure you want to meddle in my family's matters?" he asked again. Cillian was, after all, a Mystique Loyalty Realm expert. He did not want to make too many enemies for the Bullhog family unless

absolutely necessary.

Chapter 1002

Cillian lifted the pot and poured water into the teacup. His

movements were graceful as he maintained a calm and composed

expression.

Barton snorted coldly and immediately dialed a number. The call connected, and a respectful voice sounded from the other end, "Mr. Barton, why have you decided to call me?"

Barton cast a disdainful glance at Cillian and asked, "Do you know a purple-robed Path taker with white hair?"

"A purple-robed Path taker with white hair? Are you in Jonford?"

"That's right!"

“Then it must be Father Cillian from Quiet Winds Church,” the voice answered with certainty.

“He has crossed me. I hope you can expel him from the Path!” Barton demanded coldly.

There was silence for a full ten seconds on the other end of the phone. Just when Barton was starting to get impatient, the voice finally responded in a troubled tone, “Mr. Barton, could you pass the phone to him? Let me talk to him.”

Barton handed the phone to Wookie to pass to Cillian.

Wookie put the phone on speaker and placed it on the table.

“Cillian, how did you manage to upset Mr. Barton?” the voice asked, sounding both amused and puzzled,

Cillian remained silent.

“Motadine is an autonomous region. The Bullhog family holds sway

over both legal and illegal affairs. Moreover, the family has four peak Mystique Loyalty Realm experts. Offending the Bullhogs will not benefit you in any way!"

"So?" Cillian asked succinctly.

"So, I hope you don't antagonize him!" the voice replied.

"In that case, just expel me from the Path," Cillian replied lightly.

The Quiet Winds Church no longer existed. He had long lost any

connection to the Path.

When Skadi heard Cillian's words, her heart trembled slightly. If Cillian were to leave the Path and return to secular life, would she have a chance? She suddenly felt slight gratitude toward the Bullhogs.

There was silence on the other end of the phone before the voice responded, "Cillian, you have a great reputation among those on the Path and are one of the top ten influential figures recognized by the

Path.

"If you return to secular life, we'll contact the relevant departments to block all your social media accounts!"

Eric could not bear listening to this anymore and picked up the phone. "Master Yakov, do you believe me when I say I can have you expelled

from the Path first?"

The Path Master Sect was one of the Path. Association's governing

bodies. They held significant authority. Even the application to be a Golden Amulet Master required the Path Master Sect's seal.

As the vice chairman of the Path Association in Capiton, Yakov did indeed have the authority to dismiss the head priest of a Path sanctuary. However, Eric did not even acknowledge the man.

"You... Are you... Master Eric?"

Yakov's voice began to tremble when he heard Eric's voice. Eric was

not only one of the top ten renowned Golden Amulet Masters, but he was also the head of Clear Dew Court. It belonged to the reclusive

sects.

If Clear Dew Court was willing to intervene in the national Path community's affairs, then the Path Master Sect would have to step aside. Moreover, Yakov had also learned that Eric had become the deputy director of the Religious Affairs Management Institute two

years ago.

The religious affairs managing body was divided into county-level

associations, provincial-level associations, state-level associations,

and the Capiton General Association. The highest was the Religious

Affairs Management Institute.

Although Yakov worked at the Capiton General Association, he was a level below the Religious Affairs Management Institute.

“The head of the Quiet Winds Church will always be a member of the Path. You’re not qualified to expel him from the Path!” Eric snorted coldly.

Yakov trembled and stammered, “Yes, yes! Your word is final!”

Eric hung up the phone and threw it toward Barton emotionlessly. The phone cut through the wind and landed in Barton’s hand. The moment he caught the phone, it exploded.

Barton felt a numbness in his wrist as his feet sank into the sand by ten centimeters. The Mystique Loyalty Realm!

Chapter 1003

Another Mystique Loyalty Realm expert!

Barton was astonished. Wookie came up to him to translate the conversation between Eric and Yakov. “I understand!” Barton scoffed.

This person was not only an expert in the Mystique Loyalty Realm, but he was also an existence that even Yakov was wary of. He did not expect such powerful people to be lurking in a small place like Jonford. Yet, he had managed to provoke said people.

Barton lowered his head slightly and said to Wookie, “Call the

supplicant.” Wookie smiled bitterly. “Young Sir, I think it’s better to forget about it!”

Barton grabbed Wookie and lifted him from the ground, “Do I need to

repeat myself?”

Wookie hastily said, “I-I’ll do it right away!” Barton threw Wookie back to the ground where he remained sitting in the sand. He fished out his phone and dialed the supplicant’s number. He quickly explained the

situation.

In the meantime, Barton waved his hand and said something in

Motandish. Behind him, a group of people began to clear the scene. They did not force the customers and even paid for their bills.

Winnie nervously pulled at Eric’s sleeve. “Is it not over yet?”

Eric held Winnie’s delicate hand and reassured her, saying,

worry, they can’t afford to stir up any trouble.”

Don’t

Atlas disdainfully remarked, “If you ask me, we should just act instead of babbling here.”

Jesebel pinched Atlas’ waist and whispered, “You little brat, you

should stop meddling in your master's affairs!"

Atlas raised an eyebrow. "Woman, who are you calling a little brat?"

She smiled coyly. "I'm talking about you, you little boy."

He chuckled. "But you said I was big that night."

Blushing, she pinched him hard on the waist again.

Atlas gritted his teeth and grabbed Jesebel's hand.

Smirking, Nash finally spoke up, "We won't start trouble, but we won't back down from it either. Let's see what their boss has to say."

Jaxon nodded. "That sounds good."

After about three minutes, two burly figures rushed toward the end of the beach. In the blink of an eye, they arrived beside Barton. Barton greeted the two with a fist salute and then pointed at Cillian and Eric. He started speaking Motadish.

The two burly old men were probably in their 60s, with thick beards reaching their chests and fierce expressions. After hearing what Barton told them, white light flashed through one of the old men's

eyes.

Immediately, his expression changed drastically as he exclaimed, "Four Mystique Loyalty Realm experts!"

Beside him, the other old man was frowning tightly. Barton and

Wookie were both stunned.

“Four?” They looked toward the square table. Apart from the two Path practitioners sitting on each side, there was also a young man and a priest sitting in the other two directions.

As for the rest seated beside them, their identities and statuses were

clear at a glance. Even this young man and the priest were in the Mystique Loyalty Realm.

Barton gave his brother a deep look and then said, “Old Aor, we don’t necessarily have to make enemies with them. It’s just that Baden finally found a woman he’s interested in...”

Aor sighed softly and looked toward the table where Nash was seated. “Gentlemen, the Bullhog family is the largest family in Motadine. Baden’s father is a colonel from the Western Territory.

“The general of the Western Territory has reached the age of retirement, and the next colonel will undoubtedly be him. Won’t it be advantageous for your friend to marry a descendant of the future

general?”

Nash sneered, “If I asked you to marry your wife to someone else, would you agree?”

“I don’t have a wife,” Aor replied.

Nash continued, “I don’t care how big your family in Motadine is, or how complex your relationships are. If you provoke me, I’ll have no qualms about making the Bullhog family disappear.”

Aor’s face turned cold. “So, is that the end of our negotiation?”

With that, a vast spiritual force swept toward Nash. The spiritual

power of someone at the peak of the Profound Reality Realm was extremely terrifying. It was akin to a vast ocean and was seemingly capable of crushing everything in front of it.

Chapter 1004

Nash narrowed his eyes and concentrated his spiritual power, releasing it outward. Cillian's and Eric's expressions changed. They also simultaneously released their spiritual power. All three streams of spiritual power converged and clashed with Aor's spiritual power.

The roars of fierce wind cut through the air, yet everything remained calm at that moment. It was the sound of the invisible collision of

spiritual powers.

Aor's eyes slowly narrowed. He was pushing back spiritual power from three people on his own and was showing signs of collapse.

Jaxon clasped his hands together and slowly closed his eyes. A faint yellow light emanated from him as another stream of spiritual power,

almost equal to Nash's, surged forth.

Aor staggered while the old man beside him stepped forward, his profound spiritual power merging with Aor's.

The air began to distort. The howling winds turned into muffled thunder that was seemingly capable of dispersing one's soul.

Those with the strength at only the Profound Reality Realm could barely withstand the power emitted by the spiritual attack.

Meanwhile, those with lower cultivation levels were struck with pain

as they clutched their ears.

Their vision blurred, and it felt as if the world was spinning around them. They were on the verge of passing out. The owner of the barbecue restaurant had already collapsed on the ground.

At the same time, gravity seemed to disappear as the gravel on the ground slowly floated into the air.

A sonic boom reverberated through the air, and both parties' spiritual powers collapsed.

Cillian covered his chest, a trace of blood escaping the corner of his mouth. Eric's brows were also slightly furrowed. Only Nash and

Jaxon were still the picture of calm. However, on the inside, they were experiencing turmoil.

This person's cultivation seemed to rival that of Bladesman Divus. He was also a cultivator of the body whose martial prowess was far

more terrifying than his spiritual power.

It was likely that even Bladesman Divus would have a hard time defeating him without using the Return of Infinite Swords.

"We were just passing through Jonford to rest for the night. It's not our intention to get into a conflict with you. But Mr. Baden has taken a liking to this woman, so I have to take action. To avoid causing too

much trouble, let's make a bet.

“If you win, we’ll leave Jonford immediately. If you lose, the woman will come with us,” Aor suggested lightly, having already gauged the strength of the individuals present.

All of them possessed formidable spiritual power, especially the young man and the priest he had conversed with earlier.

If they were really going to resort to violence, Aor was not confident about dealing with these two young men. As for the other Mystique Loyalty Realm cultivator beside him, he had accumulated his

cultivation through the consumption of pills.

He was not on par with the other two Mystique Loyalty Realm

cultivators.

“I’ll never use my woman as a bargaining chip,” Nash replied.

Since Hera had fabricated this lie, he had to go along with it.

Otherwise, the group might become even more aggressive.

Melody heard Nash’s words and felt a bit dazed. For a moment, it felt

as if she was really his woman.

Hera glanced at Melody, a complicated look flashing through her eyes. She had long anticipated that Melody would fall in love with Nash someday. Her mother had warned her about this before. It was just that she chose to believe in Nash and Melody.

She had contemplated what she would do if Melody and Nash truly developed feelings for each other. Melody had done her a favor at the Zell family's banquet. If it were not for Melody, she might have already met her end.

Chapter 1005

Moreover, her parents also regarded Melody as their goddaughter. Still, Nash was her man. She found it hard to accept the idea of Nash sharing his love with someone else. Until yesterday, Nash's constant demands had made her happy yet also somewhat fearful.

She was afraid that she would not be able to satisfy Nash. For the first time, she thought of finding someone else to share the burden

with.

While she might have appeared to be shifting the trouble to Nash

when she said that Melody was Nash's woman just now, in reality,

she was subtly fanning the flames. She even began to doubt whether

she was actually some kind of twisted person.

Back to Nash and Aor, Nash was still calm while Aor smiled faintly. "If

I were to forcibly take her away, the four of you wouldn't be able to

stop me."

Before Nash could respond, Eric chuckled and said, "Can you take

away both of your young sirs at the same time, then?"

Aor was momentarily speechless. It was true that they would not be able to catch him if he were to grab the woman, but the two young

sirs definitely would not be able to leave either. "In that case, I'll stay

in Jonford. I hope the four of you can continue to protect that woman.

"Nash..."

At this moment, Melody suddenly stood up. All eyes turned to her.

You can make a bet with him. I'm not your woman, so I can be your

wager!"

Hearing this, Aor's smile grew wider. "Since you're not his woman, why oppose the Bullhog family?"

Nash snorted coldly. "What's the bet?" This old guy was shameless.

He definitely would not let this go until they made the bet. If the Bullhogs were to stay in Jonford for a long time, it would be like having a sword hanging over their heads.

Aor smiled. "I'm 160 years old, and you're in your 20s. I don't want you to say that I'm bullying you. I'll stand here, and if you can make me take a step back within three punches, that'll be my loss. If I don't

move within three moves, then I win!"

Eric's mouth twitched slightly. Cillian and Jaxon exchanged a glance, inexplicable amusement in their eyes.

Nash looked at Aor in astonishment. "How little do you think of me?"

Aor smiled faintly. "Looks like you're very confident in your own strength. Your spiritual power is strong. I hope your fists are equally strong!"

He was not looking down on Nash. On the contrary, he had high hopes for Nash's future.

Among the four present, this young man was undoubtedly the youngest, but his spiritual power was the strongest. This was also why he had not made the four his enemies outright.

He had to consider the Bullhog family's interests and not offend the four Mystique Loyalty Realm experts, so he could only resort to this strategy.

Barton's hands were on his belt as he asked in a somber tone, "Kid, do you dare accept the bet or not?"

The burly men around him all smiled. Body cultivation techniques were prevalent in Motadine, where physical strength was divided into 12 levels. One could survive even the epicenter of a nuclear explosion by mastering body cultivation.

Aor had already reached level nine in his physical strength. He could jump from tens of thousands of meters high and come out,

unscathed.

In a war in the Western Territory a few years ago, Aor even blocked a tungsten gold armor-piercing shell with his physical body. They were extremely confident in Aor's ability to defend himself.

Nash took a sip of tea, put down his teacup, and then said, "Why

wouldn't I dare?"

Aor smiled faintly and waved his hand lightly. Everyone around him retreated 500 meters. Eric also took Hera and the others away from

there.

Aor stood with his hands behind his back, looking calm and composed. He emitted a majestic aura. Inside Nash's body, the Mystique Pill had already begun to rotate slowly as his vast true energy gathered voraciously in his right hand.

To be fair to the man, Nash asked, "Are you ready?"

Aor simply smiled lightly. "You can go ahead anytime."

Chapter 1006

Nash looked at Aor calmly and confidently, dispelling any

reservations he might have had. He clenched his fingers into a fist

and struck Aor's chest with force.

A violent sonic boom resounded and ripples visible to the naked eye

spread in all directions. The sand and gravel on the beach surged like waves. Nearby barbecue stalls were thrown into the air by the ripples.

Sand rose tens of meters high, resembling a sandstorm in the desert. In the blink of an eye, the sandstorm reached Eric and the others.

Eric, Cillian, and Jaxon all took a step forward. They blocked the

sandstorm with their auras. Both Eric and Cillian were forced to take

a step back while Jaxon remained unmoved, but there was still a hint

of shock in his calm eyes.

Barton and his group were stunned. They knew Nash was strong, but

they did not expect him to unleash such terrifying power.

Hera and Skadi stared ahead, but the nearly 500-meter-thick wall of

sand completely blocked their view.

“My goodness... Mr. Calcraft is powerful, isn't he?” Renee said trembling after she finally came back to her senses. This was h time witnessing a battle between martial artists, aside from wha

had seen in martial arts shows.

Three minutes later, the sandstorm finally settled, and everyone co

once again see Nash's and Aor's figures.

At this moment, the distance between Nash and Aor was less than a

meter. They were looking into each other's eyes, both calm on the outside but shocked on the inside.

Nash had not actually expected the old man to withstand his Eight

Desolate Crumbling Fist while Aor had not anticipated Nash to possess such terrifying power.

Normally, Aor only needed 30% of his strength to withstand a full- force attack from someone in the Mystique Loyalty Realm. Today, he

used 60% of his strength.

“If this is all you've got, I'll be disappointed,” Aor said, patting the fist imprint on his padded jacket. There was a hint of disappointment in

his eyes.

“I only used half my strength since you're getting old. But I won't hold back in the second punch,” Nash replied calmly as if he had indeed used only half of his strength.

In reality, the punch he had just thrown contained nearly 80% of his power. It was a mid-Mystique Loyalty Realm punch that was several times stronger than the punch he had unleashed at Sigur Cliff.

Despite this, he still could not shake the sturdy old man in front of

him.

Nash gained a new understanding of the old man's strength. He was stronger than Mark and on par with Bladesman Divus. Nash even suspected that the old man would be able to survive the Return of

Infinite Swords if he exerted his full strength.

"Let's see if your fists are as tough as your mouth," Aor said with a faint smile before closing his eyes and clasping his hands behind his

back.

Nash took a deep breath and activated the Longevity Technique, channeling his body's true energy into his right hand. Meanwhile, Aor remained steady, a faint petrification showing on his skin.

Far away was the other Mystique Loyalty Realm expert of the Bullhogs. Nolan's eyes narrowed as he murmured in disbelief, "Aor is actually going to use his full strength to take the second punch!"

As the saying went, different regions bred different people. Located on the vast grasslands, the people of Motadine primarily engaged in animal husbandry. Their diet and long-term nomadic lifestyle

contributed to their strong physique.

Everyone in Motadine could practice body cultivation, but mastering it was incredibly difficult. It required extensive daily training with heavy loads and unwavering perseverance and dedication.

It took one to three years to get started, five years to become proficient, and ten years to develop a sturdy body. Most ordinary people were unable to endure the process and gave up halfway.

Only martial artists who were competitive and combative persisted in cultivating their bodies. The majority of martial artists stopped when they reached levels four or five. Only a small number of naturally

talented martial artists cultivated to level six.

The four Mystique Loyalty Realm experts from Motadine had physic strength levels of around seven. Only Aor had crossed the level eight hurdle and broken through to level nine. At level nine, one's skin could petrify, making one capable of resisting tank shells.

The last time Aor used skin petrification was when he resisted a

tungsten gold armor-piercing shell.

Chapter 1007

Nolan withdrew his gaze, the hands behind his back involuntarily

clenching. The power unleashed by the young man was enough to rival a tungsten gold armor-piercing shell.

For someone to possess such terrifying strength at such a young

age, just who exactly trained him? Could it be someone from a

reclusive sect?

Just then, the dull sound of thunder pierced through the sky all of a sudden. Immediately after, several bolts of lightning as thick as one's arm came striking down.

The pupils of Nolan and the Bullhog family members suddenly

contracted.

In the next moment, another sonic boom resounded.

Aor's eyes abruptly widened, but Nash's fist had already connected with his chest. The destructive force instantly permeated Aor's entire

body.

Aor staggered back before he forcefully drove one foot into the ground, dispersing the lightning bolts. The smoke gradually dissipated, and he glared at Nash. "You... You used a Path techniqu

Nash was sitting on the ground now looking exhausted. He looked u at Aor and said, "That wasn't a Path technique. That was the Eight

Desolate Crumbling Lightning Fist!"

This was a technique that combined the Eight Desolate Crumbling

Fist with the Infinite Divine Thunder Curse to form something like a

poisonous sharp blade.

"You win," Aor said slowly. To have the ability to integrate martial arts and Path techniques was enough to prove Nash's extraordinary nature. He had not misjudged him. The young man's future prospects

were limitless.

Nash clasped his fists. "I yield."

As the sky of yellow sand returned to calm, both Barton's and Eric's teams rushed over. Aor looked at Barton and Baden, saying calmly,

"We'll set off for Motadine immediately."

Barton was slightly taken aback for a moment but then loudly

declared, "Back to Motadine!"

"Hold on..." Nash suddenly stopped everyone.

Aor's steps halted. "Is there something else you need?"

"I can treat Baden."

Nash stood up with Melody's and Hera's support. He had noticed before even making the bet that Baden's condition was due to damage to his brain nerves and cells, leading to intellectual

disabilities. This condition happened to be something he was able to

treat.

The Bullhog family was the number one family in Motadine. Not only did they have peak Mystique Loyalty Realm experts with strength comparable to that of Bladesman Divus, but they also had a colonel who was expected to be competent enough for the position of the

next Western Territory Warden.

“What did he say?” Barton asked, looking at Wookie. It was unclear if

Barton did not understand what Nash said or just did not dare believe

his ears.

“He... He said he can cure Young Sir Baden!” Wookie’s spirits rose, but still, there was doubt in his eyes.

“Young man, I admit you’re strong, but that doesn’t mean you can play tricks on us just because you feel like it!” Barton retorted, his gaze

narrowing.

Baden’s illness started when he was three years old. For 20 years, the family spared no expense, spending billions of dollars trying to cure him. It was not an exaggeration to say that the number of doctors who had seen Baden could stretch from Jonford to Motadine.

However, no one had been able to find a single clue as to what was ailing him. Even seasoned senior physicians in their twilight years were helpless. And now, a young man in his 20s dared claim that he

could cure Baden.

In Barton’s eyes, Nash was probably just trying to retaliate against him because he had offended him. Just as a dragon had its scales

that doomed anyone who touched it, Barton’s scale was Baden.

Retaliating against him was one thing, but he would never allow anyone to harm his younger brother.

Nash shook his head and said calmly, "In that case, you may leave

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Barton snorted coldly and then left with his entourage. Renee

muttered, "Good intentions are often unappreciated. What a bunch of

ingrates!"

She had unwavering faith in Nash's medical skills, especially after witnessing him cure a patient who was clinically brain-dead not long

ago.

Eric walked over to Nash, who looked a bit pale. He asked, "Are you

okay?"

Nash smiled and nodded. "I'm good.

Eric relaxed a bit. "We haven't finished our drinks yet. Let's go back

and continue."

Skadi complained, "Yoyo hasn't even had her cake yet. They ruined everything!" It was her first time celebrating Yoyo's birthday, and she had not expected such an event to occur.

Hera comforted her softly, "Aren't we going to go back and drink now? Let's buy another cake and continue celebrating Yoyo's birthday wher

we get back!"

An hour later, everyone returned to Villa 14 to continue celebrating Yoyo's birthday. Jezebel prepared some nutritious snacks and fruit platters as well as some appetizers for those who wanted to drink.

At around ten o'clock, Yoyo blew out the candles and made a wish.

Thus came the end of her fifth birthday celebration.

After Eric had drunk himself into unconsciousness, Nash followed the

drowsy Hera back to their villa. As soon as they arrived home,

however, Nash's phone rang.

Hera gently called out to Nash, "Nash, wake up!"

Lying on the couch, Nash looked at Hera with bleary eyes and mumbled, "My wife, you're so beautiful!"

Hera smiled sweetly and said, "Your phone is ringing. You should

answer it."

Seeing Nash still unmoved, Hera grabbed his phone and showed him

the caller ID. It was Stellar.

“Nash, Stellar’s calling!”

Hera did not dare to answer the call without Nash’s permission. Nash

engaged his true energy, and a wisp of white mist emanated from the

top of his head. The drunkenness on his face dissipated.

He sat up and grabbed the phone. “Uncle Stellar...”

Nash addressed the man as ‘Uncle’ because he was considered a

brother to Nash’s father. Before Nash knew Philix was his father, he

used to call Stellar by his name. Now that he knew Philix was his

father, it was natural for him to change the term of address.

“Nash, the general and I have returned to the Northern Territory. He asked me to tell you two things.

“The first thing is that the Kleins have already discovered that you’re a member of the Young family. The second thing is that you should be wary of Francis.”

Stellar’s tone was serious when he said this, and Nash could not help but ask, “What does he mean by that? Why be wary of Francis?”

“Why didn’t my father call me personally for such an important matter?”

Although he had not met with Francis much, the man had always

been kind to him. He even saved him and Melody a few days ago. If it were Stellar's own judgment, Nash would have certainly ignored the

matter.

However, it was his father who told Stellar to relay the message to

him.

There was a moment of silence before Stellar slowly answered, "I've already told you what the Warden said. He won't be contacting you for the foreseeable future, and you shouldn't try to contact him either. Your father's affairs are not something you can meddle in."

With that, Stellar ended the call.

Nash plopped onto the couch heavily. He tried calling his father, but his phone was turned off. What happened to his father in Capiton? Was his father distancing himself from him because of the Kleins? What was his father thinking when he warned him about Francis?

Nash dialed Tristan's number. He was the only person he knew in Capiton's political circle. The call was quickly answered, and Tristan asked with a smile, "Mr. Calcraft, why are you calling me so late?"

Without beating about the bush, Nash asked directly, "Has something happened in Capiton?"

Tristan was surprised. "What happened?"

After a brief pause, Nash asked, "How are the relations between the four Wardens and Francis Dunn?"

“They’re fine. I’m not exactly sure about the specifics of their relationships with one another. I don’t have the authority to meddle in their affairs.”

“Alright, go get some rest.”

Chapter 1009

Nash ended the call feeling frustrated. He scrolled through his phone for Francis’ number. He hesitated for a moment before deciding not to call him in the end.

His master had lived for over 800 years and had a sharp eye for discerning intentions. How could his second disciple, who was also Nash’s senior, harm him?

Noticing Nash’s poor complexion, Hera grabbed his hand and asked, “Nash, is something wrong?”

Nash clasped Hera’s hand back, smiling. “It’s nothing you need to worry about. Let’s go to bed.”

With that, he carried her bridal style and headed toward the second floor.

After Nash and Hera finished breakfast the next morning, they drove to the company together. At the company entrance stood a handsome blond man with closed eyes and a bouquet in his hand. The sight of him attracted many curious glances.

This time, he brought two burly bodyguards of foreign ethnicity with him.

Hera furrowed her brows slightly. "Is he insane?" How disgusting could this man be to continue harassing her when he already knew that she had a husband?

Nash got out of the car with a dark expression, took Hera's hand, and walked toward the company gate.

Leon spotted Hèra and immediately approached her with a smile. The two bodyguards followed closely behind him.

"Ms. Lewis, I've been waiting for you for two hours." Leon handed the roses to Hera.

Nash stared at Leon coldly and asked, "What's your game? Why do you keep harassing my wife?"

Leon smiled faintly. "Mr. Calcraft, I just like your wife. That's all."

Nash burned with rage. With one slap, he sent Leon flying two meters away. Several teeth even fell out of his mouth. Clearly, the last kick had failed to teach him a lesson. Leon had to be properly taught a

lesson this time.

The bodyguards looked at Nash in shock. They did not even see him,

strike out just now.

Nash walked toward Leon and stepped on his face while sneering coldly. "Do you think hiring bodyguards will save you from getting

beaten?"

Leon's voice escaped his mouth in muffled screams.

A group of white-collar workers stopped to watch the scene.

"Isn't that Mr. Calcraft? Why is he beating someone?"

"He deserves it. That blond guy knows that Ms. Lewis has a husband, but he keeps harassing her."

"Damn, that's disgusting!"

"Yeah, it makes me sick just watching!"

The bodyguards, finally came back to their senses. Clenching their hands into fists, they charged toward Nash. Their employer was being stepped on right in front of them. If they did not act now, they would not get paid this month.

Just as the two men were about a meter away from Nash, he

suddenly turned around and roared, "Get lost!" There was murderous

intent in his icy gaze. The two burly men, each nearly two meters tall, immediately halted their steps.

Their eyes widened as they looked into Nash's gaze with disbelief. It was cold and emotionless. It was as if he had no qualms about killing them. How was he more terrifying than those gun-wielding killers?

The two bodyguards looked at one another before turning around and The two bodyguards looked

running away. Fear also showed itself in Leon's eyes now as he

remained under Nash's foot. This man had chased off the very

bodyguards he had spent so much to hire!

"Answer my previous question. What's your game here?"

"Or should I rephrase? Tell me who's instructing you," Nash said, his

voice chilling.

"I-I don't know. Just let me go. I won't disturb Ms. Lewis again!" Leon yelled. He was thoroughly panicking now.

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He could already sense death's presence.

Nash kicked Leon in the groin, using his profound true energy to crush his manhood into a pulp. Several women nearby involuntarily clasped their legs together. Although what Nash did was brutal, it was also a domineering display. They looked at Hera with envy.

Leon clutched his groin and let out a scream that sounded like the squeals of a pig. Veins bulged on his forehead as he hysterically roared, "You're dead, Calcraft! I won't let you live through today!"

"That's it!" Nash lifted his foot and ruthlessly stomped on Leon's chest. Leon's eyes widened in anger, but then his

head tilted to the

side as life drained from him.

"Is he... dead?" A few white-collar workers nearby gulped nervously.

The president's secretary sneered. "Such lowlives deserve to die!"

Hera walked over to Nash and asked with concern, "Nash, did you...

kill him?" She knew Nash had killed many people before, but this wa

the first time she witnessed him doing it-especially in such a publ

setting. Her feelings were complicated.

Nash ruffled Hera's hair. "You go to work. I'll take care of this."

Hera bit her lip and then walked toward the entrance in a daze.

Nash dialed Xeno's number.

"Mr. Nash!"

"Come to Baroque."

Ten minutes later, Xeno arrived with two underlings. Glancing at the body on the ground, he signaled to his men behind him. They

immediately started cleaning up the scene.

"Look into this guy's background," Nash said. He then lit a cigarette and then drove to Universal Group.

In the vice president's office at Universal Group, Travis tapped his fingers on the desk, his deep gaze occasionally glancing at the phone on the table. Queenie held a cup of hot water in her hand and smiled slightly.

"Don't worry, Travis. As long as Leon mobilizes the power of the family backing him, Nash is sure to die!"

Suddenly, Travis' phone vibrated. He picked it up and answered the call. In the next second, his pupils contracted sharply. "Are you sure?"

"Positive. We saw Nash kill Leon with our own eyes. After that, Xeno came to clean up the body!"

"I see," Travis said simply and then ended the call. Queenie hurriedly asked, "Did Nash go all out?"

Travis nodded. "He was quite ruthless. He killed Leon!"

Queenie's expression brightened. "Then his time is coming soon! How dare he touch my man? Do they think the Grahams are so easy to

bully?”

Travis glanced at Queenie deeply, his expression filled with worry.” Nash is a strong martial artist. If we use the Charlie family to get rid of him and they trace it to us, our entire family will be in big trouble!”

“You’re worrying too much. This is just a dispute over a woman. It has nothing to do with us. We just provided Leon with a few photos!” Queenie retorted.

“I hope nothing goes wrong. Nash is quite annoying.” Travis picked up the glass on the table and took a sip of red wine.

At that moment, there was a knock on the door, followed by the voice

of Queenie’s secretary.

“Ms. Graham, the Inspection Department and Legal Department are here to see you!”

Queenie frowned and looked at Travis. “It’s probably Nash.”

Travis clenched his fists. “I’ll go with you to see what’s going on!”

In the office of the Purchasing Department’s manager, Nash was

sitting on the couch with Lynn and Juan. Juan’s eyes were sparkling

with excitement while Lynn’s expression was heavy. She was clearly

burdened with worries.