

## CEO Bride 112

### Chapter 112

Stellar was a man who did as he said.

He took his pistol and aimed it at Howard's head.

Howard shuddered in fear when he saw the black-colored muzzle.

No one had ever dared point a gun at him in the past seventy years he had been alive.

Yet now, he did not have the guts to lose his temper when a gun was pointed at him.

Deep within his heart, he knew without a doubt that not only did Stellar dare point a gun at him, but he was also brazen enough to pull the trigger and kill him.

"Colonel... sir... I... I..."

Howard stuttered, unable to form a complete sentence.

The poor had no power over the rich, and the rich had no power over the government.

Although he held extremely powerful positions in Jonford, they were nothing in comparison to the power the Northern Territory's colonel had.

For the sake of his life, he had no choice but to admit defeat.

"Get the hell out!" Stellar roared.

hurriedly left the room with his

on, Nash had placed thirty-six offering bowls

36 decan stars' positions. It looks like a magic circle..."

who had not had any emotion on his face before this,

shocked. "Decan Soul-Locking

faking it. The Decan Soul-Locking Formation goes against the laws of nature. Getting a few years shaved off your life constitutes a light punishment, and the worst punishment would be getting cursed by the gods. I can't believe Master Calcraft passed on the technique to this

sentence, he kindly asked, "Young man, are you sure you want to

bottle of red-colored ink, and a stack of parchment paper from the tote

face when she noticed how

Father Cillian had been

him one of the best in the martial arts world.

he had gorgeous features that made him look like he had just walked out of a

of female fans if he decided

the secular world.

excellent martial arts skills, but he was

he have to

retrieved her phone and began

stand Nash's disrespect and berated him, "Young man, he's the priest of the Quiet Winds Church and a ninth-division grandmaster. He possesses outstanding skills and is

the exasperated Lloyd and used his brush to sketch an

my f\*cking god. Are you even listening to

"Can it!"

his gaze and directed a blast of inner energy

Lloyd let out a muffled grunt as he stumbled several steps backward, blood oozing from the corners of his mouth.

It was only then he recalled his junior had once reminded him that this young man had genuine profound state powers.

Cillian tightened his grip on his horsetail whisk.

Even though he only had the powers of a ninth-grade grandmaster, he still stood a fighting chance if they were combined with the techniques his ancestors had passed down to him.

Nash turned to look at Cillian. "If you do not have any other business here, please leave the room so you don't disrupt the warden's rest!"

Cillian said calmly, "The General Star has fallen, and Heaven's will cannot be disobeyed. Only Master Calcraft, who has the Apocalyptic Star in his Palace of Fate, can change one's destiny against all odds!"

He wanted Nash to back down of his own accord and was also taking this opportunity to undermine his confidence.

The young man needed a lesson taught to him because of how arrogant he was.

Nash sighed and put his brush down. Then, he took a folded yellow robe from the tote bag.

A biretta.

A golden-colored amulet.

Nash straightened up and put the robe on.

The biretta went on his head, and the amulet was wound around his waist before he tightened the sash. Finally, he took a small pouch out of the tote bag.