

# My Substitute CEO Bride

## Chapter 1305

Chapter 1305

Enzo quickly identified the Clarkes of Cazadine. They were a prestigious family with a century-long history and assets worth billions. Then, he listed the names of the core members of the Clarke family.

While Enzo was impressed, he maintained a calm expression and simply smiled faintly as he said, "Please come in. The banquet hall is on the eighth floor."

"Thank you," Lars replied politely and instructed his bodyguards to wait outside before taking Lulu to the eighth floor.

"This hotel doesn't even have someone to guide us," Lulu complained with discontent.

As the elevator doors were about to close, four more people entered—two women and two men.

The two women wore matching outfits. One was a charming woman in her late 20s while the other was younger, probably 15 or 16. She

was dressed in a youthful-looking school uniform with twin ponytails.

The two men, one middle-aged while the other young, appeared to be a father-and-son pair.

"Sis, I'm only 16. Yet, Grandpa is asking me to seduce a man in his 20s. Isn't that too much?" The young and cute girl pouted with tears shimmering in her eyes. She sounded aggrieved. "Grandpa must have his reasons for doing so. If you don't do as he says, don't blame me for being unkind later!" The charming woman

chuckled.

"Then you go seduce him. I don't want to be with an older man!" the

girl with twin ponytails said stubbornly. "We're the Zink family of

Brume. What man is out of our reach?" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"The Zinks of Brume?"

Lulu's eyes widened. "The very same family that's been around for 400 years?"

The girl with twin ponytails lifted her chin proudly. "You're well-informed. Are you also from Brume?"

Lulu smiled faintly. "I'm from Cazadine. I'm part of the Clarke family."

The girl with twin ponytails shook her head. "I've never heard of them."

The charming woman glanced at Lulu. "The Clarkes are a first-class aristocratic family in Cazadine with a history of over a hundred years!"

"Compared to your family which has a history of over 400 years, we

far behind," Lulu replied modestly.

The charming woman tapped her chest lightly, and a terrifying thought crossed her mind. Everyone attending tonight's banquet might be from top-tier aristocratic families. No wonder her grandfather pushed out his most beloved granddaughter.

She thought her grandfather had a conscience and believed that a marriage of alliance would not fall on her. Now, it seemed that her

grandfather was biased toward her half-sister.

While the two were chatting, the father's and son's expressions were constantly shifting. They were also called upon by the head of their

family. They were told to flatter a young man named Nash, but they were not informed of the reason.

They had been complaining about the old man back in the car. Why would they, the prestigious Seto family of Brightonia, need to flatter people? Now, it did not sound like this Nash person was a simple

bloke.

At 8:00 pm, after he was done treating his injured friends, Nash finally had some free time to chat with those in the Jonford WhatsApp group. Suddenly, Shanice called out to him, "Boss, ten tables are not enough at all. There are many big shots outside!"

Nash frowned slightly. "I planned for eight tables, with ten people per table. That would make 80 guests. Each family can bring only two people. Don't we have enough seats to accommodate 40 families?"

Shanice chuckled helplessly. "Not quite enough. Should we reject some?"

After hesitating for a moment, Nash replied, "Forget it. Add five more tables!" Most of these top-tier aristocratic families were friends of the Sloans, the Murphys, the Bullhogs, the Skyes, the Zunigas, the Fishers, and the Lees.

Fortunately, Nash had resisted calling the Martial Arts Association. Otherwise, even 20 tables would not have been enough!

Just as he hung up the phone, there was another knock on the door. It was followed by Theo's voice. "Nash, the governor-general of the south is also here. He wants a seat at the table!" Nash went up to the door and opened it, his deep gaze fixed on Theo.

"Were you the one who invited him?"

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### Chapter 1306

Theo raised his hands and shook his head. "You've misunderstood. It wasn't me." The Skye family had a governor-level figure within their ranks and did not need to curry favor with other governors.

"Who could it be, then..." Nash suddenly thought of Melody. A few days ago, the governor-general of the south helped Melody. Although it was at Hendrix's request, they did extend a helping hand to her in

her time of need.

Just as Theo left, Bertram approached. "Mr. Nash, something has happened to Ash. You should go take a look!"

Nash nodded and followed Bertram to Ash's room. Ash had killed the

Voodoo Parasite King. Having been renowned for so many years, he surely would not let Ash off easily despite being dead.

Having been busy attending to everyone's injuries in the afternoon, Nash had neglected to pay attention to Ash. In Ash's room, Regulus

and Eric were restraining the frenzied Ash. Gold light emanated from Jaxon as he sealed Ash's Mystique Pill in his abdomen.

At that, Ash's originally red eyes turned black along with his hair,

making him look like a young man in his 30s.

"I think he looks pretty good like this. He looks younger," Eric joked

with a cigarette in his mouth.

Nash activated his Third Eye and discovered Ash's body to be infested with a large number of illusory humanoid parasitic bugs. Nash had never seen this type of parasite before. He tried to use his Chapter 1306

spiritual energy to remove them, but it could not even touch them.

He would have to consult Elder Morkov for this.

Nash had been unable to face Ishmael with confidence ever since

Cassie died. If he had taken good care of Cassie back then, she

would not have gone looking for Abraham and lost her life.

After hesitating for a long time, Nash still dialed Ishmael's phone

number.

"Nash..." Ishmael called out, his voice lacking its usual liveliness. He sounded as if he had aged considerably.

Nash felt uneasy and lowered his tone. "Elder Morkov, how have you been lately?"

"Not bad. I'm still the Parasite King. Unless there's a disaster, I won't be dying any time soon," he replied. Without waiting for Nash to

continue, he asked, "Did you encounter some tricky parasite?" "Yes, a humanoid bug that reverses aging."

"A soul bug, then."

Ishmael took in a sharp breath. "Did you encounter the Voodoo Parasite King?"

Nash said solemnly, "Yes, we killed the Voodoo Parasite King, but one of my friends was infected."

"If the soul bug isn't destroyed, then he's not fully dead. He can possess others through the soul bug!"

The revelation left Nash shocked beyond measure. They had even Chapter 1306  
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gotten rid of his ashes, yet he was still not dead? Was that even possible?

If he got a soul bug too, did that mean he would have one extra life? Reincarnation through possession was an ability acquired only in the

Tribulation Realm.

"Is there a way to destroy this soul bug?" Nash asked cautiously. "There is, but you must bring it to me. It's a lengthy process. It'll probably take about a month!" Ishmael responded. "Will it be very troublesome?"

"It will be, but the Voodoo Parasite King must be eliminated. It's the dream of our tribes and villages to kill him!" Ishmael replied through gritted teeth.

"Alright, I'll have someone send him over immediately!" Nash sensed the deep enmity between Ishmael and the Voodoo Parasite King but did not pry further.

"Good, I'll make preparations here," Ishmael said before hanging the phone.

In the only villa in Thousand Bones Village, Callum knocked on the door.

"Come in!" Ishmael said calmly.

"Dad, it's about Cassie..." Callum's expression was extremely complicated.

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"What's wrong with her?" Ishmael's expression tightened.

"She's pregnant..."

At the Empire Hotel, Nash arranged for a helicopter and two hotel security guards to escort him. Bertram grabbed Ash's hand and shouted, "Ash, you must stay alive! You've yet to witness the young sir revive the family!"

Being temporarily lucid, Ash smiled and nodded. "Don't worry, I've been through worse."

At this moment, a dispute was happening downstairs at the Empire Hotel.

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### Chapter 1307

A beautiful receptionist was being harassed. She endured it, but when the young sir persisted and tried to make advances, Enzo could not take it anymore and slapped him.

This young sir was no ordinary person as he was a skilled expert at the early stage of the Profound Reality Realm. He also had a

bodyguard with him who was at the later stage of the Mystique Loyalty Realm.

Not expecting a security guard to slap him, he took the blow.

Immediately after, however, he dislocated Enzo's arm and slapped him twice more.

Michael Solomon sneered at Enzo's swollen face, saying, "You're just the head of security, yet you dare get into my business? Why don't you go ask around who the Solomons of Northum are?"

"I don't need to. The Northum Solomon family is a martial arts family that has been around for 600 years!"

Enzo gritted his teeth while clutching his dislocated arm.

Michael sneered, "You know that, yet you still meddled in my affairs?"

In Northum, the Solomon family reigned supreme, be it in politics, business, or martial arts. When one encountered a member of the Solomon family, one had to show absolute respect. They were invincible but also lonely. Lately, Michael had been thinking about going for a change of environment and pretending to be weak to catch others off guard.

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This afternoon, his grandfather assigned him a task-to go to the Empire Hotel in Xanthalos and make friends with a young man

named Nash Calcraft.

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It would be considered a contribution to the Solomon family even if he could just get a drink with Nash.

Michael was unhappy about this. He was a martial arts genius from Northum. He was only 24 years old and was already an expert in the early stage of the Profound Reality Realm.

All the aristocratic and prominent families within the vicinity would try to flatter him, yet now, he had been tasked to be the flatterer instead. There were quite a few prominent families in attendance today, and he had been to such gatherings before. He would just concede if it were a family with comparable power to his own, but Enzo was just a hotel security guard.

What of Michael's reputation? With so many prominent families here today, where was he to hide his shame?

"Regardless of who you are, our boss is not someone you can afford to offend!" Enzo said as he stared coldly at Michael.

The Solomon family of Northum? Enzo had hosted 15 martial arts families similar to Michael's today. While the others followed the rules, Michael here insisted on harassing the receptionist instead.

The receptionists at the Empire Hotel were not pushovers.

"Heh, can't afford to offend?" Michael chuckled. "Call your boss down here now and we'll see if I can't afford to offend him!"

Enzo used his functioning hand to take out his phone and dialed Chapter 1307 Nash's number. The call connected quickly.

"Mr. Carrell, what's wrong?" Nash asked.

"Boss, I've been attacked," Enzo replied calmly without a hint of resentment.

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He knew his boss well and knew Nash was very protective of his people. He would retaliate regardless of the attacker's identity if his people had been attacked.

Michael might be powerful, but was he more powerful than Hudson?

Despite Hudson's strength, Nash had still beaten the temper out of him.

"Who attacked you?" Nash's voice turned cold. Without waiting for Enzo to reply, Michael gestured for the phone.



Enzo handed the phone to Michael, who immediately roared after taking it. "Listen carefully! I, Michael Solomon, the young sir of the Solomon family of Northum, attacked him.

"I gave him two slaps and dislocated his arm. But there's nothing you can do to me! In fact, you need to come down here and meet me yourself!"

On the eighth floor of the hotel, Nash had just sat down next to the

Lord of Henley, Isaac Sloan, and the King of Northwest, Francel

Fisher, when he received the call. The man's voice had roared through

the receiver, and everyone at the table heard it.

The entire table fell silent, everyone's hearts almost stopping as their blood pressure skyrocketed. This was especially the case for Francel, who suffered from congenital heart disease.

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Hearing the taunt from the other end of the call, his condition immediately deteriorated. He clutched his heart and leaned back in

his chair, his face contorting in extreme pain.

"Dad..." Maverick's face turned pale as he called out to his father. In

his mind, he was already sentencing the person on the other end of Nash's call to death. He was willing to do whatever it took to wipe out the man's entire family.

## Chapter 1308

Chapter 1308

Francel's personal guard hurriedly took out a quick-acting Heart Tonic Pill and gave it to him.

To the side, Isaac looked crestfallen. Francel was an ordinary person. Isaac was about the same age as him, but Francel was crippled by illness. This was the disadvantage of being an ordinary person. No matter how much money one had, one could not escape the

tribulations of life. Old age, illness, and death were bound to catch up.

Fortunately, Isaac practiced some martial arts and entered the Energy

Cultivation Realm a few years ago. Although he was still an ant to high-ranking people, at least his body was in good condition with no

illness ailing him.

Barton slammed his palm onto the table and roared, "I'm gonna go down and see who dares behave so arrogantly!" He shot to his feet and made his way down with a huff as his family's four Mystique Loyalty Realm experts followed.

The business tycoons in attendance all felt a chill run through them.

Nash ended the call, anger written all over his darkened expression.

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At the lobby, Michael had called another three Mystique Loyalty Realm experts from home. His father did say that the four of them

were enough to overwhelm any force. Should he cause trouble, his

father would cover for him as long as he did not pick a fight with those few business tycoons. This was the reason for Michael's Chapter 1308

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arrogance.

Just then, a plainly dressed, small-statured old man with white hair casually said, "Young man, I advise you to keep a low profile today. If you offend Mr. Calcraft, you won't be able to walk away unscathed!" "Hmm?" Michael frowned and looked at the old man. He could not

detect a single ripple of inner energy at all. He was either an ordinary person or a Mystique Loyalty Realm expert deliberately concealing his

aura.

So what if he was a Mystique Loyalty Realm expert? The Solomons had no shortage of Mystique Loyalty Realm experts themselves.

"Old man, are you so bored that you have nothing to do? It's bad enough that this watchdog is meddling in my business and now you're blabbering. Who do you think you are?"

Michael popped a cigarette into his mouth, lit it, and took a deep drag "Are you trying to say that a dragon cannot suppress a snake? Hear me when I say that there's no way a true dragon can be suppressed by a snake!"

"Hmph, even your grandfather wouldn't dare speak to me like this!"

The old man's expression grew increasingly dark, and his wrinkled face twitched incessantly. Could outsiders no longer recognize him

because he had been silent for too long? How could a junior from the

Solomon family dare to provoke him?

"Hahaha... You're really... killing me with laughter... Hahaha!" Michael burst into laughter. He was coughing from the smoke. It also prickled his tear glands, causing tears to stream down his face. Chapter 1308 Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"The king of Eastjon is here!" someone muttered quietly.

The entire hall fell silent instantly. Yelzog, dressed in trendy attire, walked in with his daughter, Rosella. Rosella was dressed in a purple gown that exuded an aristocratic air. Her delicate and beautiful face was as white as pearls. A confident smile adorned her rosy lips.

She was beautiful, so incredibly beautiful. Her appearance made everything else pale in comparison.

Michael was stunned. This woman was stunning. She was more beautiful than any woman he had ever seen, incomparable to the

receptionists. She seemed to be the king of Eastjon's daughter.

Glancing at Yelzog, who was dressed in the latest fashion and looked even more handsome than himself, Michael's arrogance died a little. His father had said that the king of Eastjon was not to be trifled with. Although the Solomon family was strong in terms of martial arts, the king of Eastjon's vast business empire was also terrifying. The eight Mystique Loyalty Realm experts he had spent billions cultivating were

not to be underestimated.

"Mr. Blanco, Miss Blanco," Michael greeted politely, but his arrogance remained. The Solomon family would never bow down to anyone.

"Mr. Anton!" Rosella did not even glance at Michael as she headed straight toward the old man, her clear and lively eyes shining brightly.

Yelzog also ignored Michael as he entered the hall, acknowledging Anton Varhess with a respectful salutation, "Mr. Varhess, it's been a long time!"

Everyone present was shocked as if struck by lightning. This was

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Rosella, the daughter of the Eastjon king, Yelzog!

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Act Fast: Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

## Chapter 1309

Chapter 1309

Word was she was a proud and haughty woman who looked down on others. However, she had referred to this man with so much respect!

Setting Rosella aside, even the king of Eastjon had lowered himself in Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

front of this old man.

Some of the more composed young gentlemen had already taken out their phones to ask their elders if they knew someone by the name of

Varhess.

Michael was seized by apprehension. What the heck was going on?

Where was the Eastjon king's arrogance?

The man, Anton Varhess, nodded nonchalantly. From the looks of it, he did not seem too interested in dealing with the king of Eastjon.

Rosella furrowed her eyebrows slightly but quickly regained her composure. She turned to Michael and asked, "So, you the one who insulted Mr. Varhess just now?"

Her tone was cold, and her gaze was sharp as a knife. There was even a touch of frost to her slender brows.

Michael felt disrespected by Rosella's lack of courtesy and instantly felt his temper rise. "So what if I did?"

"Heh..." Rosella stared at Michael mockingly. "He's the father of the Warden of the Eastern Territory and the helmsman of the six major

martial arts halls in Antaria!"

Another thunderous statement echoed in everyone's ears. Even

Michael's composure cracked. His lips trembled, and the cigarette fell

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from his mouth onto his expensive luxury clothing.

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The father of the Warden of the Eastern Territory. He was the father of the Warden of the Eastern Territory... and the helmsman of the six

martial arts halls? In addition to martial arts schools, there were also

martial arts halls in the Martial Arts Realm.

Most martial arts schools practiced the national traditional arts, while martial arts halls practiced the ancient and lost supreme arts. The six major martial arts halls in Antaria each possessed strength

comparable to martial arts families.

"Do you still think your family is impressive now?" Rosella asked coldly as she wondered where this idiot got the courage to act so arrogantly in such a situation. Did his elders not tell him who was

coming to the Empire Hotel today?

"I... I... I..." Michael stuttered, unable to speak. If he had not been a cultivator, he might have already wet himself by now.

What was going on? Should the father of a Warden not be traveling with several teams of uniformed guards? As the helmsman of the six martial arts halls in Antaria, should he not have a group of martial artists with him to show some support?

Suddenly, he came to the realization that this might perhaps be the greatest example of being weak to catch one's opponent off guard. Anton waved his hand dismissively.

"Forget it. I'm in a good mood

today, so I'll let you slide."

Michael breathed a sigh of relief, his tense muscles relaxing. He was fortunate that Anton had some humanity in him. Otherwise, his family would be destroyed should someone make a complaint to the

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Warden of the Eastern Territory.

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Just then, the elevator bell chimed as a handsome young man in a white shirt emerged from it with a large group of people. They were the imposing Bullhog family from Motadine, followed by the King of the Northwest, the Murphy family, and finally, the Lord of Henley. Michael inexplicably felt a sense of unease grip him but quickly suppressed it. He was Brume's top figure. He had gone through it all. Nash approached Enzo. When he noticed Enzo's swollen cheek, his expression darkened once again.

"Boss!" Enzo's eyes welled up with tears, his voice choking with

emotion. He was a retired soldier who never cried easily. When

Hudson had beaten him last time, he did not even flinch. He did not

make a sound when Michael hit him just now either.

However, seeing Nash's grim expression and the coldness in his eyes,

he could not help but shed tears.

Nash helped Enzo with his bones and patted his shoulder lightly."

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His simple words once again moved Enzo deeply.

"Are you the owner of the Empire Hotel?" Michael asked, brows raised as he looked at Nash. When he saw the prominent figures behind

Nash just now, he thought he was the 'Mr. Calcraft' whom his father asked him to curry favor with.

Nash raised his hand and slapped Michael across his face without hesitation.

"You" Then came another slap, this one shattering several of Michael's teeth.

"How insolent!" Suddenly, a strong aura emanated from an old man. He was the Solomon family's powerhouse, and it pressed down on

Nash with full force.

"Get lost!" Nash threw a punch, but the Solomon powerhouse only snorted coldly and clenched his fist to confront him. Their fists collided, causing an explosive boom as cracks appeared in all the glass in the lobby.

The powerhouse flew backward as his entire arm turned into a mist of blood.

A deathly silence fell.

The Solomons' powerhouse was a Mystique Loyalty Realm expert!

Yet he was so easily defeated?

"How dare you?!" growled another one of the family's powerhouse as

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he stepped forward.

Nash raised his hand and threw out a sword form that pierced through the old man's heart.

The old man fell straight to the ground, his eyes wide open in disbelief that he could be killed in a single move.

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Michael was dumbfounded. This... could not be happening! He had to be dreaming. However, the fiery pain on his face told him otherwise. Nash looked at Michael expressionlessly and said, "You claimed I wouldn't dare do anything to you?"

Michael staggered back a few steps at that. No... he did not say that!

Even if he did, he would not admit to it even if he were to be beaten to death.

Nash delivered a palm strike to the right of Michael, causing his right arm to fall to the ground.

"Ah! My arm!" Michael screamed in agony, sounding like a slaughtered pig.

The Solomon family's two remaining Mystique Loyalty Realm experts exchanged glances. One of them stepped forward and gestured a sign of respect, saying, "Sir, please spare our young sir. We ask for mercy and hope that you'll forgive him!"

"Heh... So you're from the Solomon family up in Brume? No wonder you're so arrogant!" Maverick stepped out from behind Nash and looked at Michael as if he were already dead. "Don't forget, this isn't

Brume."

Michael nodded repeatedly. "Yes, yes, yes, I know I was wrong. Please

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spare me!"



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The owner of the Empire Hotel was terrifyingly powerful. His own

Profound Reality Realm cultivation was not enough for him to retaliate at all. Of the four Mystique Loyalty Realm experts he brought

with him, one was already dead while the other was disabled.

Everything happened with a single move. At this moment, a terrifying

thought arose in Michael's mind. Could the owner of the Empire Hotel be Mr. Calcraft?

Nash turned to look at Enzo and asked, "Are you feeling better now?"

Enzo grinned. "Much better. Thank you for getting back at them for me. Let's call it quits now!"

Considering they were the Solomon family, Enzo did not want to

cause more trouble for the boss.

Nash asked again, "Who invited them?"

Isaac and a few others glanced at each other but then shook their heads simultaneously.

"It was me." A strong expert in the later stage of the Mystique Loyalty Realm entered then, bowing respectfully with his hands in a gesture

of respect.

"Mr. Calcraft, I'm truly sorry. His father and I have been close friends for many years, so I allocated them a spot. I didn't expect them to send such people as representatives."

Nash recognized this person. He had joined the Southern Martial Alliance before but gave up halfway through the fight before swearing allegiance to the Martial Arts Association after the battle ended.

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He seemed to be the deputy head of a martial arts family that was

also from Brume.

Seeing that he admitted his mistake, Nash did not bother pursuing the matter and just replied expressionlessly, "Will there be problems if

I were to cancel their invitation?"