

My Substitute CEO Bride

Chapter 1501

Nash set up arrays in the basement and added 30 Time Patterns to each illusion array. With them, time within the illusion array moved differently, with three days inside the array equating to one day outside the array.

He attempted to add 40 of them, but none of the additions pushed past the three-day limit, puzzling him. The illusion arrays on the Malignant Array managed to equate ten days inside to one outside. Achieving such a setup would greatly accelerate the pace of the Celestial Dragon Squadron's training. However, merely having the array was not enough; a large amount of spiritual energy was also required. Otherwise, it would be impossible to cultivate within the illusion array. Nash placed the remaining spiritual stones into the array anxiously. Previously, Tatiana spent a month in the array without getting her monthly menstrual. She claimed her body followed the time outside the array. Nash was worried that the strength one gained inside the array might disappear once one exited it. To test this, Nash decided to make himself the guinea pig and cultivated within the array for three days. When he exited the array, the spiritual energy he absorbed and refined remained intact. Thus, his worries were eased.

He concluded that since Tatiana's case had to do with physiological changes, they were subjected to the laws of nature, just like aging and death. Things like these would follow the natural flow of time.

That evening, Nash gathered the 3,000 members of the Dragon Soul Special Forces. With holistic medicine and intensified training, every member reached their peak physical condition, each possessing the strength of top military elites. Everyone felt their strength multiply and looked toward Nash with reverence as if he were a deity. Robin was a solidly built man. He stood up straight and boomed, "Report, the Dragon Soul Special Forces is assembled!"

Nash nodded slightly. "I'm sure you've all felt the changes in your bodies. Your strength has increased several-fold compared to before. However, I must tell you that this level of strength is still insufficient, as none of you have cultivated inner energy yet." These words dimmed the enthusiasm in their eyes. Cultivating inner energy was not an easy feat. Ordinary people might go their entire lives without even encountering a true martial artist.

Nash continued, "Next, I'll impart to you an Energy Condensation Technique that will allow you to cultivate inner energy and become martial artists like Bertram and Regulus."

This announcement electrified the room. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Damn, we can become powerhouses like them?"

"We can fly across rooftops and leave no traces in the snow? Am I going to become a martial arts master too?"

"Will our missions now be a breeze?"

Chatter erupted among the excited troops, but when Nash raised his hand slightly, silence came upon the room again.

"You'll rely on medicine and your physical condition to cultivate your inner energy. This is a path more challenging than that of becoming an ordinary martial artist. You must endure rigorous daily training to refine the medicine's power and enhance your physique.

"Every day, you'll be drenched in sweat and suffer greatly. If anyone wishes to retreat now, step forward and I can offer you a less painful method of cultivation, but your progress will be much slower."

No one stepped forward. Robin chuckled and said, "Commander, these men are no fresh recruits; they've endured all kinds of hardships. Even the intensified training the past few days hasn't been enough for them!"

Appreciation flashed in Nash's eyes that the Divine Strategy Squadron was willing to part with these treasures. Under his guidance, these men would become veritable war gods in the future. "Very well, line up and come here to receive an Energy Condensation Pill," he announced.

"Only take it once you feel a warm force in your body. Do not take it prematurely or it'll cost you your life!"

With a wave of his hand, a bucket appeared before him, filled with black pills that smelled sweetly of licorice. The soldiers were disciplined and took their share of pills in an orderly manner without any rush or scuffle.

Under Robin's direction, they then entered the illusion array in the underground chamber to cultivate. Meanwhile, Nash went for a walk around the base.

...

Lumi and Wendy, along with Angelica, disembarked from a Humvee. They had a bunch of snacks in their arms and were wearing happy smiles.

Angelica looked like she did not know whether she should laugh or cry. "If the commander catches sight of us, we're done for!"

Lumi laughed coquettishly and replied, "He's in seclusion right now."

With that, they strolled into the base. Suddenly, there was a roar followed by the base vanishing completely.

""What in the..."

Chapter 1502

Angelica, Lumi, and Wendy were stunned after seeing a base several miles in size disappear without a trace. Wendy rubbed her eyes hard, exclaiming, "Oh my god, where did the base go? Did Nash abandon us?"

Lumi closed her eyes, her brows slightly furrowed as she concentrated on what her sister, Euria, was seeing. Euria was currently practicing tank maneuvers at the training ground. Lumi's eyes snapped open, and she murmured, "Strange, the base is still around... My sister is still there. Why can't we see it all of a sudden?" "That's because I set up a large array around the base," Nash said as he emerged from a ripple in the air.

The three women quickly hid their snacks behind their backs. Nash glanced at them disapprovingly. "Can't you maintain a bit of discipline? While everyone else is training hard, you snuck out to buy snacks?"

"We're just women. Please go easy on us, Commander!" pleaded Lumi coyly.

Nash sighed and let the matter slide. "Follow me and stay close. If you stray too far from me, the array will attack you!" The three hurriedly clung to Nash's arm as he led them forward.

Nash had carved a total of 1,800 patterns to create this massive array. 100 of these were engraved on spirit stones and the remaining 1,700 were etched onto the rocks and trees surrounding the base. He had started the intricate work of carving seven days prior. The array Nash set up was robust enough to withstand attacks from Mystique Loyalty Realm experts, even killing weaker assailants. It also had the additional capability of altering the trajectories of incoming projectiles, such as bullets and artillery shells, by manipulating gravity.

At the heart of the array was a fist-sized spiritual stone, valued at least ten billion. Despite its immense value, Nash had incorporated it into the array.

This particular spiritual stone was essential because it met the conditions needed for the embedment of the Pivot Pattern, which linked the entire formation together. It transformed it from an uncontrollable mechanism into a controllable one.

Nash led the senior members of the base to the laboratory where the core of the array was displayed. There, a fist-sized spiritual stone floated and spun above a half-person-high display stand. It was surrounded by 18 dazzling, interwoven golden patterns. With his hands in his pockets, Nash instructed, "Infuse it with your blood or true energy. Once you do, you can move in and out of the base without restrictions. The same goes for all other team members; they must all provide a blood authorization." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Lumi meticulously noted every word Nash said down, understanding that these were procedures she would eventually need to manage herself. Cillian took a deep breath and commented, "This array is comparable to the grand protection arrays of reclusive sects, isn't it?" "It's certainly no weaker than the grand arrays of ordinary sects, but it still falls short of those belonging to the top-tier sects," Nash replied with a hint of disappointment.

The arrays of top-tier sects could fend off even attacks at the Profound Oriental Realm and necessitated over 10,000 spiritual stones. They likely depleted their spirit mines to gather enough resources for that.

Bertram was deeply impressed and remarked, "Who would have thought that you'd possess such profound knowledge of the array arts."

Wearing a proud expression, Nash responded with a jest, to which everyone around him rolled their eyes in playful mockery.

Suddenly, Lumi called out to Nash and handed a gilded invitation to Nash. "Commander, this is an invitation from the Thoran family in Antaria. They're inviting you to attend the wedding between the Cricton family and the Thoran family."

"A wedding of the Thorans'?" Nash was about to decline on instinct due to his busy schedule when Lumi elaborated, "The Thoran family has a statesman and several key officials working in the capital.

"The Cricton family has even broader connections. Dallas Cricton is the deputy commander of the Divine Strategy Squadron, and his son is a colonel in the Northern Territory Army. The marriage between these two families is likely to stir significant attention across much of Drakonia.

"Therefore, my advice is for you to meet with them. You might even have the chance to share a drink with one of the Four Great Generals."

"Wait, the Cricton family?" It then dawned on Nash that Tatiana, someone he knew, was to be married into the Thoran family. He snatched the invitation to read its elegant script, which declared:

[Two families unite through marriage, forming an everlasting bond and a matched alliance.

[On the occasion of the joyous union of Tobias Thoran and Tatiana Cricton, we have prepared a modest reception and respectfully invite the commander of the Celestial Dragon Squadron to honor us with your presence.

[Your attendance will bring brilliance to our humble home, add auspicious energy to this celebration, and enhance the joyous news of this beautiful marriage. We sincerely hope you will not decline.

[Date: January 5, 2023.

[Venue: Spingside International Hotel, Antaria.

[Respectfully, Tomelin Thoran.]

Chapter 1503

Today was the third, so the day after tomorrow was the fifth. Nash closed the invitation, his expression shifting between cloudy and clear. Had Tatiana not said that with the Thousand Illusion Array Disc, she would not need to honor that marriage agreement? Could the Thoran family be pressuring the Cricton family? Why would the Cricton family fear the Thoran family when they had the Divine Strategy Squadron and the Northern Territory as part of their background? Doubts filled Nash's mind as his heart was thrown into turmoil.

"Commander, will we go?" Lumi asked with sparkling eyes. She was unaware of his relationship with Tatiana. She just wanted to seize the opportunity to go out and have fun with her commander.

"We'll go," Nash replied expressionlessly. "Bertram, Regulus, and I will attend the wedding the day after tomorrow."

Lumi's face fell as she asked pitifully, "Can my sister and I come along?" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"If you want to come, then come," he replied indifferently. With that, he turned and left, leaving everyone else looking at each other in confusion.

"What's up with the commander?" Angelic wondered out loud.

"Could he be involved with the Crictons' daughter?" Wendy guessed.

At the Divine Strategy Squadron base in Capiton, all the high-ranking officials had received wedding invitations from the Cricton and Thoran families. They all congratulated Dallas, who responded with a forced smile.

It should have been a joyous occasion, but Dallas could not bring himself to feel happy. After all, Tatiana was his granddaughter, and he wished for her to marry for love. However, it seemed like she was not fond of the lad from the Thorans. Rosarch Cricton was a stubborn man set in his ways, making it difficult for any decision to be changed once made. Concerned about Tatiana being 'stolen' by outsiders, he even insisted on moving the wedding date forward.

The search for the Thousand Illusion Array Disc was meant to allow Tatiana to refuse to marry into the Thoran family. Against all odds, she actually found it.

Now, Rosarch claimed that the disc and the Thorans' Thousand Image Array Bead were integral to one another. They would form a true divine artifact when combined. To co-own this artifact, Tatiana had to marry into the Thoran family. Dallas sighed deeply. After exchanging a few words with his colleagues, he headed to the airport. With Tatiana's wedding scheduled for the day after tomorrow, he had taken three days off to prepare.

Shortly after Dallas left, a soldier in camouflage hurried into the office, exclaiming, "It's terrible, the Celestial Dragon Squadron base has disappeared!"

"What are you talking about?"

The other officials thought they had misheard. The Celestial Dragon Squadron base had vanished? Was this some joke?

"It's true. None of the satellites are picking up traces of the base in Dragonhid Mountain!" the soldier in camouflage stated resolutely.

The senior officials hurried to the satellite monitoring room. The satellite images showed the mountain, but there was no sign of the base.

"Holy crap... How could such a huge base just disappear?"

"Could it be a problem with their 'nuclear express'? Could that have blown up the base?"

"I think it might be some sort of special power. They have that girl with magnetic abilities, right? Maybe she altered the magnetic field of the base and blocked satellite imaging," a middle-aged man with a gleam of intelligence in his eyes asserted confidently. "That's a possibility, but we should still report this to the commander!"

Upon receiving the message from the base, Anton immediately rushed to Dragonhid Mountain to verify the situation. Indeed, the Celestial Dragon Squadron base was nowhere to be found.

He descended a little closer to the ground but still could not see the base. Just as he was about to use his psychic powers to investigate further...

Hundreds of terrifying rockets, ice arrows, thunderbolts, gravity waves, and poison fog suddenly swept through the area.

"Damn it," he cursed as he transformed into a streak of light and flew off into the distance.

Chapter 1504

Nash could feel Anton's presence and figured that he must have noticed that the Celestial Dragon Squadron base had disappeared from the satellite, which prompted his current investigation. "Lumi, drip another drop of your blood on the array again."

"Ah, okay." Lumi bit her finger and reopened the freshly scabbed wound. When a drop of her blood made contact with the spiritual stone, the 18 central array patterns were divided into two.

The separated array pattern penetrated between her brows as a complex formation diagram suddenly appeared in her mind.

"You'll be able to control this array in the future. This array is the switch for the defense system and also the array in the basement."

Lumi's eyes lit up. "This is amazing!" Her admiration for Nash intensified as thoughts began fluttering in her mind. 'Ah, he's so handsome! I really want to give him a kid! Wait... Did he give me control of the array because he values me? Has he already fallen for me?' "Commander..."

Lumi looked at Nash shyly, but he was already at the entrance of the laboratory. He went in, and the doors shut with a bang. Laughing, she murmured, "I bet he's shy!"

...

It was already 9:00 pm when Nash returned to Gladwell, but Hera was not at home. She likely went out to accumulate merit.

Seven days ago, Yellow Crane had told him that he would go out with her to accumulate merit.

Yellow Crane cultivated ultimate fruition, which required the accumulation of merit. It was also good karma for Hera as well as the baby in her belly. Thus, Nash had no reason to refuse.

The maids hired by Northway Real Estate were currently cleaning. Each household in Gladwell Villa was assigned two maids.

Nash sat cross-legged on the balcony on the second floor, cultivating. He had set up a spirit gathering array around the villa during the past few days.

When his wife came home from work and breathed in the spiritual energy, it would moisturize her skin and purify the polluted air she usually inhaled into her lungs.

...

At present, three black Mercedes-Benz were parked at the entrance of an urban village in the northern suburbs of Jonford.

"Jasmine and Finn will follow me. You guys just wait outside."

Hera was wearing a long black dress and a pair of sunglasses. On her waist hung an eight trigrams bag that carried a trace of magic.

The three of them walked toward the village that was shrouded in darkness. Finn's expression was strange as he asked, "Hera, what's going on at this house today?"

Hera started reading people's fortunes five days ago, saying something about committing a good deed every day would accumulate merit.

"The child seemed to have been shocked into being mute," Hera said.

The corner of Finn's mouth twitched. "He might be fine after a night's sleep."

It was normal for people to faint out of fright. They were making a mountain out of a molehill by bringing Hera's attention to this.

"Let's take a look first before we say anything. Who knows, he might have gotten so scared his soul went flying?" Hera said, recalling Yellow Crane bringing up the

possibility when she first received the call. After walking for about seven to eight minutes, they arrived at the door of a bungalow. Finn stepped forward and knocked.

"Who is it?" An old voice sounded.

"We're here to treat your child!" Finn replied loudly, worried the elderly person might not be able to hear him clearly.

The rusty door opened with a squeak, and an 80-year-old man in plain clothes looked at the three of them with squinted eyes. "Miss Hera?" "This is she," Finn introduced.

The old man immediately stepped aside, his voice shivering as he said, "Miss, please come in!"

Hera led the other two as they entered the abode. A dark, dank smell greeted them.

"Such intense dark energy!"

"Be on your guard. There might be something here," Yellow Crane spoke up in Hera's mind. Hera immediately tensed, her expression turning serious.

Chapter 1505

"Please take a seat. I'll go bring the kid out!" the old man said and then wobbled inside the house.

Jasmine folded her arms and asked, "Why does this place feel so eerie?" [SEARCH the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Finn grinned and joked, "It's probably a ghost!"

"It's right behind you!"

Hera took two steps back and saw a woman in red with only half of her face standing behind Finn.

Jasmine was suddenly gripped by horror and rushed toward Hera.

"Hey, are you trying to scare me?"

The corners of Finn's mouth lifted slightly. Joining in on Hera's act, he turned around and threw his arms forward. "Is it a ghost? Come here."

The moment he turned around, his arms wrapped around a cold body as an equally cold breath tickled his neck, causing goosebumps to rise uncontrollably.

Fear and horror numbed Finn's scalp, but he quickly recovered and threw a heavy punch toward the ghost in red. It disappeared in the blink of an eye, and Finn's true energy struck the air instead.

How was he supposed to hit a ghost with no physical body?

Chilled to the bone from his eerie encounter, Finn quickly took refuge behind Hera.

The woman in red then reached her pale hands out to strangle Hera as a cold wind swept through the room.

Hera swiftly pulled out a yellow talisman from her eight trigrams bag and pressed it against the ghost's forehead. There was a loud boom followed by a burst of golden light, which knocked the ghost back as it screamed sharply and eerily. Dark patterns began to appear on her white arms and half of her face.

Alarmed, Yellow Crane exclaimed, "This is bad. This ghost holds too much resentment and has been practicing the arts for days. I doubt I can defeat her!"

Hera, who was pregnant and more fearful of death than ever, narrowed her eyes and shook as she said, "Why didn't you say so earlier?"

"Go on ahead! I'll hold it off!" Yellow Crane's spirit emerged from Hera's body. He transformed into his true form, a two-meter-tall weasel.

Hera immediately fled as she was unwilling to risk her child's safety. Lacking knowledge in exorcism, Finn and Jasmine followed her, covering her retreat.

The ghost bared her teeth and rushed at Yellow Crane. Arms covered with demonic patterns and dark mist, she rushed toward the weasel's plump belly.

Yellow Crane swiftly turned around and released a sparkling, lightning-filled fart of blue smoke. The ghost recoiled from the smoke but charged again. He clenched his muscular paws and met the ghost's punch.

The next second, he was sent flying, his corpulent figure crashing into and breaking open the iron door. Shrinking to the size of a cat, he slid across the ground for over ten meters.

The ghost transformed into a black mist and pursued Hera and the others. Finn and Jasmine were terrified, but they stood determinedly in front of her. The ghost's piercing scream tore through the night, and in the blink of an eye, she had grasped Jasmine by

the throat. "Evil creature, you're seeking death!" Nash descended from the sky, his hand raised to form a spell as he slammed a talisman onto the ghost.

The ghost screamed and was sent flying backward. Nash then brought the Nine Dragons Sword out. The sword spun in the air, transforming into nine identical swords that encircled the ghost. Every time the ghost attempted to escape, the bright golden light from the swords repelled her.

Nash turned gently toward Hera and asked, "Honey, you're not asleep yet, right?"

"Oh, you're so handsome!" Hera threw herself into Nash's arms joyfully.

Nash gently patted her back. While watching the ghost get confined by the Nine Dragons Sword formation, he said, "Go on, finish what you started."

Hera's cheeks flushed. "Do you already know everything?" Even though Nash would return home to accompany her at night, she had not told him about her traversing the world recently to save people and accumulate merit. "Hmm? Know what?" Nash responded, clearly unaware of her deeds.

Chapter 1506

Nash pretended not to know what she was talking about. The village where they were was not far from Gladwell, and the moment the ghost appeared, Nash had sensed it. A sweep of his psychic energy revealed to him that his wife was in danger, prompting him to rush to the scene immediately.

Taking a deep breath, Hera clutched Nash's arm and said, "Come with me. I'm scared."

"You're scared now, huh?" Nash could not help but chuckle. He then glanced at Yellow Crane, who was hurrying over. "And you. You should prepare better considering her insufficient cultivation."

"Boss, this was an accident. I promise it won't happen again," Yellow Crane replied guiltily. He knew that if anything happened to Hera, he would never be able to face Nash.

"It's not entirely your fault," Nash reassured him. "True disciples learn essential skills to deal with such spirits. Hera went out without proper training, making her that much weaker."

"You might have taken human form, but you aren't truly human and thus lack the vital energy needed to suppress such evil spirits."

After offering some words of consolation, Nash then led Hera toward the trapped ghost. Inside the sword formation, the ghost's crimson eyes were fixed hatefully on Nash, as if her gaze alone could tear him to pieces.

Nash shoved his hands in his pocket and ignored her hateful stare. He was able to suppress an entity of such level when he was just 16.

Hera locked eyes with the ghost in a detached manner and asked, "Dust to dust, earth to earth, you are no longer of the living. Why not reincarnate instead of becoming a vengeful spirit and causing harm?"

Yellow Crane had told her that red souls were often malevolent spirits. They were typically those who suffered greatly in life and committed suicide while being filled with immense resentment. They then became vengeful spirits that sought revenge.

The ghost's gaze shifted venomously to Hera as she shrieked. "You're meddling in affairs that aren't yours. There are so many bad people out there. Why are you bothering me?"

Hera responded coldly, "Because your victims came to me. Did you scare the child until he lost his soul?" [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

While she had not actually seen the frightened child, Yellow Crane had already discussed the situation with her earlier that afternoon.

He suspected the child had lost his soul from shock, rendering him mute and in a constant daze a state far from being unfounded in common parlance.

"I... I didn't mean to do it. I just wanted to hug my child... I didn't know it would scare him like that..." The ghost's voice trembled with guilt and unease. The red in her eyes receded, and the dark mist around her body dissipated somewhat. "Then why choose to become a vengeful spirit and linger in the human realm?" Hera asked, feeling a touch of sympathy. Her earlier guess was right. The child was the ghost's own.

"I want revenge. I want to kill that man. He's the reason for the death of my parents, and he tried to sell my child. If I didn't become a vengeful spirit, I wouldn't be able to oppose him or protect my child..." The ghost's dark eyes flared red again as each word dripped with endless anger.

"Who is this man?" Hera pressed on, her suspicions already forming. The ghost was likely referring to the child's father who was also her own husband. It would explain why

the ghost was haunting the victim's house. "He's the child's biological father, Geoffrey Hill."

When the ghost revealed the man's name, Hera was shocked. Noticing her reaction, Nash curiously asked, "You know him?" "He's Hunter's father!"

Hera's voice trembled, her eyes reddening as she said through clenched teeth, "Geoffrey Hill has been involved in many charitable activities recently. To outsiders, he's a kind-hearted philanthropist, a gentleman.

"To think he has done such despicable things behind closed doors!" She found it hard to imagine how cruel the man was to drive a woman to commit suicide and become a vengeful spirit to protect her own child.

"A philanthropist?" The ghost scoffed, her voice dripping with irony and disdain. "Ridiculous! It's utterly ridiculous! How can someone so vile, ruthless, and utterly despicable be called a philanthropist?" She let out a chilling laugh that resonated with scorn. Then, her laughter faded, and she knelt before Nash and Hera, pleading, "Please, I beg you to save my child. If you can save him, I'll leave immediately. I'll even give up on my vengeance!"

Chapter 1507

"That bastard! I'll kill him myself!" Finn's determination overflowed as he roared, his body pulsating with unrestrained energy.

It was a stark reminder that while women might appear weak, the power of a mother's love could make them indomitable. The ghost had sacrificed herself to protect her child, even resorting to becoming a vengeful spirit. Now, she was willing to give up her revenge if it meant saving her child. Was this truly the terrifying ghost that struck fear in one's soul? In the face of such maternal ferocity, the true horror lay in the depths of human cruelty.

"I'll go with you!" Jasmine declared, her heart heavy with the injustice of it all. She was not about to let Geoffrey escape justice.

However, Hera intervened, "You don't need to go. Leave this to me."

"Let's find the child's soul first," she suggested, redirecting their focus to the urgent task at hand.

At that moment, Yellow Crane emerged, leading a boy of about seven years old. The child's eyes were vacant, his face pallid. He resembled a mere shell of a person. Following behind him was the boy's great-grandfather. He was leaning on a cane, a picture of desolation. Seeing them, the ghost's eyes filled with even more guilt. She began to regret her decision to end her life. How would her child and grandfather survive without her?

Yellow Crane obtained the child's birthdate and time from the elderly man while Hera retrieved a yellow talisman from her bag. She inscribed the child's name and birth information on it before folding it into a paper crane.

Holding the crane in her hands, she chanted solemnly, "Let dark and light return to my heart, let the heavens chase the souls, let the hands turn the seasons thrice, let the crane seek souls from all directions!"

After reciting the spell, the paper crane flapped its wings and circled the boy twice before flying off into the darkness. Hera and the others immediately followed, with Nash trailing leisurely behind them.

He had located the boy's lost soul five minutes earlier but had chosen not to intervene, preferring not to monopolize the merit of the deed.

About half an hour later, they found the boy's soul outside a small convenience store. He was crouched on the ground, hugging his knees. His posture exuded a pitiable loneliness.

"Peter, come home with us," Hera gently called out as she approached the boy.

The boy looked up at her, puzzled. He asked, "Miss, you can see me?"

Hera smiled softly. "Yes, I can see you, and I'm here to take you home."

Finn and Jasmine only saw Hera speaking to thin air. With a smile, Yellow Crane asked, "Do you also want to see him?"

Finn nodded and smiled. "Sure, why not?"

Yellow Crane lightly tapped the top of Finn's head, and instantly, Finn could see the boy.

The boy said despondently, "I forgot how to get back. Can you really take me back?"

"Yes, just follow me," Hera assured the boy with a smile, taking his hand and leading him back to the village that was slated for demolition.

Curious, Finn remarked, "This kid isn't that young. How could he forget the way home?"

"A person's memories reside in their soul. A lost soul only retains partial memories. It's possible he doesn't even remember who he is right now," Nash explained. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Chapter 1508

Upon returning to the village, Hera fused the little boy's soul with his physical body. His eyes regained their color, and he immediately threw himself into the old man's arms and started crying loudly.

The old man picked up his great-grandson and comforted him with tears streaming down his face, "Peter, don't cry. I'm here!" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Sir, is it just you and Peter left now?" Hera asked, pressing her lips together.

The old man nodded with a bitter smile. "Yes, this child has had a hard life."

Nash was taking a closer look at the child. Indeed, his life had been harsh. He also had leukemia and was expected to live only until about ten years old. However, with his intervention, that would not pose a problem.

"Miss, can you help me find my mom? She's not dead. She came to see me yesterday. But I didn't recognize her and got scared. She must be very sad," the little boy said timidly.

Hera was a soft-hearted person. When she heard that, the floodgates opened and tears streamed down her face. She felt even more sympathetic for the ghost now.

Nash put away the Nine Dragons Sword, but the ghost hesitated to approach them. "I can't let him see me like this. I'll scare him!"

Hera looked at Yellow Crane and asked, "Is there any way they can meet?"

He pondered for a bit and then answered, "She carries resentment and spiritual power within her. Her appearance can't be changed, and my illusions won't work on her." Hera's expression was crestfallen.

Just then, Nash said, "I can strip away her ghostly cultivation. Without that power, she would look as she did before her death."

Then, he turned to the ghost and asked, "Are you willing to give up your powers for this?"

"Yes, I am!" The female ghost nodded without hesitation.

"So you'll give up on your revenge too?" Nash asked with a half-smile.

"Geoffrey has powerful talismans on him and in his home. I couldn't have taken my revenge anyway. I just want to protect my child and my grandfather now," the ghost said, her expression sorrowful.

"We'll avenge you," Nash declared. "I'll let you and your son meet." He gestured with his hands, and suddenly, golden light radiated from his body. He touched the ghost's forehead, and a terrifying black mist began to ooze from her as she screamed agonizingly. After a moment, the black mist completely receded from her body. Her eyes lost their red glow, and even her bright red dress turned white. She looked stunningly beautiful, appearing to be 25 years old.

"Peter, would you like to see your mother now?" Hera tousled the boy's hair.

"Yes, yes!" Peter replied. His eyes showed fear, but he was clapping his hands excitedly nonetheless.

Hera took ox tears from her bag and dripped them into his eyes. When Peter saw his mother, he rushed into her arms and sobbed loudly. "Mommy..."

The old man shuddered violently. "Harriet... Harriet, are you here?"

"Grandpa... I'm here... I'm here, Grandpa!"

Harriet held her son, tears streaming down her face as she called out to the old man.

"Drip this into your eyes and you'll be able to see your granddaughter!" Hera dripped the ox tears into the old man's eyes. When he saw Harriet, tears flowed freely as his lips quivered with excitement. Hera took out her phone and dialed Gaspard's number.

"Hello, Ms. Lewis!" Gaspard greeted, sounding extremely excited.

Hera was now the big shot of Jonford. The Hill family had been seeking to cooperate with Southern Heaven Pharmaceutical for a while but could not find the opportunity. That was why they had been engaging in charity work recently, hoping to catch Hera's attention. Now that Hera was calling, it was likely that their plan had succeeded. If they could collaborate with Southern Heaven Pharmaceutical, the family would surely rise to new heights.

Chapter 1509

"I'm giving you ten minutes to bring Geoffrey to the urban village in Aureus District," Hera said coldly before hanging up the phone. Gaspard's smile froze instantly on his face.

Sitting on the couch watching videos, Hunter asked, "Grandpa, was that Hera who called you?"

"She wants me to take your dad to the urban village in Aureus District..." Gaspard looked puzzled. "Why would she want us to go there so late at night?"

Hunter exclaimed, "Damn! Grandpa, you might not know this, but there's a new company called Southern Heaven Real Estate that was recently set up in the Southern Heaven Industrial Zone.

"They're moving into real estate and are developing the area in Aureus District. She must be looking to partner with us."

Gaspard's eyes lit up with excitement. "Aureus District is a lucrative opportunity. If we can secure contracts for building materials and renovation, we could make at least two billion!" He immediately pulled out his phone to call Geoffrey, his hands trembling with excitement.

At that moment, Geoffrey was drinking with Xeno and several leaders of second-tier families. Xeno, who could hold his liquor well, saw that everyone else was already tipsy.

Seeing a call from his father, a drunk Geoffrey said, "Mr. Hun... I need to take this call!" He then walked to a corner to answer the phone. Xeno had also received a call from Hera.

Moments later, Geoffrey returned to his seat, picked up his jacket from the chair, and said, "Mr. Hun, I have to leave for a bit. This meal is on me!"

Eyes narrowing, Xeno offered, "Shall I drive you there?"

Geoffrey was flattered by the offer but did not dare trouble the man. He smiled and waved his hand. "I wouldn't dare to trouble you, Mr. Hun. Let's meet up another time!" After saying this, he hurried out of the private room and called his driver to bring the car around. Hera had given them only ten minutes, so they split into two groups to rush toward Aureus District. About seven minutes later, the father and son drove into Aureus District. Unbeknownst to them, Xeno was leading a convoy of seven or eight cars trailing behind them. They could only drive up to the entrance of the urban village, where Gaspard and Geoffrey parked their car and walked into the village with four

bodyguards. Hunter also wanted to come, but considering his past conflict with Hera, Gaspard decided against bringing him. "Geoffrey, have you taken care of that matter?" Gaspard suddenly asked.

Geoffrey felt uneasy. "That old man and the kid are still in the village, but they shouldn't know anything!"

Gaspard's gaze deepened. "This village will soon be demolished, and we'll be doing a lot of business here. You'd better take care of those two soon!"

As they spoke, a dark figure approached them. Only when it got closer did they realize it was Finn.

Now a celebrity in Jonford and a powerful Profound Reality Realm expert, Finn often socialized with figures like Walter and Grant.

"You're here to pick us up, right, Mr. Carter?" Gaspard asked with a faint smile, feeling quite proud. To think that the man had such good relations with people like Walter yet was here to greet him personally.

Finn gave Geoffrey a deep look and then said calmly, "Ms. Lewis has been waiting for a while. Please come with me." He led the two men toward a small house in the Hansel family's neighborhood.

As Geoffrey recognized the familiar path, he grew increasingly anxious, cold sweat beading on his forehead.

Unaware of which exact house the university student his son had assaulted years ago lived in, Gaspard walked with his hands clasped behind his back, contemplating how to negotiate with Hera. Soon, they arrived at the doorstep of the Hansel household. Geoffrey trembled violently and stammered, "Dad... Dad... I want to go home..."

"Go home? And give up on such a good opportunity?"

Chapter 1510

Gaspard glared at his son fiercely before striding boldly into the dilapidated house. A musty scent hit them as they entered. Suppressing the urge to retch, Gaspard looked compassionately at the elderly man who was sitting on the couch and holding a child. "Sir, how can you live in such conditions? My son is this year's most distinguished philanthropist in Jonford. I'll make sure he allocates a poverty relief fund for you!"

These words were intended for Hera and Nash, who were sitting on another couch. He seemed genuinely concerned, even going so far as to bite his tongue to force tears to his eyes. Then, he turned to Hera and Nash, greeting, "Ms. Lewis, Mr. Calcraft." He would not have shown such respect if Hera were alone. However, Nash was also here, and he was the powerhouse behind Hera's current status. Word had it that Nash had been absent from Jonford for a while because the city could no longer contain such a significant figure.

His influence spanned both sides of the law, making his presence in Jonford somewhat dull. However, this did not diminish his formidable reputation in the city.

Jasmine's eyes flickered with a cold glint. She was impressed by Gaspard's acting skills. He could have won an Oscar for that performance.

Then, cutting through the performance, Hera's red lips parted slightly. Her tone was calm and unreadable as she asked sharply, "Where's Geoffrey?"

"Ah, yes, yes. I should have my son be part of the discussion." Then, he shouted toward the door, "Geoffrey, come in quickly!"

However, Geoffrey dared not enter. Although that woman was already dead, her lingering spirit still protected that old man and the illegitimate child.

Geoffrey took deep breaths to calm his fear. He then pulled out his talisman from his neck. It was the protective talisman he obtained three years ago from the Church of Cold Winds.

With a stiff resolve, Geoffrey stepped into the room. As soon as he entered, he felt a cold gaze sweep over him. He sucked in a breath of cold air, his gaze fixed on the woman in white standing behind the old man. Harriet was glaring at him coldly. "Geoffrey, Ms. Lewis wants you to discuss this cooperation personally." Gaspard smiled faintly. He dragged a chair over and sat down.

He wore a fake smile on his face as he said, "Ms. Lewis, my son's involvement in charity work was actually because he was greatly influenced by you. I believe under your guidance, entrepreneurs in Jonford can do even more charity work!" "Kneel!" Hera suddenly shouted. Beside her, Nash was also slightly surprised.

Geoffrey suddenly fell to his knees, pain stabbing through his kneecaps. Hera's formidable presence had brought him down.

"It's not Ms. Lewis you should be kneeling to. It's this old man!" Gaspard shouted at Geoffrey in anger, causing those around to wonder if he was aware of the situation.

"Look at the outcome of your charity work. There are still impoverished people in Jonford living in houses unfit even for dogs. You owe this old man an apology!"

The air was thick with awkwardness.

"Sir, we didn't bring you here to discuss business or charity," Finn said.

"What?" Gaspard looked at Hera in confusion, puzzled by this revelation. Did they want to talk about life?

Hera took a deep breath, having finally processed the past events shared with her by Harriet and the others.

She approached Geoffrey, who was sweating profusely on the ground, and said icily, "Geoffrey, eight years ago, you raped a girl and threatened to kill her parents if she dared to report you..."

As if lightning struck Gaspard, he fell backward from the chair and onto the ground.