

My Substitute CEO Bride

Chapter 1511

Was this that college student's home? While Geoffrey was silent, he was trembling like a leaf. At this moment, one thought consumed him: to flee to the ends of the earth. Suddenly, one of his bodyguards burst in, shouting, "Boss, it's bad. Mr. Hun has surrounded the place with hundreds of his men!"

Geoffrey collapsed to the ground, his strength leaving him.

It made sense now why Xeno had offered to see him home from the dinner party. It was Hera who had called him. Geoffrey had no choice but to come either way. Otherwise, Xeno would have delivered him. Overwhelmed by despair, Geoffrey confessed hoarsely, "It was me..."

"Three years ago, when your child was diagnosed with leukemia, the child's grandparents knelt before you begging for your help, yet you had them beaten to death. You even threw their bodies into the river to feed the fish," Hera said.

"Harriet just wanted her parents' bodies back, yet you broke her legs and threatened to send her child to another country for organ trafficking..."

"So, let me ask you, the so-called 'most distinguished philanthropist' of Jonford..."

"Are you an animal?"

Hera slapped Geoffrey across the face. Her freshly done nails left three bloody streaks across his cheek. Her eyes brimmed with fury. When she heard Harriet recount these horrors just now, she ended up bawling three times.

"I... I know I was wrong..." Geoffrey did not dare show any defiance. He was fully aware that any objection might seal his fate in Aureus District today.

Gaspard swallowed hard, having already secretly called the patrol officers. No matter what, this was still his son. "Three years ago, when Harriet was hospitalized, you took her four-year-old son, Peter Hansel, and contacted human traffickers. You planned to sell your own son!"

"I was wrong earlier. You're not an animal. Even animals don't harm their own offspring. You're far worse than an animal!" Hera slapped him again, hard.

"My poor Harriet..." The elderly man broke down crying, unable to hold back his sorrow anymore.

It was only now that he fully comprehended the extent of his granddaughter's suffering. Jasmine, a tough woman from the Dragon Soul Special Forces, wiped away her tears for the third time.

Finn's fists creaked with the force of his grip while Nash just sighed quietly. Even after more than a decade of drifting through tumultuous times, he had never encountered such a heartless and mad individual.

Beneath the facade of this gentleman was a heart dark to its core. Such a person was not worth mourning.

Hera took a deep breath, holding back her tears as she looked toward Harriet. "Harriet, how do you want to handle him?"

"You can decide." Harriet closed her eyes. "I only want them to stop hurting my grandfather and child!" She was already dead and devoid of any ghostly powers to protect her child in the future.

At that moment, Gaspard suddenly took out his phone to answer a call. "Sir, please come quickly. They might kill my son!"

More than ten patrol cars came to a stop outside Aureus District. Henderson led dozens of patrol officers into the neighborhood, only to be blocked by a dense crowd. Henderson frowned and demanded, "Who do you belong to?" [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Xeno stepped forward from the crowd and calmly replied, "Mr. and Mrs. Calcraft have an appointment with the Hills. Are you here to take their side, Chief Zink?"

"What in the hell..."

Chapter 1512

Henderson almost jumped. When he heard Gaspard say that he and his son were trapped in Aureus District, he failed to mention who was holding them back. Not long ago, Frances from the Sinopharm Office had nearly set him up, and now, Gaspard almost did the same. "Damn it. I need to find out who I'm dealing with before responding to any calls in the future. Otherwise, I'd just be seeking death," Henderson muttered to himself.

He pulled out a cigarette and handed one to Xeno, asking, "What's going on with the Hills? Surely, nobody in Jonford has the balls to provoke Hera these days, right?"

Xeno took out a lighter and lit Henderson's cigarette. Henderson took a deep drag before asking, "Mr. Calcraft himself came?"

Blowing out a cloud of smoke, Xeno replied, "It must be no small matter. Mr. Calcraft usually stays in the background to foster Ms. Lewis' capabilities. He doesn't show up easily!"

Leaning on the hood of a luxury car, Henderson lamented, "What a pity. Geoffrey was just awarded as a distinguished philanthropist. The Hill family also spent a fortune trying to establish themselves in Jonford."

"A philanthropist? That title doesn't necessarily mean he's a good person. I had a few drinks with Geoffrey today, and from what I can tell, there's more than meets the eye with him," Xeno noted.

As the two bosses sat on the hood, smoking and chatting, Henderson decided to simply turn off his phone. He was concerned that Gaspard might call again.

Meanwhile, Gaspard was indeed trying to reach him. Hearing the tone on the line indicating that Henderson had switched off his phone, a chill ran down his spine.

"Gaspard, I want you to transfer 70% of your family's assets to Peter!" Hera demanded.

"What?" Gaspard's head shook uncontrollably. "70%? That's impossible... Absolutely impossible!"

"Then make it 100%," Hera replied indifferently. After saying this, she turned to Finn. "Take him to Henderson. Have Adam sue him on behalf of the Hansels. I want him dead." [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

"Ms. Lewis, I've realized my mistake. Please spare me. I'm willing to give all my assets to the child," Geoffrey pleaded desperately, begging for mercy.

Finn kicked him in the back, grinding his teeth as he said, "You could die a thousand times and it wouldn't be enough to appease public rage. You still think you can survive this?"

Geoffrey then turned to Peter, pleading, "Son... Son, I'm your father. Please plead for me. I'll buy you luxury cars and mansions!"

Peter buried his face in his great-grandfather's chest, shouting, "I don't have a father... I don't want to see you anymore..." At seven years old, the hardships of life had forced

him to mature much faster than his peers. He already knew that this man was the murderer of his family.

Finn grabbed Geoffrey by the hair and dragged him outside. Soon after, a flurry of noises and Geoffrey's screams echoed from outside.

"I'll go check on them to make sure he doesn't kill anyone," Jasmine said deeply.

Gaspard collapsed on the floor, trembling, "Ms. Lewis, I... I'm willing to transfer 70% of my properties to him..."

"It's too late!" Hera pulled out her phone and made a call.

"Freeze all of the Hills' assets!"

"Ms. Lewis? What?"

"The Hill family won't exist tomorrow. Do you want their debts to go uncollected?"

"Alright, alright. I'll handle it right away!"

Hera then called Eva.

"Ms. Lewis."

"Use every means necessary to take 100% of the Hills' assets tomorrow!"

"Okay!"

With tears streaming down his face, Gaspard knelt and pleaded, "Ms. Lewis, Mr. Calcraft, please have mercy and allow my family a chance!"

The Hill family business was built up by his grandfather's generation. He was a third-generation scion who had lived a life of luxury. How could he bear the prospect of living penniless?

Outside, Geoffrey's screaming had stopped.

Jasmine returned to the room and rolled her sleeves back down.

Nash looked at the still-crying Peter and said, "Little guy, come here. I'll help you with your condition."

Peter approached Nash obediently. Using moxibustion needles combined with medicinal herbs, Nash cured Peter's leukemia. He then turned to Harriet Hansel and said, "Your son's leukemia has been cured. The Hill family will now be renamed the

Hansel family. "I will extend your grandfather's life by 20 years as well. I hope your spirit may rest in peace in heaven."

Holding her son in her arms, Harriet knelt down to thank Nash and Hera. Then, she said goodbye to her only two remaining relatives. The three of them hugged each other, weeping bitterly. Their sorrow echoed the misery of the world.

Chapter 1513

Hunter was boasting in his social media group chat.

[The Hill family will be a partner of Southern Heaven Group in the future. In less than five years, we'll be one of the top five elite families in Jonford!]

[You're amazing!]

[How powerful!] S~earch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

[Mr. Hunter, you should give us some money!]

[Yes, give us some tips!]

[Hahaha, don't worry, the tips won't stop tonight. I'm giving away 20,000 dollars. Get ready, everyone!]

As Hunter relaxed with his feet on the coffee table, preparing to flood the chat with money, he entered his payment password only to find that his bank card had been frozen. "What the hell?"

Confused, Hunter sat up straight and tried another card. It was also frozen. In disbelief, he tried all of his dozen cards. All were frozen.

What was going on?

Sweating, Hunter called his grandfather.

"Grandpa, why are all my bank cards frozen?"

"Ah... The Hill family is finished..." Gaspard said weakly and lifelessly over the phone.

Half an hour later, Xeno brought Gaspard back to his home. Hunter and the other relatives had already been waiting outside the villa for a long time. Overwhelmed, Hunter exclaimed, "Mr. Hun, you personally brought my grandfather back? Grandfather, did the talk go well?"

He believed this was why Hera arranged for Xeno to escort his grandfather. It was a true show of status.

Xeno chuckled through his cigar. "Enjoy your last night in the mansion. Tonight, my men and I will protect you. No one will disturb your peaceful sleep."

Confused by Xeno's words, Hunter cautiously asked his grandfather, "Grandfather, what is Mr. Hun saying?"

Head hung dejectedly, Gaspard replied, "The Hill family is finished. Tomorrow, we'll have nothing. In fact, we already have nothing."

The family was stunned and gathered around him to find out what happened.

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The next morning, Hera and Eva personally escorted Peter and his great-grandfather to the villa. All of the Hill family members were gathered in the living room. Over the course of one night, Gaspard's hair had turned completely white, as if he had aged 20 years. Eva tossed a contract onto the coffee table and said coldly, "Just sign it. Our chairman will give each of you a settlement of 20,000. If you don't want to sign it, that's fine too. I have plenty of other means."

"We can't sign this! We can go to the police. We can sue!"

"Yes, our family's assets are worth billions! We can't just give them away like this!" However, their protests were in vain.

With trembling hands, Gaspard signed his name on the contract. He had already sought advice from Henderson the previous night. He had seen him and Xeno smoking together when he left Aureus District last night. Approaching the Inspection Office or even the governor would be futile. The settlement would at least allow them to stay in a hotel for a while. After signing the contract, Xeno and his men promptly evicted the Hill family from the villa.

That same afternoon, Jonford's financial and legal news outlets jointly reported a shocking criminal case involving Jonford's newly prominent philanthropist, Geoffrey Hill.

According to Jonford Finance, this hypocritical 'gentleman,' was overwhelmed with guilt and transferred all of the Hill family's assets to his illegitimate son, Peter Hansel, who would now become Jonford's youngest billionaire. Jonford Law reported that the Jonford

Supreme People's Court had just confirmed that Geoffrey Hill's trial was complete. He was found guilty of homicide and child trafficking and was sentenced to immediate execution.

Chapter 1514

The Hill family's downfall caused considerable upheaval in Jonford overnight. A second-tier family had vanished from the scene while a new one rose rapidly. This demonstrated the formidable capabilities of Jonford's Lady Demon. Hera struck fear into the hearts of second and third-tier families like never before. [SEARCH THE website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

The situation with the Hill family was significant but not overly so. Meanwhile, another piece of news quickly spread through the social circles of Jonford. One person asked in a group chat: [Did you hear that two reclusive families from Antaria are about to hold a marriage? Have you received an invitation?] Another replied: [No, I haven't!]

Someone exclaimed in surprise: [Wow, you guys are second-tier elites, but you haven't received an invite?] Another added: [That's nothing. I just messaged Mr. Watson, and even he hasn't received an invitation!] Someone tagged him directly and asked: [@WalterWatson Mr. Watson, you didn't get an invite either?]

Walter responded truthfully: [Thanks for asking. Indeed, I didn't. The Cricton and the Thoran family are both reclusive families, rumored to have ancestral ties to ancient sects. They're nearly on par with the legendary Young family. I paid a million just to get this information from someone involved with the invitations. He said only five invitations were sent to Jonford]

Another queried: [Who has those five invitations, then?]

Someone speculated: [Is that question necessary? Two of them are surely with Ms. Lewis and Mr. Calcraft, and the other two must be with the governor and the chief of the Inspection Office!]

[And the last one?]

[It's probably with the Lee family, given that they have a retired major among them!]

At that moment, Walter replied: [That's correct, the last invitation is indeed with the Lee family.]

...

Antaria was a first-tier coastal city and a state under Drakonia's direct administration which had a GDP that rivaled Motadine and Capiton. It was home to three reclusive families the Cricton family, the Thoran family, and the Lazadar family.

These families all originated from an array cultivation sect, with ancestors who were once elders of this sect.

Antaria also boasted two rapidly rising top-tier families. The Varhess family had a martial arts lineage and controlled six martial halls. Their head was also the leader of the Divine Strategy Squadron.

The Schmidt family had a history in business and was virtually unknown domestically, but their overseas operations were incredibly formidable. The Schmidt family focused solely on philanthropy, avoiding all other business activities. These five families drove Antaria's

GDP.

...

Nash sat in his office at the base, reviewing Antaria's distribution of power as provided by Lumi. Moments later, he picked up his phone and dialed Theo's number.

Seeing the call from Nash, Theo's scalp tingled as he began sweating profusely. After hesitating, he nervously answered, "N-Nash, I was just in the bathroom!" "Prepare a private jet for me to fly to Antaria tomorrow."

"Huh?"

Startled, Theo quickly recovered, relieved it was not something more serious. Nash ended the call without saying anything further and then turned to discuss the acquisition of several private jets with Lumi.

"There's no need to buy private jets. We'll soon have our own aerial combat group, which will include a personal aircraft designated for your use," Lumi said.

As Nash was preparing for a retreat in the illusion array, he received a message from Fabian. [The Giraud family may have enlisted a deity to target you. Be extra cautious in the coming days.]

Nash replied succinctly before entering the array: [Okay.]

Deities were spirit entities from the Nihon culture, somewhat similar in function to the East's zoomorphic deities. Deities varied in strength, and Nash was actually quite interested to see just how formidable the Nihon's deities could be.

Chapter 1515

The Cricton residence in Antaria sat on a vast seaside villa area with more than 300 villas stretching as far as the eye could see. This was the home of the Cricton family and its many branches. They were a family with deep roots and intricate connections, reminiscent of an old tree with entwined roots. Today, many of the family's younger members had gathered at Tatiana's private villa. "Tatiana, tomorrow is your big day. Congratulations!" said a beautiful young girl. She smiled sweetly as her large, black, gem-like eyes shone with sincerity.

Tatiana responded with a smile, "Delilah, I see you've been working on your acting!"

Her grandfather had five brothers, and Delilah was the granddaughter of the fifth brother. Out of everyone in the Cricton family, Delilah was the least sincere about wishing Tatiana well. Beneath her innocent and cute exterior lay a heart full of pretense and deceit. Hearing Tatiana's sarcastic comment, Delilah's eyes suddenly reddened. "Tatiana, how can you say that about me? I truly wish you well!"

Her pitiful look made her the object of sympathy.

"Tatiana, you're being too harsh. Yesterday, Delilah even went to a jewelry store and ordered a pair of bracelets worth 800,000 to give you as a wedding gift," scolded another relative as they frowned at her.

Tatiana glanced sideways and retorted sarcastically, "Wow, Delilah, I haven't seen you for a few days and you've already found yourself a new lapdog?"

"Tatiana, watch your mouth!" Devin's expression darkened as he stared at her. He was Delilah's childhood friend, and their mothers were as close as sisters, which gave him access to the Cricton family estate. Despite his fear of Tatiana, he could not stand to see his childhood friend insulted.

With a swift slap, Tatiana struck Devin across the face. Her tone was icy as she said, "How dare you speak to me like this?"

As a direct descendant of the main family, Tatiana held a higher status than Delilah, who was from a collateral branch. Her status was certainly higher than Devin's, who was even less significant in the family hierarchy. "You... You..." Devin clutched his face, struggling to find words.

Delilah tearfully intervened, "Devin, you don't need to speak up for me. This is between Tatiana and me. You don't need to get involved."

Seeing her cry for him, Devin felt that the slap was worthwhile. He realized his place. They were in Tatiana's home, inside her personal villa in the Cricton residence. He had no right to speak out of turn.

"Tatiana, if I said something wrong, please correct me. I can change. I don't want to upset you and harm your health," Delilah said, attempting to defuse the tension. Delilah's tear-filled eyes and soft, aggrieved voice melted the hearts of many gentlemen present. Tatiana simply responded with a faint smile, "You're giving yourself too much credit. I simply find you annoying, that's all."

Delilah pursed her red, moist lips and nodded slightly. "I heard that your to-be husband is very handsome. Why don't you show us a photo, Tatiana?"

Her suggestion immediately piqued the curiosity of everyone there. Tobias Thoran, the eldest son of the Thoran family, was a man who was rarely seen in public. If not for this marriage alliance, his name would have remained unknown.

Such was the mystery that shrouded a reclusive family. They rarely appeared in public view, and any rare sightings would quickly be erased to protect their privacy.

"Come on, Tatiana, show us a photo. Tobias must be really handsome, right?"

"Exactly, just satisfy our curiosity!" The crowd of relatives from various branches clamored.

The noise gave Tatiana a headache, and she frowned, replying, "You'll see him tomorrow!"

Delilah smiled cunningly and suggested in a coquettish tone, "Since Tatiana doesn't want to show us, maybe I should do it for her?"

Chapter 1516

"Wow, Delilah, you have a photo of Mr. Tobias?"

"If I had known you had his photo, we wouldn't have needed to bother Tatiana!"

"Quick, let me see if he's handsome!"

"Hehe, don't worry, I'll show you!" Delilah giggled incessantly, her eyes gleaming excitedly as she looked at Tatiana.

Tatiana had always been the pride of the Cricton family. Delilah had wanted to bring this extraordinarily perfect woman down from her pedestal more than once but could never find the opportunity. Now, she relished the chance to mock her.

Tatiana clenched her fists tightly as she imagined turning Delilah into a pig. She had seen the photo of Tobias as well. He was indescribably unattractive as if God had been distracted when creating him. He was short, overweight, and had a mole on each side of his face that sprouted a tuft of hair.

One look was enough to ingrain his appearance into memory. If she were to look at him for an entire night, it could be fatal. [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

Compared to Nash, Tobias was hideously unattractive. She suspected his reclusiveness was due to his appearance, as he never showed up even at gatherings of the three great reclusive families.

It was clear that Delilah's visit today was so that she could mock Tatiana. At that moment, Delilah took out her phone, which was the latest model. It was adorned with a pink, fairy-tale-style case. "Hehe, I found the photo!" Delilah exclaimed as she sent the picture to a group chat she had created. It was composed of their close relatives.

[Ugh... Are you sure this is a person?]

[Oh my, he's really ugly!]

[Poor Tatiana...]

[How could Master Rosarch let our family's prized woman marry such an ugly creature?]

The group's comments, though seemingly sympathetic toward Tatiana, were clearly tinged with schadenfreude. It seemed likely that Tatiana would become the butt of everyone's jokes the next day.

Delilah, feigning regret, turned to Tatiana and said, "I'm sorry, Tatiana, I didn't mean to do it. I was just satisfying everyone's curiosity."

"Are you done?" Tatiana's eyes were red, her tears barely held back.

Delilah lowered her head like a child who had done something wrong. "Tatiana, don't be angry. He might be ugly, but isn't it true that flowers need green leaves for contrast? His ugliness only serves to highlight the family's excellence doesn't it?" Unable to contain her anger any longer, she shouted, "Get out!"

Delilah retorted aggrievedly, "Let's go, we're not welcome here."

Worried that Tatiana might resort to physical measures, the others quickly echoed her sentiments.

Soon, Tatiana was the only one left in the living room. She curled up on the couch and hugged her knees as tears uncontrollably slid down her cheeks. Memories of her time with Nash in the illusion array filled her mind, along with the phrase 'Thus, one day, we will face the snow while our hair resembles its purest white.'

As tears streamed down her face, Tatiana rested her delicate chin on her knees and whispered, "Nash, will you really come for me?"

The next day, Jonford Airport had been entirely emptied.

Chapter 1517

A VIP of significant status was about to depart from the airport to Antaria, prompting the entire airport to be cleared. The control tower staff were all on high alert, scanning the area. "Gosh, it's Ms. Lewis!" a professionally dressed woman exclaimed excitedly, her enthusiasm palpable.

"Who's that?" a young newcomer curiously asked. [SEARCH THE website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"Are you even from Jonford? How do you not know Ms. Lewis?" The woman smacked the newcomer's head down onto the desk in frustration.

"Sorry, I just transferred here yesterday. I've only just gotten to know about figures like Walter Watson and Grant Zell!" the newcomer protested, feeling wronged.

"Walter Watson's era is over. It's now Ms. Lewis' here in Jonford. See that woman in the black trench coat surrounded by eight bodyguards? That's her!" The woman's excitement caused her to splatter the window with spittle.

"You don't have to know Walter Watson or the governor, but you have to know Ms. Lewis. She's a goddess to us women!"

"Nonsense, she's also a goddess in the eyes of us men." A calm and steady voice came from behind them. Everyone turned around, visibly shaken.

It was the chairman of Jonford Airlines!

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in the airport, a luxurious private jet, emblazoned with Southern Heaven's insignia, cut a powerful image on the tarmac. This brand-new private plane was a custom order purchased by Lucas Skye for over three billion. It was delivered just last week, and the Skyes' old patriarch had not even had a chance to enjoy it yet.

Last night, Theo urgently had the insignia painted on the plane. This morning, he finalized all the asset transfer agreements and aviation records.

Nash brought five people with him—Bertram, Regulus, Eric, Lumi, and Euria. Besides them, there was Hera and her eight bodyguards as well as Leigh, who brought his wife and daughter, along with four retired bodyguards from the Southern Territory.

Henderson also brought his family, which included his wife, children, and several expert marksmen from the Inspection Office. "Mr. Zink, you've brought enough people to have a feast!" Leigh exclaimed.

Henderson had two sons and two daughters. He also brought both his parents and his wife's parents, making up a group of ten. "Well, the invitation didn't limit the number of guests!" Henderson said with an awkward laugh.

The atmosphere grew solemn when Leigh spotted someone. An elderly man in traditional green attire, decorated heavily with medals, was being assisted by Olivia. The man's meticulously combed white hair and sharp look despite his aged face indicated his distinguished past.

Nash had previously treated his cerebral hemorrhage, and his dementia had also disappeared, allowing his health to improve significantly. Recently, he had even started walking without a wheelchair.

"Mr. Lee." Hera removed her sunglasses and joined Olivia in assisting the retired major.

With a kindly smile, Oliver said, "Hera, don't worry about me. I'm old and slow, but I can manage."

Hera blinked her eyes in excitement, exclaiming, "Mr. Lee, you're recovering so well!"

"It's all thanks to your husband's miraculous medical skills!" replied Oliver with a smile, his deep eyes scanning the formidable woman who was making a name for herself in Jonford. He could tell that Hera was treating him sincerely, almost like family.

"It's great to see you healthy, Mr. Lee. You still have the charisma of your younger days!" Hera said, her voice bubbling with the joy of a woman who had not yet grown up.

Oliver chuckled. "So, you've seen photos of me from back then?"

Hera responded, "Even without photos, these medals on your chest are enough for me to imagine your formidable presence back in the day!"

Oliver laughed heartily, his demeanor radiant. Soon, however, his expression turned somber. "There was a time when the name 'Shura Major Oliver' was renowned far and wide. But now, even walking is a challenge."

Hera muttered the title softly under her breath, envisioning the legendary hero's past glory just from his nickname.

Chapter 1518

"Hello, Mr. Lee!" Nash greeted with a smile.

"Hi, Mr. Lee!" Leigh, Henderson, and their families all greeted Oliver warmly. He responded with a nod and a gentle smile.

Lumi and Euria stood straight and gave a formal military salute.

"And you two are...?" Oliver looked at the twins in surprise. Their salute indicated that they were from the military or an official agency. However, instead of addressing him as a senior officer, which would be customary given his many medals, they simply saluted him. This suggested that they might hold positions similar to his own, a remarkable feat for such young military leaders. It likely implied that they were part of some internal power structure.

Euria smiled slightly and said, "We're from the Celestial Dragon Squadron."

Leigh and Henderson shivered involuntarily at the name. Despite knowing Nash for so long, they were unaware of his connection to this prestigious unit. They were uncertain about Nash's specific role within the squadron.

Hearing this, a realization dawned upon Oliver. A look of gratification came over him as he turned to Nash and said, "Good, very good. You're truly worthy of being his descendant!" Oliver figured that Nash was likely the commander of the Celestial Dragon Squadron. Nash responded with a slight smile and made a polite gesture, "After you, Mr. Lee."

"No, you first, please!" Oliver returned. If Nash truly was the commander, that would make him higher ranked than he was. Because of this, Oliver found it inappropriate to walk ahead of Nash.

"Come on, Mr. Lee. There's no need for such formality with me," Nash said, half laughing. He then shot Lumi a reproachful look. Why reveal that they were from the Celestial Dragon Squadron so unnecessarily? It made them seem overly showy. Lumi stuck out her tongue and looked down, avoiding Nash's gaze. Suddenly...

Nash's brows furrowed as he said with urgency, "Everyone, board the plane now. Don't wait for me and head straight to Antaria!"

Regulus and Bertram exchanged glances, then leaped into the air toward the plane. "Euria, Lumi, Eric, ensure their safety!" Nash called out. He then transformed into a streak of light that shot toward the sky.

Eric, who had just jumped, had to pull back his energy abruptly. He almost strained his back in the process.

The air traffic control staff watched in disbelief, their jaws dropping. "What...?" They were stunned. Even martial arts masters were not capable of such feats, were they?

On a hill two kilometers from the airport, four figures materialized from a mist. They were dressed in ninja attire, their faces masked. There was a ten-meter-tall humanoid shadow looming behind them.

Nash, Bertram, and Regulus landed about five meters away from the quartet. Nash squinted at the massive shadow and asked, "Is this your deity?"

The leader of the ninjas replied somewhat awkwardly in the Drakonian language, "It is an honor for you to die at the hands of the Crow Deity!"

As he spoke, the black mist slowly revealed its true form. It was a red-faced figure dressed in traditional Nihon medium attire with a large nose and a pair of wings. It was wielding a staff and wearing tall, single-toothed sandals. "Have you guys seen anything like this before?" Nash turned to Bertram and Regulus.

Bertram responded gravely, "I've never seen it, but the Young family has researched it. Nihon deities are said to be created from spirits or demons that have been cultivated into a powerful force."

Eager to test himself, Regulus said, "Let me try it out."

Bertram gave him a cold look. "You won't succeed. Let Nash take care of this."

Seeing their eagerness, Nash suppressed his impulse to compete with them for the chance to fight. Even if they destroyed this deity, the Girauds would likely send even more powerful ones. "What? Are they all eager to rush to their deaths?" the ninja leader muttered in disbelief, observing their confident demeanor.

"Idiots, kill them!"

Drawing their swords, the ninjas charged toward the trio.

Regulus' figure flickered. He was fast and fierce like a tiger as he landed a punch on the chest of one ninja. The ninja turned into black mist, then reappeared behind him, swinging his sword toward Regulus' head. "Oh? You're at the peak of the Divine Ninja Realm?"

Chapter 1519

Regulus could immediately tell that this ninja was far superior to those he encountered previously at the Blossom Hotel and focused. He turned his hands to stone as he fought with all his might.

"You three, come at me together!" Nash declared, drawing his Nine Dragons Sword to face three opponents alone. The three at the peak of the Divine Ninja Realm unleashed their ninja arts, quickly trapping Nash within a complex array. Their figures then multiplied into countless shadows and slashed and stabbed at him relentlessly.

Nash's speed reached its limit as his Nine Dragons Sword emitted continuous dragon roars. He barely managed to fend off the three's attacks.

Suddenly, one ninja appeared in front of Nash, his sword stabbing toward Nash's heart with trailing images.

Nash swiftly dodged, his Nine Dragons Sword slicing forward with a similar trailing image toward the ninja's head.

"Shadow Escape!" The ninja's figure blended into the dark mist and then vanished into thin air.

Nash quickly turned and delivered a horizontal slash, his sword cutting a crescent-shaped light and forcing back the other two ninjas.

"Sky Illumination Slash!" Nash leaped and delivered a massive downward strike.

A sword form spanning a hundred meters locked onto one of the ninjas and descended with unstoppable force.

"Earth Escape!"

The ninja swiftly formed hand seals with both hands and then merged into the ground without so much as even leaving a dent in the soil.

Nash's eyes flashed gold as he dragged his finger along the blade of the Nine Dragons Sword, infusing it with his own blood. A dragon's roar echoed across the skies.

"Mountain Carver..."

With a hum, a thousand-foot-long sword form violently struck the ground, causing a cataclysmic split as mountains cleaved and the sky turned upside down. A massive chasm formed, splitting the earth and the mountain in two. The ninja who had hidden underground was sliced apart.

The remaining two ninjas gasped in shock. While Nash's power levels were not quite at the level of a god-level ninja, this one strike nearly bridged that gap. How could he be so powerful?

Nash descended like a meteor, his voice booming. "Subjugation of the Eight Wastes!" This was his own creation, a move that concentrated all his spiritual power into the tip of the Nine Dragons Sword, which then radiated a blinding light.

As the tip of the sword form touched the ground upon its landing, it unleashed a force that seemed to be able to swallow mountains and rivers whole. It shook the Earth to its core. The impact resonated like a nuclear explosion, altering the very landscape.

A terrifying ripple lifted the stones and dirt from the ground ten meters high with Nash at the center. The violent surge of sword form blasted the ninjas away, their clothes cut up in the process.

In the next instant, Nash swiftly moved and brought the blade down at one of the dazed ninjas. The flash of the sword was followed by a head hitting the ground.

The third ninja was completely stunned by the sight. "Is this guy even human?"

Suddenly, a massive figure landed with a thud near the feet of the petrified ninja. It was Bertram.

"What the hell... Are you a monster?"

Bertram charged up a punch and threw his fist fiercely toward the dazed ninja's head, cursing, "What the hell are you looking at?"

The ninja's head exploded into a mist of blood. Then, another sonic boom echoed through the air. Regulus had killed the last remaining ninja.

With a roar, a ten-meter tall phantom figure stepped forward, its fist large as a cauldron as it came rushing toward Bertram. Despite its enormous size, the attack was incredibly fast.

Not wanting to clash directly with the Crow Deity's immense power, Bertram swiftly put some distance between them. The Crow Deity's punch hit the ground, creating shockwaves that sent mounds of dirt up to three meters high within a hundred-meter radius. "Regulus, come help me quick. This thing is tough to deal with." Bertram gasped, blood spilling from his mouth as he spoke. The Crow Deity's punch would have burst his internal organs if not for his timely use of his protective shield.

"Let me handle this," Nash said, transforming into a gusting wind and unleashing the Eight Desolate Crumbling Fist at the Crow Deity.

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The Crow Deity's eyes were as large as bowls and filled with disdain as it lifted its foot to crush the seemingly insignificant human beneath it. With a booming sonic explosion, Nash's attack that was powerful enough to shatter mountains, struck the Crow Deity's shin. The creature only staggered back a single step. "Damn it!" Nash cursed inwardly. He no longer doubted Bertram's strength. It was clear now that this creature's defenses were terrifyingly robust.

"Infinite Divine Thunder Curse, come forth, thunder!" Nash bellowed, quickly drawing a rune with his blood on his palm and slapping it toward the sky. The world darkened as thunder roared and lightning flashed, with several bolts striking down. Lightning wrapped Nash's arm, and he delivered a fierce punch to the Crow Deity's chest. "Eight Desolate Crumbling Lightning Fist!"

The impact created a basketball-sized hole in the Crow Deity's chest. At the same time, Nash was struck by a sweeping slap from the Crow Deity that made contact with his abdomen. Despite quickly channeling his spiritual power to form a protective shield, he was still sent flying dozens of meters away.

He hit the ground and slid back several more meters, his legs carving twin furrows into the earth.

The Nine Dragons Sword plunged into the ground, halting Nash's backward slide. He exhaled deeply, his eyes blazing with a fierce desire for battle. He relished such fights and was confident he could defeat the Crow Deity as long as it did not possess power at the Profound Oriental Realm.

"Master, are you alright?" Bertram and Regulus quickly rushed to Nash's side.

Regulus frowned and suggested, "Let's all attack together. Make it quick!"

"No need, I can handle this," Nash insisted. He then leaped forward, the gold core in his body spinning while the Nine Dragons Sword in his hands shimmered. Gripping the sword with both hands, he instantly struck the top of the Crow Deity's head. With just two fingers, the Crow Deity caught the Nine Dragons Sword and effortlessly flung Nash away. The creature then patted its chest, laughing in disdain.

Nash swung his sword down again, the sword form cutting three kilometers across. It was another of his powerful moves, Mountain Carver. He had used it previously to repel a Profound Oriental Realm opponent and again today to slay a ninja at the peak of the Divine Ninja Realm.

With a roar, the Crow Deity took a swift step forward as its hands formed rapid seals. Then, it raised a seemingly intricate circular light array that blocked the terrifying sword form descending upon it.

The sword form slammed into the light array, sending ripples outward in every direction. The Crow Deity's massive body sank to the ground, one knee hitting the now-cracked surface.

The light array in its hands shattered, and the shockwave sent Nash flying backward, his clothes torn to shreds.

Panting heavily, the Crow Deity kneeled on the ground as it continued to gaze at Nash with a trace of wariness and a greater measure of anger. It would not have been injured by a mere ant if it had not just awoken with only a third of its strength recovered. "The Law of Five Thunders!" Nash charged forward again. Thick lightning bolts struck the Crow Deity from the sky. The creature grimaced and roared in pain although the strikes did not cause significant physical harm.

Moving as fast as lightning, Nash approached the Crow Deity with an overwhelming force. Sword forms filled the air, and the only sounds were their dragon-like roars. Two kilometers away from the battle, Bertram and Regulus gasped in astonishment. "With his strength, Nash might already be the strongest in the Mystique Loyalty Realm," Regulus exclaimed.

Bertram nodded noncommittally. "You and I are already rare opponents in the Mystique Loyalty Realm. It would probably take both of us together just to barely contend with him!"

Regulus took a deep breath. "I have a feeling that he might even surpass his master."

Bertram stood with his hands behind his back and said proudly, "Setting aside intuition, he will definitely surpass the late Johnathan Calcraft. He might even break free from the constraints of this world!"

An area of five kilometers in diameter was completely enveloped in bursts of power. Bertram and Regulus had to use their true energy shields to withstand the residual energy coming from the intense battle between Nash and the Crow Deity. This area where the battle was taking place was not that far from the city center, only about 20 kilometers away.