

# My Substitute CEO Bride

## Chapter 1561

"You're not even at the grandmaster level yet you have the galls to try a sneak attack?" The great-grandmaster sneered and then took a step forward, only for his ankle to be cut open. He grunted as he was forced back three steps. Another member of the Dragon Soul Special Forces materialized, causing the great-grandmaster to narrow his eyes. "An Esper?"

The newcomer did not respond. Instead, he rolled on the ground before gripping his bayonet and attacking the great-grandmaster.

"You're asking for it." The great-grandmaster threw a punch, causing the Dragon Soul Special Forces soldier's chest to collapse as he flew backward and crashed into a wall. He was coughing up blood. Suddenly, a voice rang out from the corner. "Stink bomb!" The next moment, a chubby figure let out a loud fart.

A fist-sized smoke bomb exploded on the great-grandmaster's chest. Despite having managed to protect himself with his true energy in time, the explosion still turned him into a bloody mess.

By now, the Aoan Sect disciples outside had rushed in just as more and more Dragon Soul Special Forces members materialized in the room.

The chubby man laughed heartily. "Witness my super invincible chain farts!"

Clouds of smoke exploded at the door, forcing the Aoan Sect disciples who had just rushed in to retreat.

"Ugh! It stinks!"

The disciples began vomiting, and the chubby man roared, "Brothers, kill them!"

The Dragon Soul soldiers immediately charged. Although they were only at the Energy Cultivation Realm, their bodies had been enhanced by medicine, significantly boosting their reaction speed and strength. More than 20 Dragon Soul soldiers charged into the crowd like wolves, their unstoppable momentum leaving the disciples of the Aoan Sect struggling to catch their breath.

The battle was about to erupt.

The chubby man continued to fart, attacking the two great-grandmasters. With the %

assistance of five Dragon Soul soldiers, they managed to kill one of the great-grandmasters, the same one who had been turned into a bloody mess earlier.

The other great-grandmaster was dumbfounded. How could a group of non-grandmaster-level individuals kill a great-grandmaster? This was against the principles of martial arts! There was another boom as a fart flew over. The grandmaster clenched his fist and then threw his true energy outward.

A yellow object exploded, splattering onto the grandmaster's face.

The grandmaster was immediately overcome with nausea. Had that not been just a fart? Why was there shit too?

The chubby man felt embarrassed. "Sorry, I accidentally let loose!"

"You bastard, I'll kill you!" Enraged, the great-grandmaster rushed forward, making the chubby man pale with fear as he scrambled to flee.

The five Dragon Soul soldiers immediately moved forward to assist him.

Fist clenched tightly, the

great-grandmaster struck out with a punch. He sent out a rolling wave of energy that sent the five Dragon Soul members flying. He did not have time to deal with them now. He wanted to kill the chubby man first.

now. He

He threw another punch, sending an illusory fist flying toward the chubby man's head.

A sly look flashed through the

chubby man's small eyes as he

opened his mouth and swallowed the fist. He turned around and

released a basketball-sized cloud of

crimson smoke from his rearend.

QUMS

## Chapter 1562

The explosion shook the entire villa, causing the chandelier to crash onto the coffee table. The great-grandmaster flew backward and disintegrated into several pieces in mid-air. After releasing the fart, the chubby man collapsed on the ground. Smoke was coming off his hefty belly. He urgently looked toward the Lloyds and said, "Water, get me water..." They merely pinched their noses and looked at the chubby man with disdain, not a single one of them moving.

Feeling extremely disappointed with her family, Sammy rushed toward the water dispenser and lifted the bucket full of water before running to the chubby man's side. She flipped the bucket over and poured the water onto his belly. The chubby man let out a sigh of relief. "Ah, that feels so good!"

...

With the loss of the two great-grandmasters, the disciples of the Aoan Sect outside instantly panicked. The Dragon Soul soldiers took advantage of their distraction and struck fatal blows. They could not even return the attack.

Since the soldiers were accustomed to living on the edge and had plenty of experience in battle, they knew hesitation would lead to defeat. Thus, they showed no mercy, their every attack proving lethal.

One by one, the disciples of the Aoan Sect fell. In less than ten minutes, the battle was over.

The leader of the group pressed a button on his earpiece and reported weakly, "Unit 15, mission accomplished. One casualty, nine severely injured. The Aoan Sect disciples have been completely wiped out!"

The head of the Lloyd family hurriedly said, "Quick, contact our family's private medical team!"

Despite the family not being particularly large, their assets still exceeded three billion, which was enough for them to have a private medical team.

Five minutes before, Nash and Regulus had touched down in a bamboo forest five kilometers southwest of Munford. Suddenly, Dallas and Bertram appeared. The four of them looked toward the wave of auras approaching them, their eyes filled with determination. There were 13 auras at the peak of the Mystique Loyalty Realm. The

strongest among them had even surpassed the peak and was nearing the half-step stage of the Profound Oriental Realm.

Suddenly, a dozen figures descended before the group one after another. Among them was Duncan, and he pushed up his glasses excitedly as he said, "Nash, it's been a long time. I've missed you dearly!"

Nash looked at Duncan with his Third Eye but could not see through to his core. The inheritance he received from his ancestor likely included a real gold core.

A faint smile played on Nash's lips as he replied, "Indeed, it's been a while. I didn't expect you to come into such luck."

"Do you know about the Chosen One?"

"I am the Chosen One," Duncan replied as he casually put his hands in his pockets, his face filled with disdainful arrogance.

He had been biding his time in Jonford quietly for over 20 years. Later, he acknowledged Boris and Peter as his godfathers. After that, he located his ancestor's grave and became an unparalleled powerhouse. Were these experiences not exactly like what the Chosen Ones he had read about gone through in online novels?

เช่น

"If you had followed the righteous path, there'd be a chance that you could become the Chosen One! But you've chosen the path of evil. If you're the Chosen One, then I'll be the one who ends you," Nash replied calmly as he raised his hand, the Nine Dragons Sword appearing in his grip.

"Cutting you down is part of my path of reaching the Profound Oriental Realm!" Duncan reached into his pocket and pulled out a silver spear with a diamond-shaped spearhead that emitted a bone-chilling coldness. The spear was a spiritual weapon of the highest grade.

Nash's eyes narrowed as he gripped the sword handle with both hands. Then, he swiftly swung it down, releasing a terrifying sword form that swept forward.

Duncan raised the spear to meet the

f

descending sword form. The ground collapsed by 20 centimeters as countless bamboo trees nearby were shattered by the immense pressure. The pressure also sent both parties backward.

"Let's join the fight!" Bertram announced as he shot forward like a cannonball, charging toward the group from the Black Wind Mountains.

Regulus and Dallas also transformed into afterimages as they rushed forward.

"Kill them!" Duncan cried as he gripped the Dragon's Roaring Spear tightly.

## Chapter 1563

A sudden burst of silver light erupted from Duncan's body. As if he had traversed space, he appeared in front of Nash in an instant. The spearhead was tinged with a chilliness as it aimed for Nash's heart. Nash raised his sword to block the spear, but the force emanating from Duncan was terrifying, pushing him back several tens of meters.

Duncan grinned ferociously. "I'm a bit disappointed, Nash!"

"What's the rush? We haven't even started yet!" Nash slapped the sword, and it shone dazzlingly as it emitted a tremendous force that sent Duncan back several steps. Duncan's eyes narrowed. "I underestimated you, indeed."

Wielding the Nine Dragons Sword in hand, Nash soared into the air and then swiftly descended. Duncan gripped the spear with both hands and blocked the sword strike.

Visible ripples spread out, and the bamboo trees within hundreds of meters of them were cut in half as if sliced by a giant blade. Bamboo leaves that littered the ground surged in a ten-meter-high wave in all directions. Duncan's hands were numb from the impact despite the protection granted to him by his peak stage Mystique Loyalty Realm cultivation. Roaring, he unleashed his aura, and the silver spear burst into a brilliant light. The roar left Nash feeling like he had been hit by a high-speed train as he was sent flying a hundred meters away.

A hazy white light surrounded Duncan, and the silver spear in his hand shimmered with a cold light. He looked like he was an invincible god.

Nash steadied himself, his gaze bursting with battle intent. The Nine Dragons Sword in his hand seemed to sense its master's excitement and trembled as it emitted a dragon's roar.

"Sky Illumination Slash!" Nash made a cutting motion with the sword in mid-air. As the huge sword form condensed, a fierce wind swept across the ground.

"Dragon Thrust!" Duncan stepped forward, the silver spear in his hand transforming into a hundred-meter-long silver dragon that roared as it collided with the sword form.

A terrifying ripple exploded in the air. The ground collapsed again, and the entire bamboo forest was destroyed in an instant. Not a single blade of grass remained within a radius of 2,000 meters.

The eagles that had been soaring 3,000 meters above them also burst into a mist of blood.

Duncan swiftly executed a move with his spear, thrusting it toward Nash. A glint of cold light preceded the spear's movement, followed by the dragon-like spear itself.

"Mountain Carver!" Nash unleashed the sword technique of his own creation. A sword form more terrifying than before came rushing down toward the dragon figure.

The dragon collapsed. Duncan quickly held the spear above his head to block the incoming attack, only to be pressed down onto the ground on one knee. His clothes tore open, and his glasses shattered into pieces. His eyes were actually fine now, but he was accustomed to wearing glasses. He felt he looked cooler with them on.

"Mountain Carver!"

Nash unleashed his self-created attack a second time.

Duncan bit his tongue, spraying a mouthful of blood onto his silver spear. The spear's shaft turned

blood-red as a menacing energy

surged skyward. A bloody miasma

emanated from Duncan, forming a black misty figure behind him. The shadow knelt as it held onto the

spear as well.

At this moment, clouds gathered, and the sky darkened. Lightning flashed and thunder rumbled as if the heavens themselves were showing their disapproval of such an existence. Duncan slowly raised his head. The shadow followed suit, lifting its massive head and fixing its blood-red eyes on Nash.

Nash felt a deep sense of dread

within him at the look, his eyelids twitching uncontrollably. A sense of impending doom enveloped him. He suspected this was something left by Duncan's ancestor, who was likely a formidable demonic cultivator.

A legacy from a powerhouse that had reached the Tribulation Realm was not something he could

contend with. Nash wanted to flee on instinct, but he found himself immobilized in mid-air. The source of his paralysis was the shadow's gaze.

"Duncan, if you have any guts at all, fight me one-on-one. What's the point of you bringing out your ancestor like this?" Nash started to taunt. "Are you a child? Can't fight on your own and have to call for backup?"

## **Read Chapter 1564**

### **Chapter 1564**

Duncan paid his words no heed. Instead, a sinister smile crept onto his face as he gripped the spear handle and shot toward Nash.

A strong sense of crisis enveloped Nash, and he hurriedly tried to communicate with the Divine Farmer's Cauldron, only to find that he could not summon it.

Two dazzling beams of light, one white and one green, landed in front of Nash.

It was Anton and Roxy. Anton had a flaming broadsword in his hand while 11 divine runes were slowly circling Roxy. They radiated brilliance the moment they appeared, each displaying their abilities as they charged toward the flying shadow. Nash breathed a slight sigh of relief.

However, his expression darkened in the next second as he saw Anton and Roxy being sent flying far away by a single strike from the shadow. It was over.

Nash's head felt like it was exploding as the sword in his hand trembled while emitting a dragon's cry.

"Prepare to die!" Duncan's face was twisted with ferocity as he stabbed the crimson spear in his hand toward Nash's heart fiercely.

This was a remnant soul left by his ancestor, and it was capable of exerting power as great as the third stage of the Tribulation Realm.

"You'll be the one to end the Chosen One? You think you have what it takes?" The shadow behind Duncan was 20 meters tall, even larger than the Crow Deity Nash faced before.

The spear looked like a red-hot iron rod now as it scorched the air just ten meters away from Nash.

Nash's eyes were about to pop out of his skull as veins bulged all over his body. "Master, save me!" he yelled, not knowing if his summoning would be successful. He had no choice but to seek Johnathan's protection now, however. A pitch-black fissure suddenly appeared in front of Nash.

Nash's pupils contracted violently. "What the...?" Did he actually summon his master?

A pristine white skeleton stepped out from the fissure. This skeleton had two purple flames burning in its eye sockets and held a broadaxe in its well-defined hand. Gripping the ax handle with both hands, the skeleton swung it down forcefully. A golden, hundred-meter-long ax form descended and instantly shattered the black shadow.

Duncan raised his spear to block the ax form, and a massive runic shield formed around him. This shield could even withstand attacks from a nuclear envoy.

The golden ax form struck the shield, then the spear. It sent the spear flying, causing Duncan to plummet to the ground like a meteor.

The moment he hit the ground, Duncan immediately flashed to the side to escape.

The golden ax form hit the ground, creating a 20-meter-wide chasm of unfathomable depth.

Nash gasped.

Goodness! This skeleton was terrifying! If it was this powerful after death, how terrifying was it when it was alive?

As the spatial fissure began to close, the skeleton's hollow eyes glanced at Nash before it stepped back into the fissure.

It was definitely a mighty figure who had transcended tribulation.

Nash gasped again.

Without his supreme spiritual weapon, Duncan turned into a stream of light and desperately fled for his life. Nash immediately jumped on his sword and chased after him.



The Chosen One? He had to die!

Nash unleashed Mountain Carver for the third time.

Duncan suddenly knelt on the ground. "Nash, please don't kill me. I'm willing to serve you!" He was terrified and cherished his life even more now that he could live for a few more centuries. His plea was met with a sword from Nash's sword.

Duncan was split in half, his soul destroyed by the Nine Dragons Sword.

Nash landed beside his corpse and said calmly, "Was I to spare you so you could become an even bigger problem?"

The last time, Duncan had knelt and

begged for mercy all the same, and Nash decided to spare his life. If Nash spared him again, who knew what kind of threat Duncan might pose next time? en FindNovel

Nash took the storage ring from Duncan's hand and used his vast spiritual power to forcibly erase Duncan's imprint on it.

## Chapter 1565

Nash glanced inside the ring and found it overflowing with riches. The pile of spiritual stones had to amount to at least tens of thousands.

Nash summoned a spirit fire to reduce Duncan's corpse to ashes. He then transformed into a streak of light to rush and support Bertram and the rest. When Nash arrived at the battlefield, he saw more than 20 Mystique Loyalty Realm experts surrounding the Black Winds Twins and their group. Anton and Roxy came to Nash's side. Roxy asked, "How did you survive?"

"You might not believe it, but a skeleton emerged from a spatial rift and saved me," Nash replied.

Anton's pupils contracted sharply. "A skeleton? A spatial rift?"

After reaching the Profound Oriental Realm, one could reconsolidate flesh and blood, but this spatial rift business was just too far-fetched!

Roxy's beautiful eyes sparkled as she solemnly said, "Only a strong cultivator at the fifth stage of the Tribulation Realm and above can tear open space. To achieve spatial

traversal, one must at least be at the eighth stage!" "Thank you for your assistance, Seniors. I'll go help them now!" Nash gripped his sword and charged into the battlefield.

When the twins saw Nash, their expressions changed drastically. There was no doubt Nash had killed Duncan.

"Retreat!" Black Gem roared, and everyone immediately scattered in all directions.

"You lot are coming with me!" Anton snorted coldly. Then, his Profound Oriental Realm aura surged forth like a tidal wave toward the Mystique Loyalty Realm experts from the Black Wind Mountains.

More than ten of them fell to the ground where Bertram and his group swarmed them, ending their lives in an instant.

Duncan's faction was utterly annihilated.

...

It was nighttime at the Ninth Hospital of Munford. Nash and Dallas were visiting the wounded.

This operation had killed two members of the Dragon Soul Special Forces and left 150 severely wounded and over 200 lightly wounded. The Divine Strategy Squadron had 19 who were severely wounded and over 30 who were slightly wounded. Nash took out some minor healing pills from his storage ring and gave them to the severely wounded patients. These minor healing pills were incredible for injuries. Those who took them would feel lively and energetic in less than three minutes.

Nash was leaving the last ward when a pale-faced Gerbind approached him and said, "Commander, I heard that your medical skills are unmatched. Can you help me save someone?"

Nash was surprised. "Is there another severely wounded patient?"

Gerbind shook his head. "No, it's a member of my team. He... ruptured his hemorrhoids during the battle..."

June snickered softly. When she saw Gerbind looking over, she quickly walked away with her hands behind her back.

Nash's mouth twitched slightly. "He fought with his butt?"

At this moment, a Dragon Soul

soldier who had fought in the Lloyd family's residence approached them with a serious expression.

"Commander, that guy's ability is his farts. If it weren't for his farts, we would've had more casualties!"

Dallas recalled the chubby man who got electrocuted before and could not help asking, "How powerful are his farts?"

"His farts can be used as smoke

bombs. He severely injured the two great-grandmasters who attacked the Lloyd family, which allowed us to neutralize them smoothly

afterward."

Dallas's eyes brightened. "Gerbind, you little devil, you actually managed to get your hand on such treasure!"

Most first-generation Espers could

only handle grandmasters

one-on-one... Only a few were capable of defeating great-grandmasters The fact that the chubby guy had just joined the Divine Strategy Squadron indicated he awakened his ability not long ago.

It was rare for a novice Esper to defeat a great-grandmaster, but his power seemed a bit grating to the eyes.

Gerbind chuckled. "You flatter me. I brought him out this time to test his talent!"

Nash glanced at Gerbind and said lightly, "Take me to see him." Despite practicing medicine for a long time, he had never treated hemorrhoids before.

Gerbind led Nash to a ward where they saw a chubby man weighing at least 200 pounds lying on the bed.

"Ouch." The chubby man groaned, his forehead covered in cold sweat from the pain.

"Tub, Commander Calcraft is here to treat you," Gerbind said as he approached him. [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

"Hmm, okay, wait... What? Commander Caslcraft?" The chubby man turned over and sat up from the bed, looking at Nash nervously. "Commander, I-I..." Have the commander treat his hemorrhoids? Was this a joke?

Nash smiled. "It's not something difficult to treat. I'll prescribe you some medicine. Take them over two to three days and you should be fine."

Tub's eyes widened with excitement. "Can it really cure me?"

Gerbind smacked his head. "How dare you doubt Commander Calcraft's medical skills?"

"I would never! Thank you, Commander Calcraft. From now on, you're like my second father!"

## Chapter 1566

Tub had been plagued by hemorrhoids for many years, and each outbreak was like a living hell. He had undergone surgery in the hospital before, spent money, and endured suffering, yet it did not provide him with a permanent cure. Within a year, the problem recurred. Nash typed out the prescription into his phone and had Tub take a photo of it with his phone. This prescription was from a book Nash had seen in the Medicine King's tomb. The fact that it was recorded in the Medicine King's book implied its effectiveness. Although Nash could have used his moxibustion needles to treat Tub, he could not guarantee that the problem would not reoccur, so resorting to holistic medicine seemed more reliable. [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

...

Nash went out to the lobby outside. "Do you remember the founding figure the Sovereign mentioned?" Dallas asked.

Nash's heart constricted. "I do. Why? Is he injured?"

"Not at all..." Dallas shook his head and smiled. "He's hosting a celebration banquet tomorrow to entertain all those from the Divine Strategy Squadron and the Celestial Dragon Squadron who participated in this mission! He has a good heart. We can't let him down." Nash nodded.

"Yeah, let's rest in Munford tonight and leave after attending the banquet tomorrow."

"Alright. Should we prepare any gifts?" Nash asked.

"Absolutely not. He's straightforward and dislikes receiving gifts from others, even from relatives. He rarely accepts them!" Dallas quickly responded.

"He sets a good example with his lead," Nash commented with admiration.

After chatting for a while, Dallas' eyes suddenly narrowed as he asked, "Did my daughter join your squadron?"

Nash was taken aback. "When did this happen? Why don't I know about it?"

Dallas snorted coldly. "You're still denying it even when Tatiana told me?"

"I really don't know about this. If you don't believe me, let's head over tomorrow and take a look."

Nash added, "I'll say no more. I need to go look up hotels for my soldiers." With that, he strode away quickly.

Dallas stared at Nash's retreating figure and muttered, "That's strange. If she's not with the Celestial Dragon Squadron, then where did she go?"

The Crictons had been frantically searching for Delilah these past few days. The only lead they got from flight information was that she had gone to Jonford, which was why he suspected she might have gone to the Celestial Dragon Squadron.

From Nash's expression just now, however, he seemed genuinely unaware of Delilah's whereabouts.

Oh well, he would ask for help from that person tomorrow when he returned.

Nash arrived downstairs at the hospital and saw more than ten luxury cars parked outside. They belonged to the Roche family and the Gold Faction's 36 Heavenly Stems.

"Commander!"

"Commander!"

Robin's troop and the Council of Elders greeted him one after another. The Roche family and the 36 Heavenly Stems glanced over, their faces filled with astonishment and disbelief.

They had just learned that the

biggest heroin resolving this crisis

was the commander of the Celestial Dragon Squadron. They speculated that this commander might be a senior figure from a reclusive martial arts

family or perhaps a retired

military legend.

They never expected the actual person to be so young. Could he be a prodigy from a reclusive family or perhaps someone who came from a sect?

The most shocked among them all

was Dima Roche. Face pale, he said, "Sir, do you still remember Nash? He's the one who publicly killed Jay Klein, the son of one of the Ten Families in Capiton, outside the Millennium Hotel!"

## Chapter 1567

Darcus nodded. "Of course, I remember! It was a huge incident." The next moment, his pupils contracted. "Are you saying Nash is the commander of the Celestial Dragon Squadron?" Dima nodded with a bitter smile. "Yes, I almost made a move back then!"

"Eurìa, look for an inn. Our soldiers will stay in Munford tonight. I'll cover all the expenses from my own pocket."

Nash was never short of money, especially when it came to his own soldiers. He spared no expense.

When Darcus heard Nash was going to book an inn, he immediately pushed away his eldest son, who was supporting him, and stepped forward. "Commander Calcraft, the Roche family would like to invite all members of the Celestial Dragon Squadron to stay at the Millennium Hotel!"

When Dima heard this, he quickly took out his phone and sent a message to the hotel: [Clear out all guests. There'll be a VIP staying at the Millennium Hotel tonight!]

Before Nash could respond, Eurìa politely said, "We appreciate the kind offer, but the Millennium Hotel is too grand in scale for us. We wouldn't want to attract too much attention."

Hearing this, Nash realized that although he had not been to the actual military headquarters, he had seen on TV the disciplined demeanor expected of soldiers. It was the age of the internet, after all. Being misled by public opinion would only tarnish the reputation of the soldiers.

"Eurìa, look for an ordinary inn," Nash added.

Euria nodded and took out her phone to start her search.

"Madam, our family also owns such establishments. Let me help you make the arrangements," Darcus said again.

Euria smiled faintly. "There's no need to trouble you."

"Please allow me to repay the Celestial Dragon Squadron. Without you, the Roche family-Munford even-would have suffered greatly!" Darcus insisted, looking like he was about to drop to his knees.

At this moment, Dallas walked over. "We'll be troubling you for this, then. However, we must pay, and we will need receipts. If you can't accept these terms, then I'm afraid we can't agree." Darcus was extremely excited as he replied, "Okay, okay!"

He immediately looked at Dima. "Quickly contact the inns under our family!"

In reality, the Roche family did not own such inns. Low-end businesses like this had long been abandoned by even second-rate families.

Dima sent a message to the

Munford business circle group chat.

He simply asked which family had spare inns with a capacity for at least 600 people without specifying who needed the accommodation.

The group was immediately shocked.

The Roche family managed all the top hotels in Munford and here they were looking for an inn? Was this a joke? Dima added another message: [I also need several large casual restaurants that can accommodate 600 people each!] Someone cautiously asked: [Respectfully, who are you planning to entertain?] Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

To avoid stirring up trouble, Dima replied: [We're hosting some employees from the company. The theme is poverty!] Almost everyone fell silent at that.

At the Lloyd family's residence, a group of people were sitting around a round table that was filled with

delicacies and fine red wine. Theret

head of the family, Wagner, took a sip of wine with a look of

contentment. "It feels good to be

alive!"

At that moment, Saskia smiled and said, "Didn't Dad allocate 12 inns for you? There's a huge business opportunity now. Do you want to accept it?"

Miriam raised a brow. "You seem to have changed. I doubt the business you're passing on is a good one."

Saskia's brows furrowed. "What are you saying? We're family. Why would I deceive you?"

Miriam sneered. "You're definitely up

to no good!" She did not trust

anyone in the family. They all had ulterior motives for accepting her and her daughter. They only

ed this time to investigate the

of her husband's death.

"Alright, are you two done?" The head of the family glared at them coldly before casually following up with Saskia, "So, what's this big business you're talking about?"

## Chapter 1568

Saskia smiled. "The Roche family needs inns and casual restaurants that can accommodate 600 people." Hearing this, Wagner was overjoyed. "We must accept the Roche family's business. Reply to them quickly!"

Saskia nodded and immediately tagged Dima in the group chat: [Mr. Dima, the Loyd family just so happens to have 12 newly renovated inns that can accommodate about a thousand people.]

Miriam frowned. "The Roche family owns all the top hotels in Munford. Shouldn't it be easy for them to host 600 people?"

Wagner took out his phone and scrolled through the chat records, his expression darkening. "They want their employees to experience hardships, so the budget is likely very low."



Sammy's and Miriam's expressions immediately darkened. "I knew you had bad intentions. You're trying to push a losing business onto me," Miriam accused.

The situation meant that not only would they have to entertain the Roche family and their employees with a smile, but they would also have to offer discounts. Their newly renovated inns would be making a loss on their first business venture, which would be off-putting for anyone.

Saskia laughed gleefully. "You can't say that. It's the Roche family we're talking about. Haven't we always wanted to establish a connection with them? Once we have our first cooperation in the bag, there'll surely be a second," she said while casting a gloating glance. Wagner thought about it for a moment and nodded. "Saskia makes a good point. Accept the business."

Miriam was furious. She was about to burst when Sammy grabbed her hand and smiled. "Grandfather, Auntie Saskia, we'll take this business!"

"Sammy, you're being foolish!" Miriam's eyes reddened. She thought her daughter was truly naive.

Saskia simply smiled. "Sammy has a business mind. Remember, in business, you must think big. Don't neglect customers just because you're not making money!" Saskia would be surprised if they did not end up losing a lot of money.

"Don't worry, we'll take good care of the guests!" Sammy put down her cutlery and smiled sweetly. "I'm full. I'll go make preparations now. Please enjoy your meal!" Miriam sighed and quickly followed her outside.

As soon as Sammy stepped out of

the villa, she began making phone

calls. "Sir clear out the store

immediately and prepare

nool

home-cooked meals for 200 people.

Double the cost for each dish"

The person on the other end was confused. "Miss Sammy, are you sure? Home-cooked meals for 200 people, and you want to double the cost?"

Sammy replied firmly, "Yes, do it

right away!" She hung up and then

contacted two other restaurants, leaving the owners bewildered.. However, since they were only employees, they had to follow the boss' orders.

"Sammy, are you crazy?" Miriam rushed out, snatching the phone from her daughter's hand. "Do you know how much we'll lose?"

"Mom, trust me. We might lose money, but it'll be worth it," Sammy said, her eyes clear and determined.

"You... Fine, since we've already accepted it, backing out now would only drag down the entire family!" Seeing her daughter's innocent and determined gaze, Miriam reluctantly handed the phone back to her. She turned away, wiping away a tear.

MS

While Sammy went back to contacting the inns under them, Miriam received a call from Dima. She answered the call and asked, "Hello, who is this?"

"Our employees are heading over for dinner now. Has the food been prepared?" The voice on the other end was steady and authoritative.

"Y-Yes, we're done with the preparations. There are three restaurants on Treasure Street, north of the city. We've cleared them out," she replied nervously, almost sweating.

She was from the countryside, and the person on the phone was likely Dima Roche, a business magnate she had only seen on TV.

"We'll be there for dinner in an hour and will be checking in in three hours. If the hospitality is subpar, you can forget about doing business in Munford again. Am I making myself clear?"

## Chapter 1569

There was a clear threat in Dima's tone. Miriam felt extremely bitter but could not show it, so she replied in a light tone, "Don't worry, Mr. Dima. We'll take good care of the guests!"

With that, Dima ended the call, leaving Miriam on the verge of tears. This was her biggest concern. The Roche family's status meant they had to be well entertained,

which meant preparing a dish that cost 30 dollars with a cost of 40. Sammy finished her calls then. Miriam drove out the second-hand BMW that Wagner had given her from the parking lot, her face filled with despair and her mind elsewhere.

Sammy opened the car door and sat in the driver's seat, saying sweetly, "Mom, you don't seem very happy?"

"Happy? How can I be happy?" her mother replied. "Wagner only gave us the inns and the restaurants. He didn't give us any capital. We're gonna lose the 6,000 we earned from the restaurants over the past half-month tonight!" Miriam glared at her daughter, adding, "It probably won't even be enough..."

"Then borrow some from your friend. Don't you have a wealthy friend?" Sammy suggested.

Her mother felt like killing someone. "She's helped us a lot over the years. How can I ask her for more?"

"Mom... I think the guests we're hosting tonight are the people who saved Munford," Sammy said, her eyes narrowing as she stared at the dim streetlights outside the car.

Shock took over Miriam, her body trembling. She looked at her daughter in disbelief and asked, "What... did you say?"

Sammy's bright eyes sparkled with wisdom. "Do you think Dima would personally contact people for casual restaurants and inns if he was really just dealing with his company employees?"

Miriam's pupils contracted. "It

makes sense Dima is Darcus'

younger brother, and he manages

the Roche family's business. He's et

the hidden boss of 20 and maybe more large enterprises. Even having the CEOs of those companies

handle something like this would be surprising."

Sammy smiled slightly. "It's because they're soldiers. To avoid any rumors of bribery, they wouldn't spend money at the Roche family's high-end venues. So, Dima contacted inns and casual restaurants through the group chat!"

Miriam took out her phone, her hands trembling as she contacted her friend Although she came from

၇၈

a rural area, she was the only university graduate in her village. After hearing her daughter's explanation, she believed most of it.

These soldiers deserved to be treated well, even if it meant making a loss.

....

An hour later

Treasure Street,

on three Rolls-Royces came to park by the roadside. Treasure Street was a remote area, filled with

budget-friendly restaurants. The net

sudden appearance of the

၈၈

Rolls-Royces instantly attracted the attention of countless passersby.

Miriam and her daughter arrived at the roadside together. Dima lowered the car window and asked calmly, "Is the food ready?" Despite the calm tone, there was intense pressure lined in his question that Miriam almost choked. "I-It's ready!" she stammered.

Dima nodded, got out of the car, walked to the Rolls-Royce in the middle, and opened the door. Darcus and Battlestar emerged from the car. Miriam's legs became weak, but fortunately, Sammy managed to rush to her side and support her. "Stay calm," she whispered.

At that moment, more than ten buses slowly drove into the street.

## Chapter 1570

Through the windows, Miriam could see soldiers in camouflage uniforms. Her heart pounded, and her throat went dry. They really were soldiers! They had risked their lives to save all the business families in Munford.

At Robin's command, the soldiers lined up in an orderly fashion and entered the restaurant, their numbers quickly filling up 20 tables. Miriam hurriedly led some of them to another restaurant a short distance away while Sammy directed the remaining four buses to the third restaurant at the end of the street.

The young lady ran as she panted while the four buses followed her at a leisurely pace. Nash stuck his head out of the window of the last bus, saw the slender figure ahead, and murmured, "That girl looks familiar!"

A young lady in Munford. Frowning, he quickly recalled a girl who once helped him buy clothes. "So it's her..."

A faint smile graced his lips. His being scared into running naked on the street by Roxy was a part of his dark history.

Sitting beside him, Euria muttered under her breath, "Scumbag, can't even spare a little girl."

Nash's mouth twitched. "Euria, you know slander is a crime, right?"

"I didn't say anything," she retorted with a pout.

Five minutes later, they stopped at the end of the street. "Welcome!" Sammy greeted respectfully. The soldiers saluted in return as they marched in.

When Nash stepped down from the last bus, Sammy still had her head lowered. "Welcome." Raising her head, she recognized a familiar face and was stunned, her eyes widening. "You... You... It's you..." Nash smiled faintly. "Long time no see!"

"Long... time no see!" Sammy's heart

raced. He was t

the one who had

cured her, made her beautiful, and changed her life. She was still in school. She was a second-year high school student and only 17 years old. However, it was the age when young hearts awakened.

She used to fantasize about being with Nash every day but soon had to face reality.

At that time, the people

accompanying Nash were all from the Ten Families of Capiton. She and Nash were from two different worlds. Hence, she slowly woke herself up and locked this man deep

in her heart. This ad

revived her long-lost passion.

Nash's gaze did not linger on Sammy for too long. He simply smiled and asked, "Does your family own these restaurants?" Then, he teasingly added, "Are you a fallen young mistress who has returned to her family?" Sammy smiled sweetly in return. "Kind of. The Lloyds are a third-rate family in Munford. After my father died in a car accident, the family kicked my mother and me out."

Nash sighed. "That's how

aristocratic families are. If you're not

useful, you'll be eliminated." At that time, Sammy was suffering from an illness and her voice was hoarse." She even grew a beard. In the family's eyes, she had no value.

"What about you?" Sammy asked. "Are you a soldier?"