

My Substitute CEO Bride by Fruit dumpling Chapter 2

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It was Nash's voice.

He was leaning against the car window, pretending to be frightened as he looked at the group of black-clad men.

Hera turned around and shouted at him, "This is none of your business! You'd better hurry and go..."

There was actually someone else in the car?

The leader of the black-clad men was startled. He looked up and just happened to meet Nash's gaze.

He had not sensed this kid's presence at all.

This kind of stealth technique was extraordinary, not something an ordinary person could do.

The leader of the black-clad men's eyes revealed a cold glint as he coldly said, "Deal with him!"

Meanwhile, Hera looked at Nash with guilt.

These people were after her, and they were definitely here to kill and silence her. This poor guy probably would not be able to escape either.

One of the black-clad men yanked open the car door and reached out to grab Nash's collar.

"Hey!"

Nash let out a helpless sigh.

The next moment, infinite killing intent burst out from his pitch-black eyes.

His fierce face was covered in a layer of frost, and his once youthful and sunny demeanor completely transformed into a chilling coldness.

A loud noise rang out just then.

The chest of the black-clad man caved in, and he was sent flying like a cannonball.

Nash was like an arrow leaving the bow, his momentum as fierce as thunder.

He moved as gracefully as a butterfly through flowers, instantly rushing into the crowd.

Like a dragon emerging from the sea, there was an overwhelming force that came with a single flick of his hand.

Wherever he went, a strong gust of wind rose, and the energy was as sharp as a blade.

“Attack...! Attack together...”

The leader of the black-clad men took two steps back, his voice slightly trembling.

However, as soon as he was done speaking, he saw all of his subordinates fall down one by one.

Within ten seconds, 20 well-trained assassins were all defeated!

“This... This isn’t possible.”

The leader of the black-clad men widened his eyes, a chill running up his spine.

The young man in front of him was still standing by the car. There was a gentle breeze blowing, and his clothes fluttered with the wind. The murderous intent from earlier had completely disappeared, and it was as if he had never made a move.

Such an unrestrained aura was definitely not something he could handle on his own.

The leader of the black-clad men swallowed a mouthful of saliva with difficulty. He suddenly took a quick step toward Hera.

Now, his only chance of survival was to take Hera hostage.

However, as soon as he took a step forward, Nash's figure instantly vanished.

The leader of the black-clad men suddenly felt a slow and subtle breath behind him.

"Drats..."

His heart sank, and for a moment, he seemed to sense the presence of the Grim Reaper.

Stage One, Stage Two... Stage Five, Stage Six... Stage Eight, Stage Nine?

This kid's Heavenly Circulation was at Stage Nine?

A Grandmaster Realm Martial Artist! How could Tili Mountain have a Grandmaster Realm Martial Artist?

Nash placed a hand on his shoulder. His tone was gentle and calm as water as he said, "Kneel!"

In an instant, the divine voice reached his ears.

The leader of the black-clad men felt his liver and gallbladder shatter, his eardrums explode, and his blood vessels burst as if a thunderbolt had exploded beside his ear.

His body felt as if a mountain was pressing down on him, and his legs forcefully knelt to the ground.

Two deep pits were smashed into the asphalt road, and the knees of the leader shattered.

He let out a heart-wrenching scream, "Ahhh... Ahh...!"

He knew he was doomed today, and falling into this kid's hands was probably worse than death.

He clenched his teeth, and the poison sac hidden in his gums instantly ruptured.

Nash frowned, reaching out to pinch his lower jaw, but it was too late.

“What a pro!”

Occasionally, while dealing with tricky tasks overseas, he would encounter similar situations. He did not expect to encounter this level of a professional assassin in Jonford.

Hera stared blankly at the black-clad men lying on the ground, her pale lips trembling slightly.

Her almond-shaped eyes moved slightly as she looked incredulously at the man in front of her.

Sunlight bathed him, and his messy hair fluttered in the wind. There was a faint smile hung on the corner of his thin lips.

It was warm and reassuring, instantly calming her fearful heart.

It was as if nothing had happened just now.

After a while, Hera regained her senses and looked at Nash, asking, “What... What exactly do you do for a living?”

Nash was taken aback and smiled, saying, “I’m a farmer.”

The corner of Hera's mouth twitched slightly. A farmer who could deal with 20 people in ten seconds?

She was not in a state of mind to dig deeper into it now and quickly stood up, running to Skadi's side. She held her in her arms and anxiously asked, “Skade, are you... are you okay?”

Skadi's face was as pale as paper. She could feel her internal organs shifting, but she still gritted her teeth and murmured, "I... I'm fine!"

Nash walked over, bent down, and said, "She has internal injuries, and her aura and blood are flowing in reverse. I'll have to treat her."

"You can heal too?"

Nash nodded. "As a martial artist, it's only natural to know some medical skills."

"Then, please." Hera bowed repeatedly.

Nash extended his fingers and tapped the middle of Skadi's navel, below it, and the back of her head three times.

"Pfft..." Skadi immediately spat out a mouthful of dark blood before her complexion improved significantly.

The stabbing pain in her internal organs was also greatly relieved.

"Skade, how do you feel now?" Hera asked hastily.

"Much... Much better."

Skadi touched her chest in astonishment, feeling deeply shocked.

She was well aware of the severity of her injuries just now. Even if she were taken to the hospital, she would likely end up in the ICU. However, with just a few gentle taps from this guy, most of her injuries had healed.

With such ability, perhaps even Jonford's very own renowned physician would pale in comparison, right?

Nash said casually, "I only stopped the bleeding for you and adjusted your aura and blood flow. However, your muscles and meridians are damaged, so you still need to rest for some time!"

“T-Thank you.” Skadi no longer showed any trace of contempt, and her gaze at Nash now held a hint of wariness.

“You’re welcome. I’ll go change the spare tire. Let’s hurry over to Jonford after that.”

“Okay,” Hera quickly agreed.

Watching Nash’s busy figure, Skadi gently tugged Hera’s sleeve and whispered, “Hera, this person is very powerful, and he’s also your sister’s fiance. You should be careful around him!”

Although this man had helped her, Hera was her best friend, after all. Nash’s origins were unknown, so it would not hurt for her friend to be cautious.

“Yeah, I know. It’s always good to be cautious!” Hera smiled. This man probably did not have any ill intentions toward her. Otherwise, there would have been no need for him to save her just now.

Her cousin had powerful connections and would never take notice of this kid.

There was no need to be on guard.

Suddenly, she froze and thought of something. “Skadi, how does his strength compare to your grandfather’s?”

Skadi pondered deeply for a moment. With squinted eyes, she said, “I can’t see through his strength, but I can be certain that he’s more than ten times stronger than my grandfather!”

Hera gasped upon hearing this.

Even when compared to Mr. Zabel?

He was the president of the Jonford Martial Arts Association!

This guy was more than ten times stronger than him?!

Hera stared intently at Nash.

She secretly plotted something in her mind...

Soon, Nash finished changing the spare tire, and this time, Hera took the wheel.

Inside the car, Nash fiddled with his phone and asked, "By the way, do you know how to get to 128, Dilvert Road?"

"I'll take you there!" Hera said with a smile.

"Huh? Isn't that too much trouble for you?"

"Not at all. I'm actually heading to my grandfather's place, so we're headed the same way."

Nash was taken aback. "Your grandfather's place? Then you're...?"

128 Dilvert Road was the location of the Lewis family's residence in Jonford.

Could this beauty be his fiancée?

Hera smiled sweetly and said, "Let's formally introduce ourselves. My name is Hera Lewis, the second young lady of the Lewis family!"

"The second young lady? Then you... Are you my... sister-in-law?"

Hera nodded. "You can think of it that way!"

He chuckled. "It seems I'm somewhat destined to be a part of the Lewises. I even met my relatives on the way over."

He patted his chest and said, "From now on, we're family. If you have any difficulties, just let me know and I'll help you solve them."

"Thank you... Brother-in-law!"

Hera forced a smile.

She could not help feeling a bit jealous. Even the marriage partner arranged for her cousin was so powerful. When would her grandfather start taking notice of her?

In the afternoon, the three of them finally arrived at the Lewis Estate.

The Lewis Estate was adorned with lights and decorations hanging high.

As soon as Hera entered the hall, she saw her father. She took a deep breath, collected her thoughts, and approached him, asking, “Dad, didn’t Grandpa gather all the family members to discuss his will because of his critical condition? What’s going on here?”

She had no intention of revealing what had just happened to her father so as not to worry him.

Upon seeing his daughter return, Harrison Lewis could not even fully rejoice before reluctantly explaining, “I don’t know what your grandfather is up to either. He said there’s an important guest coming today. He wants to finalize his will as well.”

As he spoke, Herman came out surrounded by a group of people as he leaned on his cane.