

## Chapter 30

Harrison's eyelids twitched. "Where did you get 200,000 dollars?"

"Your sister-in-law wants to split Hannah's pension equally and transferred it to me!" Lauren answered.

She could tell that Nash was a very capable person.

In any case, she would not give up on this son-in-law.

"Aunt, you can keep this money. It's easy for me to make money."

Nash could tell from Harrison's tone that funds were very tight for Baroque.

Yet, his future mother-in-law was willing to give him this sum of money.

When he went abroad to perform missions, he only used about 42,000 for a month on both food and accommodation while staying in a five-star hotel.

Lauren was really treating him as part of her family, and that warmed Nash's heart.

Harrison took the bank card from his wife.

Lauren frowned. Just as she was about to deliver the goods, she saw Harrison shoving the card forcefully

into Nash's arms. "Since we're giving it to you, just take it. You can go hide for a month. When the old man recovers his memory, we'll definitely welcome you back grandly."

Nash put away the bank card helplessly.

In the afternoon, Hera accompanied Nash to the outside of the company.

She fished out the latest high-end smartphone and handed it to Nash.

The phone's protective case was one for couples, and the wallpaper was a photo of them.

"This is a gift from me! I also registered a WhatsApp account for you, so you must send me messages every day!"

Hera glared at Nash and said.

Nash nodded and smiled. "I haven't given you a gift yet, but you already beat me to it!"

Hera smiled and said, "My birthday is on the 22nd, so you can give me a gift then!"

After saying that, she suddenly hugged Nash.

Her voice choking, she said, "Nash, don't you feel like you've been wronged?"

Nash treated her grandfather for his condition but was being kicked out of the family by him.

If it were her, she would definitely be immensely aggrieved.

Nash inhaled the fragrance of Hera's hair and hugged her slowly. "You can blame me for my skills not being good enough. Otherwise, there wouldn't be residual effects from his condition."

If his master had been the one to do it, he would definitely be able to repair the old man's brain nerves with his inner energy.

Hera handed her apartment key to Nash. "I may have to go back to the Lewis Estate soon. You can stay at my apartment."

Nash's eyes lit up. "I even get to save money on accommodation..."

Hera looked up at Nash and said, "I'm warning you, don't bring any women into my house. If I catch you, I... I won't talk to you..."

Nash laughed. "I'm not a flirt!"

At this time, several BMW cars were approaching them from the distance.

Seeing this, Hera hurriedly said, "My grandfather is

here. You should go quickly..."

Nash glanced at them before turning around to walk away.

After he walked about ten meters away, Helena rolled down the car window and looked at Nash.

The smile she wore on her face that was caked in makeup conveyed her schadenfreude.

Nash's eyes were slightly cold. Helena shuddered and hurriedly stepped on the accelerator and drove away.

Nash arrived outside Hera's apartment, only to see a black Mercedes-Benz driving over slowly.

The black Mercedes-Benz stopped at the entrance of the neighborhood, and an old man in traditional garb with his head turned away from him got out of the car.

"Grandmaster!"

Brian walked over with a smile on his face.

An old man sporting a full head of hair calling Nash 'Grandmaster' made him a little uncomfortable. "You can just call me by my name..." he said with a smile.

Brian raised a brow. "How can I do that? You're my grandmaster's junior, which makes you my grandmaster as well! Wouldn't it be a breach of etiquette if I call you by your name?"

Not only him but if his own master were here, he would still have to address Nash as 'Master'.

This was the conduct practiced within the path of holistic medicine.

Nash smiled. "What do you need from me?"

"You've not eaten yet, have you, Grandmaster? Shall we look for a hotel and get a few drinks?"

Brian looked at Nash nervously, afraid that he would refuse him. 1