

My Substitute CEO Bride

Chapter 35

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Chapter 35

Walter turned his head to look at a short-haired woman in a suit, leather shoes, and glasses behind him. “Write me a check for 30 million...”

The female secretary took out a checkbook and pen from the briefcase. She quickly wrote the figure, tore the check off, and handed it to Walter.

“I heard that you recently led a group of people to conduct free clinics in impoverished mountainous areas, Dr. Tanner!”

Walter handed the check to Brian with a smile. “The Watsons are charitable and willing to do our part for the free clinic project!”

The cost of the free clinic project was very low, and the 30 million dollars was a sort of bribe for Brian.

Brian was a well-known miracle doctor, and if Walter was too direct, he would definitely not accept this check.

Brian would definitely not refuse if it were for such a high-sounding reason.

Brian saw through Walter's intention almost immediately. After a moment of hesitation, he still took the check. "On behalf of the patients in the mountainous areas, I thank you, Mr. Watson. I'll talk to my grandmaster again, but I must reiterate that I hope you won't have too high expectations..."

Nash returned to Hera's pad.

Sitting on the sofa, he played the copied video recording from the Lewis family's estate on his phone.

He wanted to find out who wanted to harm Herman. At first, he thought it was Helena's family.

However, Nash had a gut feeling that Hubert did not seem like the mastermind.

He concluded that there was another person behind it from Hubert's family.

If he were to ask Hubert directly, he probably would not be able to find the person behind the scenes, so he had to find out for himself.

After watching nearly half a month's worth of surveillance footage from the Lewis family's estate, he did not find any suspicious individuals.

As Hannah had to send her nephew to school every day, she would go in and out every morning and evening.

She seemed relaxed at her job and would often talk and laugh with Maria.

On the 23rd, which was also three days before the old man's incident happened, Cain had called out to Hannah.

From the surveillance footage outside, Cain was seen taking Hannah to the garden, where he reprimanded her.

It seemed like it was because some greenery in the garden had withered and died due to poor care.

In the next few days, Hannah was absent-minded in doing anything, and she no longer had her usual smile on her face.

She even knocked over a glass of water several times when serving tea to Herman.

At this time, the doorbell rang.

Nash stepped on the soft carpet and walked to the door. He glanced through the peephole.

Just outside was a man wearing a sun hat.

He was wearing a blue delivery uniform and was carrying a packaged meal in his hand.

Nash narrowed his eyes and asked, "Who is it?"

"Food delivery!"

"I didn't order anything..."

"Someone ordered it for you!"

“Who ordered it for me?”

“You have to ask the restaurant about this!”

The delivery man then urged impatiently, “Hurry up. I still have another order to deliver!”

Nash opened the door, and suddenly, the delivery man slipped a sharp knife out of his sleeve and swiftly stabbed toward Nash.

Nash grabbed the delivery man’s wrist, stepped on his foot, and then pulled back to bring him down to the ground.

As the delivery man tried to get up, Nash pressed a foot on his back and coldly questioned, “Who are you?”

It was evident that this person came to assassinate Hera.

Nash did not let the guy place the takeaway food on the ground. He only wanted to find out more from him.

The delivery man did not utter a word and just kept struggling to stand up.

Nash asked again, “I’ll give you one more chance. Either talk or die...”

“You people killed my son, and I’m going to kill you all...”

The delivery man growled with a suppressed voice. Nash frowned. “Who’s your son?”

“Did you just ask who my son is? Do you think you can buy my son’s life with 200 grand?”

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About My Substitute CEO Bride - Chapter 35

My Substitute CEO Bride is the best current series of the author . With the below Chapter 35 content will make us

lost in the world of love and hatred interchangeably, despite all the tricks to achieve the goal without any concern for the other

half, and then regret. late. Please read chapter Chapter 35 and update the next chapters of this series at .com

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Chapter 36

The delivery man's voice was hoarse.

Nash had guessed who this person was.

He loosened his foot and calmly said, "You're Hannah's brother-in-law, right?"

Freed from the constraint, the delivery man immediately picked up the sharp knife from the floor and swung it toward Nash's throat with a backhand.

Nash extended two fingers and clamped the blade, applying slight force to break it into two.

Blinded by hatred, the delivery man's mind was clouded. He had no time to consider these details.

All he knew was that he

wanted to kill the people in this house to avenge his son.

Veins were bulging on his forehead as he fiercely grabbed Nash's neck. "I'm going to kill all of you Lewises..."

Nash grabbed both of the delivery man's wrists and held them apart while saying, "I'm not even a Lewis. Will you please calm down?!"

Hearing this, the delivery man's grip weakened, and the ferocity on his face gradually faded. "Who... Who are you?"

Nash closed the door and calmly replied, "My name is Nash Calcraft."

The delivery person released his hands and turned around to explore the house.

Finding that Hera was not there, he approached Nash and asked, "Who are you, and why are you in Hera Lewis' place?"

"I'm Hera's fiancée!"

Nash answered.

The delivery man's face turned cold, and he clenched his fist, ready to attack again.

Nash, no longer indulging him, directly punched him and sent him sprawling to the ground.

"With this level of ability, do you really think you can avenge your son? The Lewises have bodyguards around them, and any one of them can knock you down and make you lose all your teeth!"

Even without his protection, Hera could simply end Skadi's vacation early.

And even without Skadi, she could hire a few capable bodyguards from a security company.

The man before Nash was in his 30s and extremely weak. Any slightly stronger man could easily defeat him, let alone

professionally trained bodyguards.

Hearing Nash's mockery, the delivery man pounded the ground and cried in pain, "I'm useless... I'm so useless... I can't even avenge my son!"

“Find solace in your grief. That car accident had nothing to do with Hera!”

Nash said, his tone softening slightly.

The delivery man looked up at Nash, tears flowing as he asked, “Do you know who killed my son?”

“I have no idea!”

Nash replied very simply.

The delivery man let out a miserable smile. “If only I had known, I wouldn’t have taken that money. It was the price for my son’s life!”

Hearing this, Nash furrowed his brows. “What money? Who gave you money?”

The delivery man said, “People from the Lewis family. They gave me a large sum of money and said they could get my son into the best school in Jonford but on the condition that my sister-in-law helped them with something...”

Nash squinted his eyes and asked, “What did the person who approached you look like?”

The delivery person shook his head. “He was wearing a mask, so I couldn’t see his face clearly, but I heard the voice of an old man!”

“Any other distinctive features?” Nash hurriedly asked.

“I think he had a mole at the corner of his eye!”
Cain Lewis?

The image of Cain's face as he mocked and taunted him was etched in Nash's mind.

Cain had a small mole at the corner of his eye.

It was difficult to notice because its color matched his skin tone, but the delivery man must have wanted to remember the person who helped him, so he took a closer look.

Cain had given money to Hannah's brother-in-law's family.

Then, he persuaded them to convince Hannah to do something for him.

Later, he used the excuse of withered plants in the garden to reprimand Hannah.

On the way to the garden, Herman gave Hannah a vial of medicine and a syringe, instructing her to inject the medicine into the old man.

Having served the Lewises for over 20 years, Hannah did not dare to act. However, her brother-in-law's family had already accepted the bribe, and she was afraid that if she did not do as Cain said, her brother-in-law's family would be implicated.

This explained why Hannah was gloomy and absent-minded in the next few days that followed.

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Hannah eventually injected the medicine into Herman, and Cain, thinking that the matter would be revealed, hired a hitman to silence her.

Nash pieced together the whole story, but to confirm it, he needed to have a conversation with Cain.

“What’s your name?” Nash helped the delivery man up from the ground.

“Hugo Zabinski!” the delivery man replied in a low voice.

“There’s indeed someone behind the deaths of your son and sister-in-law. I’ll investigate and ensure that the mastermind is

brought to justice. You shouldn’t involve yourself in this matter anymore!” Nash assured confidently.

“You’re all in this together. I won’t believe your nonsense!” Hugo was filled with a deep hatred for the Lewises, and Nash was

Hera’s fiancé, so naturally, he would not trust him.

“If you insist on meddling, not only will you fail to get revenge, but you’ll also bring death upon yourself and your wife!” Nash

squinted his eyes as he spoke.

Hugo immediately became more subdued.

The man made a valid point. He was just an ordinary delivery man, while the Lewises were a powerhouse he could never afford to offend.

They had plenty of money and could easily eliminate him.

It would not matter much if he died, but what about his wife and elderly parents at home?

After a moment of silence, Hugo looked at Nash and asked, "What should I do, then?"

Nash replied, "First, take your wife and hide for a while!"

In fact, there was still a lingering doubt in his mind. Was Cain trying to kill his own brother solely to help Hubert and his family, or was there another reason? If it was merely to assist Hubert in acquiring the Lewises' assets, it would be somewhat manageable. However, if there was another motive, the entire Lewis household would likely face utter disaster. Kneeling before Nash, Hugo pleaded, "Mr. Calcraft, you must ensure that the culprit is sent to prison, or my son and sister-in-law will never rest in peace!"

Nash nodded and said, "I'll do my best!"

After seeing Hugo off, it was already dark outside. Nash took out his bag from the corner next to the sofa.

Inside was a set of black tactical gear, a white smiling face mask, and a blood-red diamond-shaped dagger.

These were his standard equipment for assassination missions.

On the dark web's assassin leaderboard, he was known as To-Smiling Death.

Nonetheless, this time, Nash was not out to kill.

Soon, it was midnight.

Nash stood in front of the mirror and looked at the smiling face mask reflected in it, feeling somewhat surreal.

It had been four years since he last wore this outfit.

The smartphone on the bed vibrated and rang.

It was a video call from Hera.

Nash took off the mask and got into bed. He only showed his head and pretended to be sleepy as he answered the call.

Hera was sitting on her bed in a pink pajama set, feeling a bit embarrassed. She said, "Did I wake you up, Nash?"

Nash yawned and said, "It's good that you're self-aware... Why aren't you asleep?"

Hera pursed her lips and said, "I can't sleep..."

Noticing a hint of worry on Hera's face, Nash smiled and asked, "Is something on your mind?"

"Well, I hope you won't get angry when I tell you..."

"Go ahead..."

"My grandfather wants me to marry Hunter Hill, and the Hills have decided to come and propose on my birthday!"

"Oh."

"Oh? Is that your only reaction?" Hera pouted.

“It’s just a proposal, not a wedding!” Nash laughed.
“Come on, you’re my fiancé now. Don’t you feel even a hint of jealousy?”

Hera felt a bit disappointed in her heart. “I understand. You’re only completing the task your master assigned to you. You won’t actually develop feelings for me, right?”

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Chapter 38

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“Love is supposed to be a mutual pursuit, right?”

Nash said with a smile.

Hera was a bit stunned. “What does a mutual pursuit mean?”

He scratched his head. “I’ve never been in a relationship, so I can’t really say. I guess it means you like me and I like you too?”

She chuckled. “You do give me a different feeling. Even though we just met, having you by my side makes me feel secure.

Maybe that’s what liking someone feels like!”

Nash smirked. “That’s good. Once the old man recovers his memory, we’ll just go and get married!”

“And what about you? How do you feel about me?”

A charming expression appeared on Hera’s pretty face.

He hesitated for a moment, then said, “I want to protect you!”

Though it was just five words, Hera found them as sweet as honey.

Images of Nash saving her and Skadi involuntarily flashed through her mind.

Perhaps, it was from that moment that she had a sense of absolute security when she was with him. She smiled sweetly. "It's getting late. You should rest early. I'm going to sleep too!"

"Goodnight!"

Nash said goodnight and hung up the phone.

He casually tossed his phone on the pillow, put on the mask, and jumped out of the window.

Herman's eldest brother, Cain, and his two cousins each had their own villas in the Lewis family's estate.

Inside his study, Cain yawned and put the books on the table back on the shelf.

Then, he went to his bedroom to sleep.

Upon entering the bedroom, he turned on the lights and closed the door behind him. He walked toward the bed.

Just as he reached the bedside, he noticed a masked figure standing by the window.

Cain was startled and turned around to run outside. However, just as he reached out to open the door, he heard a swoosh from behind.

He turned around, only to see a red dagger stuck in the door next to his ear.

Cain's legs went weak with fright, and he trembled as he asked, "Who are you exactly?"

This person could bypass the Lewises' security system and enter his room, so he was clearly not an ordinary person.

Cain did not think he had offended anyone, so why would such a skilled individual come for him?

Could it be someone hired by Hugo Zabinski?

"Why did you harm Herman?"

The masked person asked with a sinister tone.

"What do

you

mean?

"L... I don't understand what you're saying!"

Cain averted his gaze, unable to meet the masked person's eyes directly.

"You had the nanny inject Herman with a biochemical agent. Where did that agent come from?" Nash continued to ask, suppressing his voice.

"What agent?"

"I... I really don't understand what you're saying!"

Cain's gaze kept shifting.

Nash took out a mini syringe from his pocket and slowly approached Cain, sneering, "Inside this syringe is cancer cells and a catalyst. Just one night is enough to turn you from a normal person into someone with late-stage cancer!"

Cain trembled when he heard this. “You... You... Stay away...”

He did not dare to further question the masked person’s words.

After all, he had witnessed the effects of such an agent firsthand.

Herman had been saved by that kid, Nash, but he would not be so lucky.

“You... You’re one of them... You won’t even let me go?”

At this moment, he could only connect the masked person with the one who gave him the agent.

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Upon hearing Cain's words, Nash could not help but sigh inwardly.

His worst fear had come true.

The people Cain mentioned should be the Kleins.

"If you don't want to die, answer my question..."

Nash had already walked up to Cain.

The needle of the syringe in his hand emitted a chilling gleam.

Cain's lips trembled, and he stared at Nash, asking, "You... You're not one of them?"

It was only now that he realized that if Nash were one of them, he would not be asking why he harmed Herman.

"Who's this 'they' you're referring to?"

Nash asked calmly.

Cain hesitated, still not answering Nash's question.

Nash snorted coldly and directly stuck the syringe into Cain's chest, slowly placing his thumb on the pushing rod.

"Don't... I'll talk... I'll talk..."

Cain's pupils contracted intensely as he hurriedly exclaimed.

Nash withdrew the syringe, staring at the man in front of him with a cold gaze.

Cain took a deep breath and slowly said, "I don't know who they are either. They gave me 200 million and asked me to find a way to get rid of Herman..."

He cautiously glanced at the masked person's eyes and, seeing his icy expression, he continued, "I initially refused, but they threatened the safety of my family... I told them that Herman was already terminally ill, and it wouldn't be too long now, but they gave me a potion to inject into Herman's body. This way, it wouldn't be traced back to anyone..."

Nash asked indifferently, "Then why is Herman all better now?"

By asking this question, he wanted to absolve himself of suspicion as Nash.

Cain forced a bitter smile and replied, "There's a villager who came down from Tili Mountain and miraculously saved Herman from the brink of death..."

Nash continued to inquire, “Was the death of the nanny also orchestrated by you?”

Cain immediately shook his head, “I had nothing to do with that... It must have been their doing...”

Nash raised the syringe in his hand, pushing out a drop of transparent liquid. He continued asking, “Does Hubert’s family also know about this?”

Cain shuddered and quickly nodded. “Yes, they also know about it. They even said that if I could help them acquire the Lewises assets, they’d give me half...”

Just as Cain was done speaking, a deafening gunshot sounded from outside.

Almost simultaneously, Nash forcefully pushed Cain aside, while a three-centimeter bullet grazed past Nash’s temple.

The bullet did not penetrate the wall. Instead, the concrete wall was blasted with a huge hole.

Nash swiftly turned around and took a step toward the window, his gaze fixed on a skyscraper located a kilometer away.

There was another gunshot.

Nash extended two fingers and caught the bullet.

Near the window of a certain floor on the skyscraper, a middle-aged man dressed in a security uniform looked shocked.

He skillfully disassembled the sniper rifle into pieces and swiftly fled the scene.

An hour later, a large number of patrol cars arrived at the Lewis family's estate.

The members of the Lewis family were all sitting in the living room of Herman's villa, their faces filled with fear. They were wide awake.

Harrison asked with concern, "Uncle, have you offended someone recently?"

Cain shook his head repeatedly. "I... I'm just an old man. I've long ceased to meddle in business matters. How could I have offended anyone?"

He dared not reveal the truth behind the incident. He did not want the entire Lewis family to know that he had planned to kill his own younger brother for money.

Otherwise, he and his family would bear a terrible reputation.

"I bet it's all because of that jinx, Nash!" Rooney muttered with a scornful expression.

Lauren looked at Rooney coldly and said, "Why are you bringing Nash into this? Nash has already been chased out from the

Lewis family's estate. What else do you want?"

“Before Nash came, the Lewises were fine, right? But since this jinx arrived, the old man fell critically ill, and then...”

“Shut it!”

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Hubert reprimanded Rooney with a flushed face and a raised voice.

Rooney trembled in fear. Realizing that she had almost slipped her tongue, she quickly closed her mouth obediently.

Helena also glared disapprovingly at her own mother.

Everything else about her mother was good, but she lacked a filter when she spoke.

They had managed to keep the matter of her grandfather's critical condition hidden, and now it was brought up again.

If Grandpa regained his memory, would their family be able to sit here safe and sound?

Hubert cautiously looked at Herman and breathed a sigh of relief when he saw his father pinching his nose in distress.

Lauren smiled faintly and said, "Dad, you heard everything, right? You were indeed critically ill and admitted to Jonford Hospital."

Mr. Dean even invited Miracle Doctor Tanner, but they couldn't cure you. It was Nash who cured you..."

Hubert angrily interjected, "Lauren, will you stop spreading nonsense here..."

Harrison said coldly, "Who's the one spreading nonsense about the truth?"

"That's enough..."

Herman roared.

Immediately, both families fell silent.

Herman looked coldly at his two sons and said, "Now is not the time to discuss whether or not I was sick..."

The patriarch's imposing presence instantly silenced everyone.

Herman said to Jupiter, "Chief Holt, I'll have to trouble you to investigate the culprit thoroughly tonight. Tomorrow, I'll enhance the security system of the Lewis family's estate..."

Jupiter nodded. "Rest assured, Mr. Lewis. We'll investigate the true culprit of this incident overnight!"

Herman stood up and looked at Hubert's and Harrison's families. "You all have work tomorrow. Go and get some rest..."

Nash returned to the ground floor, avoiding the cameras and crawling along the wall like a gecko to enter the apartment unit.

After freshening up, he slipped into the bed where Hera had once slept.

The soft and fuzzy thin blanket felt very comfortable as it covered him.

He took out his smartphone from under the pillow and saw a message from Hera.

[There was a shooting incident at home. It was so terrifying. It would've been great if you were by my side!]

[Did you give Mr. Lewis the medicine?]

Nash quickly replied to the message.

Just three seconds after sending it, Hera responded.

[I bought the medicine, and my mom is figuring out how to communicate with Maria. Why are you up so late?]

[I had a nightmare!]

[Are you scared? Come here, I'll give you a hug!]

Completely forgetting her previous panic, Hera's face was filled with a smile.

[What is there for a grown man like me to be afraid of? Go to sleep quickly!]

[Heh, what a typical man. I'm going to sleep now. Goodnight!]

Hera huffily put down her phone and went to sleep.

Herman sat on the bed. He had searched through his phone contacts for a while but could not find Mr. Dean's number.

Harrison said Mr. Dean was his old comrade.

If they were truly comrades, he would have saved his number, right?

He then found Mr. Zoel's number. After contemplating for a while, he decided to make the call.

"M-Mr. Lewis!"

"Mr. Zoel, was I terminally ill with cancer before?"

"No..."

Adam immediately replied.

Herman's eyes flickered slightly, and he said calmly, "Please help me get the phone number of Mr. Dean from Jonford Hospital

In an ordinary apartment room, Adam suddenly sat up in bed. "Okay, Mr. Lewis. Please wait a moment..."

He picked up his tablet from the bedside table.

Suddenly, he paused and found Helena's profile on WhatsApp.

[Ms. Lewis, Mr. Herman asked me to get Mr. Dean's phone number for him...]

[Let him know. We've already communicated with the hospital about it...]

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