

CEO Bride 356

Chapter 356

The two women were stunned.

They both turned to look at Nash.

One of them blushed as they said, "Get away from me, you disgusting pervert!"

Nash was stunned.

He was just trying to ask them which brand of sanitary pads they used!

How did that make him a pervert?

The other woman's face was flushed too, but she did not lose her cool. Instead, she whispered, "Are you buying pads for your girlfriend?"

Nash nodded. "Yes. I don't know which brand she prefers, and I left the house in such a hurry that I left my phone behind!"

Yasmin picked up the pack she had just placed in her basket and said, "You could get her some from ABC. Their pads are thin, breathable, and have great absorption!"

Her sleeves rode upward as she extended her arm, and Nash noticed the hieroglyphs tattooed onto the woman's pale wrist.

The hieroglyphs looked almost identical to the ones on the papyrus.

Theo had spent so much time researching, but he still could not decipher what those hieroglyphs meant. It likely meant those hieroglyphs did not belong to any particular time in history.

fact, Nash was starting to suspect the Youngs had invented the

looking and immediately said, "Yasmin, this guy looks like bad news. Let's

comparatively rural

from the safety of the industrial district other than to get groceries

other necessities.

pack of ABC sanitary pads from the shelf and asked, "Where did you get

face of Yasmin's best friend turned pale. The more she thought about it, the more

me these tattoos. Can you read them?" Yasmin asked Nash in return, her eyes glinting.

are

done?"

rugged-looking man walked into the store.

I think this guy

themselves together as he grabbed a stool and
them.

my sister up? Do you have a death

supermarket when they heard

anything foolish... He didn't

glanced at Nash's well-laundered clothes and sneered. "Don't let his appearance fool you... He's a wolf

"Are you going to leave, or

twitched, but he decided not

the counter to pay. However, he did not have

cash on him.

The cashier working the counter was a woman in her late 30s. She was snacking on some nuts as she sneered, "Boy, this doesn't even cost that much. Don't tell me you can't afford a pack of sanitary pads?"

Nash said awkwardly, "I don't have my phone or any cash with me."

The cashier looked Nash up and down. A grin appeared on her face as she said, "How about this? My man's not home, and there's some physical work I need help with. Why don't you head out back and help me out to pay off your debt..."

Nash pondered this for a moment before he nodded. "That works... But we'll have to make it quick..."

The cashier flipped her hair flippantly. "Your performance will determine how long it'll take for us to wrap things up!"

Nash felt like something was amiss as he gazed at the smile on the woman's face.

However, he could not quite place his finger on what felt wrong to him.

Then, Yasmin grabbed the pack of pads from Nash and placed it alongside the rest of her purchases on the counter. "Include this in my bill!"

The cashier frowned, giving Yasmine a resentful look. "Yasmine, you're a frequent customer here. How could you treat me this way?"

Her man was in his 40s and could no longer satisfy her needs.

She was in her 30s, and there was a saying that women were at their most spry between the ages of 30 to 40. No one could satisfy the loneliness and emptiness she felt within her.

The men who worked in the nearby factories were all old and greasy. It had taken so long before she finally met a young, handsome man, but Yasmine was ruining things for her.

“Are you really going to make him sleep with you over a pack of sanitary pads that costs a mere couple dozen dollars?”