

CEO Bride 367

Chapter 367

"Do you know someone here?" Yasmin asked with a hint of nervousness in her voice.

"One of my friends just bought this industrial zone!" Nash replied with a smile.

"Must be rich!" Yasmin remarked in awe.

"Thank you for helping me yesterday. Do let me know your bank account number, and I'll return the money to you!"

"There's no need. It was just a small amount!" Yasmin waved her hands dismissively. She then inquired, "You didn't come here just to repay me, did you?"

"No, I came to ask about the hieroglyphs on your arm," Nash explained with a smile.

"Have you seen these hieroglyphs before?" Yasmin stared intently at Nash.

"Yes... I have," Nash answered, but he did not elaborate further.

"Do you know the origin of these hieroglyphs?" Yasmin continued her questioning.

his chair. Squinting his eyes, he asked, "When your

a subtle change flickered in Yasmin's eyes. She shook her head. "No, my grandfather managed a was most likely

he could not determine if her grandfather was a betrayer or a

village, but it could not be ruled out that there might be loyal members who simply village. His descendants would not

was a loyal member of the Youngs. Pondering this, he slowly said, suddenly looked up, her eyes locking onto Nash's.

grandfather had told her about the Youngs and warned her not to reveal the information

Youngs... no longer

to trust the man before her.

this ring before?"

lifted his right hand, revealing a dragon-engraved

nodded. "I've seen it

was the insignia of the successive chieftains

this, her eyes brightened. "You... You really are from the Youngs!"

you tell

“Can... Can I call my brother over?”

Yasmin asked hesitantly.

Nash nodded with a smile. “Call him over.”

Yasmin stood up and walked out.

She went to the textile factory, located her brother by a lathe, and informed him of Nash’s identity.

The burly man furrowed his eyebrows. “You’re not a kid anymore. Do you still believe just about everything people say?”

Yasmin replied anxiously, “But he has the dragon ring that grandfather drew! It’s the emblem of the Youngs’ chieftains!”

The burly man thoughtfully threw a piece of fabric onto the table. “Take me to see it, then!”

Grandpa had mentioned if they were able to locate one of the Youngs, their future would be set.

They both made their way to the conference room where Nash was. Upon entering, the burly man immediately recognized Xeno. and exclaimed in shock, “A-Aren’t you... Mr. Hun?”