

CEO Bride 395

Chapter 395

Timothy picked up the teacup and took a sip. "There shouldn't be any survivors from the Youngs... As for Nash and the Smiling Grim Reaper... let Sawyer handle them!"

Martin swallowed hard. "I sent Sawyer to kill Hera, but he was stopped by the Skyes' protector, Sherman Smugh!"

"Sherman Smugh?"

"He's no match for Sawyer."

Timothy frowned and snorted.

Then, Martin detailed the evening's events to his father.

After listening, Timothy narrowed his eyes. "This Nash kid seems to have a deep connection with the Kleins..."

Martin whispered, "Father, do you think Nash could be the Smiling Grim Reaper?"

Timothy took a deep breath. "It's possible. Francis Dunn once impersonated the Smiling Grim Reaper to approach me... But no worries, just let Sawyer deal with him."

Martin expressed his concerns. "If Nash is the Smiling Grim Reaper... he might still have the Heavenly Martial Arts Order... if we fail to kill Nash and anger him, the consequences are unimaginable..."

this, Timothy's

was indeed troublesome.

for our great ancestor to

sighed. "That seems to be the

Nash and

temporarily formed Tomb Whisperer Lineage WhatsApp group, "I've booked a luxurious villa in

I've never stayed in a luxurious villa before.

chimed in: [Rich lady, I

Nico added: [+1.]

chuckled and said: [Mel... remember we're

need at least a day

car for over 20

"Let's find a place to eat first."

replied: [We're currently in Southern Xanthalos... Let's find food in Northern Xanthalos.]

reached Northern Xanthalos and parked
out of the car,

Suddenly, she looked up to see a window where an exceptionally ugly old woman was staring at them.

Her hair was disheveled, her back hunched, and her eyes were eerily white.

Even though Melody was a high-level expert of the Profound Reality Realm, the eerie sight made her slightly uneasy.

The old woman asked in a raspy voice, "Are you here looking for accommodation or food?"

"F-Food," Melody responded hesitantly.

She did not want to rest or even eat here.

However, this was the only nearby place to get food, and it was Bradley who had found it.

"Five hundred per person!" the old woman declared, then shut the window and drew the curtains before heading downstairs.

"F-Five hundred bucks?"

Derek's eyelids twitched. "She should just ro us. Why bother running this restaurant?"