

CEO Bride 429

Chapter 429

"When he stepped in to help us, I had already sensed his intentions, but I was truly incapable of repaying that enormous debt. I had no choice but to join them in tomb raiding!"

Anders confessed, feeling bitter inside. His life's reputation was tarnished by his disappointing son.

After taking a drag from his cigarette, Bradley said, "Every family has its own hardships... You should return to the Tomb Whisperer Lineage. If I talk to Mr. Nash, he'll surely accept you."

Looking at Nash, who was sitting on the bronze coffin, Anders whispered, "Is he really Wolfgang's son?"

Bradley laughed and replied, "He can't be fake... He wears the Youngs' ring... The Young family's patriarch once mentioned that only those of the Youngs' bloodline can wear that ring."

Anders looked down, speaking softly, "I'm getting old. If I join the Tomb Whisperer Lineage now, I might just be a burden."

If he were 20 years younger, he would have accepted Bradley's proposal without hesitation.

Being in his 70s now, he felt it was past the age for retirement even in the old Tomb Whisperer Lineage.

"The Tomb Whisperer Lineage is almost non-existent now. If we want to restore

then inquired, "What about your

He remained

Anders' expression darkened. "I'm sorry...

sighed. "It was his

continue on this path?" Anders glanced

tell at a glance that he was Mr. Bradley's grandson.

oath we took in front of the Young family's

Whisperer Manual will not be lost. As long as there's someone

members of the Tomb Whisperer Lineage still

Anders lowered his head.

old vow, while

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voice, Bradley stated, "I know what you're thinking, but you don't need to say it. My grandfather's generation joined the Tomb Whisperer

felt a swirl of emotions.

given him a prosperous first half of his life.

Now that Mr. Bradley intended to rebuild it, Anders was unsure of his decision.

After all, it was an organization that operated in shadows.

He did not want his descendants to suffer the same fate, hiding their true profession.

After having a satisfying meal, Melody carried the hot MRE meal pack and walked toward the cosmos diagram.

She bent her knees slightly, then leaped, running on the rope toward Nash.

Midway, she suddenly trembled, stopping and wobbling dangerously on the rope.

Nash looked up at Melody, frowning. "What's wrong?"

Hearing his voice, everyone else looked up, and their faces turned pale at what they saw.

Suddenly, a chilling breeze brushed against Nash's neck. Without hesitation, Nash retaliated with a slap.