

## **CEO Bride 532**

### Chapter 532

“Could it be the remnants of the Lane family? Are they trying to annihilate the other four major families?”

Just then, Grant’s son, Fred, said, “Sydney, you won’t need to go to school starting tomorrow. I want you at home 24 hours a day!”

“Oh, Dad, it’s not that bad. I don’t want to stay cooped up at home all day!” Sydney replied impatiently. She was the restless sort and would rather die than be confined at home all day.

Grant furrowed his brows and said, “Listen to your father. Until we find out what happened to Kai, you’re not allowed to go anywhere!

“But I don’t want that. I still need to go to Long Lake Industrial Zone later,” Sydney said as she headed upstairs.

Grant turned to Fred and said with authority, “Keep an eye on your daughter. If something happens while she’s out, I’ll hold you

responsible!”

Fred nodded repeatedly.

At that moment, the butler walked in from outside and said.

respectfully, “Mr. Zell, the distinguished guest you mentioned has

arrived!”

Grant's face lit up. "Fred, come with me to welcome Mr. Murphy!"

"Mr. Murphy?" Fred looked puzzled. He had not heard his father

mention any distinguished guest coming over today, and it was already quite late. Why would someone visit them at this hour?

Grant smiled and said, "Don't you remember when I asked you to visit someone for an apprenticeship?"

Astonishment clouded Fred's face at that. "Are you talking about

Dylan Murphy, the senior from the Capiton National Martial Bureau?"

Grant stroked his beard spiritedly and said, "Exactly. Come with me to greet him."

Fred took a moment to process this. Dylan was one of the top martial arts experts in Jonford, after all. He could not believe his father had been classmates with him. When his father had initially asked him to go learn from Mr. Murphy, he had adamantly refused.

He should have known that Mr. Murphy was the famous Dylan Murphy of the National Martial Bureau. He was probably a martial arts grandmaster by now.

Sydney's phone in her bag rang when she went back to her room. She picked it up and saw that it was a call from Nash.

"Why is this guy calling me? Is he trying to apologize for embarrassing me during the day?"

Amused, she answered the call.

"Sydney, I want to apologize for what happened earlier today," Nash

started.

He really was apologizing. At that, a faint smile made its way to Sydney's lips as pride swelled within her.

After all, Nash was no ordinary person. He had smitten the Green

Bamboo Association and the Black Tiger Hall with ruthless efficiency. Yet here he was, humbly apologizing to her.

Letting out a few coughs, Sydney teased and said, "Nash, your

apology doesn't seem sincere enough."

"How would you like me to apologize?" Nash asked leisurely.

"Hmm... Let me think. How about inviting me to your house for a meal tomorrow?"

"Sure, no.

Nash readily agreed.

"And you have to cook it yourself!" Sydney added.

"Absolutely, I'll do the cooking," Nash promised.

"You're acting strange," Sydney noted, her tone changing. "Do you

have some other request for me? What's going on?"

When did Nash become so agreeable? What happened to his condescending attitude from yesterday?

Nash chuckled. "Sydney, you're really sharp. Well, I do have something

to ask you..."

"Alright, I'll come over for that meal tomorrow before we discuss.

anything else."