

## **CEO Bride 539**

### Chapter 539

How powerful!

Nash was only halfway to breaking through to the Mystique Loyalty

Realm, but his powers were comparable to a newbie in the Mystique Loyalty Realm.

How had Johnathan managed to train such a talented disciple?

He was probably going to surpass Francis Dunn in terms of abilities,

right?

Nash placed his cup down and smiled at Dylan as he said, "I'm not here to fight. I'm just here to pick something up. However, if you'd like to compare notes, I'm happy to comply!"

Since the National Martial Bureau was affiliated with the government,

it would be wiser for him to show some respect.

If he did not do so, he would not be able to defend himself against all

the Profound Oriental Realm experts.

Dylan said coolly, "What if I decline your request?"

After all, he was a member of the National Martial Bureau.

His job was to keep those who flaunted their power without fear in check.

This young man was trying to take the Zell family's Antarctic Lotus away from them by using brute force.

That happened to fall under his job scope.

It would be an embarrassment to the National Martial Bureau if he allowed this young man to do as he wished!

Nash looked up, a cold look in his eyes as he enunciated, "Anyone who gets in my way will die!"

As soon as he finished saying the last word, a force that could not be warded off blasted its way toward Dylan.

The couch Dylan was sitting on disintegrated.

Grant and Fred fell to the floor.

"Nash..."

Tears welled in Sydney's eyes as she grabbed Nash's arm and said, "Don't harm my family!"

Nash shook himself free of Sydney's grasp. There was a cold look in his eyes as he stared at Grant. "My patience has its limits... You can choose if you'd like to live or die!"

Grant's former classmate was a Profound Reality Realm expert. Was

he not a match for Nash as well?

Grant was shocked.

Meanwhile, Fred's eyes rolled into the back of his head. He was on

the verge of passing out.

Dylan sighed. "Nash... If you want to take the Antarctic Lotus from the Zell family's patriarch... you'll have to do it over my dead body!"

Given how things were proceeding, he had decided he would defend

the National Martial Bureau's honor until his death.

"As you wish..."

Nash teleported himself over to stand in front of Dylan.

Before Dylan even managed to take a good look at Nash, a wave of

true energy sent him flying backward.

Everything happened too quickly!

He did not even have the time to react.

Right before this, he had been thinking of showing off his peak Mystique Loyalty Realm skills.

Now, it looked like he had underestimated his opponent!

Dylan's feet came in contact with the ground again, and he took several stumbling steps backward before he regained his balance.

"Pfft..."

He clapped a hand to his chest as a mouthful of blood escaped from

him.

"Grandpa... Just give him the Antarctic Lotus..."

Sydney's voice shook as she called out to him.

Would Nash really leave the Zell household empty-handed when he

had traveled all the way here in the middle of the night?

If he did not get his hands on the Antarctic Lotus by tonight, he would

go on a killing spree!

Greg's entire body shook.

The Antarctic Lotus was the only thing he had left to remember his

wife by.

If he gave up the Antarctic Lotus, he would be betraying his dead wife!

Nash once again moved so quickly that all they could see of him was an outline as he sent Dylan flying.

The mansion's walls began collapsing as well.

When Dylan landed on the ground, Nash grabbed him by the neck.

He gathered all his strength into his right hand and brought it to the

man's head.

Dylan shut his eyes.

His face was deathly pale.

He had been so confident just now..

Now, he was a laughing stock.

He had never imagined he would one day die at the hands of a young

man in his early 20s.

Just as Nash's fist was about to come in contact with Dylan's face,

he released his true energy from his body.

“Stop...”

Just then, Grant’s voice rang out. “Let him go. I’ll give it to you!”

The corners of Nash’s lips curled upward as he released Dylan.

He turned to Grant as he said, “You’re the textbook example of not

feeling any fear until the consequences are staring you in the face!”

All of this would not have occurred if he had just agreed to his

request in the first place.

Dylan clapped a hand to his chest and coughed. “Nash Calcraft... I’ll remember you. Just wait, the National Martial Bureau will punish you!”

Even if he could not win a fight against Nash, there was no way the great-grandmasters working in the National Martial Bureau would

lose as well!

Nash said nonchalantly, “Sure. Why don’t you go ask the National Martial Bureau if they have the means to defend themselves against the Heavenly Martial Arts Order?”