

## **CEO Bride 567**

### Chapter 567

Walter spoke calmly.

Both George and Janson had been working for him for years.

He never had to worry when these two were put in charge.

The men who had been sent to spy on him were a threat to him.

They deserved to die!

The mastermind behind all this was most probably Duncan Duerson,

whom Nash had been suspecting all this while.

George felt moved. "Thank you, sir!"

Walter ended the call and slammed his palm against the table.

Louis and his wife had been standing nearby nervously, and they both

fell to their knees in fright.

Walter's eyes narrowed as he turned to Louis. "Be honest with me,

Louis. Did you have anything to do with the fire at Baroque Group?"

Baroque Group's server room had caught on fire a couple of days ago.

Splendor Microchips was also one of the three largest microchip

manufacturing companies in Jonford.

If that fire had been set by business enemies, that narrowed the list down to either Innovate Collective or Splendor Microchips.

Since Nash had asked him to keep an eye on Louis, that probably meant he had unearthed some information.

"I didn't..."

Louis' entire body stiffened, and he hurriedly raised a hand to say, "I

swear to God that I'll die a terrible death if this has anything to do with me!"

A sharp glint appeared in Walter's eyes.

Louis' heart raced, but he did not break eye contact.

He added, "The president of Innovate Collective went to talk shop with Baroque Group immediately after the incident. I suspect it was done by Innovate Collective!"

It turned out that this was why his uncle wanted to meet him.

If he helped his uncle make sense of the available clues on what had happened at Baroque Group, he would not blame him for what he had said just now, right?

Walter returned his gaze to his book. "Get up and grab yourself a seat!"

Louis had a weak personality, and he would never dare lie when subjected to Walter's stern gaze. After all, Walter had refined it through his decades of experience doing business.

Thank goodness Louis had nothing to do with the incident at Baroque Group's server room. Else, he would never be able to face Nash again.

George dragged two chairs over.

Louis and his wife sat on the chairs, not daring to move a single muscle.

They spent the entire night sitting there.

At the Duerson Estate, Duncan sat on the couch and looked through pictures.

The pictures were all of stunningly gorgeous women.

Some of them were wearing sailors costumes, some were dressed in short dresses, while others wore school uniforms.

The one thing all these women shared was that they were young.

Prior investigation revealed these women were all virgins who had never been in a romantic relationship.

Duncan picked out a picture of an innocent-looking woman dressed in a school uniform and glanced at the name written in the bottom-right corner. He muttered to himself, "Luna Goodheart... That's a nice name. I'll pick her!"

Then, he chose two other pictures, one from each of the remaining fashion styles.

After selecting a woman dressed in a sailor costume, he was surprised to see the picture right beneath. It was one of Mireille.

Tanner.

She looked adorable in her sailor's costume.

The slight smile on her gorgeous face made Duncan feel like it was springtime outside.

"Who sourced this picture?"

Chapte

Duncan showed Mireille's photo to his subordinates with a slight smile on his face.

When one of the petite men saw Duncan smiling, he thought it was because Duncan had set his sights on this woman and that he was probably in for a bonus. Chuckling said, "I got this woman's picture. from Capiton University of Traditional Medicine.

"She's super clean, to the point where she hasn't even touched a guy's

hand before! Rumor has it that she's a Capiton local, and I'm currently

trying to track her address down!"

Duncan adjusted his glasses before he got to his feet and walked

toward that man, a bright smile on his face.

He beckoned to a bodyguard standing in the corner, who immediately grabbed a golf club and handed it to him.

Loud, scraping sounds rang out as the club got dragged across the

floor.

The man finally realized something was amiss and hurriedly looked

behind him.

He was met with the sight of the bodyguard swinging the golf club

toward his face.

The man's face became grotesquely disfigured. Blood poured from his mouth as he stared at Duncan in disbelief and said incoherently, "S -Sir... what did I do wrong?"

Duncan took the golf club from the bodyguard and smiled demurely as he said, "You did nothing wrong. It's my fault. It's my fault for falling in love with her!"

As Duncan ended his sentence, he raised the golf club above his head

and brought it back down multiple times. Blood immediately

splattered all over his glasses.