

CEO Bride 569

Chapter 569

Their reasoning was that she was vulnerable to being preyed on by evil people.

Yet, what if something happened to that patient?

Mireille did not know what to do.

Duncan's weak voice rang out once more, "Doctor Tanner... Can I

come to your clinic?"

Mirielle hurriedly answered, "Yes, of course... Why don't you take a

cab over?"

The street where the clinic was located might be old, but there were surveillance cameras everywhere. Besides, there were also several

patients on IVs in the clinic.

She would be safe if she were in the clinic.

Duncan immediately turned to one of the young men who had helped

source the pictures after hanging up the phone. These men were all young gangsters his bodyguards had recruited, and they were all

dressed in cheap clothing.

“Take your clothes off!”

Duncan spoke calmly.

The young man clapped his hands to his bottom. “Sir... I-I don’t think.

that’s a good idea...”

Duncan’s eyebrows immediately furrowed themselves together.”

Hm?”

Several bodyguards immediately surged forth and removed all his

clothing.

Duncan tossed his expensive clothes onto him. “This outfit cost over

two million dollars. You’ll be able to get 700,000 or 800,000 dollars for them if you sell them on the secondhand market!”

A delighted expression appeared on the young man’s face as he

immediately scooped the clothes into his arms and thanked Duncan.

Duncan then went to Boris’ room.

Boris was meditating.

“Boris... beat me up!”

“Have you gone mad?”

“I want to receive medical treatment at Tanner Medical

Group!”

SDuncan flew out of the window.

He spat blood from his mouth after landing on the ground.

Holy shit!!!

That was so harsh!

Duncan lay on the ground for a moment trying to catch his breath.

Boris walked over to the window and asked calmly, “Are you alright?”

Duncan struggled to his feet and made an ‘OK’ sign before he stumbled away.

Boris shook his head. “I have no idea what’s so wonderful about

women...”

When he finished his sentence...

A piercingly cold aura flashed through the air.

Boris raised his arms and threw a punch.

When the two forces collided, all the glass in the mansion shattered.

A dark shadow materialized before the mansion and then jumped
onto the roof.

It suspended itself upside down, its legs curled around the railing as it
stared Boris in the face.

“Long time no see, my man Boris!”

25

“Swordsman! Back so soon?”

Boris smiled as he spoke.

He had already known it was The Swordsman when he saw that glint.

“Just a minion who had barely achieved Mystique Loyalty Realm. How long did you think I’d need?”

The Swordsman unfurled his legs from the railing and landed in the

room, light as a feather.

His curly black hair had streaks of white in it, and he seemed to be in his 50s. Strapped to his back was a four-foot-long straight-edged

sword.

“How many stabs did you require this time?”

Boris was slightly shocked. Though both he and The Swordsman

were part of the Black Wind Mountains, they rarely saw each other. It

had been over ten years since they last met.

They had both just achieved Mystique Loyalty Realm then, and The

Swordsman had yet to become a match for him.

During the next few years, The Swordsman’s skills improved at a

flying rate, and he became invincible in the Black Wind Mountains.

In the end, both masters of the Black Wind Mountains were required.

to work together before they managed to wrestle him under control.

From that point onward, he was called The Swordsman.

The Swordsman's most famous move was The Seven Deadly Swords.

That move only required him to make seven separate stabs.

However, no one dared underestimate the power those seven

held.

Each stab grew even more powerful than the last.

The seventh stab had enough power to kill someone who was halfway through breaking through the
Profound Oriental Realm.

"I don't remember... I think... twice?"

The Swordsman chuckled.

Boris drew in a breath when he heard that.

It had only taken him two stabs to murder a warrior who had just

broken through to the Mystique Loyalty Realm.

He probably did not have the skills to pull that off.

"Where's your godson?"

"Didn't he say he'd have some young women ready for me?"

The Swordsman licked his parched lips.

It had been a long time since he had touched a woman.

“Your arrival is a little abrupt. But don’t worry, he’s tasked his men

with sourcing women for you!”

Boris glanced at the handle of the sword The Swordsman had

strapped to his back, and he could not help but laugh. “Wouldn’t

women slow you down?”

The Swordsman thought about it for a moment before he smiled and

nodded. “To be honest... they do!”

Boris laughed. “In that case, you should get rid of that nasty ha

yours!”

None of the people in the Black Wind Mountains were decent.

individuals.

They were forced to congregate because the National Martial Bureau

had left them no choice.

After dozens of years of hard work, the Black Wind Mountains now had equal power to the National Martial Bureau.

Once upon a time, Boris had abhorred evil as if it were his sworn enemy.

When asked to avenge someone, he would kill that person's entire family if they were truly devoid of any conscience.

After being prosecuted by the National Martial Bureau, he had no choice but to join the Black Wind Mountains.

He had thought there was no surpassing his evil, but after arriving at the Black Wind Mountains, he realized his deeds paled in comparison to what the others had done.

Take The Swordsman standing before him as an example. The man was nearing his 80s, but he had a penchant for young women.

The Swordsman sighed. "The inner energy cultivation technique I practice is unique. I need the help of a female's energy for it to

increase.

“If not, I wouldn’t be able to pull off any of my moves because I

wouldn’t have sufficient true energy. That would mean I could never

execute the seventh stab!”