

## **CEO Bride 570**

### Chapter 570

Boris felt slightly less indignant after hearing what The Swordsman had to say.

Since The Swordsman was still unable to execute his seventh stance, it meant his abilities were still not on par with that of someone who was halfway to breaking through the Profound Oriental Realm.

However, come to think of it, were there that many experts who had managed to break through the Profound Oriental Realm?

"I'm going to find a young woman I can use to satisfy my urges. I'll see you tomorrow..." The Swordsman said as he turned to leave.

"National Martial Bureau employees have been stationed at Jonford recently. Keep an eye out for them..." Boris said.

"National Martial Bureau? What are they doing at Jonford?"

An ugly look appeared on The Swordsman's face. He would not be

able to travel as he pleased if National Martial Bureau employees.

were here.

He could have no fear of the National Martial Bureau back at the

Black Wind Mountains, but since he was on foreign territory now, he

did not dare act rashly.

He had killed a warrior from the National Martial Bureau in the past,

and it had resulted in three Mystique Loyalty Realm great—

grandmasters persecuting him for over a half-year.

He had no wish to live that kind of life again.

Boris had a half smile on his face as he said, “You should just stay

here and allow my godson to provide you with all the com

need. He’ll provide you with all the food and drink you desir

also send you the women you desire in two days...”

The Swordsman’s kink grossed him out, but since they were

same side, Boris knew he had to support him in all his endeavors

The Swordsman gazed at the luxuriously decorated room and

smacked his lips together before saying, “When did you find yourself

such a wonderful godson, Boris?”

Most Mystique Loyalty Realm experts had extreme wealth at their disposal, but all of the Black Wind Mountains’ Mystique Loyalty Realm experts were dirt poor.

The Black Wind Mountains were located in a geographically disadvantaged area, and they had to spend huge amounts of money every year purchasing cultivation resources because of a lack of

natural supply.

The two masters of the Black Wind Mountains had started with tens

of billions of dollars to their name, but every last penny had been

used up.

Meanwhile, all the warriors were on the National Martial Bureau’s

radar, and they would easily be recognized by the facial recognition

technology the other party employed.

Trying to make a name for themselves in the mortal world would be

as difficult as reaching the heavens.

“My godson is smart and ambitious, Swordsman... He has a bright

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future ahead of him!”

Boris stroked his mustache as a grin appeared on his face.

After a half month of enjoying himself, he no longer wanted to return

to the Black Wind Mountains.

An idea began materializing in his mind. He wanted to help Duncan.

achieve great things.

The Swordsman smiled. “Thinking of spending the rest of your days

here?”

A warrior’s life would always have highs and lows.

As they ascended through the different realms, their friends and

enemies would also achieve even greater cultivations.

Cultivation resources were a necessity in ascending to even higher realms, and conflict was inevitable when competing against each

other for access to those resources.

They would be a fool if their wish was to spend their remaining years in peace.

“I’ll be 120 years old in a few months... I’ve been both a kind and an

evil person in the hundred years that have passed! I’m tired of this life,

where I constantly need to be either killing someone or be on the run!”

Boris moved to stand by the window.

He clasped his hands behind his back, a tired look in his eyes.

The Swordsman went to stand by the window too.

However, he did not say anything:

Boris smiled as he turned to him. “Have you ever felt lonely?”

“Lonely? Do experts never feel lonely? It doesn’t matter if you’re mere mortal or a warrior. You’ll feel a certain loneliness once

skills arrive at a certain level.”

The Swordsman crossed his arms over his chest as he spoke calmly

Then, he glanced at Boris and smiled. "I never expected you to feel lonely when you were able to kill your beloved!"

Boris laughed silently. "People change as time passes. Is there

anyone who wasn't so vigorous when they were younger?"

The Swordsman agreed with that.

During his younger days, he had been so ambitious he had sworn he

would make something worthwhile of himself.

He even joined the army to serve his country during the war.

After killing multiple enemies, he became loved and respected by

many.

Now, he was still killing people left and right. However, things had

changed.

The line between goodness and evil was a thin one.

Boris added, "If we were to work together, we might be able to help.

Duncan create the next Young family!"

When he heard the words 'the Young family'...