

CEO Bride 578

Chapter 578

Just then, Duncan's phone rang.

Picking it up, he saw it was from the top hacker he had hired at a high price.

"Boss... Nash is tracking them down!"

"What?"

Duncan frowned instantly. "Didn't you delete all the surveillance footage of the three girls?"

"It seems... It seems that some computer expert restored the data!"

The top hacker on the other end sounded panicked.

He had never encountered such sophisticated methods.

Moreover, he could not trace the IP address of the expert, nor could

he hack into the car system of the Maserati Nash was driving.

Suddenly, a ghost face appeared on his computer screen, followed a total crash of all the computers in his studio. Even his phone

communication was cut off.

“Mr. Duerson... Hello there.”

Nash’s mocking voice came through the phone.

Duncan shuddered and immediately hung up.

Nash knew such an incredible hacker?

This was unacceptable!

He could not let those three girls live. Otherwise, The Swordsman’s whereabouts would be exposed.

Duncan glanced at Mireille. He had now lost his interest, so he put on

his bathrobe and left.

The basement door closed behind him.

Mireille quietly breathed a sigh of relief, then looked around, thinking of how to escape.

The black commercial vehicle was speeding along Jonford Bridge.

Behind it, three patrol cars were chasing with sirens blaring.

“Bro, drive faster, they’re catching up!”

The muscleman in the passenger seat yelled as he saw the patrol cars behind them.

The driver floored the accelerator.

They slammed directly into a taxi ahead, pushing it to the side.

The taxi flipped over sideways, and a truck behind it immediately sounded its urgent brakes.

The truck's front flipped over, blocking the bridge with its cargo container.

A series of rear-end collisions ensued, trapping the patrol cars.

The patrol officers inside immediately grabbed their radios to report the situation.

Five kilometers from the bridge was Nash's Maserati.

Nash had already witnessed the accident on the bridge.

"Alan, find me a route!"

"Turn left in 500 meters, head to Jonford Second Bridge!"

Alan navigated for Nash.

The Maserati, at a speed of 120 miles per hour, quickly covered 500

meters.

Nash slammed on the brakes and turned the steering wheel sharply.

The screeching of brakes resounded as the Maserati drifted to make a left turn and then sped off again.

Jonford Second Bridge was still under construction.

Nash crashed through the barriers and sped on.

“Damn, stop!”

A worker shouted.

The Maserati’s speed did not decrease but increased from 120 miles per hour to 150 miles.

On the other side of Jonford Bridge, eight patrol cars blocked the

road.

Several armed patrol officers crouched, aiming ahead.

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“Bro, they have guns...”

The muscular man in the passenger seat of the car was sweating profusely.

The driver's face turned ashen.

Even if they tried to break through, their car would be stopped by the patrol cars.

"Bro, let's surrender!"

"No, Mr. Duerson will kill us!"

The driver yelled angrily.

He knew Duncan's methods better than anyone.

If they dared betray Duncan, not only would they die, but their families would also suffer.

The other man was so frightened that he started crying.