

CEO Bride 582

Chapter 582

The security guard smiled faintly and asked, “Do you have a search warrant?”

Angelica furrowed her eyebrows slightly and asked sternly, “Are you trying to obstruct law enforcement?”

“Oh no, not at all!”

“May kask, what kind of enforcement are you here for? Are you here to arrest or to detain someone? If you have a warrant for arrest or detention, I’ll definitely let you in! If you don’t have those, you need to present to us a search warrant.

“If you have neither, then you’re trespassing on private property!”

The security guard looked at Angelica playfully as he revealed his knowledge of legal matters.

Unable to refute him, Angelica turned to Nash, saying, “I can’t help you

either.”

Nash just said to the security guard calmly, “Tell Duncan Duerson

that Nash Calcraft is here to visit.”

The security guard glanced at Nash and casually said, “The boss isn’t

here.” The moment he said that, Nash’s hand was already around his

neck.

“I’ll say it again, notify Duncan that Nash is here to visit!”

The security guard could not breathe as he grabbed Nash’s powerful

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right hand with a flushed face.

“You’ve quite the temper, Mr. Nash,” a sarcastic voice came from the

estate.

It was Duncan, and he was accompanied by over 20 bodyguards as they walked over in formation. Beside him was also Boris.

Angelica reached for her waist nervously, only to realize that she was on leave today and did not have her gun with her.

Nash released his grip, and the security guard fell to the ground. Duncan looked down at the security guard and calmly asked, "What's going on?"

The security guard patted his chest to catch his breath, then stood up and said, "They wanted to enter the estate, but I didn't let them in, so they started using force!"

Duncan slapped the security guard's face and scolded angrily, "You useless thing. You don't even recognize Mr. Nash?"

The security guard was bewildered. He felt wronged. He was just a security guard. How was he supposed to know who this man was? Also, did Duncan not tell him that no one was allowed in? Not even if

it was God himself?

"Mr. Nash, forgive my guard's ignorance," Duncan apologized to Nash playfully.

Nash did not bother with the small talk and asked, "Where's Mireille?"

"Mireille? Isn't she Old Tanner's granddaughter? Mr. Nash, you should look for her at the Tanners' place. Why come to me?" Duncan was looking at Nash with surprise as if there really was no such person

here.

"Mireille was taken away last night. Were you behind it?" Nash coldly questioned.

"Mr. Nash, you ought to be careful with what you say." Duncan's expression darkened and with an unsettling calm.

He said, "I'm the head of the Duerson family. I'm also the chairman of several companies. I'm considered the youngest and most

outstanding entrepreneur in Jonford. How could I possibly engage in illegal and disorderly activities?"

Now, he had two powerful Mystique Loyalty Realm experts as his godfathers. He could completely ignore Nash.

Anger surged in Nash's heart, but the pressure from Boris standing beside Duncan forced him to suppress his anger. After doing so, he politely asked, "Would you allow me to search your abode?"

Duncan replied indifferently, "Why wouldn't I?"

With that, he raised his hand slightly. The bodyguards behind him immediately cleared the way.

Nash turned to Angelica and said, "You go back first. I'll handle it

myself."

Angelica cautiously glanced at the people from the Duerson family, whispering, "I'll go in with you. With me around, they won't dare to harm you."

She believed the Duersons 'would not dare provoke the Inspection

Office so easily, let alone resort to violence-even if they had the audacity for it.

"No need. They wouldn't dare to do anything to me."

"Alright, I'll wait for you outside. I won't leave until you come out."

Angelica turned and walked toward her pink sedan, a worried expression on her pretty face. Large families like the Duersons had their own professional legal teams. A small inspector like herself could not contend with them unless she had some significant means.

The Duerson family's estate was vast with approximately seven or eight villas in it.

Duncan put his hands in his pockets, and he had a sly smile on his face. "Mr. Nash, you'd better search carefully!"

Nash activated his Third Eye and focused on one of the villas.

He was going to search from top to bottom, even the underground areas of these villas, and repeat it for all.

When Nash activated his Third Eye, however, a golden light stabbed his eyes, causing them to ache. A suppression tool?

Nash's expression changed slightly as he looked at the eight trigrams mirror above that villa. The surface of the mirror was blurred, and it was filled with an intense, malicious aura.

This was no ritual tool; it was a warding object.