

## **CEO Bride 606**

### Chapter 606

“Really? Let me see just how bad you are, then!” Rowan’s lips curled into a mischievous smirk. He thought this beautiful woman was probably one of those homeless delinquents. She was a lamb walking right into his hands. It would be absurd of him not to take advantage.

Turning around, Rowan then noticed the woman holding a gleaming dagger.

“Girls shouldn’t play with knives...”

Rowan grabbed the woman’s wrist, which felt weak and tender. It was as if he were holding a wad of cotton.

Suddenly, the woman’s palm slammed into Rowan’s chest. The thick true energy sent him rattling against the shutters. Then, the woman thrust the dagger in her hand toward Rowan’s chest once more.

Just as the dagger was about to pierce Rowan’s heart, a large hand stabbed through the shutters and grabbed the cold blade directly.

With an abrupt force, Nash yanked the woman out, leaving a person- shaped hole in the shutters. The woman twisted her wrist, and in a blink of an eye, she appeared behind Nash. The dagger in her hand was aimed swiftly at the back of Nash's heart.

Nash's figure blurred. He disappeared from where he was initially standing. The woman's dagger pierced the air before she immediately turned, delivering a swift kick.

Nash gripped the woman's ankle. With a slight smile, he glanced

along the edge of her skirt. Gritting her teeth, the woman tried to pull

her foot back but found Nash's hand to be as unyielding as if it were

made of steel.

She could not break free even with the use of inner energy.

"Who are you?" the woman asked, expression cold.

"Who are you?" Nash countered.

"You're asking for it!"

The woman snorted coldly and leaped up using the force of 's hand. A dagger sprung from the shoe of her other foot and she

stabbed it toward Nash's neck.

Nash tilted his head slightly, and with his other hand, he caught other ankle.

With both feet captured, the woman's body swung wildly in the air. Bastard, let me go!"

Nash smiled faintly, slowly spreading his hands apart.

Though the woman was wearing leggings, she could not stop Nash. from shamelessly looking under her skirt. A blush appeared on her. neck and face. She closed her eyes and screamed, "Help! I'm being assaulted!"

However, there was no one on the street to pay attention to her cries. Regardless of how loud she was, no one responded. Inside the room, Rowan had already regained his composure.

With the situation reaching this point, Rowan already guessed that this woman was an assassin. Something must have gone wrong, driving Horace to send someone to silence him.

Pale-faced, Rowan crawled and rolled as he ran into the distance.

After letting go of the woman, Nash swiftly chased after him.

When Rowan glanced back as he was running and saw Nash pursuing him, his inner despair intensified. Horace had indeed regarded him highly enough to hire two assassins.

Still feeling the impact of the blow from the woman, his breathing. came short. His chest was feeling tight. However, he dared not stop, fearing that he might be killed if he did.

Reaching a corner, Rowan leaped over a wall and entered a residential area. Leaning against the wall, he panted heavily. "Horace... You're unkind, so don't blame me for being unjust!"

He was reaching for his phone to call the police when a graceful figure approached. It was the beautiful female assassin. Her lips.

curved into a smile. "You're quite the fast runner!"

Rowan's face turned pale, and he shivered against the wall. "How much did Horace pay you? I... I can offer you double the money. Just please spare my life!"

Over the years, he had earned quite a bit from photography, and her also had a share of Outstanding Culture's profits. He was willing to

use all his savings just to preserve his life.

The woman suddenly threw the dagger in her hand. Rowan tried to

dodge, but he felt as if a force was binding him where he was,

rendering his fingers motionless. The dagger came rushing toward him. In utter despair, Rowan closed his eyes.

The wall collapsed. The bricks missed Rowan and went rushing

toward the woman. Only a great-grandmaster with precise control of inner energy could achieve such a feat.

A hint of surprise flashed across the woman's face. "This man is already a great-grandmaster despite being in his 20s?"