

CEO Bride 611

Chapter 611

“From what you’re saying, you sound like you’re planning to follow the Smiling Grim Reaper’s path?” Angelica asked, her sympathy for Natalia instantly shattering.

“To recognize mistakes and correct them is a great virtue; to be unteachable and repeat errors will only lead to a dead end.” Angelica’s attempt to express sympathy was futile. Natalia just pursed her lips without responding.

Seeing Natalia’s indifference, Angelica looked up at Nash through the rearview mirror and asked, “Nash, did what I say make sense?”

Nash cleared his throat. “Sure. It made total sense!” Having been dragged into the conversation, he, of course, had to say Angelica’s

words made sense.

He no longer intended to pursue the role of the Smiling Grim Reaper.

The old him, the one who was carefree and unconcerned as long as

he had enough to eat, was someone of the past.

Now that he had his family and many friends, he had a lot more t

consider. Revealing himself to be the Smiling Grim Reaper would only

attract a host of enemies.

Natalia smiled obediently. "You're right, Miss Angelica. I'll be a good

person from now on and stay away from those messy things!"

Satisfied, Angelica nodded. They entered the highway, and after a two- hour drive, they finally arrived at Mount Warner. This area was a well- known scenic spot within Jonford, and Purple Church was situated in

the scenic area.

At this moment, it was already dark, but there were still many tourists

at Mount Warner. Most of them came to enjoy the lanterns that were.

lit in the evening. Angelica bought three tickets, each costing 48

dollars. As she bought three, she got a discount and only had to pay

120 dollars.

Upon entering the gates of Mount Warner, there was a wide, flat road

with lush trees on both sides adorned with colorful lanterns.

Alongside the road were vast artificial lakes with music fountains

various lanterns in the water.

In the middle of the road were stalls selling snacks and drinks. There

were also performers showcasing magic tricks and troupes singing, dancing, and filming videos on the street.

“How beautiful!” Natalia’s eyes lit up as she looked at the colorful

lanterns.

Angelica could not help but take out her phone and snap some pictures. She had forgotten how long it had been since she last went

out for fun.

However, today was not a day for leisure. After taking a few photos she put away her phone and said, “Purple Church is still a long way

ahead. Let’s hurry.”

“But I want to eat cotton candy!” Natalia looked at a cotton candy- making machine with puppy eyes, saying pitifully, “I’ve only seen it on TV. Oh, if only someone is willing to treat me just once!”

Angelica was speechless. “Don’t tell me you don’t have any money at

all?”

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Natalia opened her hands, saying, “Do I look like someone who

carries money around?” She only brought her dagger with her when she went out.

Angelica took out a banknote from her bag and handed it over. "Just hang out here. Nash and I will go find him."

"Thank you, Miss Angelica!" Natalia accepted the money shyly before making her way toward the cotton candy stall without looking back

Angelica turned to Nash. "Let's go!"

"You stay outside. I can handle this myself." Nash looked at the map of the scenic area. Purple Church was deep inside the area, approximately three kilometers away. He could cover that distance in about ten minutes alone, but with Angelica, it would probably take 40 minutes.

Angelica guessed what was on Nash's mind and smiled. "Alright then! It'll give me a chance to explore the place."

Chapter 612

"Nash, you-huh? Where'd he go?" Angelica wanted to remind Nash to be careful, but when she turned around again, he had disappeared." He's fast..." Angelica muttered before turning toward Natalia.

Even though she was just standing there, Natalia had attracted the

attention of many men. Under the neon lights, she was dressed in at

violet camisole that showed off her snow-white shoulders. It formed

an alluring image.

A gentle breeze ruffled her clothes, and her jet-black hair swayed with

the wind. A sweet smile adorned her delicate and serene face.

A group of single men gathered around. "Mister, how much for the cotton candy?" one asked.

"Ten bucks!" The boss, a middle-aged man around 40, beamed when he saw that his stall was surrounded by over 20 tourists. He decided to give the pretty young woman cotton candy for free.

"I'll have one!"

"Me too!"

"I want ten!"

"Miss, can I get your contact information?" A soft, refined, and magnetic voice sounded behind Natalia. The gentle tone was very pleasant to the ears.

Natalia slowly turned her head, and the smile on her face instantly froze. She saw a well-dressed chubby man smiling at her. "Are you...

PROPPALETZ

talking to me?" Natalia asked with a sweet voice, but one could hear

embarrassment and politeness underlying it.

“Are there any other beauties here? the chubby man continued with

his broadcaster-like voice.

The corners of Natalia’s lips tugged upward. “Actually, I’m a

crossdresser. Do I look like a girl to you?” Then, using a male voice. she added, “I’m actually a guy!”

This was a skill she had recently learned, faking voices.

“Oh, is that so? I don’t mind at all. If you’re a guy, then we can be brothers!” The chubby man spoke in an extremely sweet, girlish voice.

He was a talented streamer specializing in imitating various female

voices.

The people around them got goosebumps from listening to this

strange conversation. Could they still trust online relationships in the

future?

Natalia felt so awkward she was developing goosebumps. This

chubby guy could tell she was using a fake voice. Did he not notice.

that she did not want to talk to him? Just how shameless could

-be?

“Miss Angelica...”

Upon seeing Angelica amidst the crowd, Natalia immediately put on a

pitiful expression and said, “This chubby guy is harassing me...”

Angelica had just arrived. She saw so many people, as well as the

chubby guy, standing there in front of Natalia.

At this moment, Natalia looked like a little girl who was being treated

unfairly. A protective instinct surged within Angelica. “I’m from the Jonford Inspection Office. You lot dare harass my sister?”

Purple Church was enormous.

In the courtyard, there was a collection box with the word ‘donation written prominently on it.

Inside the main hall stood a five-meter-tall golden statue that exuded

a magnificent aura. It was majestic and awe-inspiring. Just one glance invoked a sense of reverence.

There were more than 20 priests on both sides reciting scriptures.

Outside the church, tourists had their phones out to take photos and record videos. For them, the priests reciting scriptures were a rare

sight.

Chapter 613

Several buildings past the back door of the main hall led to a resting

area. At this moment, in the room where the bishop was located,

more than 20 bodyguards clad in black were standing with their

hands behind their backs.

In front of them stood a white-haired old man with a dragon-headed cane in his hand. Beside the old man was a middle-aged person dressed in a suit, who happened to be the person in charge of the

Mount Warner scenic area.

The venerable bishop, in his 70s, was wearing a robe. He had a string.

of prayer beads in his hand as he sat on a mahogany-made high-

backed chair.

“Bishop, this is Mr. Dominic Carter, the chairman of the Green

Bamboo Association. He has come to pick up Lindon,” said the

person in charge respectfully.

Mount Warner had become a scenic area all thanks to the bishop's

efforts. Purple Church was now able to earn money from offerings

well as make a substantial profit from ticket sales on the project.

side. It was truly mutually beneficial cooperation.

"He caused trouble outside a few days ago. According to the church's rules, he must be punished with 80 strokes before he can leave," the bishop said slowly, his voice old and hoarse.

A troubled expression crossed the person in charge's face. "While rules may be rigid, people ought to be flexible. Lindon hails from a distinguished background. How can he endure such punishment?"

Standing next to the bishop, a priest coldly spoke up, "Rules are rules. Are rules even rules if they can be changed arbitrarily?"

This person was a martial priest of the church, possessing the power

of the mid-level Profound Reality Realm.

Mount Warner had been transformed into a tourist attraction, causing

significant damage to the ecological environment. Moreover, the annual dividends were unevenly distributed, and the church was

dissatisfied with this situation.

Now, the person in charge had come to them for help, even asking the

bishop to disregard the rules of the church. Such a request was a

show of a lack of respect for the church.

“Mortimer, I’m talking to your bishop. Do you have the right to

interrupt?” The person in charge of the scenic area’s face was as dark

as it was cold.

Despite being an executive in the business world, he was willing to speak to the bishop with courtesy. However, Mortimer’s impertinence. is beyond tolerance.

Mortimer himself was a fiery person. When he noticed the increasingly unfriendly tone of the person in charge, his temper instantly flared. “Is my mouth not on my face? Why can’t I speak?”

“Damned priest. Did I say you could talk, huh?” The person in charge rolled up his sleeves, looking like he was about to get physical.

Mortimer sneered and took two steps forward. Dealing with ant ordinary person like him would be as easy as just lifting a finger.

At this moment, Dominic tapped his dragon-headed cane on the

ground and coldly said, “Without rules, there is no order. The reason.

why the Green Bamboo Association has come this far is because we adhere to the rules. Everything should be done according to the bishop's will!"

The aura of an underground tycoon was undeniably evident in

Dominic. At the man's words, the person in charge of the scenic area

respectfully replied, "As expected of a great boss who knows that

rules are meant to be adhered to!"

Mortimer glared at the person in charge of the scenic area disdainfully, finding his sycophantic behavior utterly shameless. His

ingratiating behavior showed a lack of decency. The bishop turned

and said, "Mortimer, go and bring Lindt over!"

"Yes, Bishop!" Mortimer bowed slightly before turning around and

making his way toward the rear hall.

A moment later, he emerged with a priest wearing a light yellow robe.

This priest had no scars on his head and walked in a carefree

manner. "Grandpa, why are you so late? They didn't give me any food.

last night and said they wanted to punish me!"

Lindon went up to his grandfather's side, expressing his grievance. He had not been able to reach Horace or Warner the entire day.

alone the photographer, Rowan.

Realizing that something was wrong, he called his grandfather, but he

did not expect the bishop to go looking for him when he did. At a glance, the bishop could tell he had done something wrong and warned of the impending disasters due to his misdeeds.

Having been hiding in Purple Church for almost three years, Lindon

knew the bishop well. The bishop was well-versed in astronomy and geography, skilled in divination, and highly proficient in the art of fortune-telling.

Hearing the bishop's words, Lindon panicked, prompting him to

contact his grandfather to rescue him.

Dominic slapped Lindon across the face. "You useless thing, you're always causing trouble for me!"

Chapter 614

Lindon had called his grandfather, confessing to committing a

murder in Jonford. After he looked into Lori's identity, he found out

that she was a high-ranking executive at Baroque Group, which happened to be the company owned by Nash's wife.

Nash was certain to get involved and investigate the matter

thoroughly. Lindon was currently gathering skilled individuals to enact his revenge on Nash. If Nash had come to Sagen because of what Lindon did, it would undoubtedly make life difficult for him.

Rubbing his reddened face, Lindon said, "You don't give me money, so I had to earn it myself!"

He killed Lori because not only could he sell the recorded video for

money, but also because her organs were worth a considerable sum.

"I brought you to Purple Church to reform, not to live a life of luxury!" Dominic retorted furiously.

His son and daughter-in-law were killed by his enemies in the process of protecting his remaining descendants, Dominic sent Lindon a

education. However, Lindon still turned into a bad egg. He was

arrogant person who engaged in illicit activities.

The people he had arranged to watch over Lindon had been too

submissive. Upon returning to the country, Lindon committed

numerous crimes in just a short period.

He even kidnapped the daughter of the chief of the Sagen Inspection Office, leading to the rupture of Dominic's hard-earned connections.

The chief contacted the higher authorities in Jonford, which led to a special guidance team being sent to suppress the Green Bamboo Association. Dominic resisted them fiercely, driving away the guidance team. However, the general of the Eastern Territory was then dispatched.

Under such a heavy suppression, Lindon ultimately ended up in

prison. Subsequently, he was sentenced to death by Sagen's highest

court.

As he was Dominic's only grandson and sole bloodline left, Dominic could not bear to see their lineage cut off. He went to great lengths to find a scapegoat to exchange for Lindon's life.

To ensure Lindon would not be tracked down, Dominic sent him to

Purple Church, hoping that he would change in this pure environment.

Unexpectedly, three years later, Lindon committed another capital

crime.

"Bishop, please enforce Purple Church's rules!" Dominic cut straight

to the point as he did not want to delay his trip here in Jonford.

"Skip the punishment. You can leave," the bishop said.

The bishop's attitude took a turn as the man slowly stood up,

It's also my failure to watch over him properly. He has recently

involved in bloodshed, and disaster will follow. You should be m

cautious, Mr. Carter.”

“Thank you, Bishop,” Dominic said with a slight smile. He never believed in that nonsense regarding the disasters of bloodshed. He only believed in the saying that one’s fate was in one’s own hands.

Chap 614

Lindon yawned and said, “Grandpa, let’s go quickly. I feel terrible after being locked up the whole day.” He was craving a smoke.

Dominic suppressed his anger and replied through gritted teeth, “I’ll deal with you when we get back!”

There was no doubt that this troublemaker had indulged in smoking

again.

car

With that, Dominic left with Lindon. There were seven cht luxury

cars parked outside the church. The bodyguards stan doors immediately opened them respectfully when they

coming out.

Dominic got into a car, lit a cigar, and took a deep drag. He then

exhaled the smoke, saying lightly, "You can take action now!"

Inside the church, the bishop led Mortimer to the main hall to carry

out the chants.

Mortimer was still confused by what happened and asked while they were on the way over, "Bishop, why didn't you enforce the rules on Lindt? He has committed many crimes and has a deeply sinful

nature. He should be properly disciplined!"

The rules in the church had never changed. The bishop had always

been decisive. Yet today, he let go of that deeply sinful evildoer so

easily.

"Mr. Carter showed me kindness years ago. He sent Lindt here, hoping I could discipline him on his behalf. Unfortunately, Lindt is

stubborn and deeply rooted in his ways. He hasn't changed at all in

three years. It's ultimately my failing toward the man," the bishop sighed softly.

"Is Lindt really marked with the disaster of bloodshed?" Mortimer asked again before muttering his confusion, "Just who did he offend?"

In the midst of their conversation, the two reached the main hall.

"Greetings, Bishop!" A group of young priests greeted the bishop

respectfully.

“Pray, carry on with the chants,” the bishop calmly instructed. Then, he sat cross-legged on the cushion in the front.

Mortimer sat beside him as well as he recited scriptures.

After a few minutes, the prayer beads in the bishop’s hand suddenly

broke.

Mortimer opened his eyes, staring in shock at the entrance.

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Someone had appeared at the entrance. They were dressed in black and were wearing a smiling mask. A chill permeated the entire hall.

Sensing the coldness, the priests stopped their activities.

“Why stop? Continue chanting!” The bishop casually picked up another string of prayer beads.

He had long foreseen a calamity coming to Purple Church, caus

Lindt. This was also why he spared him of his punishment.

Mortimer was the only martial priest in the church and the guardian

of Purple Church. He slowly stood up. He was the last line of defense. If even he could not withstand the threat, then the 30-plus

priests would stand no chance of surviving.

The other priests continued chanting anxiously.

“Who are you?” Mortimer asked, voice low.

The masked person chuckled ominously. “Don’t you recognize me?”

They then threw a blood-red dagger.

Mortimer dodged the dagger, but the masked person was already in

front of him. A fist struck Mortimer squarely in the chest. He flew

backward, crashing into the statue with a muffled impact before

falling in front of the bishop.

The bishop remained unflinching as he continued to chant cryptic and

incomprehensible scriptures.

Mortimer spat out a mouthful of blood before grabbing the bishop’s

hand. He struggled to speak but managed to say, “Bishop, leave quickly...”

The bishop smiled bitterly. Leave? Was that even possible?

About five minutes later, the masked person exited the church. Behind him, the church was already engulfed in fierce flames.

Nash looked at the road signs, feeling a headache form. The mountainous terrain was complex with several forks in the road. ahead. Some bastard had torn off the road signs. It seemed like he

had taken the wrong path and had to turn back.

Sighing, Nash turned around and vanished into the night.

After three minutes, he returned to the main road and saw panicking

tourists running out of the scenic area. Nash grabbed one of them

and asked, "Which direction is Purple Church?"

"We were heading to Purple Church, but something happened there,"

the breathless man replied.

Nash's eyes narrowed. "What happened?"

The man pointed in a direction and said, "Look, it's on fire..."

Nash followed the man's finger and saw half of the sky dyed red.

"Sir, you'd better not go. I heard there's a masked killer about," the

man turned back to him and continued. However, Nash had

disappeared.

The man looked around and shivered before scrambling his way out.

Chapplets

Nash took advantage of the darkness and moved at the fastest speed he could manage along the road. Pedestrians on the road could not see Nash's figure clearly, only feeling a gust of wind passing by.

Three minutes later, Nash arrived outside Purple Church. He rushed in

despite the large flames, using his true energy to isolate them. There

were more than 30 priests lying lifeless at the feet of the statue.

One priest, who appeared slightly stronger than the rest, was lying in

the arms of the statue. His eyes were wide open in death.

The bishop sitting under the statue was on fire. His head was hung

low as blood flowed continuously from his chest.

A beam, accompanied by tiles, fell down, engulfing the bishop.

After confirming there were no survivors, Nash reluctantly left the

church. About ten minutes later, fire trucks and patrol cars arrived

The person in charge of the scenic area, along with numerous staff,

rushed to put out the fire.

A middle-aged inspector approached him and asked, “Did you report

the incident?”

Nash shook his head. “No.”

The inspector noticed Nash’s calm demeanor and frowned. “You’re

not a tourist, are you?”

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“Yeah, I’m not!”

Nash sank into deep thought as he gazed at the raging fire.

Of all the times something could have happened to Purple Church,

the incident occurred now.

It looked like Lindon had escaped.

Lindon was an uneducated fop. Even if he had picked up some skills, he would not be particularly good at them. Most churches had priests trained for battle guarding them, so how did Lindon manage to kill over a dozen of them?

“Sir... All the priests are dead!”

A young inspector who had thrown a jacket over themselves ran out. There was a solemn expression on their face as they said, “There were 36 people inside the church, and he killed them all!”

The inspectors standing nearby drew in sharp intakes of breath after hearing that.

“Gosh... That’s more than 30 people!”

“That’s not something an ordinary person can pull off!”

“How could these priests have managed to offend anyone?”

“You never know... I heard from my wife that Purple Church charges an exorbitant amount of money for their essential oils. It’s possible they ended up crossing someone they shouldn’t have because of

these prices!”

“Why are you still talking? Go put the fire out!” a middle-aged

inspector said coldly while glaring at them.

The young inspectors immediately fell silent and ran helter-skelter to help put the fire out.

Though there were no survivors, they still had to do their best to

preserve the scene.

Nash took his phone out so that he could call Angelica.

The middle-aged inspector put a hand out to halt Nash. "You seem very suspicious. Please come with me so we can take your statement!"

"No time for that!"

Nash shoved the middle-aged inspector's arm aside and continued walking away.

A cold look appeared in the middle-aged inspector's eyes as he clapped a hand onto Nash's shoulder.

A gust of true energy shoved him aside.

An odd look appeared on the middle-aged inspector's face.

Was he a martial artist?

What did that matter?

He still needed to be interrogated no matter if he was a martial artist or not.

He took large strides toward Nash and said, ““Either you tell me everything, or I’ll get my contacts at the National Martial Bureau to

track you down!”

Nash was already on the phone with Angelica, and when he heard the

cacophony on the other end of the line, he raised his voice. “Did you

see anyone who seemed suspicious just now?”

“Huh?”

“What did you say?”

Angelica was watching a performance put on by a rock band dressed

in odd clothing with Natalia.

The band’s lead singer strummed his guitar as he sang, “It doesn’t shine in the east, but it shines in the west. I’m sunburnt, and I’m sad...”

Many members of the audience sang along.

It was way too noisy. Angelica had to walk away from the crowd and toward somewhere a little quieter before she asked once more, “What did you say?”

Nash repeated his question.

“Suspicious-looking person?”

Angelica looked around her before saying sheepishly, "It's packed here, so I... I wasn't paying attention..."

"Got it!"

Nash hung up the phone.

She had gone there to join in on the fun, so it was no surprise she had

not been paying attention.

When the middle-aged inspector noticed Nash was done speaking on the phone, he asked, "So, can you work with me now?"

Given the number of priests who died at Purple Church today, t

was no doubt the incident would make the headlines in Jonford

tomorrow.

He would not let any potential leads slip past him.

Nash said flatly, "Ask away, but I don't have much time!"

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

"My name is Nash Calcraft, and I'm here because I'm looking for

Lindon Carter!”

“Please do not make a fool of me. I don’t have the time to listen to

your nonsense!”

An ugly look loomed over the middle-aged inspector’s features.” Lindon Carter died from gunshot wounds three years ago!”

Nash could not be bothered to continue explaining himself and sprinted away into the darkness.

“Stop...”

The middle-aged inspector immediately ran after him.

However, after running for a short while, he realized he could not even

catch a glimpse of Nash anymore.

After putting some distance between them, Nash called Walter on the phone.

He needed to pull the surveillance footage of Purple Church and the surrounding areas.

Conflict would probably arise if he went to speak to the relevant personnel in charge of security at these areas himself, hence he needed Walter’s help in gaining access.

There was no one at the plaza near the entrance.

Angelica and Natalia had also been asked to leave the premises.

“What the hell? I just bought these entrance tickets!” “Exactly! Don’t you guys only close at ten o’clock?”

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“We want a refund!”

The tourists began protesting.

The personnel in charge announced loudly, “There’s been an

emergency on the premises. Please keep a hold on your tickets from today and you’ll be granted free access in three days!”

After being provided with a response that satisfied them, the tourists

finally quieted down and left in groups of twos and threes.

The person in charge mopped the sweat from their forehead.

He felt unbelievably panicked.

Who had killed the people at Purple Church?

Dominic Carter?

That seemed unlikely. After all, he was the one who had them kicked

out in the first place.

Besides, Sir Carter was treated relatively well back then. He had no reason to kill everyone in Purple Church.

While he was still puzzled over that, a black-colored Volkswagen

Phaeton pulled to a stop by the curb

The doors opened, and a man dressed in a pink suit stepped out.

A glint immediately appeared in Natalia's eyes.

"Wow, that guy is good-looking!"

"Angelica, want to bet he's got a six-pack underneath those flamboyant-looking clothes?"

Angelica had no time for Natalia's shenanigans.

Her thoughts were preoccupied.

The fact that things had closed for the day without warning meant

something was definitely wrong.

Since Nash had called her just now, it was highly likely something had

gone wrong at Purple Church.

However, she had not seen anyone suspicious-looking just now

because she had been busy having fun with Natalia.

There was no doubt Nash would blame her.

The man in the pink suit strode toward them. He had a slender physique and seemed to be about six feet tall.

Natalia's demeanor immediately changed to give off 'girl-next-door'

vibes as she lowered her head shyly.

She was confident in her looks and trusted her beauty alone was

enough to attract the man's attention.

The man stuffed his hands into his pockets and walked straight

toward the person in charge. He asked in a cold voice, "Why didn't you

inform me of something this major?"

Natalia's heart skipped a beat when she heard his cold-sounding

voice.

Domineering men like him were exactly her type.

The person in charge gulped nervously before saying, “Mr. Norman...

things were so hectic that I... I didn’t have time to inform you!”

The man in the suit slapped the person in charge across the face.

“Would making a phone call take up a lot of your time?”

“I... I won’t repeat my mistake!”

The person in charge cradled his face in his hands, too scared to even draw large breaths.

Just then, Nash emerged from the entrance.

The man used his deep-set eyes to stare at Nash as he asked, “Are you Nash Calcraft?”

Nash nodded. “And you’re Floret Norman?”

“What the fuck?”

“Floret Norman?”

Natalia was stunned.

Her image of him was immediately destroyed.

That name did not suit his looks at all!

“That’s my grandfather’s nickname for me!”

An ugly look appeared on the man's face as he spoke.

Walter immediately called his grandfather.

His grandfather was getting on in age, and after being diagnosed with

Alzheimer's disease, he only remembered his childhood nickname.

Natalia heaved a sigh of relief.

Thank goodness.

The image she had constructed of him was not utterly destroyed jus

yet.

However, he would look even better if he were wearing a black or

white-colored suit.

"My name's Flo Norman!"

The man introduced himself as he reached a hand out.

Natalia was speechless.

Fucking hell.

That was not much better than being named Floret.

“Hello!”

Nash also extended his hand out so that they could shake hands.

Flo was about Nash’s height, and he gazed straight into Nash’s eyes as he said, “Walter has already told me everything. I’ll work with you in

every way I can!”

An odd look appeared on Nash’s face as he said, “Thank you... but...

do you mind letting go?”

Flo released his grasp and immediately grabbed the person in charge by the collar, dragging them over to stand before Nash before saying coolly, “Tell Nash everything you know. Be prepared to lose your job if

you tell even one lie!”

Chapter 618

“Mr. Norman... I... I...”

A dismayed look appeared on the man’s face. He did not know what

to do.

After all, the person who had come to speak to him was

than Dominic Carter, the most influential person in the nation's underworld forces.

Dominic Carter was the president of the Green Bamboo Association.

Even if he fessed up, and told them it was Dominic, the Norman family would not dare do anything either!

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Flo slapped him across the face again as he said, "You can go ahead and pack your things. Remember to collect the 60-million-dollar

compensation fee from my secretary!"

He had invested in the development of this tourist attraction, and one of the clauses in the contract had stated whoever breached the

agreement would need to pay the other party 60 million dollars in compensation.

The Norman family was one of the most influential families among Jonford's Second Tier Elite Families, and the family's fortune was

comparable to what the Five Elite Families had.

60 million dollars was nothing to Flo Norman.

Natalia gazed at Flo.

He suddenly seemed extremely attractive to her.

He was overbearing and wild; brutal and high-strung.

Besides, he was also rich and handsome.

All this made him seem like a character straight from a book!

“Would you have had anything to do with the 30 lives lost at Pu Church today?”

Nash’s voice was cool as he turned to look at the person in charge.

Once he said that...

Flo’s eyes immediately widened.

Angelica and Natalia were shocked.

Given what Nash had just said, did that mean everyone in Purple

Church was dead?

“Bullshit...”

He got slapped across the face again.

The person in charge put a hand against his cheek and glared at

Nash. “How dare you slap me?”

Flo slapping him was one matter. After all, he was the heir to the

Norman family.

However, who did this guy think he was?

How dare he slap him?

While the person, in charge glared at Nash...

Flo slapped him again. "Seems like you're trying to fight back?"

After getting slapped several more times, the person in charge began
feeling dizzy.

He felt defiant, but he did not dare voice out his displeasure.

Sir Carter had become much less high-key after what had happened
to the Green Bamboo Association a while ago.

There was no certainty he would help out if he ever got bullied.

"It was Dominic Carter! Dominic went to Purple Church!"

The person in charge massaged his cheeks as he spoke.

Dominic Carter!

Nash felt like he was struck by thunder when he heard that name.

He was the president of the Green Bamboo Association.

He was the most influential person in the nation's underworld forces.

"You know Dominic?" Nash asked as he knitted his eyebrows

together.

"Yes. I spent some time in the Green Bamboo Association about seven years ago!" The person in charge looked up and into Nash's eyes, sounding somewhat proud of himself. He added, "I'm also on quite good terms with him!"

That last bit was to prompt Nash to apologize.

He and Dominic were on good terms.

Things would become difficult for Nash if he did not apologize.

However, Nash did not seem to understand what the person in charge was hinting at. Either that, or he could not care less because both

Dominic and Carter were going to die anyway. He asked, "Around

what time did he leave? Did he say where he was headed?"

When the person in charge heard the urgency in Nash's voice, he grinned and asked, "Are you trying to butter up to Sir Dominic?"

Nash slapped him across the face as he said coldly, "Answer my

question!’

He had vented some of his frustrations into that slap.

The culprit had finally been identified after a day’s hard work, and th

had nearly managed to capture him.

All of Nash’s anger was bottled up within him, and this man had

unwisely chosen to run his mouth.

What was that if not causing trouble for himself?

The person in charge was slapped so vehemently that two of his

teeth flew out from his mouth.

Chapter 619

His right cheek swelled up, and a small section of it even began.

bleeding.

He cradled his cheek in his face as he stumbled backward, his

features twisting themselves together into an ugly expression. He

said, “You bastard, you’ve angered me. Just you wait...”

When he finished his sentence, he turned and stalked off.

He planned to take the 60 million dollars and rejoin Sir Dominic's forces.

Flo's cool eyes glinted as he took his phone out and contacted the finance department. "The person in charge of the Mount Warner

project will be contacting the legal department to request his

compensation. I'm sure you know how to proceed."

"No problem!"

The person on the other end of the line answered cheerfully.

Flo hung up the phone and waved at the security guard.

The man wearing the security guard's uniform immediately hurried

over and lowered his head to him respectfully. "Mr. Norman..."

"I want the footage from all the security cameras!"

"Please come with me, Mr. Norman!"

The security guard immediately turned and walked toward the

Angelica said flatly, "You can go ahead and woo him if you have feelings for him."

Natalia seemed to have something else she wanted to say.

However, one of the Inspection Office's cars appeared.

When the middle-aged inspection officer inside the car saw Nash in the guard house, a cold look appeared on his face. "Stop the car..."

The driver immediately stepped on the brakes.

All the inspection officers inside the car got out of the car.

Two of them even retrieved their guns.

Nash was focused on watching the surveillance footage and did not notice them forcing their way in.

Flo stepped forth to stop them and asked flatly, "Is something wrong?"

"Mr. Norman, this individual is suspected to be tied to the Purple Church massacre. We need to take him in for questioning!"

The middle-aged inspection officer was the captain of the Area Inspection Brigade. Naturally, he had heard of the heir of the Norman family, who was well-known in the area.

"Nash is in the midst of investigating what happened in Purple Church. Did you say he's involved in this tragedy?"

“You’ll have to show your evidence for why you’re labeling him as a

suspect. How could you call him a suspect when you don’t even have any evidence?”

Flo furrowed his eyebrows together as he rebuked the officer coldly.

A sheepish expression appeared on the middle-aged inspector’s face. “He was the only person present at the scene when we arrived, and

he’s also a martial artist!”

Flo sneered, “So, does that make everyone present at the scene a suspect?”

The arrogant way Flo spoke caused an ugly look to slowly settle across the middle-aged inspector’s face. “Please don’t engage in the obstruction of justice, Mr. Norman. Should it be required, we’ll take

necessary action against you!”

Though the Norman family was highly influential, he also had the Inspection Office’s power to back him up.

He had to do everything in his power to protect the Inspection Officer’s honor.

Flo stood at the doorway and sneered. “Alright then. Please take the necessary action against me!”

All the families in Jonford knew it would be a better idea to cross

Satan than to cross Nash.

Countless families wanted to strike a rapport with Nash.

The Norman family was no exception. There just had never been the opportunity for them to do so.

Flo had felt a wave of excitement rush over him earlier when his grandfather told him Walter had called and asked him to help Nash out.

It was his chance to get closer to Nash.

Hence, how could he sit back and watch when Nash was in trouble?

Besides, why should he fear the Inspection Office when he was not at fault?

The look on the middle-aged inspection officer's face slowly grew uglier.

Flo was not even trying to show him any respect.

If that were the case, he had to deal with him the same way he dealt with anyone who engaged in the obstruction of justice.

Then, Angelica strode over. "Chief Sutherland... Please calm down..."

Chapter 620

Dane Sutherland turned to Angelica and asked in astonishment, " Angelica, what are you doing here?"

Angelica was the chief of an Area Inspection Brigade, just like him.

She was also the only inspection officer who had been made chief of an Area Inspection Brigade before turning even 25 years old.

Hence, Angelica had formed a great impression on him.

"A murder just occurred in Jonford. It was an extremely violent crime. Not only did the murderer upload a video of the victim getting abused on the dark web, but they also harvested the victim's kidneys so that they could sell them for profit.

"The clues we had gathered thus far told us the culprit was hiding in Purple Church, and Mr. Calcraft is working with me to catch the

murderer!"

Angelica gave him a summary of what was going on.

Dane had a nickname-Mother Sutherland.

He was a man of integrity who always abided by the law. However, he

was not a particularly easy man to get along with and often acted

rashly.

Several times, he stood up during meetings and objected to what

Chief Zink proposed.

Thus, Chief Zink was not very pleased with him.

After hearing Angelica's explanation, Dane beckoned for his men to

put their guns away as he asked flatly, "Is he a member of the

Inspection Office?"

Angelica shook her head. "No!"

Dane sneered. "Shouldn't the work of catching criminals be left to the inspection officers? Why is he butting in?"

Angelica answered, "He's sworn brothers with Philix Xing, the Northern Territory's general. Nash has also saved his life in the past!"

Everything went quiet after she said that.

The two inspection officers standing behind Dane gulped instinctively.

Philix Xing.

General of the Northern Territory.

Hearing those phrases felt like being struck by lightning.

Even Dane, who usually never bowed down to power, could not stop

himself from drawing a sharp intake of breath.

It had not even occurred to him that Nash had such powerful individuals supporting him.

Just then, Nash noticed a group of cars appearing in the footage.

There were eight cars, and all their license plates had been blacked

out.

They were driving down a road inside the tourist attraction that had

restricted access.

“Where does this road lead to?” Nash asked.

“It leads to Mount Royal, and you can cut through Mount Royal to exit onto Interstate 709!”

The security guard was familiar with the roads here and answered Nash’s question without hesitation.

“I’ll contact the Traffic Inspection Department and have them keep an eye on Interstate 709!”

Angelica immediately grabbed her phone to make the phone call.

Nash shook his head. “It’s unlikely Dominic will take Interstate 709!”

Dominic was not an idiot. The fact he had been president of the Green Bamboo Association for so long and could keep the Ten

Juggernauts under his control was enough to indicate he was much

more cunning than he let on.

There was no doubt Dominic's men were behind the Purple Church

massacre.

Mount Warner was a tourist attraction equipped with countless

security cameras, which would allow them to piece together their

journey.

If they traveled down the interstate, they could be easily located by checking the highway's surveillance system.

Hence, Nash had a hunch Dominic would not be taking the interstate.

However, that might not be the case either.

Given how cunning Dominic was, it was highly likely he would do

exactly what they were expecting him not to do.

Perhaps he would get Lindon to hide in Mount Royal while he traveled
down the interstate with his men?

Maybe he would take Lindon with him and have the eight cars exit
onto the interstate at different times and head to different
destinations?

Nash's head began aching.

It was probably going to be impossible to capture Lindon.

Unless a massive number of inspection officers were summoned to
search the entirety of Mount Royal.

Some of them also needed to be tasked with following those eight
cars.

Such a massive operation could not be accomplished in such a short
amount of time.

"Dane, there was a camera embedded in one of the statues. Why
don't you look at the footage and see if it's useful?"

A sooty-faced firefighter stood outside the guardhouse and handed

over a pocket-sized security camera

Delighted, Dane hurriedly took the camera and asked, "Did you find it

in the statue in the main hall?"

"Yes, but we aren't sure if the footage on it can be used or not. The

fire's been put out. We're leaving the rest up to you!"

He got into the firetruck and left after saying that.

Dane turned to one of his team members and asked, "Did you bring a

laptop?"

They shook their heads as they answered, "The company-issued laptop that we usually keep in the car has been sent for repairs!"

Dane handed the camera to the security guard. "Please help me extract the surveillance footage stored in this camera!"