

CEO Bride 621

Chapter 621

The priests had all met their deaths in the main hall, and the camera was embedded within a statue in that very main hall.

It was certain that the camera must have captured everything that happened.

Nash sounded confused as he gazed at the camera and asked, "The priests treat those statues with such care. Would they really have

allowed cameras to be installed on them?"

Flo guessed, "The head priest probably put it there to keep an eye on the less experienced ones!"

The security guard had removed the SD card from the camera, and they popped it into a reader before connecting it to the computer.

When they opened the file, there was tons of surveillance footage dating back to as far as six months ago.

The camera was installed six months ago.

The guard clicked on the file that contained footage recorded from

today.

Then, they skipped ahead to the footage captured around seven.

o'clock and began fast-forwarding it.

At around nine o'clock, a person wearing black-colored clothing and a black-colored mask appeared.

"The Smiling Grim Reaper?"

The Smiling Grim Reaper was one of her idols.

He had heavily influenced her desire to become an assassin.

The video continued playing.

The Smiling Grim Reaper murdered everyone in the blink of an eye.

Before leaving, he toppled over the candles placed before the statues.

"The Smiling Grim Reaper?"

Dane narrowed his eyes. "What massive grudge does he have against Purple Church, to the point where he could do something so cruel?"

Angelica stood rooted to the spot, dumbfounded.

The Smiling Grim Reaper!

She gazed at Nash, seemingly hoping to get an answer from his eyes.

Nash smiled a slight smile as he asked, "Do you think that's the

Smiling Grim Reaper?”

Angelica knew that his alter ego was the Smiling Grim Reaper.

He could not believe she was suspecting him.

Angelica pursed her lips and did not say anything.

She was, indeed, suspecting Nash.

After all, he had single-handedly caused the deaths of over a

thousand members of the Green Bamboo Association at Imperial

Summer Manor.

It was not unlikely for him to fly into a rage and massacre everyone in Purple Church when they refused to give up the whereabouts of Lindon Carter.

After all, he was the Smiling Grim Reaper!

Nash sighed inwardly when he saw the look on Angelica’s face.

Whatever.

Those who chose to believe in him would always believe in him.

As for those who did not, well, there was no point in explaining himself.

Dane frowned, "The Smiling Grim Reaper is not someone we're equipped to deal with. We should contact the National Martial Bureau and Special Security!"

After over a dozen years on the job, he had, naturally, heard of the Smiling Grim Reaper.

He was the highest-ranking assassin on the Killer Leaderboard, and

countries had failed to capture him despite mobilizing their best

talents.

When Angelica heard Dane mention that, she immediately said, "I

think we should conduct a more thorough investigation. It'll be better

to inform the higher-ups after gaining a more thorough understanding

of what's going on!"

Nash might get into massive trouble if the National Martial Bureau and Special Security got involved.

"Investigate? How are we going to investigate this? Are we supposed

to find out where the Smiling Grim Reaper is? What are we supposed

to do with that information even if we manage to find that out?"

Dane spoke mockingly.

Then, he gazed at Angelica and asked, "Are you also a fan of the

Smiling Grim Reaper?"

The data showed that many women who knew how the dark web

worked had fallen for the Smiling Grim Reaper.

He could not wrap his head around why they would have feelings for

a murderous fiend.

Angelica did not want to pay Dane any attention and instead turned to

Nash. "I'll ask Chief Zink to send some men over to search the

mountains. We must arrest Lindon Carter by tonight!"

Chapter 622

If they managed to capture Lindon, they could interrogate him and find out who the person impersonating the Smiling Grim Reaper was.

Nash nodded. "If Chief Zink agrees to mobilize so many inspection officers, we'll be able to arrest him tonight!"

Angelica took her phone out and began making calls.

Dane shook his head ruefully. "Looks like we'll have to spend the entire night working!"

When he finished his sentence, one of the inspection officers

standing beside him asked, "Chief Sutherland, did Chief White... mention Lindon's name?"

Dane snapped out of his reverie when he heard that.

He turned to look at Angelica in shock.

However, she was already on the phone with Chief Zink.

"Search Mount Royal? Angelica, are you insane? Do you know how large that mountain is?"

Henderson raised his voice.

"It's what Nash wants!"

Angelica had guessed that Henderson would not agree to what she suggested.

Hence, she brought Nash into the conversation.

Henderson immediately switched tones and said hesitantly, "It's after hours now. It'll take me another two hours to summon everyone back to work and head over to Mount Royal... Two hours would be more than enough for him to vanish, wouldn't it?"

Angelica said hesitantly, "Well... should we just let the murderer run free? Lindon is the murderer!"

"Lindon Carter?"

“Didn’t he die from gunshot wounds three years ago?”

Henderson was shocked to his very core.

Angelica added, “He’s not dead...”

Henderson drew in a deep breath before saying, “I’ll get in touch with someone from the Jonford government and set things straight. Something about this is fishy.

“I saw the bullet travel through Lindon’s brain with my very eyes all those years ago, and the medical examiner who pronounced him dead was a friend of mine who didn’t notice anything out of the ordinary!”

He hung up the phone after saying that.

Angelica felt all her hope vanish.

It would be too late by the time Chief Zink finished making all his phone calls.

Nash heaved a rueful sigh.

Just then, Nash’s phone began vibrating in his pocket.

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When he took it out, he realized it was Hera calling him.

However, Melody’s voice rang out when he answered the phone.

“Nash, Hera has been taken away!

“They had two warriors in the Profound Reality Realm among them...

Finn, Ken, and I did our best, but we couldn’t defeat them!”

Melody’s voice sounded both frantic and slightly weak.

“Do you know who they are?” Nash asked while frowning.

“No, and they requested that you go to Tranquil Retreat!” Melody

Ladded worriedly, “I’m afraid they might be working for the Klein

family!”

Nash hung up the phone and turned to Flo, “Please take me to Tranquil Retreat!”

Flo did not say anything in reply. He merely turned and began walking

to where his car was parked.

Nash hurried after him.

The fact that Hera had been taken away now could only mean two

things.

The first was that Dominic had hired someone to do it.

The second was that the Klein family had obtained some information.

Nash had a feeling it was more likely to be the first possibility.

Tranquil Retreat was a guesthouse in the heart of the city.

Flo sped toward the building.

The entire journey was supposed to take over an hour, but he managed to shorten it to slightly over ten minutes.

The car pulled to a stop in front of Tranquil Retreat.

Flo asked quietly, "Do you need anything else?"

"No thanks!"

Nash answered without much thought before striding to the entrance.

The cold look in Flo's eyes slowly softened as he watched Nash walk away.

When he could no longer see Nash, he averted his gaze and began

making phone calls. "Gather all your men and rent several helicopters

that can circle Mount Royal!"

Nash walked over to the reception desk in Tranquil Retreat.

Before he even said anything, the receptionist smiled and asked, "Are you Mr. Nash Calcraft?"

Nash nodded. "Yes, I am..."

The receptionist placed a keycard between them. "They're waiting for you in Room 506!"

Nash grabbed the keycard and headed toward the elevators.

Chapter 623

He took the elevator to the fifth floor.

After locating the room, he swiped the keycard and opened the door.

It was a large-sized suite.

There were two men having tea in the room.

One had a kind smile on his face, while the other looked like someone owed him several million dollars.

Several middle-aged men wearing black leather jackets stood behind them.

Hera was sitting with these two elderly men, a nervous expression on her face. She looked up the minute she heard the door open, and an expression that was equal parts surprised and worried appeared on her face. That was because she saw Nash walking in. "Nash..."

"Sit down!" one of the elders said coolly.

An invisible force pushed Hera back down onto her seat.

Nash swept a quick glance across the room.

Five Profound Reality Realm martial artists.

Two Mystique Loyalty Realm martial artists.

The two men seated and having tea were the ones who had achieved

the Mystique Loyalty Realm. In fact, one had even achieved the peak Mystique Loyalty Realm.

After gathering himself, he walked over calmly and asked, “Who are

you?”

“Have some tea!”

The elderly man who did not show any emotion on his face slammed

a hand on the table where the teacups were.

A teacup spun in the air as it flew toward Nash.

Thick gusts of true energy formed ripples in the air.

Nash used his true energy to catch the teacup. Cracks formed on the tiles beneath him as he did so.

Nash walked over with the cup in his hands.

All the middle-aged men stepped forth to stop him.

“Nash is a guest. You may step aside!”

The kind-looking man stroked his mustache as he spoke.

Everyone stepped aside.

Nash strode forth and took the fourth seat at the table.

The kind-looking man smiled and said, “Allow me to introduce myself.

I’m Bobby Olsen, Third Elder of the National Security Bureau. This

here is...”

“Samson Sanchez. I’m Fifth Elder!”

The surly-looking man cut in before he finished speaking.

Bobby chuckled and said, “My colleague is not very good with words...

Please don’t take it personally, Nash!”

Hera moved her chair closer to Nash.

She only felt safe when she was close to Nash.

Nash held Hera's hand, which was cool to the touch. He gazed at Bobby evenly as he asked, "Are you here on Dylan Murphy's orders?"

He had not expected Hera to be taken by men from the National Security Bureau.

They should have come to him if they wanted to speak to him. Why were they using a woman to threaten him?

heard that the Smiling Grim Reaper killed over 30 people in Purple Church. How would you explain that, Nash?"

Bobby picked up a teacup and blew on it to cool it.

Nash felt a chill wash over him.

Then, he laughed as he said, "Looks like I've underestimated Dominic

He had not expected Dominic to have ties even within the National Security Bureau.

Less than two hours had passed since what had just occurred at Purple Church.

Yet, members of the National Security Bureau in Capiton had already made their way to Jonford.

Had Dominic summoned them here to cause him trouble?

"What do you mean by that, Mr. Calcraft?" Bobby asked, his knitting themselves together.

"I'm sure you know what I mean, don't you?" Nash asked as he took a

sip of tea.

“Are you insinuating we’re connected to Dominic Carter?”

A shocked look appeared on Bobby’s face.

Nash sneered, “How else would you have learned of what happened at Purple Church?”

Bobby narrowed his eyes. “So, you’re admitting that you did it?”

The table suddenly shook, and cracks appeared on it.

That happened because of the aura emanating from Samson.

It was directed at Nash and Hera.

All the experts’ gazes immediately landed on the couple.

Things suddenly felt much more serious.

Hera felt like she was struggling to breathe.

Nash said slowly, “If Dominic asked you to kill me, you should attack

now!”

Chapter 624

“Preposterous child! You deserve to be arrested!”

Samson sneered.

Three martial artists who had achieved the Profound Reality Realm

immediately began walking toward Nash.

Hera began shaking from fright.

She still did not understand what was going on.

Moreover, she could not understand how Nash had managed to cross

the National Security Bureau.

One of the three martial artists asked, “Are you coming with us, or do

you need us to make you?”

“I’ll come with you on the condition that you let my wife go!” Nash answered flatly.

With Hera there, he had no way of fighting back.

Besides, both men had achieved mid-Mystique Loyalty Realm. Even if

he attacked, he would be on the losing side.

“Woman, you should leave! We’ll let him go once we’ve concluded our

investigation!”

Bobby waved a hand, and the Profound Reality Realm experts backed

down.

Tears appeared in Hera's eyes and flowed down her cheeks as she

said, "I won't leave... I want to stay!"

She did not know what was going on, but she could tell Nash was in danger. It was even possible they might kill him.

Nash smiled slightly. "Go and tell the others not to worry. I'll be

alright!"

If the National Security Bureau had managed to find out he was the Smiling Grim Reaper, they would also know he and Francis had the same mentor. He was not that easy of a force to be reckoned with.

"No... I want to be with you, even if that means dying!"

Hera trembled as she held onto Nash.

Nash patted her on the back before saying gently, "Silly goose, you're

overthinking things. They wouldn't dare kill me. You should go!"

"Preposterous!"

Samson huffed coolly once more.

What did he mean when Nash said they would not dare kill him?

The National Security Bureau had special clearance to act first and think later.

So what if he and Francis Dunn had the same mentor?

Did he really think Francis would be able to protect him?

After being comforted by Nash, Hera finally got to her feet and walked out of the room. She turned to look at Nash multiple times as she did so.

The smile had also vanished from Bobby's face because of how brazenly Nash was acting. However, things would look much different once the truth was revealed. He merely said calmly, "Let's go!"

Nash left Tranquil Retreat while surrounded by a group of men.

When they arrived at the parking lot, Bobby said calmly, "The place we're headed to is rather unique, so we'll have to put a seal on your powers!"

Nash nodded.

Bobby tapped several spots on Nash's body, and bouts of true energy traveled through his system to seal off his sources of true energy.

Now, Nash was like a goat ready to be slaughtered.

He had always been the one calling the shots on the lives of others.

However, today, his fate was in the hands of someone else.

Nash got into the National Security Bureau's vehicle after a hood and handcuffs were fitted onto him.

Four cars slowly drove away from Tranquil Retreat.

On the roof of the building, two figures watched as the cars drove off.

"Why didn't you do anything?"

"The National Security Bureau isn't a force to be reckoned with. We should let your boss do the honors!"

An hour later, Nash was sent to a cell in a secret base.

The place was heavily guarded by nearly 2,000 soldiers.

"Grandpa Bobby! Grandpa Samson!"

A woman dressed in camo smiled as she walked toward them.

"Peggy... Put him in Cell 1!"

Bobby pointed at Nash, who was being escorted over by two men.

“Cell 1?”

Peggy Solomon gave the man who had a black-colored hood on his head a shocked look.

“Yes. There’s some business we need to take care of. We’ll be back tomorrow!”

Bobby nodded and then got back into the car so that he could leave.

Peggy grabbed Nash by the arm and began leading him toward the cells.

Chapter 625

Nash’s powers were sealed.

He could not even use his spiritual power or Third Eye.

Bobby’s seal could be broken. However, it would take some time.

Nash began using the trace amounts of true energy he had concealed to start breaking through the seal.

He did not like the feeling of having someone else call the shots in his life, and he had to break the seal as soon as possible.

Otherwise, he would not even have the opportunity to use the Divine Cauldron to help him fight against the National Security Bureau if

they wanted to kill him.

Inside the dingy underground area, Nash was shoved into Cell 1.

The prisoners in the cells flanking it got to their feet and walked to the doors of their cells.

“Cell 1?”

“Who is this person?”

“Either way, he’s not someone we can afford to mess with!”

“You should focus on trying to get out of this place. Do you think

you’ll be able to mess with anyone when you’re locked up in here?”

The prison soon fell silent.

Peggy confiscated Nash’s belongings before pulling the hood off his

head.

It was then that Nash realized this cell was beautifully decorated. It even had a double bed fitted with a Simmons mattress.

The cell was also equipped with a fridge, television, and various kitchenware.

Rather than calling it a cell, it would be more fitting to call it a hotel

room.

After unfastening his handcuffs, Peggy walked over to stand in front of Nash. It was then that she realized how young he was and that he was also rather good-looking.

“There’s a phone on the wall. We’ll satisfy whatever requests you make, as long as you don’t go too overboard with them!”

“What is this place?” Nash asked.

“I can’t tell you that!”

Peggy answered coolly before walking out of the room and closing the heavy door made from titanium behind her.

She returned to her office.

There, she powered on her laptop.

After staring at the surveillance footage on the screen for some time, she chose to watch Cell 1’s surveillance footage.

Her screen was immediately filled with footage from that room.

Peggy tapped her fingers against her pale chin as she mumbled, “ Who on earth is he? Why is he getting such special treatment?”

The doorbell rang.

Peggy looked up as she said, “Come in!”

A middle-aged man who was also dressed in camo entered the room.

“Squad Leader, what are you doing here?”

“I heard someone’s staying in Cell 1. Is that true?”

The middle-aged man strode toward the laptop and stared at Cell 1’s

tenant. His eyes narrowed as he said, “Why does he look so familiar?”

Peggy chuckled. “Given the fact that he seems familiar to you, could he be the family member of some general?”

The middle-aged man thought about it for a long time but could not arrive at a conclusion. “That might be it. Either way, don’t spend all your time in the office. There’s a special training happening tonight. You should begin preparing for it!”

He left the office after saying that.

Nash did a lap of the room.

All four walls had been constructed using titanium, and escaping from this place would be difficult.

He should focus on breaking the seal Bobby had put on him.

Nash took a bottle of beer from the fridge and grabbed an apple from the fruit platter before walking toward the double bed fitted with a

Simmons mattress..

After replenishing his energy, he focused his efforts on breaking the

seal.

To ensure nothing seemed too out of the ordinary, he flicked through

a magazine as he did so.

Bobby's true energy had taken the form of eight vital needles that had lodged themselves in his energy center.

If Nash wanted to break the seal, he would have to first destroy these

eight vital needles.

However, Bobby had achieved the Mystique Loyalty Realm, which

meant the intensity of his true energy was much greater than his own.

Meanwhile, the trace amounts of true energy he had managed to retain had to be divided into countless portions to attack each vital needle.

Nash transported his true energy to his right palm, which he gently placed on his stomach.

The true energy in his palm fissured into countless links.

A small portion took the form of a vital needle that traveled toward one of Bobby's vital needles and attacked it.

His vital needle, about as thick as a strand of hair, slammed against

Bobby's vital needle, which was as thick as a toothpick. The effect was similar to throwing a pebble into the sea-nothing happened.

That did not discourage Nash, though. He continued using however much true energy he had left to continue attacking the vital needle.

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His strategy was to play the long game and keep attacking one of the vital needles until it broke. Then, he could take the true energy that leaked from it to continue attacking the other vital needles.

The true energy in Nash's palm continued attacking the vital needle incessantly, and it was a torturous process. He soon began sweating profusely, and his body shook uncontrollably.

After Peggy summoned all the soldiers in her squad to gather

together, she turned her laptop on again to see what the prisoner in Cell 1 was up to.

She was flabbergasted when she saw what was going on in that cell.

Chapter 626

What was he doing?

From the surveillance footage, she saw Nash holding an adult

magazine with one hand while his other hand was moving under his

blanket.

Peggy slammed her laptop shut as disgust appeared in her eyes.

He looked decent, but it turned out that he was actually so perverted! Did he not know that there were cameras in the cells?

"Peggy, the training is about to start."

A beautiful woman with pigtails and in camouflage clothing walked in.

When she saw Peggy's red face, a profound smile appeared on her face. "Peggy, are you looking at adult websites? You have to invite me next time! You have to share the good stuff with your friends."

Peggy glared at her. "No way. Go to the assembly."

In the Northern Territory, Philix had almost recovered after about a month of recovery.

The big eyes on his square face were as sharp as an eagle's.

He was wearing martial attire as he sat upright and still on the main seat in the meeting room. In the meantime, the five gold stars on both of his shoulders shone brightly under the light.

He did not say anything, but the majestic aura emanating from his body silenced the senior officers present, including the people who were generals and above.

"I'll send someone to rescue Nash!"

"Is the National Martial Bureau crazy? How dare they arrest just about anyone?"

"I heard those martial artists are tough. Why don't I send people tougher than them..."

The officers were talking all at once.

They knew Philix had a son out there, and he was the one who cured Philix.

Now that his son was arrested, these bad-tempered officers were having none of it.

"Everyone, shut up!"

Stellar, who was next to Philix, boomed sternly.

Stellar was a colonel, so his words held some weight. The crowd shut their mouths immediately.

Then, Stellar grinned. "My people are on their way."

How would he allow these people to get a step ahead in saving

Philix's son?

"Damn! How shameless!"

"He's going to get all the credit again."

The senior officers started to argue noisily again.

Philix turned to look at Stellar. "How many people did you send?"

Stellar thought for a while and said, "Not many. Just two trump

cards."

Philix nodded. "That's enough."

There were 16 trump cards in the Northern Territory, and each

consisted of 8,800 people.

20,000 armed forces in Jonford would surely give the National Martial

Bureau a headache.

Philix would not allow anyone to bully his son!

“Philix, will this expose your relationship with Nash?” A slightly older

officer with three stars asked in a deep voice.

“Relationship?”

“Nash is Philix’s savior, so is it strange to save his savior?” Stellar

asked indifferently.

Philix looked at the snow mountain outside the tent. He seemed to

have a lot on his mind.

The Great Elder of the Heavenly Doors was the one who told them

news about Nash.

At the same time, he also told Philix about Nash’s many secrets.

Perhaps he would have to place the hope of the Youngs on his son.

It was midnight.

The secret base of the National Martial Bureau was still brightly lit.

The soldiers who had participated in the special training were finally free, and they dragged their tired bodies toward the living area.

Peggy was a prison guard, so when she had nothing to do, she would stay in her office to watch the inmates.

After a few hours of training, she went back to her office, exhausted.

She took a can of beverage from her fridge and plopped down on the soft sofa comfortably.

She then turned on her laptop to watch the inmates from the surveillance cameras.

When she finally got to Cell 1, she hit her laptop.

“What’s going on? It froze.”

Peggy frowned.

It had been three hours, but the man in the footage was still doing the

same thing.

Suddenly, the man groaned and shuddered.

Peggy slammed her laptop shut again.

She murmured in disbelief, “D-Did he last that long?”

Inside the cell, Nash grabbed a few tissues from the nightstand and

spat out the vital energy and blood from his throat.

Chapter 627

He had removed three out of eight vital needles.

Now, he could use these three loopholes to mobilize more of his true

energy.

If he wanted to completely break the seal, he would have to wait until

the next morning.

Nash was exhausted right now, so he planned to have some supper.

Therefore, he grabbed the phone on the wall and pressed a button.

The red landline in the office rang.

This landline was exclusively connected to Cell 1.

Peggy picked up the phone and heard Nash's weak voice.

"Get me something to eat."

"A-Are you okay?"

Peggy was a little concerned about his body.

It had been three hours. Even cows could not handle that.

"I'm fine."

Nash hung up after he said that.

Then, he staggered to sit on the sofa.

He could still taste blood in his throat. He cleared his throat and spat the bloody phlegm into the bin.

20 minutes later, Peggy headed to Cell 1 with a bowl of pasta and

some roasted meat.

The other inmates were green with envy.

At that moment, their buns were not as tempting anymore.

Shortly after, Peggy entered Cell 1.

Immediately, she saw the man lying on the sofa. His face was pale,

and he looked dispirited. Furthermore, his forehead was drenched

with sweat.

Nash grabbed the pasta and started wolfing it down. Right after that,

he grabbed a drumstick and started eating it.

Peggy stole a glance at the bin next to her.

Gosh, he was bleeding!

How did his girlfriend handle him?

No, if he had a girlfriend, he would still be able to restrain himself in

prison, right?

“How did you get here?” Peggy asked carefully..

Nash slurped up the last of the pasta and replied, “Didn’t you see? I

was brought here by your Grandpa Bobby.”

“I meant, what did you do?” Peggy explained.

“Gosh, your Grandpa Bobby is the National Martial Bureau’s Third

Elder. He can arrest me even if I didn’t do anything, no?” Nash asked

sarcastically.

“Grandpa Bobby only arrests felons who kill without batting an eyelid.

So if he arrested you, it means you must’ve killed someone.”

Of course, Peggy could hear the dissatisfaction and sarcasm in

Nash’s voice.

However, she was already used to it.

Everyone who Grandpa Bobby arrested was very stubborn at first, but

after a while, they would be more obedient.

After Nash finished the pasta and meat, he regained his energy.

He decided to break Bobby’s seal tonight.

Once Peggy cleared the plates and cutlery, she reminded him, ”

There are cameras in the cell.”

“I got it.”

Nash was stunned after he said that.

Did she find out that he was trying to break the seal?

“You... You should restrain yourself.”

Peggy left after she glared at him.

Nash was confused.

What did she mean?

Was that a code?

Nash could not figure out what Peggy was trying to say even after a very long time.

Whatever. He decided to continue breaking the seal.

Nash took off his coat and got into his bed in his shirt. Even though

he had the blanket, he still felt insecure, so he turned his back toward

the door.

After Peggy brought everything to the cafeteria, she went back to her

dorm.

At Royal Bay, Hera was staring into space on the sofa.

Melody, Finn, and Ken were pale.

They had all gotten hurt in the process of protecting Hera.

“Hera, you should rest. Nash will be fine,” Melody comforted her.

Finn and her were martial artists, so they would be fine not sleeping

for a few days.

Hera was an ordinary person. If she did not sleep for one night, she might not be able to make up for the damage her body suffered.

“I want to wait for him to come back.”

Hera shook her head and murmured dazedly.

Chapter 628

Finn placed his hand under his chin and said with a frown, “This is not

as simple as we think. Of all the times the people from the National

Martial Bureau could take action, they chose to do it when Mr. Nash

was taking action against Lindon.”

Melody’s eyes were shining. “Do you think Dominic has spies in the

National Martial Bureau?"

Finn inhaled sharply. "Third Elder and Fifth Elder are very suspicious."

Ken sat on the sofa and tapped his fingertips against the sofa. He said, "Let's think about how we should save Mr. Nash."

Hera lifted her head to look at Melody and Finn. She sobbed slightly

as she said, "Nash told you to not worry. He said he'll be fine."

Melody held Hera sadly when she saw the tears in her eyes. "If that's the case, you don't need to worry too. Go upstairs and rest. We'll take

care of this."

Hera whimpered, "I won't be able to sleep tonight."

Nash was in danger, so how could she sleep?

Melody suggested, "Why don't you call. Theo?"

Hera shook his head. "I don't have his number."

Yet, right after she said that, she remembered she had Olivia's

number.

She immediately called Olivia.

“Hello, Hera?”

Olivia yawned.

“Olivia, something happened to Nash.”

“What?”

Olivia bolted upright from her bed.

Then, she switched on the night light and asked, “What happened?

What’s going on?”

Nash could be regarded as an invincible figure in Jonford, so who

could have done this?

“I-It’s the National Martial Bureau,” Hera sobbed.

“The National Martial Bureau...

“Did they find out who Nash is?”

Olivia was wide awake now, and she asked seriously, “Don’t worry, I’ll

ask Theo. His grandpa might know someone in the bureau.”

After the call, Olivia instantly called Theo.

At this moment, Theo was playing chess with his grandfather in the living room.

Theo was dozing off, and he yawned. "Grandpa, it's the middle of the night. How are you still awake?"

Mr. Skye looked absent-minded. "It's been a while since I played chess. Now that I finally have the chance, you should play a few more rounds with me."

Theo tilted his head to look at the old man and asked curiously, "Grandpa, are you hiding something from me?"

"No."

"No?"

The two looked into each other's eyes.

At this moment, Theo's phone vibrated against the table.

It was from Olivia, so Theo quickly answered it.

The moment the call connected, Olivia shrieked, "Honey, Nash got

arrested by the National Martial Bureau!"

She sounded extremely worried.

Theo stood up from the sofa and said seriously, "When did this

happen?"

Olivia continued, "Just now, around midnight."

"I got it."

Theo hung up and questioned his grandfather with cold eyes. "Do you

know about this?"

No wonder his grandfather insisted on playing chess with him so late

at night.

He was worried that Theo would react impulsively if he found out.

"We shouldn't get involved." Mr. Skye sighed in worry.

"Nash is our savior, but we're just gonna stand idly by when he's in

trouble?" Theo asked coldly.

"Theo, you're still young. It's not as simple as you think, so we'll act within our competence."

"I don't care how complicated this is. I have to get Nash out of there!"

Theo was determined when he turned to walk out.

"Sherman!"

Lucas called out.

Then, a figure appeared from the second floor and stood in front of

Theo almost in the blink of an eye.

Chapter 629

Lucas got up and walked to Theo. "Do you know who's behind the

National Martial Bureau?"

"I don't care. Who are they to arrest Nash?"

"The Green Bamboo Association has been established for decades,

and they're above the law in Sagen. Do you think the bureau did

anything when they were dominating the market?"

Theo was fuming, and he raised his voice as he spoke.

Lucas sighed. "The bureau has the warden of the Eastern and

Southern Territory behind them. Even the Kleins won't dare to offend

the bureau, let alone us. You should think about this."

After he said that, Lucas went upstairs.

Theo looked at Sherman and asked, "Are you going to stop me?"

Sherman shook his head. "I'm going to save him with you."

Theo let out a sigh of relief on the inside. "Tell Black King to dispatch

all detectives to find Nash!"

That night, Capiton and Jonford were in chaos.

A seven-story building built in the wilderness had heavy troops

guarding a radius of 100 meters of its vicinity.

This was the headquarters of the National Martial Bureau.

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A Jeep drove unimpeded to the outside of the building's courtyard wall.

A man in a suit and sunglasses got out of the car before jumping onto the seventh floor. After that, he grabbed a window with both hands and got in.

This was the meeting room of the National Martial Bureau.

At this time, more than 20 people were sitting around an oval conference table.

“Nineteen, can you please use the entrance next time?”

An old man with white hair glared at him.

Every time there was a meeting, he would climb in through the

window.

He was not worried that he would be thrown out by the bureau head.

“I was worried you’d wait too long.”

As he said that, the man peered at the long-haired young man on the main seat who was resting his eyes!

“Did you find anything?”

The same old man asked.

Nineteen nodded. “Yes, they’re going to Jonford to save Nash.”

The old man chuckled bitterly. "I knew Philix would do something."

"What's their relationship?"

The long-haired young man opened his eyes. A red light flashed past

his eyes.

His voice sounded gentle and reserved.

"Nash is the savior of Philix, the warden of the Northern Territory. At

the same time, they're sworn brothers," Nineteen removed his

sunglasses and answered respectfully.

The long-haired young man nodded and closed his eyes again.

Nineteen looked at the old man who lectured him just now. "Great Elder, from what I know, the Smiling Grim Reaper only kills diabolical people. So, I don't think he's the one behind what happened in Purple

Church."

After he said that, a fat man sitting opposite him mocked, "Nineteen,

are you scared of Philix?"

Nineteen rolled his eyes at the fat man. "I'm just telling the truth."

The Great Elder stroked his goatee and said, "Bobby and his men are investigating this. If it's really not Nash, they'll let him go."

Nineteen murmured, "I think something's up with Third Elder."

Once he said that, everyone shifted their attention to him.

There were 20 elders in the National Martial Bureau, and Nineteen was the second to last, so how dare he suspect Third Elder?

The fat man was the last elder, so he leaned against his chair lazily and looked at Nineteen with a half smile.

He felt that he was going to replace Nineteen soon.

The Great Elder asked, "What else did you find?"

Nineteen looked around and shook his head. "N-Nothing. I just said that Third Elder is right."

He was at the peak of the Profound Reality Realm, so he was considered a top master outside. However, within the National Martial Bureau, he was the second to last.

Among the rest, every one of the elders could do anything to him

except for that damn fatso.

If something was up with Third Elder, the people who were siding with him would surely cause trouble to Nineteen.

The long-haired young man stood up from his chair and said calmly, Meeting adjourned. We'll just let Third Elder take care of his own

mess."

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After saying that, the long-haired young man slowly vanished.

"Nineteen, I admire you so much. How dare you suspect Third Elder?"

A long-haired woman in her 30s smiled flirtatiously.. "We can talk about that in private."

The fat man said lewdly, "Thirteen, why don't I talk to you about that?

We can talk in bed."

The woman was ranked 13.

Among the 20 elders in the National Martial Bureau, only the top ten

were over 50 years old.

The ones ranked below her were all younger than 30 years old, so

they had to respect her.

Thirteen peered at the fat man and said, "You're too fat. I'll consider it

when you finally have abs."

All of the elders left the meeting room one after another.

However, Nineteen went to the window and jumped down. He jumped

out of the headquarters, got into his Jeep, and went home.

The Gordons in Capiton were ranked last in the Ten Families.

However, no one would dare to offend them. On the contrary, others would express goodwill and try to make friends with them.

footage in Jonford.

"Any updates?"

"After the car from the National Martial Bureau left Royal Bay, they encrypted all of the nearby surveillance cameras. They used the Aegis system of the national network department, so it'll be tough to crack.

"Damn it!"

Theo slammed his fist down on the desk, his face terrifyingly dark.

In Mount Royal, Jonford, more than a dozen helicopters were circling the sky. There were about 30 drones equipped with thermal imaging cameras conducting a blanket search of the entire mountain forest.

Jupiter and more than 40 people were on standby in a forest in Mount

Royal along with Dane's 60 people.

With the help of a large number of helicopters and drones brought in

by the Normans, their work became much easier.

At this moment, Jupiter and Dane were talking about Lindon's case in

a huge tent.

After learning that Lindon went to Purple Church, Dane suddenly

realized something. "So, does this mean Dominic spent a lot of

money to hire the Smiling Grim Reaper?"

Jupiter said with a dark face, "He's not the Smiling Grim Reaper!"

Dane was puzzled. "I don't understand. Can you and Angelica confirm

that he's not the Smiling Grim Reaper?"