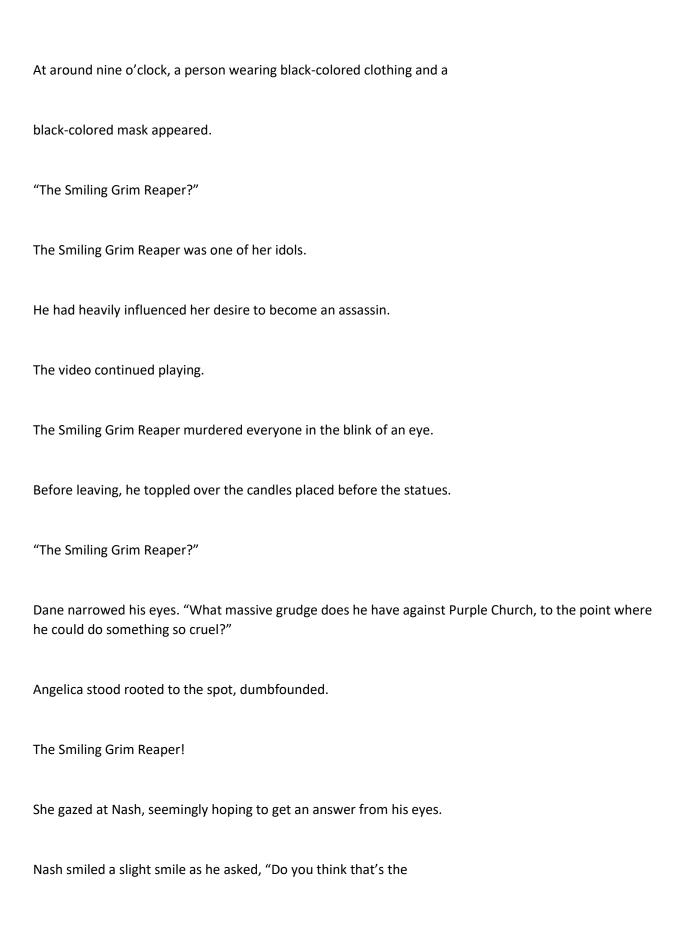
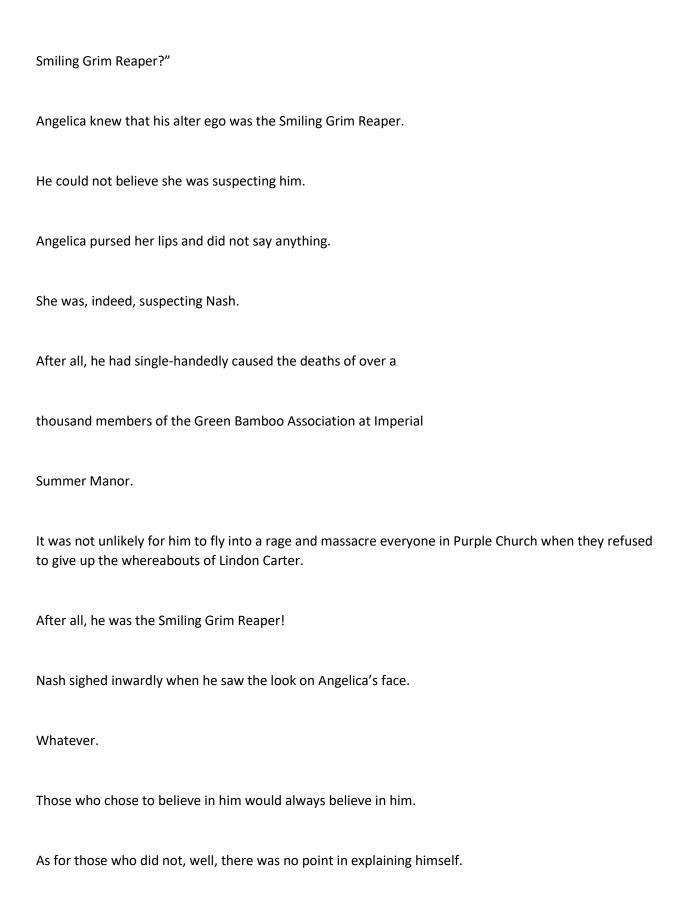
CEO Bride 621

o'clock and began fast-forwarding it.

Chap	er	621
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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.





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!"

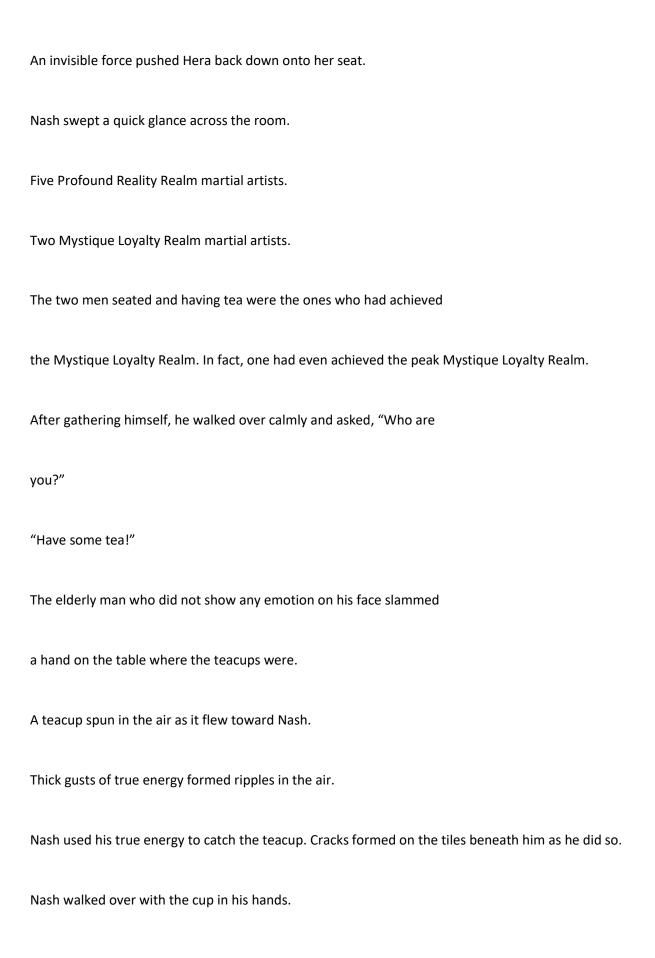
When he finished his sentence, one of the inspection officers
standing beside him asked, "Chief Sutherland, did Chief White mention Lindon's name?"
Dane snapped out of his reverie when he heard that.
He turned to look at Angelica in shock.
However, she was already on the phone with Chief Zink.
"Search 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?"





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!"

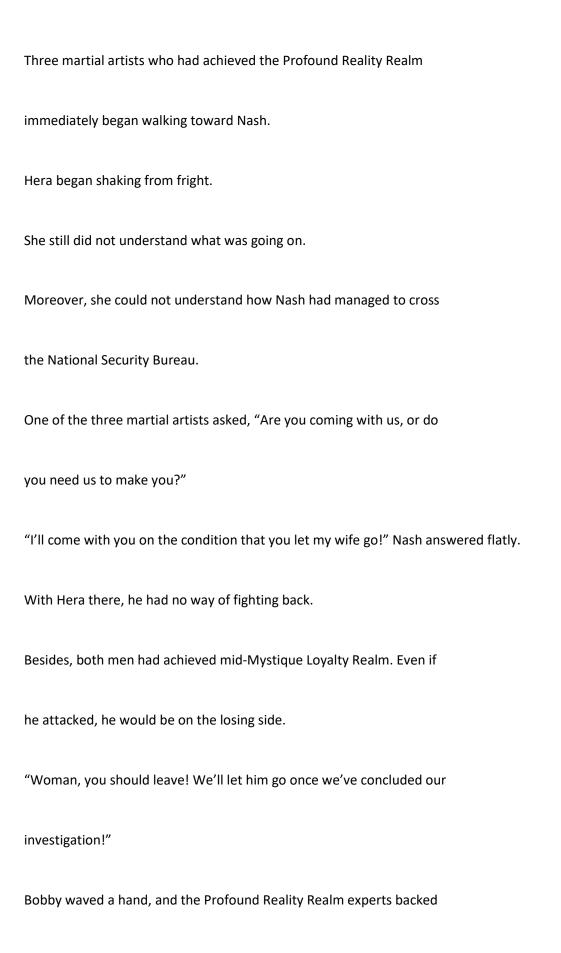
Nash walked over to the reception desk in Tranquil Retreat.
Before he even said anything, the receptionist smiled and asked, "Are you Mr. Nash Calcraft?"
Nash nodded. "Yes, I am"
The receptionist placed a keycard between them. "They're waiting for you in Room 506!"
Nash grabbed the keycard and headed 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.





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.

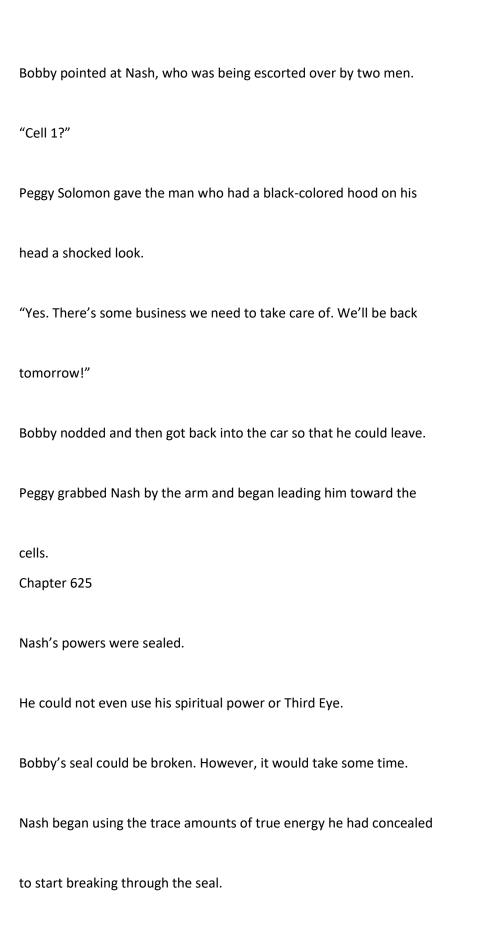






What did he mean when Nash said they would not dare kill him?
The National Security Bureau had special clearance to act first and
think later.
So what if he and Francis Dunn had the same mentor?
Did he really think Francis would be able to protect him?
After being comforted by Nash, Hera finally got 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.





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
sea!.
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 vita! 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.

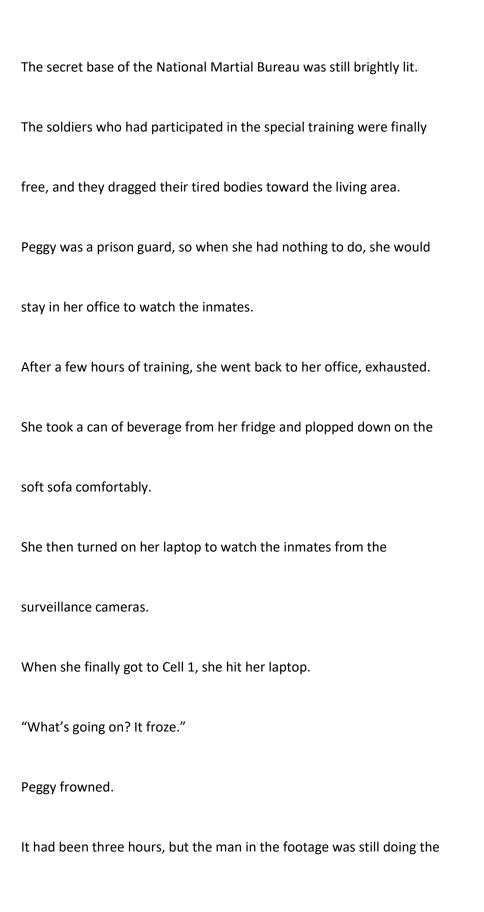
They knew Philix had a son out there, and he was the one who cured Philix.

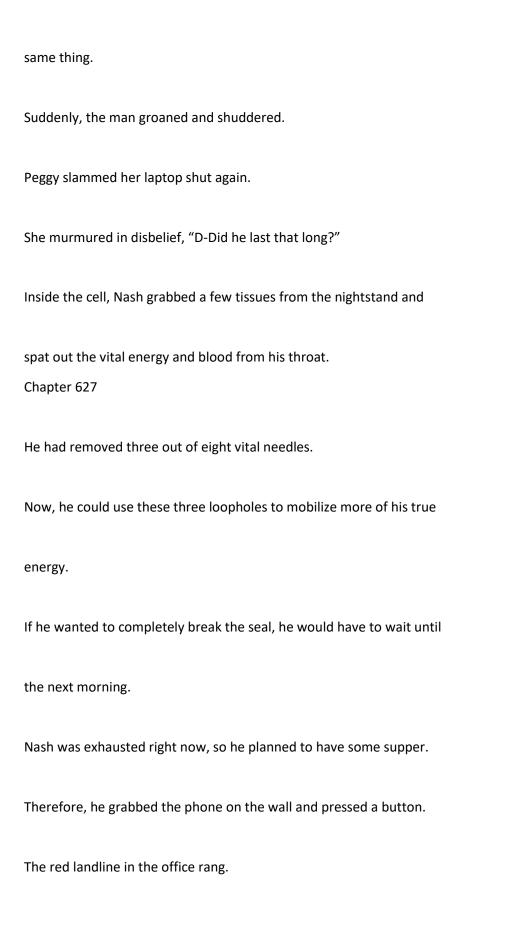
Now that his son was arrested, these bad-tempered officers were having none of it.

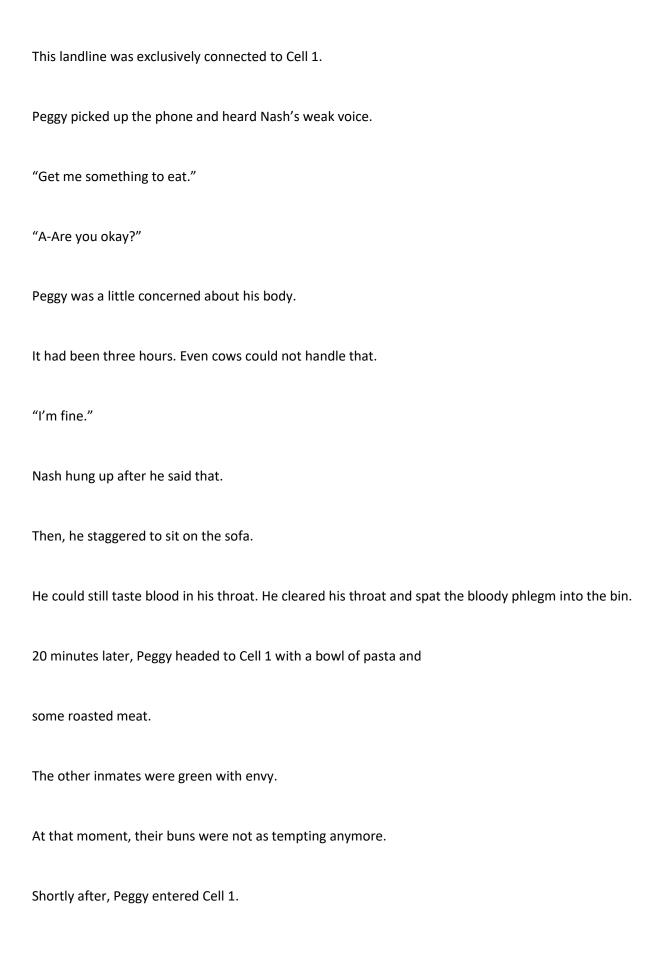
"Everyone, shut up!"



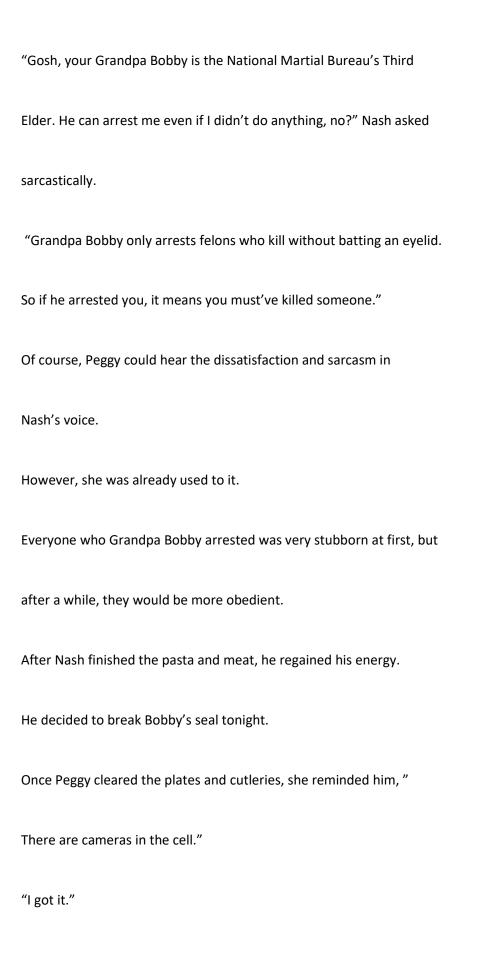








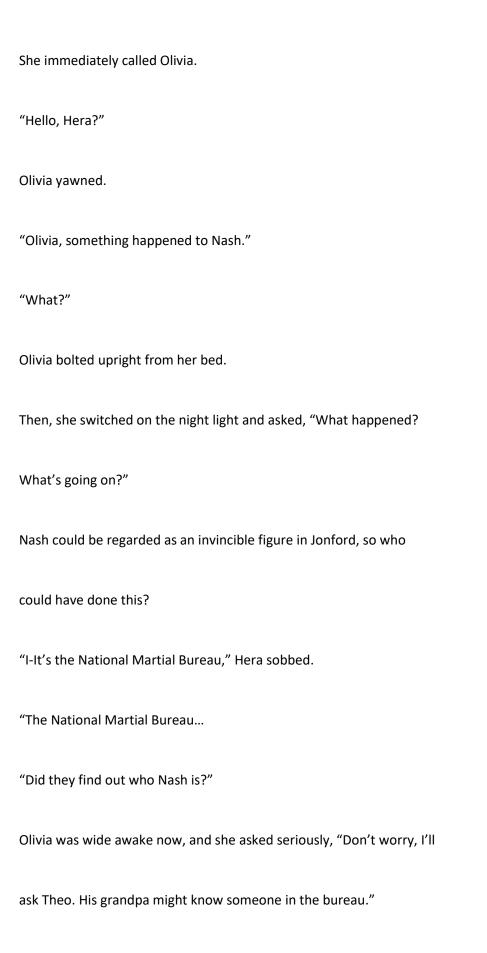
Immediately, she saw the man lying on the sofa. His face was pale, and he looked dispirited. Furthermore, his forehead was drenched with sweat. Nash grabbed the pasta and started wolfing it down. Right after that, he grabbed a drumstick and started eating it. Peggy stole a glance at the bin next to her. 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.



Nash was stunn	ed after he said that.	
Did she find out	that he was trying to break the seal?	
"You… You shou	ıld restrain yourself."	
Peggy left after	she glared at him.	
Nash was confu	sed.	
What did she m	ean?	
Was that a code	?	
Nash could not	figure out what Peggy was trying to say even after a very long time.	
Whatever. He d	ecided to continue breaking the seal.	
Nash took off hi	s coat and got into his bed in his shirt. Even though	
he had the blan	ket, he still felt insecure, so he turned his back toward	
the door.		
After Peggy bro	ught everything to the cafeteria, she went back to her	
dorm.		

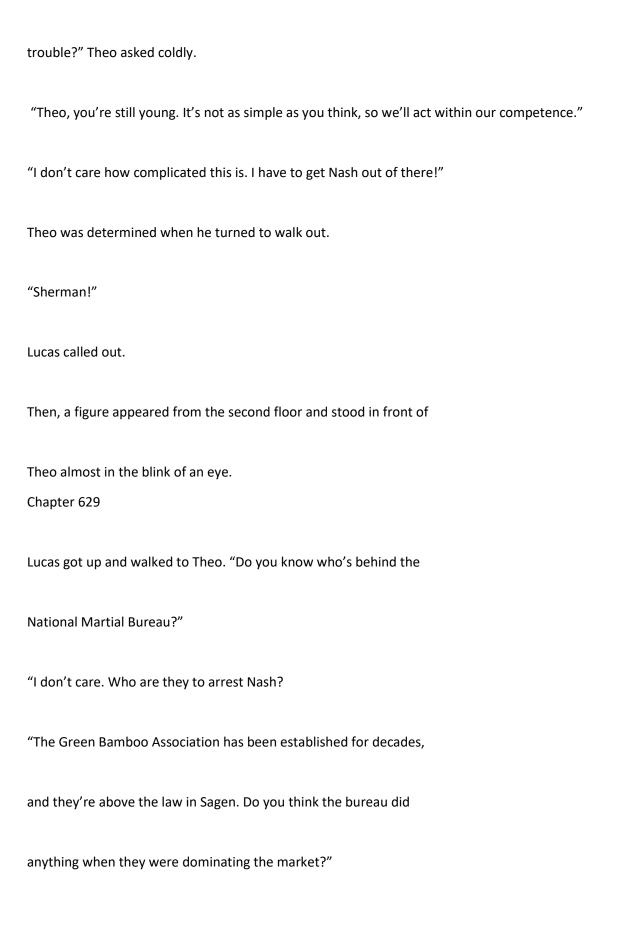


National Martial Bureau?"
Finn inhaled sharply. "Third Elder and Fifth Elder are very suspicious."
Ken sat on the sofa and tapped his fingertips against the sofa. He said, "Let's think about how we should save Mr. Nash."
Hera lifted her head to look at Melody and Finn. She sobbed slightly
as she said, "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.









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.

2/4

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 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

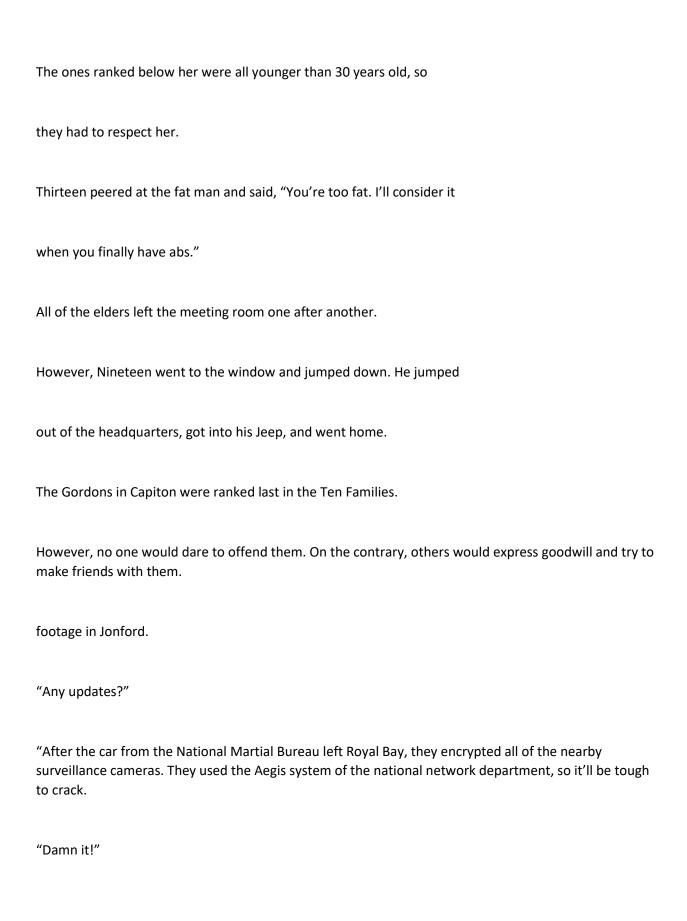
that Third Elder is right."

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."
Chapter 630
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.



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?"