

CEO Bride 651

Chapter 651

“My old classmate, sorry I’m late...”

Just then, an elderly man in a suit came over while accompanied by

five attendants. It was Dylan.

Grant instantly became excited when he heard his voice. He had

personally delivered his invitation, after all.

However, Dylan had claimed to have important matters to attend to

on this particular day. He said that he might not be able to make it.

He did not receive a call from Dylan until the banquet started. Hel

thought his old classmate might not be able to make it, yet he made

an unexpected appearance at this moment and without any warning,

“Who is this? He doesn’t seem familiar.”

“I’ve never seen him!”

“Didn’t he just call Mr. Zell his old classmate? Of course, he’s his

former classmate!”

Someone who knew who Dylan was spoke up cautiously, “He’s Dylan Murphy. He’s from the National Martial Bureau!”

“The National Martial Bureau? Mr. Zell has connections with the

National Martial Bureau?”

“The man hides it well. It looks like we need to deepen our partnership

with the Zell family in the future!”

“If I had known, I would’ve given Mr. Zell the crystal bracelet pair

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worth eight million that I’ve been holding onto!”

The group looked at Grant enviously as he led Dylan by the han

his seat.

“Dylan, you made it!”

Dylan sighed, saying, “Today was a bit busy. I apologize.”

Grant smiled. “It’s no problem. The important thing is that you’re here!

“He then loudly introduced him to everyone, “Everyone, allow me to introduce my old classmate, Dylan Murphy. He currently holds a high position in the National Martial Bureau!”

This statement was directed at The Swordsman. He wanted to let him know that it would be unwise for him to act on whatever ulterior motive now that someone from the National Martial Bureau was present.

Dylan raised a glass, smiling as he responded, “Greetings, everyone. As I was late, allow me to make three toasts to you all as penance!”

After saying that, he downed three glasses of wine one after another.

Jade laughed heartily. “The man sure is magnanimous. We should also raise a toast to him!” she said before raising her own glass up

high before downing it.

The others also raised their glasses one after another.

Olivia picked up her glass and was about to stand up when Theol immediately grabbed her hand with a cold expression. “You don’t need to toast him,” he said coldly.

Only then did Olivia remember that Nash was still trapped in the

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National Martial Bureau's secret base.

She set down the wine glass and remained silent. Hera's fan

had displeased expressions on their faces.

Naturally, Dylan noticed the situation. He turned to Grant and as

Who are the people at that table?"

He had already revealed his identity and even made penance. His gesture of respect was more than enough for these people. Even the

governor of Jonford had taken the initiative to make a toast to him,

but the people at that particular table seemed indifferent to him.

It was obvious they did not take kindly to him.

Somewhat embarrassed, Grant whispered his reply to Dylan, "They're Nash's relatives!"

Hearing this, Dylan felt relieved. Elder Olsen had already apprehended that young and arrogant fellow, so it was normal for them to have grievances against him.

Dylan smiled and said, "Today is my old classmate's 70th birthday. Thank you all for coming to celebrate. Let's all take our seats and

partake in this feast.”

Most of the people present had gotten to their feet to make their toasts to him, so he was still quite satisfied with the overall situation. After that, everyone sat down and began to eat.

Grant picked up his wine glass and turned to the side slightly, saying in a low voice, “Old friend, The Swordsman is also here”

Having just picked up his cutlery, Dylan’s expression sank as he looked up toward the two elderly individuals at the table opposite.

them. He had not noticed them before, but now that he did, he felt his

heart tremble.

They were Boris and The Swordsman of Black Wind Mountains.

These two were Mystique Loyalty Realm experts!

The Swordsman was his old classmate’s nemesis, and he might have.

come today to stir up trouble.

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Theo casually sipped his drink, already seeing through the farce happening in this room. When Grant saw The Swordsman, he was

frightened that he dropped his wine glass. This pointed to some

unresolved resentment between the two.

He must be worried that The Swordsman might disrupt the birthday banquet, which would explain his constant apprehension toward the man.

However, Grant's old classmate, Dylan, had arrived. Since he was affiliated with the National Martial Bureau, The Swordsman might find it difficult to act against him.

Theo pondered whether to escalate the friction between the National Martial Bureau and Black Wind Mountains.

Sherman had followed Theo for many years and was able to see through his thoughts easily. "If it comes to a fight, I can only protect you alone with my strength," he whispered. Theo glanced at Hera's family at the table and abandoned his initial consideration.

Duncan, on the other hand, was fiddling with the delicate wine glass in his hand. His gaze was fixed on Hera as a sly smile appeared on his lips. He was aware of Nash's capture and the incident at Purple Church.

The leader of the Green Bamboo Association was indeed a

formidable man. Not only had he taken Lindon away with him, but he had also managed to send Nash to the National Martial Bureau.

It seemed that Nash would not be getting out anytime soon, making this the opportune moment for him to deal with Hera.

Melody slowly turned her head to look at Duncan, a cold glint f

in her eyes. Duncan smiled and withdrew his gaze. With his two

Mystique Loyalty Realm godfathers present, Melody was no longer that much of an intimidating presence to him.

It would not be wise to make a move now since there was someone

from the National Martial Bureau at the Zell family's birthday

banquet. The guests at the four tables dined in an orderly manner.

While things seemed peaceful on the surface, there was an underlying sense of danger in the air.

Hera's table remained silent. Lauren and Harrison were also eating

cautiously. Hera was seated between Skadi and Melody. Skadi picked

up a piece of sturgeon and said, "Hera, eat more. Look at how

haggard you've become."

Hera had informed her about Nash's situation last night. Skadi

initially planned to accompany Hera early in the morning, but Biancal

had arranged a boxing match. She had no choice but to get that out

of the way first.

Theo poured himself a drink, smiling as he said, "Mr. Harrison, let us

drink!"

Harrison quickly picked up his wine glass and nervously responded, "

Sure... Okay..." He was so nervous that he did not know what else to

say.

Theo chuckled. "There's no need to be nervous, Mr. Harrison. Nash

and I are like brothers. Now that he's your son-in-law, you cant

consider me as your son too!"

Harrison almost fell off his chair at that. How could he treat this

young man from the Skye family as if he were his son considering hist

status?

Theo smiled helplessly. "Allow me to make the first toast!"

With that, he emptied his glass in one gulp. Harrison quickly followed

suit, finishing his own drink.

The atmosphere at the table eased a bit, and people started chatting

and laughing.

Fred could not help but find the man sitting next to Duncan familiar.

He whispered to Sydney, who had just taken a seat beside him, "Go to your grandfather's study and check the left drawer for The

Swordsman's photo."

He recalled his father possessing a photo of The Swordsman in the

drawer of his study. The photo was quite blurry, so the image of The

Swordsman was not very clear in his memory.

Curious, Sydney followed her father's gaze and looked toward The

Swordsman. She had no impression of The Swordsman, but she

could already guess something was up from her father's expression.

Upon entering her grandfather's study, she opened the left drawer and

found the photo mentioned. Despite its blurriness, she could still

recognize the facial features and beard.

She then realized that the person sitting next to Duncan outside was identical to the one in the photo.

Sydney instantly paled, and she returned to her father's side at

moment later.

Fred could tell from her face that the person beside Duncan

indeed The Swordsman. He now understood why his father's

had trembled when he picked up his wine glass earlier. A murderous intent flashed through Fred's eyes, but he quickly suppressed it.

The Swordsman was a Mystique Loyalty Realm expert. He was just

an ordinary person. How was he to avenge his mother?

Chapter 653

Sydney ate her meal silently, but she could not swallow the food not

matter how hard she tried.

The Swordsman casually glanced at Fred and Sydney, a smirk playing

on his lips as he thought to himself, 'So, they just recognized me.

They must be feeling quite uncomfortable, right? Good, let them feel

uncomfortable! Descendants of that wicked woman deserve to die!"

Seeing the smirk on The Swordsman's face, Fred's grip on his cutlery

tightened. The Swordsman raised his wine glass, a mocking

expression on his face.

He had decided to spare his godson's dignity today and refrain from

doing anything. If they made the first move, however, then he could

not be blamed for defending himself.

In the end, Fred could no longer endure the situation anymore and

slammed his hand on the table. He glared at The Swordsman.

Swordsman, you killed my mother, yet you have the gall to attend my father's birthday banquet today!" he roared.

The Swordsman's arrogance had provoked him.

With the governor and a National Martial Bureau personnel present,

Fred did not think that The Swordsman would dare harm him. Those

sitting at his table were startled, and everyone's gaze focused on The

Swordsman.

The Swordsman laughed nonchalantly as he replied, "Little brat, do you have evidence to prove that I killed your mother?" Fred then

presented the photo his daughter had brought to him, showing the moment The Swordsman stabbed his mother's chest.

The Swordsman raised his hand, unleashing a surge of true energy that tore the photo in Fred's hand into pieces. The Swordsman then

chuckled. "Do you still have evidence now?"

What he just did was so arrogant and domineering, as if he were

above law and order!

For the man to destroy evidence so publicly, especially in front of the governor of Jonford and personnel from the National Martial Bureau, showed just how much he disregarded political figures.

Jade shot up to his feet and slammed his hands on the table."

Outrageous!”

“How noisy!” The Swordsman glared coldly, his eyes like burning torches. His immense spiritual power instantly penetrated Jade’s

mind.

Jade felt his head go heavy, and he immediately fainted. Duncan’s expression shifted slightly at the altercation. “Godfather... He... He’s Jonford’s top leader!”

“That’s why I didn’t kill him,” replied the man indifferently.

Boris sighed. “My good brother, you’re too impulsive. Nothing. would’ve happened if we just left!”

The Swordsman sneered, “The Black Wind Mountains’ principle is whoever opposes us is our enemy, If the whole world opposes us, then the whole world is our enemy!”

Dylan slowly stood up, eyes narrowing as he said, “Swordsman, you’re

being too arrogant!”

“Arrogant?” The Swordsman burst into laughter before turning ch as he said, “I have the power to back my arrogance. Do you?”

Dylan’s expression fluctuated between fear and anger. “The National

Martial Bureau has a base in Jonford. The Third Elder is also currently

in Jonford...”

Faced with the man's absolute strength, Dylan did not dare act recklessly despite being affiliated with the National Martial Bureau.

He could only bring up the Third Elder in hopes of deterring The

Swordsman.

"The Third Elder? Are you talking about Bobby Olsen?" The

Swordsman asked with a smile.

"That's him!" Dylan responded firmly

The Swordsman then burst into laughter. "I defeated that man two years ago. So what if he's here?"

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The Swordsman's words left Dylan speechless. He knew The

Swordsman was formidable, but he had not expected him to be so

powerful that even the Third Elder was no match for him.

"Is there anyone else in the National Martial Bureau besides the Third

Elder who can put up a fight?" The Swordsman mocked.

"Among the bureau's 20 elders, only the first two are slightly stronger.

The rest are not worth my attention," the man added, his face filled

with scorn and disdain.

If he had mastered the Seven Deadly Blades, even the Second and

Third Elder might not have been his match.

The head of the National Martial Bureau was not someone he needed

to consider. Being at the partial Profound Oriental Realm, only the two

masters of Black Wind Mountains had the confidence to confront

him.

Dylan took a deep breath and asked, "What do you want to do?"

He had only heard about The Swordsman's strength, but from the words he had spoken, it was clear that his power was comparable to

the National Martial Bureau's Great Elder and Second Elder. His

strength was nothing compared to his.

The Swordsman raised a brow and looked at Fred. "I don't like him.

Let me cripple him and we'll call it quits"

"That's impossible. You're the one causing trouble here!" Dylan

sneered.

It was obvious to everyone that The Swordsman was the one who had come uninvited. Now, he was absurdly claiming that Fred was the troublemaker. Dylan had plans to marry his son to Sydney to Duncan sneered and mocked, "Are you blind, old man? What mean we're the ones looking for trouble?"

He previously had little understanding of the Mystique Loyalty Realm, but that had been rectified. The National Martial Bureau only had two or three people who were potentially a threat to The Swordsman. This meant that he could let loose.

A crazy idea took root in his mind. If all the experts of Black Wind Mountains followed him, the Duerson family might rise to become the next Young family.

Dylan was speechless. The Swordsman was indeed not the one.

looking for trouble as he was quietly eating, but he could not simply

just let The Swordsman cripple Fred!

“I’ve changed my mind now. I want you to do it. If you do it, he’ll only

end up disabled. If I do it, he might lose his life!” The Swordsman

stood up casually while the Seven Deadly Swords flew into his hands

from the bodyguard not far away behind him.

Realizing the situation was turning precarious, Jade’s bodyguard

carried the unconscious man on his back and fled.

The Swordsman glanced over and continued, “Those irrelevant to this

situation may leave!”

The killing of one’s father and the theft of one’s wife were

unforgivable crimes. Fred’s woman had run away with Grant.

Moreover, when he had tried to kill Grant back then, the woman had

blocked a fatal blow. The photo just now was captured by nearby

surveillance cameras back then. Cameras back then were not as

advanced as cameras nowadays, so the photo was a bit blurry.

When the rest heard they could leave, they immediately rushed toward the staircase, scrambling to get away. Zakariah came to Skadi's side and whispered, "Skadi, Hera, let's go!" Skadi nodded and

tried pulling Hera up, but Hera remained unmoved.

"Hera, let's go quickly..."

Skadi forcefully pulled Hera up. However, Hera shook off Skadi's hand

and stared at The Swordsman, saying, "Sir, what are you trying to prove here by bullying the weak?"

Skadi's heart skipped a beat. The Swordsman was a Mystique Loyalty

Realm expert. Was she trying to die?

The Swordsman turned his head to look at Hera. Realizing that she

was just an ordinary person, he lost interest in taking action against.

her.

"Godfather, she's Nash's wife," Duncan said, the implication running

deep. There was no going back now anyway. He might as well just go

along with what his godfather wanted. It just so happened that he

would be clearing away his own obstacles.

When The Swordsman heard this, he grew enthusiastic and said, “I

didn’t think his wife to be such a young one! That Nash sure is

something.”

As a Mystique Loyalty Realm expert he could instantly tell whether at

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woman had had intimate relations before or not.

Duncan laughed, slightly surprised. “I didn’t expect that. Do you want

to invite her to warm your bed tonight?”

After contemplating for a moment, The Swordsman said, “It’s not

impossible!”

Boris looked at the two of them helplessly.

Chapter 655

Despite being a Mystique Loyalty Realm expert, The Swordsman

behaved like a ruffian. He was reluctant to engage with him, but only

by joining forces with him could he help his grandson establish an enduring prestigious family.

Hera initially wanted to reason with The Swordsman, but seeing how shameless he was, she gave up on the idea. Talking sense with such a person was like playing the piano for a cow.

“Let’s go. He’s not someone we can handle!” Theo said softly.

Hera looked anxiously at Sydney, who was looking in their direction.

helplessly. She seemed to be placing all her hopes on them. However,

Hera truly could not offer any help.

“Leaving? It’s too late for that!”

The Swordsman raised his hand and made a grabbing motion, which immediately pulled Hera toward him using some invisible force.

Sherman!” Theo panicked. Sherman narrowed his eyes, swiftly

moving to stand in front of Hera. With a surge of his true energy, he

managed to repel The Swordsman’s true energy.

The Swordsman was surprised and glanced at Sherman. “You, a

Profound Reality Realm expert, repelled my true energy?”

The gap between the Profound Reality Realm and the Mystique Loyalty Realm was like night and day. An early Mystique Loyalty Realm expert could defeat at least ten peak Profound Reality Realm

experts.

Even though The Swordsman had only used a small amount of true energy, it was not something an ordinary Profound Reality Realm

expert could withstand.

Sherman’s eyes were cold. With one swift movement, he threw a

punch at The Swordsman.

“You underestimate me!”

The Swordsman snorted coldly and casually waved his hand. The

cutlery on the table shot toward Sherman. They were infused with the

aura of a Profound Reality Realm expert, enough to riddle this guy

with holes.

Sherman's arm vibrated, and over 20 shadow punches filled the air. Faintly, the sound of muffled thunder could be heard.

The Swordsman smiled faintly. "Carlos Lexington's Shadowless

Thunderous Fist!"

Over 20 shadow punches were instantly unleashed. The Swordsman stepped on the ground lightly.

A wave of air swept out in all directions. Tables and chairs were lifted. off the ground, and Sherman's shadow punches dissipated in the air even before they were able to get close to The Swordsman.

Sherman spat out blood and was sent flying backward.

Theo gasped. What the hell... Was he actually still human?

He shifted his gaze toward Melody and urgently asked, "Why haven't

you taken Hera and left?"

Melody grabbed Hera's arm and ran toward the edge of the rooftop.

Boris instantly appeared at the railing of the rooftop. He was standing

with his hands behind his back, looking down at Hera with a sigh."

You shouldn't have married Nash..."

If she were not Nash's wife, perhaps she could have left safely today.

“Get lost!” Melody cursed coldly. A rolling soundwave shook the floor. of the building, but the soundwave dissipated when it reached within

a meter of Boris.

It was a case of realm suppression, a display of the disparity of vast

power.

An unprecedented sense of powerlessness welled up in Melody’s

heart. She had never felt so helpless, not even when she faced Bobby.

Bobby was from the National Martial Bureau. He would not kill

someone so easily.

The two people in front of her now were from Black Wind Mountains.

For them, the act of killing was just something that happened in a

blink of an eye.

Hera’s face turned pale. “Melody, if you have a chance, just escape on

your own!”

Boris smiled slightly. “She can’t escape either!”

The moment he said that, he was already in front of Melody. Before

she could even react, she was blasted over ten meters away.

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“Melody...” Hera called out softly as she looked fearfully toward the woman. She saw Melody crash through the opposite railing before landing on the ground.

Hera’s pupils contracted violently. Although she knew little about martial arts, she knew Melody was much more powerful than Skadi’s grandfather.

Despite that, Melody still could not fight back against this old man.

She now realized how ridiculous it was for her to even try standing up and reasoning with them just now. To these martial artists, logic

was strength.

“Hera, run!” Lauren cried out with tears in her eyes. Hera ran toward her mother but stopped after just one meter. Boris had appeared out of nowhere and was already standing in front of her. Terrified, Hera tried to retreat.

Endless fear pervaded her heart. She did not want to die yet. She had not gotten a marriage certificate with Nash and had not felt what it was like being a woman. There were still many, many things she had not done.

With a casual wave of his hand, Boris’ true energy invaded every part of Hera’s body.

Hera was rooted on the spot, unable to move.

On the other hand, The Swordsman was wielding the Seven Deadly Swords as he attacked Grant. Dylan pushed Grant away and

unleashed a punch using his true energy.

The blade descended, and Dylan's right arm was detached from his shoulder. The man immediately covered his right shoulder with his

other hand, taking a sharp breath.

"A futile effort!" The Swordsman sneered as he brought his blade down once again.

Suddenly, there was a clanging of his sword, and The Swordsman

was immediately gripped with a sense of crisis.

He turned abruptly, only to see white light shooting from a distance. Where the white light passed, strong winds rose while thunder and lightning flashed.

Both The Swordsman's and Boris' expressions changed drastically. They did not expect to sense the aura of an expert in the Profound Oriental Realm in that white light.

In the blink of an eye, the white light reflected upon the surrounding walls, significantly brightening the night sky.

The Swordsman narrowed his eyes slightly under the illumination of

the white light.

At the same time, he saw the person within the white light. It was a virtual figure wearing a white martial arts suit, surrounded by hundreds of sword forms.

He was Bladesman Divus... No, this was just his reflection formed by sword forms and spiritual power.

Divus' reflection slowly raised his hand, gathering the sword forms around his body into a dazzling longsword in his hand.

The Swordsman squinted his eyes as he grinned ferociously. "So,

you've healed from your internal injuries. If you were actually here, perhaps there would've been a chance for us to battle. Alas, how do you expect to fight me with just your projection?"

Saying that, The Swordsman flicked his wrist and unleashed three slashes of blade radiance. The three-blade radiance merged into one and descended with an overwhelming and reality-shattering

momentum.

One hand tucked behind his back, Divus brought up his longsword and slashed a flurry of sword reflections across the sky like the

waves of a storm.

Both Divus' sword forms and The Swordsman's blade radiance contained a power so frightening that Boris' heart trembled.

Duncan was dumbstruck by then and did not realize that several sword forms were coming toward him.

Boris disappeared in a flash before appearing at the edge of the floor near the railing with Duncan.

Chapter 657

When Boris turned around again, the swords had collided, creating at

deafening clash so loud he could feel his eardrums shake. The villa

was turned into a pile of rubble by the sword forms and blade.

radiance as it collapsed with a thunderous roar.

Fortunately, Boris had already taken Duncan far away from the scene.

Bladesman Divus and The Swordsman continued exchanging blows,

their sword forms and blade radiance wreaking havoc.

Boris retreated another hundred meters away with Duncan.

The Zell family's luxurious mansion was located on the outskirts, and now that it was nighttime, the ongoing battle was not easily noticed.

"Godfather, is Bladesman Divus really that strong?" Duncan asked as he narrowed his eyes and focused on the terrifying scene in the distance. He realized now that this was the extent of a martial artist's

power.

Still gripped by lingering fear, Boris replied, "I didn't expect that Bladesman Divus to be able to use Sword Body Reflection!"

Duncan turned his head to look at Boris, astonished, "Body reflection? Are you saying that the one fighting against The Swordsman isn't the real deal?"

Boris nodded slowly. "Yes, that's just a phantasm created by

Bladesman Divus using his sword intent, spiritual power, and a large amount of true energy.”

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After saying this, Boris’ expression suddenly turned into one of surprise. Duncan’s heart constricted at the sight. “Godfather, what’s

wrong?”

“When I brought you away just now, everyone else had disappeared,” Boris replied in a deep voice. It was then that Duncan realized there did not seem to be anyone around when Boris had hesitated at the railing with him before taking him away.

“There should be another Mystique Loyalty Realm expert, and this person is extremely fast if he was able to conceal his aura without being detected.”

The muscles on Boris’ face twitched slightly. Both he and The

Swordsman had underestimated Divus’ strength. Divus’ sword body reflection should not be a match for The Swordsman.

If it had been the man himself, Boris and The Swordsman would only have been able to barely contend with him. If there was another- mysterious Mystique Loyalty Realm expert around, Boris and The Swordsman would definitely not be their match in a two-on-two

situation.

“The Bladesman intervened the last time to protect Nash, and now. he’s helping his friends. What exactly is their relationship?”

Duncan rubbed his eyes and murmured while looking at the distant scene of flashing blades.

Boris pondered a bit before replying, "It's likely that Bladessman Divus received guidance from Johnathan Calcraft before he ascended, and Nash has been entrusted to him."

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Duncan chuckled, the realization dawning upon him. "I see. I thought

Bladesman Divus was affiliated with the Young family!"

These words left Boris puzzled as he asked, "What relationship does.

Nash have with the Young family?"

Duncan had not discussed much about Nash with his godfather. In response to the man's question, he slowly said, "He's more accurately

known as Nash Young."

Another one of the Zell family's private mansions was the place where they previously entertained the lord of the Northern Territory, Philix Xing. It was also where Nash had reversed the very same man's

fate.

At this moment, many Blood Fiends were attempting an assassination. With the combined efforts of various experts, however, those killers were defeated.

So many people had died in that battle that no one from the Zell family was willing to move in. Thus, the private mansion remained vacant with only a few maids cleaning the place regularly.

Outside the door, seven cars came to a stop. Grant led a group of people as they came rushing in. Theo had Sherman, who was unconscious, on his back. Meanwhile, Hera had a blood-soaked Melody propped on her delicate body.

When the maid who was cleaning the place saw this scene, she quickly ran to the sofa and lifted the cover protecting the sofa.

“Dad, why aren’t you here yet?” Mireille frowned while she was on a

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call with her father. She had called him 15 minutes ago, asking him to

bring some healing medicine and needles.

The current location was not far from was not far from Ancient

Street, and it would take only ten minutes to drive here. Now, 15 minutes had passed and her father was still nowhere in sight. Her grandfather would get angry later.

“I’ll be there soon, I’ll be there soon!” An anxious voice came from the other end of the line, followed by a series of honks. “There’s a bit of traffic on the road today, or else I would’ve already arrived!”

Mireille urged, “Hurry up! They’re seriously injured!”

Hera and Theo placed the two injured individuals on the sofa. Brian approached the sofa, lifting Sherman with one hand before vigorously thumping him on his back.

Chapter 658

After smacking his back five times, Sherman spat out a blood clot. The air was filled with the stench of iron. He then began to breathe heavily.

Brian set Sherman down and opened his clothes to reveal Sherman's mess of a body. He looked as if he had been slashed by a knife.

When Theo noticed Sherman coming to his senses, he finally breathed a sigh of relief. Staggering, he fell onto the sofa behind him. and got lost in thought.

Sherman was the strongest in the Skye family, yet he had been.

nothing before The Swordsman. Was a Mystique Loyalty Realm

expert so terrifying?

Olivia also looked white as a sheet at this moment. She grabbed

Theo's hand and asked, "Are you okay?"

Theo shook his head. "I'm fine." He then turned his head and looked outside the door, murmuring to himself, "Who saved us just now?"

In the seconds before the mansion collapsed, someone had whisked them all away in a flash. None of them had managed to catch a glimpse of the person who saved them.

At that moment, Casey came rushing in with a medical kit.

Mireille immediately went to meet him and reprimanded him, "Dad,

why did you take so long?" She grabbed the medical kit from her

father and quickly brought it to her grandfather.

Brian took out iodine to clean and disinfect Sherman's wounds.

"Dr. Tanner, please check on Melody. She's in critical condition..."

Hera held Melody's hand and said with teary eyes, "Melody, hold on..."

When Brian saw Casey standing there and glancing at Theo in a daze, he snapped coldly in a manner as if scolding a disobedient child, "Come over here and help! What are you still doing there?"

Casey snapped out of it and quickly walked to the sofa. He grabbed

the iodine from his father's hand. Seeing the horrifying wounds on the

man, he could not help but gasp. "His injuries are too severe..."

Brian then approached Melody, who was breathing weakly. Her eyes were half-open and devoid of life as blood kept oozing from her

mouth.

She was the last person to be pulled out. First, she suffered internal injuries from Boris; then, she was cut up externally by The

Swordsman's and Bladesman Divus' attacks. There were six cuts on her face, the longest one extending from her nose bridge to the base

of her ear.

After checking Melody's pulse, Brian slowly said, "Fortunately, the expert who saved you helped stop the bleeding."

Melody was covered in injuries, and her numerous blood vessels had ruptured. Yet, she had only lost a small amount of blood. If their savior had not done that, she would have died from excessive blood loss.

Brian used a set of needles to control Melody's internal injuries. He then wrote a prescription and handed it to Casey to fulfill.

"H-Hera..." Melody called out, her lips trembling.

"I'm here, Melody!" Hera responded as she held Melody's hand with one hand and wiped away her tears with another. Her heart was filled with self-blame and guilt.

Melody suffered such severe injuries just to protect her. If she had not ignored her own safety from the beginning, nothing would have happened.

"R-Remember... Remember to have your man... g-give me back... my money!"

Melody's voice was frail, and it took her considerable effort to manage her words. Hera nodded with tears in her eyes. "He'll definitely repay you the money!"

Brian frowned slightly. Melody's words sounded like she was making

a last testament.

Smiling faintly, Melody then slowly closed her eyes. In the next moment, the wounds on her face and body started to bleed again.

Brian's pupils constricted. "No, she's trying to kill herself!" He quickly reached out and pressed down on the wound on Melody's neck.

Chapter 659

Hera shook as she quickly helped Brian put pressure on Melody's remaining wounds while the rest surrounded them.

"Mr. Zell, get some hot water ready!" Brian urgently instructed.

"Alright!" Grant replied immediately and went to fetch the hot water.

"Wendy, come and help stop the bleeding!" Brian commanded, his expression solemn. As a non-martial artist, he could not easily stop Melody's bleeding, unlike the martial expert from earlier.

Mireille immediately rummaged through the medical kit for cotton, gauze, and hemostatic powder. The two of them worked together in a

flurry of activity.

"Melody, what are you doing?" Hera could not help but cry out.

Lauren hugged Hera and comforted her, saying, "It's okay, Melody will

be fine!”

Staring at Melody on the sofa in silence, it took Olivia a while before she expressed her confusion. “Didn’t a senior expert help her stop the bleeding? Dr. Tanner should be able to control her injuries too, so why would she want to end her life?”

Theo crossed his arms as he fixed his gaze on Melody’s almost unrecognizable face. “Perhaps it’s because she thinks she’s disfigured? Any woman would find it hard to accept having a beautiful face turned into this!”

Olivia sighed lightly. “Isn’t Nash an incredible healer? Maybe he would

Chap

have a solution?”

Skadi turned to her grandfather and asked, “Grandpa, can you help her

stop the bleeding?”

Although Skadi did not particularly like this woman, Hera had been.

growing closer to her. Melody had even gotten severely injured just to protect Hera. If she died, Hera would be heartbroken for a long time.

“That senior expert sealed Melody’s trigger points and blood vessels with true energy. Melody is a Profound Reality Realm expert. She broke through the senior expert’s true energy, and I’m only in the

Grandmaster Realm.

"I don't think I can manage what the senior expert did. Even if I could, Melody could easily dissolve my inner energy!" Zakariah explained

slowly.

Skadi's eyes dimmed. "If only Nash were here."

Hera wept in her mother's arms.

"Hera, you have to pull yourself together. Melody is Nash's

subordinate, and you are his wife. You have to persuade her to live. Dr. Tanner's medical skills won't be enough for someone who wants to end their life," Lauren persuaded.

Hera nodded heavily and calmed herself. After wiping away her tears, she went to the sofa to talk to Melody.

In Cell 1 of the National Martial Bureau's secret base on Mount Tame, Nash and Jasper were now watching TV after finishing their meal.

Chappfest

Glancing at the time, he noted it was almost ten in the evening. The Jonford TV station's prime-time current affairs observation program

was about to begin.

Peggy came over with a fruit plate. Seeing Nash staring fixedly at the TV, she placed the fruit plate on the coffee table and could not help but ask curiously, "Do you usually like watching TV at home?"

Nash was a martial artist. All the martial artists at the base ever did

was train. Did Nash not need to practice?

“Good evening, this is Jonford TV station, and I am your host, Benji!”

“Can you not block my view?” Nash said impatiently.

Peggy moved to the side. “The news has just started. What’s the

hurry?”

Nash ignored her and grabbed a mango from the fruit plate, his eyes not leaving the TV.

The content at the beginning was about some unrelated matters- traffic accidents, the opening of a new company, and live broadcasts of heavy rain in certain areas.

It was not until almost an hour later, when the program was about to end, that the host said, “Next up is a piece of breaking news. Today’s the 70th birthday of the famous entrepreneur, Mr. Grant Zell of

Jonford.

“However, the luxurious Zell family mansion was suddenly turned into ruins. Let’s hear from our host on the field to understand the situation!

Chapter 660

“Hello, Azura! Can you hear me?”

Benji called out gently as he waited patiently.

“Benji, I hear you!” Then, a tall and beautiful woman appeared on the TV screen. The broadcast showed a large number of fire trucks and

ambulances, as well as patrol cars, Onlookers had also surrounded

the area to watch the excitement.

“Azura, can you tell us about the situation on your end?” Benji asked

with a smile.

“Yes, this is the site of a private mansion belonging to Grant Zell, al famous Jonford entrepreneur. Mr. Zell’s 70th birthday celebration

was held here!

“We received a tip from a concerned netizen that an explosion had gone off at the birthday banquet. When we arrived at the scene, the mansion had already been sealed off by the Inspection Office. No

one is allowed to enter!

“As you can see, the mansion is now a pile of debris. The area within approximately one kilometer around the mansion also suffered extensive damage!”

As Azura reported the situation on the scene, the cameraman cut the lens toward the Zell family mansion, which was an image of devastation with broken walls and remnants of the building scattered

about.

Nash took a fierce bite of the mango and chewed on it, his eyes

narrowing into slits as a cold light flickered in them.

Sure enough, The Swordsman had gone to the Zells' mansion since Grant would have undoubtedly sent an invitation to the Duerson

family, which he was affiliated with.

Nash had Hera attend the birthday banquet because he wanted to rely on Bladesman Divus, who was secretly protecting himself and Hera, to resolve the Zell family's crisis.

It looked like Divus had taken action, Nash just had no idea of the

extent of the casualties. Hera and the others should be fine, right?

Nash's expression was grim as he looked at Peggy. "If my wife is

harmed in this incident, I'll raze this base to the ground!"

His cold tone revealed a hint of ruthlessness, and the strong killing intent that Nash was exuding made Peggy almost breathless.

Gulping, she asked, "Y-Your wife was there?"

Suddenly, there was an earth-shattering explosion outside. The entire

ground shook, and the indestructible prison swayed slightly, the

chandelier in the ceiling rattling.

Peggy instantly paled as she hurried outside while a hint of joy flashed through Nash's eyes.

Had the people from the Northern Territory arrived? Did they fail to resolve the matter or did they immediately strike?

He also wanted to go out and take a look, but Peggy had closed the door. The base alarm sounded. The elite soldiers who had been about to go to sleep immediately jumped out of their beds and hastily got dressed.

Each squad leader instructed their soldiers to go directly to the weapons depot to equip themselves as there seemed to be a prison break happening outside.

They were well-trained and took less than two minutes to gather. They were all armed. A 20-meter-high mushroom cloud rose 500. meters from the base gate. The shockwave from the explosion swept in all directions, snapping hundreds of large trees in half.

"Mr. Gomez, what... what's going on?"

"What else could it be? Someone's attacking the prison!"

Frank sneered. Since the base's establishment, about 300 criminals. with heavy sentencing had been captured. Among them were those involved in weapons trafficking, those who had crossed the line of crime, and even world-class experts who had indiscriminately killed

innocent people.

These people had wide social circles, and there were always some influential friends of theirs trying to rescue them. Still, their efforts

had all been futile.

Each of the National Martial Bureau's bases was equipped with the most advanced weapons in the country. This base had dozens of grandmasters and six Profound Reality Realm experts, including Frank, stationed.

"Activate the electromagnetic tower and laser weapons. Eliminate all incoming enemies!" Frank commanded. A deep blue arc started flickering around the circular sphere at the top of the electromagnetic tower. Various types of laser weapons also started rotating under

radar scans.

Just then, a camouflaged soldier came rolling and crawling in as he

shouted. "A Report"

"What's the rush? Can't you maintain your composure?"