

## My Substitute CEO Bride by Fruit dumpling Chapter 7

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After saying those words, Nash immediately hung up the phone.

Hera pursed her lips and curiously asked, "How did you know he's a suitor?"

Hunter was the son of the Hill family in Jonford.

The Hills were Baroque's biggest client.

Ever since Hunter came to the branch company last week to inspect the production line, he had been relentlessly pursuing Hera.

Hera had heard about Hunter being an extreme playboy a long time ago.

He had slept with not just one or two but dozens of women.

Nash chuckled and said, "You're so beautiful. It's only natural for you to have several suitors!"

Hearing Nash complimenting her, Hera's face became even redder.

However, the two of them started to open up and have longer conversations.

After getting to know some basic information about each other, Hera took Nash out to buy some change of clothes.

Once they entered the elevator, Hera did not waste any time.

Her fingers flew across her phone's keyboard as she sent a message to a three-person WhatsApp group.

Rara: [Dad, Mom, I'm taking Nash out to buy some clothes!]

Harrison: [If this is about PDA, there's no need to tell us. If it's about money, talk to your mother!]

Lauren: [I just wired you 50 grand. Go get some good clothes in the city and don't let others look down on us!]

Harrison: [50 grand???

Lauren: [Any objections?]

Harrison: [No, no, of course not!]

Hera then received a message about a change in her account balance.

Her original balance was 100 grand, and her current balance was 150 grand.

Hera smiled happily and immediately replied in the group chat: [Thank you, Mommy. Love you!]

Hera was 1.68 meters tall, while Nash was nearly 1.9 meters tall, so he could easily see Hera's chat content.

It seemed that his future mother-in-law was quite generous toward him.

His lips curled up, and a warm feeling flowed through his heart.

Birds of a feather flocked together, indeed.

Helena's family was undoubtedly snobbish.

Meanwhile, Hera's family truly accepted him, a poor son-in-law.

It seemed necessary to use some connections to quietly support the Lewises.

The two of them arrived outside the complex, and Hera hailed a taxi. "Mister, we're going to Jonford Fashion City!"

"It'll cost you 30 bucks!"

The taxi driver recognized Hera as an owner of a company at first glance and demanded a fare of 30 dollars without hesitation.

“30? Why you... Forget it, 30 bucks it is!”

After all, Hera was the general manager of the company, so she should not be too bothered about the 30 bucks fare. She opened the car door and made an inviting gesture, saying, “Get in, my good sir!”

Nash pointed to the nearby commercial street and asked, “Isn’t there a clothing store over there? Why go to the city center?”

Hera smiled and said, “Those are all low-end brands. As my fiancé, you should get some clothing from high-end brands!”

Nash took Hera’s arm and walked toward the commercial street, saying, “Clothes are for modesty and improving one’s image, not for showing off and comparing with others!”

His master had taught him since he was a child that shallow water was noisy, and deep water was quiet. If he wanted to achieve great things, he had to learn to be low-key and steady.

Hera chuckled and said, “Are you trying to help me save money here?”

Nash pouted. “Are you rich?”

“I...” Hera was caught off guard by the question.

She had 150 grand in her account, of which 80 grand was to be used to settle payments with suppliers, leaving her with only 20 grand in available funds.

If her mother had not given her the 50 grand, she would not have dared to suggest taking Nash to high-end stores to buy clothes.

Hera pursed her lips and said, “As you might’ve noticed, my older cousin is snobbish. If she sees you wearing cheap clothes tomorrow, she’ll definitely mock me again!”

Nash held Hera's hand and smiled. "Speak respectfully to those who deserve respect and ignore those who don't. Why care about other people's opinions?"

Hera lowered her head and looked at the distinct joints on his knuckles. Her face turned red, and her heart seemed to be pounding like a drum.

She looked up at his sharply defined profile, not daring to breathe too loudly.

The two quickly arrived at the commercial street and headed toward a Haier Men's store.

Just then, a van stopped on the side of the road.

The doors opened, and a dozen masked men with baseball bats walked out.

Nash frowned and said, "You go in first. I have to use the restroom!"

Hera was chatting with her best friend on the phone at the moment.

Without much thought, she walked straight into the store.

Meanwhile, Nash turned around and walked toward the group of masked men.

His aura suddenly changed, his gaze turning as sharp as a knife while his presence was like a fierce dragon emerging from the sea.

This group of thugs was not even a tenth as capable as the assassins before.

With just a single movement, they all groaned and fell to the ground.

Nash casually lifted one of the masked men and questioned, "Who sent you?"

The masked man was frightened out of his wits and said, "M-Mr. Hunter sent us!"

"Hunter Hill?"

"Yes, yes, it's him... He wants to see the corpse of the man who's beside Ms. Hera!"

"So, you were planning to kill me?" Nash narrowed his eyes and interrogated.

“I... I... I wouldn't dare...”

“Go back and deliver a message to Hunter. If he provokes me again, I'll emasculate him!” Nash said coldly.

“Yes, yes, I'll definitely deliver your message!”

“Get lost!”

Nash threw the masked man five meters away, attracting the attention of passersby.

He then turned around and walked toward the Haier Men's store, but suddenly, he turned his head and glanced at a Rolls-Royce parked in the dark on the side of the road.

After just one look, he withdrew his gaze and entered the store without looking back.

The group of masked men got into the van and drove away.

In the back seat of the Rolls-Royce on the side of the road, a burly middle-aged man squinted and asked, “Did he notice us?”

Sitting next to him, an elderly man with silver hair but a spirited demeanor nodded. “He probably did!”

The burly man was astonished and asked, “Are you sure his medical skills are extraordinary?”

The old man shook his head and said, “I'm not. Herman Lewis has advanced stomach cancer and probably won't live for more than half a month. Let's observe for a while longer!”

Two hours later, Hera and Nash returned to the apartment carrying a large pile of clothes.

There were three shop assistants following behind them, also carrying several bags in their hands.

“Do you always buy clothes so extravagantly?”

Nash sat on the sofa, staring at the bags of clothes scattered all over the floor.

If he had not stopped her, Hera might have emptied the entire store.

They got over 30 sets of clothes, each costing over 100 dollars.

Hera innocently said, “My mom gave me 50 grand to buy you clothes, but I only spent eight grand!”

Nash was taken aback. “Wasn’t it five?”

At that moment, the doorbell rang.

“Your shoes have arrived...”

Hera immediately went outside to open the door.

Three or five shop assistants were holding stacked shoe boxes that almost reached the ceiling.

Hera hurriedly got busy stacking the shoe boxes on the shoe cabinet.

Leather shoes, sneakers, cloth shoes, slippers, and sports shoes...

There were over 20 pairs.

Nash held his forehead with one hand, completely dumbfounded.

When did she buy all these?

When he was dealing with those thugs?

Hera returned to the side of the sofa, exhausted and out of breath. She fanned herself with her hand while searching for a set of pajamas for Nash. “You go take a shower first... I need to rest for a while!”

Nash took the pajamas and walked into the bathroom.

Before long, the sound of rushing water could be heard from the bathroom.

Hera glanced at the glass door of the bathroom.

She could see a silhouette.

Upon noticing Nash's muscles, she quickly grabbed a sofa pillow to cover her eyes, her face turning red with embarrassment.

Oh my goodness...

Was there not a shower curtain? Why did he not draw the shower curtain?

Ten minutes later, Nash walked out of the bathroom wearing loose-fitting pajamas.

Hera blushed and handed him a hairdryer. "Do you know how to use it?"

"I lived in seclusion in the mountains, but I'm not some mountain savage!" Nash took the hairdryer, and seeing Hera's blushing appearance, he smiled and asked, "Your face is so red. Did you take a peek at me while I was showering?"

"Pfft... As if! I... I'm just feeling hot!"

Hera quickly grabbed a set of pajamas from the wardrobe and rushed into the bathroom.

She closed the glass door and shower curtain before leaning against the door and taking deep breaths.

It felt as if she had been caught peeping at someone taking a shower.

After a while, Hera finally regained her composure and looked at the red underwear draped over the sink. She widened her eyes and asked herself aloud, "He's not asking me to wash this, is he?"