

CEO Bride 711

Chapter 711

Brian nodded and glanced at Atlas, who was lying on the hospital bed. Sighing, he said, "So, he's really from the Kennedy family!"

Nash stood up, picked up a box containing Eremochloa from the

table, and said, "Atlas' life and your granddaughter's hand for this

Eremochloa. That's enough, yes?"

He was not someone who would take advantage of others, but he

also did not want to lose out. He had relied solely on his medical

skills for Atlas. However, treating Fanny's hand cost him nearly 200cc

of blood, something that could not be bought with money.

"It's more than enough!" Old Donald hurriedly replied.

Moreover, he had more or less even profited.

Old Donald handed the three stalks of Eremochloa to Brian, then

looked at Nash. "Grandmaster, I've already informed the People's

Pharmacy. Old Lucius will personally deliver the Coiled Dragon Flowe

to Royal Bay!”

He did not look at Old Donald even once throughout the conversation.

Nash nodded and smiled. “You’re considerate.

Mireille held her grandfather’s hand and said, “Let’s go back, then!”

Brian frowned slightly. “Why are you, as a young lady, going about drinking alcohol?”

Mireille stuck out her tongue. “It’s a friend’s birthday. It’d be dull of me

if I didn’t drink some. I don’t usually drink anyway!”

Brian made a respectful gesture to Nash. “Grandmaster, please...”

Nash did not hesitate and walked straight out. Old Donald instructed

the assistants in the shop to simmer the medicine before following

them outside.

“Old Tanner...”

Old Donald’s expression was awkward as he struggled to find the

right words. There was a time when the Donald and Lucius families

held respectable positions in the medical community of Jonford.

However, the Tanner family later surpassed them, single-handedly

changing the landscape of the medical field in Jonford. Resentment grew within their families, and they often picked fights at medical

conferences.

It eventually escalated into conflicts, reaching a point of no return. Making amends seemed appropriate now that Old Tanner had com

to his shop. Old Donald saw this as an opportunity to resolve the

grievances.

Standing with his hands behind his back, Brian's face was

expressionless as he asked, "What? Do you still have thoughts of going against me?"

Having recently explored the benefits of a health-preserving diet, he

felt more energetic after half a month of sticking to it. If it came

down to a one-on-one fight, Old Donald would undoubtedly not be his

match.

"No, no, no... I'm here to apologize!

"It was Jur

fault, mine and Old Lucius'. I hope you can forgive and

forget our past grievances."

Old Donald said as he lowered his head sincerely, expressing his

remorse.

Old Tanner's expression softened, and he quickly turned to support

Old Donald. "Alright, I've long since let it go."

Even though it was Old Donald and Old Lucius who initiated the fight last time, considering the numbers on his side, they had ended up

taking the brunt of the beating. He even encouraged his people to fight fiercely back then. Thinking about it, Brian also felt a bit

remorseful.

Old Donald laughed heartily. "I knew you were a magnanimous man.

Brian chuckled. "We're both quite old now. What other lingering

grudges could there be between us?"

After exchanging pleasantries, Brian returned to his car. Larry walk to his Maybach and opened the door, waiting for Mireille to get in.

However, she chose to join her grandfather.

Brian glanced at Larry from the corner of his eye and drove away in silence. Larry sighed with a bitter smile as he watched their car leave.

He got into his car and lit a cigarette. At that moment, Nash's car approached his. They happened to stop at a red light at that moment.

Larry knocked on the car window and then rolled it down, seeming to

have something to say to Nash.

Chapter 712

Nash rolled down the car window, looking puzzled. "It seems like

Mireille is interested in you," Larry said softly.

Nash was slightly taken aback. Had he ever spoken with Mireille about other topics? Moreover, he had not noticed any signs of her interest in him. Besides, her grandfather called him 'Grandmaster', making him a senior in their family.

Also, he was already married. As the granddaughter of Jonford's top miracle doctor, Mireille could not possibly have feelings for a married

man.

“You’re already married. I hope you can make things clear to her so that she can let go of that thought,” Larry said before driving away. He did not even wait for Nash’s response.

Nash sat in the car, bewildered. What the heck! What was going on? How did he inexplicably become someone’s rival in love?

The light had turned green, and the driver behind him was honking. Nash shrugged, started the car, and headed back home.

In Brian’s car, Mireille leaned on the car window, enjoying the slightly cool breeze outside. Her delicate bangs danced in the wind, and a charming smile adorned her beautiful face.

Brian looked at her through the rearview mirror and asked, “Mira, tell me honestly. Do you have a crush on Nash?”

“Huh?” Mireille snapped out of her thoughts, closed the window, and replied, “No, I don’t!”

Brian pursed his lips. “I watched you grow up. Do you think I don’t know what’s on your mind?”

Blushing slightly, Mireille said, “When Duncan kidnapped me last time, Nash single-handedly broke into the family residence to save me. Which woman can resist him after that?”

If she had known he would come to rescue her, she would not have

escaped on her own.

Playing with her hair, Mireille sighed. “But it’s a pity that he’s already

taken!”

They reached another red light. Brian stepped on the brakes and laughed, saying, "Which is why you'd better not have any ideas about him. From what I know about Nash, he's a loyal man.

"Despite having so many wonderful women around him, I haven't heard any rumors about him dating anyone."

"I know that, so I'll keep a certain distance from him," Mireille said pouting. Her feelings were complicated. She had never been in love, and she did not know for sure who Nash was to her. Perhaps what she felt for him was just admiration. Nash was just her idol.

"Larry is a good guy too. He was born into a wealthy family, and he works hard. Few scions compare to him," Brian remarked as they

continued their journey..

Brian naturally hoped for the best for his granddaughter. He had traveled far, encountered numerous prestigious families, and met

countless rich heirs. He had witnessed the arrogance and male chauvinism prevalent among many scions.

Therefore, whenever prominent families approached Brian with

marriage proposals, he always tactfully declined. Only Larry truly got

his approval.

As he believed that Mireille would not be subjected to mistreatment if she were to marry into the Lowell family, Brian rejected other proposals. Larry had been working at the clinic for almost half a year, yet his relationship with Mireille seemed unchanged.

“Oh, Grandpa, can you stop pushing me and Larry together?” Mireille complained with a hint of anger. “I’ve told you many times, I only see

him as a brother!”

Brian smiled. “Alright, alright, I won’t bring it up anymore. I advocate/ for your freedom in love. If you’re not interested in Larry, make it clear to him as soon as possible. Don’t delay his future.”

When Nash returned to the villa at Royal Bay, it was already ten in the evening. As he parked the car at the entrance, he saw Hera leisurely strolling back from the park with her hands behind her back.

Chapter 713

As soon as Nash got out of the car, Hera pounced on him. Nash hugged Hera and jokingly asked, “You didn’t go square dancing, did

you?”

Hera gave Nash a playful look and replied, “I’d never square dance. I went to play chess!” She then pulled out a few crumpled ten-dollar bills from her pocket. She flashed her teeth proudly as she said, “See,

I won 60 bucks!”

Nash could not help but chuckle. “You can bet money on chess?”

Hera giggled and said, “They won’t play with you if no money is

involved.”

Suddenly, a burly man dressed in a security uniform approached them with a gift box in hand. “Mr. Calcraft, there’s an elderly man named Lucius outside. He asked me to give you this box.”

It was the Coiled Dragon Flower sent by the owner of People's

Pharmacy.

Nash took the box and opened it. A faint fragrance wafted out. Inside was a withered light purple flower. There was a price tag inside the

box-3.48 million.

The owner of the pharmacy wanted him to remember this favor he

did for him.

"3.48 million?"

"What... What kind of flower is this?" Hera stared at the flower in the

box in astonishment. Even a hundred-year-old wild ginseng would not

cost this much, right?

"This is called the Coiled Dragon Flower. It grows by absorbing

Celestial Spirit Energy as well as cosmic essence. It's extremely rare," Nash explained with a smile.

Hera pouted. "Indeed, the world of martial artists is beyond the comprehension of ordinary people like us!"

Nash held Hera's hand, and they walked toward the villa. "If you don't understand, you can always ask me... I'm sure I can explain

everything," he offered gently.

Delighted, Hera hugged Nash's arm and asked, "When will you teach

me martial arts?"

"Let me teach you a set of Dual Cultivation Heart Teachings another

day."

"Is it powerful?"

"It's powerful, but..."

"But what?"

"But you can only practice it when I'm around."

"Why?"

"I'll explain it to you later when the time comes."

The two entered the living room. Maria was feeding medicine to

Melody.

Hera let go of Nash's arm and went over, asking, "Is Melody awake?"

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Maria nodded. "Yes, she just woke up not long ago."

Hera took the medicine bowl from Maria's hands and softly said, "Let me do it."

Melody was wrapped up like a mummy, with only her nose and eyes exposed to allow her to breathe and see. Upon hearing Hera's voice, Melody asked hoarsely, "Where's your man?"

Nash stepped forward and asked, "I'm here. Are you in pain?"

Voice thin as a thread, she started, "My... My cultivation..."

She could not sense any true energy in her body. During the confrontation with Boris, most of Boris' attacks had struck her energy

centers.

When she attempted suicide later, she realized they were severely damaged. She was worried that they were now ruined because she

could not sense any true energy.

"I sealed your cultivation temporarily. I'll lift the seal when your injuries are almost healed," Nash said. Worried that Melody might do something foolish, he sealed her energy centers with the Divine

Needles.

If she continued to use true energy while her energy centers were damaged, it would only lead to their complete collapse.

Melody nodded in understanding and took a sip of the medicine that

Hera fed her.

“Take care of Melody. I need to go to the underground alchemy room!”

There were six days left to his 10-day agreement with Grant Nash had to break through to the Mystique Loyalty Realm within this time

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Chapter 714

“Mhm, I’ll take good care of Melody!” Hera said with a hint of disappointment. She had almost forgotten when was the last time she shared a bed with Nash. She knew Nash’s work was important, however. She could not make unreasonable demands.

Nash sensed Hera’s somewhat low mood but could do nothing about it. The pressure from the two Mystique Loyalty Realm experts and one Golden Robe Heavenly Master was too intense. Until the threat was eliminated, he could not calm down and accompany Hera.

When she did not hear Nash's footsteps after he said he was going to leave, Hera turned and saw him standing there with a guilty

expression.

Realizing he was aware of how she felt, Hera smiled gently. "You don't have to worry about me. Once you're done with your troubles, you can accompany me then!"

Nash guiltily said, "I'll spend time with you once I'm done dealing with these troublesome matters."

Hera chuckled. "Alright, I'll be waiting for you to make it up to me!"

Nash leaned forward and pressed a gentle kiss on her forehead before heading to the basement with the herbs.

There were 63 types of ingredients needed for the Golden Onyx Pill. 45 were commonly found in the market, while the remaining 18 were rare herbs that only appeared in ancient times.

Each of them could fetch a price exceeding a million nowadays.

Grappé 714

Especially the three medicinal stones that had been lost for over 500

years, which Nash had retrieved from the tomb of the King of

Morzine

Nash quickly prepared the required ingredients for the Golden Onyx.

Pill.

Subsequently, Nash also prepared a large quantity of herbs for

creating Rejuvenation Pills. The Golden Onyx Pill was a fifth-grade pill, requiring the use of a fifth-grade elixir fire.

The last time he used a fifth-grade elixir fire, it consumed approximately 30 Rejuvenation Pills. With the preparations completed, Nash's work began.

The night was dark, and the winds were high. The lights in the Duerson family's residence were lit brightly. On the rooftop of the luxurious estate, Duncan, along with his two godfathers and Peter, were drinking and feasting. They had gone through three rounds of

drinking by now.

Peter's face was flushed from intoxication. Duncan poured more wine as he laughed and asked, "Master Peter, is your plan really going

to work?"

Peter had just thought of a way to make Nash submit by using the Path techniques to control the people around him. Considering Nash's strong sense of loyalty and righteousness, he would surely comply if his loved ones were threatened.

Raising his glass in the air, Peter downed his drink in one gulp and chuckled sinisterly. "Kid, it's not like you've never seen the power of

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my Path techniques. They might not work on Nash, but they'll certainly be effective on the people around him."

“I wouldn’t ever question your wisdom. What I mean is, how can I assist you?” Duncan quickly replied.

Peter had already set up a gravity array within the estate.

Only with the talismans’ protection that Peter drew would they be immune to the array’s influence. The Swordsman and Boris had both tried it. Without the talismans, they found it difficult to move freely

within the estate.

As long as Nash was inside the estate, the two Mystique Loyalty Realm experts who were with him would not be able to launch a surprise attack.

Now,

ow, all that remained was for Peter to act against Nash.

“This Path technique requires the hair or blood of the target,” he

explained.

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“You want to target Nash’s people? Then you’ll need to provide me with their hair and blood,” Peter declared confidently, stroking his

beard.

Duncan smirked. “That’s not a problem. I’ll have it done right away.” He immediately took out his phone and dialed a number.

The Swordsman scoffed. "Is all this trouble necessary? Once I kill

Nash, his people will be at our mercy anyway."

Boris chuckled. "Well, we might as well kill time while we're at it."

The Swordsman took a sip of his wine, then popped a piece of beef into his mouth. He chewed on it thoughtfully. "Boris, I cut off one of

Dylan's hands.

"Based on the bureau's protective measures, their Great Elder and Second Elder should have come to Jonford. Why haven't they made a

move yet?"

Boris shrugged. "Maybe they're afraid of you."

After giving his subordinates instructions on what to do, Duncan spoke up, "Nash was taken away by the National Martial Bureau a few days ago but was later rescued by someone from the Northern

Territory.

"I'm guessing the bureau won't interfere in this matter. Maybe they're even hoping we'll take care of Nash for them!"

The Swordsman grinned. "Excellent!"

Boris laughed heartily. "Nash is just some kid. Let's drink!"

The four of them raised their wine glasses and toasted. They

continued drinking until the break of dawn until the first light of day appeared in the eastern sky.

Downstairs, a few gunshots rang out. Peter smirked. "That damned beggar is here again!"

The Swordsman immediately grabbed the large blade beside him, preparing for a showdown with the unkempt beggar. Peter spoke up, "My brother, calm down. The gravity array can only limit him, it can't control him. It'll be tough for us to keep him if he wants to leave."

The Swordsman sat back in his chair, his expression contorting with displeasure. "How insufferable. If we don't find a way to deal with him, he might think we're easy to bully!"

Peter shook his head with a wry smile. "Speed is crucial when it comes to martial arts. His speed has surpassed the limit of martial artists. It's challenging to deal with him!"

The Swordsman and Boris remained silent. Duncan rubbed his chin as he pondered. "What if you both increase your speed? Would that be enough to deal with the scoundrel?"

Boris chuckled. "That guy practices a speed technique that's at least at the earth-tier level. In the entire Black Wind Mountains, only the Black Wind Double Kill possesses earth-tier techniques."

Duncan turned to Peter. "What I mean to ask is whether you have any auxiliary Path techniques that can be used to enhance speed, Master

Peter?"

Peter's eyes lit up. "There is a kind of talisman, the Jetstar Talisman, which can increase a martial artist's speed by five times!"

Duncan smirked, picked up the wine glass on the table, and took a sip. The Swordsman and Boris both revealed thought-provoking

smiles.

The unkempt old man returned to Royal Bay and arrived at the residence of Bladesman Divus. There were two bodyguards outside, and inside, a maid was cleaning the place. Divus was sitting at the dining table eating breakfast.

The two bodyguards were about to stop the old man when he disappeared. When they turned around, the unkempt old man was already sitting at the dining table. Just as the two were about to go over, Divus waved his hand to signal them to step back.

The unkempt old man reached his dark hand out and grabbed a buttered bun. Taking a bite, he mumbled, "How troublesome..."

Divus looked at the unkempt old man and asked, "Are you referring to The Swordsman and Boris?"

The unkempt old man sneered. "I'm not paying much attention to those two. It's that Golden Robe Heavenly Master who's the troublesome one!" He then recounted his encounter at the Duerson

family's estate.

There was still one bun left on the plate. Divus reached out to pick it up, but the unkempt old man preemptively grabbed it with a look of frustration. "You enjoy a life of comfort here every day while I sleep

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on the streets outside. It's unfair!"

Divus elegantly set down his cutlery and instead took a sip of milk.

Smiling faintly, he said, "If you don't mind, you can move in and live with me."

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The unkempt old man got to his feet, a piece of bread dangling from his mouth as he adjusted his pants. He showed absolutely no concern for how he presented himself as he said, "Forget it. I'm not used to a place like this!"

After fastening his belt, he chewed on his bread as he headed out. He said in a muffled voice, "You should spend the next couple of days keeping an eye on the people around Young Calcraft. I suspect they'll direct their attacks onto them..."

The unkempt old man's figure slowly turned hazy after he finished speaking.

The two bodyguards standing by the door once again turned

flabbergasted.

Divus grabbed some Kleenex and wiped the milk droplets on the corners of his mouth.

A sharp glint appeared in his narrow eyes.

When Hera finished breakfast, she instructed Maria to take good care of Melody before she headed to work.

However, she could not start the second-hand car they had at home.

“What a terrible car!”

Hera’s good mood instantly vanished.

Her parents were probably already at the office by now, and it would not be feasible to have them come pick her up.

She might as well hail a taxi.

After slamming the door shut, she grabbed her purse and strode toward the entrance.

Once she left Royal Bay’s premises, she saw a brand new Aston

Martin One-77 parked by the entrance.

There were only 77 Aston Martin One-77s in the entire world, and only

five could be found in Drakonia. The selling price for one was around

47 million dollars.

Plenty of people crowded around the car to admire it and take

pictures.

Hera walked to the curb to hail a taxi.

The door abruptly opened, and a burly man wearing a leather jacket

got out of the car.

A panicked look instantly appeared on Hera's face as she took two

hesitant steps backward.

The burly man stopped walking, leaving about a half-foot between himself and Hera. Smiling, he said, "Don't be afraid, Miss. I just

wanted to ask for directions!"

Hera asked hesitantly, "Why would you need to ask for directions

when you have such a luxurious car?”

Only members of the most elite families in Capiton could afford cars

like these.

They would usually have their personal assistants map out their route for them if they ever needed to go somewhere.

“I’m part of the Kennedys from Capiton. May I know if you’re a tenant

in Royal Bay?”

The burly man spoke gently, doing his best to make himself seem

friendly.

However, his thick eyebrows and deep-set eyes made his friendly

smile seem more like an evil grin.

Hera gulped nervously before she nodded and said, “Yes, I am...”

“In that case, do you know a man named Nash Calcraft?”

The burly man continued questioning her.

Mr. Kenney had regained consciousness that morning.

All the toxins had also been completely cleared from his body.

In fact, he had even recovered from his previous ailments.

They wanted to thank the man who saved his life and had managed

to find out the man resided in Royal Bay.

That was why this man had hurried forth to ask Hera for directions

when he saw her come out of Royal Bay.

Hera shook her head and replied, "I don't know who Nash Calcraft is..."

A disappointed look appeared in the man's eyes, but he then asked, "In that case, do you know Hera Lewis?"

They had conducted a brief investigation on Nash and learned his

wife was named Hera Lewis.

Since the woman was young, she might be acquainted with Hera!

Hera said calmly, "I've never heard of that name..."

"Hera..."

Then, a Rolls-Royce pulled to a stop beside them..

Helena, who was in the front passenger seat, asked, "Where are you headed?"

The burly man stared at Hera, and his eyes narrowed as he asked, "Are you Hera Lewis?"

Hera hurried over to Kai's Rolls-Royce. There, she got the courage to stare at the burly man as she asked, "Why are you looking for Nash?"

The man was stunned.

Had she assumed he was an enemy?

How could he seem like a villain when he had spoken to her so gently?

Chapter 717

"There's been a misunderstanding, Ms. Lewis. Mr. Nash Calcraft

saved the Kennedys' son last night, and we're here to say thank you!"

The burly man seemed unsure if he should laugh or cry.

Hera patted her chest and said, "You should've told me earlier. I

thought you wanted to cause Nash trouble!"

Atlas got out of the car and strode toward them. He was wearing a finely-pressed suit, and his slightly child-like features were arranged in a cool expression.

Kai, who was seated in the Rolls-Royce, said softly, "Atlas Kennedy is the heir to the Kennedy family. Nash has managed to get the Kennedy family to owe him a huge favor!"

Atlas walked over to Hera and said, "Please take us to Nash. I'd like to

thank him in person!"

Hera glanced at her watch. "But I'm going to be late!"

Nash was preoccupied at the moment.

She was also in a rush to get to work and had no time to act as

host.

Atlas turned to the Rolls-Royce and said to Helena, "I saw you tw

coming out from Royal Bay, so you guys know each other, right?"

Hera introduced everyone, "This is my cousin, and the man driving the car is her boyfriend, Kai Watson. He's the grandson of Jonford's

richest man!"

Ever since learning about the Skye family, she could carry herself with ease when speaking to members of Capiton's elite families.

Atlas could not care less about who they were. All he wanted was someone who could point them in the right way. A faint smile appeared on his face, which usually had an aloof expression. "I'd like to trouble you two to take me to Nash!"

Helena turned to Hera and asked, "Is Nash available right now?"

Hera shook her head. "He's brewing medicine in the basement right now."

Upon hearing that, Helena turned to Atlas and said, "You should head home, Mr. Kennedy. Nash doesn't have time to meet you."

She knew what Hera was referring to when she said Nash was brewing medicine.

She had previously seen Nash practicing alchemy.

He did not like being interrupted when he was doing that.

Atlas' eyebrows furrowed together slightly.

No one had ever dared to speak to him this way, not even when he was a child.

However, he forced himself to keep his temper in check, reminding himself this woman was cousins with Nash's wife.

"Phone call for you, Mr. Kennedy!"

Another burly man got out of the Aston Martin and walked over with

Atlas' phone...

Atlas took the phone and glanced at the screen.

The screen showed the caller ID 'Sir'.

Atlas drew in a deep breath and answered the phone. "Sir..."

A young man's excited voice rang out from the other end of the line. "Good lord, young man. You're a lucky one!"

Then, he said exasperatedly, "You're so foolish. How dare you trust what your elder brother told you?!"

Atlas said ruefully, "He got the information from an ancient book. It said that Eremochloa is an antidote for the poison of a Seven-Starred

Begonia!"

"Hah.."

"You still have plenty to learn, young man!"

Then, the man lowered his voice. "Whatever, I can't be bothered to

explain things to you right now.

“Come pick me up from Lily’s Hotel. It’s right across the street from Jonford Railway Station. While you’re at it... help me grab two sets of

clothes... and a couple of underwear...”

“Have you been gambling so much that you’ve lost your underwear again?”

The corner of Atlas’ lips curled upward.

His master always got scammed whenever he left the mountains.

He had also tried to caution him multiple times.

“I still have my phone, don’t I?”

“I’ll be right there!”

Atlas hung up the phone and handed Hera a business card from his pocket. “Since Mr. Calcraft is busy today, I’ll come again tomorrow. This is my number. Please feel free to approach me if you ever need any assistance in your business, Ms. Lewis.”

Hera carefully took the card from him. “Alright, I’ll let him know.”

Atlas did not want to waste any more time. He

immediately returned

to his car and told his chauffeur to take him to Jonford Railway Station.

Hera's initial plan was to take a cab to work, but Kai and Helena managed to persuade her to take their Rolls-Royce instead. Kai pushed back all his other engagements and prioritized taking Hera to Baroque Group's branch company instead.

Atlas bought new clothes and traveled to Lily's Hotel to pick up

master.

His master was an elegant, good-looking man who seemed to be his 30s, and the most attractive part of him was his sideburns.

Upon getting into his disciple's car, the young man sighed and said, "I didn't mean to cause trouble, but trouble came to me uninvited!" Atlas rolled his eyes. "Is that why you lost all your savings?"

Chapter 718

"Atlas, I'm very grateful that you came to pick me up, but I'm not a fan of the way you're speaking to me!"

The man with the sideburns spoke in a displeased tone.

Atlas chuckled. "How did you know I was at Jonford? Did my elder brother contact you?"

His elder brother spent most of his time out of the country, and his phone number was always a foreign one whenever he contacted their

master.

"I don't want to hear you talk about him. That asshole deliberately told you to use Eremochloa as an antidote. He was trying to poison you!"

The man with the sideburns spoke vehemently.

Atlas was stunned. "No way. He's always nice to me!"

The man with the sideburns smacked the back of Atlas' head. "I told you to stop talking about him. Did you not hear me?"

"Bastard, how dare you slap Mr. Kennedy..."

The burly man sitting in the front passenger seat cried in outrage.

"Shut up!"

The man with the sideburns glared at the burly man.

That man's mouth instantly sealed shut as if glue had been applied to

He could not open his mouth again no matter how hard he tried..

"Come on, let's go visit your savior!"

The man with the sideburns crossed one leg over the other, a slight smile tugging at his lips.

"I just went to visit him. He's not available today," Atlas said while smiling. "You've only just returned home. I'll book you a room at a grand hotel so that you can get some good rest!"

"That's alright. Just take me to Royal Bay," the man with the sideburns said calmly.

"How did you know he resides at Royal Bay?"

Atlas knew his master could do divination.

His master had his astrology chart and could use that to roughly

figure out where he was.

However, how had his master figured out exactly where his savior

lived?

The man with the sideburns closed his eyes and said, "Just take me

where I ask you to. Why do you always have so much crap to say?"

Nash had crafted several batches of Rejuvenation Pills at Royal Bay.

He was about to begin crafting Golden Onyx Pills when the Heavenly Masters Token hanging on the wall began emanating a faint golden

light.

Slightly stunned, a smile appeared on Nash's face as he said, "Could

that be for me?"

He got to his feet and took the Heavenly Masters Token down,

stuffing it into his pocket before leaving the basement.

As he walked out, he bumped into Maria, who had just returned from getting groceries.

“Good morning, sir!” Maria said while smiling brightly.

“Please brew a pot of the tea Duncan gifted, Maria. I’m expecting an important guest!”

“Alright!”

Maria immediately headed to the living room and began brewing tea.

Nash lifted Melody into his arms and took her to the second floor.

Melody was awake, and her heart began thumping loudly as she lay in

Nash’s arms.

Nash could sense Melody’s quickening heartbeat. He smiled as he lowered his gaze and asked, “What’s the matter? Feeling shy?”

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Melody did not even have the strength to lift a finger or talk.

However, she gathered all her strength and shook her head when she

heard Nash teasing her.

She was the daughter of the richest man of Sagen and was a frequent patron of nightclubs. Why would she be shy?

Even if she was feeling shy, she would never admit it.

Nash smiled but did not say anything as he brought her to one of the

guest rooms. He gently placed her on the bed and pulled a blanket

over her.

After looking around the room, he spotted a remote control on the bedside table.

He placed the remote control in Melody's hand and guided her thumb across the buttons as he said, "This remote is compatible with all the smart appliances in this room.

"The top button is for the air conditioning, the bottom button is for the television, the one on the right is for the lights, the one on the right is for the curtains, and the button in the middle will allow you to

communicate with whoever is downstairs!"

Melody gripped the remote control tightly. Her cracked lips fluttered slightly as she said in a hoarse voice, "I... want... some water..."

After drinking the medicine Nash brewed, her blood constantly felt like it was boiling. She was constantly dehydrated.

Nash looked around the room and took a bottle of water from the

table. After twisting the cap open, he sat by the bed and helped Melody sit upright.

Melody could not steady herself, so she lay in Nash's arms. In this position, she felt her heart rate increasing again.

Nash helped her drink half a bottle of water before he asked gently,"

Do you want any more?"

Melody shook her head slowly. Her thoughts were beginning to feel muddled.

Chapter 719

Apart from her parents and grandparents, no one had ever been this nice to her.

No!

She could not have such thoughts.

Nash was Hera's man.

She was his subordinate.

She was merely his subordinate and should not be making a fool of

herself.

Melody repeated this to herself multiple times.

Nash had no idea of the thoughts running through Melody's mind. He

helped her lie back down before pulling the blanket over her. "Just

press the button on the remote control if you need anything. Maria

and I will be at home!"

After saying that, he left the room, closing the door behind him.

Melody heaved a sigh of relief when she heard the door closing.

Outside the mansion at Royal Bay, Atlas' car pulled to a stop.

The bodyguard got out of the car and opened the door. He lowered his head as he invited the man with sideburns to step out of the car.

When the man with the sideburns observed how politely the burly

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man was treating him, he smiled as he tapped the top of his head. He

said, "Watch your manners the next time you talk to me!"

“Yes, yes... I’ll watch my mouth...”

Upon realizing he could speak again, the bodyguard lowered his head.

enthusiastically as he said, “Thank you, sir. I apologize for my

previous rash behavior!”

The man with the sideburns said nonchalantly, “I was going to ask Atlas to fire you, but given your current attitude, I guess I’ll forgive you

this time!”

Even a follower of his disciple dared to point fingers at him.

He had no power, nor did he have any common sense. He could not

figure out why Atlas hired someone like that to follow him around.

The burly man gave Atlas a pleading look, seemingly hoping he would

put in a good word for him.

Atlas smiled ruefully. “You should head home and set up a small

business. I’ll deal with the funding!”

The burly man was a distant relative of his who had to come to h

for support after arriving at Capiton three months prior.

During these three months, he had caused him a lot of trouble by

flagrantly flaunting the fact Atlas was the heir of the Kennedys.

Today, he even offended his master.

Despite already knowing this was his master, he still dared to speak

to him rudely. Atlas had no idea what was going on in his brain.

“Mr. Kennedy...” the burly man said, an awkward look on his face.

3/4

“That’s enough. How much money do you want? The checkbook is with you, so write down however much money you want!”

Atlas interrupted his cousin.

A rueful look appeared on the burly man’s face as he wrote himself a check for three million dollars.

He gave Atlas a wary look as he wrote the check.

After all, three million dollars was no small sum of money.

He was worried Atlas would find him greedy.

Atlas said, "Make it 30 million. Don't come looking for me anymore!"

30 million dollars was nothing to the Kennedys.

Paying 30 million dollars to get rid of this nuisance would not be a

loss at all.

The man with the sideburns smiled at this scene.

30 million dollars.

He had never even seen this much money at once in his life.

He began wondering if he should start collecting a fee from his

disciple!

After shooing away several of his men, Atlas walked alongside his

master to Royal Bay's entrance.

Nash also walked through the gates, a big smile on his face as he

said, "Eric... long time no see!"

The man laughed heartily and spread his arms open to embrace

Nash. "Nashy..."

Both embraced in a bear hug.

The man with sideburns thumped Nash's back loudly.

Nash also did the same, gathering all his strength and thumping the man's back.

Waves of true energy gushed forth, and drops of blood appeared at the corners of their mouths.

Atlas, who stood nearby watching them, was dumbfounded.

His master and Nash knew each other.

However... they had such a unique way of greeting each other!

Chapter 720

Nash used a thumb to wipe the blood away from his lips and

chuckled as he said, "Your skills have improved rapidly in the six

years we were apart, Eric. You've taken plenty of medicine, haven't

you?"

The man was Eric Sands, one of Drakonia's ten Golden Amulet Masters.

The two had bludgeoned zombies together six years ago.

Back then, Eric had only been a stage one great-grandmaster.

Now, his skills had rapidly risen to peak Profound Reality Realm.

It would not be as astonishing if a normal martial artist had cultivated their skills until they reached peak Profound Reality Realm.

However, given Eric practiced both the Path and martial arts, his achievement of peak Profound Reality Realm was extremely impressive.

Nash had gotten to where he was today because he had a wonderful master who had given him dragon's blood and used various precious herbs in his cleansing.

Contrarily, Eric's master was a lesser-known practitioner of the Path.

His skills and hard work were what led him to obtain the Golden

Amulet.

“I’ll leave right now if that’s what you’re going to say to me! What did you mean when you said I’ve taken plenty of medicine? Have I not

worked hard to achieve everything I have today?”

Eric spoke exasperatedly.

However, he was secretly impressed with Nash’s cultivation level too.

Nash was merely a grandmaster six years ago.

After six years had passed, he managed to achieve peak Profound Reality Realm too.

As expected of Master Calcraft’s disciple!

“Haha... I should watch my mouth more carefully!”

Nash chuckled and then glanced at Atlas before asking, “Do you and Mr. Kennedy know each other?”

Eric clasped his hands behind his back and smiled as he said, “I took/ him in as a disciple three years ago!”

Then, he gave Atlas a solemn look as he said, “Nash and I took a

blood oath that we’d be brothers. You have to address him as your

master as well to show him some respect!”

Without a moment's hesitation, Atlas lowered his head and said, "

Greetings, Master Nash!"

He knew his master was paving his future for him.

Both his master and Nash spat out blood when they said hello to

each other just now, which showed that their skills were roughly on

the same level.

Nash and his master were both Golden Amulet Masters, but an

advantage Nash held above his master was that he had extraordinary

Choupé 2201

medical skills..

Would anyone refuse to have a Golden Amulet Master well-versed in

martial arts and medicine to be their master as well?

Nash rubbed his nose and grinned. "Whatever. I guess I'll take you in as a god-disciple!"

Atlas seemed to be about 19 years old. He was not much older than he was, but considering Nash's skills, it did make sense for him to be

brothers with Eric.

If Atlas did not mind, there was no reason for Nash to make a fuss.

Eric slung an arm across Nash's shoulders and said loftily, "Come on, let's go get drunk!"

"I'm afraid I don't have the time for that today," Nash said as he heaved a loud sigh.

"Oh? Is there something that's bothering you?"

Eric gave Nash a surprised look.

He was a Golden Amulet Master who had achieved peak Profound Reality Realm.

Even if he had to face a Mystique Loyalty Realm expert, he could still

run circles around them.

"I've prepared tea. Let's talk while drinking that."

Nash led Eric and Atlas into his mansion's living room.

A pot of brewed tea sat on the coffee table.

Chapté 720

Maria sterilized the teacups before pouring them a cup of tea each.

Nash said politely, "After you, Eric..."

Eric replied, "Let's drink!"

The two smiled as they raised their cups and clinked them together gently.

Nash took a small sip of his tea.

It was no mystery why the tea leaves were worth three million dollars. The aroma of the tea lingered in one's mouth, tasting bitter at first and then sweet. There was a lingering aftertaste.