

## CEO Bride 72

### Chapter 72

He was not Mr. Lee?

Joseph was stunned.

Olivia was flabbergasted.

Everyone in the Lee family stared at the old man in Stellar's hands.

Who else could he be other than Mr. Lee?

Stellar reached behind Mr. Lee's ear and fumbled around.

However, he did not manage to locate the human-skin mask's seal.

Stellar began growing nervous.

It did not seem like a human-skin mask.... Could this person be Mr. Lee himself?

Just as Stellar was about to descend into panic, Nash said weakly, "Rip his clothes off..."

"Stop..."

Stellar had placed Mr. Lee's corpse on the ground and was just about to rip his clothes off when Joseph stood up and stopped

him.

His father had been his idol ever since he was a child.

He was the one thing that kept him going.

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to come to terms with the fact he had just witnessed

that the warden was present, nor did he care who Stellar was.

bitterly, "My father is already dead, yet you're going to rip his clothes

family bodyguards that a killer had been spotted outside just a while

"A killer from the West?"

nodded and said, "That's right. That killer died in the hands of the masked

eyes, her heart

wanted to murder

man was the warden's

fact that he had killed her grandfather meant something about her grandfather might have

Northern Territory's ninth army, swear this on my life. If this person is indeed Mr. Lee, faces immediately

could not believe he was a colonel!!!

got some sense knocked back into him

a few steps

killer tried to assassinate the warden just now, and this

at his daughter in shock. He worried his lips with his

were assassinated, It would cause a major problem that involved estate, there was no doubt they would be shunned by the public.

said,

gaining permission from the Lee family...

Lee's clothes off

his body was wrinkle-free.

pecs and abs were so well-defined that some of the

white line could be

to

disguise made from synthetic skin and was so well-made that it was difficult

Mr. Lee's true face was thus revealed to the audience.

He was a mixed race, middle aged man."

The warden bent down before Nash and asked worriedly, "How are you feeling... Do you need to go to the hospital?"

Nash slowly retrieved seven snake-shaped gold needles from his pocket.

He secretly channeled his inner energy as he swiftly stabbed the seven gold needles in the area surrounding his wound. The toxins on the gold needles killed the virus, and his clotting factors returned to normal.

His wound finally stopped bleeding around three minutes later.

Before Nash managed to stand up, six different murderous auras blanketed the area.

Everyone shuddered.

Then...

Six people clad in black and various masks leaped from the mansion's top floor.

They landed on the ground, light as a feather.

The one who seemed to be their leader said in a heavily accented voice, "Smiling Grim Reaper... I wasn't expecting to see you here..."

"Shawn!"

"You're still alive..."

Nash stared at the man dressed in black in shock.

Shawn was a killer from Balaria.

Once, he had ranked third on the Dark Web Killer Leaderboard. Six years ago, he and Shawn had received the same mission.