

## **CEO Bride 721**

### Chapter 721

Eric gave the tea a gentle sniff before saying appreciatively, “This tea has a long-lasting aroma. This is high-quality tea!”

He swallowed the contents of the teacup in one gulp and closed his eyes to enjoy the aromatic taste of the tea in his mouth.

Atlas took a small sip, and a spark appeared in his eyes. “This is Darjeeling tea specially provided for members of the government. It’s very expensive, isn’t it?”

His grandfather had once brought him to visit an important government official.

That officer held an extremely important position, and his grandfather had seemed to be on tenterhooks when speaking to him. However, the man had treated him with the utmost respect and brewed him a pot of his finest tea.

Atlas had also drank a cup of that tea then. He viewed it as of his proudest moments and committed all details of that day to memory-especially the taste of that Darjeeling tea.

Nash smiled as he said, "Drinking tea is a way of improving

relationships. Who would discuss how much the tea cost while drinking it?"

"You're right, Master Nash!"

An awkward expression appeared on Atlas' face.

It would be shameful for him to admit he was born into a prestigious

Chair

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family.

His grandfather had taught him to never constantly bring up money in

conversation.

He usually never engaged in conversations about money, so why did

he embarrass himself in front of Master Nash today?

Eric put his teacup down and rolled his eyes at Atlas. "My relationship

with Nash is not founded on benefits!”

If Nash ever visited him, he would also serve him the best tea and

wine he had at home.

They had gone through life-or-death situations before, and the strength of their bond could no longer be measured using money.

Atlas was so embarrassed he wanted to bury himself alive.

He did not know what was wrong with him today. How could he have said something so idiotic?

Could his brain be malfunctioning because the toxins had not been

completely cleared from his body yet?

Atlas was still staring dazedly into space. Eric said exasperatedly, “Aren’t you going to apologize to Nash?”

Atlas jerked out of his reverie and hurriedly got to his feet so that

he could pour Nash a cup of tea.

Then, he filled his own cup and held it in both hands as he said, “My

apologies for not watching my mouth, Master Nash. Allow me to use this tea as a substitute for liquor while I apologize to you!”

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Nash waved his hand and smiled. "No need for such formalities. Do

sit down!"

Atlas held his cup in both hands as he said, "I'll drink to your health!"

Once he finished his sentence, he poured the contents of the cup into.

his mouth.

The tea was warm, and Atlas held the liquid in his mouth for some time before he finally swallowed it.

Nash picked up his cup and took a sip from it. "You're one of us now.

No need to be such a stickler for the rules!"

Atlas poured himself a second cup of tea. "I'll drink once more to your health, Master Nash. Thank you for saving my life yesterday!"

Nash could not be bothered to put his cup down and thus took a

second sip of tea.

After drinking two cups of tea, Atlas sat down beside his master obediently.

Eric's frown became less pronounced, and he turned to Nash. "Is there something that's bothering you?"

is. However, these problems should become much now that you're here, Eric!"

Nasi told him everything about the Duerson family and Six Finger afterwards.

Atlas sat beside them, pouring tea.

When he went to add more warm water into the

teapot by himself.

Despite being the heir of the Kennedy family, he acted like a servant to

the two Golden Amulet Masters.

Eric ran a hand over his sideburns and narrowed his eyes as he said,

Peter Sontag is probably going to be a difficult person to deal with!"

He had not participated in the hunt for Peter back then, but the

Association of Path Masters had made such a big deal out of it.

Moreover, he had learned from the more experienced practitioners how Nash had failed to defeat Peter Sontag despite collaborating

with multiple Heavenly Masters. That alone was enough to show that

Peter's skills were on par with that of a Golden Robe Heavenly Master.

"I exchanged hands with him about a month ago. His skills have

improved drastically..."

"He's mastered the Five Thunder Curse and the Corpse Controlling Spell. In fact, he can control corpses that are a thousand feet away

from him. I'm not sure if we can even do that."

Nash recalled the time he helped Philix defy death and return to life.

The man who had battled him from afar was no other than Peter.

He could perform the Five Thunder Curse too, but he had not yet reached the level where he could execute it a thousand feet away.

As for the Corpse Controlling Spell...

It was dark magic that Nash had never dabbled in before.

Eric frowned as he said, "So, Peter is at Jonford to attack you?"

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Eric immediately slapped himself after asking that question and muttered to himself, "How could I have asked such a foolish

question?"

He gave Atlas a displeased look.

He seemed to be trying to pin all the blame on his disciple.

The muscles on Atlas' face twitched.

How was this his fault too?

A solemn look appeared on Eric's face as he asked, "How do you plan to fight back?"

If Nash was in trouble, he would help without asking for anything in return.

However, he could not give any constructive advice since he had never interacted with Peter himself.

"I plan to achieve the Mystique Loyalty Realm and then fight The Swordsman to the death!" Nash shared his plan.

"It's not that easy to achieve the Mystique Loyalty Realm!" Eric said as he peeled a banana from the fruit bowl and took a bite. "Besides, do you think he'd just sit back and watch you achieve the Mystique Loyalty Realm?"

Going from the Profound Reality Realm to the Mystique Loyalty

Realm required copious amounts of Celestial Spiritual Energy.

Jonford was a developing city, and the air here was filled with nothing other than exhaust. It would be extremely difficult to achieve the

Mystique Loyalty Realm in a place like this.

Besides, there were two Mystique Loyalty Realm experts within the Duerson family, and their energies were enough to encompass the whole of Jonford. They would immediately know if Nash began dabbling with Celestial Spiritual Energy.

“I’m confident nothing will go wrong with you here!”

Nash poured himself a fresh cup of tea and took a sip.

He had Bladesman Divus and the unkempt old man on his side, and now, he also had Eric with him.

It was three against three, and his team had the upper hand.

Gulping, Atlas asked quietly, “Master, those two Mystique Loyalty Realm experts won’t be that easy to defeat, will they?”

Eric nodded. “Indeed, it’ll be difficult to deal with them. Why do you

go ahead and return to Capiton? You can leave me at Jonfore

When Atlas saw Nash sipping his tea without a care in the w

continued in a lowered voice, “What I meant was...”



Eric smacked Atlas on the back of his head. "Shut up! Nothing go

ever comes out of your mouth!"

He could immediately guess that Atlas did not want him to get

involved in this issue.

Atlas said worriedly, "In that case, I'll stay here with you!"

Eric said solemnly, "I have a task for you. Rent a mansion in Royal Bay!"

Atlas grinned. "That's easy. I'll get my grandfather to do it. immediately!"

He immediately took his phone out and called his grandfather.

When Sir Kennedy heard his grandson's voice, he immediately began

inquiring about his health and only felt at ease after he was sure Atlas was alright.

"Grandpa... I'm at Royal Bay with my master right now. Could you get me a mansion here?"

"Hahaha, I'd purchase all o

e safe!"

Royal Bay for you as long as you're

Sir Kennedy laughed heartily before asking, "Why are you guys staying at Royal Bay, though? Can't you stay in Capiton?"

Atlas explained, "My master is visiting an old friend, and he probably

won't be leaving Jonford for some time!"

Sir Kennedy said wisely, "In that case, focus on spending time with

your master. His friends are probably quite powerful as well, so you

should focus on forming connections with them!"

Atlas smiled as he said, "They're definitely not nobodies. One of them saved my life yesterday!"

After a moment's silence, Sir Kennedy asked, "Your master is close

friends with Nash Calcraft?"

He knew about everything that happened yesterday, including the

person who saved Atlas' life.

He did not expect Nash to be the one who saved his precious grandson, nor had he expected Atlas' master to be close friends with Nash.

"Yes, I think they're lifelong friends!"

"Haha, what a coincidence! Alright, I won't keep you on the phone any longer. I'll get my secretary to call you in about ten minutes to finalize details on the mansion!"

Sir Kennedy hung up the phone.

The smile on his face slowly faded and was replaced by a worried look.

Nash's name was being mentioned everywhere recently.

He was a guest at the Klein household a couple of days ago, and they

had also been talking about Nash Calcraft.

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Nothing good ever happened to the people who got on the Kleins' radar.

How could he get Atlas to stay away from Nash?

At Royal Bay, Nash and Eric continued talking over drinks.

Upon hearing Nash say he wanted to cultivate Golden Onyx Pills, an incredulous look appeared on Eric's face. "You know how to do that?"

Golden Onyx Pills were classified as a fifth-grade elixir, and even the most well-known practitioners of the Path were only able to craft third -grade elixirs.

He had never known Nash knew alchemy, much less that he knew how to craft fifth-grade elixirs.

Was he boasting?

"I've already prepared all the ingredients. It takes three wh

and nights to complete the creation of Golden Onyx Pills!

“During these three days, you’ll have to think of ways to protect loved ones!”

Nash lit himself a cigarette. Then, he shook the box and sent a cigarette flying.

Eric reached out and caught the cigarette between his fingers, lightly gesturing with his left index finger to create a flame. He lit the

cigarette. After taking a drag, he said in a low voice, “I’m just one person, though. I won’t be enough to fight them, will I?”

A smile tugged on the corner of Nash’s lips. “You just need to keep an eye out for Peter Sontag. No need to pay The Swordsman or Boris any attention!”

Eric seemed to guess what was going on, and he smiled as well.

Atlas went to deal with the paperwork regarding the mansion after lunch.

Meanwhile, Eric went into the basement with Nash. When he saw the rusted bronze cauldron, he pursed his lips and asked mockingly, “Are you using this rusty thing to craft the pills?”

Despite saying that, his eyes turned red.

That was the Divine Cauldron, for crying out loud!

Nash had somehow managed to get his hands on the Divine

Cauldron!

Since he owned this precious cauldron, it was no wonder could

craft fifth-grade elixirs.

Nash stuffed his hands into his pockets and smiled, "I think th

ingredients I have will allow me to craft three Golden Onyx Pills!

Upon hearing that, Eric frowned and said in a booming voice, "Th not what I want to hear from you, Nashy. Do you think I'm only helping you for the Golden Onyx Pills?"

He turned and left the room upon hearing that.

"Where are you going?" Nash asked loudly.

"I'm going to make some protection amulets!"

Eric skipped out of the basement.

Golden Onyx Pills!

His three-year-long bottleneck was finally coming to an end.

If he wanted the Golden Onyx Pill, he would have to put on his best performance. At the very least, he could not allow anything to happen to Nash's friends and family.

Thus, he immediately decided he would make several amulets that

would place protection over them.

Atlas soon finished the paperwork and brought his master to Royal Bay Villa 14.

The mansion was decorated lavishly and came with a full set of high-

quality furniture. One could move in at a moment's notice, and housekeeping services were also available.

Eric dragged his suitcase into the mansion and immediately taking out brushes, paper, ink, and other instruments from his

Once he poured himself some ink, he grabbed a brush and began

making amulets. "Atlas, go find out how many friends Nash has

Jonford!"

"Alright, I'll do that right now!"

Atlas took his phone out and began reaching out to various contacts.

By the time the sun set, he had a long list of names.

Eric folded the paper into triangles and then began writing the names

on the list onto the back of each triangle.

"Can this really protect them, Master?"

Atlas rarely saw his master in action, and he was worried these protection amulets would be useless.

“I’m just in charge of ensuring these people don’t get affected by the Path!”

Eric placed the amulets into a plastic bag, which he tossed to Atlas as he said, “Hand out these protection amulets to them and tell them to keep it on them at all times. Say that this is an instruction from Nash!”

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“I’ll just ask them to drop by the mansion and pick them up. After all, I’m the heir of the Kennedy family. Why should I deliver these to them myself?”

Atlas : sotke haughtily.

Ericssmeed as he raised a hand and asked, “Are you going to do it or

not?”

“Alright, caigght. I’ll go, okay?”

Atlas ussodobne hand to cover his head and the other to pick up the

plastic boobertore ne walked toward the door.

“Wan...”

As he approæceed tee door, Eric suddenly called out to him.

Atlas paused in missreecss.

“Find out which clubs are trustworthy here!” Eric said, a de grin

appearing on his face.

“I can get you several Bliss bootresses if that’s what you’re a

women at clubs might not be clean Atlas replied.

“You bastard. I’m just in searchlobha reputable massage parlor. W

thoughts are running through yourimod?”

“Oh, fuck off. I wonder who got isccanned of all their money at the

railway station?”

“Shut up!”

Eric glared at Atlas.

Atlas practically fled from the mansion.

At Baroque Group’s headquarters, Harrison and Lauren walked out of the meeting room.

Lauren abruptly asked, “Has the CEO of Innovate Collective emailed you yet?”

“I received the email at ten this morning. He’s invited us for dinner at Jonford Hotel this evening!”  
Harrison answered as he nodded.



“Have you said yes already?” Lauren asked, her eyebrows knitting themselves together.

“I haven’t replied to the email yet. Innovate Collective and Universal Group have just signed a collaborative agreement, so wouldn’t their only purpose for inviting us to dinner be to mock us?

“I’m not that foolish. I’ll reply to the email and turn down the inv later!” Harrison said while sneering.

“Oh, right. I plan to take Melody as a goddaughter once she’s

recovered from her injuries. What do you think?” Lauren asked.

“Would she be willing?”

Harrison chuckled dryly.

Melody had a net worth of several billion dollars, and her father was

once the richest man in Sagen.

How could he ever have the guts to be her godfather?

Lauren chuckled as she said, “Melody has lost her parents, and what she needs most now is a family. Given our relationship with Nash, I don’t think it’ll be a problem at all!”

Harrison narrowed his eyes and asked, “You’re hoping that having this relationship will help us land a collaboration with Universal Group, aren’t you?”

Lauren raised an eyebrow. “Don’t say such nonsense. I genuinely like. this woman!”

Harrison chuckled. "It's your call!"

Then, a secretary walked over clutching a pile of files. "Mr. Yates.

from Intelico Technologies is here, Mr. Harrison. He's waiting for you in your office."

"Intelico Technologies?"

"Are we working with Intelico Technologies?"

Lauren gave Harrison an inquiring look.

"Intelico Technologies specializes in razors. Our fields are not

compatible at all. How could we even collaborate?"

Harrison was confused as well.

After a moment's thought, Lauren said quietly, "Well, might as well meet him since he's already here. After all, Intelico Technologies is a publicly listed company. It's never a bad idea to meet someone new!"

Then, she gave the secretary a stern look as she said, "In the future,

please obtain our permission before allowing individuals from companies we're not working with onto the premises!"

The secretary lowered her gaze and said, "Understood, Ms. Mare!"

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Lauren adjusted Harrison's tie as she said, "I'm going to the finance department now. You go ahead and meet Mr. Yates!"

Harrison double-checked his appearance before returning to his

office with the secretary.

"Apologies for the intrusion, Mr. Harrison. Please don't take it personally!"

Andi Yates, a man in his 40s, smiled as he got to his feet and walked forth to shake Harrison's hand.

He was wearing a well-pressed suit and was clean-shaven. His hair had been combed into a neat hairstyle. He was a walking example of

what a successful man should look like.

"I didn't know you'd drop by today, Mr. Yates. My apologies that I was not here to greet you!"

Harrison used his left hand to shake Andi's hand while using his right

to beckon him to sit. "Please take a seat, Mr. Yates!"

Then, he turned to the secretary and said, "Ruby, bring us my

treasured collection of Earl Grey tea!"

As the two settled on the couch, Andi placed the tea, cigars, and wine

he had brought along on the coffee table. "These are some simple gifts I've prepared for you, Mr. Harrison. I hope you'll enjoy them!"

Harrison chuckled. "You're too kind, Mr. Yates. It's enough that you're here. You didn't need to prepare any gifts!"

Aged wine from Tuscany, Davidoff cigars, and rooibos tea from 1963. These items cost roughly two million dollars in total, and though not ridiculously expensive, they were not particularly cheap either. Such gifts were perfect for a first-time meeting.

Andi looked around the office and smiled as he said, "Baroque Group is doing better by the day, but your office remains as simple as ever, Mr. Harrison. That's a rare sight to behold!"

Harrison chuckled. "You're too kind, Mr. Yates. I just prefer having a calmer office because they say tranquility yields transcendence!"

The secretary brewed tea while they exchanged pleasantries.

Harrison poured Andi a cup of tea and then smiled while saying, "One does not drop by unannounced without reason, Mr. Yates. I wonder why you're here to see me today?"

He motioned for Andi to take the cup after he filled it.

Andi did not bother with formalities and sipped on the tea as he smiled sadly. He said, "I won't bother beating about the bush anymore. I have a nephew who has just graduated from university and he's founded a smartphone company with a few of his friends."

"That young, impetuous man wants to produce high-end phones despite just starting out, and they're interested in using 7nm chips. However, they don't have access to any suppliers, and I heard that Baroque Group has a photolithography machine for 7nm chips."

Harrison paused halfway in bringing the cup to his lips.

Could things really be this wonderful?

The other two companies had monopolized the market for 7nm chips, and Baroque Group had not yet found any clients because their skills

were not mature enough.

They had just been worrying about this, and a client had arrived at

their front doors.

Harrison put his cup down and smiled as he said, "It's good that the youngsters are full of drive. Technology is advancing at a rapid pace today, and smart technology is taking the world by storm now.

"Only high-end phones will be able to withstand the challenges the market throws their way... The world is going to belong to the younger generation soon!"

Andi laughed. "You're right, Mr. Harrison... We went through the same thing during our times!"

Harrison asked, "May I know how large your nephew's company is and roughly what their demand would be, Mr. Yates?"

Andi smiled knowingly. "Don't worry, Mr. Harrison. I've invest

two billion dollars in their company and will continue to mak

investments if things go smoothly for them. Baroque Group the only company supplying them with the chips!"

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Excitement washed over Harrison, but he arranged his features in calm expression. He merely smiled slightly as he said, "In that case why don't we arrange to have a meal with your nephew soon?"

After all, Andi was merely the middle-man here. If Harrison wanted to discuss business matters, he had to speak to Andi's nephew.

"Sure thing. I'll have everything arranged!"

Andi laughed. "If you could spare me one of your business cards, I'll have my nephew contact you directly, Mr. Harrison!"

The secretary retrieved a business card from Harrison's desk and held it in both hands as she handed it to Andi. She said in a soft voice, "Here's Mr. Harrison's business card, Mr. Yates!"

Andi took the business card and glanced at the clock before he got to his feet. "It's getting late, and I still have some business to take care of at work. I won't keep you from your work any longer, Mr. Harrison. We'll meet again soon!"

"Alright, I'll walk you to the door!"

Harrison walked alongside Andi to the elevators.

Andi patted Harrison on the shoulder and smiled as he said, "No need

to accompany me any farther, Mr. Harrison. I'll head downstairs myself!"

"Alright. Goodbye, Mr. Yates!"

Harrison pressed the button that would make the elevator doors close.

The elevator doors closed slowly.

Harrison was in an excellent mood. He clasped his hands behind his back and hummed under his breath as he walked toward the finance department to share the wonderful news with Lauren.

Yet, he had only taken a few steps before he received another phone call.

“Mr. Harrison... A man claiming to be the heir of the Kennedys wants to meet you!”

Chapter 726

“The Kennedys from Capiton?”

Harrison’s pupils contracted and then he scoffed. “How could the heir to the Kennedy family come looking for me? I think it’s someone from

Innovate Collective here to cause trouble, right?”

Ever since he heard from Hera that Clarke was causing trouble, he

had formed a prejudice against Innovate Collective.

When Innovate Collective e-mailed him to ask him for a meal, he

chose to ignore it. He could always reject them later on.

The guard said, "This guy has a purple Aston Martin one-77."

Harrison stopped.

Aston Martin one-77?

That was a top-notch luxury car that just launched this year.

There were only 77 in the world and only five in Drakonia!

Only the elite families in Capiton had the capital to buy one, right?

Was it really someone from the Kennedy family?

The guard lifted his head to look at Atlas and asked nervously. "Mr. Kennedy, the chairman is asking the reason for your visit.

Atlas smiled and answered, "I'm here for business!"

When Harrison heard Atlas' voice, he did not wait for the guard to get

back to him and immediately said, "Ask him to wait right there. I'm



going down right now!”

After saying that, he hung up the phone and hurried downstairs.

When he got to the elevator, he bumped into Lauren, who was coming

The two of them bumped into each other. Lauren was about to fly into a fit of rage when she saw that it was her husband. With a frown, she asked, “Why are you in such a hurry?”

Harrison excitedly took Lauren’s hand and pulled her into the elevator. “Good news! Good news!”

Lauren said to the employees from the finance department, “Go and do the review first. If there’s no problem with the data, ask the deputy director to stamp it.”

After saying that, she closed the elevator doors and glared at Harrison angrily. She snapped, “You’re the chairman of Baroque, so you should be calm and collected when encountering problems. It- won’t be appropriate if the employees from other departments see you like this.”

Harrison simply said, “Lauren, amazing news! Mr. Yates’ nephew is going to open a cell phone factory. They’re focusing on high-end

smartphones, so they’ll need our 7nm chips!”

Lauren looked happy. “Really?”

Harrison was so happy that he almost started dancing. Then, he said

mysteriously, “That’s not all. Do you know what I’m going to do now?”

Lauren stretched out her hand to pinch Harrison's arm. "Can you

please stop keeping me in suspense?"

Harrison chuckled. "One of the Kennedys from Capiton is here to see me. He's at the entrance of the company right now!"

"The Kennedys of Capiton?"

Lauren was surprised. "W-Why?"

The Mares were originally from Capiton, so Lauren knew what kind of family the Kennedys were.

The Kennedys were ranked sixth among the Ten Families. Their business empire was almost on the same level as the Skyes.

Harrison crossed his arms across his chest and said proudly, "Good things come in pairs. I'm pretty sure he's here to discuss business!"

Lauren snorted. "Even if he's here to discuss business with you, it's only for Nashy's sake!"

Whether they were the elite families of Jonford or Capiton, they all seemed to want to get closer to Nash.

The Lewises' current achievements were all due to Nash, the ideal son

-in-law.

The two of them came to the door of the company together. When Harrison saw the handsome young man next to the security room, he

immediately went to shake hands and say hello to him. “Mr. Kennedy,

right? I’ve long admired you...”

“Mr. Lewis, you’re too kind. I’m just here to give protection amulets to

you and your wife.”

Atlas smiled and shook Harrison’s hand. After that, he found the

protection amulets meant for Harrison and Lauren in the plastic bag.

Harrison and Lauren were stunned when they looked at the protection amulets in Atlas’ hand.

Did the Kennedys also believe in such feudal superstitions?

Also, protection amulets should only be given to relatives and friends, no?

“Don’t worry, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis. My grandmaster asked me to give. these to you!”

Seeing the suspicious looks in their eyes, Atlas had no choice but to mention his grandmaster.

Chapter 727

Lauren quickly regained her composure. Then, she took the amulet and said with a smile, “May I know who your grandmaster is, Mr.

Kennedy?”

“Nash Calcraft!

“My master and grandmaster are old friends. Grandmaster will be refining pills in the next few days, so he specifically asked my master to protect you. My master made these amulets himself!”

Atlas explained very seriously.

Harrison and Lauren looked at each other with shock in their eyes.

They never expected that Mr. Kennedy would turn out to be Nash’s disciple.

“Mr. Kennedy, you’re not busy, right? If you don’t mind, why don’t you come and have a cup of tea with me in my office?” Harrison asked

with a smile.

“No, thanks. I still have a lot of amulets to give away!”

Atlas shook the plastic bag in his hand.

After saying that, he turned around and walked toward his top luxury

car.

Harrison and Lauren stood there, stunned for a long time...

It was not until the Aston Martin was completely out of sight that they finally let out sighs of relief.

Lauren looked at the amulet in her hand and murmured, “Do you think we should ask Nashy about this?”

Harrison said, "Mr. Kennedy wouldn't lie to us, right?"

Lauren looked at Harrison and said extremely cautiously, "Amulets can be evil. If they're really beneficial to us, they may be able to protect us. But if they're made by evil hands, they may harm us."

Upon seeing his wife's serious expression, Harrison took out his phone and dialed Nash's number.

At this time, Nash was refining pills, and his phone had no signal in the basement.

Harrison tried three times in a row but failed to get through to him.

"He should be busy at the moment. Let's ask him later."

Harrison put away his phone helplessly.

After Lauren thought for a moment, she handed over the amulet with Harrison's name on it. "You should keep this."

After that, the two returned to the company.

Lauren stuffed the amulet into her bag while Harrison just threw it

onto the table.

At sunset, the afterglow of the setting sun shrouded the Baroque factory in dark red.

Harrison convened the company's top management for a final meeting.

Hera was among them.

“Hera, has your production line resumed?” Lauren, who was sitting next to Hera, whispered.

“Not yet. The machine room is fine, but it’ll take several days to upgrade the lithography machine,” Hera replied.

“Let’s resume some production first. Don’t delay. The employees are

all on paid leave,” Lauren said seriously.

“Well, that’s how I feel too. I’m going to let Lori...”

Suddenly, Hera fell silent.

Previously, Lori was tasked to inform the production line.

Now that Lori was dead, Hera would never see her again.

Hera felt a lump in her throat. Lowering her head, she started to cry.

Lauren held Hera’s hand and comforted her, “People can’t be

resurrected after death, so please restrain your grief and accept fate.”

Hera nodded.

The thought of the murderer still being at large infuriated her.

Harrison knocked on the table, stared at Lauren and Hera with cold.

eyes, and barked. "Why are you chatting when I'm speaking here? If you want to speak, you can come up here."

In an instant, everyone looked at Lauren and Hera.

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The meeting room was silent.

The air seemed to freeze, and even the sound of breathing seemed to have disappeared.

As they all knew, the chairman loved his wife and doted on his daughter.

If Lauren and Hera were whispering in the meeting, they must be discussing business matters.

However, the chairman suddenly scolded his wife and daughter in full view of the public.

Was there a conflict between them?

After Lauren was stunned for a moment, she cleared her throat and said, "Hera and I are discussing the operation of the branch's

production line, but we really shouldn't be discussing it during the chairman's meeting."

Although Harrison always took advice from her, he was the chair of Baroque, after all.

She should preserve his dignity on such an occasion.

After explaining the reason, Lauren narrowed her eyes and glared at Harrison.

He had never yelled at her after so many years of marriage.

She decided to settle the score with him after getting off work.

gian Iced at her father and then at her mother.

In her mind, she was thinking, 'What happened to Dad today? Did he fight with Mom? From what I know, they never argue. Even if there is a conflict, Dad would always give in to Mom.'

Harrison put his hands on the table and said in a majestic tone, "The next.matter is about product quality!"

Upon hearing these words, many people present shuddered,

especially the two heads of the production department and quality inspection department.

"Recently, our product return and rework rate has been as high as 35 %, which is 15% more than last month!"

Harrison looked coldly at the production supervisor and quality inspection supervisor.

The two of them kept gulping.

Harrison asked coldly, "Are you not going to explain yourselves?"

Harrison was awe-inspiring, impressing Lauren.



No wonder he was so angry today. It turned out that there was something wrong with the product quality again.

Baroque's equipment was old, and if they were not careful, there

would be problems with the chip quality.

Whenever that happened, it would take a long time for the engineers and maintenance teams to debug.

Thanks to everyone's unremitting efforts, the pass rate was

This time, the return rate was as high as 35%.

This was not only a quality issue as it would also seriously affect the company's reputation.

"Sir, it's time to replace our equipment. After the old employees from the maintenance team were transferred to the branch, the young technicians haven't been able to cope with the new problems in the equipment at all. Also, we were in a hurry to ship..."

Boom!

Harrison slapped his hand on the desk and said angrily, "Does that justify the problem?"

The loud sound struck everyone's hearts like thunder.

Everyone was silent.

Even Lauren felt a great sense of oppression.

Hera blinked, secretly finding her father impressive.

The company's management system was indeed too lax.

If her father had been so domineering and imposing earlier, the problem with the quality would have already been solved.

The production supervisor had broken out in a cold sweat. He

lowered his head and said submissively, "The quality inspection. department is also responsible for this."

The quality inspection supervisor glared at the production supervisor

and said, "You have self-inspections and re-inspections on your

production line. My department only conducts random inspections, so how can you blame me?"

The production supervisor said calmly, "What about the 35% rework rate? How are you so lucky to avoid the 35% so perfectly?"

The quality inspection supervisor sneered. "Are you implying something? It's impossible for us to have messed with anything!"

The two supervisors stared at each other and got into a heated argument.

"Shut up!"

Harrison yelled.

There was a cold light in his eyes. He was clenching his fists so hard that his knuckles were white. He looked as if he was about to run

over and devour them.

Chapter 729

The two supervisors were too frightened to speak.

Harrison's expression also scared Lauren. She quickly took over and reprimanded, "Is the chairman raising this issue so that you can shirk your responsibilities? He wants you to find a way to solve the problem!"

The production supervisor and quality inspection supervisor realized their mistake. They started reflecting before the senior executives.

Lauren said in a deep voice, "All of your performance bonuses for the month, including the bonus for your overtime and rework, will be deducted. Do you have any objections?"

The two shook their heads at the same time. They suspected that if they said one more word, the chairman would run over and beat them

Lauren continued, "Let's end today's meeting here. Dismiss..."

The senior executives rushed out of the room immediately.

Soon, only Harrison, Lauren, and Hera were left in the conference

room.

Lauren took a breath and frowned. "What's wrong with you today?"

Harrison glared at Lauren coldly. "You dismissed them before I finished speaking. If you want to be the decision-maker, you can be the chairman!"

Lauren's breath hitched. "Are you done?"

She gave in to him just now to preserve his dignity, but now, he even dared lose his temper with her.

Harrison closed his eyes and took a deep breath to calm down his

anger.

Lauren said as her eyes turned red, "Don't forget who runs this company. If it weren't for me getting up early and working till late, Baroque would've gone bankrupt a few years ago and you wouldn't even have had the capital to establish a foothold in your family..."

Harrison opened his eyes, pushed Lauren away, and strode out of the meeting room.

Lauren lost her balance and ended up hitting her head on the conference table. Immediately after, she fell to the ground.

"Mom!"

Hera exclaimed and hurriedly went to help her mother up. She asked nervously, "Mom, are you okay?"

Lauren covered the spot where she was hit with her hand. She said

with a sad smile, "Your dad hurt me.."

They had been married for over 20 years, and this was the first time

Harrison had laid hands on her.

Their vows of eternal love seemed like nothing more than a joke.

Hera's face turned pale as she asked, "Did something happen to Dad? Why is he acting so strange all of a sudden?"

Her father would usually look at her dotingly.

Today, not only did he not look at her, but he was also furious with her and her mother.

Was it because of work?

However, her father often taught her not to project her emotions at work onto her family.

For as long as she could remember, her father had never been violent to her or her mother because of work matters!

"Let's go home."

Lauren stood up expressionlessly.

Hera glanced at her mother's red and swollen forehead. The skin was also peeling after getting scratched by the corner of the table.

"Mom, you're injured. Let me put something on the wound first," Hera said with distress.

"Let's just go home."

Lauren picked up her bag, pulled Hera out of the office, and walked to the elevator without even looking at the chairman's office.

Hera asked cautiously, "Are we not going to wait for Dad?"

She believed that her father was under too much pressure at work. In addition to the quality problems with the products recently, it must have led to this sudden outburst. That was why he took advantage of what happened today to vent it all out.

Lauren said calmly, "No, I'll stay with you in Royal Bay tonight."

Hera sighed secretly and nodded as she bit her lip.

It might be a good idea to let both of her parents separate for a while and calm down.

At Royal Bay Villa 14, Eric Sands was lying on the sofa and watching adult videos.

When the two housekeepers heard the explicit sounds coming from his phone as they were cleaning, they had looks of contempt on their faces.

"That guy looks fine, but I didn't expect him to be so perverted!"

"How immoral and despicable."

"If he were my son, I would've broken his legs!"

"Yeah, sure. You'd be over the moon if your son could afford to live in

Royal Bay."

## Chapter 730

The conversation between the two was so low that only they could hear it.

However, Eric's hearing was far beyond that of ordinary people. He could even hear the sound of a needle falling to the ground a hundred meters away.

He instantly flew into a fit of rage when he heard the disrespectful words the two said about him.

Just as he was about to attack them, Atlas' car drove into the yard.

Atlas got out of the car and walked into the villa. He said, "Master, I've given out all the amulets."

Eric sat up and pinched his fingers together. Then, he frowned slightly and asked, "Did you ask them to carry it with them at all times?"

Atlas went to sit on the sofa opposite Eric. Then, he replied with a smile, "Isn't a protection amulet something you carry with them that the protection amulet was handmade by a Gold Master, so I don't think they'll take it lightly."

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"You think? Harrison's amulet is not on him!" Eric said with a face.

"No way. The couple was so nice to me, so they'll follow my wo right?" Atlas asked suspiciously.

"Are you saying that I'm lying to you?" Eric sneered.

“Of course not!”

Atlas and Eric were more like brothers, and they would occasionally joke around.

However, Atlas would also feel scared when Eric was serious.

“Find Harrison now and get him to put the amulet on him

immediately!”

Eric looked gloomy.

He must do what he promised Nash. He would not allow himself to make any mistakes.

Atlas glanced at the sky outside and said timidly, “It’s so late. I’ll just go look for him tomorrow.”

With so many people around Nash, he refused to believe that something would happen to Harrison specifically.

Eric narrowed his eyes and said, “Did you think I was joking with you?”

Atlas stood up from the sofa helplessly and said lazily, “Fine right away.”

He suddenly regretted driving his cousin away.

If he had a few of his followers around, he would not need to do

something so trivial himself.



Back in the car, he took out his phone and made a call.

“Mr. Kennedy...”

“Help me look up the phone number of Harrison Lewis, the chairman.

of Baroque in Jonford.”

“Please wait.”

There was the sound of typing on the keyboard on the other end of the phone.

In the meantime, Atlas started the car and drove for a while.

Soon, he received a phone number from his subordinates. He did not hesitate before calling Harrison on the phone.

He silently hoped that Harrison had not turned off his phone.

It was not until he heard the soft ringing on the phone that he breathed a sigh of relief.

However, the phone rang for a while and no one answered.

Atlas’ face darkened as he muttered, “Did something happen?”

As soon as he said this, the call was answered, “Hello?”

There was still a bit of noise on the other end of the phone. Atlas heard the sound of people asking others to drink, and it sounded like he was having dinner outside.

Atlas parked the car on the side of the road and said politely, "Mr. Lewis, it's Atlas!"

"Mr. Kennedy? Why are you calling me?" Harrison said in a lukewarm tone.

Atlas did not want to waste his breath exchanging pleasantries, so he said bluntly, "Aren't you wearing the amulet I gave you this afternoon?"

Harrison grunted a reply and said, "I left it in the office and forgot about it."

Atlas felt that he was being treated coldly, so he laughed dryly. "In

that case, please go back to your office as soon as possible to get the amulet..."

However, Harrison hung up the call.

The smile on Atlas' face froze, and his face instantly turned dark.