

CEO Bride 741

Chapter 741

“Mr. Kennedy...” Lauren looked at Atlas anxiously.

“You don’t have to be afraid. My master is already here!” Atlas looked

at Hubert’s back and explained, “Master Sands took control over

Hubert!”

“Are those five black shadows ghosts?” Hera asked cautiously.

“I don’t know either. My master hasn’t figured it out yet!” Atlas

scratched his head.

He had asked his master the same question before, but the man had

no answer either.

That was why Master Sands was unable to teach Atlas the Penta Specter Curse.

Hubert pressed his right hand on Harrison’s forehead.

Harrison struggled hard but was still unable to break free from the

shackles of the five specters.

30 seconds later, Harrison stopped struggling and slowly closed his eyes.

With a tilt of his head, Hubert fell to the side.

The five black shadows then dissipated.

The five scarecrows on the ground were reduced to ashes.

“Dad...”

“Dad...”

Helena and Hera ran to their fathers respectively.

In Duerson Manor, the paper figurine on the altar burned abruptly.

“Damn it... Damn you, Eric Sands...”

Peter angrily grabbed the wine flask on the table and took a big gulp.

from it.

He was about to kill Harrison, but Eric unexpectedly intervened.

Frowning, Duncan asked, “Master Peter, what happened?”

“This Eric wouldn’t stay put in Clear Dew Court. He’s running around with Nash now. With this bastard, there’ll be even more trouble for us

to deal with when we go against Nash in the future!”

Peter took another two sips of wine and then recounted what just

happened.

“What an embarrassment!”

The Swordsman sneered.

Boris quickly nudged The Swordsman with his arm, signaling him not

to offend Master Peter.

They were all in the same boat.

Boris walked forward with a smile and asked, “Master Peter, who is

Eric Sands?”

From Peter’s furious look, one could guess that Eric Sands was

someone very powerful.

“He’s one of the top ten Golden Amulet Masters in Drakonia, and he’s even stronger than Nash!

“His exclusive trademark technique, the Penta Specter Curse, can summon five dark specters for assistance!”

Peter’s eyes showed fear.

Duncan smiled bitterly and said, “I don’t think I’ll ever get over this

hurdle!”

He finally found two powerful godfathers, but Nash actually knew Bladesman Divus.

Now that Peter, whose strength was comparable to that of a Golden Amulet Master, was helping Duncan, Nash had also found a proper

Golden Amulet Master.

Each of Duncan’s solutions ended up pointless.

Was it possible that Nash was truly his destined nemesis?

Peter stroked his goatee and said with a sad smile, “Mr. Dunca

there’s no need to worry... Eric is actually not difficult to deal

know one of his weaknesses!”

The night was getting darker.

Eric slowly opened his eyes in Hera’s villa.

He lit up three candles before walking to the sofa. Grabbing a pear from the fruit plate, he ate it.

With no one around, he took out his mobile phone and started reading a countryside romance novel.

As he reached the climax of the story, he needed to start paying for access to the

Eric took a huge bite of the pear and grumbled, "This is rubbish. They just want to trick me into subscribing and take my money. I'm not that gullible!"

Cursing, he closed the browser and threw his phone aside.

He finished the fruit but could not help grabbing his phone again. He clicked on the browser and opened the prepaid subscription page.

After a moment, he became furious and said, "You trash author, what the hell did you write? The characters are already so aroused. Why won't they just do it?"

Suddenly, he heard the sound of brakes outside. He immediately put away his phone and sat quietly on the sofa with his eyes closed to

relax.

Chapter 742

Kai carried Harrison on his back, and Atlas walked into the living room carrying Hubert on his back.

Standing up, Eric gave up his seat.

Kai and Atlas placed the two unconscious people on the sofa.

“Master Eric, hurry and take a look at them...” Hera looked at Eric

anxiously.

Atlas said in a serious tone, “Master, their breathing is very weak...”

Eric opened their eyelids and took a look. Their pupils were slightly

dilated.

“Prepare two bowls of white cider!”

Eric walked toward the dining table while Hera went to prepare the

cider.

The man took out a small glass bottle from a bag, unscrewed

cap, and shook out some wheat.

Returning to the sofa, he tossed the wheat into the bowl of cide

asked, “How’s their alcohol tolerance?”

Helena said, “My dad has pretty good tolerance. He could drink te bottles of beer, no problem!”

Lauren said worriedly, “Harrison doesn’t drink well. He might get skin allergies from the white cider.”

Eric thought for a moment and said, "We shall let Hubert drink the cider and think of another solution for Harrison!"

Helena took the bowl from Hera. With Kai's help, she poured the cider into Hubert's mouth.

After Eric thought for a moment, he looked at Atlas and said, "Go get the blood of a black hound..."

Atlas's mouth twitched. "Where can I find the blood of a black hound?"

Kai said, "My sister has a black pet dog. I could ask her to send some blood over!"

Eric asked, "Is it a native dog?"

Kai nodded. "Yes, a native dog she brought from our grandmother's house!"

Eric smiled slightly. "Ask her to send some over. We don't need much. 15ml is enough!"

With that said, he took out a black porcelain bowl from his cloth bag and poured some tree seed oil into it. After placing a wick on it, he lit it. Finally, he placed the bowl between Harrison's eyebrows.

About half an hour later, the red-eyed Queenie came with the hound's blood.

Her eyes lit up when she saw Eric's handsome face.

This gentleman was so classy!

Eric took the black hound's blood and noticed Queenie's strange gaze. Blowing on her bangs slightly, he gave her an alluring gaze.

Blushing, Queenie lowered her head. Her little heart was thumping hard against her chest.

Eric smiled a little. He walked to the sofa with the black hound's

blood.

Atlas unbuttoned Harrison's shirt, and Eric dipped his fingers in the blood to draw a huge runic incantation on Harrison's chest.

Another half an hour passed. Hubert slowly opened his eyes and saw a group of people staring at him. He asked in confusion, "I... Where

am I?"

Helena quickly said, "We're at Hera's house!"

Hubert suddenly came to his senses, sat up from the sofa, and asked, "Where's Harri? How is he?"

"Brother..."

Harrison sat up from the sofa as well.

Everyone immediately looked over.

Hera stepped forward, her eyes red as she said in a tearful tone, "Dad,

you're awake..."

Sitting on the sofa, Harrison was breathing heavily.

After some time, he finally said, "I had a dream that your uncle and I got into a fight!"

Hera did not know whether to laugh or cry. She said, "That wasn't a dream..."

Helena helped Hubert walk over. When Hubert saw that Harrison was alright, a smile appeared on his face. "You're alright! I'm so glad you're alright!"

Harrison stood up from the sofa, looked Hubert up and down, and said nervously, "Brother, I didn't hurt you, did I?"

Smiling, Hubert shook his head. "I'm fine!"

Harrison breathed a sigh of relief.

After the two brothers clarified what had happened, they lowered their heads to Eric and thanked him.

Eric clasped his hands behind his back, speaking like a worldly expert, "Don't mention it. Nash and I are like brothers. You're his family, so you're my family too..."

Suddenly, Eric felt a little sad when he said these words.

Nash had a harmonious and happy family.

On the other hand, he was wandering alone all over this big wide world.

The only one he could probably depend on for life was probably his disciple.

"It's getting late. You should rest!

"Atlas, let's go!"

Chapter 743

Eric strolled outside leisurely.

Atlas packed up his master's things and trotted out to follow him.

It was the next day.

Nash stood in front of the Divine Farmer's Cauldron in the basement, looking thoughtful.

Inside the Divine Farmer's Cauldron, it was flaming red.

The three medicinal stones rotated slowly under the alchemy process.

These three medicinal stones contained highly toxic substances.

Only after they completely turned into a solution would the toxins inside be neutralized due to evaporation.

It had been a whole night. There were still no signs of melting on the

medicinal stones.

What went wrong?

Nash touched his chin and thought hard.

After a while, he mobilized the true energy seal and injected it into the Divine Farmer's Cauldron, slightly raising the temperature of the elixir fire by a few degrees.

The light cyan flame deepened in color. The flame as thick as a pinky finger widened to the thickness of an index finger.

The three medicinal stones instantly turned red.

Cracks appeared on the surface of the stones.

Soon, the three medicinal stones exploded.

The whole basement shook.

"Damn it! Thank goodness I hid quickly!"

Nash got out from behind the hospital bed next to him.

He walked to the Divine Farmer's Cauldron and felt slightly heartbroken looking at the exploded fragments inside.

Even in ancient times, these stones were rare treasures. They could

be sold for at least several hundred thousand dollars.

Forget the medicinal stones that had been blown to bits, it would be

troublesome if the Golden Onyx Pill could not be refined.

Nash walked to the table and took out three more medicinal stones.

The temperature of the elixir fire was sufficient, but the stones

needed to be melted slowly at a specific temperature.

Impatience would spoil all the past efforts, so it was better to wait a

couple more days!

He cleaned up the debris in the Divine Farmer's Cauldron and started

the process again.

After adjusting the elixir fire and array, Nash clapped his hands. "I'll take these two days off as a personal break!"

Nash walked out of the basement.

He spotted Hera talking and laughing with her parents.

She saw Nash and immediately ran to him. "Nash... are you done?"

Nash chuckled and said, "Yes, I have two days off!"

Then, he greeted Lauren and Harrison, "Good morning, Mom and Dad!"

The two of them smiled and nodded. Lauren said, "Hera, your dad and

I are going to the branch company soon, so you can come in later!"

Hera warned them, "Please take the protection amulet with you. Don't

lose it!"

She was still frightened when she thought about what happened last

night.

Harrison patted his pocket. "It's here with me. I won't lose it!"

They exchanged a few words, then Lauren and Harrison walked to the garage and drove to the company.

After the car left the villa, Hera immediately opened her arms shy

Nash hugged Hera, pressed his lips to Hera's ear, and whispered, "D you miss me?"

Hera nodded slightly. "Of course, I missed you... I thought about you

all the time!"

Nash lifted her chin and kissed her warm red lips.

In response, she put her arms around Nash's neck and closed her

eyes.

Maria walked into the yard carrying some groceries.

She would pass by the farmer's market on the way to work, so she would pick up some groceries every day.

Hera saw Maria through her half-closed eyes and immediately

pushed Nash away while blushing fiercely.

"Ahem... Keep going, I didn't see anything!"

Maria passed by the two of them with a smile.

The moment Maria passed by, Nash felt an evil presence.

Chapter 744

Nash frowned slightly.

He opened his Third Eye and looked at Maria, only to see a black and red mist surrounding her body.

He thought, 'Is this the Ghoul Evil?'

Nash recalled in his mind that when he was 13 years old, his master

brought him to kill a thousand-year-old ghoul.

The afflicted person was surrounded by an evil presence.

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The Ghoul Evil resided in the body of a living person and grew by absorbing the person's breath flow. When it grew to a certain level, the ghoul could take back the Ghoul Evil to increase its own strength.

Hera noticed Nash was frowning while staring at Maria. She asked in confusion, "What's wrong with Maria?"

Smiling, Nash said, "Nothing. Let's go back inside. Oh, please make me some pasta!"

Hera arched her eyebrows and nodded. "Sure, I'll make you my best

bolognese!"

The two returned to the living room.

Meanwhile, Maria was busy in the kitchen.

When Hera was walking to the kitchen, Nash said, "Hera, please ask

Maria to come out."

"Okay."

Hera responded without looking back.

After a while, Maria came out and asked anxiously, "Mr. Calcraft, are you looking for me..."

After working here for so long, Mr. Calcraft had never looked for her.

She was worried that she would lose her job now that he suddenly wanted to see her.

Nash pointed to the sofa and said with a slight smile, "Maria, please have a seat."

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Maria shook her head. "I'm fine with just standing. Mr. Calcraft, please just say it if there's anything on your mind!"

"We'll talk after you sit down. You're my elder, so I'll treat you as one. When juniors talk to their elders, why should the elders stand while the juniors sit?"

Maria was moved by Nash's heart-warming words. She sat on the sofa but still felt uneasy in her heart.

Nash saw that Maria was nervous and said in a gentle tone, "Maria, don't be nervous. I just have a few questions to ask you."

Maria raised her head happily. "What do you want to ask Mr. Calcraft?"

Looking solemn, he asked, "Where did you go last night?"

During the day yesterday, he did not notice any Ghoul Evil on Maria.

It was only possible that she became afflicted last night.

Being invaded by Ghoul Evil would lead to frailty and bad luck.

She would die once her breath flow was completely absorbed.

"Yesterday was the anniversary of my husband's death. I went to light a candle for him," Maria answered truthfully.

"Where's the cemetery your husband is buried in?" Nash continued to ask.

"De'anne Cemetery!"

"Alright, I understand. Go and do your work."

Nash said in a distracted manner.

Both ghouls and the undead were a type of Shadow Corpse, which were the most difficult to refine among the Shadow Corpses.

It was necessary to collect seven spirit essences over 49 days in order to refine a ghoul.

A Shadow Corpse was born by sucking in corpse breath. After a period of time, it could give birth to spirit essence and a slight mental consciousness. These spirit essences could absorb Celestial Spiritual Energy and Cosmic Essence to practice independently.

There were many ways to cultivate ghouls. Not only could they absorb Celestial Spiritual Energy and Cosmic Essence, but they could also absorb breath flow and corpse breath. That would help them grow very quickly.

With the appearance of Six Fingers and a ghoul in Jonford, even an outsider would know it was Peter Sontag behind it.

Nash bit his right index finger to draw some blood before drawing a rune on his left palm. He then shoved his palm to Maria's back.

An invisible spell shook away the ghoul from Maria's body.

Maria suddenly felt a lot more relaxed all over. Stretching her neck, she said to herself, "Why do I feel so much better?"

It was pr

probably because Mr. Calcraft had shown his concern for her. Everything would be better when he was in a good mood!

At this time, Hera came out with the hot bolognese pasta and some chowder. "My dear, it's time to eat!"

Nash came to the dining table with a smile. He had not eaten. anything at all. He was so hungry that he picked up his cutlery and

started to wolf down the food.

Hera sat on the chair across from him, resting her chin on her hands.

She said with a smile, "You must be hungry. Help yourself."

Nash said vaguely, "I've been too busy to eat."

Hera pouted and said, "You still have to eat. What if your body is affected?"

Nash took a sip of hot chowder before saying with a smile, "I'm healthy as a horse. I'll be fine even if I don't eat for ten days!"

Chapter 745

A martial artist would feel hunger no matter what level their practice was, but his body would never be worn down by hunger.

"Do you only know how to make pasta?" Nash suddenly asked.

"Of course not... I can make scrambled eggs and bacon too!" Hera said quickly.

"Silly baby!"

Nash chuckled.

Hera had made pasta for him twice, so he asked out of curiosity.

It seemed that she only made food that was simple and convenient.

Hera stared at Nash pitifully and asked, "If I say I can't cook, will you

dislike me?"

"Well..."

Pouting, Nash hesitated to speak.

Hera started panicking. "I can learn it. I can pick up new things really fast. Tomorrow, I'll learn how to make home-cooked food with Maria!"

Her mother had always been the one cooking, and she learned to make bolognese pasta from a short video tutorial after living alone.

Laughing, Nash said, "It doesn't matter. I can cook. I'll let you try my cooking when I have time!"

"Really?"

How lucky she was to be able to eat food cooked by her man!

From now on, she could brag to her friends that her man could cook!

"I know how to make pasta..." Nash grinned.

“Tsk... I thought you knew how to cook good food, but it turns out you’re just like me!”

Hera rolled her eyes at Nash.

At Royal Bay Villa 14, 12 women were standing in the living room.

Their age ranged from 20 to 30.

They each had a good temperament and an outstanding appearance,

which could rival some B-list celebrities.

“Is he really the young sir from the Kennedys in Capiton?”

“Could his identity be fake seeing as he’s living in a place like this?”

“Oh my god, I can’t even imagine serving a young sir from one of the families in Capiton!”

“I heard that the young sir of the Kennedys is still an innocent puppy!”

“Hehe, I like innocent puppies the most. Just watch and see how I’ll

win him over!”

The group of beautiful women were chatting to each other.

Just then, the door to the room on the second floor opened.

Atlas, dressed in an expensive suit, stepped out.

His handsome face instantly attracted the attention of these women.

“Ahhh... He’s so handsome!”

“He’s really a little puppy!”

“I want to warm his bed!”

“Can you women be more reserved?”

A slightly more mature-looking woman glanced at them.

The women immediately put away their thoughts and straightened up.

Atlas walked down, took a casual glance, and then looked at the butler standing at the door. “Just this few?”

The butler was in his 50s and was provided for free by the Royal Bay Housekeeping Service Department. Looking at Mr. Kennedy’s

dissatisfied look, he said helplessly, “We can only recruit this many qualified ones for the time being.”

The villas in Royal Bay were all equipped with domestic helpers, and they all came free of charge. However, the young sir seemed to not like older helpers, so he asked the butler to help recruit a few young maids and paid all the expenses himself.

“Mr. Kennedy, are you dissatisfied with us all?” a woman who looked

quiet and well-behaved asked in a lonesome tone.

“My master has the final say regarding this. The person you have to serve is my master, not me,” Atlas said calmly while sitting on the sofa with his legs crossed.

“Huh?”

“Your... Your master?”

Chapter 746

The quiet woman’s expression changed slightly, and the women

looked at each other. Atlas was the reason they applied for the

position of maids.

Someone who was his master should be in their 40s to 50s. He might

even be a troublesome old man with a disability. How troublesome

would that be?

“What the heck? Aren’t we supposed to be taking care of Sir Atlas? Why is this becoming about his master?”

“Oh my goodness, it’s fine to love whoever you want, but I’m not

serving an old man!”

“I’ll leave first. The opportunity is yours!”

The group of women whispered to each other, with some even.

preparing to leave.

Just then, the door to the master bedroom on the second floor

opened. Eric walked out while dressed in a sharp suit. He had neatly

styled, slightly curled hair and sharp black eyes beneath his well- defined eyebrows.

He was tall with a slender figure that was neither rough nor rugged.

Rather, he was like an eagle in the dark night. He exuded a cold,

proud, and dominating aura while just standing there like he was

looking down on the world.

The carefully trimmed sparse stubble on his jaw even gave him a mature allure.

Chunter

Eric’s hands were in his pockets as he stood in the corridor, looking down at the group of beautiful women downstairs. He smirked. devilishly and said, “You lot seem quite repulsed by me.”

Replacing the helpers at home was his idea.

The older helpers had gotten bold, daring to gossip behind their master's back. They simply lacked professional ethics. Their presence was also annoying. When Eric asked Atlas to have them replaced, he did not expect him to bring in a group of beautiful women.

It was the first time Atlas saw his master styling his hair like this, and he could not help but exclaim, "You pervert! You dressed up for this!"

"He, he, he..... Could he be Sir Atlas' master?"

"What a handsome guy! I really like him!"

"Tsk, weren't you just saying that you were leaving?"

"Y-You're talking nonsense. I never said that!"

The beautiful women started whispering to each other again, unaware that their voices had not gone unnoticed by the master and disciple.

Eric descended the stairs with long strides. The group of beautiful women immediately held their breath. The man before them was in his 30s and was dressed like an international male model.

Standing up, Atlas said, "Master, I only managed to recruit these few for now. Are any of them to your liking?"

"I'm your master and a Golden Robe Heavenly Master. What's your intention for finding these cheap and flashy women for me?" Eric questioned with a frown.

Atlas was speechless.

Was Eric not trying to leave an impression on these women with how he had dressed up today and the way he had introduced himself?

"In that case, I'll go to the domestic service company and pick a few others," Atlas suggested with a smile.

"Never mind. We're master and disciple. I can't let your sincere efforts go to waste," Eric said solemnly.

Then, he began his selection among the group of beautiful women.

Various fragrances filled the air, and Eric's eyes widened at the sight. of slender thighs clad in black, white, or fishnet stockings. Some even

wore skirts reminiscent of high school uniforms and Lolita-type

outfits.

Inwardly, Eric felt a burst of heat course through him, but he

maintained a mature and steady demeanor on the surface. After

scanning each woman, he pointed at the quiet woman and the

mature woman. He said, "These two."

Smirking, Atlas told the other women, "You can all leave now!"

"W-Why didn't you choose me? Why?" The woman who had claimed earlier that she would be leaving was now in tears.

"Tsk, this man has no taste. I'm not even that worse off from therm," another woman complained.

Chante

"Alas, what a pity!"

The group of defeated women left the villa. Smiling, Eric extended his hand to the mature woman.

"Hello, I'm Eric Sands, the 15th leader of the Cazadine Clear Dew Court, an honorary Heavenly Master of

the Association of Path Masters, one of the ten Golden Robe Heavenly Masters in the country, and the youngest leader of the Path in the country!”

The mature woman was stunned.

Chapter 747

There were so many titles. Were they all real?

The quiet woman extended her hand and shook hands with Eric.”

Hello, sir! I’m Winnie Roth, one of the top ten belles of the Jonford

Teacher’s College and one of the cutest women in the country!”

Winnie, dressed in a girly, high-school-type outfit, looked incredibly

cute with that smile on her face-especially her dimples. Eric held

Winnie’s delicate hand and smiled slightly. “Hello, hello. You can call

me Mr. Sands or Eric. I don’t like the term ‘sir’.”

“Phew, okay, Mr. Sands!”

Winnie grinned, her canines peeking as her eyes twinkled with stars.

She had always thought she liked younger, fresh-faced guys, but

today, she discovered that she also liked older men.

Eric and Winnie held hands, neither showing any intention of letting

Her hand felt so tender, like cotton. Eric's heart raced. He might be somewhat lecherous, but it was still his first time holding hands

with a woman.

The mature woman coughed a couple of times, a hand covering her mouth.

Winnie finally realized what was happening and blushed as she quickly withdrew her hand.

The mature woman extended her hand and introduced herself, ‘

Jesebel Linus. I have three years of experience as a nutritionist.”

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Eric shook hands with her with a smile. “Hello, hello.”

Jesebel only shook hands with the man briefly before withdrawing and saying, “My salary is not low...”

“Do you think someone living in Royal Bay would be short of money?” Eric smiled faintly.

“That’s one thing, but whether they’re willing to spend or not is

another. I received a monthly salary of a hundred thousand in my

previous company,” Jesebel said with a faint smile.

“What’s your expected salary?” Atlas doubted Jesebel knew what kind

of family the Kennedys were. Their businesses were global, and his

grandfather could easily squeeze into the list of the world’s top ten

richest people with his assets.

How could they not afford the salary of a nutritionist?

“I want 128 grand a month,” Jesebel revealed.

Atlas chuckled. “I’ll give you 180 grand a month, and I’ll pay you

annual salary in advance!”

He recalled getting three million dollars a month for his allowance

elementary school, five million in junior high, ten million in high

school, and 20 million in college. Perhaps this was the difference

between a wealthy family and an ordinary person.

“Eric, what about me?” Winnie asked excitedly.

“What can you do?” Atlas asked casually.

“I’m proficient in music, chess, calligraphy, and painting. I’m fluent in

H

eight languages, and I practiced singing, dancing, and rap for two and

a half years!” Winnie proudly declared.

“We’re hiring for household services; we’re not looking for a performer!

Atlas’ face turned dark.

“I can do household chores too. Washing dishes, mopping the floor,

scrubbing the toilet-I can do any dirty and tiring work!” Afraid of

being rejected, Winnie looked at Eric pitifully and added, “Eric, please don’t send me away...”

“You can stay, but in terms of salary... I can only offer you a monthly

salary of 30 grand,” Atlas said.

“Yeah! Thank you, Eric!” Winnie danced with joy.

Atlas looked at Eric helplessly. This woman was no longer the quiet little mouse just a moment ago. How did she reveal her true colors so

quickly?

Smiling, Eric said, "It's good to have a lively person around. The house won't be so dull anymore!"

The doorbell rang, and Winnie immediately ran to open the door.

Outside the door, Hera said softly, "I'm going to work now."

Nash nodded. "Be careful on the way. Come back early tonight!"

Hera leaned over to him and said, "Give me a kiss!"

Nash held Hera's face, kissing her on the lips.

Witnessing this scene upon opening the door, Winnie exclaimed, "Oh my, why are things so exciting today?"

Chapter 748

Hearing Winnie's voice, Hera immediately broke free from Nash's embrace. "I'm off to work. See you tonight!" With that, she swiftly walked out.

Nash glanced at Winnie indifferently before heading straight to the villa's living room.

Eric greeted him with a smile, "Have you refined the Golden Onyx Pill?"

Nash shook his head and smiled bitterly. "It can't be done in a short time. It takes a long time to refine some of the medicinal stones. This is a fifth-grade elixir. How could it be so easy? Don't be impatient. Atlas, prepare some tea."

Eric sat with Nash on the sofa. Nash glanced at Jesebel and Winnie, then asked with a smile, "Who are these two?"

"This is the nutritionist, Jesebel. And this is-"

"I'm the maid, Winnie!" Winnie interrupted Eric's introduction and

introduced herself.

Atlas furrowed his brows slightly. "You shouldn't interrupt the master when he's talking." This lively and agile young woman did not look like understood priorities.

Winnie stuck out her tongue and said obediently, "Got it."

Eric waved his hand. "You two can go and do your work now."

Winnie grabbed an apron and started to clean the room while Jesebel

went out to buy ingredients for lunch.

Eric smiled and said, "Are you here to express your gratitude? We're

like brothers. There's no need to be so formal!"

Nash was a stickler for rules and etiquette. He must have known

about what happened last night, which was why he came to thank

Eric.

“Express my gratitude? For what?”

Nash stared at Eric in confusion.

“Um... You don’t know what happened last night?” Eric’s face turned

awkward.

“What happened last night?” Nash continued to ask.

“Last night, your father-in-law got possessed by an evil force. He

almost killed his own older brother. It was my master who saved

them!” Atlas explained.

Eric glared at Atlas. “The adults are talking. Kids shouldn’t interrupt. Go play somewhere else!”

Atlas called Winnie a child just now, yet he himself was acting like one now. With a flushed face, Atlas sat on the opposite sofa quietly.

Eric told Nash about what transpired the night before. Then, taking on

the attitude of someone more mature, he reproached, “I don’t mean to criticize you, but your parents-in-law are ordinary people. You should consider their safety and maybe hire some strong individuals to

protect them.”

“Can you introduce me to some?” Nash smiled.

It was not difficult to find martial artists, but ordinary martial artists. would not be of much help. Finn and Melody were prime examples. Melody was fine as she was at the Profound Reality Realm.

Finn’s grandmaster-level cultivation was simply not enough for him to be considered. Powerful martial artists typically did not have much desire for money.

Moreover, Nash only knew a few Profound Reality Realm cultivators.

Most of them were either abroad or living in seclusion deep in the mountains.

Eric forced a smile. “It’d be easier for me to look for Path takers for you. Looking for martial artists is a bit challenging for me.”

Nash chuckled. “Forget it. Everything will be solved when I break through to the Mystique Loyalty Realm.”

Winnie placed the cleaned tea set on the coffee table and then crouched down to start brewing tea.

Nash withdrew his gaze from her short skirt and said in a deep voice,

I hired Jasper to protect my father-in-law and mother-in-law, but I

don't know where that guy disappeared to."

Eric had encountered Jasper before, and they even got into a brief

fight. In close combat, Eric was not Jasper's match. If there was a bit

of a distance between the two, however, Eric could then use his Path

techniques and easily give Jasper a run for his money.

"Jasper is still alive?" Eric was slightly surprised. The man was quite.

well-known, and there were rumors that he had disappeared for many

years. Some even said he was dead. Unexpectedly, he had returned to

Longford and was hired by Nash as a bodyguard for his in-laws.

Chapter 749

Nash said. "Let's talk business. I found a Ghoul Evil on my

housekeeper just now." Nash had come to Eric regarding this matter.

Eric's eyes instantly narrowed. "Ghoul Evil?"

As a top-tier Path practitioner, of course, he knew what Ghoul Evil was. However, Ghoul Evil could only be cultivated in places with heavy dark energy. How did it appear in a bustling city?

“I suspect this Ghoul Evil to be the work of Peter Sontag!” Nash lifted

the teacup on the table and took a sip.

Eric’s gaze shifted to the view under Winnie’s skirt. Crossing his legs casually, he absent-mindedly said, “What do you plan to do about it?”

Nash replied, “What else can I do? Of course, I have to get rid of it.”

“Sure, sure...” Eric gulped.

Nash noticed Eric’s sidelong glance at Winnie and could not help but

find it amusing. This guy was still as lecherous as ever. However, he

would, at most, only indulge in some eye candy or maybe let his hand

loose a little.

Eric practiced the Nine Breath Profound Technique. He could not break through to the Mystique Loyalty Realm before breaking his

virginity. That was why he never had a girlfriend even though he was

already in his 30s.

Regaining his composure, Eric said in a deep voice, "Ghoul Evil is affected by the ghoul it comes from. If the ghoul dies, the evil will go

Chapte 749

berserk and those who have been contaminated by it will die."

Nash smiled. "So, we need to find a way to eliminate every trace of

Ghoul Evil."

Eric recalled Nash and Johnathan's joint effort in slaying a thousand- year-old ghoul. He nodded and said, "Shall we go find those who have been infected by Ghoul Evil now?"

"Yes, we'll locate those individuals during the day and cleanse them of Ghoul Evil. We'll go after the ghoul together at night!"

"That's simple. I can ask the five to help!" Eric declared confidently.

Nash took out his phone and glanced at it. It was ten in the morning. He had gotten about ten unread messages and seven or eight missed calls, most of them from Fabian and Frankie. They probably wanted him to report to the Universal Group urgently.

Nash sighed inwardly. Why did he have so much to deal with every day?

He then stood up and said, "I'll leave this challenging task to you. I'll come look for you tonight!."

As he walked past Winnie, he lowered his head, glanced at her neckline, and mumbled to himself, "Just like a white dove, exquisite

and snow-white.”

Eric looked at Atlas with a frustrated expression. “Is your

grandmaster suggesting that we handle it?”

Atlas nodded. “Seems like it.”

After leaving the villa, Nash called Fabian, and there was a hint of

anger in his voice. “Do you ever carry your phone with you?”

Nash smiled awkwardly. “I usually do, but sometimes, I’m too busy to

answer calls.”

Suppressing his anger, Fabian took a deep breath and said, “After the vote by Universal Group’s board, the headquarters will be withdrawing support from the Jonford branch.”

“Why?”

“Why? The Jonford branch has poor performance. We’re doing business, not charity! Jonford branch gets plenty of orders, but there are many parasites within the company. If we don’t get rid of them, the company will continue to lose at least 300 to 500 million each.

month.

“The monthly profit of the Jonford branch is only two billion!” Fabian’s

tone was cold.

He was extremely disappointed with Nash's efficiency in handling matters. Could the Young family actually be revived under his contr

Nash said gently, "I'll go to the company to clean up the parasites now. Please buy me some time."

After a moment of silence, Fabian replied heavily, "Half a month. I can only help you delay things for half a month."

Chapter 750

While Fabian had significant influence within Universal Group, the

core decision making body was the company's board. Even with

Fabian's efforts, if more than two-thirds of the board voted against him, there would be little he could do.

Nash, however, confidently declared, "Half a month is enough. I'll show you whatcando!"

Fabian chuckled coldly before hanging up the phone.

Nash got a taxi and went to Universal Group. He then called Frankie. Frankie was about to attend a meeting but quickly excused himself to

go to the company to meet Mash.

Justin Long was driving toward the entrance with Queenie Graham in

the passenger seat. She suddenly wned and pointed at the

entrance. "Isn't that Nash?"

Justin stepped on the brakes and looked at Nash, a hint of appearing in his eyes. "What's this basard doing here again?"

At that moment, Frankie came out and shook hands with Nash b

leading him into the company. "He looks like he's quite familiar

Frankie." Queenie made her observation known to Justin, who

responded with a sneer.

Held better not be going to work in the company or make sure he

Tregrets it!"

Queenie hesitated for a moment and held back the words she wanted

toosaay

Charger (50)

Nash looked to be on good terms with Frankie, who was a manager for the legal department. He held significant authority within the company. If Nash had indeed come to the company to work, Justin's

desire to deal with him would surely lead to conflicts with Frankie.

Nash followed Frankie to the legal department office. "Mr. Calcraft, please take a seat and wait a moment. I'll prepare some tea."

"There's no need. Tell me about the company's current situation first."

What pests do we need to eliminate?"

Nash went straight toward the sofa and sat down. "Of course, Mr. Calcraft. Please wait a moment."

Frankie then went to the bookshelf at the back and brought out a

stack of files about 20cm high. Depositing the files on the coffee

table, he smiled and said, "These are the problematic financial statements that I found from my investigation over the past six

months.

"There's also evidence of corruption and bribery among the senior management of each department."

Nash casually picked up one file, and it happened to be Justin's.

"Justin is the manager of the business department. He has

embezzled quite a bit over the years and is one of the four major pests in the company," Frankie said.

Nash examined the file carefully. It included not only Justin's basic information but also details of him accepting benefits from various companies and falsifying expenses with fake invoices.

The file concluded with Frankie's handwritten assessment of the

embezzlement, which was estimated to be around 80 million.

A small smile crept onto Nash's lips.

The man previously deceived Hera by inviting her out for drinks. He spiked her drink and almost caused her to meet with a tragic fate. Nash had not settled that score with him yet.

Next was Queenie Graham, the manager of the procurement department with an estimated embezzlement of 60 million. She had

also caused the company a loss of at least two billion.

"Queenie is the manager of the procurement department. She repeatedly deviates from standard procurement practices.

"The most recent incident was when she purchased a batch of high

imitation mechanical components which resulted in a mechanical

failure during the process. It caused one fatality and two injuries,"

Frankie added.

Nash's eyes narrowed. "Why not just fire them since you already have

the evidence?"

Frankie sighed and replied, "It's because they all have connections.

Queenie is from the Graham family in Capiton. Her cousin is the vice

president of the company.”

“Why not report it directly to the president?” Nash asked in a deep voice. Before Frankie even replied, however, he smiled and asked, ”

Could it be that the president is also problematic?”

Frankie took a deep breath and nodded. “The president is Jack Lowe. He’s the son of the head of the Lowe family in Capiton.”

“Sienna’s father?” Nash recalled the man being a member of the

family as well.

“Third uncle,” Frankie clarified with a shake of his head.