

My Substitute CEO Bride by Fruit dumpling Chapter 8

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After drying his hair, Nash sat on the sofa and took out his phone to continue browsing through the contact numbers.

When he heard the sound of water coming from the bathroom, he turned his head to look.

Unfortunately, he could not see anything.

He could not help but mutter, "We're about to get married. Why is she still putting her guard up against me?"

He lowered his head and found a phone number saved as 'Chatty Skye'.

As soon as he dialed the number, someone answered immediately.

"I've been waiting for your call like I look forward to the stars and the moon at night, Nashy. It's been three years since we last saw each other, and my longing for you is like the surging river, continuous and overflowing, forever unstoppable like..."

"Shut up..."

"Yes, Sir!"

"Did you make any progress on the information I asked you to investigate?" Nash asked in a calm tone.

"I did find something, but..."

"Spit it!" Nash's tone turned cold.

“20 years ago, a fire broke out in Young Family Village. At that time, Master Calcraft happened to be passing by Young Family Village while traveling down the mountain. He rescued two people from the fire, a child of about two years old and an old man! The following year, Master Calcraft came down from the mountain to practice medicine and brought along a toddler who had just learned to walk. From this, we can deduce that the child who escaped from the fire was you, Nash!”

“What about the old man?” Nash squinted his eyes and asked.

“The old man is none other than Herman Lewis!”

“Is there anything else?” Nash asked in a slightly hoarse voice. “An entire village was burned, and no one escaped. Someone must have wanted to eliminate everyone, right?”

“I haven’t found any information about that yet... If I do, I’ll inform you immediately, Nash!”

“Okay.”

Nash hung up the phone and slowly lay down on the sofa.

Ever since he could remember, he had thought that his master was his grandfather.

He had asked about his parents, but his master never said a word.

For over 20 years, his identity had always been a mystery.

It was not until three years ago when he was entrusted to help the Skyes deal with the fifth-ranked assassin on the hit list, the Dark Dragon King, that he became acquainted with Theo Skye, the eldest son of the Skye family.

He learned that Theo managed dozens of detective agencies in the country, and Nash willingly put up a 150 million dollar reward just to investigate his own identity.

However, due to this matter, his master had forbidden him from leaving for three years.

After this investigation by Theo... everything was explained clearly.

The reason why his master never mentioned his identity was that all of his family members had perished, and his master was worried that he would lose his sanity due to hatred and fall into the path of darkness.

It was not until Nash achieved success in his cultivation that his master allowed him to look for Herman.

That was why Herman treated Nash as his own.

Just then, the bathroom door opened.

Hera walked out wearing a set of pink pajamas, with a towel wrapped around her head.

She approached Nash, blushing and with her hands behind her back. "Um... I accidentally washed your underwear until it fell apart..."

Nash's face turned red. "Didn't I throw it in the trash can?"

That pair of underwear had been worn for three years and was already in a sorry state. If it were not for the three-year ban imposed by Master, he would have had at least a pair of good underwear.

"Maybe you didn't throw it in properly!!!" Hera almost died of embarrassment.

She thought Nash left his underwear there for her to wash.

Who knew how many years he had been wearing that underwear, just a little rub and it turned into fibers!

Nash tilted his head and looked at Hera's hands behind her back.

She immediately turned away to avoid his gaze and then ran toward the trash can.

After a while, while applying a face mask, she said, "Tonight, you sleep on the bed and I'll sleep on the couch!"

Nash smiled inwardly and pretended to be surprised as he said, "I'm your fiance. Shouldn't we sleep together?"

Hera's breathing halted. "... I'm not ready yet!"

His lips curled up, but he sighed sadly. "Actually, I know that you're just using me to get your grandfather's inheritance."

Hera panicked. She turned her head and desperately tried to explain, "... I'm not... I..."

He simply closed his eyes and pulled a thin blanket over himself.

He was not one to believe that Hera would fall in love with him at first sight. Besides, there was no real emotional connection between him and Hera.

Him marrying Ms. Lewis was just to fulfill the engagement set by Master.

"Nash... It's really not what you think..."

Hera came over and squatted next to the sofa, her voice choked with sobs.

She wanted to explain it, but she realized she did not know how to start.

In fact, Nash's thoughts were not unfounded.

She did want to marry Nash to gain her grandfather's attention and revive Baroque.

However, she discovered that her feelings for Nash were not as simple as wanting to gain benefits.

When Nash said those words, Hera unexpectedly felt a pang of pain in her heart.

Her eyes turned red, and tears even welled up in the corners of her eyes.

Nash opened one eye and noticed Hera crying. His heart immediately softened, and he quickly coaxed her with a smile, "Don't cry, I was just teasing you. Feelings need to be developed slowly. Even if you let me sleep with you, I won't get on the bed!"

Hera rubbed her eyes and asked with a teary voice, "Really?"

He nodded. "Of course. Love has a process. We've only known each other for a day, so I'm not even interested in you yet!"

Hera broke into a smile through her tears, "Then... you can't get angry and start imagining things!"

"I got it, my dear Ms. Hera!" Nash drew out his words, seemingly a little impatient.

Hera did not pay attention to these details and went back to bed to share her daily life with her best friend.

The next day, early in the morning, Nash was startled awake by a dull sound.

He turned his head and saw Hera lying on the floor.

Strangely enough, she did not wake up.

He got up and walked to the edge of the bed, where he carefully lifted the woman up. His palm supported her smooth and tender legs, causing ripples in his heart.

Her fair and delicate collarbone, and her legs, which were as smooth as butter, provocatively challenged Nash's self-control.

In the prime of his youth, Nash swallowed a mouthful of saliva. Then, he placed the woman back on the bed, covered her with a blanket, and changed into sportswear before heading out for morning exercise.

Around eight o'clock in the morning, Nash returned to the apartment after finishing his run.

Hera had already prepared breakfast.

"Oh drats..."

Hera looked at Nash with embarrassment and said, "Um... I-I forgot to make breakfast for you..."

After all, she had been alone for over two years, and suddenly, there was another person at home. Plus, she did not see him when she got up in the morning, so she instinctively only made breakfast for herself.

Nash walked toward the bathroom and casually said, "You can eat by yourself. I'm not hungry yet!"

After freshening up, shaving, and putting on a white shirt and suit, he tied a tie around his neck.

Nash's demeanor instantly changed as he looked at himself in the mirror. At this moment, he looked like a wealthy son from a prominent family.

His slightly curly hairstyle had a charming messiness that was more appealing than meticulously-styled hair.

His pitch-black eyes were deep and clear, and the features on his well-defined face were perfect.

When Nash walked out of the bathroom, Hera subconsciously looked up.

As soon as she glanced over, she was stunned.

Was this the same sloppy Nash Calcraft from yesterday?

He looked exactly like the cool and domineering type of guy that countless women dreamed of in their hearts!

Nash sat down at the dining table and playfully waved his well-defined fingers in front of Hera's eyes. "Could it be that I've captivated you with my good looks?"

Hera blushed. She picked up the milk, took a few sips, and then said, "Be careful when you sleep at night. I'm afraid that one day, I won't be able to resist and eat you up..."