

## **CEO Bride 801**

### Chapter 801

Dalton twisted his body.

Felicity smiled and said, "That package on your back is the Eight-Part Scepter, no? Can you lend it to me for a couple of days?"

Lend it to her for a couple of days? Did she think it was a toy?

If news about the Eight-Part Scepter were to get out, it would only lead to chaos and conflict between the righteous and the evil. Moreover, poor handling of the scepter could also pose a life-threatening risk to the user.

Dalton shook his head and said, "This thing is very dangerous. I can't lend it to you."

Felicity frowned. "To tell you the truth, a ghoulish overlord has appeared in Jonford, and only your Eight-Part Scepter can deal with it!

"About ten years ago, Johnathan killed the last ghoulish overlord in the world on Tili Mountain. There shouldn't be another one appearing this era of peace," Dalton said with a quiet smile as he thought to himself how lame the woman's excuse was. Did she take him for fool?

Felicity hurriedly replied, "I'm not lying to you. I swear to the heavens. If even a word of what I said is a lie, then I... I'll remain unmarried for life!"

As the deputy chief of the Inspection Office, Dalton took her words to be true after she swore by it.

Chapp

Still, did that person on Tili Mountain not already kill the thousand-year

-old ghou! overlord?

After a moment of silence, Dalton's expression turned serious as he

asked, "Who told you this?"

"Nash told me so," Felicity admitted, thinking that Dalton might have

heard of him since he was so famous.

"Nash?" Dalton muttered with a lowered brow, "Could it be the same.

Nash I know?"

Felicity added, "He's a Golden Amulet Master!"

Dalton's expression shifted again. It was indeed the same man,

Johnathan's youngest disciple.

When Johnathan went to Gavistat, he had brought along a talented

and spirited young man with him. Despite being at the age of ten or

so, his cultivation was already unfathomable. Later, he became the

youngest amulet master in Drakonia.

Dalton went to the window and looked up at the sky in Jonford's

direction. A glint of gold flashed through his eyes when he

unexpectedly saw a red star in the sky.

A Blood Star.

It was an omen of great calamity. It looked like a thousand-year-old

ghoul overlord had indeed descended to Jonford.

Felicity walked toward the window and said softly, "You're a priest

yourself. You've spent time in a Mythism monastery. You should have

a sense of compassion!"

Chap 801

She did not know what a ghoulish overlord was, but Nash had been very serious when he told her about it. For someone as powerful as Nash to resort to external means meant that the enemy was a formidable

one.

Dalton scratched his bald head, a mixture of emotions churning in him. Having returned to secular life for many years, he was no longer the priest who only knew how to recite scriptures.

He had been roaming freely in the secular world for years now, enjoying the pleasures of family life. What did compassionate and virtuous deeds have to do with him?

The Eight-Part Scepter was a treasure of Mythism. With this treasure on him, he could go anywhere-as far as the heavens and the earth. If he lent it out, it would be like him throwing a bone to a dog. It would be gone forever.

Seeing Dalton stuck in a dilemma, Felicity continued, "Think about when you took the path of Mythism. What did the elders at the monastery teach you?"

Dalton's face twitched slightly. He recalled all of his master's benevolent teachings that were delivered with compassion.

"You were born with wisdom, but your attachments run deep. I gave you your new name, Skylar, hoping you'll let go of worldly distractions and engage in virtuous deeds, and spread blessings everywhere!"

## Chapter 802

His girlfriend had cheated on him in the past. Consumed by hatred, he

lost his mind and burst out violently with a knife due to overwhelming

rage. Later, he fled to Gavistat and assumed a new identity. He took

refuge in the Mistclad Monastery.

During his years in the monastery, he did manage to let go of his

attachments and hatred. He genuinely engaged in virtuous deeds at

the time, using the holistic medical skills taught by his master to help

those suffering from illness.

However, after his master passed, the new leader began exploiting the monastery for personal gain. He charged exorbitant fees and embezzled donations. The once ascetic priests started breaking their vows by indulging in flesh.

He confronted the new leader about these transgressions, but the response had been dismissive. The leader argued, "You're naïve.

Alcohol and meat pass through the gut while God resides in the heart.

These rules and precepts are just for show."

Under the new leader's management, the Mistclad Monastery so announced its dissolution. The leader even sold the monastery to tourism company, absconding with the funds and leaving the priest homeless.

Before Dalton left, he opened the relic his master left behind. Inside was a part of the Eight-Part Scepter and a parchment explaining its

usage.

His master had acquired the Eight-Part Scepter and originally

intended to use it to quell the turbulence on Possidian Mountain. However, Dalton knew his master had his motives for it.

The Mythism sect that had the Eight-Part Scepter would undoubtedly be at a higher standing in the Mythism community. Unfortunately, his master departed for the Pure Land before the Mistclad Monastery

achieved such prominence.

Even accomplished priests like his master had personal motives.

What else was there to say about the rest?

Afterward, he left Gavistat with the Eight-Part Scepter until he was found by members of the Emerald Wren Guard. The Emerald Wren

Guard was a secret organization affiliated with the government,

consisting of individuals with various extraordinary abilities.

While its members enjoyed considerable freedom, when the Emerald

Wren Order was issued, they had to obey the organization's

commands without question.

With his newfound wealth of eight million, he quickly succumbed to the allure of worldly pleasures. In the past year, he had traveled far and wide, assisting numerous distressed female supplicants in th

times of need.

However, he caught the attention of the Inspection Office in Sage

Felicity waited for a satisfactory answer from him and could not help but complain when it did not come. "Hey, how is a big shot like you so

evasive?"

Dalton took a deep breath, turned around, and lowered his gaze to focus on Felicity's voluptuous figure, Narrowing his eyes, he smiled. "I can lend it to you, but on two conditions."

Felicity took two steps back and crossed her arms over her chest. Adjusting the collar of her clothes, she looked at the man cautiously and said, "Let's hear them."

Calmly, Dalton started, "First, the Investigation Office has to stop

investigating me. I no longer make visits to the red-light district. Even if you find me enjoying myself with other women, there's no reason to bring me to the Inspection Office!"

"I can agree to that," Felicity responded without hesitation.

Previously, Dalton's visits to the red-light district involved monetary transactions, constituting illegal and disorderly behavior. If he just engaged with other women, it would be a violation of morals. In this case, Felicity indeed had no reason to arrest him.

"What about the second condition?" Felicity asked.

Dalton gazed at Felicity's exquisite face, smiling subtly. "As for the second one..."

"Do you want to sleep with me?" Felicity said with a teasing smile

Dalton hastily replied, "I wouldn't dare... For my second condition, I want you to help me investigate someone."

The deputy chief of the Inspection Office was not someone he would ever dare act against even if he were a hundred times braver.

Felicity shook her head and said, "That would be an abuse of power. I can't do it!"

The investigation into Dalton was justified because he frequented the red-light district, making him part of the red list. Thus, he was under

Chap 002

the Inspection Office's monitoring. Him asking her to investigate

someone else would indeed be an abuse of power.

Chapter 803

As the deputy chief of the Inspection Office, Felicity felt the need to lead by example.

"What if I report him as a murderer?" Dalton suggested.

"If he's indeed a murderer, I can investigate him. I can also contact relevant authorities to have him apprehended!" Felicity asserted confidently.



Dalton smiled faintly and proceeded to inform Felicity about the heinous acts committed by the new leader against his fellow priests. The new leader had inappropriate sexual preferences and violated the

young priests multiple times.

Some priests had complained about him, hoping for justice. However, Dalton, being powerless at that time, could not challenge the

influential leader.

Later, he witnessed the new leader carrying a sack to the mountains. and knew that they were the young priests who had suffered greatly

Upon hearing Dalton share his account about the man, a cold glint flashed in Felicity's eyes. "What kind of nonsense is this? How did your former leader accept such a person?"

"He's my master's junior and holds some authority in the monastery," Dalton explained with a wry smile.

"I agree to this condition as well," Felicity said nonchalantly. She had always thought that priests in the Mythism community embodied virtue. Today, she learned that even within the supposed purity of a

Mythic sanctuary, corruption existed.

"He's very powerful, probably at the peak of the Profound Reality Realm," Dalton added.

"It's okay. I can contact people from other departments to deal with

him," Felicity said, referring to the National Martial Bureau and the

Special Security Department. These two departments specialized in dealing with martial artists involved in illegal and disorderly activities.

Dalton took off the package hanging on his back and said solemnly,

This can only be entrusted to Nash. It must not fall into the hands of evil forces, or the consequences will be unimaginable.”

Felicity took the package and nodded. “Yes, I’ll personally deliver it to Jonford.”

Before leaving, Felicity glanced at the smiling middle-aged man in the

black and white photo. Then, she gave Dalton a fierce glare. “You’d better restrain yourself, or you might attract vengeful spirits!”

Dalton clasped his hands together. “The light guides. I’m helping

souls reach enlightenment in the Pure Land. They should thank me

He still had his principles. He would not involve himself with married

women. He sought companionship with lonely women who were either widowed or divorced. Was there anything wrong with helping people in distress?

Dalton walked to the door and straightened the collapsed gate. Then, he returned to the woman’s bedroom. In just a moment, earth-

shattering movements sounded from the room.

Felicity left the residential area with the Eight-Part Scepter. The

security guard nodded and lowered his head at her. "Chief, take care...

After getting into her car, Felicity tried calling Nash, but his phone was not reachable. Should she go home first or head straight to

Jonford with the item?

After contemplating for a moment, she decided not to waste time and immediately used her phone to direct her to Royal Bay in Jonford.

Just as she was about to start the car, her phone rang. It was a call

from Ken.

"Ken..."

"The person you asked me to check has no records. I accessed the

database in Blackburn and found no facial recognition match, which

means he has never been to Blackburn.

"Then I searched the Drakonia population database in Capiton and found a person whose eyes are 92% similar to his..."

“Who is it?”

“Lindon Carter!”

## Chapter 804

“Lindon?” Felicity’s brows pinched sharply. Not only was the guy not keeping a low profile, but he was also roaming around freely. She wished she could go after Lindon immediately, but Nash had advised against alerting him.

After a moment of silence, she decided to heed Nash’s advice.

“Is there anyone in your office?”

“No. Also, the call is on a dedicated and highly encrypted line.”

“Okay, don’t make a fuss, and don’t tell anyone about this!” Felicity said in a hushed tone.

Ken’s younger brother accidentally uncovered the traces Lindon left behind. Currently, only Felicity and Ken out of the entire Inspection Office knew about it.

“Also, don’t let your brother tail him!”

“Why not? What if he escapes?”

“Lindon is not difficult to handle, but his grandfather is cunning a shrewd. He’ll notice your brother in no time!”

“Okay, I got it!”

It was nighttime, and Nash was still in the underground room of Royal

Bay carrying out alchemic processes.

Chunk 104

He had completely melted the three medicinal stones into a liquid and then gradually thickened it under the high and intense.

temperature of the baking process. The next step was optimizing the

medicinal content, which was another lengthy process.

Skadi and Bianca were getting out of the car in the courtyard. There

were some bruises on Bianca’s face, but there was also a hint of joy.

in her cold eyes. She had once again won first place in the

championship today.

Lately, she had been competing in almost all the boxing matches

domestically. Her fan base across all platforms had surged to over

30 million. Just endorsing an advertisement brought in millions in income for her.

This was all thanks to Nash. Although he did not teach her much, – whatever he did had been helpful.

Maria greeted them with a smile, “Skadi, you’re here!”

“Hey, Maria! Is Hera at home?” Skadi asked sweetly.

“She’s at home, but...”

“But what?” Skadi’s expression tightened. “Is she sick?”

Maria smiled and said, “Not really, she just feels a bit unwell. It might be inconvenient for her to meet you.”

“This stubborn girl, she didn’t even tell me she’s not feeling well!”

Skadi exclaimed.

Skadi headed straight for the villa. If her best friend was not feeling well, she needed to take care of her.

Chapprend

Bianca took out an exquisite gift box from her bag with a smile on her

face. "Maria, this is a prize I received from my boxing matches.

Please accept it as a gift!"

Recently, she had participated in more than a dozen boxing matches, and each match earned her prizes from the organizers and sponsors. The bracelet in the box was sponsored by a jewelry brand.

"Thank you for your kindness, but I can't accept your gift!" Maria now recognized Bianca as a famous figure in the boxing world, having seen her matches on TV occasionally. Although Bianca always won, it was hard-earned through the many punches she had to take.

"I have plenty with me. Please take it!" Bianca shoved the gift box to

Maria.

"You stubborn child..." Maria sighed but accepted it in the end. She then pulled her inside, saying, "Come in and have a seat. Let me get you something to drink."

Meanwhile, Skadi had reached the door of Hera's room on the second floor. After knocking for a while without any response, she ped the door open to find an empty room.

Chapter 805

"That's weird. Where could she have gone?" Skadi muttered. She then

pushed open the door to the master bedroom and noticed the bulging

blanket on the bed. Worried, she walked over and said with concern,

Hera, I heard you're not feeling well..."

Before she could finish her sentence, she caught a strange, pungent

smell in the air. "What's that smell?"

Skadi sniffed and fanned the air as she walked closer.

Hera opened her sleepy eyes when she saw Skadi before closing

them lazily again. Suddenly, her brows furrowed as she abruptly

opened her eyes again. "Skadi.. how did you... get in?"

She covered herself up to the neck with the blanket quickly, not

wanting Skadi to see any lingering traces of the intimacy she and

Nash had shared.

Noticing the redness of Hera's face, Skadi reached out and touched

her forehead. "Are you running a fever?"

Hera shook her head. "N-No, not at all!"



Skadi nodded, her expression relaxing. Seeing that Skadi was short

inspecting her bedding, Hera breathed a sigh of relief.

However, the next moment, Skadi suddenly bent down and lifted the

blanket. "Hey-"

"Ah! What are you doing?!" Hera screamed and yanked the blanket

back. Her face turned even redder.

The scene before Skadi was stark. Was that... blood on the blanket?

Récalling the smell just now, realization dawned on Skadi. "So, your

and Nash..."

Hera's head shrank into the blanket as she complained, "Why are you

so annoying? Get out, I need to get dressed!"

Skadi crouched down curiously and asked, "How was it? Did it feel

good?"

"Why, you little... Get out!" Hera blushed as she yelled shyly.

Skadi roared with laughter. "Alright, alright. I'll wait for you outside!"

She left the room as soon as she finished speaking.

Hera bit her lip and climbed out of bed before slowly making her way into the bathroom for a shower. In the bathroom, she looked at the

bruises and marks on her body with a smile. Finally, she felt like a

woman.

She even hesitated to wash away the scent Nash had left on her. However, she felt very uncomfortable after sweating so much la

night.

Skadi was standing at the door, her phone almost out of battery. However, Hera took her time before finally opening the door.

Skadi sidled up to Hera and asked, "How was it? Did Nash impress you? Was he done in three seconds?"

Hera recalled the madness of last night and blushed. "It wasn't like that at all. He was really good!"

Chuckling, Skadi teased, "I can tell. Otherwise, you wouldn't have

trouble walking!"

Nash was a martial artist with physical qualities far beyond the average person, and he also possessed extraordinary medical skills. He had likely conditioned his body to be extremely powerful long ago.

Hera gave Skadi a disdainful look and asked, "Can we not talk about this topic? How about discussing Father Cillian instead?"

Pouting, Skadi said, "What's there to talk about that stupid priest?"

"Didn't you adore him before? What's with the indifference now?" Heral laughed playfully. Up until recently, Skadi often forwarded videos of Father Cillian to her, claiming she must win him over.

"Forget it. That guy doesn't know how to appreciate the finer things in life. I confessed to him and he said priests aren't allowed to be

involved in worldly matters!

"Later, when I went to Quiet Winds Church to find him, those stinky priests didn't even let me through the gate. Can you believe how rude he is?"

Skadi got angry just mentioning it, her face turning as red as an apple.

Hera chuckled. "Father Cillian is, after all, the head of Quiet Winds Church. It's a place for self-cultivation, and as the head, he naturally has to lead by example by abandoning worldly desires and focusing on practicing the Path!"

Skadi sighed softly. "Do you think I'll never get married? Just when I finally started feeling something, the Smiling Grim Reaper turned out to be your man while the second man I admire is just so ascetic. I

Dun 305

want a simple and straightforward love. Why is it so difficult?"

Her grandfather often said she would not find a husband if she did not change her personality. She was from a martial arts family. Just how restrained could she be?

“Sometimes, it’s fate and you just have to accept it. Don’t force it when it’s not your fate!”

Hera comforted Skadi, saying, “When the time is right, your other half will appear, just like how Nash appeared in my life!”

Skadi sighed. “I hope so!”

The two continued chatting as they walked downstairs. When they reached downstairs, Bianca stood up, smiled, and greeted, “Hera...”

When she noticed Skadi supporting Hera, Bianca became nervous and asked, “Are you sick?”

Skadi chuckled. “She’s not sick at all. Nash just gave her some thorough lovin’.”

Chapter 806

“Skadi, you’re really annoying! You know that?” Hera said as she pinched Skadi’s waist hard.

Skadi giggled and hid behind Bianca.

Hera ran after her, but her legs went weak and she almost fell on

Bianca.

Bianca quickly caught Hera and said with a smile, “Alright, cut it out

you two... Let me help you to the couch.”

Blushing, Hera sat on the couch while still glaring at Skadi with

indignation. "Talk any more nonsense and our friendship ends!"

Skadi laughed. "Alright, it's my fault. I won't do it again!"

Maria brought out a few glasses of water and said with a smile, "It's

always so lively when you guys are here. Have some water first. I'll

get you some fruits."

"Thank you, Maria!" said Skadi sweetly as she sipped her water.'

How's Melody doing?"

She used to dislike Melody, but after the woman risked her life to

save Hera, Skadi began to think she was not so bad. After all, she had

the guts to take action when it was needed.

"She's taking the herbal medicine Nash prescribed every day. She

should recover soon."

"Where is she now?".

“Upstairs in her room!”

Skadi was surprised. “Has she always been staying next to you?”

Hera nodded. “Yes.”

Skadi could not help but jest, “Were you loud last night? She probably

heard everything!”

Hearing this, Hera’s neck turned red: “Stop it. Can you stop

mentioning last night’s events?”

Hera was able to suppress her moans at the start but eventually lost control as the deed dragged on. Melody had likely heard her. She was lying in bed, recovering, while she and Nash were having a romantic

exchange in their room.

She wondered what Melody thought about her actions.

Skadi sighed. “Okay, let’s not talk about that. Let’s talk about Bianca’s

recent boxing matches!”

The three women started chatting and laughing about recent events.

At 8:00 pm, Skadi and Bianca left after having dinner.

In the next two days, Hera worked from home while Nash entered the liquefaction stage in his process of refining the Golden Onyx Pill.

Two streams of rich and pleasant-smelling light golden liquid swirled in the Divine Farmer's Cauldron, signifying the successful fusion of all

medicinal herbs.

The next step was for him to perform alchemical quenching while the pill was still in a formless state. After the pill took shape,

detoxification would be carried out.

Quenching purified the pill by removing impurities while detoxification

could be considered a secondary quenching process that eliminated

any remaining poison in the pill. These two steps could not be

conducted simultaneously.

Nash slowly opened his eyes, controlled the fire array with a surge of

true energy, and adjusted the flame's intensity. In an instant, the array drained all the true energy from Nash's core, exhausting him as if he

had just engaged in 300 rounds of intimacy with Hera.

At Royal Bay Villa 14, warm and gentle afternoon sunlight bathed the surroundings.

Eric and Winnie were strolling hand-in-hand in the garden. Winnie was

in a white dress, her long hair cascading down her shoulders as she

bathed in the gentle sunlight. Her fair skin seemed to radiate a warm

glow.

Standing at around 1.65 meters tall despite wearing heels, Winnie

looked like a child standing next to the nearly 1.9-meter-tall Eric

slightly

tly childish face formed a sharp contrast with Eric's own w

was covered in stubble.

"Eric, I'm tired of walking," Winnie stopped and said in a childlike ton

Eric chuckled before crouching down, saying indulgently, "Then I'll

carry you..."

"Hehe, sure!" Winnie immediately climbed onto Eric's back with a

triumphant look. She circled her soft and fair arms around his neck.



Eric lifted Winnie with both hands tucked under her. She rested her

head on his

face, dimed with blissful

How could she not love such a doting father figure?

little head on his shoulder, her face adorned with a blissful smile.

How could she not love such a doting father figure?

## Chapter 807

The two of them had become inseparable after just a few days, and their feelings were quickly lit ablaze. Meanwhile, on the rooftop of Royal Bay Villa 14, Atlas was leaning against the railing with a displeased expression as he observed the couple-his master and Winnie.

"You two are so lovey-dovey every day. Master, you've completely thrown the task of monitoring the Duerson family to me!" Atlas grumbled.

For the past few days, he had been keeping a close watch on the Duerson family day and night. Jesebel even had to deliver his meals to him. Fortunately, Jesebel would also occasionally stay on the rooftop to chat with him. Otherwise, he would have been incredibly bored.

Suddenly, the phone that he had placed on the railing sounded,

indicating that he had received a message. Atlas quickly picked up the phone and saw that it was a message from Jesebel: [Feeling bored?]

[Yeah, I'm bored out of my mind]

[Let's take turns keeping watch tomorrow, okay?]

[Let's not do that. I'm afraid my master will beat me up!]

[Alright.]

Jesebel fell silent after they exchanged a few messages. Atlas waited for a while, but when he realized that Jesebel was not going to

respond to him anymore, he hesitated before sending another message: [Can you... come up and keep me company?]

In the downstairs living room, Jesebel's slender and fair fingers typed away as she quickly replied: [What do you want to drink? I'll bring it up for you.]

[Bring me two bottles of beer!]

[Okay.]

Jesebel put away her phone and took out two bottles of beer from the refrigerator before heading upstairs. Next to the elevated platform, there was a table with chairs in all four directions. On the table were fruit juice and snacks. Above the table hung a massive parasol.

Atlas was sitting in one of the chairs when Jesebel approached. She was dressed in loose bell bottoms and a white shirt with a black

apron tied around her waist.

Her luscious black hair fell freely down her back. Her cold and exquisite features seemed to repel people from even a distance.

Seeing Jesebel's glamorous face, Atlas felt inexplicably nervous. What was going on? He was the boss here. How could the household

maid make him nervous?

Atlas collected himself, trying to maintain his composure and not let

the woman see that he was nervous.

Jesebel put the bottles of beer down on the table and then sat across

from him.

Her slightly open neckline seemed to evoke improper thoughts in his head. Atlas quickly averted his gaze elsewhere while saying in a

composed tone, "Please button up."

Suddenly, he wondered if Jesebel was intentionally trying to seduce

him. He was the most doted young sir of the Kennedy family in

Capiton. There were many women who wished to marry into his family.

Jesebel glanced down at her collar and buttoned it up while teasing, "Can't handle this?"

She had been handling Winnie's tasks all by herself these days. She felt a little hot just now and unbuttoned one of the buttons as her collar had been too tight.

"Don't think I don't know what you're thinking. I advise you to put those thoughts away."

Atlas picked up the beer, opened the cap, and took a few sips.

"How presumptuous!" Jesebel said as disdain colored her eyes. She

then stood up and went back downstairs.

Atlas chuckled. "Aren't you the presumptuous one, thinking that I'll still a young and inexperienced guy?"

With that, he took a few gulps of beer

At that moment, dark clouds covered the sun. Atlas swallowed his

beer and immediately went to the elevated platform, looking toward

the basin. The ghoulish overlord tied outside the Duerson family's house

seemed to be in a frenzy as it let out beast-like roars.

Peter came out of the house with a leather whip in his hand while looking a little intoxicated.

## Chapter 808

The handle of the leather whip was wrapped with a yellow talisman, and the whip itself was a deep red color. It had obviously been treated in some special way.

Peter swung the leather whip fiercely at the ghoul overlord. The

leather whip burst into flames and left a scorch mark on the ghoul overlord. The skin under its attire ripped open but only for a moment as the wound quickly healed.

The ghoul overlord snarled at Peter. It looked like it wanted to pounce on Peter and devour him.

“You beast. You’re seriously asking for it,” Peter muttered and

whipped the ghoul again and again.

After about half an hour of whipping, the ghoul overlord closed its eyes again.

Peter lifted a bottle and took a sip from it before then taking a

large number of talismans from his bag. He stuck them all

ghoul overlord’s body.

Duncan and others arrived just then. When they saw this, Borris

suddenly worried that Peter might lose control of the ghoul overlord. Frowning, he asked, “Master Peter, what’s going on here?”

Intoxicated, Peter waved away his concern and said, “This’s a

remnant of Herman Lewis’ soul that hasn’t moved on yet. I’ll use my

skills tonight and consume the ghou! overlord completely, merging with it. It'll be a great success!"

Only then did Borris nod with a smile.

At this moment, The Swordsman suddenly asked, "Master Peter, did Eric destroy his Nine Breath Profound Technique?"

Peter yawned, his loose sleeves sliding down to his elbows. He then bit his finger and tapped his forehead.

A scene showing Winnie being carried on Eric's back instantly flashed through his mind.

"Strange. Why does this guy seem unaffected?" Peter was puzzled.

Duncan raised a brow and asked, "Did that woman fail her mission?"

Peter shook his head. "Doesn't seem like it. She and Eric look like

they're lovers."

After saying that, he bit his tongue and used the blood to quickly draw

a talisman in front of him with his right hand.

The talisman dissolved into a red light before it was absorbed into

the dot of blood on his forehead.

Peter closed his eyes, and multiple blurry images flashed through his

mind.

Among the images was a faintly intertwined cosmos diagram

rotating.

His eyes snapped open after a moment, and most of his drunkenness was cleared.

Duncan's expression tightened as he asked, "What's wrong?"

Peter crushed the bottle in his hand, gritting his teeth as he replied, "That woman's body is rife with mystical dark energy!"

Damn! He had originally intended to use some random woman to

destroy Eric's Nine Breath Profound Technique, but he had unexpectedly sent him a woman with mystical dark energy.

Puzzled, Duncan asked, "What does that mean?"

Borris explained in a deep voice, "They're the best cultivation furnace, suitable for cultivating dark energy to supplement one's light energy and thus enhancing one's power!"

Duncan suddenly realized and looked at Peter with an indifferent.

look. "So, Master Peter tried to be clever but ended up making Eric

stronger instead of destroying his Nine Breath Profound Technique?"

The Swordsman laughed. "Master, eh? You're not that impressive, after all!"

Peter's face turned red. Embarrassed, he turned to the three men and said, "It's my mistake this time. I promise it won't happen again!"

The Swordsman was about to say a few more things, but Borris gave him a look. He was telling The Swordsman not to offend Peter, especially considering the ghoul overlord behind him.

Duncan chuckled. "Master Peter, no need to blame yourself. With the ghoul overlord, it won't matter even if Eric's power increases!"

Peter's expression darkened. "Looks like I can't delay any longer. I must let the ghoul overlord consume a large amount of energy in the next few days to merge with the lingering soul inside it!"

Duncan was puzzled at the statement. "What do you mean, Master Peter?"

A sinister smile graced the man's features as he replied, "Living beings possess the most nutritious essence."

Duncan almost choked on his saliva as he looked at The Swordsman and Borris.



The Swordsman smiled slightly. "Why care who lives or dies as long as we get stronger?"

## Chapter 809

Borris' expression was serious as he nodded. "Exactly. There's a path for the righteous, just as there's a path for the wicked. Since the righteous path can't accommodate us, then we shall replace it!"

Peter chuckled and said, "Well then, let's continue drinking!"

Grinning, Boris replied, "Please."

The three of them walked shoulder-to-shoulder toward the villa's living room while Duncan remained rooted where he was, looking bewildered. His emotions were a complex flurry. He had only wanted to eliminate Nash and make the Duerson family the top family in

Jonford.

He never thought of going against the righteous path. He thought he

was evil, but compared to Peter and the others, he felt like an

amateur.

Going against the entire righteous path with just a ghoul over

Duncan took a deep look at Herman, who was covered from head

to toe with talismans.

At the park outside of Royal Bay Villa 14, Eric and Winnie were sitting

on a stone bench, passionately kissing. Suddenly, Eric felt a sharp

pain in his heart and accidentally bit Winnie's tongue.

"Ouch..."

Winnie yelped in pain and pushed Eric away. She looked at the man

aggrievedly, saying, "Eric, you bit me!"

Eric put a hand to his chest and muttered, "Blessings come to an enlightened heart while misfortunes come to a shadowed heart. A calamity is approaching." He looked up at the sky, the red starlight in his line of sight flickering intermittently.

At the same time, Nash, who was amid his alchemical pursuits, frowned. He slowly opened his eyes, formed a seal with his hands, and increased the temperature of the cauldron's fire.

It was not only Eric and Nash experiencing this. All eight Golden Amulet Masters in Jonford and across the country felt a stab of pain in their hearts.

The Golden Amulet symbolized the highest status in the Path and was infused with the nation's destiny.

When one earned the Golden Amulet, the aura in one's amulet would

be connected to one's soul. All Golden Amulet Masters would

experience a psychic resonance when a great disaster was approaching Drakonia.

After setting the fire array to automatic, Nash went up to the workstation. He unplugged his charged phone, turned it on, and dialed Eric's number.

"Nash, you felt it too, right?" Eric had guessed the reason for Nash's call as soon as he answered the phone.

"Yeah, they might make a move tonight," Nash said seriously.

"The ghoul overlord is not within the perceivable realms. We can't deduce its target," Eric replied in a deep voice.

"The ghoul overlord needs to absorb a large amount of human vital energy to grow rapidly. If we classify vitality into grades three, six, and nine, only practitioners from clean places have the purest vitality.

"I speculate the ghoul overlord is likely heading to Quiet Winds Church. Find a way to contact the church and get them to activate their protection array!" Being somewhat familiar with Quiet Winds Church, Nash knew that it possessed a powerful protection array.

“Yes, I’ll contact them now. By the way, any news about the Eight-Part Sceptre?” Eric asked.

“None yet!”

all

“Okay, I’ll contact the church. You continue refining that pill of yours!”

Eric ended his call with Nash and then called the vice president of the

Jonford Association of Path Masters.

The call connected quickly and was followed by a surprised voice coming from the other end, “Master Eric?”

“Yes, it’s me. Get the head of the Quiet Winds Church to call me!”

said in a slightly superior manner.

In a café in Jonford, the vice president of the Association of Path

Masters looked at Cillian, who was sitting beside him and drinking

tea. He had an embarrassed look on his face.

Cillian’s expression was calm as he gently set down his teacup. Taking the phone, he said, “I’m Cillian, the head of Quiet Winds Church. You wanted to speak with me?”

Chapter 810

“I’ve deduced that a great calamity is approaching Quiet Winds

Church. You must activate the protection array immediately and

prepare yourselves!” Eric commanded.

Cillian’s tone remained calm as he replied, “I’ve studied the Core

Astrological Scripture since young. I have not sensed any impending danger to the church.”

Eric’s tone turned cold. “You’re just the head priest of Quiet Winds Church. How dare you question the power of a Golden Amulet Master

like me?”

He was quite familiar with the famous Path sanctuaries within

Drakonia. However, he had never heard of Quiet Winds Church. Thus, it was undoubtedly one of the smaller sanctuaries.

The fact that the head of such a small sanctuary dared question his

abilities left Eric feeling very displeased.

Unruffled, Cillian merely replied, “You’re one of the ten Golden Am Masters of Drakonia, Master Eric. I would never dare to question y

He had heard of Eric’s name, and like Nash, he was one of the ten Golden Amulet Masters. However, he did not appreciate Eric’s way of speaking. He believed in showing respect to earn respect.

The other Path sanctuaries might flatter Eric, but he could not bring himself to do the same. Especially now that he had broken through to the Profound Reality Realm and could use the unique Path secret technique passed down by Quiet Winds Church.

He only needed one of the Golden Amulet Masters to retire and he would be appointed as the newest of their ranks.

He had been waiting for this day for 20 years.

Sensing Cillian's apparent disagreement, Eric decided not to argue further and just said indifferently in the end, "I've warned you. I hope you take care of yourself."

With that, Eric ended the call. Clear Dew Court was one of the top

Path sanctuaries in the country. As head of Clear Dew Court, he could freely dispatch Path sanctuaries and associations around the world, yet Cillian dared to disrespect him.

Noting the anger on Eric's face, Winnie reached her delicate hand out and gently patted his chest. "Eric, don't be angry. Getting angry isn't good for you."

Eric's expression softened a bit, and he chuckled. "You're right. Given my status and his position, I shouldn't be upset with him. Anyway, no one can blame me for not warning him if something happens!"

Inside the café, Cillian returned the phone to the head of the association and then picked up a teacup, taking a sip.

"Mr. Cillian, that was the head of Clear Dew Court you just talked. You really shouldn't have disrespected him.

"Clear Dew Court is a well-known Path sanctuary in the country with tens of thousands of Path takers. His arrogance is justified because he has the qualifications. Why butt heads with him when you're just the head of Quiet Winds Church?"

The vice president of the Jonford Association of Path Masters was

from Quiet Winds Church and was also Cillian's junior. He was

dissatisfied with his senior's actions.

"I've been practicing even before his father was born!" Cillian exclaimed as he glanced at the man coldly.

If it were not for the fact that the roots of his early practice were

damaged by the Quiet Winds Church traitor during his childhood, he would already be a Golden Amulet Master.

The vice president sighed helplessly. "Since Master Eric has

personally called to warn you, something big must be happening. You should heed his advice and activate the church's protection array!"

Although Eric's tone had been unpleasant, his strength was

undeniable. Given his status, he would not just decide to deceive the head of the association so casually.

"You're also from Quiet Winds Church. You should know that the

protection array can only be activated for the last time. How can we activate it unless it's absolutely necessary?"

Cillian stood up and replied as he looked at the man, not even g

him a chance to speak. He then flicked his sleeves and left.

Outside the café parked a BMW. Lloyd was standing in front of the car, guiding someone and giving them his blessings.

There were many beautiful women with their phones in their hands as

they took photos and recorded videos. Focused and confident, Lloyd

continued with his work..

“I see a radiant glow in your features. I’m sure you’ll enjoy great fortune and prosperity. However, be wary of inauspicious signs. I

suggest that you make a habit out of praying!” Lloyd stared at the

face of a stunning woman and said persuasively

The beautiful woman touched her face as she murmured Work

hasn’t been going well for me it’s probably because I haven’t been

praying”

Lloyd smiled faintly “Next person, please