

CEO Bride 851

Chapter 851

Mireille shook off Duncan's hand expressionlessly and said, "Don't touch me."

Duncan embraced Mireille tightly and whispered, "Mireille, Nash and I are archenemies. He is a calamity in my life. Please understand,

Mireille!"

Mireille's body stiffened. "What kind of hatred do you harbor for him that you have to fight him to the death?" she asked curiously.

Duncan fell silent. "Come inside first, and I'll tell you about my past,"

he said and then held Mireille's delicate and innocent hand.

Mireille wanted to resist but in the end, held his hand gently.

When they entered the living room, Duncan said to the bodyguards in the room, "It's getting late, you guys can go rest for the night."

The bodyguards exchanged glances, then walked out of the villa's living room.

At the door, one of them said, "Boss looks to be in a good mood tonight. He's letting us off the night shift."

The other chuckled. "Why not? You think he wants us getting in the way of him picking up girls?"

The middle-aged leader sneered. "The boss means for us to go find Brian!"

The other two looked at each other and then shook their heads with sighs.

blowwonder the captain could earn a monthly galatary of five hundred thousand; his ability to read between the lines was something they

hould never learn in their lifetime.

ncwan sat on the sofa, holding Mireille in his arms, and began to tell about his past.

Tannered croup Pharmacy, Brian was up all night on duty grand tad Ben disisamcted when he was taking a patient's pulse before

irry weesinc chair outside, smoking, cigarette butts littering there

ound.cl

ddenly, three o acck BMWs came to a stop in front of these

stabilisismen add a group of well-dressed bodyguards surrounded

irry.

he middle-aged mainaamong then who was the leader looked down

Larry and asked, dAre govo u Larry?"

irry stood up and said.dWhore you people?"

he man kicked Larry in the alatuomen, i'm the one asking the

estions!" Larry clutched his sistomach, his face turning ashen.

he middle-aged bodyguard grafterary by the collar and lifted m. "Answer my question."

es, I am Larry Lowell!" Larry replied with gritted teeth.

o you like Mireille Tanner?" the maraasiked again.

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"Yes!" Larry responded with his head held high.

The middle-aged bodyguard smiled faintly. "You're not allowed to like her anymore. Do you understand what I mean?"

Larry stared at the middle-aged bodyguard. "Who are you people?" he asked, only to be slapped across the face.

"Do you get what I'm saying?"

Larry retorted angrily, "I don't! No one can stop me from liking her!"

The middle-aged bodyguard ruthlessly kicked Larry in the groin. Larry

curled up on the ground like a cooked shrimp, hands wrapped over his

groin. The bodyguard went up toward the pharmacy, leaving the others behind to continue beating Larry.

"What... What are you doing?" Brian roared angrily as he slammed his

hands on the table and stood up.

The middle-aged bodyguard narrowed his eyes and asked, "Where's

Mireille?"

Unable to contain his anger, Brian roared once again, "Who are

people, and how dare you commit battery?"

The middle-aged bodyguard sneered, "You've seen yourself what

I don't like to ask questions twice!"

Brian took a deep breath, stammering, "She... she ran out!"

The middle-aged bodyguard furrowed his brow in confusion, "At this time?"

Brian sighed, "We had an argument, and then she ran out. I don't know where she went!"

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The middle-aged bodyguard stared intently at Brian through his sunglasses, as if trying to see through any lies that might be revealed on his face. Casey slammed the herbs in his hand onto the table, saying, "If something happens to Mireille, I will never forgive you!" Irritated by Casey's outburst, Brian retaliated with a slap. "You've gone too far..."

Casey's temples throbbed. He looked like he was about to retaliate again when Brian angrily exclaimed, "What, you want to fight me?"

Casey took a deep breath, suppressing his anger, and bent down to pick up the herbs scattered on the floor. A pallid and weak-looking elderly woman receiving intravenous therapy nearby pleaded, "Don't quarrel. Casey, try to understand Old Tanner. He's doing it for the good of your daughter. What's wrong with Larry?"

Casey sneered, "Now it's about free will in love. Who believes in arranged marriages and parental orders anymore? If he truly about Mireille, he wouldn't force her to marry someone she d

like!"

Brian erupted in anger, "Say another word, and I'll tear your mouth

apart!"

Casey kept silent then, refraining from speaking further. The elderly

woman sighed deeply.

The middle-aged bodyguard turned around and walked back out. Seeing Larry, beaten and barely conscious, he smiled and said, "

Chapte

Starting tomorrow, I don't want to see you in Jonford. Otherwise, I'll

personally make you disappear."

After saying that, he got into the car, the others following suit. The three BMWs swiftly departed. In pain and wracked by shivers, Larry lowered his head to look at his groin covered in blood, despair evident

on his face.

Brian and Casey hurried from behind the counter and carried Larry to

a sickbed. Brian looked up at Casey, whose face was now swollen from the slap he had given him, and said, "Go outside and keep watch.

Casey sternly followed and went outside the door. Brian then

removed Larry's pants to examine his injuries. Seeing the mangled

groin, his face turned pale.

Larry clutched Brian's arm, his voice trembling as he asked, "Mr.

Tanner, am I... am I impotent now?"

Brian sighed helplessly. The bodyguard just now was a martialist

and his kick had destroyed his groin. How could he explain this

Lowell?

Scrying his answer from the old man's face, Larry gritted his teeth

through the pain and said, "Get me a car. I'm leaving Jonford no

Brian brought herbs and bandages over to dress Larry's wounds, tea

streaming down his face as he said, "Larry, do you... blame us for

this?"

Mireille had gone through the plans with them meticulously.

It was in their plan to have Duncan send people to the pharmacy and

even to take action against them. Among them, the person in the

most danger was Larry. Casey suggested that Larry leave Jonford at

first, but he chose to stay and help deal with Duncan's men in his

attempt to gain Mireille's trust.

"I... I don't blame you; it was my decision," Larry said with tears.

streaming down his face from closed eyes. He had chosen his path

and there was no room for regret. Realizing now that he was disabled,

he would part ways with Mireille completely after this. The thought

was like a knife in his chest.

Brian felt deep guilt in him, a myriad of words drowned in silent tears.

At the Duerson family's residence, Duncan recounted how he had

transformed from a weak and honest person into a villain that even he hated. "Nash told me that only with absolute strength can one earn respect. I may not have his strength, but I'm lucky. I have three of the elite powerhouses as my godfathers. With their help, the Duerson family will succeed the Young family!"

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"Nash is a remnant of the Young family. As long as he dies, the era belonging to the Young family will come to a complete end. The Duerson family will then be the future leader in the business world. I want to immortalize the Duerson family as the strongest throughout eternity!" Duncan exclaimed excitedly as his eyes filled with madness.

Mireille looked at Duncan who seemed to be on the path of madness in disbelief. Was he planning to dominate the entire business world? Also, he wanted to kill Nash? Right, Angela did mention Duncan did try to annihilate Quiet Winds Church.

Mireille glanced at the Eight-Part Sceptere placed on the coffee table through the corner of her eye.

“Mireille.” Duncan suddenly turned around and Mireille immediately

withdrew her gaze back to the terrifying man before her.

Compared to how frenzied he was before, Duncan sat down her gracefully and held her hand affectionately. “Marry me, and make sure you become the happiest woman in the world!”

to

Mireille looked at Duncan incredulously, “Are you... Are you a

man?”

Before she could finish her sentence, Duncan forcefully kissed her

Mireille placed her hands on Duncan’s chest and instinctively tried to push him away. She then thought about her own goals and

abandoned the thought.

Mireille’s cheeks turned red as a chill ran down her body. Still, she

closed her eyes and pretended to go along with the man.

Duncan reached his hand toward Mireille’s chest but she grabbed it and accidentally bit his lip, breaking skin.

Duncan wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth and

apologized, "I'm sorry, I was too impatient."

He and Mireille had not had much contact, after all. She must feel

repulsed by him.

Mireille shyly lowered her head and asked, "Are you like other second- generation wealthy who just think of me as a plaything?"

At these words, Duncan looked at Mireille in surprise. It sounded like

she was accepting him.

"How could that be?" he responded, "I haven't been with any woman. so far. I used to think that women would only be obstacles to my career. I never had any feelings for any woman until I met you. My heart wavered, and at that moment, I swore to myself that I must have you!"

Duncan gazed at Mireille deeply with great affection. Tears welled up in Mireille's eyes, moved by what she heard, although it came from

the mouth of a devil.

He lifted Mireille's delicate chin and kissed her again. Mireille closed

her eyes, her thick eyelashes trembled gently.

After a while, Duncan carried Mireille to the master bedroom on the

second floor. He closed the door with his foot and made for the bed

before gently placing her on it.

Mireille dared not open her eyes, her lashes trembling continuously.

She heard the rustling of Duncan undressing and her nerves tightened

even more. Deep despair filled her heart.

Lying his burning body beside her, Duncan turned and kissed Mireille's neck. Startled, Mireille pushed Duncan away. Seeing Duncan frowning slightly, she shyly said, "I... I'll go take a shower."

Duncan's lips curled slightly. "Alright, I'll wait for you."

Mireille skedaddled for the bathroom like she was missing a soul.

Turning around, she unzipped the zipper behind her dress, the pure

white fabric falling to the ground. She looked at herself in the mirror

and could not help the tears that streamed down her face.

Outside, Duncan received a call from his subordinate and his anger

surged. "You crippled Larry? Are you out of your mind? How do you think Mireille will look at me now that you did that?" he reprimanded

in a low voice.

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Duncan had learned from his conversation with Mireille earlier that

Larry was her college classmate. After graduating, Larry has been

helping out at the Tanner Group Pharmacy. Mireille admitted that

Larry had been pursuing her, but she considered him only as a

brother. Now that his men had crippled Larry, Duncan was sure that Mireille would be angry.

“Boss... I...”

“Never mind, she’ll be mine soon anyway. Use your brain more in the future!” Duncan angrily hung up the phone.

At that moment, Mireille’s phone screen lit up beside the pillow.

Duncan picked up the phone and tried to unlock it. Surprisingly, there was no password set. It was a text message from Brian: [Mireille, come back quickly. I was wrong. I shouldn’t have scolded you!]

Duncan closed the message, checked the call logs, and found no significant contact between Mireille and Nash’s side. When he investigated Mireille secretly back then, he found out that she had visited Royal Bay twice to deliver herbs but quickly left afterward.

Leaning against the headboard, Duncan went through Mireille’s photo

album. It contained many sensual photos of Mireille, but they were

not explicit. Looking at Mireille’s gentle and sweet smile, Duncan gently closed his eyes.

The bathroom door opened. Duncan immediately exited the photo

gallery and placed the phone back in its original position.

Wrapped in a towel, Mireille shyly made her way toward the bed. Her pure white shoulders were exposed and resembled flawless marble under the gentle light. Biting her lip, she slowly opened her arms. The towel slipped to the floor.

Duncan's head felt like it had exploded at the sight of her perfect

body. How was her figure so flawless? There was no hint of excess

flesh on her slender waist and the skin was so delicate. The woman

before him was beyond what perfection was.

The man's gaze upon her was intense. He swallowed hard and pulled. Mireille onto the bed, pouncing on her like a ravenous beast.

It was... a night of passionate indulgence.

The next day, morning sunlight shone through the curtain's seams, illuminating Mireille's face. They were marked with tear stains.

She slowly opened her eyes, and her once clear and vibrant gaze appeared unusually dim. The warmth and sweetness that used to

grace her face were now replaced with a coldness.

Duncan's arm that was draped over her tightened slightly. Mireille's expression softened as she turned toward him and gently kissed his

lips. Then, she nestled in his embrace like a little cat.

The corners of his lips curled up slightly as he held the soft, fragrant

beauty in his arms. "Want to sleep a bit more?" he asked lazily, voice

magnetic.

The woman in his arms trembled slightly before she lifted her head to glance at Duncan. She quickly looked back down, her voice as soft as

she whispered, "You... you're awake too?"

Her voice was delightful, tender, charming, and ever so slightly

enchanting. It was clear and loud yet gentle and soft. Coupled with the shy expression on her face, Duncan's desire flared up instantly.

Feeling the warmth on her legs, Mireille blushed so hard as if the

veins in her face had burst.

Breath hot and quick, Duncan hoarsely asked, "Mireille, can we go

another round?"

Now he finally understood the meaning of the ancient poem: [Short is

the night, high the sun at dawn; henceforth the emperor need not rise early].

Mireille bit her lip, her gaze extremely complicated. "Last night, we both drank too much..."

"But I am sincere. Now you are my woman, I will treat you well for the rest of my life!" Duncan held Mireille's smooth body tightly as he professed with the utmost sincerity.

"You doubted me last night, didn't you?" Mireille replied with a touch of sadness.

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"My doubts were unfounded, I shouldn't have suspected you." Duncan kissed Mireille's delicate face gently. His suspicions the previous night arose because of her untimely appearance. After investigating Tanner Group Pharmacy yesterday through his probes and

subordinates, he confirmed that Mireille had indeed passed by the estate unintentionally. Moreover, they had consummated their

relationship. She was now his woman, and continuing to doubt her

would only hurt her.

“Mireille, do you... do you love me?” Duncan suddenly asked,

stuttering.

Mireille shook her head and replied, “No.”

Duncan smiled bitterly, his eyes losing their luster. Perhaps... she had acted impulsively under the influence of alcohol?

“Fool, feelings need time to develop!” Mireille chuckled, trying her best to show that she was gradually accepting Duncan.

“Then, let’s take our time to develop them.” Duncan raised his arm, pulling the woman into his embrace.

On the rooftop, Peter, The Swordsman, and Borris gazed toward Royal

Bay.

There was a vibrant and colorful cloud formation in the direction they were looking at. Peter narrowed his eyes and said, “A celestial phenomenon has occurred. Looks like Nash has successfully refined

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the Golden Onyx Pill!”

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“So what? Can he break through to the Mystique Loyalty Realm in just one day after refining and assimilating the effects of the pill? Even if he does, it will be a piece of cake for me to kill him!” The Swordsman proclaimed with his hand behind his back, confident and spirited.

“Nash is so young yet he managed to refine a fifth-grade elixir. His talent in alchemy is truly terrifying. If it weren’t for Duncan insisting on killing him, I would have liked to befriend him.” Boris sighed.

While the martial arts world in Drakonia was flourishing, true alchemy masters were rare, and those who could refine fifth-grade elixirs were even rarer. Nash was a young man in his twenties. For him to be able to produce such an elixir marked him as truly exceptional. If left to

grow, he was bound to overturn the entire martial arts world.

Peter frowned. “Did you guys hear something?”

Boris and The Swordsman perked up their ears and listened. After a

moment, the two exchange smiles.

“It’s been a long time since I had some fun. Duncan better a few lively maidens to satisfy my desires once I’m done killin

Peter stroked his beard and laughed. “Mature women are much

than those youngins.”

Boris at Peter in surprise. “Aren’t priests supposed to stay away fro worldly desires? Have you been lusting after women in the secula

world?”

Peter roared with hearty laughter. "The Path doesn't accept me, even though I wear their robes and practice their arts. I've never considered

myself a Path taker, so of course, I don't need to abide by those rules

and regulations!"

Soon, it was noon time. Duncan kissed Mireille's forehead. The

woman had already fallen back asleep. He whispered, "Rest. I'll be

back to accompany you tonight."

After that, he grabbed a set of clothes from the wardrobe, put them

on, tidied his hair, and then left the room, carefully closing the door

behind him.

Mireille opened her eyes, a chill in her gaze. Dragging her tired body

out of the bed, she went into the bathroom and turned on the tap to

wash everything away with cold water.

In the living room, Duncan was in a meeting with his three godfathers,

legs crossed and a half-smoked cigarette in his hand.

“I’ll have to trouble you all to accompany me to visit the Zells, Lees,

and Watsons the next two hours. As long as we get fifty percent of

the families’s equities, the Jonford business world will be under our

control!”

Today, the Duerson family would rise.

Half an hour later, Duncan, accompanied by his three godfathers and a group of elite bodyguards, headed toward the Watson residence.

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Back at the second-floor master bedroom with an independent bathroom. Mireille was vigorously rubbing every inch of her skin with. a bath sponge until her smooth and fair skin turned bright red from

the friction. No matter how much she scrubs herself, she still felt

dirty.

“Ah!” Mireille roared in frustration and flung the bath sponge to the ground. She fell to the ground, hugging her knees as she wept with

pain.

After spending an hour in the bathroom, she dragged her sore legs to

the bedside, put on her clothes, and then left the room to go.

downstairs. There were only two maids in the house, both around 40

years old and with impeccable faces resembling numb robots.

Mireille accidentally stepped on the mop and tilted backward. She let

out a cry as one of the maids quickly stepped forward and bent down

to catch her before she fell to the ground.

“Miss Tanner, I... I’m sorry, I was negligent!” the maid said as si

helped her up, apologizing nervously.

“Don’t blame yourself. I was careless and stepped on the mop.”

Mireille smiled gently.

“Please, don’t tell the boss!” the man pleaded, her voice trembling

She seemed afraid that her boss would find out about this.

“I won’t say anything!” Mireille smiled slightly in return.

Her fall had been planned to test the two and indeed, they were

martial artists. The Duerson family’s influence was so vast that even

the hired maids were martial artists.

“I’ll get back to work then.” The maid picked up the mop from the floor and resumed her duties.

Mireille sat down on the sofa and asked, “Where did Duncan and the others go?” T

“We dare not inquire about the boss’s whereabouts,” the maid replied.

“Did he instruct you on anything?” Mireille asked again.

“The boss told us to take good care of you and mentioned that you are free to come and go from this place.”

Mireille nodded with a smile. “I’m a bit hungry, could you please prepare something for me to eat?”

At that, the maid immediately turned around and headed for the kitchen while the other went outside with the bucket.

Mireille opened the coffee table drawer, took out a small bag of tea leaves, and grabbed a disposable cup to fill it with water from the dispenser. After brewing the tea, she sat on the other side of the sofa

and observed the room for any hidden cameras while blowing on her

tea. Despite Duncan seemingly letting his guard down, Angelica had

warned her about his cautious nature. So, she must be extremely

careful when it comes to dealing with him.

After a thorough search, she did not find any cameras in the room. Mireille placed the cup on the table, then stretched lazily before standing up. Just as she was about to turn around, her feet suddenly gave way, causing her to fall to the ground. In the process, she

accidentally knocked over the teacup.

The maid in the kitchen heard the commotion and rushed out. When she saw Mireille on the ground, the expression on her face

immediately changed. She quickly approached her and asked if she

was okay.

One of Mireille's hands was already red from the hot tea, but she paid it no heed. Instead, she tore some tissues and wiped up the tea on

the table that had already flowed toward the drawer.

"Miss Tanner, let me handle this for you!" The maid's face turned pale.

Mireille opened the drawer, took out some paper documents, shook them, and carefully wiped away the tea on the files. "I don't want to trouble you," she said lightly and noticed a white package at the very back of the drawer through the corner of her eye.

The maid helped Mireille onto the nearby sofa and blew on Mireille's red hand. "It's over, it's over. The boss will definitely kill me when he

comes back!" the maid said, trembling.

"It's not that serious. I burned myself by accident," Mireille re

nervously.

The maid realized her slip-up and quickly corrected herself. mean is when the boss sees your hand, he will surely feel bad fo

Mireille was the boss's woman and she should be building a pos

image for the boss in front of her.

an

The woman in question only smiled sweetly. "I'm fine. Hurry up a make something for me to eat!"

The maid then recalled the frying pan on the stove. Face pale, she ran

to the kitchen.

Sitting on the sofa, Mireille pushed the drawer back in She still did

not know how many people were there at the Duerson residence

Even if she managed to get her hands on the Eight-Part Scepter, it

was uncertain if she could even get away.

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Duncan might have allowed Mireille to move freely within the estate,

but who knew what instructions he had left his subordinates.

Patience was crucial, nothing good would come out of her rushing.

Mireille comforted herself silently.

Back at Royal Bay, Nash emerged from the basement, disheveled, but

the joy in his eyes was hard to conceal. The Golden Onyx Pill had

been a great success!

The next two hours would be the time for him to break through to the Mystique Loyalty Realm.

Without even entering the living room, he leaped up onto the wall and

entered his bedroom through the second-floor window. Sitting cross-legged on the bed, he took a deep breath and swallowed the pill.

Boom!

A muffled roar of thunder echoed in his mind as the pill's power

rushed through his limbs and bones like turbulent waves. The true energy in his core resonated, boiling like hot water. The blood in his

body flowed rapidly, his organs working overtime as every trigger

point was penetrated by the pill's medicinal power.

Nash immediately activated the Longevity and Creation Technique to refine the medicinal power.

Meanwhile, in the living room of Villa 14, a group led by Eric was

silent and taciturn.

They are all worried about Mireille. At this moment, Skadi and Bianca walked into the living room with Yoyo.

Seeing the concerned expressions in the room, Skadi's face darkened,

"Is this about Cillian..."

Atlas spoke up. "Father Cillian is fine."

Only then did Skadi let out a sigh of relief. Holding Yoyo's hand, she walked in and curiously asked, "Then why do you all look so troubled?"

"Father Cillian is fine, but Mireille went to the Duerson family!" Atlas

explained.

They did not dare contact Mireille since yesterday. According to the original plan, Mireille would contact them at the right time. However, they have not heard anything from her until now.

“Mireille went to the Duerson Villa?”

Skadi’s grandfather was a longtime friend of Brian Tanner so also quite familiar with Mireille. Hearing that Mireille had gone

[Duerson Villa, she immediately frowned.

was

Angelica explained to her the reason why Mireille went to the Duerson Villa, and after hearing it, Skadi reprimanded angrily, “What were

you thinking? Mireille is a defenseless woman, and you sent her the

message?”

Duncan was ruthless. If he discovered Mireille, who knew how she

would respond?

Atlas helplessly said, “But only she has the chance to enter

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theDuerson Villa!”

Skadi sneered. “So you let her go to her death?”

At those words, everyone lowered their heads. If something truly happened to Mireille, all of them would bear the blame. Angelica had been the one to suggest the idea and now she felt overwhelming

shame.

She thought Mireille could infiltrate the criminal organization like an undercover worker from the Inspection Office, but she overlooked the fact that Duncan and his group were ruthless people who did not

hesitate to kill.

“Skadi, calm down a little.” Bianca tugged at her sleeve.

“I want to see how you explain this to Nash if something were to

happen to Mireille!” Skadi said finally before leaving.

“Skadi, where are you going?” Bianca asked anxiously.

“To find Nash!”

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The unkempt old man sighed. “They set up an extremely formidable

formation, and with The Swordsman and Boris, two experts in the

Profound Reality Realm there, I cannot do anything.”

Skadi’s eyes turned slightly red. “Is there no way at all?”

Hands behind his back, the old man replied heavily. “People face

inevitable death, it is either as light as a feather or as heavy as a

mountain. The Duerson family has a ghoul overlord and it is a

calamity in the mortal realm. To protect more people, some

sacrifices are unavoidable.”

Today was not only the day of the decisive battle between Nash and

The Swordsman but also their decisive battle against the Duerson family. Victory meant peace in the region, while defeat could

Jonford’s downfall. This battle was unpredictable, and the un

old man made this clear to Skadi.

Understanding the old man’s words, Skadi bites her lip and asks,

Nash... can he defeat The Swordsman?”

The old man shook his head. "It's as difficult as one trying to read the sky."

Although both he and the Bladesman had high hopes for Nash, The SSwordsman was, after all, a top-tier expert who could contend with

those in the mid to late Mystique Loyalty Realm. Nash might not be able to withstand the final strike of the Seven Deadly Blades.

Skadi padtec Tisera at home?"

"She went to work," he said, shaking his head.

Skadi took a deep breath and then turned around, leaving.

She returned to Willa 4 and sat on the sofa in silence on the sofaa with Yoyo in her arms.

Eric checked the time then got up and headed upstairs.

At this moment, Angel taas phone screen iit up with a message from

Mireille. "Mireille sentesquoco news! gne exclaimed happily, stopping

Eric in his tracks.

Angelica read out her message Everything went smoothly. Don't

contact me!"

Eric secretly breathed a sigh of relief and then continued upstairs to

help Cillian with his recovery.

Everyone's faces gradually eased. Fit even relaxed and smiled

saying, "Since Duncan likes Mireilles, he won't harm her. Everyo

go of your worries!"

The moment he said that, a young girl consented. It was Kai and

Helena.

"My Substitute CEO Bride" is a romantic novel that unfolds as a determined protagonist steps into the corporate world, facing unexpected challenges. Amidst professional complexities, a marriage of convenience emerges, weaving a tale of love, ambition, and unforeseen connections.

My Substitute CEO Bride

The master descended from the mountain to fulfill his marriage contract, but was rejected by the eldest young lady. Unexpectedly, the second young lady of the house was willing to substitute for her cousin and marry the husband.. My Substitute CEO Bride Novel review "My Substitute CEO Bride" is a romantic novel that revolves around the intriguing dynamics of corporate life and unexpected romance. The story unfolds as a capable yet unconventional woman finds herself thrust into the corporate world, assuming the role of CEO as a substitute. As she navigates the challenges of corporate leadership, she encounters a charismatic and enigmatic counterpart. The narrative explores the complexities of their professional and personal relationship, blending elements of business intrigue with the emotional nuances of romance. The characters grapple with professional expectations, personal growth, and the unpredictable nature of love, making "My Substitute CEO Bride" a captivating journey through the

intersections of work and romance, revealing how unexpected circumstances can lead to profound transformations in both the boardroom and matters of the heart.

Posted by Admin00, Released on February 24, 2024

Chapter 859

Both Kai's and Helena's expressions were ugly. When they saw

everyone in the room, they visibly froze. Helena stared at everyone

and asked, "You all know too?"

Puzzled, Atlas asked, "Know what?"

Something happened to the Watson family!"

Just a moment ago, Jansen called Kai, informing him that Duncan

had brought people to the Watson family. All the bodyguards were

killed and Duncan coerced Walter into transferring 70% of the

company shares to him.

Kai recounted the details of the call to everyone. The relief in the

room was instantly replaced with tension again.

Melody said, Duncan's goal is to dominate the Jonford business

world. He'll probably pay a visit to the Lee family and the Zell family

next. Does anyone have their contact information? Contact

immediately and advise against any resistance!"

What about Nash? Can't he stop him?" Helena asked.

Melody shook her head. "I can't..."

Kai took out his phone and dialed Grant's number. As soon as the

connected, Kai urgently said, "Mr. Zell, Duncan might come to you

later with some people to demand you transfer your family's shares

Don't resist

On the other end of the call, Duncan's sinister laughter came through,

"Little Kai, long time no see!"

"Duncan..." Kai gritted his teeth.

Duncan mocked, "Do you think you can control me just because

you're still alive? Unfortunately for you, you won't get that chance, you certainly don't have the strength to do it either. From today onwards, I,

Duncan, will be the figure you look up to!”

He then threw Grant’s phone into the trash bin. Outside the Zells’

residence, the ground was littered with the bodies of their bodyguards.

The members of the Zell family were kneeling on the ground,

trembling in fear. The Swordsman crossed his arms, standing in front

of Grant, grinning. “Didn’t you want to avenge your mother? I’m right

here now. Do you dare to attack me?”

Fred clenched his fists and was about to stand up but Grant

immediately grabbed his wrist. He looked at Duncan and said, “I’ll agree to your terms, but you can’t harm my family!”

“I want your business, your lives are worthless to me. If you cooperate, so many wouldn’t have to die. You brought this upon yourselves, you guys didn’t know when to quit!”

Duncan smirked, then gestured for his bodyguards to bring over the

stock transfer agreement and a pen. Dazed, Grant signed his name

with trembling hands.

Duncan smiled satisfactorily, then turned to The Swordsman and

said, "Godfather, I leave these people to you."

Hearing this, Grant was furious and he said through gritted teeth, "You promised not to harm my family!"

Duncan pushed up his glasses and chuckled gently. "I did promise you that, but my godfather didn't."

With that, he turned around and walked away. The Swordsman turned

to his bodyguards and said, "Take them to the Sigur Cliff!"

Several bodyguards immediately stepped forward, and the leader among them sneered, "Should we do it, or will you walk on your own?"

Fred stared at The Swordsman and said, "Mutilate or kill us, it's your decision but I won't go anywhere!"

The Swordsman laughed. "I heard Nash promise you that he'd bring my head to you within ten days. Today is the last day, and Sigur Cliff

is where we will be having our duel. I want you to witness as I send

that child to the afterlife with my blade!"

With Duncan's bodyguards' supervision, the Zell family members

were transported to Sigur Cliff.

At the Lees' residence, the gates were wide open and all the

bodyguards were lined up on both sides, as if welcoming a pro figure. After a while, three Rolls-Royces and a few more luxur stopped outside.

The Swordsman stepped out, holding the Seven Deadly Swords in

hand. When he saw the open gates and the bowing bodyguards frowned slightly.

Duncan chuckled. "They are wise men!"

Chapter 860

Duncamanthis posse entered the Lee family residence. Olivia smiled

and welcomed them, "Mr. Duerson, your visit is an honor. Please

forgive us formant meeting you at the gates."

Duncan smiled politely, hands in his pocket. "I came uninvited, Ms.

Olivia, please don't mind."

Olivia bowed respectfully. "I've had some tea prepared. Please have

some, Mr. Duerson

Duncan felt extremely comfortable here. Olivia was the daughter-in- law of the Lee family, one of the top ten families in Capiton. She was

well-received in the businesss community in Jonford. In the past, she looked down on him, but now she had towered herself humbly before

him, just like how she treated Wash with respect. This was what he wanted to achieve.

In the living room, Duncan and his three associates sat on the sofa drinking tea. Duncan frowned and asked, "Is your father not at home?"

Olivia hurriedly explained, "My father is out with my grandfather for a walk. I am in charge of both the family and the company."

Duncan relaxed his brows and then explained the purpose of his visit. "I have established a Jonford Business Alliance. Currently, the Watsons and the Zells have contributed 70% of the shares as startup capital. Would you be interested in joining, Olivia?"

Olivia was Theo's woman. Although she no longer feared the Skye family, she also did not want to invite unnecessary trouble. She planned to expand the business alliance to Capiton once she established her influence in the Jonford business community.

Smiling, Olivia said, "Sure, Mr. Duerson, just give me the contract."

She understood she could not resist the Duerson family. With the Watson and Zell family already having lost, she had little choice but to comply.

Duncan had someone hand over the contract to Olivia. Glancing over it casually, she noted that it was about developing Jonford. Duncan had established a business alliance to support small and medium-sized enterprises in Jonford using startup capital contributed by various families. In case of the alliance's closure, the risk would be shared among the families. The profits, however, were not explicitly mentioned.

In essence, this was an excuse for a robbery.

Olivia sighed inwardly and picked up a pen to sign her name at the designated place. Duncan took the contract, smiled satisfactorily, and said, "You're a wise person. Come to the Business Alli or

tea when you have time!”

With that, he stood up and left.

It was only after they left the estate that Olivia took out her pho

call Theo.

“I already know what happened,” came Theo’s deep voice over the

phone. He sounded a little helpless.

“Duncan’s ambitions go far beyond this. Once he dominates the

business community in Jonford, he might turn his attention to the top

Changer Bra

ten families in Capiton!” Olivia said seriously.

Theo sneered, “The storms in Capiton are fierce. If he comes, he’ll

only drown. The Ten Families’ power is not as simple as it appears on

the surface!”

“Do we have no response from the National Martial Bureau and the Special Security Department?”
Olivia asked again.

Crackle! The sound of a lighter came from the other end of the phone.

Theo took a deep drag on his cigarette and said with concern, "There

are some conflicts between the National Martial Bureau and Nash.

Until Nash is dealt with, the National Martial Bureau won't intervene."

Olivia smiled coldly and remarked, "We're in such a critical moment, yet these people act like children."

Theo chuckled. "Nash must have given them a good slap on the face.

They'll leave this mess in Jonford to him to handle."

After chatting for a while, they ended the call. Olivia sat blankly in the living room, lost in thought.

Meanwhile, Duncan and his group returned to the estate. It was already two in the afternoon.

"It's getting late; let's head to the Sigur Cliff now," Peter suggested.

Boris turned to The Swordsman and said, "Have you contacted the

two mountain masters?"

Worried that the National Martial Bureau might intervene, they

planned to invite the leaders of Black Wind Mountains to sit in. Since

Boris had less influence in the Black Wind Mountains, The

Swordsman took charge of contacting the Black Wind Double Kill.