

## **CEO Bride 871**

### Chapter 871

Hera followed Nash closely..

She felt uneasy.

Nash paused in his tracks when he arrived at the door, and Hera

bumped into him.

She wrapped her arms around him and sobbed, "You have to come home alive. If you don't, I'll go and look for you in the afterworld!"

Nash froze. Then, he slowly turned around and took Hera in his arms

as he kissed her forehead and said, "Don't worry. I'll come home

alive!"

Another moment passed before Nash turned to Olivia and said, "

Please get me a helicopter!"

Olivia said awkwardly, "All the helicopters belong to Drake Group,

which is under the Duerson family's control now!"

Nash turned to Kai.

“Same!”

Kai retrieved the keys to his sports car. “These are the keys to my most powerful McLaren. If there’s no traffic, you should be able to get there in 40 minutes!”

Nash glanced at the dark purple McLaren parked nearby before he grinned and took the keys from Kai. “Don’t make me pay if I end up wrecking your car!”

Kai pursed his lips. “This car belongs to you now!”

A car was worth nothing when a family was at stake.

Nash strode outside.

He got into the McLaren and revved the engine.

Tears brimmed in Hera’s eyes as she shouted with all her might, Honey, you must return home alive!”

The atmosphere caused tears to well up in everyone else’s eyes as well.

Olivia shouted, "Return home alive, Nash!"

Bianca, "Return home alive, Coach!"

Brian, "Return home alive, Grandmaster!"

Skadi, "Return home alive, Nash"

Yoyo squealed, "Return home alive, Mr. Nash!"

She did not know what that sentence meant but decided to just do as everyone else was.

Nash felt a warm, fuzzy feeling wash over him.

When he finished turning his car around, he turned to give the crowd one last look.

Then, he stepped on the accelerator. The purple McLaren shot forward like an arrow leaving its bow.

Nash got stuck in traffic once he drove out of Royal Bay.

The road outside was filled with cars.

There were never this many cars on the road, even during the usual

traffic jams. This would only happen if the congestion had been

going on for some time.

When Nash recalled how Hera had said there were lots of citizens protesting on the streets outside, he felt a headache coming on.

Looks like driving was not going to work.

Just when Nash was about to leave the car behind...

Someone climbed onto the top of his car and pointed at the entrance to Royal Bay as they said, "Look... it's Nash..."

It was a martial artist who had reached stage six energy cultivation.

Numerous drivers lowered their windows to look at Nash, who was

putting on his sunglasses.

Confused looks appeared on their faces.

Who was Nash?

The martial artist standing on top of the car asked loudly, "Do. know why Jonford is in such chaos?"

Someone immediately replied, "It's because the Duerson family annexed the other three elite families!"

The martial artist then asked, "In that case, do you know why the Duerson family acts as if they are above the law?"

The drivers remained silent.

The martial artist spoke passionately. "It's because the Duerson

family has extremely powerful martial artists working with them, one

of them being The Swordsman, who has lived for almost two hundred

years. His existence is why the Duerson family has the guts to do

whatever they want!"

The driver who had responded just now laughed. "We're mere

citizens. Nothing will change even if you tell us all this!"

One of the other men, who was wiser, glanced at Nash before asking,

"So what does Nash have to do with the Duerson family?"

The martial artist standing on top of the car replied, "Nash will be fighting in a deadly battle against Swordsman at Sigur Cliff today. If Swordsman dies, the crisis in Jonford will end. However, if Nash dies,

Jonford will forever be under the Duerson family's control!"

Everyone's eyes widened upon hearing that.

This young man was going to fight The Swordsman?

The martial artist shouted so loudly that his voice turned hoarse. " Everyone get in your damn cars now and make way for Jonford's

hero!"

Chapter 872

he cars in the middle of the road swerved to the sides.

taxi driver grabbed tins walkie-talkie and told his contacts to move

heir cars.

drone flying through the air papture the scene and transmitted the e

potage back to Jonford's realmae observation room.

the newsroom...

enji was reporting on the dots happening all across Jonford.

he crowds protesting on the sirens..

hen, there were scenes of the inspection Office sending out

officers to maintain order.

one of the assistants raced inland said, “footage of a weird phenomenon. All the drivers in Jon

re making way for the driver of a sports car

Benji pushed her glasses up her nose and said delay the footage

the footage cut over to the live feed, and it was played in real-

time on countless televisions in countless Jonford homes.

Everyone was curious.

Why were these cars making way for a McLaren?

Who was the young man driving that McLaren?

“Give us some commentary, Ms. Benji!”

The assistant whispered.

Benji furrowed her elegant brows together. “What sort of commentary should I be giving? Is this fast and furious?”

What was she supposed to say when she did not even know what

was happening yet? She couldn’t just discuss how much the McLaren

cost, could she?

Just then, the assistant's phone rang.

The caller on the other end of the line was the martial artist who had stood on top of the car and yelled earlier.

He told the assistant everything about Nash and the McLaren

Benji's earpiece was connected to that phone, and she was

after hearing that explanation.

What was going on?

Nash was going to fight The Swordsman?

Was he filming a movie?

As an avid watcher of livestreams, Benji soon got a hold of her

emotions and began speaking. "The man driving the McLaren we see

on screen now is ssh Calcraft. Netizens have kindly supplied us

with information thna: Nash is heading to Sigur Cliff to fight a peak

expert named The Swordsmando pacity the unrest in Jonford...

To all drivers. I woulddikkeno ask a favor. Upon hearing this message.



please make way for a puuri-ccioed McLaren with the car plate

JA888888!

Nervousness bubbled within teen as she conveyed that message.

She knew not many pecole would bebeve what she had just said, and

hat it might even affect the sapna sewership.

f that happened, she would be greed mom her job.

Sure enough, the CEO of Jonford TVShaponicst his temper.

He threw his coffee mug away and samassnec is keyboard.

What's wrong with Benji today?"

Is she sleepwalking?"

Does she know how many people are watcoiningnisis livestream?"

The CEO was so angry that he nearly had an aneurysm. "Stop vestream immediately, and have her speak to mee backstage!

Bitthe number of viewers on the live stream has sussinncrease

BAA behind-the-scenes employee exclaimed.

Biwwwe've begun trending online!"

Birthhe server is experiencing massive amounts of stabilityandt

is beccome so unstable that it's going to crash soon!"

Various employees began providing updates from their end.

a

The CEO stared in shock as he got his heart medication from

drawer and shoveled a handful into his mouth. Then, he roared, "

Quick, get Ol' Baldie over here to stabilize the servers!"

"Should we still stop the live stream, Sir?" The employee asked

hesitantly.

"Hell no! Start playing this live stream on all of our official accounts

as well!"

The CEO spoke excitedly.

-When had their department ever gotten this much attention?

Now was their chance to advertise their department!

That way, they could increase the fees they asked for when requested

to endorse certain brands.

Nash cruised down the streets in the McLaren.

Countless reporters were recording him from a distance, and number of drones in the air had also increased from three t They were videotaping him from all available angles.

Chapter 873

insane?”

de force siammed the drones to the ground. ground.

flying

The TV:

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call, and

craft...Craf...”

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Benji, w

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ily person who could soveld save donford now. Hence,

called, he spoke to hire within woh most respect.

one rang out from the other enther end of the line. "We must

in the Duerson family and whand what's going to happen at

down low. Otherwise, it will cause cause irreparable

est of society!"

A

of

An up

“What

Jade hurriedly nodded in agreement.

Nash said, “You can’t do it, I’ll get Philix to help out!”

Jade’s boopyhead can do it. I’ll get it done right now!”

One might wonder who this man Nash was referring to was.

It was none other than Philix Xing, the Northern Territory warden.

If Philix were summoned to work, he would immediately lose his spot

as governor.

Once Nash hung the phone, Jade immediately contacted the relevant departments and told them to work squashing the rumors flying about on the internet.

The TV station’s CEO had been shocked after receiving Jade’s phone call, and he was immediately brought to the hospital to receive

treatment.

Benji, who was still hosting the live stream, said, “We’ve just received a call from a production department that Mr. Nash Calcraft is partaking in a remake of Fast and Furious. The screen will show several black-colored sedans taking chase after his car!”

Sure enough, several black-colored sedans appeared once sh

finished her sentence.

A photographer could even be seen balancing on the doorway o

of these sedans.

An uproar immediately ensued online

ow

“What sort of news station is this? Why are they using scenes from a

movie to spread misinformation? How could they do such foul

things?”

“Let’s go. I nearly f\*cking believed it!”

“They’re just treating us as idiots right now!”

“Hah. I won’t love you anymore, Benji!”

The number of viewers on the livestream immediately began

dropping.

The same applied to the TV station's ratings.

Meanwhile, the total number of followers Benji had on her social media accounts dropped from three million to two million.

It was important to note she had spent ten years amassing these

three million followers.

Benji did not even have tears to shed at this point. Looks like the end of her career was imminent.

By then, Nash had already driven the McLaren onto the highway

The purple-colored McLaren was speeding forth at two hundred sixty miles an hour.

As he sped down the highway, sparks flew from the remodeled

exhaust pipe.

Sigur Cliff was 2,000 feet above sea level.

It was also surrounded by countless shorter peaks that stretched

ahead for 300 miles.

Sigur Cliff towered above the rest of the mountains, looking like a criminal whose head was lowered in repentance.

Currently, dozens of cars were parked haphazardly at the foot of the

cliff.

Other than Duncan and his crew, numerous other martial families had  
raced over to watch as well.

Duncan's subordinate had set up a tent by the creek.

A hundred elite bodyguards had set up layers upon layers of  
protection on the tent.

Meanwhile, another one hundred remaining bodyguards patrolled the  
grounds.

Everyone else was kept a distance away.

Peter sat in the tent and drank while the ghoul overlord stood slightly  
behind him. The vehement aura emanating from his body caused a  
chill to settle across the tent.

"Swordsman, allow me to have another drink in your honor... May  
achieve immediate success!"



Duncan smiled as he raised his glass.

Boris and Peter also smiled as they raised their glasses.

The corner of The Swordsman's lips curved upward. "Once I kill Nash,

I'll work alongside you guys to kill Bladesman Divus!"

#### Chapter 874

They downed their drinks after clinking glasses.

Duncan put his glass down and turned to look at Mireille, who was

sitting beside him, looking like a walking corpse. His heart ached for

her as he asked, "Mireille, do you want to get some rest?"

Mireille said woodenly, "Anything you say!"

Duncan picked Mireille up and took her over to an air mattress set up

nearby.

Then, the head of the Duncan family's security walked over and said, "

Mr. Swordsman, a crew of oddly dressed people want to see you!"

lv as

“Did they state where they’re from?” the Swordsman asked flatly

he gazed at the head of security.

“Black Wind Mountains!” the head of security answered respectfully.

“The Mountain Master and the rest are here!”

The Swordsman grinned and immediately jumped to his feet to

outside with Boris.

After Duncan pulled a blanket over Mireille, Peter said, “Dun, let’s he out and meet the members from Black Wind Mountains as well!”

The power of the Black Wind Mountains was not something to sleep on, and it might even end up being a place where he took refuge in the

future.

Forging a good relationship with the Black Wind Mountains would not

do him any harm.

Duncan bent down and gave Mireille a quick peck on her cold lips

before he straightened up and headed out with Peter.

After the tent flap lowered again, Mireille blinked. A brief hint of clarity

returned to her eyes.

She massaged her stiff face and got up to gaze at the white-colored package hanging from the tent's walls.

The ghoul overlord stood beside it.

Mireille gulped. Her heart began racing.

She knew she would die if she failed her mission.

Perhaps Duncan might not be able to control that.

Besides...

Everyone outside now was part of Duncan's men. Even if she got her hands on the scepter, she still would not be able to escape from the watch of the over one hundred elite bodyguards.

The look in Mireille's eyes slowly turned glazed as she continued staring. If she did not blink, her pupils would turn pitch-black.

She struggled to her feet and slowly made her way out of the tent.

The head of security immediately walked over and asked, "Is there anything you need, Ms. Tanner?"

Mireille said woodenly, "Toilet..."

The head of security snapped his fingers. Immediately, two women

wearing black-colored leather jackets and frosty expressions on their

faces walked over.

They each had a dagger strapped to their waist.

The head of security said coolly, "Make sure Ms. Tanner is protected. I'm sure you know what will happen if she is even slightly injured!"

There was a double meaning to his words.

He was asking them to protect her while simultaneously keeping an

eye on her.

If Mireille were to escape or become injured, they would be fed to the ghoul overlord.

The two beautiful ladies nodded, solemn expressions on their faces.

Then, they led Mireille to a single tent they had erected some distance.

way that served as a toilet.

away

Despair washed over Mireille as she gazed at her two impassive

bodyguards.

After she entered the toilet, she peeked through the tent's flaps and noticed there was a woman stationed both at the front and back of the tent.

It was obvious the back entrance was blocked as well.

As expected of Duncan's subordinates. They were meticulous.

Mireille sighed inwardly. Looks like she had to continue waiting for a chance.

Meanwhile...

Chapter 821

Duncan and the others were exchanging greetings with the guests.

from the Black Wind Mountains.

A total of six people from the Black Wind Mountains had arrived.

Two had achieved the late Mystique Loyalty Realm, two had achieved the mid-Mystique Loyalty Realm, and the remaining two had achieved

the peak Mystique Loyalty Realm.

They were led by two individuals. One was a man, while the other was

a woman.

The man had tanned skin and was dressed in black-colored clothing..

He had a gentle, kind smile on his face.

The woman had pale skin and was wearing white-colored clothing. The expression on her face was as frosty as the fallen snow.

Both seemed to be in their thirties, and they were ordinary -looking. However, the contrast between their fair and dark skin was so obvious that it might cause onlookers to take a second look at them.

The Black Wind Double Kill, also known as the Black-and-white t had both achieved the late Mystique Loyalty realm.

Rumor in the world of martial arts was that the two had once

collaborated to assassinate an expert who had achieved the

Profound Oriental Realm.

“Greetings, esteemed Mountain Lords!”

The Swordsman bowed to them respectfully.

Boris did the same, bowing to them in greeting as well.

Peter was shocked to his very core.

## Chapter 875

He knew the Black Wind Double Kill was extremely powerful, but he had no idea they were so powerful that even The Swordsman deferred

to them.

Black Gem smiled. "No need for such formalities!"

Smiles appeared on The Swordsman and Boris' faces.

Boris introduced Peter to Black Gem. "This is..."

"Peter Sontag from the Ursa Sect..."

Black Gem interrupted Boris and smiled genially as he said, "I've met him before. He once dropped by the Black Wind Mountains when he was fleeing for his life seven years ago!"

Peter bowed. "I remember meeting you both, Master Black Gem and

Master White Gem!"

Though the two seemed young, they were actually seasoned ters who were over a hundred years old.

Besides, they had far more superior abilities than he did.

He had the ghoul overlord on his side when facing The Sword and Boris. Hence, there was no need for him to fear them.

However, Peter felt genuine fear creep over him when he looked the Black-and-White twins standing before him.

If the two worked together, he had a feeling they could defeat even the ghoul overlord.

Black Gem took Peter's arm and laughed, "No need for such formalities from you either, Master Peter!"

White Gem nodded, the look on her face as frosty as ever.

Black Gem turned to Duncan and smiled. "This must be Duncan, the godson you mentioned?"

As Black Gem spoke, an arcane formation appeared in his eyes.

Duncan instinctively stepped backward when he saw the creepy

images in Black Gem's eyes.

Black Gem's eyes returned to their original state, and he chuckled. "Luck is on your side. Your ancestors' graves must be in one of the most premium pieces of land!"

An excited look appeared on Duncan's face as he fell to his knees, Greetings, Master Black Gem!"

Both Peter and Black Gem had brought up his ancestors.

Who on earth were they?

Where were they buried?



“However, you’ve got a bumpy future ahead of you. It will take a long time if you wish to accomplish great things in life!”

As Black Gem raised a hand slightly, a gentle force lifted Duncan

his feet.

Duncan said in shock, “Please spare me some of your advice, Master

Black Gem!”

Chapko BY

Black Gem smiled a mysterious smile. “Some secrets must remain

untold!”

Then, he turned to The Swordsman and said, “Nash is Johnathan.

Calcraft’s disciple, and he has the power of the Apocalyptic Star on

his side. You must not let your guard down. We will have to face men

from the National Martial Bureau and the Special Security

Department, but we will not strike before they do!”

The Swordsman laughed despite himself. “Don’t worry, Mountain

Lord. I know my limits!”

Black Gem laughed and clasped his hands behind him as he walked toward the tent in front of him. “I have yet to see the legendary ghoul

overlord. What an honor to remedy that today!”

Peter immediately hurried forth to lead the way.

The Swordsman and Boris followed suit.

After returning to his senses, Duncan walked beside Boris and asked, “ Boris, does Master Black Gem have no plans to help us?”

Boris whispered, “That depends on whether the National Marti Bureau and the Special Security Department decide to attac they don’t strike, the Black Gemini will not strike either!”

As they arrived at the tent, they bumped into Mireille, who was b escorted back by the two frosty-looking women.

A wave of fear immediately washed over Mireille.

The two individuals dressed in black and white must be the Black Gemini Duncan and the others had mentioned.

Chapur 875

Boris said they had been alive for about three hundred years and were feared even by the National Martial Bureau and the Special Security

Department.

Could they be able to sense that anything was amiss?

Black Gem looked at Mireille before he turned to Boris and asked, "

Who's this..."

Boris explained, "This is Dun's girlfriend!"

Black Gem chuckled, "Conquering women should not be something

that one does on the side!"

As he spoke, he turned to look at White Gem.

White Gem said flatly, "They should be conquered using actual skills!"

The muscles on Black Gem's face twitched. "What I meant is that

they should be taken in by love!"

Duncan could not help but laugh. Looks like Black Gem's skills were not as powerful as White Gem's, which is why he had not mana

conquer her.

He stepped forth and pulled Mireille aside as he said, "This way please, Master Black Gem and Master White Gem!" The two en

TO

Duncan was worried Mireille might be scared and summoned his to set up another tent just for her.

Π

Mireille's tense muscles relaxed slightly.

Thank goodness the two visitors from Black Wind Mountains had not noticed anything.

## Chapter 876

Just as the Black Wind Double Kill was about to enter the tent, the head of security walked over and said, "Another dozen cars have just pulled up, sir. They're being led by an Aston Martin one-77!"

Duncan was familiar with that car. It belonged to Atlas, Eric's disciple.

"They're here..." Duncan said as he turned to look at The Swordsman.

"They have a death wish!"

A strong urge to battle appeared in The Swordsman's eyes.

Duncan gave the Black Wind Double Kill a careful look before he

asked in a lowered voice, "That freak Johnathan won't be making a

surprise appearance, will he?"

He had not known much about Johnathan previously but had done

some research on him recently.

The man had lived to be over eight hundred years old and was

powerful enough to overturn mountains. He was known as one of the

most powerful Immortals in the world of martial arts.

It was difficult to even imagine someone as powerful as he was.

The Swordsman knitted his brows together slightly upon hearing that.

Since there were so many experts from the Black Wind Mountains

here, he had no need to fear Bladesman Divus or the men from the

National Martial Bureau. However, he still feared Johnathan Calcraft.

Black Gem smiled a relaxed smile. "Johnathan won't be able to make

Chapte

it!"

Though he did not elaborate why, the corner of The Swordsman's lips curved up into a smile.

If the Black Gem had said Johnathan would not be here today, that

meant there was no doubt he would not be present.

Duncan also heaved an inward sigh of relief.

Master Black Gem had a relaxed expression on his face, and there was an underlying confidence beneath his gentle demeanor. Things seemed under his control, which was why no one doubted anything

he said.

If Johnathan would not be here today, that meant today would be the day Nash Calcraft died.

“I’ll go meet them!” The Swordsman said as he picked up the Seven Deadly Swords.

“Let’s go support your godfather, Dun!”

“Alright!”

Duncan held Mireille’s hand and walked out after Boris.

“Master Black Gem, weren’t you interested in seeing the ghou

overlord? This way, please!”

Peter led the visitors from the Black Wind Mountains over to where

the ghou

Freeze Talismans were placed all over the ghoulish overlord's body, and

a metal chain was thrown over its neck.

The other end of the chain was fastened to a metal rod driven deep

into the ground.

Everyone from the Black Wind Mountains gazed at the ghoulish overlord

expectantly.

"It doesn't even look that special!"

An old, skinny elder whose face was covered in wrinkles spoke in

disdain.

If it were not for the Freeze Talismans on its body, the ghoulish overlord would look no different from any other old man.

A plump man said, "Don't underestimate the ghoulish overlord. There was one that popped up in the South a couple of years ago, and both the National Martial Bureau and Special Security Department failed to defeat it despite sending six Mystique Loyalty Realm experts and three Golden Amulet Masters after it. In the end, they needed

Johnathan Calcraft to slay it!"

The skinny elder scoffed. "That's just a rumor. If you ask me, I think they're just making Johnathan seem more powerful than he is!

Black Wind Double Kill stared at the ghoul overlord without sayin

word.

Peter smiled slightly as he reached up and removed a talisman from the space between the ghoul overlord's eyebrows.

Boom!

The ghoul overlord's eyes shot open

Chap 8/6

His eyes turned blood-red as fangs erupted from his mouth.

The nails on his hands suddenly had another 4 inches of length.

added to them.

A terrifying, murderous aura washed over them, and the skinny elder hurriedly used his true energy to deflect it.

However, that aura had eroded his true energy.

Fear appeared on the skinny elder's face as he took several steps

backward.



The same arcane formation appeared in Black Gem's eyes again.

His brows furrowed together slightly as he waved a hand and returned the Freeze Talisman in Peter's hand back to the ghou

overlord's forehead.

The ghoulord immediately shut his eyes. The fangs vanished, and his nails returned to their original length.

The plump elder turned to the skinny elder, a half-smile on his face as

he asked, "Do you still think it was a rumor?"

The skinny elder gulped but did not say anything.

## Chapter 877

Peter clasped his hands behind his back, a gleeful look on his face as

he said, "This ghoulord is miles more powerful than the one

from a few years back. Now, I'm going to make it even more

powerful!"

When he finished his sentence, he walked to the corner where a sack

was.

He opened the sack to retrieve the dragon meridian that would be used to upgrade the ghoul overlord's powers.

However, the smile on his face froze when he pulled the sack open.

Where was the dragon meridian?

An ugly look immediately settled across Peter's face.

He began recalling his journey from Jonford.

Ever since leaving the Duerson household, he had been the only

person in the Rolls-Royce.

That sack had never left his person before they arrived at Sigu

After the tents were set up, he had placed the sack in a corner. However, even then, both he and the Swordsman had never left

tent.

They had only left for a short while to greet the visitors from the Black

Wind Mountains just now.

Mireille had been the only person left in the

ent.

“Master Peter?”

Black Gem could not help but call out to Peter, confused as to why he was hunched over, unmoving.

Peter forced himself to suppress his anger as he smiled awkwardly and said, “There’s been a minor incident. My apologies for that!”

The visitors from the Black Wind Mountains had already experienced the ghoul overlord’s terrifying aura firsthand and thus did not dare show Master Peter any disrespect. Not even the slightest hint of a mocking look could be seen on their faces.

Besides, their leader seemed interested in bringing Master Peter over to their side. They might end up working as a team in the future.

Black Gem said kindly, “This ghoul overlord has been cultivated nicely, but I must remind you that everything is best done in moderation.

Your plans might backfire on you if you keep striving for perfection!”

The ghoul overlord had been cultivated in a short time, but it already possessed the necessary qualities to be upgraded into a demon

Ghoul overlords were some of the most powerful shadow c

but they could still be reined under control. If it were upgraded demon, it could no longer be controlled.

No one in history had been able to control a demon.

“Thank you for your reminder, Master Black Gem. I will keep it in

mind!”

Peter could tell that Black Gem genuinely had his best interests in mind and bowed to him respectfully.

He knew better than everyone else just how terrifying demons were. Before finding a way to control the demons, he would keep the ghoul overlord’s growth under control.

Peter invited everyone from the Black Wind Mountains to sit down for

some tea after that.

Several thousand feet away from the tent...

As Eric and the others got out of the car, they saw Bladesman Divus

and the others approaching them.

Eric stood with his hands clasped behind his back, looking every bit

like a person in power.

Melody and the others stood behind Eric, heads high and chests out,

fearless expressions on their faces.

Soon, Duncan and his crew stood before Eric.

When Duncan caught sight of Melody standing behind Eric, he clicked

his tongue and said in wonder, "Nash truly deserves to be

Johnathan's disciple. His skills in the art of healing are truly

wondrous!"

Though he sounded like he was praising Nash, an ugly look

on his face as he spoke.

Nash had first healed Kai, who practically already had one foot

coffin.

Then, he had healed Melody, whose body had been battered beyon

repair.

Chape

His jealousy of these skills had turned into hatred.

Boris narrowed his eyes. "Still haven't learned your lesson, little girl?"

Melody tucked a lock of hair behind her ear and smiled elegantly, "I'm still breathing, aren't I?"

Boris scoffed. "You got lucky. But you won't be lucky every time!"

"Gosh... So, old man, you're the one who bullied a girl?"

"A Mystique Loyalty Realm martial artist attacking a girl who has only achieved Profound Reality Realm. I feel ashamed on your behalf!"

Finn spoke mockingly.

A cold look appeared in Boris' eyes as his true energy churned within

him.

Eric turned to Finn and frowned. "Why do you have so much crap to

say?"

Finn was stunned, but he did not dare retort. After all, even Nash

treated him with respect.

Then, Eric said, “This motherless orphan has never received an education. Do you think he’d know what the word ashamed meal

Chapter 878

Pfft!

Melody could not hold her laughter in.

Finn was speaking up on her behalf.

She had felt slightly annoyed when Eric berated him just now and had also felt slightly nervous on his behalf.

She had not expected Eric to humiliate him even further.

After all, Eric Sanders was the principal of Clear Dew Court!

By right, he should be a refined and respectable man.

This massive contrast was enough to give anyone whiplash.

The gloomy look on Finn’s face was immediately replaced with one of delight. “Gosh, I didn’t know Boris was an orphan. No wonder he

strayed down the wrong path!"

Boris' eyes turned bloodshot as he curled his hands into fists.

The Swordsman could not stand it anymore, and unsheathed his

Seven Deadly Swords as he said coldly, "Eric Sanders, do you thin

someone with manners like yours deserves to be the Principal of

Clear Dew Court?"

Eric looked at him lazily. "Sorry, but you have no right to discuss

manners with me yet!"

Boom!

Chappy 570

The Swordsman, was enraged, and he slammed his sword into the

ground.

A blinding glow erupted and enveloped the evening woods.

Pew!



A figure fell from the sky.

He was dressed in white-colored robes, with hair and a beard of the same color. A weary look filled his eyes.

It was Bladesman Divus.

The Swordsman lifted the Seven Deadly Swords above his head.

“Your opponent is Nash!”

Bladesman Divus smiled slightly as he spoke.

Eric and the others, who stood behind him, had similar smiles on their faces.

The Swordsman was so angry that his entire body shuddered.

Duncan stopped forth and whispered, “They’re deliberately trying to anger us, Swordsman. Don’t let them get into your head, lest it affect your battle with Nash later!’

Boris, who was usually a calm man, had turned red from anger. He forced himself to suppress his anger and turned to The Swordsman

to say, "Do not waste your breath on them. They won't be smiling at

the end of this!"

The Swordsman let things go, and stared at Bladesman Divus as he

said coldly, "I will battle you once I have killed Nash!"

Melody muttered, "I've seen confident men, but I've never seen

anyone as confident as you are. No one even knows if you can defeat

Nash yet, and you're already thinking of challenging Bladesman.

Divus?"

Then, she pointed at the nearby creek.

Bladesman Divus's gaze instinctively followed.

Melody said, "You should take a look at your reflection and decide if

you're worthy of that!"

Throbbing veins appeared on Bladesman Divus' face. He was being

pushed to his limit.

Duncan grabbed Bladesman Divus' wrist once again and whispered,

The angrier you are, the happier they become!"

Bladesman Divus forced himself to suppress his anger and then

turned around to stomp off.

Duncan smiled at Melody and the others as he said, "No use ti

be clever with your words. Let's see who will still have smiles o

faces after all this!"

When he finished, he picked up Mireille's hand and walked away.

Melody called out from behind him, "You don't have a mom..."

Duncan said calmly, "I'm an orphan. I don't have a mom, and I don't have a dad either!"

Boris turned and walked after Duncan.

He abruptly realized Duncan's background was similar to his.

However, Duncan's temperament was much better than his.

He stayed calm in the face of adversity.

People like him were the most terrifying sort of people.

Finn waited until Duncan and the rest had walked away before he guffawed, “F\*ck, that was amazing. In the future, I can boast that I once pointed at someone who’d achieved Mystique Loyalty Realm

and insulted them!”

Then, he glanced at Melody, unable to hold his laughter in as he said, I never imagined you’d insult someone like that either!”

Melody was a billionaire who had been raised mingling among higher society. However, she had a sharp tongue as well.

That had completely altered his perception of Melody.

Melody rolled her eyes. “Anyone can throw insults around. It’s just a matter of whether I want to do it!”

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coming back shorn!”

A glint appeared in Eric’s eyes as he said, “Her plan wasn’t a total

failure. I could sense the presence of the protective talisman I made

for her on her body. The hypnotic talisman won’t be able to gain full

control over her mind if she’s wearing that protective talisman!”

As the sun set...

The evening glow shone across Sigur Cliff.

Martial artists spectating nearby had already set up high-quality cameras.

They were waiting for Nash and The Swordsman to fight it out on Sigur Cliff.

Some of the more impatient martial artists had already begun whispering amongst themselves.

“Why hasn’t Nash arrived yet? Is he chickening out?”

“Don’t be silly. Nash was the one who initiated this battle. Why would he chicken out at the last minute?”

“Exactly. Besides, Nash is Master Calcraft’s disciple. Wo be dishonoring Master Calcraft by backing out of a battle at the last minute?”

“Chop chop chop!”

The sounds of rotor blades sounded through the sky.

Several helicopters landed on a nearby patch of land.

TiTristan had arrived with men from the Special Security Department.

“B6coh!”

A&coning aircraft with the words “National Martial Bureau” embossed

onn s soared through the air.

Severe til dignares descended from the sky.

Where they valanded on the ground, they sent a shower of tiny stones

flying

The martial diarists watching immediately shut their mouths.

“Campbell, what a acoincidence!”

Otis, the Great Eddieo of the National Martial Bureau, waved a hand in

greeting.

Not wanting to seem impudent, Tristan immediately bowe

response. “Greetings, Eldeco Cais!”

The National Martial Bureau and the Special Security Depar

were both considered speciolaced institutions.

Though he technically ranked digither on the hierarchy, his skil

much lower in comparison to theins Hence, it made sense to be

respectful.

Bobby had donned a tux that day.yandeelshoved his hands into h

pockets as he gave Lloyd a careless glalance, a nonchalant expressio

face.

all old friends here, no need onsed for such formalities!” Otis said as

led.

Olsen still angry because of Nss of Nash?” Lloyd could not help but

e and ask when he saw the haught haughty expression on Bobby’s

to you mean by that?”

brows furrowed themselves tooaerogether. He had no choice but

ise Nash because the Northern Terryterritory warden had ordered

do so,

if this had made its way across various depois departments in

and since he was the Third Elder of the Nations National Martial

embarrassed him immensely.

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The man was already making it so obvious, but Bobby was not taking

the hint.

Tristan oversaw the entire Special Security Department, which meant.

he only ranked slightly below the head of the National Martial Bureau

in terms of status.

He was only speaking to himself and Bobby politely out of respect for their cultivated skills. However, given Bobby's arrogant attitude, it was no wonder he was losing his temper

Bobby scoffed and turned his head the other way.

That made Tristan feel much better, and he turned toward the tent his

men had set up in a short time and beckoned toward it politely. "Since

Nash has not arrived yet, why don't we enjoy a cup of hot tea first?"

Otis smiled and entered the tent with Tristan.



The sunset soon turned to dusk.

The watching crowd grew in size.

All the spectators shared one thing in common.

They were all martial artists.

Getting to witness a battle between two Mystique Loyalty Realm

experts was a dream that all martial artists had because it would

benefit their future cultivation journeys greatly.

Bladesman Divus sat with his legs crossed on top of each other on a

flat rock by the creek.

He seemed to have become one with the air.

Swoosh!

Suddenly, The Swordsman grabbed his knives and sprinted toward Sigur Cliff.

He scaled the cliff so quickly that it looked like he was traveling on flat ground.

Chatter immediately erupted among the crowd.

“Swordsman has gone up...”

“Is it starting soon?”

“Why hasn’t Nash arrived yet? Has he actually chickened out?”

The crowd at the foot of the cliff whispered amongst themselves.

Eric took his phone out and looked at the time. It had been two hours

since he and Nash last spoke on the phone.

He should have arrived by now.

Melody decided to give Nash a call but then realized there was n

reception in the mountains when she took her phone out.

“Look, Nash has arrived...”

Someone pointed toward the woods and cried out.

Everyone immediately turned around to look.

A purple-colored McLaren had pulled to a stop in the woods.

Chapt&Ru

One of the wheels was missing.

Nash took off his sunglasses and patted his chest..

This car was claimed to be one of the best sports cars out there, but

its wheels had gone flying while he was driving.

Thankfully, his impeccable driving skills meant he had arrived without

getting hurt.

When Nash saw the crowd, his eyebrows furrowed together slightly. “I

wanted things to be low-key. The entire world is going to be able to

recognize me after this battle!”

Nash put his sunglasses back on before unbuckling his seatbelt and

jumping out of the car. After landing on his tiptoes, he launched

himself up onto a branch before shooting upward again, flying toward

Sigur Cliff like an arrow released from its bow.

“Wow... Nash is so cool... He’s got such a unique way of making an

entrance!”

A glimmer appeared in one of the female martial artists’ eyes.

Boom!

Then, Nash's head slammed into a ledge halfway up the cliff.

The air grew silent.

Eric and the others clapped their hands to their foreheads.

Even Bladesman Divus shook his head, an odd expression on his face.

Nash braced his hands against the cliff, and after exerting plenty of

force, managed to extricate his head from the rock.

His head was spinning, and he would end up plummeting from the

cliff if he were not careful.

Thankfully, he soon regained his senses and grabbed the vines on the

cliff's walls before pushing himself upward.

He was wearing leather shoes.

The moss growing on the cliffs made everything slippery.

His body slammed against the rock once more.

Duncan's bodyguards roared with laughter.

Some of the spectating martial artists also took pictures of what was going on.

Nash blushed when he heard the laughter.

This was... f\*cking embarrassing.

Mystique Loyalty Realm cultivators could fly through air briefly, but had not yet fully grasped the technique.

He had wanted to show off but had ended up making a fool of himself instead.

Nash drew in a deep breath as he grabbed the vines and pulled hard.

The vine snapped, and he plummeted from the cliff.