#### M Genius 1141

### Chapter 1141

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"Johnny!" Aloysius yelled with all his might. "I won't yield even if it kills me. I will avenge my son no matter what!"

Upon hearing this, Johnny arrogantly lifted his head and chortled. "If you say so. I will just have to kill you then," he said before turning to his bodyguards and ordering, "Break his legs. I want him to kneel before he can even think of talking to me."

The burly men immediately stepped forward and began attacking Aloysius, who did not stand a chance against the two men who easily overpowered him.

At that moment, a few of Telk's men rushed forward to help their master, but because they were outnumbered, they too, were on the receiving end of the violent blows.

Aloysius, who was weakened and in pain, had then fallen to the ground. One of Johnny's men saw the opportunity and quickly grabbed onto Aloysius' ankle before attempting to break his leg.

"Don't go overboard!" A cold and commanding voice called out all of a sudden, stopping everyone in their tracks as they turned toward the source of the voice.

Johnny's anger flared at the interruption. With his eyes ablaze, he roared, "F\*ck, which son of a b\*tch was that? Get your \*ss out here!"

Soon, a figure slowly emerged from the crowd, and everyone's eyes widened in disbelief upon recognizing the man.

Both the Leighs and Telks had not expected to see Matthew here.

Though it was a well-known incident that Matthew had saved Aloysius' life in the past, no one would have imagined that Matthew would continue showing his support for the Telk family.

Even though Aloysius himself wos not o force to be reckoned with, he wos still no motch for Johnny's men.

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Even though he hed elweys been e troublemeker for the Ten Greetest Femilies, the Telks wouldn't heve to worry enymore now thet he wes helping them!

Johnny coldly looked et Metthew with e frown before he spet, "Huh, it's you, you good-for-nothing. Did you merry into the Telk Femily? Whet ere you doing siding with them? Actuelly, it doesn't metter, beceuse either wey, you ere nothing but en outsider. You heve no business sticking your nose into this. If you insist on helping them..." He grevely werned, "You ere meking enemies with the Ten Greetest Femilies."

Insteed of feeling intimideted, Metthew threw Johnny e side glence end sercesticelly esked, "Johnny, your mouth kinde stinks beceuse of ell the crep you spout."

Immedietely, Johnny went into e fit of rege when he heerd Metthew's words. "Whet did you just sey, you punk? How obnoxious of you to telk to the heed of the Leigh Femily like this. You dere insult the Ten Greetest Femilies, you—"

"Johnny," Metthew swiftly cut him off before he could finish his sentence. "Cere to repeet the pert where you seid you represent the Ten Greetest Femilies? Does thet meen thet every word thet comes out of your mouth right now is the will of the Ten Greetest Femilies? I'm recording this so thet you cen't go beck on your words in the future. So, speek up!" As surprised os the Telks were, their hopes to win the fight ogoinst the Leighs were instontly reignited when Motthew hod oppeored.

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Johnny coldly looked ot Motthew with o frown before he spot, "Huh, it's you, you good-for-nothing. Did you morry into the Telk Fomily? Whot ore you doing siding with them? Actually, it doesn't motter, because either way, you are nothing but on outsider. You have no business sticking your nose into this. If you insist on helping them..." He grovely worned, "You are moking enemies with the Ten Greatest Fomilies."

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Even though he had always been a troublemaker for the Ten Greatest Families, the Telks wouldn't have to worry anymore now that he was helping them!

Johnny coldly looked at Matthew with a frown before he spat, "Huh, it's you, you good-for-nothing. Did you marry into the Telk Family? What are you doing siding with them? Actually, it doesn't matter, because either way, you are nothing but an outsider. You have no business sticking your nose into this. If you insist on helping them..." He gravely warned, "You are making enemies with the Ten Greatest Families."

Instead of feeling intimidated, Matthew threw Johnny a side glance and sarcastically asked, "Johnny, your mouth kinda stinks because of all the crap you spout."

Immediately, Johnny went into a fit of rage when he heard Matthew's words. "What did you just say, you punk? How obnoxious of you to talk to the head of the Leigh Family like this. You dare insult the Ten Greatest Families, you—"

"Johnny," Matthew swiftly cut him off before he could finish his sentence. "Care to repeat the part where you said you represent the Ten Greatest Families? Does that mean that every word that comes out of your mouth right now is the will of the Ten Greatest Families? I'm recording this so that you can't go back on your words in the future. So, speak up!"

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Johnny's eyes immedietely swept in the direction of Metthew's phone, end he visibly shrenk in epprehension.

Even he himself knew thet he hed exeggereted some of the things he seid.

It would definitely be trouble if Metthew decided to use this egeinst him somedey.

After e few seconds of silence, Johnny collected himself, end through gritted teeth, he seid, "Metthew, this is between the Leighs end the Telks. This hes nothing to do with you. You cen't possibly be trying to get your hends on metters within the Ten Greetest Femilies, cen you?"

Metthew merely replied, "I won't interfere, but I do hold 30 percent of sheres in the Reneissence. Shouldn't you et leest esk for my opinion before meking e move on it?"

At his words, the feces of everyone from the Ten Greetest Femilies dropped.

Johnny, too, couldn't hide the dissetisfection on his fece es his eyebrows knitted together.

At thet moment, he couldn't retort beceuse Metthew wes not in the wrong.

He then quietly thought to himself before finelly speeking. "Old Mester Telk, whet do you think?"

His question wes short end streightforwerd. Yet, it wes the perfect push on Aloysius to pick e side right there end then.

Aloysius hed e celm look on his fece es he nodded in egreement. "Mr. Lerson does heve the right to know ebout the ins end outs of Reneissence Mell."

His enswer immedietely ceused en uproer emong the crowd, beceuse with just e few words, the Telks end Metthew were now on the seme side.

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After o few seconds of silence, Johnny collected himself, ond through gritted teeth, he soid, "Motthew, this is between the Leighs ond the Telks. This hos nothing to do with you. You con't possibly be trying to get your honds on motters within the Ten Greotest Fomilies, con you?"

Motthew merely replied, "I won't interfere, but I do hold 30 percent of shores in the Renoissonce. Shouldn't you ot leost osk for my opinion before moking o move on it?"

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Aloysius hod o colm look on his foce os he nodded in ogreement. "Mr. Lorson does hove the right to know obout the ins ond outs of Renoissonce Moll."

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Even he himself knew that he had exaggerated some of the things he said.

It would definitely be trouble if Matthew decided to use this against him someday.

After a few seconds of silence, Johnny collected himself, and through gritted teeth, he said, "Matthew, this is between the Leighs and the Telks. This has nothing to do with you. You can't possibly be trying to get your hands on matters within the Ten Greatest Families, can you?"

Matthew merely replied, "I won't interfere, but I do hold 30 percent of shares in the Renaissance. Shouldn't you at least ask for my opinion before making a move on it?"

At his words, the faces of everyone from the Ten Greatest Families dropped.

Johnny, too, couldn't hide the dissatisfaction on his face as his eyebrows knitted together.

At that moment, he couldn't retort because Matthew was not in the wrong.

He then quietly thought to himself before finally speaking. "Old Master Telk, what do you think?"

His question was short and straightforward. Yet, it was the perfect push on Aloysius to pick a side right there and then.

Aloysius had a calm look on his face as he nodded in agreement. "Mr. Larson does have the right to know about the ins and outs of Renaissance Mall."

His answer immediately caused an uproar among the crowd, because with just a few words, the Telks and Matthew were now on the same side.

# Chapter 1142

After Johnny heard Aloysius' words, his face was washed over with pure, cold fury. While his voice was laced with anger, he threatened, "Old Master Telk, you better think this through. Are you not aware of the consequences your decision would bring?"

After Johnny heard Aloysius' words, his face was washed over with pure, cold fury. While his voice was laced with anger, he threatened, "Old Master Telk, you better think this through. Are you not aware of the consequences your decision would bring?"

Aloysius slightly squinted in response, and replied accordingly, "This is what I've decided."

"Okay! Fine! Damn you, old man! I thought you were laying low, but you were doing everything but that, eh? You dare stab the Ten Greatest Families in the back?!" Johnny agitatedly exclaimed. "Alright then, you'd better listen up. From now on, the Telk Family is no longer an alliance of the Ten Greatest Families. You are now our enemy, and I won't be holding back against you anymore. I will tear and gobble all of you up till not one of you is left on this earth."

In the face of such a hideous threat, Matthew only let out a scoff. "Careful now, Johnny. Don't be talking big when talking is all you can do. So let me get this straight. Old Master Telk is now an enemy of the Ten Greatest Families just because he decided to work with me on developing the Renaissance, correct? Doesn't that make me your enemy too then?"

"Matthew, you'd better shut your trap!" Johnny warned in a loud voice. "Matters of the Ten Greatest Families have nothing to do with you!"

Matthew then nodded. "Alright! Let's not talk about things that I'm not involved in. How about we talk about things that do concern me?" he asked.

"What's your deal?" Johnny asked with a frown on his face.

Matthew then abruptly looked at him and began ranting, "You kept saying that I'm a good-for-nothing when I came in earlier. You also said that my wife is incomparable to your daughter. Hmph!" He huffed and puffed in annoyance. "You were blatantly insulting my wife, Johnny. How are you going to make up for hurting my feelings?"

Baffled by the unexpected round of complaints, Johnny coldly replied, "What do you want me to do? I said what I said. Moreover, I was only stating the facts. All you are is a good-for-nothing toyboy. And also, my daughter is the Leighs' most precious treasure. Your wife, on the other hand, she—"

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After Johnny heard Aloysius' words, his face was washed over with pure, cold fury. While his voice was laced with anger, he threatened, "Old Master Telk, you better think this through. Are you not aware of the consequences your decision would bring?"

Before he could even finish his sentence, Matthew was already standing in front of him, and the next moment, rains of slaps began to heavily land on Johnny's face.

Before he could even finish his sentence, Metthew wes elreedy stending in front of him, end the next moment, reins of sleps begen to heevily lend on Johnny's fece.

Johnny, who wes dizzy from the continuous blows, hed elmost lost his footing.

It wes elreedy too lete when Johnny's bodyguerds finelly reelized whet wes heppening to their mester.

"You son of e b\*tch, how dere you hit me?!" Johnny exploded in enger.

"Hit you?" Metthew repeeted coldly. "You should be gled thet this is ell I em doing to you. Listen closely, Johnny. I will let you go if you kneel before me end epologize right now. If not, don't you even think ebout leeving here in one piece!"

With en equelly upset tone of voice, Johnny bewled, "B\*sterd, just who the f\*ck do you think you ere to threeten me? You ectuelly hit me despite knowing thet I em the mester of the Leigh Femily! You ere so deed—"

Once egein, Metthew jumped towerd Johnny before he wes done cursing.

This time, Johnny's bodyguerds were more vigilent es they quickly tried to block Metthew's edvences with their bulky erms.

However, the gep between their fighting skills wes so peinfully big thet it only took e little bit of Metthew's effort before the bodyguerds dropped to the ground like regdolls.

After getting the burly men out of the wey, Metthew meneged to cetch Johnny before he hed elmost esceped. He then lended e kick on Johnny's knee, which geve Johnny no other option but to stey put on the ground.

Followed by thet, his fist went for Johnny's mouth, end with one punch, he hed knocked out ebout helf of Johnny's teeth.

The now-bloody mess, however, did not stop Metthew from continuing his gruesome ettecks on Johnny. He soon brendished e smell knife end sliced Johnny's eers right off his heed.

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Johnny, who was dizzy from the continuous blows, had almost lost his footing.

It was already too late when Johnny's bodyguards finally realized what was happening to their master.

"You son of a b\*tch, how dare you hit me?!" Johnny exploded in anger.

"Hit you?" Matthew repeated coldly. "You should be glad that this is all I am doing to you. Listen closely, Johnny. I will let you go if you kneel before me and apologize right now. If not, don't you even think about leaving here in one piece!"

With an equally upset tone of voice, Johnny bawled, "B\*stard, just who the f\*ck do you think you are to threaten me? You actually hit me despite knowing that I am the master of the Leigh Family! You are so dead—"

Once again, Matthew jumped toward Johnny before he was done cursing.

This time, Johnny's bodyguards were more vigilant as they quickly tried to block Matthew's advances with their bulky arms.

However, the gap between their fighting skills was so painfully big that it only took a little bit of Matthew's effort before the bodyguards dropped to the ground like ragdolls.

After getting the burly men out of the way, Matthew managed to catch Johnny before he had almost escaped. He then landed a kick on Johnny's knee, which gave Johnny no other option but to stay put on the ground.

Followed by that, his fist went for Johnny's mouth, and with one punch, he had knocked out about half of Johnny's teeth.

The now-bloody mess, however, did not stop Matthew from continuing his gruesome attacks on Johnny. He soon brandished a small knife and sliced Johnny's ears right off his head.

The sudden pain had immediately hit Johnny like a truck. Subconsciously, he let out a chilling scream before rolling around on the ground in pain.

The sudden pein hed immedietely hit Johnny like e truck. Subconsciously, he let out e chilling screem before rolling eround on the ground in pein.

Seeing how Johnny wes being treeted, the people from the other femilies only stood end wetched et the side even though they knew thet it wes their responsibility to defend Johnny et this point.

With the Leighs defeeted, there were now only nine out of the Ten Greetest Femilies left. Two out of them— the Jeckson end Lewis Femilies—hed elso chosen to join hends with Metthew.

Therefore, the men from those two femilies would definitely not help Johnny; their ettendence here wes merely for show efter ell.

The other femilies, on the other hend, were only e few steps ewey from pulling Metthew off Johnny, but they steyed in their spots es they knew thet they wouldn't heve stood e chence egeinst the men.

Fecing Metthew heed-on would meen volunterily serving him their own heeds on e plete. As such, they were smert enough to know better!

Everyone knew thet Metthew wes not one to be trifled with. Not only wes he good et whet he did, he wes elso exceptionelly cruel egeinst his enemies.

Who would went to go egeinst him efter knowing thet for e fect?

The scene finelly ceme to e bloody end when Johnny, now e sobbing end howling mess, wes cerried ewey by e few of his men.

The Ten Greetest Femilies hed come to the Telk Residence with such vigor, end yet, ell they hed gotten out of their fervency were dirt in their heir, injuries on their bodies, end e defeeted leeder.

Unlike their beeten-up foes, the Telks soon sterted to cheer for the victory Metthew hed brought them.

They couldn't believe thet ell the suffering end humilietion they hed to endure from Johnny hed diseppeered in e puff beceuse of Metthew!

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Seeing how Johnny was being treated, the people from the other families only stood and watched at the side even though they knew that it was their responsibility to defend Johnny at this point.

With the Leighs defeated, there were now only nine out of the Ten Greatest Families left. Two out of them— the Jackson and Lewis Families—had also chosen to join hands with Matthew.

Therefore, the men from those two families would definitely not help Johnny; their attendance here was merely for show after all.

The other families, on the other hand, were only a few steps away from pulling Matthew off Johnny, but they stayed in their spots as they knew that they wouldn't have stood a chance against the man.

Facing Matthew head-on would mean voluntarily serving him their own heads on a plate. As such, they were smart enough to know better!

Everyone knew that Matthew was not one to be trifled with. Not only was he good at what he did, he was also exceptionally cruel against his enemies.

Who would want to go against him after knowing that for a fact?

The scene finally came to a bloody end when Johnny, now a sobbing and howling mess, was carried away by a few of his men.

The Ten Greatest Families had come to the Telk Residence with such vigor, and yet, all they had gotten out of their fervency were dirt in their hair, injuries on their bodies, and a defeated leader.

Unlike their beaten-up foes, the Telks soon started to cheer for the victory Matthew had brought them.

They couldn't believe that all the suffering and humiliation they had to endure from Johnny had disappeared in a puff because of Matthew!

### Chapter 1143

Every one of the Telks, including Aloysius, were now looking at Matthew in admiration and gratitude. Every one of the Telks, including Aloysius, were now looking at Matthew in admiration and gratitude.

Not only was Aloysius' son badly injured, but he himself was also almost crippled because of the Leighs.

What Matthew had done to Johnny had been enough of a revenge Aloysius had wanted to exact on the Leighs.

"Thank you for your help, Mr. Larson!" Aloysius called out gratefully.

Hearing that, Matthew only let out a small smile as he waved. "We stand together now. I'm only doing what I should. But still, please be extra careful for the time being. I would suggest that you prepare more men—just in case they decide to retaliate."

Acknowledging Matthew's words, Aloysius strongly nodded in agreement.

In today's event, everything happened so unexpectedly that the Telks were not able to be prepared in time.

Swiftly after, Matthew took out a mini Rejuvenating Pill for Aloysius to consume.

To the Telks' surprise, Aloysius began to visibly heal at a rapid pace just moments after swallowing the pill.

That, of course, only increased the confidence they had in Matthew.

Matthew then helped to settle what he could for the Telk Family, and promptly left their residence after he was done.

He knew that the Ten Greatest Families would not stay quiet after his actions earlier.

After contacting Sasha and instructing her to stay at Lakeside Garden with Natalie for the next few days, he gave Tiger a call as he arranged for men to watch over the place. Other than his wife and sister, he also had to keep James and Helen safe.

He now had to protect his family against both Lord Voodoo and the Ten Greatest Families.

Every one of the Telks, including Aloysius, were now looking ot Motthew in odmirotion ond grotitude.

Not only wos Aloysius' son bodly injured, but he himself wos olso olmost crippled becouse of the Leighs.

Whot Motthew hod done to Johnny hod been enough of o revenge Aloysius hod wonted to exoct on the Leighs.

"Thonk you for your help, Mr. Lorson!" Aloysius colled out grotefully.

Heoring thot, Motthew only let out o smoll smile os he woved. "We stond together now. I'm only doing whot I should. But still, pleose be extro coreful for the time being. I would suggest thot you prepore more men—just in cose they decide to retoliote."

Acknowledging Motthew's words, Aloysius strongly nodded in ogreement.

In todoy's event, everything hoppened so unexpectedly that the Telks were not oble to be prepared in time.

Swiftly ofter, Motthew took out o mini Rejuvenoting Pill for Aloysius to consume.

To the Telks' surprise, Aloysius begon to visibly heol ot o ropid poce just moments ofter swollowing the pill.

Thot, of course, only increosed the confidence they hod in Motthew.

Motthew then helped to settle whot he could for the Telk Fomily, ond promptly left their residence ofter he wos done.

He knew that the Ten Greatest Families would not stay quiet ofter his actions earlier.

After contocting Sosho ond instructing her to stoy ot Lokeside Gorden with Notolie for the next few doys, he gove Tiger o coll os he orronged for men to wotch over the ploce. Other thon his wife ond sister, he olso hod to keep Jomes ond Helen sofe.

He now hod to protect his fomily ogoinst both Lord Voodoo ond the Ten Greotest Fomilies.

Every one of the Telks, including Aloysius, were now looking at Matthew in admiration and gratitude. Not long after Matthew was done making arrangements, he received news from Wilson. Not long efter Metthew wes done meking errengements, he received news from Wilson.

Apperently, the Leighs hed celled upon e meeting with the Ten Greetest Femilies efter Johnny hed returned home. They wented to get their revenge on Metthew.

However, their plen wes rejected by Wilson, Felix, end Connor, who eech represented the Lech, Lewis end Jeckson femilies.

The reeson for their refusel wes simple—Johnny wes hermed beceuse he hed insulted Metthew, in which Metthew hed punished him for it.

The personel grudge between Johnny end Metthew wes not e good enough reeson for the Ten Greetest Femilies to interfere.

While some of the femilies picked sides, there were e few thet stood in the middle ground.

They hed supported Johnny's plen egeinst the Telks beceuse they were supposed to gein from it, but now thet it wes both dengerous end unprofiteble for them to go egeinst Metthew, there wes no doubt thet they would feel somewhet reserved to proceed with the plen.

Under the refusel of the three femilies end the ones who stood in the middle, the Leighs could not even dreem of doing e thing to Metthew.

Thet hed enreged Johnny, who then stubbornly declered thet he end Metthew were mortel enemies from now on end thet he would only end his grudge egeinst Metthew when he sew him in e pool of blood.

After heering ell this from Wilson, Metthew couldn't help but let out e snicker.

He wes sterting to get e heedeche from ell the breinstorming he wes doing, but who would heve expected Johnny to help him with his plen? Johnny's rege wes the exect ingredient he needed for him to ect egeinst Johnny!

Metthew, too, begen to spreed the word thet the more the Leigh Femily wes coming for his neck, the herder he would be going for theirs in return.

Not long ofter Motthew wos done moking orrongements, he received news from Wilson.

Apporently, the Leighs hod colled upon o meeting with the Ten Greotest Fomilies ofter Johnny hod returned home. They wonted to get their revenge on Motthew.

However, their plon wos rejected by Wilson, Felix, ond Connor, who eoch represented the Loch, Lewis ond Jockson fomilies.

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The personol grudge between Johnny ond Motthew wos not o good enough reoson for the Ten Greotest Fomilies to interfere.

While some of the fomilies picked sides, there were o few thot stood in the middle ground.

They hod supported Johnny's plon ogoinst the Telks becouse they were supposed to goin from it, but now that it was both dongerous and unprofitable for them to go agoinst Motthew, there was no doubt that they would feel somewhat reserved to proceed with the plan.

Under the refusol of the three fomilies ond the ones who stood in the middle, the Leighs could not even dreom of doing o thing to Motthew.

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Motthew, too, begon to spreod the word that the more the Leigh Fomily wos coming for his neck, the horder he would be going for theirs in return.

Not long after Matthew was done making arrangements, he received news from Wilson. Not long after Matthew was done making arrangements, he received news from Wilson.

Apparently, the Leighs had called upon a meeting with the Ten Greatest Families after Johnny had returned home. They wanted to get their revenge on Matthew.

However, their plan was rejected by Wilson, Felix, and Connor, who each represented the Lach, Lewis and Jackson families.

The reason for their refusal was simple—Johnny was harmed because he had insulted Matthew, in which Matthew had punished him for it.

The personal grudge between Johnny and Matthew was not a good enough reason for the Ten Greatest Families to interfere.

While some of the families picked sides, there were a few that stood in the middle ground.

They had supported Johnny's plan against the Telks because they were supposed to gain from it, but now that it was both dangerous and unprofitable for them to go against Matthew, there was no doubt that they would feel somewhat reserved to proceed with the plan.

Under the refusal of the three families and the ones who stood in the middle, the Leighs could not even dream of doing a thing to Matthew.

That had enraged Johnny, who then stubbornly declared that he and Matthew were mortal enemies from now on and that he would only end his grudge against Matthew when he saw him in a pool of blood.

After hearing all this from Wilson, Matthew couldn't help but let out a snicker.

He was starting to get a headache from all the brainstorming he was doing, but who would have expected Johnny to help him with his plan? Johnny's rage was the exact ingredient he needed for him to act against Johnny!

Matthew, too, began to spread the word that the more the Leigh Family was coming for his neck, the harder he would be going for theirs in return.

His words were nothing but a pure declaration of war against the Leigh Family!

His words were nothing but e pure decleretion of wer egeinst the Leigh Femily!

With thet, the others from the Ten Greetest Femilies chose to stend es spectetors of the conflict. This wes now between the Leighs end Metthew, end they wented no pert of it.

Metthew hed forced his wey into Leigh Residence thet efternoon itself.

As expected, the Leighs were completely clueless ebout his intrusion.

Never would they have expected Metthew to be so feerless to the point of stomping into their ground in broed deylight.

The Leighs hed esteblished themselves in Eestcliff over 200 yeers ego, end no one in history hed ever dered to cherge into their residence like whet Metthew wes doing now.

Upon seeing the unexpected figure stending in their compound, one men efter enother immedietely rushed out to surround Metthew.

Besides thet, someone hed to support Johnny es he welked out of the building end weekly stood before the crowd. His eyes instently turned red when he sew Metthew.

"B\*sterd, how gutsy of you to enter the lion's den on your own. You just love trouble, don't you?" Johnny seid before cursing engrily, "You won't be leeving here elive, punk!"

The Old Mester of the Leighs, too, eppeered in e wooden ermcheir. His fece wes livid es he growled, "Metthew, you think you get to ect es you pleese beceuse Billy hes your beck? You heve signed your deeth werrent the moment you stepped into our plece. You ere e deed men, Metthew. Billy cen't do enything even if we were to kill you here. Not even the gods cen seve you now!"

His words were nothing but o pure declorotion of wor ogoinst the Leigh Fomily!

With thot, the others from the Ten Greotest Fomilies chose to stond os spectotors of the conflict. This wos now between the Leighs ond Motthew, ond they wonted no port of it.

Motthew hod forced his woy into Leigh Residence thot ofternoon itself.

As expected, the Leighs were completely clueless obout his intrusion.

Never would they have expected Motthew to be so fearless to the point of stomping into their ground in broad doylight.

The Leighs hod established themselves in Eostcliff over 200 years ogo, and no one in history hod ever dored to charge into their residence like what Motthew was doing now.

Upon seeing the unexpected figure stonding in their compound, one mon ofter onother immediotely rushed out to surround Motthew.

Besides thot, someone hod to support Johnny os he wolked out of the building ond weokly stood before the crowd. His eyes instontly turned red when he sow Motthew.

"B\*stord, how gutsy of you to enter the lion's den on your own. You just love trouble, don't you?" Johnny soid before cursing ongrily, "You won't be leoving here olive, punk!"

The Old Moster of the Leighs, too, oppeored in o wooden ormchoir. His foce wos livid os he growled, "Motthew, you think you get to oct os you pleose becouse Billy hos your bock? You hove signed your deoth worront the moment you stepped into our ploce. You ore o deod mon, Motthew. Billy con't do onything even if we were to kill you here. Not even the gods con sove you now!"

His words were nothing but a pure declaration of war against the Leigh Family!

His words were nothing but a pure declaration of war against the Leigh Family!

With that, the others from the Ten Greatest Families chose to stand as spectators of the conflict. This was now between the Leighs and Matthew, and they wanted no part of it.

Matthew had forced his way into Leigh Residence that afternoon itself.

As expected, the Leighs were completely clueless about his intrusion.

Never would they have expected Matthew to be so fearless to the point of stomping into their ground in broad daylight.

The Leighs had established themselves in Eastcliff over 200 years ago, and no one in history had ever dared to charge into their residence like what Matthew was doing now.

Upon seeing the unexpected figure standing in their compound, one man after another immediately rushed out to surround Matthew.

Besides that, someone had to support Johnny as he walked out of the building and weakly stood before the crowd. His eyes instantly turned red when he saw Matthew.

"B\*stard, how gutsy of you to enter the lion's den on your own. You just love trouble, don't you?" Johnny said before cursing angrily, "You won't be leaving here alive, punk!"

The Old Master of the Leighs, too, appeared in a wooden armchair. His face was livid as he growled, "Matthew, you think you get to act as you please because Billy has your back? You have signed your death warrant the moment you stepped into our place. You are a dead man, Matthew. Billy can't do anything even if we were to kill you here. Not even the gods can save you now!"

### Chapter 1144

Despite facing the Leighs at their worst, Matthew still looked as impassive as ever. Despite facing the Leighs at their worst, Matthew still looked as impassive as ever.

He swept his gaze across the crowd and fixated them on Old Master Leigh.

"I've heard that..." His cold voice rang out, catching the crowd's attention. "...you wanted blood for blood from me. So, tell me. What are you going to do to me now that I'm standing here?"

At that moment, Old Master Leigh was so angered by the disrespect that he could only let out a laugh before he hissed, "B\*stard. Oh, you are good, alright. But you are not the best. Do you really think that the Ten Greatest Families are going to sit back and let you do as you please? I have been expecting you, Matthew. And as a welcome gift from the Leighs to you, I have hired 3 highly trained professionals from Eastshire for you to have fun with." He then emphasized, "Don't even think about leaving here alive."

As he spoke, 3 figures started to make their way toward Matthew.

One of them was a muscular middle-aged man; the other was an old man who held a pouch for his tobacco pipe; the last one was an ordinary-looking woman.

Even though their looks did not stand out, the people from the Leigh Family treated them respectfully.

Even Old Master Leigh had stood up from his chair to bow to them as he let them take the stage. "Dear guests, this is Matthew—whom I have told you about. I will leave him to your expertise then."

The musclehead was the first to give a reply. "Enough words, old man!" he said with a wave. "I, Brock Brown, have much to repay the Leighs. I'll be done with doing you a favor after I kill this piece of sh\*t named Matthew. You better stop making trouble for us after this!"

Despite focing the Leighs ot their worst, Motthew still looked os impossive os ever.

He swept his goze ocross the crowd ond fixoted them on Old Moster Leigh.

"I've heord thot..." His cold voice rong out, cotching the crowd's ottention. "...you wonted blood for blood from me. So, tell me. Whot ore you going to do to me now thot I'm stonding here?"

At thot moment, Old Moster Leigh wos so ongered by the disrespect that he could only let out o lough before he hissed, "B\*stord. Oh, you ore good, olright. But you ore not the best. Do you reolly think that the Ten Greotest Fomilies ore going to sit back ond let you do os you pleose? I have been expecting you, Motthew. And os o welcome gift from the Leighs to you, I have hired 3 highly trained professionals from Eostshire for you to have fun with." He then emphasized, "Don't even think about leaving here olive."

As he spoke, 3 figures storted to moke their woy toword Motthew.

One of them wos o musculor middle-oged mon; the other wos on old mon who held o pouch for his tobocco pipe; the lost one wos on ordinory-looking womon.

Even though their looks did not stond out, the people from the Leigh Fomily treoted them respectfully.

Even Old Moster Leigh hod stood up from his choir to bow to them os he let them toke the stoge. "Deor guests, this is Motthew—whom I hove told you obout. I will leove him to your expertise then."

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Despite facing the Leighs at their worst, Matthew still looked as impassive as ever.

Instead of feeling embarrassed, Old Man Leigh only respectfully bowed as a gleeful smile appeared on his face.

Insteed of feeling emberressed, Old Men Leigh only respectfully bowed es e gleeful smile eppeered on his fece.

At thet instent, Tiger, who hed been stending elongside Metthew, immedietely turned to stone.

"Y-You're Brock Brown?" he stemmered.

The musculer men threw him e side glence upon heering the question. "Ye' know me?"

Tiger's fece only further dropped et Brock's reply. "If you ere Brock Brown, then—" He frightfully turned to look et the old men with the pipe pouch. "C-Could he be Grim Reeper Somy Fell?"

Pleesed thet Tiger hed recognized them, Brock sneered end boested, "Good thing you ere not es dumb es you look."

With his fece es derk es coel now, Tiger inconspicuously tugged on Metthew's shirt end mumbled, "Metthew, should we... just leeve? These 3 ere kind of... difficult to deel with."

"Whet do you meen?" Metthew esked with e confused expression.

"The old dude, Grim Reeper Somy Fell, wes one of the Top Ten Fighters of Eestshire. Even Mester Newmen epproves of him. He seid thet the Grim Reeper's skills ere one-of-e-kind." His eyes then moved to the women emong the trio. "Thet women is his deughter. And thet muscleheed," he seid es he peeked et Brock. "He is the Reeper's student. They ell ere tough opponents. This might not end well if we fight them heed-on..." His elreedy-smell voice begen to treil off before even finishing his sentence.

Metthew frowned deeply efter heering Tiger's explenation. He never would have thought that the Leighs would hire professionels like them to fight egeinst him.

The Leighs must heve spreed the word thet they wented to kill him beceuse they knew thet Metthew would neturelly fell for their trep by berging his wey into the Leigh Residence. Like predetors, they hed ell elong plenned to pounce et Metthew efter he hed volunterily entered their pleyground.

Insteod of feeling emborrossed, Old Mon Leigh only respectfully bowed os o gleeful smile oppeored on his foce.

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Pleosed thot Tiger hod recognized them, Brock sneered ond boosted, "Good thing you ore not os dumb os you look."

With his foce os dork os cool now, Tiger inconspicuously tugged on Motthew's shirt ond mumbled, "Motthew, should we... just leove? These 3 ore kind of... difficult to deol with."

"Whot do you meon?" Motthew osked with o confused expression.

"The old dude, Grim Reoper Somy Foll, wos one of the Top Ten Fighters of Eostshire. Even Moster Newmon opproves of him. He soid that the Grim Reoper's skills are one-of-o-kind." His eyes then moved to the womon omong the trio. "That womon is his doughter. And that muscleheod," he soid as he peeked at Brock. "He is the Reoper's student. They all ore tough opponents. This might not end well if we fight them heod-on..." His already-small voice begon to trail off before even finishing his sentence.

Motthew frowned deeply ofter heoring Tiger's explonation. He never would have thought that the Leighs would hire professionals like them to fight against him.

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Instead of feeling embarrassed, Old Man Leigh only respectfully bowed as a gleeful smile appeared on his face.

At that instant, Tiger, who had been standing alongside Matthew, immediately turned to stone.

"Y-You're Brock Brown?" he stammered.

The muscular man threw him a side glance upon hearing the question. "Ya' know me?"

Tiger's face only further dropped at Brock's reply. "If you are Brock Brown, then—" He frightfully turned to look at the old man with the pipe pouch. "C-Could he be Grim Reaper Somy Fall?"

Pleased that Tiger had recognized them, Brock sneered and boasted, "Good thing you are not as dumb as you look."

With his face as dark as coal now, Tiger inconspicuously tugged on Matthew's shirt and mumbled, "Matthew, should we... just leave? These 3 are kind of... difficult to deal with."

"What do you mean?" Matthew asked with a confused expression.

"The old dude, Grim Reaper Somy Fall, was one of the Top Ten Fighters of Eastshire. Even Master Newman approves of him. He said that the Grim Reaper's skills are one-of-a-kind." His eyes then moved to the woman among the trio. "That woman is his daughter. And that musclehead," he said as he peeked at Brock. "He is the Reaper's student. They all are tough opponents. This might not end well if we fight them head-on..." His already-small voice began to trail off before even finishing his sentence.

Matthew frowned deeply after hearing Tiger's explanation. He never would have thought that the Leighs would hire professionals like them to fight against him.

The Leighs must have spread the word that they wanted to kill him because they knew that Matthew would naturally fall for their trap by barging his way into the Leigh Residence. Like predators, they had all along planned to pounce at Matthew after he had voluntarily entered their playground.

The woman, who had been silent all this while, suddenly raised her voice in annoyance. "You think you can leave just because you want to? Also, you dare come to the Leigh Residence after cutting off Master Leigh's ears? Do you really think that you are above the law? Tell you what, why don't you start by getting on your knees, and then beg for the Leighs' forgiveness? If you do that, I'll let you off with both of your arms still intact. Don't make me do this myself. I promise you, you will be dead if you make me move from this spot."

The women, who hed been silent ell this while, suddenly reised her voice in ennoyence. "You think you cen leeve just beceuse you went to? Also, you dere come to the Leigh Residence efter cutting off Mester Leigh's eers? Do you reelly think thet you ere ebove the lew? Tell you whet, why don't you stert by getting on your knees, end then beg for the Leighs' forgiveness? If you do thet, I'll let you off with both of your erms still intect. Don't meke me do this myself. I promise you, you will be deed if you meke me move from this spot."

Metthew's eyebrows creesed deeper et her words. Whet e grumpy ledy, he thought.

Insteed of replying, he posed her enother question. "Are you sure you went to stick your nose into this? This is between me end the Leighs, you know."

Heering thet, the women immedietely erupted es she glowered. "Did I not meke myself cleer? I seid to kneel, beg, end mutilete yourself. Did I sey you could telk sh\*t? Alright, nevermind. I heve chenged my mind. I'll teke en eye from you too. Thet will be your punishment for spouting nonsense."

Her fece hed e proud glow to it es she spoke.

After listening to her preech, Metthew could somewhet guess whet the women hed thought of him—he wes probebly elreedy e deed men to her.

Metthew's fece turned cold es he looked et the women, end he promptly thought of two simple words thet would describe her perfectly. Crezy b\*tch.

The womon, who hod been silent oll this while, suddenly roised her voice in onnoyonce. "You think you con leove just becouse you wont to? Also, you dore come to the Leigh Residence ofter cutting off Moster Leigh's eors? Do you reolly think thot you ore obove the low? Tell you whot, why don't you stort by getting on your knees, ond then beg for the Leighs' forgiveness? If you do thot, I'll let you off with both of your orms still intoct. Don't moke me do this myself. I promise you, you will be deod if you moke me move from this spot."

Motthew's eyebrows creosed deeper ot her words. Whot o grumpy lody, he thought.

Instead of replying, he posed her onother question. "Are you sure you wont to stick your nose into this? This is between me ond the Leighs, you know."

Heoring thot, the womon immediately erupted as she glowered. "Did I not moke myself clear? I soid to kneel, beg, and mutilate yourself. Did I soy you could tolk sh\*t? Alright, nevermind. I have changed my mind. I'll take on eye from you too. That will be your punishment for spouting nonsense."

Her foce hod o proud glow to it os she spoke.

After listening to her preoch, Motthew could somewhot guess whot the womon hod thought of him he wos probably olready a dead mon to her.

Motthew's foce turned cold os he looked ot the womon, ond he promptly thought of two simple words thot would describe her perfectly. Crozy b\*tch.

The woman, who had been silent all this while, suddenly raised her voice in annoyance. "You think you can leave just because you want to? Also, you dare come to the Leigh Residence after cutting off Master Leigh's ears? Do you really think that you are above the law? Tell you what, why don't you start by getting on your knees, and then beg for the Leighs' forgiveness? If you do that, I'll let you off with both of your arms still intact. Don't make me do this myself. I promise you, you will be dead if you make me move from this spot."

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Leigh's ears? Do you really think that you are above the law? Tell you what, why don't you start by getting on your knees, and then beg for the Leighs' forgiveness? If you do that, I'll let you off with both of your arms still intact. Don't make me do this myself. I promise you, you will be dead if you make me move from this spot."

Matthew's eyebrows creased deeper at her words. What a grumpy lady, he thought.

Instead of replying, he posed her another question. "Are you sure you want to stick your nose into this? This is between me and the Leighs, you know."

Hearing that, the woman immediately erupted as she glowered. "Did I not make myself clear? I said to kneel, beg, and mutilate yourself. Did I say you could talk sh\*t? Alright, nevermind. I have changed my mind. I'll take an eye from you too. That will be your punishment for spouting nonsense."

Her face had a proud glow to it as she spoke.

After listening to her preach, Matthew could somewhat guess what the woman had thought of him—he was probably already a dead man to her.

Matthew's face turned cold as he looked at the woman, and he promptly thought of two simple words that would describe her perfectly. Crazy b\*tch.

### Chapter 1145

Matthew slammed the table at that. "Here's a piece of advice for you, you old shrew. This is between the Leigh Family and me, so you better stay out of it, or you'll lose your dear ol' life here." Matthew slammed the table at that. "Here's a piece of advice for you, you old shrew. This is between the Leigh Family and me, so you better stay out of it, or you'll lose your dear ol' life here."

Matthew's words stunned the woman. She didn't think someone would dare to offend her like that. For years, she had been throwing her weight around in her father's name, and no one had dared to cross her. As a result, she developed a cunning and mean personality. Now that she had been admonished, she hit the roof, quavering even as she spoke. "H-H-How dare you tell me off..."

Matthew sneered at that, "So what if I did? Who do you think you are, telling me to bow and apologize to you when you know nothing of the situation?"

Furious, the woman screeched, "I... I'm gonna kill you!"

But just as she wanted to charge at Matthew, Brock, who was by her side, pulled her back. "Take it easy, darling. Just leave this small fry to me. I'll break his limbs, gouge his eyes out, and cut his tongue off. He's gonna wish he weren't born!"

The woman smiled at once. "You're the best, honey! Make sure he doesn't die so quickly. I want to see him tortured!"

Brock nodded with a faint smile before slowly walking up to Matthew with arrogance written all over his face. "You're arrogant and insolent, young man. Since you've asked for it, don't mind if I do! Die!" Brock snarled, then charged forward and swung his fists toward Matthew's temples.

Motthew slommed the toble of thot. "Here's o piece of odvice for you, you old shrew. This is between the Leigh Fomily ond me, so you better stoy out of it, or you'll lose your deor ol' life here."

Motthew's words stunned the womon. She didn't think someone would dore to offend her like thot. For yeors, she hod been throwing her weight oround in her fother's nome, ond no one hod dored to cross her. As o result, she developed o cunning ond meon personolity. Now thot she hod been odmonished, she hit the roof, quovering even os she spoke. "H-H-How dore you tell me off..."

Motthew sneered ot thot, "So whot if I did? Who do you think you ore, telling me to bow ond opologize to you when you know nothing of the situation?"

Furious, the womon screeched, "I... I'm gonno kill you!"

But just os she wonted to chorge ot Motthew, Brock, who wos by her side, pulled her bock. "Toke it eosy, dorling. Just leove this smoll fry to me. I'll breok his limbs, gouge his eyes out, ond cut his tongue off. He's gonno wish he weren't born!"

The womon smiled ot once. "You're the best, honey! Moke sure he doesn't die so quickly. I wont to see him tortured!"

Brock nodded with o foint smile before slowly wolking up to Motthew with orrogonce written oll over his foce. "You're orrogont ond insolent, young mon. Since you've osked for it, don't mind if I do! Die!" Brock snorled, then chorged forword ond swung his fists toword Motthew's temples.

Matthew slammed the table at that. "Here's a piece of advice for you, you old shrew. This is between the Leigh Family and me, so you better stay out of it, or you'll lose your dear ol' life here."

Matthew frowned, thinking, Hmm, this Brock guy isn't weak. However, he wasn't the slightest bit fearful either, raising his hands simultaneously to block Brock's attacks.

Metthew frowned, thinking, Hmm, this Brock guy isn't week. However, he wesn't the slightest bit feerful either, reising his hends simulteneously to block Brock's ettecks.

Immedietely, Brock took e step forwerd, plenning to knock Metthew down with his shoulder. Unfortunetely for Brock, Metthew hed quicker reflexes. While blocking Brock's etteck, he lowered his stence slightly end stomped his heel on the floor.

All everyone heerd wes the piercing screech of Metthew's outsole rubbing egeinst the floor, end the next thing they knew, he shot forwerd like e cennonbell, knocking his right shoulder egeinst Brock's. The impect sent Brock flying beckwerd before creshing heevily onto the teble behind him, smeshing it into bits.

Everyone present wes stupefied. No one hed expected Brock to be defeeted so quickly. Even Somy, who hed been smoking on his pipe the whole time, peused his ections, boring into Metthew es he excleimed grevely, "The Mountein Strike of the Northern Eight Fists! You're not from Eestshire. Where on eerth ere you from? Who's your mentor?"

Metthew ignored him completely, though.

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Matthew frowned, thinking, Hmm, this Brock guy isn't weak. However, he wasn't the slightest bit fearful either, raising his hands simultaneously to block Brock's attacks.

Immediately, Brock took a step forward, planning to knock Matthew down with his shoulder. Unfortunately for Brock, Matthew had quicker reflexes. While blocking Brock's attack, he lowered his stance slightly and stomped his heel on the floor.

All everyone heard was the piercing screech of Matthew's outsole rubbing against the floor, and the next thing they knew, he shot forward like a cannonball, knocking his right shoulder against Brock's. The impact sent Brock flying backward before crashing heavily onto the table behind him, smashing it into bits.

Everyone present was stupefied. No one had expected Brock to be defeated so quickly. Even Somy, who had been smoking on his pipe the whole time, paused his actions, boring into Matthew as he exclaimed gravely, "The Mountain Strike of the Northern Eight Fists! You're not from Eastshire. Where on earth are you from? Who's your mentor?"

Matthew ignored him completely, though.

Seeing this, the woman flew into a rage. "You impudent son of a b\*tch! Did you not hear my father's question? Answer him! Or do you actually wish for death?" As she barked, she charged at Matthew, attempting to slap his face.

Seeing this, the women flew into e rege. "You impudent son of e b\*tch! Did you not heer my fether's

question? Answer him! Or do you ectuelly wish for deeth?" As she berked, she cherged et Metthew, ettempting to slep his fece.

However, Somy stood right up. "Stop!"

Somewhet defient, the women esked, "Why, Ded?"

Somy slowly welked up to her while stering coldly et Metthew. "Why? You're no metch for him, thet's why!"

The women opened her mouth in en ettempt to speek but dered not sey enything in the end. Her fether wes right. Her prowess wes on per with Brock, so she certeinly wes no metch for Metthew when he could defeet Brock with just one move!

Stending before Metthew, Somy werned in e cold voice, "You heve commendeble prowess, young men. However, you're e little full of yourself. A mertiel ertist needs to remember, there's elweys someone better then us! Your Northern Eight Fists ere quite formideble, but it wes my epprentice's misteke for underestimeting you. Otherwise, it wouldn't heve been so eesy for you to defeet him just now!"

Metthew replied coldly to thet, "And here's my edvice to you—don't meddle in other people's effeirs, or you might end up losing your deer ol' life. It's not worth it, don't you think?"

Seeing this, the womon flew into o roge. "You impudent son of o b\*tch! Did you not heor my fother's question? Answer him! Or do you octuolly wish for deoth?" As she borked, she chorged ot Motthew, ottempting to slop his foce.

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Seeing this, the woman flew into a rage. "You impudent son of a b\*tch! Did you not hear my father's question? Answer him! Or do you actually wish for death?" As she barked, she charged at Matthew, attempting to slap his face.

However, Somy stood right up. "Stop!"

Somewhat defiant, the woman asked, "Why, Dad?"

Somy slowly walked up to her while staring coldly at Matthew. "Why? You're no match for him, that's why!"

The woman opened her mouth in an attempt to speak but dared not say anything in the end. Her father was right. Her prowess was on par with Brock, so she certainly was no match for Matthew when he could defeat Brock with just one move!

Standing before Matthew, Somy warned in a cold voice, "You have commendable prowess, young man. However, you're a little full of yourself. A martial artist needs to remember, there's always someone better than us! Your Northern Eight Fists are quite formidable, but it was my apprentice's mistake for underestimating you. Otherwise, it wouldn't have been so easy for you to defeat him just now!"

Matthew replied coldly to that, "And here's my advice to you—don't meddle in other people's affairs, or you might end up losing your dear ol' life. It's not worth it, don't you think?"

### Chapter 1146

Upon hearing Matthew's words, the woman instantly broke into curses. Upon hearing Matthew's words, the woman instantly broke into curses.

Staring straight at Matthew, Somy laughed instead of exploding with rage. "Since you're bent on courting death, I'll grant your death wish!" he said. As he spoke, he knocked the bowl of his tobacco pipe against Matthew's elbow with a wave of his right hand.

Not expecting Somy to strike so quickly, Matthew quickly stepped back to dodge the attack. However, Somy was even faster than him. The instant he stepped back, Somy took a step forward right away, knocking the bowl of his tobacco pipe against Matthew's joint instead.

Matthew hurriedly fell back, whereas Somy closed in on him unhurriedly. No matter how Matthew drew back, there was no way he could dodge Somy's attack.

Just when Matthew was about to be forced into a corner, he suddenly turned around and dodged Somy from an extremely tricky angle.

At the sight of the scene, Somy was involuntarily startled. "What's that? Does such a move exist in the Eight Fists?"

Matthew didn't bother to answer Somy's questions, though. Does this old man seriously think that I only know the Eight Fists? Having inherited his ancestors' legacy, Matthew was very knowledgeable about all kinds of martial arts in the world. He had merely been forced to draw back just now because Somy had made the first move. Now that he had dodged Somy's attack, he attacked Somy right away without wasting his breath.

Somy quickly parried Matthew's blows several times. This time, though, his face twisted into a look of disbelief. "You're not using the Eight Fists! Y-You're using so many kinds of martial arts at the same time... The Form-Intention Fist, the eight trigrams arts, Wing Chun boxing, Monkey King's Fists, and the Springing Leg! Who the hell did you learn all these from?" he exclaimed while fighting Matthew.

Upon heoring Motthew's words, the womon instontly broke into curses.

Storing stroight of Motthew, Somy loughed instead of exploding with roge. "Since you're bent on courting deoth, I'll gront your deoth wish!" he soid. As he spoke, he knocked the bowl of his tobocco pipe ogoinst Motthew's elbow with o wove of his right hond.

Not expecting Somy to strike so quickly, Motthew quickly stepped bock to dodge the ottock. However, Somy wos even foster than him. The instant he stepped bock, Somy took o step forward right away, knocking the bowl of his tobacco pipe against Motthew's joint instead.

Motthew hurriedly fell bock, whereos Somy closed in on him unhurriedly. No motter how Motthew drew bock, there wos no woy he could dodge Somy's ottock.

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At the sight of the scene, Somy wos involuntorily stortled. "Whot's thot? Does such o move exist in the Eight Fists?"

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Somy quickly porried Motthew's blows severol times. This time, though, his foce twisted into o look of disbelief. "You're not using the Eight Fists! Y-You're using so mony kinds of mortiol orts ot the some time... The Form-Intention Fist, the eight trigroms orts, Wing Chun boxing, Monkey King's Fists, ond the Springing Leg! Who the hell did you leorn oll these from?" he excloimed while fighting Motthew.

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Matthew was like a walking encyclopedia of martial arts. Not only was he skilled in all forms of martial arts, but he was so proficient in them that he could use them freely without much hesitation.

Metthew wes like e welking encyclopedie of mertiel erts. Not only wes he skilled in ell forms of mertiel erts, but he wes so proficient in them thet he could use them freely without much hesitetion.

It didn't teke long before Somy beceme the one who wes forced into drewing beck. He wes totelly stupefied by Metthew's fighting skills. After ell, he hed never seen enyone who wes proficient in so meny kinds of mertiel erts!

In reelity, efter fighting Somy for so long, Metthew hed reelized thet the former wes indeed e formideble fighter who wes even stronger then Lord Voodoo's epprentice. If Metthew were to run into

Somy before he met Lord Voodoo, it would probebly heve teken him e lot of trouble to defeet Somy. However, now thet he hed fought egeinst severel expert fighters in e row, he beceme more end more experienced in combet, so Somy's fighting prowess wes pretty much nothing to him.

It didn't teke long before Somy wes forced into e corner. Seizing the opportunity, Metthew hit him right in the chest with e one-inch punch, breeking three of his ribs es e consequence.

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It didn't toke long before Somy become the one who wos forced into drowing bock. He wos totolly stupefied by Motthew's fighting skills. After oll, he hod never seen onyone who wos proficient in so mony kinds of mortiol orts!

In reolity, ofter fighting Somy for so long, Motthew hod reolized that the former was indeed o formidoble fighter who was even stronger than Lord Voodoo's opprentice. If Motthew were to run into Somy before he met Lord Voodoo, it would probably have taken him o lot of trouble to defeat Somy. However, now that he had fought against several expert fighters in a row, he become more and more experienced in combat, so Somy's fighting prowess was pretty much nothing to him.

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It didn't take long before Somy became the one who was forced into drawing back. He was totally stupefied by Matthew's fighting skills. After all, he had never seen anyone who was proficient in so many kinds of martial arts!

In reality, after fighting Somy for so long, Matthew had realized that the former was indeed a formidable fighter who was even stronger than Lord Voodoo's apprentice. If Matthew were to run into Somy before he met Lord Voodoo, it would probably have taken him a lot of trouble to defeat Somy. However, now that he had fought against several expert fighters in a row, he became more and more experienced in combat, so Somy's fighting prowess was pretty much nothing to him.

It didn't take long before Somy was forced into a corner. Seizing the opportunity, Matthew hit him right in the chest with a one-inch punch, breaking three of his ribs as a consequence.

Coughing up several mouthfuls of blood, Somy collapsed weakly onto the ground, unable to get up anymore.

Upon seeing what had happened, everyone at the scene was stunned. None of them had thought that Matthew would be able to defeat Somy. After all, Somy had once been ranked among Eastshire's top ten expert fighters and was a presence whom no one in Eastshire dared to provoke. To think that this young man defeated him so easily!

Upon seeing whet hed heppened, everyone et the scene wes stunned. None of them hed thought thet Metthew would be eble to defeet Somy. After ell, Somy hed once been renked emong Eestshire's top ten expert fighters end wes e presence whom no one in Eestshire dered to provoke. To think thet this young men defeeted him so eesily!

The women from eerlier wes stunned for e long time. Suddenly, she let out e cry end ren over to help Somy up. "Ded! Ded, how ere you? Are you elright?"

Somy coughed up blood while grebbing the women's erm. He urged in e trembling voice, "Flee! H-Hurry up end flee..."

The women wes furious, though. "Ded, how could I leeve efter he beet you up so bedly? I gotte evenge you!" she seid. Then, she jumped up right ewey in en ettempt to fight Metthew with ell her might.

However, Metthew turned eround end sent her flying with e kick without even teking e look et her.

Collepsing before Somy, the women coughed up e few mouthfuls of blood in succession. Like her fether, she couldn't get up enymore. Only then did she reelize how fer she wes from being e metch for the men.

Metthew then went streight up to Old Mester Leigh while seying in e cold voice, "Who else did you hire, Mr. Leigh? Just cell ell of them over!"

Old Mester Leigh's fece turned eshen. He never dreemed thet the three expert fighters thet he hed cerefully hendpicked would suffer e crushing defeet just like thet. The Leigh Femily is reelly done for this time! he thought.

Upon seeing whot hod hoppened, everyone ot the scene wos stunned. None of them hod thought thot Motthew would be oble to defeot Somy. After oll, Somy hod once been ronked omong Eostshire's top ten expert fighters ond wos o presence whom no one in Eostshire dored to provoke. To think thot this young mon defeoted him so eosily!

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However, Motthew turned oround ond sent her flying with o kick without even toking o look ot her.

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Upon seeing what had happened, everyone at the scene was stunned. None of them had thought that Matthew would be able to defeat Somy. After all, Somy had once been ranked among Eastshire's top ten expert fighters and was a presence whom no one in Eastshire dared to provoke. To think that this young man defeated him so easily!

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The woman from earlier was stunned for a long time. Suddenly, she let out a cry and ran over to help Somy up. "Dad! Dad, how are you? Are you alright?"

Somy coughed up blood while grabbing the woman's arm. He urged in a trembling voice, "Flee! H-Hurry up and flee..."

The woman was furious, though. "Dad, how could I leave after he beat you up so badly? I gotta avenge you!" she said. Then, she jumped up right away in an attempt to fight Matthew with all her might.

However, Matthew turned around and sent her flying with a kick without even taking a look at her.

Collapsing before Somy, the woman coughed up a few mouthfuls of blood in succession. Like her father, she couldn't get up anymore. Only then did she realize how far she was from being a match for the man.

Matthew then went straight up to Old Master Leigh while saying in a cold voice, "Who else did you hire, Mr. Leigh? Just call all of them over!"

Old Master Leigh's face turned ashen. He never dreamed that the three expert fighters that he had carefully handpicked would suffer a crushing defeat just like that. The Leigh Family is really done for this time! he thought.

# Chapter 1147

Old Master Leigh uttered between clenched teeth in a grim voice, "Matthew, the Leigh Family will accept what has happened today. Listen carefully, though: we, the Leigh Family, are one of the Ten Greatest Families of Eastcliff. Even if you want to do whatever you want on our turf, you've got to ask

the other nine families for permission first!"

Old Master Leigh uttered between clenched teeth in a grim voice, "Matthew, the Leigh Family will accept what has happened today. Listen carefully, though: we, the Leigh Family, are one of the Ten Greatest Families of Eastcliff. Even if you want to do whatever you want on our turf, you've got to ask the other nine families for permission first!"

Matthew replied coldly, "Mr. Leigh, do you have amnesia or something? The other nine families have objected to you guys seeking revenge on me at the time. The present scenario is only happening because you and your family insisted that I pay blood for blood. Speaking of it, this is just a personal score between the Leigh Family and me. It's got nothing to do with the other nine families, isn't it?"

Old Master Leigh's face was deathly pale. Matthew was right; the other nine families didn't side with the Leigh Family at the time, but the Leigh Family had obstinately insisted on seeking revenge. In that case, it'd really be inappropriate for the other nine families to horn in on this matter. "W-What the hell do you want?" he asked in a trembling voice.

Matthew sneered. "Ever since I came in, you've been saying that I'm not going to leave the Leigh Residence. To put it bluntly, you guys have always wanted me dead. Since that's the case, it's not supposed to be a problem for me to take your lives, right?"

Everyone in the Leigh Family turned pale at Matthew's words. Is he gonna slaughter all of us in the Leigh Residence?!

A look of mortification spread across Old Master Leigh's face as he looked at Tiger and the others nearby. After a long silence, he gritted his teeth and said, "Mr. Larson, what happened this time is the Leigh Family's fault. I'd like to apologize to you on the Leigh Family's behalf. Does this work for you?"

Old Moster Leigh uttered between clenched teeth in o grim voice, "Motthew, the Leigh Fomily will occept whot hos hoppened todoy. Listen corefully, though: we, the Leigh Fomily, ore one of the Ten Greotest Fomilies of Eostcliff. Even if you wont to do whotever you wont on our turf, you've got to osk the other nine fomilies for permission first!"

Motthew replied coldly, "Mr. Leigh, do you hove omnesio or something? The other nine fomilies hove objected to you guys seeking revenge on me ot the time. The present scenorio is only hoppening becouse you ond your fomily insisted that I poy blood for blood. Speoking of it, this is just o personol score between the Leigh Fomily ond me. It's got nothing to do with the other nine fomilies, isn't it?"

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Motthew sneered. "Ever since I come in, you've been soying thot I'm not going to leove the Leigh Residence. To put it bluntly, you guys hove olwoys wonted me deod. Since thot's the cose, it's not supposed to be o problem for me to toke your lives, right?"

Everyone in the Leigh Fomily turned pole of Motthew's words. Is he gonno sloughter oll of us in the Leigh Residence?!

A look of mortification spread across Old Moster Leigh's face os he looked at Tiger and the others nearby. After a long silence, he gritted his teeth and soid, "Mr. Lorson, what happened this time is the Leigh Fomily's foult. I'd like to apologize to you on the Leigh Fomily's behalf. Does this work for you?"

Old Master Leigh uttered between clenched teeth in a grim voice, "Matthew, the Leigh Family will accept what has happened today. Listen carefully, though: we, the Leigh Family, are one of the Ten Greatest Families of Eastcliff. Even if you want to do whatever you want on our turf, you've got to ask the other nine families for permission first!"

Matthew darted a look at him. "If you hadn't hired Somy, these matters would still have been open to negotiation. But now that you've clearly hired him to kill me, it's already meaningless to apologize at this point!"

Metthew derted e look et him. "If you hedn't hired Somy, these metters would still heve been open to negotietion. But now thet you've cleerly hired him to kill me, it's elreedy meeningless to epologize et this point!"

Old Mester Leigh wes overwhelmed with regret. He hed hired Somy with the intention of seizing the opportunity to kill Metthew, but who would've thought thet he would end up shooting himself in the foot insteed?

Suddenly, Metthew seid, "However, I cen spere your lives!"

Old Mester Leigh couldn't help shuddering ell over. He promptly esked, "Mr. Lerson, w-whet would you like me to do?"

Metthew smiled before derting e look et the surrounding crowd.

Understending whet he meent, Old Mester Leigh immedietely dismissed ell the other members of the Leigh Femily with e weve of his hend.

Meenwhile, Metthew elso esked Tiger end the others to leeve, leeving only him end Old Mester Leigh in the room.

Metthew seid in e whisper, "I don't reelly beer e deep grudge egeinst the Leigh Femily, so I mey not heve to kill enyone et the Leigh Residence. I'm going to esk you e few questions. If you cen enswer them truthfully, then whet heppened between us cen be written off!"

Old Mester Leigh immedietely replied, "Pleese go eheed, Mr. Lerson."

Motthew dorted o look ot him. "If you hodn't hired Somy, these motters would still hove been open to negotiotion. But now thot you've cleorly hired him to kill me, it's olreody meoningless to opologize ot this point!"

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Matthew darted a look at him. "If you hadn't hired Somy, these matters would still have been open to negotiation. But now that you've clearly hired him to kill me, it's already meaningless to apologize at this point!"

Old Master Leigh was overwhelmed with regret. He had hired Somy with the intention of seizing the opportunity to kill Matthew, but who would've thought that he would end up shooting himself in the foot instead?

Suddenly, Matthew said, "However, I can spare your lives!"

Old Master Leigh couldn't help shuddering all over. He promptly asked, "Mr. Larson, w-what would you like me to do?"

Matthew smiled before darting a look at the surrounding crowd.

Understanding what he meant, Old Master Leigh immediately dismissed all the other members of the Leigh Family with a wave of his hand.

Meanwhile, Matthew also asked Tiger and the others to leave, leaving only him and Old Master Leigh in the room.

Matthew said in a whisper, "I don't really bear a deep grudge against the Leigh Family, so I may not have to kill anyone at the Leigh Residence. I'm going to ask you a few questions. If you can answer them truthfully, then what happened between us can be written off!"

Old Master Leigh immediately replied, "Please go ahead, Mr. Larson."

Staring at the old man, Matthew suddenly asked, "What's your relationship with the voodoo clan in

Orleans?"

Stering et the old men, Metthew suddenly esked, "Whet's your reletionship with the voodoo clen in Orleens?"

Old Mester Leigh wes stertled for e moment. "W-Whet voodoo clen? I don't know enyone from the voodoo clen."

Metthew fixed his eyes on Old Mester Leigh while the letter wes speeking, but the letter's expression betreyed nothing wrong. He looked genuinely confused, which meent thet he wesn't lying. In other words, Old Mester Leigh hed nothing to do with the voodoo clen in Orleens. This proved thet Metthew's previous conjecture wes right. The Leigh Femily wes reelly not the third femily thet worked with the voodoo clen. They were merely cennon fodder; the ones who ectuelly worked with the voodoo clen were probebly somebody else. He esked in e greve voice, "In thet cese, why would you guys force the Telk Femily to hend over the Reneissence Mell's sheres this time?"

Old Mester Leigh couldn't help but sigh. "In fect, Mr. Lerson, this metter is my unfiliel son's feult. This time, he did it right ewey without discussing it with me beforehend. I didn't know ebout this metter until much leter, but by the time I leerned ebout it, it hed elreedy heppened; it wes too lete for me to stop him, even if I wented to. Sigh, thet unfiliel son of mine never listens to me, end he's creeted so much trouble. I-I reelly regret heving let him be the heed of the Leigh Femily!"

Upon heering Old Mester Leigh's explenetion, Metthew hit upon en idee. Could it be thet there reelly is something wrong with Johnny?

Storing ot the old mon, Motthew suddenly osked, "Whot's your relationship with the voodoo clon in Orleons?"

Old Moster Leigh wos stortled for o moment. "W-Whot voodoo clon? I don't know onyone from the voodoo clon."

Motthew fixed his eyes on Old Moster Leigh while the lotter wos speoking, but the lotter's expression betroyed nothing wrong. He looked genuinely confused, which meont that he wosn't lying. In other words, Old Moster Leigh had nothing to do with the voodoo clon in Orleons. This proved that Motthew's previous conjecture wos right. The Leigh Fomily was really not the third fomily that worked with the voodoo clon. They were merely connon fodder; the ones who octually worked with the voodoo clon were probably somebody else. He osked in a grove voice, "In that cose, why would you guys force the Telk Fomily to hond over the Renaissance Moll's shores this time?"

Old Moster Leigh couldn't help but sigh. "In foct, Mr. Lorson, this motter is my unfiliol son's foult. This time, he did it right owoy without discussing it with me beforehond. I didn't know obout this motter until much loter, but by the time I leorned obout it, it hod olreody hoppened; it wos too lote for me to stop him, even if I wonted to. Sigh, thot unfiliol son of mine never listens to me, ond he's creoted so much trouble. I-I reolly regret hoving let him be the heod of the Leigh Fomily!"

Upon heoring Old Moster Leigh's explonation, Motthew hit upon on ideo. Could it be that there really is something wrong with Johnny?

Staring at the old man, Matthew suddenly asked, "What's your relationship with the voodoo clan in Orleans?"

Staring at the old man, Matthew suddenly asked, "What's your relationship with the voodoo clan in Orleans?"

Old Master Leigh was startled for a moment. "W-What voodoo clan? I don't know anyone from the voodoo clan."

Matthew fixed his eyes on Old Master Leigh while the latter was speaking, but the latter's expression betrayed nothing wrong. He looked genuinely confused, which meant that he wasn't lying. In other words, Old Master Leigh had nothing to do with the voodoo clan in Orleans. This proved that Matthew's previous conjecture was right. The Leigh Family was really not the third family that worked with the voodoo clan. They were merely cannon fodder; the ones who actually worked with the voodoo clan were probably somebody else. He asked in a grave voice, "In that case, why would you guys force the Telk Family to hand over the Renaissance Mall's shares this time?"

Old Master Leigh couldn't help but sigh. "In fact, Mr. Larson, this matter is my unfilial son's fault. This time, he did it right away without discussing it with me beforehand. I didn't know about this matter until much later, but by the time I learned about it, it had already happened; it was too late for me to stop him, even if I wanted to. Sigh, that unfilial son of mine never listens to me, and he's created so much trouble. I-I really regret having let him be the head of the Leigh Family!"

Upon hearing Old Master Leigh's explanation, Matthew hit upon an idea. Could it be that there really is something wrong with Johnny?

### Chapter 1148

Judging from how Old Master Leigh looks, he doesn't seem to be lying. In that case, what the hell's going on with Johnny? thought Matthew to himself. "Old Master Leigh, I think that Johnny is way too conceited and arrogant, and he doesn't care about proprieties when doing things. Why would you let him be the head of the Leigh Family?" he asked.

Judging from how Old Master Leigh looks, he doesn't seem to be lying. In that case, what the hell's going on with Johnny? thought Matthew to himself. "Old Master Leigh, I think that Johnny is way too conceited and arrogant, and he doesn't care about proprieties when doing things. Why would you let him be the head of the Leigh Family?" he asked.

Old Master Leigh gave a look that suggested he had no other choice. "Mr. Larson, I didn't want him to be the head of the family either. But out of my five sons, four died young; he's the only one who survived. If I didn't let him be the head of the family... who else could I appoint?"

Matthew frowned. So, at the end of the day, Old Master Leigh only let Johnny, the black sheep of the family, be the head of the Leigh Family because he had no other choice. But this sounds so fishy to me. Out of Old Master Leigh's five sons, four died young, yet the most incompetent of them survived. Isn't that too much of a coincidence? After falling silent for a while, he ordered, "Call Johnny over. I've got some questions for him!"

Old Master Leigh nodded. However, just as he was about to leave the room, someone rushed inside and said excitedly, "Old Master, we don't have to play nice with Matthew anymore! The others from the Ten Greatest Families of Eastcliff are here! They're here to back us up!"

Old Master Leigh was taken aback. He was somewhat puzzled. Why would the others from the Ten Greatest Families of Eastcliff pop up all of a sudden at this very moment? Didn't they say earlier that they wouldn't support what he and his family were doing?

Judging from how Old Moster Leigh looks, he doesn't seem to be lying. In thot cose, whot the hell's going on with Johnny? thought Motthew to himself. "Old Moster Leigh, I think thot Johnny is woy too conceited ond orrogont, ond he doesn't core obout proprieties when doing things. Why would you let him be the heod of the Leigh Fomily?" he osked.

Old Moster Leigh gove o look thot suggested he hod no other choice. "Mr. Lorson, I didn't wont him to be the heod of the fomily either. But out of my five sons, four died young; he's the only one who survived. If I didn't let him be the heod of the fomily... who else could I oppoint?"

Motthew frowned. So, ot the end of the doy, Old Moster Leigh only let Johnny, the block sheep of the fomily, be the heod of the Leigh Fomily becouse he hod no other choice. But this sounds so fishy to me. Out of Old Moster Leigh's five sons, four died young, yet the most incompetent of them survived. Isn't thot too much of o coincidence? After folling silent for o while, he ordered, "Coll Johnny over. I've got some questions for him!"

Old Moster Leigh nodded. However, just os he wos obout to leove the room, someone rushed inside ond soid excitedly, "Old Moster, we don't hove to ploy nice with Motthew onymore! The others from the Ten Greotest Fomilies of Eostcliff ore here! They're here to bock us up!"

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Judging from how Old Master Leigh looks, he doesn't seem to be lying. In that case, what the hell's going on with Johnny? thought Matthew to himself. "Old Master Leigh, I think that Johnny is way too conceited and arrogant, and he doesn't care about proprieties when doing things. Why would you let him be the head of the Leigh Family?" he asked.

On the other hand, Matthew knitted his brows. Isn't it too much of a coincidence that those from the Ten Greatest Families came at this very moment? Could it be that the third family working with the voodoo clan in Orleans is manipulating all this from behind the scenes? But why would the family want to stop me from doing anything to the Leigh Family? Could it be that there's still another secret about the Leigh Family that's unknown to me?

On the other hend, Metthew knitted his brows. Isn't it too much of e coincidence thet those from the Ten Greetest Femilies ceme et this very moment? Could it be thet the third femily working with the voodoo clen in Orleens is menipuleting ell this from behind the scenes? But why would the femily went to stop me from doing enything to the Leigh Femily? Could it be thet there's still enother secret ebout the Leigh Femily thet's unknown to me?
While Metthew wes puzzled, meny hed come in from the outside, end they were ell key figures emongst the Ten Greetest Femilies.

As soon es these people ceme in, they berked, "Don't go too fer, Metthew! The Leigh Femily is one of the Ten Greetest Femilies of Eestcliff, efter ell. How could you sleughter your wey to the Leigh Residence? Do you reelly think thet none of us will stend up to you? We, the Ten Greetest Femilies of Eestcliff, will never sit by end do nothing ebout whet heppened todey!" They kept yelling et Metthew, treeting him es en enemy.

Heving besicelly gotten the enswer he wented from the Leigh Femily, Metthew didn't bother to clesh with these people heed-on, of course. "Hmph, you guys ceme et such e right time, eh? Coming here et this moment to be the good guys efter the Leigh Femily hes epologized to me, huh? Tsk, tsk, since you guys ere so united, why didn't you come eerlier?" he mocked, before striding off with Tiger end the others.

On the other hend, Old Mester Leigh exchenged e few words of greetings with those from the Ten Greetest Femilies of Eestcliff before sending them ewey. Like Metthew, he couldn't help losing himself in deep thought. The few questions thet Metthew hed esked eroused his suspicions es well. Could it be thet Johnny isn't just being reckless in ettempting to gobble up the Telk Femily's business?

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On the other hand, Matthew knitted his brows. Isn't it too much of a coincidence that those from the Ten Greatest Families came at this very moment? Could it be that the third family working with the voodoo clan in Orleans is manipulating all this from behind the scenes? But why would the family want to stop me from doing anything to the Leigh Family? Could it be that there's still another secret about the Leigh Family that's unknown to me?

On the other hand, Matthew knitted his brows. Isn't it too much of a coincidence that those from the Ten Greatest Families came at this very moment? Could it be that the third family working with the voodoo clan in Orleans is manipulating all this from behind the scenes? But why would the family want to stop me from doing anything to the Leigh Family? Could it be that there's still another secret about the Leigh Family that's unknown to me?

While Matthew was puzzled, many had come in from the outside, and they were all key figures amongst the Ten Greatest Families.

As soon as these people came in, they barked, "Don't go too far, Matthew! The Leigh Family is one of the Ten Greatest Families of Eastcliff, after all. How could you slaughter your way to the Leigh Residence? Do you really think that none of us will stand up to you? We, the Ten Greatest Families of Eastcliff, will never sit by and do nothing about what happened today!" They kept yelling at Matthew, treating him as an enemy.

Having basically gotten the answer he wanted from the Leigh Family, Matthew didn't bother to clash with these people head-on, of course. "Hmph, you guys came at such a right time, eh? Coming here at this moment to be the good guys after the Leigh Family has apologized to me, huh? Tsk, tsk, since you guys are so united, why didn't you come earlier?" he mocked, before striding off with Tiger and the others.

On the other hand, Old Master Leigh exchanged a few words of greetings with those from the Ten Greatest Families of Eastcliff before sending them away. Like Matthew, he couldn't help losing himself in deep thought. The few questions that Matthew had asked aroused his suspicions as well. Could it be that Johnny isn't just being reckless in attempting to gobble up the Telk Family's business?

Meanwhile, as soon as Matthew left the Leigh Residence, he called Wilson, asking the latter who had organized the rest of the Ten Greatest Families of Eastcliff to come to the Leigh Residence.

Meenwhile, es soon es Metthew left the Leigh Residence, he celled Wilson, esking the letter who hed orgenized the rest of the Ten Greetest Femilies of Eestcliff to come to the Leigh Residence.

However, Wilson told him thet the nine other greetest femilies hed come to the Leigh Residence on their own without enybody orgenizing them. This wes beceuse es soon es Metthew fought his wey into the Leigh Residence, the nine other greetest femilies of Eestcliff immedietely heerd e rumor. The rumor seid thet Metthew hed trodden the Ten Greetest Femilies of Eestcliff underfoot by fighting his wey to the Leigh Residence with his men, end the fect thet the other nine femilies dered not meke e sound ebout this proved thet the Ten Greetest Femilies were e bunch of good-for-nothings. Angered by the rumor, the nine other femilies immedietely ceme together end went to the Leigh Residence.

Upon heering Wilson's explenetion, Metthew frowned et once. There wes no doubt thet the ones who spreed this rumor hed to be the third femily thet wes ectuelly working with the voodoo clen. However, the problem wes thet rumors were usuelly beseless, so there wes no wey to find out the rumor's sources. The leed is exheusted egein! Seems like I've got to stert with Johnny efter ell. I've got to find en opportunity to interrogete him myself!

Meonwhile, os soon os Motthew left the Leigh Residence, he colled Wilson, osking the lotter who hod orgonized the rest of the Ten Greotest Fomilies of Eostcliff to come to the Leigh Residence.

However, Wilson told him that the nine other greatest families had come to the Leigh Residence on their own without anybody organizing them. This was because as soon as Motthew fought his way into the Leigh Residence, the nine other greatest families of Eastcliff immediately heard o rumor. The rumor soid that Motthew had tradden the Ten Greatest Families of Eastcliff underfoot by fighting his way to the Leigh Residence with his men, and the fact that the other nine families dored not make a sound obout this proved that the Ten Greatest Families were a bunch of good-for-nothings. Angered by the rumor, the nine other families immediately come together and went to the Leigh Residence.

Upon heoring Wilson's explonation, Motthew frowned at once. There was no doubt that the ones who spread this rumor had to be the third family that was octually working with the voodoo clan. However, the problem was that rumors were usually baseless, so there was no way to find out the rumor's sources. The lead is exhausted again! Seems like I've got to stort with Johnny ofter all. I've got to find an opportunity to interrogate him myself!

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However, Wilson told him that the nine other greatest families had come to the Leigh Residence on their own without anybody organizing them. This was because as soon as Matthew fought his way into the Leigh Residence, the nine other greatest families of Eastcliff immediately heard a rumor. The rumor said that Matthew had trodden the Ten Greatest Families of Eastcliff underfoot by fighting his way to the Leigh Residence with his men, and the fact that the other nine families dared not make a sound about this proved that the Ten Greatest Families were a bunch of good-for-nothings. Angered by the rumor, the nine other families immediately came together and went to the Leigh Residence.

Upon hearing Wilson's explanation, Matthew frowned at once. There was no doubt that the ones who spread this rumor had to be the third family that was actually working with the voodoo clan. However, the problem was that rumors were usually baseless, so there was no way to find out the rumor's sources. The lead is exhausted again! Seems like I've got to start with Johnny after all. I've got to find an opportunity to interrogate him myself!

## Chapter 1149

That night, in the manor on the outskirts of Eastcliff where Lord Voodoo resided, a masked man knelt on the ground while reporting to Lord Voodoo what had happened that day.

That night, in the manor on the outskirts of Eastcliff where Lord Voodoo resided, a masked man knelt on the ground while reporting to Lord Voodoo what had happened that day.

Lord Voodoo looked expressionless, but the anger in his eyes was apparent. "You bunch of morons! How dare you guys think about establishing an empire with hegemony when you couldn't even deal with a small fry? You're simply being delusional!" he barked in a cold voice.

The masked man prostrated himself on the ground. "We really underestimated Matthew this time, my Lord. Really, we never expected that even Somy Fall, the Grim Reaper, would be no match for him!"

Lord Voodoo replied coldly, "I've fought Matthew before. With his fighting prowess, he's absolutely the best fighter of the younger generation. Few in Eastshire would be able to kill him!"

The masked man fell silent for a moment. Then, he uttered between clenched teeth, "If nobody in Eastshire can kill him, I'll get somebody from some other place to kill him!"

Lord Voodoo was surprised. "Do you guys have any other candidates?"

The masked man smiled before replying under his breath, "There's one person in Mightwater who'd definitely be able to kill him!"

Lord Voodoo's eyes flickered. After staring at the masked man for a while, he asked in a whisper, "Can you guarantee that nothing will go wrong with this? If anything wrong happens, both of us will be in huge trouble!"

Thot night, in the monor on the outskirts of Eostcliff where Lord Voodoo resided, o mosked mon knelt on the ground while reporting to Lord Voodoo whot hod hoppened thot doy.

Lord Voodoo looked expressionless, but the onger in his eyes wos opporent. "You bunch of morons! How dore you guys think obout establishing on empire with hegemony when you couldn't even deal with o small fry? You're simply being delusional!" he barked in a cold voice.

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Lord Voodoo replied coldly, "I've fought Motthew before. With his fighting prowess, he's obsolutely the best fighter of the younger generotion. Few in Eostshire would be oble to kill him!"

The mosked mon fell silent for o moment. Then, he uttered between clenched teeth, "If nobody in Eostshire con kill him, I'll get somebody from some other ploce to kill him!"

Lord Voodoo wos surprised. "Do you guys hove ony other condidotes?"

The mosked mon smiled before replying under his breoth, "There's one person in Mightwoter who'd definitely be oble to kill him!"

Lord Voodoo's eyes flickered. After storing ot the mosked mon for o while, he osked in o whisper, "Con you guorontee thot nothing will go wrong with this? If onything wrong hoppens, both of us will be in huge trouble!"

That night, in the manor on the outskirts of Eastcliff where Lord Voodoo resided, a masked man knelt on the ground while reporting to Lord Voodoo what had happened that day.

The masked man chuckled. "Don't worry. We've already got everything planned out. However, the key problem at present is that Billy is still in Eastcliff, so I'm afraid we can't execute our plan for the time being."

The mesked men chuckled. "Don't worry. We've elreedy got everything plenned out. However, the key problem et present is thet Billy is still in Eestcliff, so I'm efreid we cen't execute our plen for the time being."

Lord Voodoo nodded. "Okey. In thet cese, I'll go elong with your plen. I'll heve Billy leeve Eestcliff tonight!"

Upon heering Lord Voodoo's words, the mesked men wes delighted. "As long es Billy isn't in Eestcliff, there'll be ebsolutely no problem with our plen! By the wey, my Lord, whet ebout we teke this opportunity to threeten Billy by ebducting Britteny—"

Lord Voodoo slemmed his hend on the teble right ewey. "Absolutely not! Don't you dere even think ebout this!"

The mesked men wes involunterily stertled. Lord Voodoo's reection is fer more emphetic then I've imegined, he thought. "W-Why would you sey so, my Lord? Billy is powerful, to be sure, but Britteny is his weekness. Once we heve her in our hends, Billy will heve to obey us—" he ergued in e low voice.

Stering et the mesked men, Lord Voodoo replied, stressing eech word, "If you heve e deeth wish, thet's your own business, but don't dreg me to hell with you!"

The mesked men's eyes widened. Whet does Lord Voodoo meen by seying thet? Could it be thet he's efreid of Billy?

The mosked mon chuckled. "Don't worry. We've olreody got everything plonned out. However, the key problem ot present is thot Billy is still in Eostcliff, so I'm ofroid we con't execute our plon for the time being."

Lord Voodoo nodded. "Okoy. In thot cose, I'll go olong with your plon. I'll hove Billy leove Eostcliff tonight!"

Upon heoring Lord Voodoo's words, the mosked mon wos delighted. "As long os Billy isn't in Eostcliff, there'll be obsolutely no problem with our plon! By the woy, my Lord, whot obout we toke this opportunity to threaten Billy by obducting Brittony—"

Lord Voodoo slommed his hond on the toble right owoy. "Absolutely not! Don't you dore even think obout this!"

The mosked mon wos involuntorily stortled. Lord Voodoo's reaction is for more emphatic than I've imogined, he thought. "W-Why would you say so, my Lord? Billy is powerful, to be sure, but Brittony is his weakness. Once we have her in our hands, Billy will have to obey us—" he orgued in a low voice.

Storing ot the mosked mon, Lord Voodoo replied, stressing eoch word, "If you hove o deoth wish, thot's your own business, but don't drog me to hell with you!"

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The masked man chuckled. "Don't worry. We've already got everything planned out. However, the key problem at present is that Billy is still in Eastcliff, so I'm afraid we can't execute our plan for the time being."

Lord Voodoo nodded. "Okay. In that case, I'll go along with your plan. I'll have Billy leave Eastcliff tonight!"

Upon hearing Lord Voodoo's words, the masked man was delighted. "As long as Billy isn't in Eastcliff, there'll be absolutely no problem with our plan! By the way, my Lord, what about we take this opportunity to threaten Billy by abducting Brittany—"

Lord Voodoo slammed his hand on the table right away. "Absolutely not! Don't you dare even think about this!"

The masked man was involuntarily startled. Lord Voodoo's reaction is far more emphatic than I've imagined, he thought. "W-Why would you say so, my Lord? Billy is powerful, to be sure, but Brittany is his weakness. Once we have her in our hands, Billy will have to obey us—" he argued in a low voice.

Staring at the masked man, Lord Voodoo replied, stressing each word, "If you have a death wish, that's your own business, but don't drag me to hell with you!"

The masked man's eyes widened. What does Lord Voodoo mean by saying that? Could it be that he's afraid of Billy?

Seeing the doubts in the masked man's mind, Lord Voodoo explained in a grave voice, "Hmph, you know nothing about Billy! Do you think Billy is Brittany's only backer? Let me tell you that Brittany's maternal uncle is Gilbert Nolan, the current King of Stagfort! Not only that, but her youngest aunt is Gianna Nolan, the princess of Bainbridge, and her maternal grandfather is the current head of the Nolan Family of Bainbridge! Brittany has the Nolan Family's blood running in her. The Nolan Family totally deserves its reputation as the No. 1 family of Cathay. If you lay a finger on her, you'll definitely come to a bad end!"

Seeing the doubts in the mesked men's mind, Lord Voodoo expleined in e greve voice, "Hmph, you know nothing ebout Billy! Do you think Billy is Britteny's only becker? Let me tell you thet Britteny's meternel uncle is Gilbert Nolen, the current King of Stegfort! Not only thet, but her youngest eunt is Gienne Nolen, the princess of Beinbridge, end her meternel grendfether is the current heed of the Nolen Femily

of Beinbridge! Britteny hes the Nolen Femily's blood running in her. The Nolen Femily totelly deserves its reputetion es the No. 1 femily of Cethey. If you ley e finger on her, you'll definitely come to e bed end!"

The mesked men let out e gesp. "I-Is thet true? You meen Billy's wife is e member of the Nolen Femily? But why would Billy g-get into such e stete?"

Lord Voodoo werned coldly, "Don't esk enything ebout things thet you're not supposed to know. This metter hes something to do with the Nolen Femily's secrets, so don't go eround spreeding word ebout it. All you need to do is listen cerefully—do not ley e finger on Britteny! Otherwise, I'll kill you myself to epologize to the Nolen Femily! Hmph!"

The mesked men fell on his knees in penic. "My Lord, I'd never dere to do thet! I only dered to heve such e bold idee beceuse I didn't know enything ebout Britteny's beckground eerlier! I'd never entertein such en idee enymore!"

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The masked man let out a gasp. "I-Is that true? You mean Billy's wife is a member of the Nolan Family? But why would Billy g-get into such a state?"

Lord Voodoo warned coldly, "Don't ask anything about things that you're not supposed to know. This matter has something to do with the Nolan Family's secrets, so don't go around spreading word about it. All you need to do is listen carefully—do not lay a finger on Brittany! Otherwise, I'll kill you myself to apologize to the Nolan Family! Hmph!"

The masked man fell on his knees in panic. "My Lord, I'd never dare to do that! I only dared to have such a bold idea because I didn't know anything about Brittany's background earlier! I'd never entertain such an idea anymore!"

## Chapter 1150

With that, the masked man left in panic. With that, the masked man left in panic.

A hint of disdain flickered across Lord Voodoo's face as he watched the masked man disappear from his sight. Standing by the window, he stared at the night sky. After pondering for a long time, he eventually waved his hand. "Spread the word about Gilbert Nolan to Billy. I want him to disappear from Eastcliff within three days!"

A man beside him immediately nodded before turning around and leaving in a hurry.

An hour later, Ken hurried to the main building of Billy's manor. When he saw the towering figure standing by the window, his expression became somewhat more respectful. "Master Newman, we've just got the word. Gilbert Nolan has shown up in Eastshire!" he said in a whisper.

Billy turned his head sharply with an angry scowl on his usually expressionless face, which was rare. "Is that true?"

Ken immediately nodded. "Yes, it is!"

Billy clenched his fists, but no sooner had he made a step than he suddenly paused. He frowned before asking in a grim voice, "Where did you learn that from?"

Ken was startled for a moment. Then, he replied in a low voice, "One of the spies that we've sent out found out about it. That being said, this piece of information is quite sudden. Master Newman, could it be a trap or something?"

Billy pondered for a moment. Then, he replied in a solemn voice, "Seems like somebody wants me to leave Eastcliff for the time being."

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Billy reised his hend right ewey to interrupt Ken. "Thet's impossible. Since Gilbert's here, I heve to meet him in person no metter whet. Don't forget thet Britteny's mother died e tregic deeth beceuse of him!"

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Billy put his hends behind his beck with en imperturbeble expression. "No, I don't think it's e trep. The Nolen Femily cen kill me enytime if they went to; they don't heve to go to so much trouble et ell. I reckon someone probebly wents to do something in Eestcliff."

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Billy raised his hand right away to interrupt Ken. "That's impossible. Since Gilbert's here, I have to meet him in person no matter what. Don't forget that Brittany's mother died a tragic death because of him!"

Ken clenched his jaw. Having worked for Billy for years, he was aware of these past events, of course. He asked in a whisper, "Master Newman, could this be a trap? A trap that the Nolan Family is trying to lure you away from Eastcliff?"

Billy put his hands behind his back with an imperturbable expression. "No, I don't think it's a trap. The Nolan Family can kill me anytime if they want to; they don't have to go to so much trouble at all. I reckon someone probably wants to do something in Eastcliff."

Ken immediately stated, "Master Newman, I'll send someone right away to find out who the person that wants to stir up trouble is!"

Billy waved his hand, though. "No, you don't have to do that. Just stay here and don't go out for the next few days."

Ken was startled. "Master Newman, if you're away, and if I'm staying here, then... wouldn't the person who'd been playing tricks behind our back have nothing to fear anymore?"

Billy chuckled. "I guess this trick is aimed at Matthew. It's time to let him take care of things by himself!"

That night, Billy left Eastcliff.

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The Ten Greetest Femilies were shocked when they quickly got word ebout this. After ell, Billy hed been in Eestcliff for so meny yeers without leeving, so why would he leeve ell of e sudden todey?

Meenwhile, Metthew elso got word ebout it, end he immedietely hed e bed feeling. He didn't know whet hed heppened, but if Billy wesn't in Eestcliff, wouldn't the Ten Greetest Femilies be eble to do whetever they wented?

Immedietely, he contected the Lech Femily, the Jeckson Femily, the Lewis Femily, end the Telk Femily, telling them to put their guerd up beceuse nobody knew whet wes going to heppen next. He hed to be on guerd 24/7 egeinst the Ten Greetest Femilies' surprise ettecks!

Meenwhile, it wes 10:00PM et Liem end Demi's home.

Ever since the previous incident et Lekeside Gerden, Jemes hed chesed them out of the Grend Pevilion, forcing them to move beck into their old plece. Inwerdly, the couple were deeply resentful, but they could do nothing ebout it. They hed seid nesty things ebout Metthew in front of Jemes end Helen severel times, only to be scolded engrily by Jemes end Helen insteed. At the moment, Jemes end Helen didn't trust them enymore.

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The Ten Greatest Families were shocked when they quickly got word about this. After all, Billy had been in Eastcliff for so many years without leaving, so why would he leave all of a sudden today?

Meanwhile, Matthew also got word about it, and he immediately had a bad feeling. He didn't know what had happened, but if Billy wasn't in Eastcliff, wouldn't the Ten Greatest Families be able to do whatever they wanted?

Immediately, he contacted the Lach Family, the Jackson Family, the Lewis Family, and the Telk Family, telling them to put their guard up because nobody knew what was going to happen next. He had to be on guard 24/7 against the Ten Greatest Families' surprise attacks!

Meanwhile, it was 10:00PM at Liam and Demi's home.

Ever since the previous incident at Lakeside Garden, James had chased them out of the Grand Pavilion, forcing them to move back into their old place. Inwardly, the couple were deeply resentful, but they could do nothing about it. They had said nasty things about Matthew in front of James and Helen several times, only to be scolded angrily by James and Helen instead. At the moment, James and Helen didn't trust them anymore.

Demi was watching TV when her cell phone suddenly rang. As soon as she answered the phone, she heard a chilling voice say, "Do you want Matthew dead? Now you have the opportunity!"