

## **M Genius 1561**

### **Chapter 1561**

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The situation between Stonedale and Eastshire was completely different from one another. The strength of the Ten Greatest Families of Eastshire could be said to be the weakest among the Six Southern States, as Billy Newman had pressured the families all the time he was in Eastshire.

That was why the development of the Ten Greatest Families of Eastshire was weak, and could not be compared with the other states' families. Before, the White Family, as the leader of the Ten Greatest Families of Eastshire, was the strongest among them. However, even their strength would only amount to an average level when compared to the Ten Greatest Families of Stonedale. The strength of the top three families in Stonedale was absolute to the extent that some might call them the incarnation of terror. Their strength was just worlds apart from the White Family.

The very Neverland Pharmaceuticals was jointly established by the Ten Greatest Families of Stonedale. As the medical industry in Stonedale developed by leaps and bounds, the income from professions of the said industry was among the top three in the country. That meant that Neverland Pharmaceuticals was a huge deal in Stonedale, as their market value was valued at close to two hundred billion. Hence, the said company was an important enterprise to the Ten Greatest Families of Stonedale, and perhaps even part of the very foundation of the families.

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Two days ago, when Neverland Pharmaceuticals announced that they had developed a new medication that would cure three types of cancer, their stock prices immediately shot through the roof. Before the medication was even released to the public, their stock prices had increased by thirty percent. The families were all over the moon as they saw the money flowing into their pockets.

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Thus, Neverland Pharmaceuticals specifically held a new product launch. They invited famous doctors from all over the country, from big medical institutions to major pharmaceutical companies, to be present when they released the medication to the public. Furthermore, they also gathered several cancer patients from all over the country for a public demonstration of the effectiveness of the Restoration Pill.

The reason why Neverland Pharmaceuticals was doing such huge marketing was to further increase their stock prices and to announce to the world that they were the inventor of the Restoration Pill. By doing so, they would be able to sway the public's opinion to completely break any case Cunningham Pharmaceuticals might have against them.

As soon as Matthew arrived in Granville, Melvin sent him news regarding Neverland Pharmaceuticals' announcement. There was no doubt that the Ten Greatest Families of Stonedale caught wind of the matter back in Cummeel. Furthermore, they knew that Matthew would contest the ownership of the Restoration Pill, which was why they made the first move, as they planned to settle this matter before he could even make his move.

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However, Matthew couldn't care less about the announcement. Before entering Granville, he went his separate ways with Rat, as he had asked the latter to enter the city in advance to scout for information. This was what he had planned for Rat all along. Although Melvin had his own network of spies all over the Six Southern States, the Ten Greatest Families of Stonedale weren't slow on the uptake.

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On any other day, when the Ten Greatest Families hadn't gotten their guard up against Melvin, there was no doubt that Melvin would be able to gether information. However, once the Ten Greatest Families put their guard up, any hopes for Melvin's spies to even get a drop of information would be dashed. This was exactly what happened with the matter of the Restoration Pills. Since Melvin's spies could not find any useful information, Matthew brought Ret along, as he intended to rely on the latter to gether the information.

As Ret was just an ordinary person without any background and had never been to Stonedale, the Ten Greatest Families wouldn't pay any mind to him. Furthermore, he was a cautious person, and having been a pickpocket his whole life, he was well-versed in covert operations. Hence, Matthew thought that assigning Ret to scout for information might lead to an unexpected result. As for the former, he went around Stonedale before he took a bus into Grenville discreetly.

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Assuming the identity of a tourist, Matthew entered Granville and checked into an inconspicuous guesthouse. The same day at 7:30PM, Rat, who had entered the city two days earlier, came to the guesthouse. Right after he entered the house, he handed a document to Matthew. "Matthew, this is the information you're looking for."

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Smiling, Matthew said, "So soon? How did you get this?"

Rat smiled as well. "Matthew, since you gave me the funds, it's much easier for me to gather information. First, I bribed a janitor at Neverland Pharmaceuticals to take his shift for the day. Then, I sorted this information from the trash cans in the company."

Listening to Rat, Matthew couldn't help but smile, as he was amused with how resourceful Rat was. Looking through the document, Matthew figured it was the test data for the Restoration Pills. And while he was at it, he noticed the name of a key figure—Gregory Huntington. According to the document, Gregory was the inventor of the Restoration Pill.

All the herbs needed to recreate the pills were personally adjusted by Gregory. The subsequent production method was also designed and supervised by him. Furthermore, when Neverland Pharmaceuticals planned to develop the Restoration Pill ten years ago, Gregory was the head of research and development at the time. All of these pointed to Gregory as the main culprit who had stolen the recipe of the Restoration Pill.

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Matthew frowned slightly. "Illegitimate son?"

Ret nodded. "Yes, he is the illegitimate child of Old Master Huntington. Under usual circumstances, such an illegitimate child would not be allowed to be in the limelight when it comes to such a big family. However, Gregory's situation is different, as he has a high position in his family that is only third after Old Master Huntington and the current family head."

Matthew looked confused. "Why is that?"

Ret explained, "That is because Gregory is a famous skilled doctor himself. Before he reached twenty-five years old, he had been on a journey to further his medical knowledge. Then, he came back to the Huntington Family when he was twenty-five years old. Initially, he was ill-received in the family, as he had little status and was even ostracized by the members of his family."

"For the sake of his son, the then family head, Old Master Huntington, sent him to Neverland Pharmaceuticals, which was on the verge of bankruptcy at the time, so that Gregory would be able to have a job to make ends meet. Unexpectedly, just within half a year after he entered the company, he developed three miracle drugs that were sold out nationwide, which resulted in the comeback of Neverland Pharmaceuticals. Because of him, the company's assets increased more than tenfold. From then on, Gregory enjoyed vastly better treatment within the family."

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"After that, the Huntington Family used shares of Neverland Pharmaceuticals to draw in the other Greatest Families of Stonedale, which increased the overall strength of the Ten Families. As a result, the Huntington Family became the top three families in Stonedale. It was because of this that Gregory became known as a famous doctor in Stonedale, and gained equal footing with the other family heads."

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Once Rat was done explaining, there was a glint in Matthew's eyes as he thought, "Looks like this Gregory Huntington isn't just your garden variety man. "What were the three miracle drugs he has invented?" Matthew then asked.

Rat then took out another bag. "Matthew, I've already guessed you would ask about it. I've bought them so that you can personally examine them."

After Matthew took the three pillboxes, he thought that there was nothing special about them when he was only looking at the names of the drugs. Then, he opened the boxes and took the drugs out. The first

drug was a black pill sealed by wax. Looking at this pill, Matthew inadvertently frowned, as he felt that this pill was similar to the Mini Cultivation Pill he refined before.

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## Chapter 1563

After he sniffed the pill, Matthew noticed that the smell was slightly similar to the pills he refined before. However, he realized that there was a big difference between this pill and the Mini Cultivation Pill he made after tasting it. To put it simply, although it was similar to the Mini Cultivation Pill, its medicinal effect was not even one percent of the said pill. However, this was already a miracle drug for the common man even if it was lackluster compared to his.

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Then, Matthew opened the other two pillboxes, which contained a capsule and a sachet of powder, respectively. Just like the Mini Cultivation Pill, these two medications were similar to the recipes Matthew inherited from the jade pendant, albeit with far less efficiency. Seeing this, he already had a rough guess as to what was going on. These medications were all inherited from the Larsons' jade pendant. In other words, only someone from the Larson Family could have made these drugs.

Gregory Huntington. He must've been involved with the Larson Family at some point. Otherwise, he could not have been privy to the secret recipes of the pills in my family, Matthew thought. Then, he asked, "What exactly was Gregory doing before he went back to his family?"

Rat shook his head. "No one knows. I couldn't find anything about his past before he was twenty-five years old."

With a slight frown on his face, Matthew knew that there was no doubt that Gregory had deliberately hidden his past, afraid others would find out about his background. Immediately, Matthew called Melvin to ask about Gregory. However, Melvin gave a similar answer: No one knew what Gregory was doing before he turned twenty-five. According to Melvin, not even the members of the Huntington Family knew of it, as the time before Gregory turned twenty-five was a complete blank to them.

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Listening to Melvin, Matthew was taken aback at how cautious Gregory was. If even the Huntington Family wasn't privy to his past, he assumed that there weren't many that would know. Just as he was going through his thoughts, he suddenly remembered something and immediately called Ambrose next. To prevent exposing his whereabouts, Ambrose had specifically registered another phone number that only Matthew knew, one that only Matthew could contact.

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As Ambrose listened to Matthew's description of Gregory, one could hear how bewildered he was in his tone. "Gregory Huntington... I've never heard of this name before. There is no such person in the Lorseon Family either."

Matthew was startled as he pondered on the possibility that Gregory had actually invented the methods of producing these pills. But, how is this possible? Matthew couldn't help but doubt it, as the issue here was that Gregory had developed pills based on the Lorseon Family's recipes. If that was the case, how could he not be involved with the Lorseons?

As Matthew went through his thoughts, Ambrose interrupted his thoughts and said, "Young Master, do you have a picture of this Gregory Huntington? Perhaps you can send it to me so that I can have a look."

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Matthew immediately asked Rat if he had pictures of Gregory. Fortunately, Rat was well prepared, as he immediately sent photos of Gregory to Matthew on the phone. Then, after less than a minute Matthew sent the photos to Ambrose, the latter called back and said excitedly, "It's him! It's him! That's him!"

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Shocked, Matthew asked, "Who is he?"

"He's the one that helped your father clean the pill furnace and was in charge of guarding the pill room!"

The expression on Matthew's face immediately changed when he finally caught a hold of the entire picture. Gregory did indeed spend some time in the Larson Family. Not only that, but he had helped Shene in cleaning the pill furnace and guarded the pill room. As that was the place where Shene was refining the pills, Gregory might have stolen the knowledge from there to create these pills. In other words, Gregory had stolen knowledge belonging to the Larson Family.

Later, Gregory returned to the Huntington Family and got to where he was today by weakening the efficiency of these pills and mess-producing them so that he could brand them as his own. In all

honesty, Matthew did not care that Gregory had taken credit for these three pills. The issue right now was that Gregory had crossed the line by intending to take ownership of the Restoration Pill as well.

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The expression on Matthew's face immediately changed when he finally caught a hold of the entire picture. Gregory did indeed spend some time in the Larson Family. Not only that, but he had helped Shane in cleaning the pill furnace and guarded the pill room. As that was the place where Shane was refining the pills, Gregory might have stolen the knowledge from there to create these pills. In other words, Gregory had stolen knowledge belonging to the Larson Family.

Later, Gregory returned to the Huntington Family and got to where he was today by weakening the efficiency of these pills and mass-producing them so that he could brand them as his own. In all honesty, Matthew did not care that Gregory had taken credit for these three pills. The issue right now was that Gregory had crossed the line by intending to take ownership of the Restoration Pill as well.

Matthew immediately asked Rat if he had pictures of Gregory. Fortunately, Rat was well prepared, as he immediately sent photos of Gregory to Matthew on the phone. Then, after less than a minute Matthew sent the photos to Ambrose, the latter called back and said excitedly, "It's him! It's him! That's him!"

Shockad, Matthaw askad, "Who is ha?"

"Ha's tha ona that halpad your fathar claan tha pill furnaca and was in charga of guarding tha pill room!"

Tha axprassion on Matthaw's faca immadiatally changad whan ha finally caught a hold of tha antira pictura. Gragory did indaad spand soma tima in tha Larson Family. Not only that, but ha had halpad Shana in claaning tha pill furnaca and guardad tha pill room. As that was tha placa whara Shana was rafining tha pills, Gragory might hava stolan tha knowladga from thara to craata thasa pills. In othar words, Gragory had stolan knowladga balonging to tha Larson Family.

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## **Chapter 1564**

"Just who is this person? How did he get his foot into our family?" Matthew asked.

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"Back when Shane went on a journey to further his medical knowledge, he saved a young child who had fainted by the road. That child was Gregory Huntington. Back then, he was a waif who goes by the name of Amos. He later recovered fully after Shane brought him back home, treated him diligently, and took great care of him," Ambrose explained.

"Taking pity on the boy, Shane then allowed him to stay and put him in charge of cleaning the pill room. He had even passed some medical knowledge to the boy. However, when the boy turned twenty-three, an old acquaintance of Shane came seeking help, as he had gotten cancer. In order to treat his cancer, Shane had to produce a batch of Restoration Pills. However, on the night the boy was guarding the pill room, three of the Restoration Pills went missing. Shane did not get to the bottom of the matter, but still, he had sent the boy out of the Larson Family. Who would've thought that boy turned out to be Gregory Huntington of the Huntington Family? It seems that he had stolen those three Restoration Pills back then!"

After listening to Ambrose's story, Matthew finally knew what was going on. He knew that his father should have seen through Gregory's actions back then, and yet, due to his kind nature, his father chose not to pursue the matter and merely sent Gregory away. However, Gregory was a cunning man. Back when his father had saved him, not only did he not repay the favor, but he had gone and secretly stole the Restoration Pills from his savior, all in the name of profit.

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"Just who is this person? How did he get his foot into our family?" Matthew asked.

Gregory was twenty-three when he left the Larson Family, but he chose not to immediately return to the Huntington Family. This meant that this person was meticulous and worried that the men of the Larson Family would track him down, as he wandered for two extra years to dispel the Larsons' suspicions. When he returned to his family in Stonedale, he developed these three drugs and adjusted their efficiency to their minimum. By doing so, should the Larson Family catch wind of his actions down the road, with how far apart they were, they might not come after him for it. Thus, the man used the knowledge he obtained from the Larson Family to become a famous doctor in Stonedale, and went on to gain profits and status along with it.

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Regardless, Gregory still had qualms about his actions back then. Before the death of the King of Northern Territory, he only made a handful of money discreetly. However, when Shene died in battle and the Larson Family got destroyed tens of years ago, Gregory immediately began to recreate the Restoration Pills. This action of his just showed the malice inside him.

However, the method of producing the Restoration Pill was troublesome. Neverland Pharmaceuticals had spent a fortune in the research of the Restoration Pill, but had failed to obtain results years ago. It was not until Cunningham Pharmaceuticals had started the development of the pills did Gregory take the opportunity to steal the formula from them so that he could recreate the pills himself. Immediately after that, Neverland Pharmaceuticals used their influence to openly seize the ownership of the Restoration Pill. I have to say, Gregory Huntington is truly a vile person.

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With such thoughts, Matthew flared with anger. As Gregory was saved by his father, that man was practically raised by the Larson Family. In the end, he not only did not try to avenge the Larson Family after they were destroyed, but he had crossed the line by developing the Restoration Pill in the name of fortune. What a despicable, ungrateful, and simply disgraceful trash of a person!

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Matthew clenched his fists, realizing that this had just become much more than just the ownership of the Restoration Pill. He would not tolerate just how ungrateful Gregory was. He had to let Gregory know that the Lorson Family still lived on, and that no one would be allowed to take what was rightfully the Lorseons. Those that belonged to the Lorson Family, he would take them all back with his own two hands!

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## **Chapter 1565**

Matthew went through the test data again and noticed that the Restoration Pill produced by Gregory did not meet his expectations. After all, what Gregory had stolen from Cunningham Pharmaceuticals was only the general procedure, as the important bits were still in Matthew's hands. Based on the data, Neverland Pharmaceuticals' Restoration Pills were at least ninety percent worse than the ones Matthew made. Moreover, Matthew vaguely sensed that their Restoration Pills must still have problems with it. He then placed the document down and said, "Rat, do you think you can obtain one of the finished pills from Neverland Pharmaceuticals?"

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made. Moreover, Matthew vaguely sensed that their Restoration Pills must still have problems with it. He then placed the document down and said, "Rat, do you think you can obtain one of the finished pills from Neverland Pharmaceuticals?"

Rat scratched his head. "Matthew, I'll try my best, but Neverland Pharmaceuticals are very strict with the production of their medications. It won't be a walk in the park!"

With a nod, Matthew replied, "That's fine. Just do your best. If you really can't get it, then forget it. Your safety comes first!"

Rat nodded vigorously before he said quietly, "By the way, I also found out about the matters with Edmund Albright that you've asked about."

Edmund Albright was one of the young masters here in Stonedale back when Matthew went to collect the Nine-Leafed Lotus. The Albright Family was not only part of the Ten Greatest Families of Stonedale, but they were similar in ranking to the Huntington Family, being one of the top three families as well. Moreover, Edmund was of high status, as his father was the family head of the Albright Family.

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Back in Woodside, Edmund was very grateful to Matthew, as the latter had helped the former and had

even saved his life. Now that Matthew was here in Stonedale, he was considering whether he should have a chat with Edmund. Since he was not familiar with the place here, this matter would become much easier should Edmund be willing to help him. However, he had to act with caution and determine Edmund's stance on the matter before doing so. If Edmund was an ungrateful person who would repay kindness with malice, then the matter would become troublesome instead.

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"How's Edmund? What is his opinion on this matter with Neverland Pharmaceuticals' Restoration Pill?" Matthew asked.

With a wave of his hand, Rat replied, "What opinion can the man have? Matthew, Edmund Albright is now the butt of the joke in Stonedale."

Matthew frowned slightly. "Why is that? Since his father is the family head, that means he's the heir of the Albright Family. How is he the butt of the joke?"

"The family head of the Albrights had changed a long time ago. His father was murdered! As for Edmund, he lost all status, as he was degraded to a status similar to a branch family's son."

Surprised, Matthew asked, "How did that happen?"

Rat said quietly, "I heard that a certain great family from Beinbridge had issues with the Albright Family, and that a certain big shot from that family had asked the Ten Greatest Families of Stonedale for the Albright Family to be punished. To put an end to this matter, the Ten Greatest Families of Stonedale forced Edmund's father, the then head of the Albright Family, to take his own life in public. Not only did the Albright Family dare not speak against the matter, but they even treated that certain family with respect. In the end, it was only by changing the head of the Albright Family was the matter put to rest."

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Matthew's expression grew cold, as he knew just which family in Bainbridge Rat was talking about. The last time he went to snatch the Seven-Leafed Lotus, the young lady of the Damron Family from Bainbridge, Rose, was there as well. That time, however, the Damron Family did not gain any benefits, but suffered many casualties instead. As Edmund respected Matthew, the former chose not to extend a helping hand to the Damron Family.

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Matthew assumed that the Demron Family had come after the Albright Family over this matter, which resulted in the tragic death of Edmund's father. Since Matthew had been in Eestcliff, which was under the protection of Billy Newmen, the Demron Family did not have the courage to come pick a fight with him. Hence, Matthew remained oblivious to what had happened.

Then, Matthew took a deep breath, as he had decided on his course of action. Since Edmund had experienced such a tragedy, he must have given up hope on the Ten Greatest Families of Stonedale. In other words, he would most definitely assist Matthew in this matter.

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## **Chapter 1566**

At 10.00PM, a black sedan pulled up outside the entrance of the Dynasty, which was one of the most opulent nightclubs in Granville and a favorite haunt for the scions of the Ten Greatest Families.

However, before the black sedan could go any further, the men in black stopped it.

At 10.00PM, a black sedan pulled up outside the entrance of the Dynasty, which was one of the most opulent nightclubs in Granville and a favorite haunt for the scions of the Ten Greatest Families.

However, before the black sedan could go any further, the men in black stopped it.

"Sorry, the parking lot's full. We've got orders to stop any more cars from coming in," the man who stood at the front of the group said humorlessly while the other security guards gazed at the black sedan contemptuously. They all knew that the person behind the wheel was none other than Edmund of the Albright Family.

All the color drained from Edmund's face. He knew what this confrontation meant. There was plenty of space in the Dynasty's expansive parking lot, and under normal circumstances, only half of it would be used up while the rest was reserved for bigshots who might show up unannounced.

Two months ago, the manager of the Dynasty would have hurried out to greet Edmund and personally guide him toward any available space in the parking lot. He would even go to great lengths just to make sure there was a space for Edmund even if the lot was packed to the brim.

However, tonight was different.

Following Edmund's father's death and his subsequent fall-out with the Albright Family, not even the security guards at the Dynasty bothered to show Edmund an ounce of respect. Their gesture of stopping him at the entrance was more than enough to make him feel diminutive and remind him of how far he had fallen from his pedestal.

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If he were to go head-to-head with these guards, his family would not come to his defense at all. He would be forced to bear the brunt of his own foolish pride and become the butt of the joke in Granville.

At the thought of all this, Edmund took a deep breath and swallowed his resentment.

He opened the door and got out of his car, then handed his keys to the man in black who had mocked him earlier. If he could not drive into the premises, he was sure that he could ask for a valet. All he had to do was tip the valet afterward.

While driving into the parking lot of the Dynasty was a status symbol, one who did not enjoy such a privilege could still expect valet service. This was a clubhouse, after all, and a premium one at that. Surely the management would not allow their guests to be put through the inconvenience of having to find a parking lot for themselves.

However, the men in black did not reach for the keys either and merely eyed Edmund with wicked amusement as he drewled, "My, my. If it isn't Edmund. I heard you've been cooped up at home for days. What made you decide to come out to the Dynasty tonight, hmm? Got anything exciting going on?" Then, he chuckled and said over his shoulders, "Hey, boys, look who's here? It's Edmund!"

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At once, the other security guards stepped forward, surrounding Edmund as they teased sarcastically, "Don't you remember how our manager used to come down to escort you, Edmund? Those were the days, huh?"

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They sounded like they were jesting him in a friendly manner, but really, they were mocking him. He used to be one of the most formidable scions in Stonedale, however, he was now just a shell of his former glory, desperate to keep up appearances. Alas, his fall from grace had been too brutal, and it didn't look like he could come back from it.

Presently, a grim look passed over his face as he growled through gritted teeth, "Go perk my car, you hear me?"

The men in black raised a brow and snorted. "Now, is that the tone you should take with me, Edmund?"

"Getting pissed, are we?"

"Jeez, we were only saying hi out of respect for you, men. You didn't have to get all defensive."

"It's a little unbecoming for you to sneer at us like this, don't you think, Edmund?"

"So what if you're the heir to some fancy family fortune? Does that make you a king? Do you think you get to be a tyrant to common folks like us?"

"Do you think you're better than us, Edmund?"

The other security guards were leering at him menacingly. The air was crackling with tension and hostility, and from the looks of it, these guys were ready to throw punches at Edmund if he so much as uttered the wrong thing.

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Prasantly, a grim look passad ovar his faca as ha growlad through grittad taath, "Go park my car, you haar ma?"

Tha man in black raisad a brow and snortad. "Now, is that tha tona you should taka with ma, Edmund?"

"Gatting pissad, ara wa?"

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## **Chapter 1567**

Edmund was furious. He never expected to be insulted like this, certainly not by the likes of these security guards. He didn't know that the guards had always been sycophants, which was why they had toadied him while he was still in the good graces of the Albright Family. Now that he had fallen from grace, these guards did not hesitate to pick on him, adding insult to his injury.

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But as things were, Edmund knew better than to get into the fight with these folks. He had neither fortune nor power to his name now, and he probably wouldn't survive an actual brawl with the guards.

As such, he swallowed his pride and fury, then mumbled apologetically, "I'm sorry if what I said rubbed you guys the wrong way. I didn't mean to offend you, and I don't think I'm better than you either. I came here tonight because I needed to go into the club and settle some... business. I can always park my car elsewhere if you're all too busy keeping watch at the entrance. How about that?"

He had never been so humiliated in his life.

Upon hearing this, the men in black guffawed, and their leader snorted as he said, "Oh, come on, what's with the formalities, Edmund? Hey, boys, did you hear that? Edmund just apologized to us! What do you say if we let him off this time, huh?"

The rest of the guards echoed their jesting agreement.

Satisfied, the leading man in black took Edmund's car keys and tossed them to another young man standing at the side, then chuckled at Edmund as he said, "You're a guest here, Edmund. We'll have your car parked in a neat little spot somewhere, but do you think you could tip us first? You know how rough things are for us out here."

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This was the first time Edmund had come across tipping before the valet actually parked the car. More often than not, those who asked for valet service would tip only after their cars had been retrieved. They're looking down their noses at me! But as outraged as he was, he could not argue with these men, not if he wanted to avoid getting beaten up.

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He mutely pulled out a couple of bills and handed them to the guard, then bit out, "Will that be enough?"

The guard laughed heartily. "How generous of you, Edmund! Come on, get yourself into the club. Have a great night!"

Edmund gritted his teeth and made his way toward the main entrance of the Dynasty, fixing his gaze on the ground as he walked.

Outside, the security guards burst out into raucous laughter. One of them approached the leader and asked in a low voice, "Say, chief, why did you ask for a tip before you let him through? You worried he hasn't got enough cash on him or something?"

The leader shot his peer a withering look. "Use your head, kid. Don't you know why Edmund came here in the first place?"

The other guards shook their heads blankly.

Seeing this, the leader rolled his eyes and berked, "For crying out loud, you guys don't have a single brain cell among you! Didn't you realize how Edmund's been cooped up at home since the incident with the Albright Family? This is the first time he's come out in weeks, and the first place he goes to is the Dynasty. Need any more clues, fellas?" Upon seeing the bewildered looks on the other guards' faces, he sighed and explained with forced patience, "Fine, I'll tell you. Julien Huntington, the heir to the Huntingtons' name and fortune, is here at the club tonight with none other than Odette. What do you make of that, boys?"

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"But she's the young lady of the Sinclair Family!"

"Why is she hanging around Julien all of a sudden?"

The leader scoffed. "We don't concern ourselves with rich-people problems. All you boys need to know is that Odette used to be Edmund's girlfriend; they were even engaged at one point."

Enlightened, the men started laughing. "So, Odette tossed Edmund aside and went for Julien, huh?"

"Heh! And now, Edmund's come to demand justice and to pick a fight with the men who stole his girl?" another guard jested.

The leader chuckled. "Why else would he come here? I only asked him for a tip because if he were to pick a fight and die here tonight, who's gonna pay us for parking his crap car?"

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## **Chapter 1568**

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The young man was none other than Matthew himself.

He had gotten word that Edmund would be dropping by the Dynasty tonight, and he came in hopes of meeting him. Now that he had heard what the guards said, Matthew knew precisely what Edmund was doing here, and he couldn't help feeling sorry for him.

Due to his father's passing, Edmund's downfall was almost instant, and he was probably devastated. To make matters worse, his girlfriend—his fiancée, to boot—was canoodling with someone new. His rage was not without reason, and from the looks of it, he was prepared to go down fighting tonight. After all, what did he have to lose?

Matthew pretended as if all this was irrelevant to him and walked into the Dynasty. As soon as he entered the clubhouse, he spotted Edmund in the distance.

Edmund had lost a significant amount of weight, and his eyes were bloodshot. He looked like he hadn't properly slept in a while, and his shoulders were slumped as he trudged upstairs.

Matthew tailed him stealthily all the way to the third floor of the clubhouse, where the scions of the Ten Greatest Families frequently gathered.

Presently, Edmund marched grimly down the corridor until he reached the last lounge, then took a deep breath and pushed the door open.

The security guards were guffowing as they proised their chief for his foresight. However, while they were moking fun of Edmund and chottering lightheortedly among themselves, they did not notice o young mon in o boseboll cop standing not too for owoy, who hod overheord the conversotion.

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At once, the music blasted out from within, and in the dimness, he could see about a dozen men and women dancing away. On the couch were seated a man and woman who were tangled in each other's arms while making out passionately.

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Edmund reached for the panel on the wall and flicked the light switch on, then turned off the music.

At once, the room quieted down, and everyone turned to look at him in mild surprise.

He knew every single one of these people; they were all the heirs and heiresses of the Ten Greatest Families. Ironically, he used to be a part of this crowd. In fact, he used to rule over them. These were the people who would greet him and pour him a drink the moment he arrived, but now, they barely spared him a second glance. Even if they did, it was with unbridled contempt.

Edmund couldn't care less about them. His gaze was locked on the couple on the couch. The man was Julien, the heir and young master of the Huntington Family; the woman, on the other hand, was Odette, Edmund's fiancée.

He and Odette had known each other since they were children, and they grew up together courtesy of their father's close-knit friendship. Being the heir to the once-formidable Albright Family meant he was popular with the ladies, but Edmund considered himself a loyal man, and he did not once even think about dating other women. He had been sure that Odette was the girl he would marry.

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Never did he imagine that the girl he cherished so much would be here wrapped up in some other man's arms and making out with him in fervor.

It hurt even more to think that she and Edmund had been a going concern just a month ago.

How could things change so fast between us in a month? How could she move on to another man and get so hot and heavy with him in the blink of an eye?

Edmund's heart shattered into a million pieces. It was hard to believe that he was still standing when he felt like he had died by a thousand cuts. This rivaled the pain he had felt when his father died.

After a long moment of silence, Julien finally drewled, "Oh, if it isn't Edmund! Are you here to join in the party? I don't remember inviting you. What do you need?"

As he said this, he still had his arm around Odette. His hand sneaked under her top and he unabashedly began to stroke and grope her.

Odette did not stop him either. On the contrary, she nuzzled and clung to him even tighter, seemingly enjoying his touch.

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## **Chapter 1569**

As Edmund caught the sight of this, the stabbing pain in his heart worsened. He gritted his teeth and stormed up to the couch, then grabbed Odette's wrist. "Let's go, Odette!" he barked.

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However, Odette shook him off and snapped, "What are you doing? Why should I go with you?"

Panic flooded Edmund as he gaped at her incredulously. "Why? Are you seriously asking me that right now? Because you're my fiancée, that's why! How could you even hang around some other man and let him do all those things to you?"

Upon hearing this, she sputtered. "Didn't your family tell you, Edmund? The Sinclairs have officially canceled our engagement. From now on, our families have nothing to do with each other, and I have nothing to do with you!"

All the color drained from Edmund's face. "N-No, that's not possible. It can't be! You're lying to me, aren't you, Odette? You must be! You told me you loved me, and that you wouldn't marry anyone else but me in this lifetime! How—I don't understand how you could call off our engagement just like that!" He clutched her wrist and tugged on her pleadingly, urging, "Is someone forcing you to do this, Odette? Did your family put you up to this? Tell me, Odette. Tell me!"

She tried to break away from him, but when she couldn't shake him off, she cried out anxiously, "Let me go, Edmund! I'm not lying to you, and no one is forcing me to do this. I'm the one who wanted to call off the engagement! I never even loved you in the first place! Can you please just leave me alone from now on?"

As Edmund caught the sight of this, the stabbing pain in his heart worsened. He gritted his teeth and stormed up to the couch, then grabbed Odette's wrist. "Let's go, Odette!" he barked.

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Upon hearing this, she sputtered. "Didn't your family tell you, Edmund? The Sinclairs have officially canceled our engagement. From now on, our families have nothing to do with each other, and I have nothing to do with you!"

All the color drained from Edmund's face. "N-No, that's not possible. It can't be! You're lying to me, aren't you, Odette? You must be! You told me you loved me, and that you wouldn't marry anyone else but me in this lifetime! How—I don't understand how you could call off our engagement just like that!" He clutched her wrist and tugged on her pleadingly, urging, "Is someone forcing you to do this, Odette? Did your family put you up to this? Tell me, Odette. Tell me!"

She tried to break away from him, but when she couldn't shake him off, she cried out anxiously, "Let me go, Edmund! I'm not lying to you, and no one is forcing me to do this. I'm the one who wanted to call off the engagement! I never even loved you in the first place! Can you please just leave me alone from now on?"

As Edmund caught the sight of this, the stabbing pain in his heart worsened. He gritted his teeth and stormed up to the couch, then grabbed Odette's wrist. "Let's go, Odette!" he barked.

Edmund was as pale as a sheet as he stared at her in disbelief, desperate to wake up from this nightmare. "No!" he yelled in anguish. "No, this can't be! You told me you loved me! You said so yourself!"

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"Even if I did, does it matter?" Odette scoffed. "I never meant it anyways. Do you really think I could love someone as unromantic as you, Edmund? As if!"

The words hit him like a ton of bricks. Ashen-faced, he stood in shock as he gazed at the woman in front of him with wide eyes.

Before he could snap out of his daze, Odette shrugged him off and said egotistically, "Let go of me!"

He was completely bewildered, and he clung to her hand like he was clinging to his last thread of hope.

At that moment, Julien straightened up and reached out to grab Edmund's wrist, then twisted it. Edmund let out a cry of pain and was forced to let Odette go.

However, Julien did not loosen his grip and twisted Edmund's arm even more until the latter bent at the waist to accommodate the unnatural movement. At this point, his knee was mere inches away from hitting the ground.

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Julian eyed him imperiously and drawled, "We've known each other for a long time, haven't we, Edmund? Shall I leave you a piece of sage advice? Be a gentleman if you have any pride left. Odette's already made it clear that she wants nothing to do with you, but you still went and grabbed her anyway. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Julien eyed him imperiously and drewled, "We've known each other for a long time, haven't we, Edmund? Shall I leave you a piece of sage advice? Be a gentleman if you have any pride left. Odette's already made it clear that she wants nothing to do with you, but you still went and grabbed her anyway. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

The others in the lounge clapped and heckled, sounding their agreement with Julien. Their gaze was full of contempt as they watched Edmund get humiliated.

Julien was pleased, and as he stared at Edmund like he was the superior one, he bit out, "Odette's my girl now, Edmund. I hope you at least have the good sense to respect that. I'll give you a chance to redeem yourself, for old time's sake. Get down on your knees and apologize to Odette, then she will be forgiven. How about it?"

Odette clutched Julien's arm as she leaned into him, beaming proudly. "You're so sweet, bebe! I love you so much!" With that, she planted a firm kiss on his cheek.

Then, she turned to look at Edmund, and a wicked smirk curled on her lips. She looked as if she was eager to see him humiliate himself while apologizing to her.

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## **Chapter 1570**

Edmund was aghast. Odette's behavior had left him entirely disappointed. He had come to the Dynasty hoping that his childhood sweetheart would be the only person in this world who might still stand by him, but right now, he was forced to reconcile with the fact that whatever attachments they had were all play-pretend.

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He had worshiped the ground she walked on and cherished her like no other, but not once had she ever been true to him.

Hatred and hurt flashed in his eyes as he growled through gritted teeth, "Why should I have to apologize when Odette's the one who wronged me first? None of this is my fault, so why do I have to lower myself to beg for her forgiveness? She's the one who should be saying sorry!"

As he snapped, he struggled wildly to break free of Julian's hold. However, he was no match for Julian, whose vise-like grip around his wrist made it impossible for him to pull away.

At the sight of Edmund's haplessness, Odette scowled in disdain.

Julian, on the other hand, snorted as he said maliciously, "I know things have been hard for you since the tragedy that struck your family, Edmund, but I didn't think you'd go insane over it! Poor little Edmund."

Everyone in the lounge sniggered at the insult he hurled at Edmund.

Furious, Edmund seethed, "You're the one who's insane!"

There was a menacing gleam in Julian's eyes as he doubled down on Edmund's wrist, filling the air with the sound of the latter's bones cracking. Overwhelmed by the intense pain that shot through his arm, Edmund was forced to go even lower, his knees almost grazing the ground.

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But Edmund gritted his teeth and refused to cave even when his body was inclined to. He was forcing himself to stay as upright as possible. No matter what happened, he would never apologize to Odette.

Angered, Julian put his full force into twisting Edmund's arm. If the latter refused to comply, then his wrist would be snapped.

Alas, Edmund was a prideful man despite his sorry circumstances. He clenched his jaw and braced through the pain. He would much rather die than cave into Julien's tyrannical ways.

The tension went on, and suddenly, a loud crack resonated through the lounge. Edmund's arm had dislocated entirely!

His face scrunched up in agony, but he was still half-standing and showing no signs of wanting to compromise.

Upon seeing this, Julien grew even more outraged. Right now, Edmund was nothing more than a piece of trash to him, and having a piece of trash retaliate against him this way was borderline humiliation.

"Tougher than you look, huh? You piece of shit! I'd like to see just how long you can go on like this!" With that, he kicked Edmund's knees and roared, "Get on your knees!"

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"You sure got nerves of steel, Edmund! Don't you worry, I've got all night to make you do as I say! I'll be damned if I can't!" Julian thundered as he grabbed an empty wine bottle off the table and smashed it down on Edmund's head. "Crawl and beg for mercy!" he ordered angrily.

Even as warm blood trickled down Edmund's temples, he remained standing.

Just then, Odette took a chair from the side and struck it against the back of Edmund's legs. "Obey Julian, you scumbag!"

Staggering from the impact, Edmund nearly fell to his knees, but he braced his weight against the table and did not back down.

He turned to glower at Odette menacingly. "I never thought you would end up this way, Odette. From now on, you and I will have nothing to do with each other!" he bit out.

She snorted derisively. "You must be an idiot to think I ever wanted to have anything to do with you, Edmund. You were the one who wouldn't leave me alone! You know what, your dad probably deserved to die, just like how you deserve to end up in this pathetic state! Get your facts straight! I should thank my lucky stars that I finally got rid of you, or I'd never find someone as brilliant as Julien!"

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