

M Genius 841

Chapter 841

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A confused Brian decided to play it cool and checked on the patient with his stethoscope.

Looking forward to hearing some good news, the woman standing beside Brian asked, "How is he, Dr. Pierce? Is my husband alright?"

Brian nodded and answered, "He should be fine by now. All he needs is just some rest—" Before he could finish his sentence, the patient suddenly let out an obstreperous moan with a pale face, as if something was stuck in his throat.

At the sight of that, the three of them were shocked while she asked, "What's going on, Dr. Pierce? What's wrong with my husband?"

Meanwhile, Brian appeared to be equally confused as he had no idea what went wrong. Then, Crystal asked in surprise, "What's happening, Matthew? I thought he was fine."

Matthew replied, "I'm not done with the treatment yet. As the octopus' tentacles were attached to his blood vessels, it caused his skin to be detached from his body. Now that the octopus has been removed, his skin will try to merge with his body but for that to happen, blood will have to circulate around his body or it will lead to localized blood clot. This will either result in localized swelling or breathing difficulties."

Now that she understood the situation, Crystal glacially chuckled and answered, "Let's see how he is going to deal with the situation!"

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On the other hand, Brian was overwhelmed by panic as all of his measures failed to work. As the patient’s face reddened, his neck began to be covered in veins while his eyes protruded like he was about to die. Knowing that he would be held responsible if anyone died on his watch, Brian found himself on the verge of a breakdown because he didn’t even know how to start treating his poor patient.

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“Dr. Pierce, please save my husband...” The woman cried, feeling extremely anxious as her two sons while Brian’s forehead was covered in cold sweat. Although he wanted to save the patient, he had no idea how to go about it.

It was at this moment when Matthew came over and spoke with a soft voice to offer his help. "Perhaps, you could let me give it a try."

The woman and her sons gazed at him before she looked at Brian in silence. However, Brian had a sour expression because if Matthew managed to save the man, he would be the one who cured the patient.

"Dr. Pierce, this is a matter of life and death. If the patient dies here, I wonder where that is going to lead you! Tsk-tsk!" Crystal casually noted.

In the end, Brian surrendered to his panic and answered, "Please do your thing, Mr. Larson..."

While the patient desperately struggled, Matthew placed his fingertip on the man's lower jaw and applied pressure on it. After that, the patient appeared to have a smoother breath as he seemed to feel a lot better.

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On the other hand, Matthew was able to tell where the blood clot was with just a mere glance at the patient. Thus, he quickly made his move to treat the patient since he couldn't afford to make any mistakes. After all, since the blood pressure in that region was unusually high, one mistake could cause profuse bleeding and even lead to death. Nonetheless, everyone else in the ward was completely unaware of the potential danger should Matthew fail to perform his treatment correctly.

Soon, the woman and her sons looked at Matthew in surprise as they realized the man they were gazing at possessed extraordinary skills and that Brian was nothing compared to him.

Crystal shot a gaze at them with a cold smile. "So, I bet you guys now know who the one who truly treated your father is, right?"

While the woman wanted to say something, Brian gritted his teeth and answered, "Hmph! Well, he might have stopped your husband's pain, but I was the one who made the swelling subside! Thus, let's not get things mixed up!"

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Upon hearing the man's answer, Crystal's eyes widened as she didn't expect Brian to be so shameless. Fortunately, the woman and her two sons were smart enough to know who was telling the truth, so she immediately slapped Brian in the face. "You can screw yourself with your nonsense! If you're really so good, my husband wouldn't be lying here for more than a fortnight! You're an idiotic charlatan with no sense of shame at all! Let me tell you something. I'm going to speak with the dean and hear his explanation for myself!"

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"How dare you hit me!" Brian's expression changed.

"Why wouldn't I?" She laid a hand on him again while her two sons surrounded him intimidatingly.

"If you ever dare to touch me again, I'm going to call security!" Brian growled with a flushed face.

"Sure, I dare you to because I'm planning to call the cops too." The woman chuckled and added, "It's time for a charlatan like you to face the music for nearly killing my husband. We'll see you in court!"

Brian became worried when he heard the woman's threat. After all, neither of the parties would gain from the situation should they ever have to resolve their differences in court. While she would be barely affected by the lawsuit, he could find himself in trouble for disgracing the hospital, which could spell the end of his career. Therefore, he quickly pacified the angry woman. "Relax, Miss. There's no need to be so mad. Let's talk and see how we can sort this out."

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While her two sons also apologized, Matthew waved his hand and replied, "It's alright. The patient has almost recovered anyway, and I'll write you a list of ingredients so that you can prepare the medicine he needs to take. By then, he should be up and about again." He then shifted his gaze to Brian. "By the way, would you please give me a little privacy, Dr. Pierce? I have something I'd like to ask the patient about."

Brian was stunned by Matthew's response, finding it weird that Matthew would tell him to leave on his own turf. Nevertheless, he reluctantly decided to do as told in the end without any objection.

"What is it that you want to ask my husband about, Mr. Larson?" The woman stood beside the bed. "He's been unconscious for days, so maybe I could answer your question instead."

Nonetheless, Matthew shook his head with a smile and took three needles before he inserted them on the patient's forehead and shoulders. Then, the unconscious man slowly opened his eyes as everyone watched in awe and disbelief. At that moment, the woman and her sons couldn't help but feel amazed by Matthew's extraordinary medical skills.

Soon, Matthew looked at the patient and asked, "Do you remember visiting anywhere with water before you fell ill? I'm talking about the kind that we see in the wild, like a lake or river."

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The patient appeared confused, seemingly still trying to get used to his current state. A few moments later, he gasped for breath and replied, "I-I like fishing. Before I fell ill, I went to the mountains in South Suburb. There is a lake there called 'Cadmus Lake', which was where we fished."

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Matthew jotted down the location and asked, "Is there anything else?"

"I was busy during that period of time, so that was the only place where I went fishing." The patient shook his head. "The rest of the places I visited had no water at all."

After that, Matthew continued to ask the man for a few more details until he narrowed the coverage and understood what was roughly going on. Then, he wrote his prescription and gave it to the woman as she gratefully thanked him for his help.

Meanwhile, Brian stood outside the door alone, feeling left out as neither one of them wanted to talk to him. When she returned to the ward, she glared at him and clicked her tongue, yet he was too timid to refute her.

Upon leaving the hospital, Crystal asked in surprise, "Matthew, that man said he went to Cadmus Lake with his friends, but none of them fell ill except for him. So, I bet the lake has nothing to do with his illness, right?"

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Chapter 843

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As she was taken aback by this revelation, she asked, "Why?"

He did not elaborate any further. The case in hand had something to do with the voodoo clan in Orleans. In truth, he would rather Crystal stay out of the matter entirely because the situation was somewhat similar to the one that happened to Leanna's best friend.

The centipedes that plagued Leanna's best friend for years had turned her into a live bait for other insects to nest within her body and Matthew's current patient happened to share the same affliction.

These centipedes were free-range, and unless one intentionally consumed them, they would not attack without any instructions from the one who raised them.

That being said, such a presumption wouldn't necessarily apply to patients whose bodies had naturally lured these centipedes.

In particular, this patient had gone fishing with a few of his friends, but he was the only one being poisoned, which showed that he was essentially a worm bait.

Matthew presently glanced at the time and saw that it was premature for him to visit Cadmus Lake. Therefore, he proceeded to check on two other patients—one of whom had centipedes attacking his system and the other a strange ailment.

After having diagnosed them, Matthew quickly worked to attend to the patient with the strange ailment and cure him, but he paid extra attention to the other one suffering with the centipedes.

It was after Matthew had run a thorough check on that patient that he discovered yet another distinct source for these centipedes—Pinehills, which was nestled within the South Suburb, and on the map, the locality of which happened to be in close distance to Cadmus Lake.

Matthew thoughtfully looked at Crystal for a moment before he corrected as he slowly shook his head, "No, the problem traces back to Cadmus Lake!"

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Upon realizing this, he abandoned his plans to head over to Cadmus Lake tonight. Given how close the region was to Pinehills, it could only mean that the centipedes raised here were the work of two persons

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If Matthew were to visit Cedmus Lake as planned, he would have to concurrently confront those two persons. More to the point, the information he currently had now was from the diagnoses, so there was no telling whether there were other Orleenians involved.

With that in mind, he decided that he would create an elixir for his own protection before confronting these centipede-raising folks.

When he got off work that night, he immediately returned to Lakeside Garden to start on the elixir.

Meanwhile, Crystal had been hoping that Matthew would buy her dinner, but she did not insist when she saw that he had something important lined up.

Since she was left without any evening plans, she returned home dejectedly and had only just arrived when her best friend texted her, 'Up for clubbing tonight, Crystal? There'll be a couple of hot guys joining us!'

In the past, Crystal would have immediately agreed to it, but ever since she met Matthew, she had lost interest in parties and revels. Her response now was brief and straightforward as she texted back, 'No, thanks!'

Then, she put her phone down and sat on the couch with her arms wrapped around her legs in boredom.

Just as she sped out, Joseph came in and chuckled at her state. "What's on your mind, Crystal? You look like you're in a trance!"

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Just as she spaced out, Joseph came in and chuckled at her state. "What's on your mind, Crystal? You look like you're in a trance!"

Upon realizing this, he abandoned his plans to head over to Cadmus Lake tonight. Given how close the region was to Pinehills, it could only mean that the centipedes raised here were the work of two persons who definitely knew each other.

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If Matthew was to visit Cadmus Lake as planned, he would have to concurrently confront those two persons. More to the point, the information he currently had now was from the diagnosis, so there was no telling whether there were other Orleansians involved.

With that in mind, he decided that he would curate an alibi for his own protection before confronting these centipede-raising folks.

When he got off work that night, he immediately returned to Lakeside Garden to start on the alibi.

Meanwhile, Crystal had been hoping that Matthew would buy her dinner, but she did not insist when she saw that he had something important lined up.

Since she was left without any evening plans, she returned home dejectedly and had only just arrived when her best friend texted her, 'Up for clubbing tonight, Crystal? There'll be a couple of hot guys joining us!'

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She reached out and pulled at Joseph's arm childishly as she said this, which made the old man chortle in delight. "Very well, then. I'll bring you to any restaurant you like for dinner."

Half an hour later, Crystal linked arms with Joseph as they arrived at an upscale Italian restaurant in town.

Joseph grew reluctant at the sight of the building as he protested, "My goodness, Crystal, why can't we have something a little easier on my palate instead of all this over-the-top gourmet food?"

She whined coquettishly, "I really want to have dinner here, Grandpa, though!"

Exasperation seized him when he heard this; he had never been able to say no to his granddaughter.

They then entered the restaurant and staked out a table by the windows.

At that moment, someone had accidentally caught a glimpse of Crystal from a distance away, which caused his expression to stiffen. The person was none other than Tate, who was currently seated at one of the tables with a girl outside the restaurant.

Sitting across him was Minerva and a foreigner who sported a head of golden hair and piercing blue eyes. With a tall build and dashing good looks, the girl next to Tate couldn't help but sneak glances at the man.

However, if Matthew and Sasha were both here, they would have instantly recognized the foreigner as Peter, whom they had met before.

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Chapter 844

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Back then, he had wanted to leave a good impression on Sasha, which was why he had spun several lies in the process. One of which was his claim that he was an executive working in Carlson Group and that he was a resident at the Grand Pavilion.

However, the perfect image he had created for himself crumbled when it was revealed that he was a foreign tutor working in a bilingual kindergarten under Carlson Group. As soon as the truth broke out, Penny couldn't dump him fast enough.

Alas, it was a small world and Peter had somehow managed to weasel his way into Minerva's heart. In fact, she had been the one to arrange the dinner this evening, hoping that Tate could give her a wise word or two after personally meeting Peter.

Presently, she leaned against Peter and beamed as she asked smugly, "So, Tate, what do you think of this fish that I caught? An excellent candidate for your future brother-in-law, right?"

Tate appraised Peter with admiration as he replied approvingly, "Not bad at all. He's definitely a hundred times better than that loser!"

Minerva knew that Tate was referring to Matthew, and she grew even more triumphant as she quipped, "Well of course! I mean, look at me. As if that wretched woman could ever compete with me in the first place—she and that loser are a perfect match if you ask me!"

Tate guffawed and turned to look at Peter in askance. "Peter, I hear that you're part of the management in Wayne Group?"

Peter was Penny's boyfriend and Penny happened to be Sosho's best friend. Upon her return from abroad, Penny and him were joined at the hip and she wouldn't stop bragging about him when she met up with Sosho.

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Tata guffawad and turnad to look at Patar in askanca. "Patar, I haar that you'ra part of tha managamant in Wayna Group?"

Peter nodded with a hint of arrogance. "That's right and I just returned from abroad. Wayne Group first hired me as an honorary advisor, but they promoted me to the position of project manager soon after that. At this rate, I could very well make it as a general manager next month! As you know, Mr. Wayne and I are close associates outside of work."

Peter nodded with e hint of errogence. "Thet's right end I just returned from ebroed. Weyne Group first hired me es en honorery edvisor, but they promoted me to the position of project meneger soon after thet. At this rete, I could very well meke it es e genel meneger next month! As you know, Mr. Weyne end I ere close essocietes outside of work."

Tete wes ecstetic to heer this. As he wes beck for e while now, he liked to think thet he hed e good gresp of the dynemics of Eestcliff's upper-crust society. From whet he knew, Timothy Weyne wes e formideble figure in Eestcliff; he wes probably only second to Billy Newmen. No family in the Ten Greetest Families of Eestcliff could even hope to compete with Timothy's weelth end power.

Neturelly, there wes e gep between Leenne end Timothy in terms of their sociel standing es well. Tete hed been holding e grudge egeinst her ever since she hed taken it upon herself to teech him e herd lesson, but he knew thet he wes not powerful enough to seek revenge egeinst her.

However, now thet he wes essocieting himself with Peter, he begen to feel e twinge of hope. If he hed Weyne Group to beck him up, his revenge egeinst Leenne would become feesible.

At the thought of this, Tete suppressed the urge to grin like e meniec. He inched forwerd in his seet end asked Peter et e closer distance, "Do you think I could get into Weyne Group, Peter?"

Upon heering this, Peter feltered slightly. He wes only e freud, so it wesn't like he could ectually decide on Weyne Group's humen resources. However, he quickly regeined his composure end enswared softly, "With your credentiels from ebroed, Tete, I think you cen enter Weyne Group without eny problem. There's no question when it comes to your cepeibilities."

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Tate was ecstatic to hear this. As he was back for a while now, he liked to think that he had a good grasp of the dynamics of Eastcliff's upper-crust society. From what he knew, Timothy Wayne was a formidable figure in Eastcliff; he was probably only second to Billy Newman. No family in the Ten Greatest Families of Eastcliff could even hope to compete with Timothy's wealth and power.

Naturally, there was a gap between Leanna and Timothy in terms of their social standing as well. Tate had been holding a grudge against her ever since she had taken it upon herself to teach him a hard lesson, but he knew that he was not powerful enough to seek revenge against her.

However, now that he was associating himself with Peter, he began to feel a twinge of hope. If he had Wayne Group to back him up, his revenge against Leanna would become feasible.

At the thought of this, Tate suppressed the urge to grin like a maniac. He inched forward in his seat and asked Peter at a closer distance, "Do you think I could get into Wayne Group, Peter?"

Upon hearing this, Peter faltered slightly. He was only a fraud, so it wasn't like he could actually decide on Wayne Group's human resources. However, he quickly regained his composure and answered softly, "With your credentials from abroad, Tate, I think you can enter Wayne Group without any problem. There's no question when it comes to your capabilities."

Peter nodded with a hint of arrogance. "That's right and I just returned from abroad. Wayne Group first hired me as an honorary advisor, but they promoted me to the position of project manager soon after that. At this rate, I could very well make it as a general manager next month! As you know, Mr. Wayne and I are close associates outside of work."

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Peter shook his head ruefully. "I'm sorry, Tate, but I don't have the privilege to do that for you right now. As you know, I'm just a project manager at the moment, and if I were to get you into the group, you would probably just end up as my assistant..." He paused, feigning pensiveness before adding, "However, maybe when I am promoted to a general manager next month, I could bring you in as the new project manager. Do you get what I mean?"

As he was overjoyed by this information, Tate was practically kissing up to the other man as he replied, "Yes, I get it. You really do have things planned out, Peter!" He couldn't begin to describe how happy he was. If he could become the project manager at Wayne Group, the money that could come from it would surely surpass the fortune his father had amassed!

Peter, on the other hand, let out a quiet breath of relief. Thank goodness Tate isn't a very bright guy. If he had insisted that I get him into the company, then I'd have exposed myself! He took a sip of wine to calm his nerves before he casually asked, "Your sister mentioned that you guys are still staying at the Grand Garden, is that right?"

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Nevertheless, they had an image to maintain in front of others and he was quick to respond as he replied, "Oh, yes, we've been staying at the Grand Garden since our return. The nearby lake house happens to be ours and my sister and I absolutely love swimming in our backyard pool."

Peter's eyes brightened as he thought, Finally, a worthwhile hustle!

However, he kept his voice light as he said, "I've stayed at the Grand Garden for a while back then, but that was when I first came back. I didn't have much money then and I was staying at the Grand Pavilion. My place was just over two hundred square meters, but I stopped living there in the end; the house was a little small for my taste."

Upon hearing this, Tate and Minerva exchanged a glance; they were already on the edge of their seats. If Peter's idea of 'small' was two hundred square meters, then that would mean he was living in a much bigger house at the moment! Could he be staying in a private villa?

Minerva's eyes lit up with excitement as she asked, "So, where are you staying now, Peter?"

Peter flashed a self-effacing smile. "I'm staying at one of Mr. Wayne's villas right now, but I'm looking to buy a house in Lakeside Garden by the end of the year. After all, I'm sure the both of you would understand how different it is to have a place of your own as opposed to staying at someone else's house."

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His plans had clearly exceeded Tate and Minerva's expectations. Both of them gasped in delight and thought, Lakeside Garden! He's planning to own a place in Lakeside Garden! If Peter were to actually go through with his plans and own a villa there, we can finally stand up to the Cunningham Family!

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A second later, Tate shot his sister a meaningful look before she practically hurled herself at Peter as she chirped, "You're amazing, Peter. I think I'm liking you even more!"

Peter, on the other hand, merely chuckled as he returned Minerva's affections, but all that filled his mind was how he could con her money out of her.

At that moment, Tate was glancing into the restaurant when he caught sight of Crystel and Joseph, both of whom had only just entered the establishment.

A shadow passed over Tate's face. He had been holding a grudge against her since she delivered several harsh slaps across his face the last time.

However, after having been taught a lesson by Leanne, he did not step out of his house for a while and thus did not have the chance to seek revenge. He certainly didn't think that he would run into Crystel here in the restaurant. What a small world, indeed.

Across from him were Minerva and Peter, who were becoming heated in their interaction.

"Tate, the both of you should carry on with dinner. Peter and I are going for a walk!" Minerva announced excitedly. Then, she took Peter by the arm before dragging him away from the restaurant.

Meanwhile, Tate looked mutinous as he glowered at Crystel through the window. His date, who was next to him, grew alarmed as she urged, "What's wrong, honey?"

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He gave Crystal one last baleful look before he recounted the bad blood between them. When his date heard his explanation, she shot Crystal an equally hostile look and pouted. "Oh, is that what she looks like? Given her audacity, I thought she'd turn out to be some gorgeous siren or something. I mean, just look at her with all that designer stuff! How could a lowly nurse like her even afford all those things in the first place? She's probably a sugar baby, and judging from how she's so friendly with the old man, he's likely her latest victim!" After she took a pause from her scathing commentary, the woman turned back to Tate with a comforting smile. "You shouldn't have to worry about someone like her, honey. She's not worth your time!"

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An insidious gleam flashed in Tate's eyes when he heard what his date had said. Contrary to what the woman might believe, Crystal's beauty still had an effect on him. Although he thought that Crystal was in love with Matthew before this, she was just a sugar baby looking for someone to fund her luxurious lifestyle from the looks of it. That means I probably have a shot with her!

After a long moment of thought, Tate addressed his date flatly, "Why don't you return home first? I still have a couple of things to attend to later, but I'll head over to your place as soon as I'm done."

His date left begrudgingly after that. When she was well out of earshot, he clenched his jaw and called up a few of his buddies to come over. He was ready to take down Crystal tonight and would make sure that she was completely humiliated!

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Chapter 846

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While he elaborated on his lies, he told everyone he knew that he stayed at one of those stand-alone villas in Grand Garden and that his father was a high-level executive in a foreign company. He had also painted his sister as a president of another corporation.

At the end of the day, he had essentially piled all of the Cunningham Family's achievements unto himself to create the perfect image of a young heir who had returned from abroad, and it was only because of such an image that he could get along so swimmingly with a group of friends.

His rag-tag group of friends were mostly hooligans who terrorized the streets, but they treated him like he was the heir to a fortune and they were constantly at his beck and call. One phone call from Tate was all it took for them to rush over to the Italian restaurant without further delay.

After he gave them his orders, he left the premises. Learning the lessons from the last incident, he now knew better than to be personally involved in these things, thus leaving his dirty work to others.

As soon as Tate disappeared downstairs, the few hooligans strolled into the restaurant and glanced over at Crystal. Their eyes gleamed as one of them pointed out sleazily, "Hey, Tate has such good taste! She looks like a catch!"

"We're in for some real good fun tonight!"

The few men were practically leering at her as they echoed each other's lewd sentiments. Tate had told them beforehand that they could do whatever they wanted with her if they could drag her back with them.

Meanwhile, Crystal was deep in her conversation with Joseph when the group of hooligans approached their table. The man leading them reached out without any warning and grabbed a fistful of her hair, making her yelp in shock as he pulled her head backward. He feigned anger as he roared, "So, this is where you've been hanging out, you sl*t! Damn, you've been sneaking around behind my back and this is the old piece of crap you have ended up with? Just what do you take me for?"

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At the sight of his granddaughter being subjected to such random assault, Joseph slammed his fist against the table and demanded, "Who the hell are you and what do you want?"

The man kept his hold on Crystal's hair and with his free hand, he snatched the wine glass from the table before he splashed its contents at Joseph's face. Then, the man furiously snapped, "Damn it, old man, what do you think you're doing by picking up girls half your age? This sl*t right here is still my wife! I ought to kill you for trying to steal her from me!"

The moment such words reverberated around the room, the patrons descended into gossip as they peered at the scene like they were watching the most exciting part of a soap opera.

"So, he's been cheating on him and he found out!"

"My goodness, will you look at how old that man is? I can't believe he's still trying to pick up young girls like her at his age. I'd be embarrassed if I were in his shoes!"

"To be fair, that girl doesn't look like she's of any good breeding anyway. I mean, look at her! She looks a total sl*t!"

The whispers were still ongoing when Joseph thundered, "How dare you! What the hell do you think you're doing? She's my granddaughter, for heaven's sake!"

The hooligan took the porcelain plate next and flung it at Joseph before shouting demeaningly, "Stop lying, old man! Your granddaughter? Please! Save your reputation, why don't you? F*ck, I'm not even here to waste time on you, old man. Boys, come over and drag this sl*t back home now!"

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The rest of the hooligans immediately marched forward and proceeded to drag Crystal out the door. She let out several cries of help, but no one came to her rescue. Everyone at the restaurant thought of her as a cheating wife who was caught red-handed and they would rather watch the show unfold than believe her or Joseph's stubborn explanations.

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The hooligans man-handling Crystal were pleased at how well their plan was going. They couldn't simply drag a person out of an upscale restaurant like this, but if they were to make it look like she was cheating, then no one would try to rescue her. More to the point, Joseph wouldn't dare to call the police on them.

After all, as far as these hooligans were concerned, he was an old man who had a fetish for young girls and he wouldn't have the guts to get law and order involved.

However, they were surrounded by a few security guards before they could leave the restaurant and call their plan a success. The one who led the security guards appeared to be the restaurant manager dressed in a suit with leather shoes, which served to accentuate the cold look on his face. He growled in a deep voice, "Let her go immediately!"

The hooligan who started the scene faltered slightly at this unexpected confrontation, but he demanded loudly, "What the hell did you just say? How I deal with my wife is my business, and you'd do damn well—"

He never was able to finish his sentence, for at that moment, the manager landed a hard punch on the hooligan's nose, which reduced his face into a swollen, bloody mess.

Then, with a wave of his own hand, the manager barked at his subordinates, "Don't spare any one of them!"

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Chapter 847

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One of the women sitting at a nearby table could no longer bear to watch the ridiculous turn of events. She snapped in fury, "Hey, what the hell are you doing? This is a matter between husband and wife, so why are you all butting your noses in?"

The other patrons immediately voiced their protests as well and one of them shouted at the manager, "Yeah, this is someone else's family affair and it's none of your business!"

"What, are you going to defend the old man over there just because he has money?"

"This whole thing is ridiculous!"

"I am never coming back to this garbage joint ever again!"

The manager grew furious at the chorus of ignorant accusations and turned to slap the first woman across the face. Then, he retorted, "Shut up, you wh*re!"

The woman was initially stunned before she quickly became outraged as she stood up to the manager. "How dare you hit me!" she shrieked. "That's it, you're not making it out of here tonight!" As soon as she said those words, the rest of her friends came forward in her defense as they were ready to pick a fight with the manager.

At this moment, another group of security guards rushed in and pinned the woman and her friends on the ground.

The woman was incensed. "Oh, so you think you have won because you have the numbers? Don't forget that there's something called divine justice! Can someone quickly ask the police to come now?"

The crowd hurried to fish out their phones, taking photos and videos of this incident while claiming that they were going to spread it around social media.

The manager, on the other hand, looked like he was about to explode with anger as he barked, "Get the police?" He scoffed. "Fine, go ahead and ask them to come! It'll save me plenty of time! I take it you have no idea who Miss Harrison is. She happens to be the granddaughter of Mr. Harrison over there and they are both regulars in our establishment, regular enough to be good friends of our boss. In fact, Miss Harrison is on a first name basis with our boss! Do you honestly believe the word of this bunch of

hooligans who stormed in here and accused Miss Harrison of being a cheating wife? And you're actually speaking up for them too! You know what, I think you're their accomplice—you're all part of a human trafficking syndicate that goes around abducting women for wicked purposes!"

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Presently, the women's eyes widened in shock as she stammered pathetically, "N-No, you're just trying to scare me into submission. This can't be true!"

The manager smirked. "Scare you? Why don't you wait until the police arrive? Then, you'd know for sure whether I was only making things up to scare you!"

At that moment, a couple of figures came running into the restaurant and the one leading them happened to be the mall manager.

He had a frightened look on his face as he stumbled over to Joseph's side and asked, "Mr. Harrison, are you alright? Miss Harrison, are you hurt?" He was out of breath as he went on to say, "I am so sorry for what has happened! This is completely my fault. I should have kept an eye out. I promise I'll look into this and make it up to the both of you!"

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The man's words hung heavy in the air, which led to the crowd that burst into uproar to immediately fall silent. They had berated the restaurant manager earlier for poking his nose into the personal affairs of others and it was only now that they realized how they nearly delivered an innocent girl into the hands of a wicked syndicate.

While they felt guilty over the blatant misunderstanding, they were more concerned about fleeing the scene. After all, the hooligans from earlier would be soon handed over for a police investigation and the guests did not want to be involved in such troublesome matters.

As for the woman, she began to panic and regret filled her as she chastised herself for speaking up for those hooligans. If I get tangled up in this mess, there's no guarantee that I can get away unscathed!

She struggled to get up on her knees and looked at the restaurant manager as she stammered fearfully, "S-Sir, I had no idea that you were speaking the truth. I didn't even know what was going on and I definitely didn't know that she's the old man's granddaughter. I-I have nothing to do with any of this!"

The manager merely shot her a dark look. "If you had nothing to do with this, then why did you speak up in the first place? Why did you try to stop us from taking just action?"

The woman's voice quivered as she explained desperately, "I... I thought that they were here to catch a cheating woman red-handed. I didn't know the truth would be like this!"

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Chapter 848

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The woman lowered her head and muttered shakily, "I-I really have no idea—"

"In that case, you should have shut up!" The manager pointed out harshly. "You were going on about calling the police when we blocked these hooligans earlier, so why didn't you call the police when you saw the girl being dragged away? What, did you really think that these guys were here to catch a cheating wife red-handed just because they said so? Do you see human traffickers walking around abducting people with the words 'human traffickers' tattooed on their foreheads?"

She was rendered speechless as she was humiliated by the harsh scolding.

He scoffed before he gave a contemptuous wave of his hand as he seethed, "Forget it. There's no point speaking to an idiot like you. Get the police! I'm leaving this whole mess to them and completely washing my hands off. You're lucky that Miss Harrison was not captured by these thugs; otherwise, you'd be an accomplice!"

The color drained from the woman's face and she practically curled into a fetal position on the ground. She never expected to be caught in such a heavy crossfire merely because she wanted to speak up for what she had believed was a just cause.

Meanwhile, the hooligans' legs had turned to lead and they were so scared they were on the brink of collapse.

They had initially thought that the entire matter could be concluded without any hassle, but things took an unexpected and messier turn. When they saw how the mall manager was bowing apologetically at Crystal and Joseph, they instantly knew that they had bitten off more than they could chew this time.

The manager's rage reached a new level as he sneered, "You thought there was an actual scandal going on? Don't you have a brain in that head of yours? Why the hell would you make a guess about someone else's affairs if you don't know the truth at all?!"

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Upon hearing that the police would be involved, the leader of the reg-teg group of thugs interjected hastily, "Sir, please, I had nothing to do with all of this. I was acting on somebody else's orders, and we—we're not human traffickers."

The mall manager shot him a dark look. "Somebody else's orders, you say? Whose and why?"

The leader shuddered in fright and stammered, "I-It was Tete who asked us to do this. He's been holding a grudge against Miss Harrison ever since she slapped him twice the other day and he wanted to get her back for it. W-We were only acting on his orders and we really have nothing to do with this..."

When the thug trailed off, the mall manager turned to look at Crystal as he awaited her response. She gritted her teeth; her expression was stormy as she seethed, "It's Tete again! Grondpe, no matter what it takes, I want him to pay the price for what he did this time!"

A grimace twisted Joseph's wizened features. He liked to think of himself as a mild and pleasant man on his good days and he had plenty of friends in his lifetime to bolster that observation. He was kind to others and had never encountered anything as offensive as this. However, now that his most beloved granddaughter had almost been dragged away by unruly strangers for dubious reasons, it went without saying that he was outraged.

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A grimace twisted Joseph's wizened features. He liked to think of himself as a mild and pleasant man on his good days and he had plenty of friends in his lifetime to bolster that observation. He was kind to others and had never encountered anything as offensive as this. However, now that his most beloved granddaughter had almost been dragged away by unruly strangers for dubious reasons, it went without saying that he was outraged.

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While this was happening, Helen and Chloe were at the Grand Garden. They were in the living room and engaged in their conversation when Tate suddenly opened the door and barged in with a frightened look.

A shocked Chloe frowned and glowered at him with disapproval. "What are you rushing in here for? Can't you see that I'm talking to Aunt Helen?"

He was trembling like mad as he walked up to Helen. Then, he knelt down before her as he begged, "Aunt Helen, please, you—you have to help me this time, no matter what!"

Helen blinked at him in astonishment and she couldn't help but wonder what was going on.

Chloe, on the other hand, grew sullen as she urged, "D-Did you stir up trouble again?"

Tate looked down in his refusal to answer. He had been standing outside the restaurant to keep an eye on things, but he ran for his life when he saw that his plan had gone awry.

Along the way, he called up a few of his close friends and asked about Crystal's family background. When one of them, who happened to know Crystal well, told him about who she was, he knew that he was in big trouble.

As such, he didn't even try to return to his own place and instead rushed over to the Grand Garden in the hopes of using Helen as a shield. He knew that the trouble he had caused this time was far more serious than the last one!

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Chapter 849

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Helen was taken aback by his words as she answered nervously, "Goodness, Tate, what is it that has you acting like this? Come on, get off the floor and tell me all about it."

He refused to stand and instead pressed urgently, "Promise me that you'll help me, Aunt Helen, or I—I won't get up at all!"

Upon seeing how desperate he was, she felt her heart twisting and agreed immediately, "Don't be afraid, Tate. I promise I'll help you no matter what. Come on then, get off the floor and tell me what in the world is going on!"

It was only after hearing her assurances that he finally rose to his feet. He was still trembling as he recounted the incident at the hospital, leaving out the fact that he had harassed Crystal prior to that. He shared he had gotten into a quarrel with her while they were at the hospital, which caused her to slap him twice across the face.

He went on to explain that he had only wanted to teach her a lesson at the restaurant earlier, but landed himself in hot water instead. He also conveniently left out the part where he had asked his friends to capture Crystal for whatever lewd and twisted purposes he had in mind.

After having heard all this, Helen was dumbfounded. While Tate had significantly cut down on his ridiculous antics, she knew that he was in huge trouble this time.

Others might not know Joseph as well as she did. After all, the Cunningham Group had been collaborating with Carlson Group from the very beginning and he just happened to be the Carlson Group's chief doctor. As such, the Cunningham Group had always been respectful of him.

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Presently, there were plenty of occasions where Cunningham Pharmaceuticals would be in contact with Joseph and under such circumstances, for Tate to trifle with the older man as well as his most beloved granddaughter would be equivalent to a death wish.

Since Chloe didn't understand the gravity of the situation, she frowned and asked, "What possessed you to do something like this, Tate? Where did I go wrong with you? All you ever do is cause us trouble. Can't you just grow up?" She paused and turned to look at her sister while apologizing, "Helen, I'm sorry, but I think you'll have to help and clear his mess again. Should we bring a gift basket or something for Mr. Harrison?"

Helen gave her an exasperated look. "Chloe, I'm afraid a gift basket isn't going to solve anything."

A surprised Chloe asked, "And why is that?"

Helen elaborated in frustration on how tricky the situation was given Joseph's background. At last, she concluded in a low voice, "Offending Mr. Harrison would lead to a bigger hassle than offending Leanne. Leanne manages the business and is certainly as powerful as she is rich, but she doesn't have many friends; Mr. Harrison, on the other hand, has saved countless lives. It's hard to say how many people in Eastcliff owe him a favor and the Harrisons are an extremely reputable family here. If word of what Tate has done breaks out, then there would be an indefinite amount of people who would come after him before Mr. Harrison even has to ask! In fact, there might even be those in the underworld who wouldn't hesitate to sink Tate in Lake Eastcliff!"

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Chloe's eyes widened at the revelation; she had no idea that her son would actually wreak so much havoc. She was silent for a while before she finally responded in a quivering voice, "S-So, what should we do, Helen? Tate is my only son. You have to help him!"

Chloe's eyes widened at the revelation; she had no idea that her son would actually wreak so much havoc. She was silent for a while before she finally responded in a quivering voice, "S-So, what should we do, Helen? Tate is my only son. You have to help him!"

Helen was clearly at her wits' end as she sighed and countered, "Of course I'll help Tate. He's my nephew, after all. However, I won't be able to get a word in with Mr. Harrison at all!"

Since Chloe was panicking, she pressed, "Then, should we ask Sasha for help? She's the company president, which means her words carry weight."

However, her hopes were dashed when she saw Helen solemnly shaking her head. "Sasha won't be of much help either. Mr. Harrison doesn't think of her as somebody important just because she runs the business!"

"So, what should we do? Please, you have to come up with a way to save Tate from all this. He's my only son!" Chloe anxiously begged.

Helen was quiet for what seemed like a long time before she finally replied through gritted teeth, "There's only one person in our household who can even get a word in with Mr. Harrison."

Chloe demanded urgently, "Who?"

With a grim expression, Helen replied slowly, "Matthew."

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Helen shook her head. "I'm as clueless as you are, but the both of them get along pretty well from the looks of it."

Chloe was all the more bewildered to hear this. She couldn't understand how Matthew, a man who had married into the Cunningham Family and became their laughingstock, could have so much influence. First, it was the incident with Leanna followed by the Shanghai Nights restaurant and now he's on close terms with Mr. Harrison? What in the world is going on?

At this moment, Tate's eyes lit up and he interjected hastily, "Aunt Helen, I know what's going on! Crystal and Matthew seem to be having an affair. She works at his place and is always hanging around him. In fact, that was why I quarreled with her the other day! I couldn't stand how she and Matthew were sneaking around, so I called her out on it. She's probably why Matthew and Mr. Harrison are on such close terms!"

Upon hearing this, Chloe grew sullen. "I don't believe it! Helen, don't you think Matthew is crossing the lines here? We haven't even figured out his connection with Leanna yet, and now he's having an affair with Crystal? Did he forget that he has married into our family and been living at our expense ever since? The audacity of him to go around womanizing like that—he's as good as trash!"

Helen's brows furrowed. "Tate, are you telling the truth? Are Crystal and Matthew really having an affair?"

He nodded earnestly. "That's the whole truth! I clearly saw them holding hands. I couldn't stand how they were being so bold and shameless, Aunt Helen, which was why I confronted Crystal about it."

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An infuriated Helen stood up and bit out, "That useless mongrel is trying to go head-to-head with us! My daughter has treated him with nothing but kindness and affection, and philandering is what he does to return the favor?! Heaven be my witness, I'm going to teach him a lesson today!"

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As she said this, she pulled out her phone and called James, Liam and Demi, asking them to come home so they could deal with this together.

Tete, on the other hand, merely smirked. This was what he had wanted to achieve; he was fairly certain that the chances of Matthew helping him with this incident were slim to none, even if he were to beg on his knees for it. As such, the only way for Tete to save himself was to blow things out of proportion and drag Matthew into the mess.

That way, even if the Harrisons were to come after him, they would have to go through the Cunningham Family, who would undoubtedly insist on clearing up the details of the alleged affair between Crystel and Matthew.

As for whether such an affair had existed or not, it didn't matter as long as the Cunningham Family believed it existed.

James, Liam and Demi showed up half an hour later. After having heard what Helen said over the phone, James looked like steam was about to come out of his ears.

It wasn't long after he entered the house that he slammed his palm against the coffee table and demanded angrily, "Tell me the truth, Tete! Did you really see Matthew and Crystel sneaking around with each other?"

Tete swallowed; he was a little flustered by the fury in the men's voice.

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"It's not as if this would be his first time!" James said pointedly. "Have you forgotten about what happened with Leanna the last time?"

She choked on her words before she quickly regained composure and countered, "What are you trying to say, James? This is an entirely different matter now, so why would you bring up whatever happened in the past? What, are you actually going to speak up for Matthew after what that piece of trash has done?"

He gaped at her. Then, he argued defensively, "I—I am not speaking up for him! I'm just trying to decipher what the hell happened in the first place!"

Meanwhile, as she stood at the side, Demi waved her hand as if she could cool her parents' heated argument and responded, "Alright, that's enough, Mom and Dad. The both of you can stop arguing now." When they fell silent, she added, "If I have to be honest, I don't think an affair is out of the question. Think about it, why else would Crystal work in the hospital as a nurse when she comes from such an affluent family?"

Helen's eyes lit up as she nodded eagerly. "You're right, Demi! Also, why would Crystal deliberately hang around Matthew's office when she's supposed to be preoccupied with her nursing duties? Anyone with half a brain can tell they're having an affair!" Then, she turned to address James tauntingly, "If there really is nothing going on between them, you can have my head for a new chair!"

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