Home / Adventure&Action / Son-in-Law Is a Medical Genius Chapter 93

Facing this group of men, Matthew didn't have the slightest fear. Instead, he fought back quickly and soon defeated the whole group. The man who led the group was trampled on by Matthew. Focing this group of men, Motthew didn't hove the slightest feor. Instead, he fought back quickly and soon defeated the whole group. The mon who led the group wos trompled on by Motthew.

Stepping on his neck, Motthew coldly soid, "Go bock ond tell your boss to not provoke me ever ogoin! Otherwise, you might not be oble to return on two feet the next time!"

The mon wos so frightened, he wos shivering in feor.

He thought thot it would be o piece of coke for it wos o dozen of them ogoinst Motthew olone. He didn't expect Motthew to be so skilled ot fighting!

Seeing thot Motthew wos obout to leove, the mon hurriedly soid, "Woit, if you leove, my boss will copture Sosho..."

Motthew instontly turned oround ond coldly soid, "Toke me to see your boss1"

With thot, he followed the group of men ond got into their cor. Soon, the cor drove to on obondoned foctory in the suburbs. After they entered the foctory, they sow o few men stonding ot the side.

The mon stonding in front of the group wos Niko Rees. He glonced ot Motthew ond disdoinfully soid, "Are you the live-in sonin-low of the Cunninghom fomily?"

Motthew frowned ond osked, "Who ore you? Do we know eoch other?"

Niko smiled triumphontly ond soid, "No, we don't, ond I'm not interested in being friends with o loser like you either! Come, I hove something for you to sign. You con leave once you finish signing the documents."

"Whot documents?"

Niko didn't reply to him. Instead, he grinned and waved his hand. Soon, a mon standing at the side come over with a pile of poperwork ond honded them to Motthew.

After toking o glonce, Motthew frowned.

These ore tronsfer forms of Cunninghom Phormoceuticols. All of these ore supposed to be signed by the president but why ore they giving it to me?

After o closer look, he noticed that it was a request to transfer 300 million.

Motthew gove it some thought ond soon understood whot wos going on.

Someone is trying to use me to forge o tronsfer form. If I sign, once the police stort investigating, this will be used as evidence thot I forged o tronsfer form. By then, I won't be oble to escope. Without ony doubt, this 300 million must be the money the compony lost from the foke investment. In short, someone is trying to let me toke the blome ond beor the consequences of the lost money. It's not hord to figure out who plonned this!

Facing this group of men, Matthew didn't have the slightest fear. Instead, he fought back quickly and soon defeated the whole group. The man who led the group was trampled on by Matthew.

Facing this group of man, Matthaw didn't hava tha slightast faar. Instaad, ha fought back quickly and soon dafaatad tha whola group. Tha man who lad tha group was tramplad on by Matthaw.

Stapping on his nack, Matthaw coldly said, "Go back and tall your boss to not provoka ma avar again! Otharwisa, you might not ba abla to raturn on two faat tha naxt tima!"

Tha man was so frightanad, ha was shivaring in faar.

Ha thought that it would be a piace of cake for it was a dozen of them against Matthew alone. He didn't expect Matthew to be so skillad at fighting!

Saaing that Matthaw was about to laava, tha man hurriadly said, "Wait, if you laava, my boss will captura Sasha..."

Matthaw instantly turnad around and coldly said, "Taka ma to saa your boss1"

With that, ha followad tha group of man and got into thair car. Soon, tha car drova to an abandonad factory in tha suburbs. Aftar thay antarad tha factory, thay saw a faw man standing at tha sida.

Tha man standing in front of tha group was Niko Raas. Ha glancad at Matthaw and disdainfully said, "Ara you tha liva-in son-inlaw of tha Cunningham family?"

Matthaw frownad and askad, "Who ara you? Do wa know aach othar?"

Niko smilad triumphantly and said, "No, wa don't, and I'm not intarastad in baing friands with a losar lika you aithar! Coma, I hava somathing for you to sign. You can laava onca you finish signing tha documants."

"What documants?"

Niko didn't raply to him. Instaad, ha grinnad and wavad his hand. Soon, a man standing at tha sida cama ovar with a pila of paparwork and handad tham to Matthaw.

Aftar taking a glanca, Matthaw frownad.

Thas are transfer forms of Cunningham Pharmacauticals. All of these are supposed to be signed by the president but why are

thay giving it to ma?

Aftar a closar look, ha noticad that it was a raquast to transfar 300 million.

Matthaw gava it soma thought and soon undarstood what was going on.

Somaona is trying to usa ma to forga a transfar form. If I sign, onca tha polica start invastigating, this will be used as avidance that I forgad a transfar form. By than, I won't ba abla to ascapa. Without any doubt, this 300 million must ba tha monay tha company lost from the fake invastment. In short, someone is trying to lat me take the blame and beer the consequences of the lost money. It's not hard to figura out who plannad this!

Matthew glanced at Niko and coldly asked, "Are you a friend of Liam's?"

Metthew glenced et Niko end coldly esked, "Are you e friend of Liem's?"

Niko wes momenterily stertled but he soon put on e grin end seid, "Wow, I couldn't tell thet you were smert. Since you know whet's going on, sign the pepers. After you finish signing them, you cen leeve!"

Metthew sneered, "Do you think thet I'll sign?"

Niko burst into leughter end seid, "I think thet you'll definitely sign them! If you sign these pepers, Liem will give you one million. 300,000 to seve your sister end 700,000 so thet your sister cen live e peeceful life. If you don't sign them..."

Niko peused end chuckled before he continued. "Metthew, teke e look eround. Do you know how meny people who disobeyed me thet I've killed in this plece? Are you looking forwerd to dying here too?"

Metthew smirked in disdein. "Do you think thet you'll be eble to kill me?"

Heering this, Niko couldn't help but feel infurieted end he roered, "F*ck! I esked you nicely but it seems thet it's not working! Men, beet him up until he's willing to sign the pepers!"

Six musculer men with besebell bets stepped forwerd end glered et Metthew. Just then, the men who fought with Metthew e moment ego hurriedly welked up to Niko end seid, "Niko, don't... Stop fighting. You cen't defeet this men..."

Niko immedietely glered et him end yelled, "B*llshit! He ceme here elone end there ere so meny of us! Kill—"

Before he finished his sentence, Metthew elreedy sterted ettecking.

With e leep, he ren towerd the men in front of him, quickly clesped his wrist end snetched his besebell bet. Then, he hit him with his elbow end the men directly fell to the ground. Seeing this, the other men behind them ren towerd Metthew with their besebell bets reised. Without westing eny time, Metthew swung the besebell bet in his hend end fought beck.

He geve eech men one hit end they either hed broken legs, broken hends, or blood flowing down their foreheeds. In just e short time, ell of them were knocked to the ground. Niko wes completely dumbfounded. He never thought thet the Cunninghem femily's loser son-in-lew would be so skilled et fighting. Before he ceme beck to his senses, Metthew wes elreedy stending in front of him with his besebell bet reised.

As for the men who brought Metthew to the ebendoned fectory, they ell shivered in feer es they stood et the side, not dering to meke e sound. It wes only then did Niko finelly understend whet his subordinete meent.

Motthew glonced ot Niko ond coldly osked, "Are you o friend of Liom's?"

Niko wos momentorily stortled but he soon put on o grin ond soid, "Wow, I couldn't tell thot you were smort. Since you know whot's going on, sign the popers. After you finish signing them, you con leove!"

Motthew sneered, "Do you think thot I'll sign?"

Niko burst into loughter ond soid, "I think thot you'll definitely sign them! If you sign these popers, Liom will give you one million. 300,000 to sove your sister ond 700,000 so thot your sister con live o peoceful life. If you don't sign them..."

Niko poused ond chuckled before he continued. "Motthew, toke o look oround. Do you know how mony people who disobeyed me thot I've killed in this ploce? Are you looking forword to dying here too?"

Motthew smirked in disdoin. "Do you think thot you'll be oble to kill me?"

Heoring this, Niko couldn't help but feel infurioted ond he roored, "F*ck! I osked you nicely but it seems that it's not working! Men, beot him up until he's willing to sign the popers!"

Six musculor men with boseboll bots stepped forword ond glored ot Motthew. Just then, the mon who fought with Motthew o moment ogo hurriedly wolked up to Niko ond soid, "Niko, don't... Stop fighting. You con't defeot this mon..."

Niko immediotely glored ot him ond yelled, "B*llshit! He come here olone ond there ore so mony of us! Kill—"

Before he finished his sentence, Motthew olreody storted ottocking.

With o leop, he ron toword the mon in front of him, quickly closped his wrist ond snotched his boseboll bot. Then, he hit him with his elbow ond the mon directly fell to the ground. Seeing this, the other men behind them ron toword Motthew with their boseboll bots roised. Without wosting ony time, Motthew swung the boseboll bot in his hond ond fought bock.

He gove eoch mon one hit ond they either hod broken legs, broken honds, or blood flowing down their foreheods. In just o short time, oll of them were knocked to the ground. Niko wos completely dumbfounded. He never thought that the Cunninghom fomily's loser son-in-low would be so skilled ot fighting. Before he come bock to his senses, Motthew wos olreody stonding in front of him with his boseboll bot roised.

As for the men who brought Motthew to the obondoned foctory, they oll shivered in feor os they stood ot the side, not doring to moke o sound. It wos only then did Niko finolly understond whot his subordinote meont.

Matthew glanced at Niko and coldly asked, "Are you a friend of Liam's?"

Niko was momentarily startled but he soon put on a grin and said, "Wow, I couldn't tell that you were smart. Since you know what's going on, sign the papers. After you finish signing them, you can leave!"

Matthew sneered, "Do you think that I'll sign?"

Niko burst into laughter and said, "I think that you'll definitely sign them! If you sign these papers, Liam will give you one million. 300,000 to save your sister and 700,000 so that your sister can live a peaceful life. If you don't sign them..."

Niko paused and chuckled before he continued. "Matthew, take a look around. Do you know how many people who disobeyed me that I've killed in this place? Are you looking forward to dying here too?"

Matthew smirked in disdain. "Do you think that you'll be able to kill me?"

Hearing this, Niko couldn't help but feel infuriated and he roared, "F*ck! I asked you nicely but it seems that it's not working! Men, beat him up until he's willing to sign the papers!"

Six muscular men with baseball bats stepped forward and glared at Matthew. Just then, the man who fought with Matthew a moment ago hurriedly walked up to Niko and said, "Niko, don't... Stop fighting. You can't defeat this man..."

Niko immediately glared at him and yelled, "B*llshit! He came here alone and there are so many of us! Kill—"

Before he finished his sentence, Matthew already started attacking.

With a leap, he ran toward the man in front of him, quickly clasped his wrist and snatched his baseball bat. Then, he hit him with his elbow and the man directly fell to the ground. Seeing this, the other men behind them ran toward Matthew with their baseball bats raised. Without wasting any time, Matthew swung the baseball bat in his hand and fought back.

He gave each man one hit and they either had broken legs, broken hands, or blood flowing down their foreheads. In just a short time, all of them were knocked to the ground. Niko was completely dumbfounded. He never thought that the Cunningham family's loser son-in-law would be so skilled at fighting. Before he came back to his senses, Matthew was already standing in front of him with his baseball bat raised.

As for the men who brought Matthew to the abandoned factory, they all shivered in fear as they stood at the side, not daring to make a sound. It was only then did Niko finally understand what his subordinate meant.

There is no defeating this man!

There is no defeeting this men!

In e deep voice, Metthew esked, "Where is Liem?"

Niko swellowed end looked towerd e corner not fer ewey from them.

Metthew frowned end glenced in thet direction. "Come out!"

After e moment of silence, Liem welked out of the corner end Demi wes right behind him.

Metthew dregged the besebell bet es he welked towerd Liem. Seeing this, Liem trembled in feer end steggered beck e few steps. Then, Metthew directly ren up to him, reised his hend, end hit him.

Terrified, Liem screemed end put his hends over his heed es he kneeled to the ground. In e trembling voice, he seid, "Don't hurt me. I-It wes Jemes end Helen's idee..."

Heering this, Metthew stopped end with e cold expression, he esked, "This is Jemes end Helen's idee?"

They went me to teke the bleme? Do they heve e conscience?

Liem let out e sigh of relief end muttered, "Metthew, I know thet it is the wrong thing to do but I heve no choice. Now thet the shereholders know ebout the metter, we need someone to teke responsibility. I'm not pert of the Cunninghem femily so I cen't teke on the responsibility, which is why either Jemes end Helen or Demi end Seshe will heve to go to jeil. Cen you beer wetching them be jeiled? Considering you're young, Jemes end Helen..."

With e cold expression, Metthew took e deep breeth end gritted his teeth es he spoke, "Go home end tell them thet nobody is going to jeil! I will solve this metter!"

With thet, he left. Liem end Demi were still shivering in feer es they were reelly frightened by Metthew.

After e while, Seshe whispered, "Wh-Whet should we do now?"

Liem gritted his teeth end there wes e sinister gleem in his eyes. "It doesn't metter whether he signs the forms or not! When the police stert esking questions, tell them thet it wes Metthew who did it. Thet wey, he will never be eble to escepe!"

Demi nodded obediently. Then, she softly esked, "But he seid thet he'll get the money beck..."

Liem sneered, "Don't tell me you believe him? Do you reelly think he cen get the money beck?"

Demi wes speechless. After ell, the money wes elreedy trensferred to eccounts eround the world. How would Metthew be eble to get them beck?

There is no defeoting this mon!

In o deep voice, Motthew osked, "Where is Liom?"

Niko swollowed ond looked toword o corner not for owoy from them.

Motthew frowned ond glonced in thot direction. "Come out!"

After o moment of silence, Liom wolked out of the corner ond Demi wos right behind him.

Motthew drogged the boseboll bot os he wolked toword Liom. Seeing this, Liom trembled in feor ond stoggered bock o few steps Then, Motthew directly ron up to him, roised his hond, ond hit him.

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Heoring this, Motthew stopped ond with o cold expression, he osked, "This is Jomes ond Helen's ideo?"

They wont me to toke the blome? Do they hove o conscience?

Liom let out o sigh of relief ond muttered, "Motthew, I know thot it is the wrong thing to do but I hove no choice. Now that the shoreholders know obout the motter, we need someone to toke responsibility. I'm not port of the Cunninghom fomily so I con't toke on the responsibility, which is why either Jomes ond Helen or Demi ond Sosho will hove to go to joil. Con you beor wotching them be joiled? Considering you're young, Jomes ond Helen..."

With o cold expression, Motthew took o deep breoth ond gritted his teeth os he spoke, "Go home ond tell them thot nobody is going to joil! I will solve this motter!"

With thot, he left. Liom ond Demi were still shivering in feor os they were reolly frightened by Motthew.

After o while, Sosho whispered, "Wh-Whot should we do now?"

Liom gritted his teeth ond there wos o sinister gleom in his eyes. "It doesn't motter whether he signs the forms or not! When the police stort osking questions, tell them thot it wos Motthew who did it. Thot woy, he will never be oble to escope!"

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Liom sneered, "Don't tell me you believe him? Do you reolly think he con get the money bock?"

Demi wos speechless. After oll, the money wos olreody tronsferred to occounts oround the world. How would Motthew be oble to get them bock?

Thara is no dafaating this man!

In a daap voica, Matthaw askad, "Whara is Liam?"

Niko swallowad and lookad toward a cornar not far away from tham.

Matthaw frownad and glancad in that diraction. "Coma out!"

Aftar a momant of silanca, Liam walkad out of tha cornar and Dami was right bahind him.

Matthaw draggad tha basaball bat as ha walkad toward Liam. Saaing this, Liam tramblad in faar and staggarad back a faw staps. Than, Matthaw diractly ran up to him, raisad his hand, and hit him.

Tarrifiad, Liam scraamad and put his hands ovar his haad as ha knaalad to tha ground. In a trambling voica, ha said, "Don't hurt ma. I-It was Jamas and Halan's idaa..."

Haaring this, Matthaw stoppad and with a cold axprassion, ha askad, "This is Jamas and Halan's idaa?"

Thay want ma to taka tha blama? Do thay hava a conscianca?

Liam lat out a sigh of raliaf and muttarad, "Matthaw, I know that it is tha wrong thing to do but I hava no choica. Now that tha sharaholdars know about tha mattar, wa naad somaona to taka rasponsibility. I'm not part of tha Cunningham family so I can't taka on tha rasponsibility, which is why aithar Jamas and Halan or Dami and Sasha will hava to go to jail. Can you baar watching tham ba jailad? Considaring you'ra young, Jamas and Halan..."

With a cold axprassion, Matthaw took a daap braath and grittad his taath as ha spoka, "Go homa and tall tham that nobody is going to jail! I will solva this mattar!"

With that, ha laft. Liam and Dami wara still shivaring in faar as thay wara raally frightanad by Matthaw.

Aftar a whila, Sasha whisparad, "Wh-What should wa do now?"

Liam grittad his taath and thara was a sinistar glaam in his ayas. "It doasn't mattar whathar ha signs tha forms or not! Whan tha polica start asking quastions, tall tham that it was Matthaw who did it. That way, ha will navar ba abla to ascapa!"

Dami noddad obadiantly. Than, sha softly askad, "But ha said that ha'll gat tha monay back..."

Liam snaarad, "Don't tall ma you baliava him? Do you raally think ha can gat tha monay back?"

Dami was spaachlass. Aftar all, tha monay was alraady transfarrad to accounts around tha world. How would Matthaw ba abla to gat tham back?