

# Medical Genius' s Unspeakable Marriage Chapter 761

Upon hearing Minerva's words, Demi nearly snorted with laughter as she thought to herself, 'Try his cooking'? It's obvious that the Campbells can't afford to eat here and they are trying to get a free meal using Matthew's position. Nonetheless, her mother was still pinching her hand and dissuading her from speaking.

Looking a little awkward, Chloe muttered doubtfully, "Is... Is that appropriate?"

Immediately, Helen reassured her, "Oh—it's fine. We're family, after all. There's no such thing as being inappropriate! Don't you think so, Matthew?"

Of course, Matthew wasn't going to shame Helen by saying no to such a request. So, he agreed with a nod. "Right. It's rare to be able to meet a famous chef from China, so it makes sense to try his cooking."

Gratified, she beamed at him. All of a sudden, she was finding him much more palatable as a son-in-law. If nothing else, she could at least be grateful for how much grace he was giving the Campbells.

And so, Mr. Moses announced, "It's decided, then. I shall arrange things for you. Oh—what would you like to drink, Mr. Larson? We recently procured a few bottles of Cheval Blanc; would you like me to bring them to you?"

"Cheval Blanc?" Minerva interrupted skeptically. Why would such a high-end establishment as yours serve Cheval Blanc? If we're going to eat here, you could at least bring us a 1982 Lafite. I know you have it because I saw it on your menu. Bring us a few bottles."

After hesitating for a moment, Mr. Moses replied, "A bottle of this Cheval Blanc costs upward of 300,000, miss."

Minerva's eyes bulged and she gaped openly at him. She thought she had seen everything but she had no idea that a bottle of white wine cost so much. "You're... You're joking, right?" she asked.

Calmly, he replied, "No, miss. Our boss recently procured these bottles from an auction."

Minerva stammered, "N-No, what I mean is... How could a bottle of Cheval Blanc cost so much?"

"Because it was produced in 1947!" he answered.

The single sentence made Jonah's expression change. He was aware of how much the 1947 Cheval Blanc was worth. After all, his boss had a bottle that sat unopened at home, idly waiting for it to appreciate in value.

When he visited his boss' home, his boss had shown off the wine cellar to him more than once; thus, he was very aware of how much the bottle cost. And now, Mr. Moses was offering a few bottles to Matthew for free! Just how much was the Supreme Card worth?

Suddenly, Demi drawled, "It's alright, Mr. Moses. My cousin has said that we can't consume alcohol tonight as we're driving."

Upon hearing that, Tate promptly flushed red. Even if he didn't drink any of it, he would have auctioned it off. Besides, he had to at least have a taste, no matter what. A mouthful could be worth 10 or 20 thousand, so how could he pass up on such a good opportunity?

Fortunately, Mr. Moses only replied amiably, "Oh—that's no issue. We provide valet service here."

And so, Tate seized the opportunity and asked, "Is that true? That's great, then! If they can send us back, we can drink without care."

Meanwhile, Minerva also nodded, feeling more eager than him. On the other hand, Demi curled her lips once again. When it came

to the Campbells, there was nothing she felt more strongly than contempt.

Fortunately, Matthew wasn't bothered and he only nodded his agreement, saying, "Thank you, Mr. Moses. Please have things arranged, then."

Respectfully, Mr. Moses bowed his head. "Of course. Dinner will be served shortly, Mr. Larson. Please enjoy your time here, everyone!"

With that, he exited the room, and the waiter entered soon after that with a few bottles of Cheval Blanc. The labels on them were old and peeling. Yet, the year could be clearly seen—1947!

Immediately, Minerva pulled out her phone and she said, "Take a picture for me, Tate. Make sure to get the label as well!"

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As they waited for the food, Tate and Minerva busied themselves with taking another round of photographs and posting it on Instagram.

On the other hand, Jonah studied a bottle of the Cheval Blanc for a long time before shaking his head.

Without a doubt, it was a genuine product.

After she finished taking photographs, Minerva complained, "Ugh—why isn't the food here yet? I think we should open the wine first."

Judging by her demeanor, she was afraid someone would take the wine away.

Right at that moment, the waiter knocked on the door and walked in with an intricately designed platter.

"The first course, ladies and gentlemen," he said respectfully as he placed it on the table.

Eagerly, Minerva leaned over the table. "Oh boy! I can't wait to see what this Chinese chef has prepared!"

To her shock, she discovered upon removing the cover that it was a platter of egg fried rice.

Utterly befuddled, she asked, "What... What is this?"

Like her, her entire family was stunned. What was this? How could the restaurant serve them the main course now?

Cordially, the waiter answered, "It's Golden Rice."

Frowning, Jonah said, "What do you mean, Golden Rice? It's egg fried rice. This is what your so-called famous chef from China is serving us? You've got to be joking! Who serves a platter of egg fried rice like it's fine dining? Looks like your establishment isn't as classy as you make it out to be!"

Tate and Minerva vigorously nodded their heads in agreement, neither of them pleased.

Calmly, the waiter answered, "This is actually the first course, sir, as well as one of the signature dishes of the chef from China. It's well-beloved by the rich and powerful there and can cost nearly ten thousand. At the Shanghai Nights restaurant, we would price it at nearly twenty thousand!"

Upon hearing that, everyone was shocked.

Minerva was the first to speak up and she complained, "Stop boasting! How could a platter of egg fried rice cost twenty thousand? Do you think it's made with real gold? If you're going to lie, pick a better one!"

Courteously, the waiter answered, "My apologies, but that's the price fixed by the establishment."

"I don't care what your 'fixed price' is!" she snarled angrily. "Do you think you can fool us just because you're covering our expenses by serving us a platter of egg fried rice as the main course, so that you can chase us away once we're done? If you're that hard-pressed to cover an entire meal, stop saying you'll cover our expenses! Do you know how shameful that is? Look at what your Supreme Card is worth, Matthew! Waiter, you'd better go and get your manager!"

The waiter frowned slightly, for he had never met someone like Minerva in all his time working here.

Embarrassed, Helen suggested, "Why don't we try the food first? Perhaps this platter of egg fried rice is special!"

Scowling, Jonah answered, "However special it may be, it's still a platter of egg fried rice. It's very rude of that friend of yours to lie to us like that, Matthew."

Unfortunately for him, Matthew ignored him.

After all, the Campbells had promised to pay for dinner, only to waive their expenses in the end.

And then, they had said they would not drink, but they were now practically gulping all the wine down.

Yet, now that the food was here, they were complaining that it wasn't good enough for them. How shameless can they be?

Luckily, Chloe was kind enough to humor her sister and she said with a smile, "Since the food is already here, let's just try it. Come now, everyone. Let me get you a plate, Minnie."

However, Minerva waved her hand and she turned up her nose at it. "I'm not eating it! What is this? I never ate fried rice while I was abroad and I'm not eating it here either!"

Fed up, James exclaimed, "If you won't eat it, we will! Come on, everyone."

With that, the Cunninghams each took up their individual plates and began to dole some out for themselves.

As they each took a bite, their eyes lit up.

“Wow—this is incredible! Chloe, you have to try some!” Helen said with heartfelt awe.

Half-suspicious and half-trusting, Chloe tasted a bite for herself, upon which she was promptly stunned.

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“Is this truly egg fried rice? I... I’ve never tasted such delicious rice before!” Chloe said as she shoveled the food into her mouth, quickly finishing her portion of it.

Frowning with dissatisfaction, Jonah asked, “Do you need to be so dramatic? It’s just egg fried rice, so what’s the big deal?”

As he spoke, he too took a bite, only to find that he was unable to stop once he started.

Seeing how ravenously his father was eating, Tate immediately did the same thing and was at once enamored.

“It’s so good! I’ve never tasted anything so good in my life!” he exclaimed as he stuffed more rice into his mouth.

Soon, everyone at the table was busy eating.

Meanwhile, Minerva gaped at them. Is the egg fried rice really that good?

Skeptically, she bent over her own plate, upon which was some rice her mother had spooned for her.

After taking a bite, she immediately fell in love too.

“Is... Is this actually egg fried rice?” she exclaimed as she cleaned her plate. “How did they make it so delicious?”

However, when she went to get a second helping, she realized that the serving platter was empty and that her younger brother, Tate, was scraping the last bit of rice into his own plate.

Furiously, she cried out, "Wait—how did you all finish it so quickly? I had one bite and now there's no more left for me!"

Smirking, Demi replied, "Well, we asked you to have some but you said you didn't want to. Since it's best not to waste food, we helped you finish your portion."

The response incensed Minerva. If she had known earlier how delicious the fried rice was, she would have eaten it.

Happily, Helen sighed. "Clearly, this chef knows what he's doing. It makes sense that they would sell it for twenty thousand at a place like this."

For once, Chloe and Jonah had no comeback, as the fried rice was simply too delicious.

Licking his lips, Tate complained, "The only problem is that the serving is too small. Can we get one more platter, waiter?"

With wide, hopeful eyes, Minerva chirped, "One isn't enough. Two more—no, five more!"

Looking uncomfortable, the waiter apologized, "I'm terribly sorry everyone, but the chef only makes ten servings of Golden Rice each day and this was the tenth platter."

However, Minerva retorted, "What kind of rule is that? Just have him make it! It's not like he's not being paid. I don't believe he'd refuse us if he's paid."

Shaking his head, the waiter refuted, "He would, miss, as the ingredients for this dish need to be pickled and prepared a day beforehand. As he has used up the ingredients for today, you will need to come back tomorrow if you wish to have some more of his Golden Rice!"

Just like that, Minerva was left at a loss. It looked like she was not going to get another serving of the rice. Have I inadvertently missed out on a delicacy?

Chloe then asked with a frown, “I’m curious—could you not have him prepare more ingredients beforehand? How could ten platters a day possibly be enough for something so delicious?”

“These are the chef’s rules and no one can change his mind,” the waiter replied. “Once, he received a visit from Jeff Bezos. Mr. Bezos asked for another portion but the chef did not concede.”

Instantly, the group fell silent.

Jeff Bezos was a renowned billionaire and if the chef wouldn’t budge for someone so important, there was no way he was going to change his mind for them.

“Alright, alright. Just send the rest of the food in!” Minerva instructed, waving her hand impatiently despite the regret.

If she had moved sooner, she would have been able to have more than a mouthful of rice.

Currently, the taste of it was still lingering on her tongue and it compounded her regret.

Nevertheless, she had learned her lesson and would not put down the spoon in her hand.

She decided she would move first when the next dish arrived.

After all, the early bird got the worm.

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After that, the dishes continued to be served.

This time, the Campbells busied themselves with eating and no longer criticized what they were served.

Even the salad went down without a fight.

It turned out famous chefs truly earned their reputations by being exceptionally good at their jobs.

In addition, the bottles of Chavel Blanc were polished off with not a single drop to spare.

Moreover, it was mainly the Campbells who drank them.

By the end of the dinner, Tate and Minerva were so drunk that they slurred their words.

After dinner, the Campbell family once again returned to Matthew's villa.

While they had already been given an apartment, they claimed it wasn't ready for them to move in yet.

The situation annoyed James to no end, but he had no say in it.

Ultimately, it would take them two weeks to begrudgingly move out of Matthew's villa.

The apartment Jonah's company gave them had three rooms and one common area.

It was pretty well-furnished but it could not possibly compare to what they were used to.

In contrast to The Grand Garden, their three-bedroom house was practically a dilapidated hut.

After spending a single night there, Tate and Minerva caved and returned to Matthew's villa.

The excuse they gave was that they wanted to keep Helen company, but everyone knew they were actually doing it because they wanted to stay at the villa for free.

After all, the huge villa was well-furnished and even had a pool. It was much better than the cramped three-bedroom.

Since they were more prideful than their children, Chloe and Jonah did not move back to the villa but they still found excuses to eat with the Cunninghams every other day.

As for the dinner they said they would treat the Cunninghams to, they chose an ordinary restaurant in the end, where the total cost of the meal—plus wine—was 3,000.

During this period, they finally got to learn more about the Cunninghams and the net worth of Cunningham Pharmaceuticals. In the blink of an eye, Tate and Minerva's attitude toward the family shifted.

Where the Cunninghams were previously not worth a single thought, the siblings fawned over them now.

After all, Cunningham Pharmaceuticals was worth even more than their father's company.

With Sasha acting as president, it was worth the hit to their ego to fawn over their cousin, as their efforts could possibly earn them a management-level position in the future.

With regards to the Campbells' freeloading, Matthew wasn't bothered by it at all.

During this period, he spent his nights at The Grand Garden and the majority of his days at Lakeside Garden.

His sister Natalie was gradually getting better, so he decided he would bring Sasha to Lakeside Garden very soon.

On this day, however, he and his wife had only just reached the entrance of The Grand Garden in her car when they heard the thunder-like roar of an engine behind them.

When they looked back, they saw a young man speeding toward them on a motorcycle.

Behind him was a sketchy-looking young woman with heavy make-up and long hair blowing in the wind.

As the bike sped toward them, Matthew frowned and quickly jerked Sasha back so that it wouldn't run into her if it crashed into her car.

Fortunately, it stopped just in time. When the bike-riding young man took off his helmet, they discovered to their shock that it was Tate.

"Did you just finish work, Sasha?" he asked cheerfully.

As the young woman behind him took in the Grand Garden as well as Sasha's Maserati, her eyes brightened and she suddenly held onto him a lot more intimately.

With a slight furrow of her brows, Sasha asked, "Where did this bike come from, Tate?"

"Oh—it's my friend's," he replied. "I'm merely borrowing it for a ride. I have to say, it's pretty fun. I loved going on bike rides when I was overseas and back then, I drove a Harley. I rarely ride low-end bikes like this."

"Do you have a motorcycle license?" she asked doubtfully.

"It's just a bike," he dismissed. "Why would I need a license? These things are so easy to operate."

"But how can you ride the bike all over the place when you don't have a license?" she protested. "You're going against the law!"

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Tate answered impatiently, "Oh—let it go, Sasha. It's just a bike and it's not a big deal. How can I be breaking the law when I haven't been caught?"

"Well, if you do get caught driving without a license, you'll have to go to prison!" Sasha reminded him anxiously.

With a smug chuckle, he pointed out, "Well, I haven't been caught, have I? Besides, even if I get caught, you can always bail me out. Right, then; we'll talk later. I'm taking Joanna home."

With that, he sped off straight into The Grand Garden.

Sasha trailed after him in her car and she grumbled, "Why must he cause us so much worry? This won't do; I must call Aunt Chloe. He could get into an accident if he keeps driving so dangerously!"

Matthew nodded. When it came to these kinds of things, he agreed, especially since Tate tended to speed. The consequences could be tragic if the latter got into an accident.

When they got home, Tate and the girl named Joanna had already entered the courtyard.

Meanwhile, Minerva was soaking in the pool with three boys and two other girls.

These were all friends that she made after coming to Eastcliff.

They claimed to be the sons and daughters of rich families, but they still came here for food and drinks every day.

If it weren't for the fact that the guest rooms were filled, they would likely have moved in.

The moment Joanna entered the courtyard, she exclaimed, "Goodness; you actually have a swimming pool! That's amazing!"

With a proud look on his face, Tate answered, "Of course I do! I wouldn't lie to you, would I? Well, did you bring a swimsuit? If not, I can have someone fetch you one."

Joanna shook her head regrettably. "I forgot."

"Don't worry about it," he told her immediately. "When my cousin comes back, I'll let her know and she can have someone fetch you a suit."

Right at this moment, Sasha pulled into the driveway.

Before she could even park the car properly, Tate jogged over to her and called out, "Have your secretary get my girlfriend a swimsuit, Sasha! The Chanel one from the other day was pretty good!"

Instantly, Sasha felt her blood boil at his thick-skinned comment.

The only reason she bought a swimsuit for Minerva was because of their familial relationship.

What right did Tate have to ask her to fetch his girlfriend a swimsuit as well?

And so, she answered unhappily, "Sorry but the secretary's working hours are over."

"Aargh! What kind of working hours could a secretary have?" he protested. "As long as you make the call, she'll come over immediately. Come on, Sasha. My girlfriend's right here. Don't make me look bad!"

Of course, Sasha only got angrier. Why should I have to make him look good? After freeloading in my home for such a long time, he is now asking me to buy his girlfriend a swimsuit? Do I owe him something?

Nevertheless, Sasha did not say any of these things and she chose to ignore him. Thereafter, she parked her car and walked straight into the house.

Upon seeing that, Joanna walked over and asked unhappily, "Your cousin wouldn't agree, would she? Why is she so stingy when your family is so rich?"

Feeling disgruntled, Tate muttered, "It's fine; I'll get my aunt to make her do it. Just wait a moment!"

With that, he stormed into the house.

Meanwhile, the three boys in the pool leered at Sasha.

One of them swam over to Minerva and he said in a low voice, "Your cousin is so pretty, Minerva. That figure, those looks... Goodness! Is she married? Can you introduce me to her?"

Instantly, the two other boys swam over as well, all of them having the same thoughts.

However, Minerva curled her lips in contempt and answered, "She married a long time ago! See that guy over there? That's her husband."

The group of them looked over at Matthew in disdain.

"That's her husband? But he looks so plain. What does she see in him?"

"Ha! Who knows?" She chuckled coldly and added, "Let me tell you something, though—he's a live-in son-in-law, no less!"

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During this period while she was living with the Cunninghams, Minerva had discerned their animosity toward Matthew.

Thus, she didn't think much of him either.

Based on what Demi told her, he had happened upon his wealth by luck.

It was only because he saved the life of Billy Newman's daughter using a drug produced by Cunningham Pharmaceuticals that he had everything he did now.

Thus, it was only by stealing their credit that he got to where he was.

If he genuinely relied on his own ability, he might have starved to death by now.

Because of those opinions that Demi instilled in her, Minerva came to despise Matthew even more.

After listening to her retelling of the tale, the boys perked up.

“Live-in son-in-law? Oh—does your cousin like boy toys?”

“As if! Look at him! Does he look like he could be a boy toy?”

“Well, if he’s a live-in son-in-law, he can’t have a good relationship with your cousin. She must be so lonely. Ha!”

One by one, they sniggered.

Glaring at them, Minerva snapped, “Watch your mouth! She’s the president of Cunningham Pharmaceuticals! Do you think she’d be interested in a bunch of hooligans like you? Dream on!”

Sullenly, the boys protested, “What’s wrong with us? If we don’t talk to her, how will we know whether she’s a good fit for any one of us? You need only introduce us, Minerva. We’ll see who wins in the end!”

However, she waved them away impatiently. “Fine; but you had better fulfill your promise to introduce me to someone hot. Remember—foreigners only. I have no interest in Cathian men!”

“No problem!” They quickly reassured her with wide smiles.

During the time she was abroad, Minerva had felt that Cathian men were useless. Thus, from the very beginning, she sought to date only foreign men.

As for Cathian men, she would not give them a second glance no matter how exceptional they appeared at first glance.

Presently, upon entering the house, Tate located Helen and grumbled angrily, “Aunt Helen, you have to talk some sense into Sasha!”

With a doting expression on her face, Helen asked, "What's wrong, Tate? What did she do to anger you this time?"

He then announced loudly, "This is my girlfriend's first time over and she forgot to bring a swimsuit. I asked Sasha to have her secretary buy one for me, but she refused. This is so embarrassing for me! What now? Is she afraid that I won't be able to pay her back?"

Upon hearing that, Helen quickly reassured him, "Of course not, Tate! What does money matter when we're family? Where is she? Sasha? Sasha!"

Walking out of her room, Sasha asked, "Yes, Mom?"

"Call your secretary and have her bring a swimsuit," Helen ordered with a frown. "This is Tate's girlfriend's first time here, so how could you treat a guest like that?"

Feeling rather annoyed, Sasha replied, "The secretary is off work, Mom! She's tired after working for the entire day. It's not appropriate for me to call her now!"

"What do you mean it's not appropriate?" Helen shot back angrily. "What's one extra trip when you pay her so much? Don't forget your aunt covered all of your expenses when you were young. We were so poor back then that you would have starved to death if she hadn't given me half of her salary each month!"

It frustrated Sasha to no end that the past was dredged up every time she and her mother spoke now.

It wasn't that she wasn't grateful to Chloe and her family, but she had to draw a line somewhere.

Right now, the house was practically Tate and Minerva's base camp.

It was too much to expect her to put up with Joanna's presence and also buy a swimsuit for her as well!

Upon seeing that Sasha was still standing her ground even after a round of nagging, Helen finally snapped, "Fine! If you won't do it, I

won't force you. I'll go out and get the swimsuit myself. How about that?"

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With that, Helen stood up and made to leave.

Instantly, Sasha became anxious. After all, she couldn't very well let her mother run off alone to buy a swimsuit.

"Alright, alright. I'll call the secretary!" she said in resignation.

It was only then did Helen beam at her and said, "That's a good girl! Remember, this is your cousin so you must treat him like your own brother. I have no sons—only two daughters. Hence, Tate is like my son. You must treat him well!"

Exasperated, Sasha walked away and made another call to her secretary, instructing her to bring another swimsuit.

Not long after that, the secretary showed up with another Chanel piece.

This time, she had been specifically instructed to do so, as Sasha knew Tate would throw a fit if the swimsuit didn't reach his standards. If that happened, the secretary's efforts would amount to nothing.

Upon receiving the swimsuit, the overjoyed Joanna sprinted to the bathroom, changed into the suit and dove into the pool with Tate.

By now, the courtyard and swimming pool had become their domain.

Not long after that, Demi and Liam returned.

Upon seeing the chaotic scene before her, Demi nearly yelled at the young adults, only for her to be stopped by Helen.

“You and Sasha have to treat Tate and Minerva better in the future. Those are your aunt’s kids! Have you forgotten how well your Aunt Chloe used to treat you? No matter how old you get, you can’t forget your roots and you mustn’t forget the kindness you were shown either!” she lectured them.

Upon hearing that, Demi and Sasha looked helplessly at each other. In all honesty, they had no wish to listen to their mother whenever she lectured them on this matter.

In the end, the visitors stayed for dinner.

Having no other choice, Matthew and Sasha busied themselves in the kitchen preparing food for the guests.

As Helen told them, these were Tate and Minerva’s friends and they had to be treated well. Otherwise, Tate and Minerva would be disgraced.

During dinner, Minerva took the opportunity to introduce the three boys to Sasha.

These three boys hadn’t taken their eyes off her since entering the house.

The moment introductions were made, one of them stood up with a wine glass in hand and walked over to Sasha. “It’s an honor to meet you, President Cunningham! May I treat you to this glass of wine?”

The question made her frown, and there was something about his gaze that she felt off-putting.

“Sorry but I don’t drink,” she said politely.

Naturally, the boy couldn’t help but feel awkward, so Minerva protested, “But you drink every time you eat with us, Sasha. Why aren’t you drinking today?”

With a frown, the boy asked softly, "Are you trying to embarrass me, President Cunningham?"

Upon hearing that, Sasha almost blew a gasket. Who does this boy think he is?

On the other hand, Matthew could not stand it any longer and he stood up. "I apologize, but my wife isn't feeling well today so she won't be drinking," he announced. "How about I drink with you?"

Immediately, the boy withdrew the glass of wine and sneered with a sideways glance, "You? What right do you have to drink with me? This glass of wine is for President Cunningham, not a live-in son-in-law like you!"

Behind him, the two other boys proceeded to laugh loudly.

They were trying to purposely ridicule Matthew, for according to Minerva, the entire household hated him.

In their opinion, making fun of him like that would only receive the household's support.

Sure enough, Demi, too, began to laugh at the scene.

On the other hand, Sasha was outraged. "What did you just say?"

"Am I wrong?" The boy chuckled as he continued, "Isn't he a live-in son-in-law? How could he possibly take your place, President Cunningham? Does the live-in son-in-law call the shots for the Cunningham Family now?"

The statement was clearly meant to sow discord among the Cunninghams.

Yet, it worked, for James as well as a few of the others glared resentfully at Matthew.

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Frowning, Matthew snapped, "It's none of your business who calls the shots in this household! If you're not going to drink, sit down."

"And what do you mean by sending me away while I'm trying to offer President Cunningham a glass of wine?" the boy challenged him with a glare. "Do you actually think you're the head of the household? Even if you were, it'd only be polite to allow me to pay my respects. Don't you think so, President Cunningham?"

The boy's friends cheered him on and he shot Matthew a smug, disdainful look.

If he managed to crush Matthew under his foot by the end of the night, he would consider his evening a success.

As long as he could get the older man to admit defeat, he would have more chances to interact with Sasha in the future.

Unfortunately, Sasha begged to differ and she slammed her hand on the table before shouting angrily, "That's enough! Mind your friends, Minerva! If you can't do so, don't come back in the future!"

Upon hearing that, Minerva instantly became anxious. "What are you saying, Sasha? W-We're here to visit Aunt Helen, so how could you send us away?"

Similarly, Helen quickly added, "Exactly! How could you say that, Sasha? Minerva is your cousin. Don't forget that your aunt—"

However, Sasha interrupted her mother and she thundered, "I haven't forgotten, alright? I haven't forgotten anything! But let me tell you something—the name on the deed for this property is Matthew Larson so yes, he is indeed the one who calls the shots here!"

"What do you mean by that, Sasha?" James questioned angrily. "Are you saying you have a problem with us living here?"

"Yes!" Sasha snapped. "Didn't you say you wanted to go to Lakeside Garden? Why are you still here then?"

Just like that, James was struck silent.

When it came to the incident with President White, they were indeed the ones in the wrong. Thus, he had no rebuttal for her.

Upon assessing the situation, Minerva realized that continuing to throw a fuss would not be to her advantage.

Thus, she quickly gave the three boys a look and said with an ingratiating smile, "Very well, then! Since Matthew is being so hospitable by asking you to drink with him, you should!"

The boys understood what she was implying—it was obvious that she wanted to get Matthew drunk.

During the past gatherings she attended with him, he hadn't consumed much alcohol.

Thus, she assumed he was unlikely to be able to hold his liquor so it would be all too easy to make him drunk.

After exchanging a glance with the others, the boy leading the charge boomed, "Of course. Let's do so then, Mr. Larson! How about this—since it's our first meeting, let's drink to our hearts' content! Bring out the largest wine glasses. As men, we must be bold about our drinking, mustn't we?"

Immediately, Minerva walked over with the wine glasses and chimed in, "Look how cordial my friends are being, Matthew. You mustn't disappoint them! Come on, now. Sasha's reputation depends on you!"

Naturally, her words were meant to provoke him and force him to participate.

On the other hand, Demi and Liam turned away, hiding their laughter.

They were well aware of how much alcohol Matthew was capable of consuming, and it was suicide to try and outdrink him.

Nonetheless, they didn't feel like saying anything.

It wasn't as if Minerva was a saint, anyway. They were highly dissatisfied with her behavior, especially now that she had brought home a group of ne'er-do-wells.

If Matthew could teach her a lesson on their behalf, they would be thrilled.

For his part, Matthew didn't bother making small talk. All he did was raise his wine glass and say, "Alright! Let's drink to our heart's content! Whoever stops first is the loser!"

"Aye, whoever stops first is the loser!" The boys cheered.

And so, the leader of the group called out with a complacent look, "I'll start. Let's toast to our first meeting with three glasses!"

Given how large the Cunninghams' wine glasses were, three glasses could hold as much as 42 liquid ounces of red wine.

Proudly assuming that his own alcohol tolerance was extremely high, the boy set out to put Matthew down.

His ultimate goal was causing the older man to embarrass himself by getting drunk and throwing up.

However, Matthew didn't bother to answer him and only started drinking.

After all, when it came to drinking competitions, there was no one Matthew Larson feared.

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Even after three glasses of wine, Matthew did not appear the least bit affected.

On the other hand, the boy who took the lead was already swaying a little. After all, the alcohol content of red wine was not negligible.

Looking on, Minerva was gobsmacked.

Here she was, thinking that Matthew's limit would be a single glass, yet she was proven wrong.

Nonetheless, he had already consumed three glasses. How much longer can he hold on? she mused as she shot a look at the two other boys.

Immediately, the two other boys rushed over, asking to drink with Matthew.

Each of them consumed three glasses with him.

Yet, he was still completely fine while the boys, on the other hand, were swaying.

Just like that, Minerva stared at him and she was utterly befuddled. Just how much can he drink?

Suddenly, Matthew raised his glass and announced, "Well, you've finished drinking to me and now, I shall drink to you! Come, gentlemen—have three more glasses each!"

As they wobbled in place, the boys' expressions changed.

There was no doubt they would fall unconscious if they drank any more than they already had.

Quickly, Minerva interjected, "There's no need to drink so much, Matthew! You've all had your fun and that's quite enough. Come on, everyone; let's eat!"

However, Matthew only replied to her, "But they've only had three glasses each, while I've had nine. I may have had my fun, but have they? Since I'm hosting them, I have to entertain them properly. Otherwise, word might spread that we Cunninghams are terrible hosts!"

Sasha chuckled as she nodded. "You're absolutely right, honey. It's imperative that we treat Minerva's guests well so that we don't

embarrass her. Come, boys—have another glass! I thought you agreed whoever stops first is the loser. None of you want to be the loser, right?”

Annoyed, the three boys announced viciously, “F\*ck it! We’re not afraid, so let us drink till we die!”

With a cold smile on his lips, Matthew proceeded to toast each of them with three glasses of wine.

Just like that, he had downed twelve glasses, while the boys had downed six each.

Suddenly, one of them immediately sprinted outside to throw up while the other two passed out.

By now, each of the boys had consumed more than half a gallon of red wine.

As Minerva surveyed the scene, she roared, “You’ve crossed a line, Matthew! How could you get my friends so drunk on their first visit? Look at them!”

However, Matthew replied with a sneer, “They were the ones taking turns trying to outdrink me. How have I crossed a line when they went against me three to one? If the three of them combined couldn’t outdrink me, that only means your friends are trash. Surely you’re not going to blame their loss on my high alcohol tolerance?”

Minerva stared at him tongue-tied.

In the end, the boy outside even started to vomit blood.

With no other choice, the Cunninghams could only call them an ambulance and have the boys taken to the hospital.

Minerva angrily followed them to the hospital but before she left, she warned, “Watch your back, Larson!”

However, Matthew did not care.

In all honesty, he thought he had been very polite tonight.

Otherwise, the boys would have fared much worse than being sent to the hospital.

While he truly didn't mind that they stayed for dinner, harassing his wife was another matter altogether.

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After dinner, Tate left with Joanna.

Although Sasha tried to stop her cousin from taking the motorcycle, he wouldn't listen and merely roared his merry way out of the gates.

Helplessly, she turned to Helen. "You have to talk to Aunt Chloe about this, Mom. Tate doesn't have a driver's license and he's breaking the law by going about like that. He's going to get into a lot of trouble if something happens to him!"

However, Helen answered with a blank expression, "Surely not! He's just having fun riding bikes and that's normal for kids his age. You're making a mountain out of a molehill!"

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"I'm truly not, Mom," Sasha protested anxiously. "It's a huge threat to road safety when he's driving without a license—at that speed, no less! If he gets arrested, he might even have to go to jail!"

Upon hearing that, Helen froze for a moment before she stammered, "I-I didn't realize it was so serious."

"What did you think?" Sasha snapped. "Have you seen how carelessly he drives? His life could very well be in danger if he got into an accident!"

Scratching her head perplexedly, Helen finally conceded, "Alright; I'll call your aunt." And so, she pulled out her cell phone as she walked over to the couch, making a call to her sister. After chatting idly for ages, she finally got to the point, only to have

Chloe tell her, "It's not a big deal. Tate is a pretty good biker and he often went out biking while we were abroad. Don't worry about it. He'll be fine."

"But he'll be found breaking the law if he gets caught," Helen protested.

With a laugh, Chloe replied, "It's not as serious as that! Kids just like to play. He never ran into any trouble while abroad despite their stricter laws there, and he hasn't run into any trouble here even after having biked for so long. It'll be fine."

It was only then that Helen breathed out a sigh of relief. "Alright, then."

After she hung up the phone, Sasha cried out indignantly, "That's it, Mom? It's fine simply because Aunt Chloe says so?"

"Tate is her son, Sasha," Helen pointed out. "She must worry about him more than we do. So, don't let it trouble you. If she says it's fine, then it is!"

Upon hearing that, Sasha shouted, "Well, go ahead and spoil him, then! I've said my piece so I don't care if anything happens to him—and don't you come asking for my help, either!"

With that, she stormed upstairs.

Affronted, Helen yelled after her, "How can you say that? He's your cousin and you can't treat him like that! Don't forget how your aunt treated you when you were young—"

The lecture was cut short as Sasha slammed her bedroom door shut. Truly, she was fed up with listening to her mother go on and on. Over the past few days, she had heard it so much that her ears were about to fall off.

When Matthew, who was sitting inside the room, saw the expression on her face, he couldn't help chuckling. "What happened? Did your mom refuse to take your advice?"

Helplessly, she sighed. "They dote on him too much. If they keep going on like this, an accident is bound to happen!"

"These kids are too self-centered," he agreed quietly. "They won't listen to anyone. I imagine they won't learn their lesson until they've suffered a loss."

"But when it comes to this issue, that loss could potentially be the loss of a life," she pointed out anxiously.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" He shrugged. "If his parents say it's fine, what could you say that would convince him otherwise?"

Sasha knew that Matthew was right and she grumbled to herself, "If my aunt and uncle don't even care, what can I do?"

With a smile, Matthew walked up to her and he comforted her gently, "Alright; let's forget about it. There's no need to stay angry. You seem so stressed out these past few days."

"How could I not be with those two brats living here?" she complained. "Not to mention that I have to wait on them hand and foot from dawn to dusk. Every time I see them now, I get angry!"

With a laugh, he suggested, "Well, if you don't want to see them, would you like to elope with me?"

"Oh—now you want to elope?" Sasha retorted, rolling her eyes. "When I suggested leaving back then, you wouldn't. Where could we possibly 'elope' to now?"

"Lakeside Garden!" Matthew announced triumphantly. "I told you that I have a place there!"

At this point, she couldn't help a snort of laughter. "Yes; I know you have a place there. Let's find a time to pack up our valuables and go there then, shall we?"

Throughout the entire conversation, Sasha thought that Matthew was joking.