

Unspeakable 1811

The Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Chapter 1811

As baffled as Absalon's wife and children were, they still headed upstairs as told. After that, the man had his maid return to their room before finally going up to Melvin and kneeled to him deferentially.

"How can I be of assistance, Mr. Melvin?"

If anyone else saw this, they would've been absolutely flabbergasted, for Absalon was a rather successful entrepreneur in Eastcliff.

Even the Great Families of Eastcliff would have to give him respect where respect was due whenever they saw him. But now, he was kneeling in front of a lecherous-looking man and even speaking deferentially to the latter.

Just what in the world was up?!

"What the heck are you doing?" Melvin took a gander at him.

"Haven't I told you not to kneel? Get the f*ck up!"

Instead of being angry, Absalon grinned in fact, and he even looked a little simple and honest.

After standing up, he still stood deferentially next to Melvin, speaking in a shaky voice while looking excited and joyous. "I was so excited when I saw that you had come to the area a few days ago, Mr. Melvin. I really wanted to talk to you, but you have made it clear that I can only pretend not to know you unless you come to me yourself..."

"At last, you've finally come to me, Mr. Melvin. You have a job for me, don't you? Just say the word, and I'll most certainly see to it, even if it costs my life!"

At that, Melvin waved his hand. "I already told you that you've cleared all that you owe me. I will come to you if I'm really desperate, but that doesn't mean I will have you risk your life for it, understand?"

"You yanked me out from the wolfpack when I was on the verge of death, Mr. Melvin," mumbled Absalon as he looked at his scar-filled arms.

"I still remember how you dragged me out despite all when I was surrounded by a pack of wolves back in the Great Desert. It was also you who insisted on saving me even when it meant offending the King of Stagfort. Countless men hunted us all the way from the north to the south, and I only managed to live after you ran for over three thousand miles while dragging me..."

"How can I ever be clear of such debt, Mr. Melvin? Forget that what you have me do won't cost my life, I will gladly do it even if you ask me to kill myself now!"

To that, Melvin booted and berated him, "How can you still say that when you already have a wife and kids?! That's already in the f*cking past, why still bring it up?! Can't you think about your family?!"

Absalon wasn't bothered at all by the fact that Melvin had booted him. If anything, he was grinning again.

“What I’ve left for them will allow them to live the rest of their lives comfortably, and I’ve served my duty as a father and a husband. You just have to say the word, Mr. Melvin, and I will most certainly get the job done!” he said earnestly.

At that, Melvin took a profound gander at him and said, “Alright, since you insist, help me out with something. I want you to find me this person, here’s the address. Tell him the descendent of the person who saved his father is in danger and requires his aid, then bring him to Eastcliff at once, got it?”

Absalon nodded like a bobblehead after taking the written address from Melvin. He promised, “Dont you worry, Mr. Melvin. I will definitely see to it!”

Melvin nodded in response and said, “Watch your steps. If someone stops you, just come back. They might not necessarily give you a hard time!”

With that, he got up and left after Absalon nodded once more.

Sometime later, a black sedan left the mansion. The driver was none other than Absalon in disguise.

He didn’t drive his luxury car, but the car their housekeeper used when they headed out for groceries precisely to prevent from being tailed. However, what he didn’t realize was that a figure stood up beside the mansion and disappeared into the darkness after he left his home.

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Absalon drove overnight until noon the next day before he finally arrived at the borders of Galvania, and according to Melvin’s address, he had arrived in a remote town in the south.

After entering Galvania, he got some food from a kiosk to fill up his belly before asking the vendor the exact location of the address. According to how the vendor described it, it was an orchard in the suburbs.

After making out the location, he returned to his car immediately and prepared to get back on the road. However, he sensed something was amiss as soon as he sat in the driver’s seat.

Lo and behold, right as he wanted to turn his head around, an icy dagger was pressed against his neck, and an abnormally icy voice sounded. “Drive...”

Apprehensive, Absalon dared not do anything else but oblige the mystery man’s order.

“Where to?” he asked.

“Up the highway and back to Eastcliff! I won’t kill you as long as you do as I say!” said the man icily.

Melvin’s words then came to Absalon, someone would stop him, but they might not give him a hard time as long as he went back.

Sure enough, that was the case!

It seemed that this man just didn’t want him to successfully send the message. However, Absalon wasn’t willing to give up just like that.

This was a job from Melvin, and he knew well that the man wouldn't come to him at all unless he was desperate.

Whoever it was, they probably had their eyes on Melvin's associates, which was why he would come to Absalon. Melvin needed someone unsuspecting to do the job. In other words, he would have no other options if Absalon failed to deliver the message.

With that, Absalon took a deep breath and feigned obedience, starting the car and heading out of town. But as they were about to reach the highway, he made a sharp turn and rammed the car against the guardrail on the side.

Below the guardrail was a ten-foot-plus high field, so the impact left Absalon dizzy when the car tumbled down. The man behind was caught off guard as well, and his dagger slipped off his hand.

Meanwhile, Absalon seized the chance to escape. He clambered out of the vehicle hurriedly and dashed without ever looking back.

"Run, and I will kill you!" A menacing roar came from behind him, but he couldn't care less anymore.

He ran frantically while out of breath before finally arriving outside the orchard from Melvin's address.

He had just taken a deep breath and was about to enter the orchard to search for the man Melvin was looking for when a sinister voice traveled from behind him. "Why have you stopped?"

He turned around to find a man in black standing not far away.

The man had a dagger in his hand, and the gaze boring into him was exuding frost, causing Absalon to turn grim at once. The man was none other than the one in the car!

Though he didn't fight the man, he knew well that he was no match for the latter, or there was no way the man could arrive near him without him noticing at all!

"I have no beef with you, why would you hunt me down?!"

"What's the point of asking when it has come to this?" the man retorted disdainfully. "I gave you a chance. I would've left you alone as long as you returned to Eastcliff. But you didn't take it and deceived me instead. As such, you must die for it!"

With that, the man charged toward Absalon at breakneck speed and silt the dagger against Absalon's neck.

Absalon, on the other hand, turned around quickly and just barely dodged it, surprising the man when he realized he had missed. "Huh, you've got moves, I see! Looks like I've really underestimated you. Melvin's men sure know a thing or two!"

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Absalon's face twisted into a nasty scowl as he turned around and ran into the orchard.

The man leisurely followed behind him with a sneer of disdain. His treatment of Absalon made it clear that he didn't view him as a threat and merely acted like this whole thing was a game designed to satiate his boredom.

The fruit trees inside the orchard were relatively sparse. So although Absalon escaped into the orchard, there was no place he could hide.

Despite his indifference, the man following after him walked at a relatively fast pace, and the distance between him and Absalon was only getting closer as the seconds ticked by. It was apparent that he was taunting Absalon like a cat playing with his meal, or he would have already caught Absalon.

Under such circumstances, Absalon could feel the despair permeating his entire being. He wasn't worried about his current situation, but about the task Melvin had given him.

Would he delay Melvin's business if he couldn't even handle this matter well?

He scanned his surroundings anxiously but didn't see anyone in the orchard. He didn't even know where the person he was searching for was located.

Despite his relentless efforts to escape, the man finally caught up with him.

The man had a provocative sneer as he flicked with the dagger in his hand and cajoled, "Absalon, I'll give you another chance?

"Return to Eastcliff, and I'll spare your life. What do you think?"

Absalon gritted his teeth and roared, "What's with all the nonsense? If you want to kill me, just do it!"

The man howled madly before finally speaking, "No wonder they say that Melvin is an excellent judge of character. It seems like I've learned much after today. Honestly speaking, I'm impressed to see someone willing to work for him even if their life is at stake."

"Well, since you want to die so badly, I'll grant your wish!" With that, the man gripped the dagger tightly and rushed toward Absalon.

Absalon fled in panic, but he was not so lucky this time.

The man came prepared, so when Absalon retreated, the man quickly rushed forward.

The man missed Absalon's neck, but he managed to slice his shoulder, and a long bloody wound appeared on Absalon's shoulder.

Absalon let out a muffled grunt of pain as he turned to hightail it again.

"Where do you think you're going?" The man jeered derisively.

With that said, he took a huge leap, appeared in front of Absalon in the blink of an eye, and kicked Absalon's chest mercilessly.

The powerful attack sent Absalon flying backward. He landed heavily on the ground and spat out a mouthful of blood.

The man stood in front of Absalon and glared at him coldly. "Being loyal and righteous is a good thing, but those who are loyal are always the first to die!"

He slowly raised the dagger and aimed it at Absalon's neck. Absalon closed his eyes in devastation. Now, he had no power to even defend himself.

Yet, in the nick of time, he heard heavy footsteps.

The man was also taken aback by their audience as he hurriedly swiveled his head only to see a tall man approaching them. He was wearing a gardener's attire and a straw hat covering most of his face.

A white towel was hanging around his neck, which was used to wipe his sweat.

There was also a sickle that was tied to his waist. Therefore, one could deduce that he only appeared in the area after a day's work in the orchard.

The man frowned in confusion.

How could there be such a coincidence for the gardener to come at this crucial moment?

He was still caught up in his thoughts on whether he should kill the gardener as well to silence him forever when the gardener suddenly shouted, "No outsiders are allowed in the orchard. Get out!"

The man did not expect that the gardener dared to yell at him!

He snorted disdainfully as he mocked, "Get out? Who do you think you are to order me to get out?!"

"I am the owner of the orchard! You're in my orchard right now, so I'm demanding you to leave. What's wrong with that?"

"Are you sure?" The man sneered and glanced at the gardener dangerously while flashing his sharp dagger at the gardener, who was allegedly the owner of this same orchard.

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"What do you mean by that?" the gardener huffed impatiently. "Did I not make myself clear? I told you to get out."

He then added, "This is my orchard. There's a sign outside that says outsiders aren't allowed to come in. Didn't you see it?"

The other man's expression turned icy. He gripped his dagger tightly as a murderous aura enveloped him.

At the same time, Absalon struggled into a sitting position and called out to the gardener in a quivering voice, "Hey, man. Y-You should watch what you're saying. Just run. This guy is a killer. If you don't leave now, he'll kill you!"

The man sneered and gave the gardener a smug look. "You got that? Do you still want to chase me out now?"

However, it was almost as if the gardener hadn't heard what Absalon had said as he fumed, "Do you even understand what I'm saying? I told you time and time again. This is my orchard, and I want you to leave. Are we clear?"

The man flew into a rage. He threw his dagger in one swift motion to silence the rowdy gardener.

Absalon sighed. He didn't have any strength and couldn't think of a way to save the gardener.

It was the gardener's fault for being so stubborn. He brought calamity upon himself!

The dagger flew straight at the gardener's throat. It was about to pin him against the tree behind him.

Though, not in a million chance had they expected the gardener to bend down and pick up a branch right as the dagger came soaring through the air.

It all happened in the briefest moment, and the dagger brushed right past the gardener without leaving even the slightest scratch.

The gardener acted as if he didn't see the dagger at all. After picking the branch up, he grouched, "I knew I was right for not letting strangers in. Look! You guys broke the branches off my fruit tree!"

The man's expression darkened once more. He thought that the gardener would've been dead by now. He didn't expect to see the gardener avoiding it just like that.

"How did a piece of trash like you get so lucky? Well, now that you've pissed me off, even luck can't save you now!"

The man roared and leaped toward the gardener. His right hand formed a claw gesture as he reached for the gardener's throat.

"You're dead meat!" the man bellowed.

He was certain he could break the gardener's neck once he got his hand on him. However, just as the man made his move, the gardener moved as well.

With an off-handed flick of his hand, he easily shoved the man's arm away.

The man's expression changed at once as he muttered

darkly, "You're a trained fighter! I never thought I'd misjudge someone the way I did today!"

Absalon was stunned as well. He thought that the gardener was doomed.

Who would've thought that a gardener could actually fight back?

All of a sudden, a thought occurred to him, and he quickly asked, "A-Are you Salazar Whitford?"

The gardener glanced at him and asked coolly, "Who are you?"

"Melvin Lennon sent me here to look for you," Absalon explained in a hurry. "He wants me to pass along a message."

The gardener waved his hand. "We have nothing to say to one another. We've settled everything between us and owe each other nothing now... Go back and tell him that I've given that life up now. Tell him I don't want to be disturbed!"

Absalon was shocked. 'How can he take that attitude with Melvin Lennon?'

Nevertheless, after recalling Melvin's instructions, he started speaking again. "Mr. Melvin only told me to pass a message along. He asked me to tell you that the descendant of the person who saved your father back then is currently in danger and needs your help!"

After hearing what Absalon said, the gardener's body jerked as if he had been electrocuted. He took off his straw hat to reveal a pair of shocked eyes staring straight at Absalon.

"A-Are you telling me the truth?"

Then, the man beside them roared, "Have the two of you forgotten about me? I'm going to send you off to hell!"

He lunged forward before he even finished speaking and charged right at the gardener's back as he mustered all of his strength to deal a fatal blow to the gardener.

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Absalon didn't notice what the man was doing, and by the time he realized that something was happening, the man was already charging toward the gardener.

Alarmed, Absalon wanted to warn the gardener, but it was already too late, and a chill ran down his spine. He knew that the man was frighteningly powerful. The gardener would undoubtedly be gravely injured if such a heavy blow were to land on him.

However, something completely unexpected happened next.

In a split second, the gardener turned around and swung a blow of his own. His fists smashed right into the other man's fists. A deafening crack filled the air as both of the man's arms broke at the same time. He howled in agony. Even then, the gardener wasn't done yet.

After breaking both of the man's arms, the gardener proceeded to slam his fist straight into the man's chest, which sent him flying so hard into the tree behind him that the trunk split.

The tree trunk was at least six inches wide.

Just how much force did the gardener put into his blow to split the trunk apart in just one strike?

As for the man, his chest had an unmistakable indentation that made it clear that he had broken ribs. He coughed up several mouthfuls of blood and made several attempts to get back on his feet. In the end, he slumped on the ground, drained of all his energy as he stared in disbelief.

Never in his wildest dreams would he have thought that someone who looked like an ordinary gardener would actually possess such terrifying strength!

Absalon shared a similar jaw-dropped expression as he took it all in. He would never have predicted this outcome. After all, it was evident that the man was a first-rate fighter.

Absalon could attest to that after experiencing it firsthand. Yet, in the end, the man couldn't even take on a single blow from the gardener.

'What on earth is going on? Just how strong is this gardener?'

Once Absalon's initial shock wore off, it was soon replaced by boundless hope.

With the help of such a formidable man, he was certain that Melvin would be able to resolve the crisis at hand!

The gardener didn't even spare a glance for the man after dealing him a crushing blow. He continued to stare at Absalon.

"Were you telling me the truth just now?" the gardener asked gravely.

Absalon snapped out of his daze and nodded vehemently. "O-Of course, it's true. Mr. Melvin told me himself!"

The gardener fell in deep thought for quite some time before balling his fists and saying grimly, "Alright. I'll choose to trust him again, just this once, but if I find out that he's lying to me, I'll make him pay with his life!"

Absalon couldn't help but feel thunderstruck again.

'What kind of relationship did this gardener have with Mr. Melvin? Why is he being so antagonistic?'

The gardener cleared the mess on the ground before saying, "Wait here. I'll leave with you once I gather a few things!"

Absalon quickly nodded in agreement.

Just then, the man on the ground began to struggle as he croaked, "W-Who the hell are you? I'm warning you. Don't get involved in this, or else things won't end well for you!"

"A guy like you is trying to scare me off?" the gardener sneered in response.

"D-Do you know who I am?!" the man bellowed.

The gardener snorted derisively. "You're just Levi Quirk's shadow assassin! Hah! Even Levi Quirk himself can't stop me, Salazar Whitford, from doing what I want!"

Both the man on the ground and Absalon were shocked to hear what the gardener said. They stared at him incredulously with their jaws dropped.

How many people would dare to say such an outrageous thing?

He showed no respect for Master Levi, the King of the South!

Just who on earth was he relying on to be this arrogant?

The man's face twisted up in fury as he fumed, "H-How dare you disrespect Master Levi? I'm going to kill you!"

He took a deep breath and forced himself on his feet before staggering toward the gardener. However, just one kick from the gardener had sent the man sprawling back onto the spot he once was.

"Save it. Leave while you still have some breath left and tell Levi something for me. If he wants to stop me, he'll have to do it himself," Salazar announced coldly.

"Don't send over a bunch of useless rats who'll just make fools out of themselves!"

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The gardener left after leaving the man with a message to take back to Levi. Meanwhile, the man slumped onto the ground. This time, he had no strength left to get back up.

Absalon continued to stand at the side as he watched it all happen in astonishment. Never in his craziest dreams would he believe someone would talk like that to Levi, of all people.

He was filled with doubt as he couldn't figure out who Salazar was.

'How is it possible for him not to show any respect for Master Levi?'

Soon, the gardener came back. He had changed into comfortable clothes and had a knapsack with him. Now, he looked like an ordinary tourist.

"Let's go!" Salazar called out to Absalon before walking off.

The whole time, he didn't even bother looking at the man on the ground.

Absalon followed after him in a hurry. By now, he was shocked to the core.

At 5.00 PM, the Damrons' convoy entered Eastcliff.

As soon as they arrived, they booked the entire Times Hotel and announced that Matthew was to come to Times Hotel that night to kneel in front of them and admit his mistake.

Otherwise, they were going to storm Lakeside Garden and kill Matthew themselves!

The entirety of Eastcliff was in an uproar. Everyone knew just how powerful the Damrons were. The talk revolved around what would happen to Matthew this time. However, regardless of whether they supported Matthew, everyone agreed that Matthew was doomed this time!

After all, the Damron Family was one of the largest families in Bainbridge. There were talks of them ranking among the Ten Greatest Families of Cathay someday. Even Levi wouldn't dare to underestimate a family as mighty as theirs.

Although Matthew's social standing had shot up rapidly, he didn't come from an illustrious background and didn't have a powerful figure to back him up. He couldn't stand up against a force as formidable as the Damrons. Thus, everyone assumed that Matthew's fate had been decided, he was going to die!

At Lakeside Garden.

Melvin set his phone down and glanced over to the couch where Matthew was sitting.

"Old Master Jackson just called. He said he was going to bring the Jacksons to Times Hotel to support you, but I talked him out of it."

Matthew nodded and spoke up quietly, "Melvin, if I don't make it past tonight, you'll need to help me tell Nat about their kindness. These are the ones who have helped me during my darkest hour. Remember to repay their kindness if the chance comes along in the future!"

Melvin sighed in melancholy and muttered, "I didn't think that the Damrons would come so soon. They caught us completely off-guard. Matthew, why don't you... Consider running now? Like they always say, while there's life, there's hope!"

However, Matthew shook his head. "If I run off without even meeting the Damrons, how am I supposed to hold my head high in front of others? No matter what happens tonight, I have to make an appearance there, even if it means facing death!"

Melvin sighed helplessly. He knew he couldn't convince Matthew otherwise. Matthew was stubborn like that. Though, it was just as Matthew said as well.

If he ran off without even meeting the Damrons first, he wouldn't be able to make a comeback ever again!

Society looked down on cowards. If someone were willing to confront their obstacles, even if they lost, they would still be viewed with respect. However, if that person didn't even have the courage to take things head-on and chose to retreat instead, even if he were in the right, he would still be the subject of ridicule.

After sitting around for a little longer, Matthew checked the time and got up. "It's about time. Melvin, don't come with me. Remember, if I don't come back tonight, don't try to avenge me..."

Melvin opened his mouth to speak, but in the end, nothing came out. He could only nod his head solemnly.

Matthew stepped out of the compound and looked up at the dark clouds slowly gathering along the horizon.

Ominous clouds were approaching.

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A large crowd had gathered outside the hotel. They were all powerful and influential members of society here at Eastcliff.

Some were part of the wealthiest families in the area, while others belonged to the various elite families.

All of them had sources that kept them up-to-date on the latest goings-on, and they knew what was supposed to be happening tonight, so they came over to watch the show.

One of the men in the crowd was shouting so hard that his spit flew everywhere. "I'm telling you right now. Matthew Larson's going to die tonight! Do you guys know who the Damrons are? They're one of Bainbridge's elite families!"

"Just this year, the Damrons had a marriage alliance with the Nolans, the greatest family in all of Cathay. Though, the Damrons alone already have the power to become one of Cathay's Ten Greatest Families. Facing a family like that? Let's not even talk about the families here in Eastcliff. Even the Ten Greatest Families of Eastshire would have to humble themselves and apologize in front of them."

“As for Matthew Larson, he’s nothing more than a live-in son-in-law who relies on his wife. He only managed to become who he is today because of some f*cking stroke of luck that ended up with him inheriting what Billy Newman left behind. What makes him think he can stand against the Damrons?”

“To the Damrons, Matthew Larson is nothing more than a bug on a windshield. Any one of the Damrons could squish him out with a flick of their finger. So tell me, don’t you guys agree that he’s not getting out here alive today?”

The listening crowd was thunderstruck, though some among them quickly voiced their agreement and shouted that Matthew was doomed.

A young woman in white stood on the other side of the crowd. It was Crystal Harrison, and right now, her face showed nothing but anguish.

Every word that man said seemed to strike a heavy blow against her heart, making it reel in pain.

For the last two days, she had been crying her eyes out ever since she heard about what Matthew was up against. It was as if her heart was being ripped to shreds.

Earlier on, Joseph Harrison approached Matthew and offered his help, but Matthew declined. Although he knew Joseph was sincere in his offer, he didn’t want to get the Harrisons involved.

The Harrisons were one of Billy’s allies and still running some of the businesses that Billy left behind. it could be said that the family worked for Brittany Newman.

As long as the Harrisons didn’t get involved in this, the Damrons wouldn’t touch them, but If they did, then the Damrons wouldn’t show them any mercy either. Therefore, Matthew refused to let the Harrisons get involved no matter what. He didn’t want innocent people to get slaughtered just because of him!

Joseph was standing beside Crystal. He saw her teary eyes and knew what she was thinking.

After a sigh, he murmured, “Let’s go home, Crystal. We can’t do anything even if we stayed here. We might even end up distracting Dr. Larson with our presence instead.”

Crystal’s tears flowed down her cheeks as she asked softly, “Grandpa, do you think Matthew is a good man?”

Joseph nodded. “He has the virtues of a doctor and is a righteous man. I’ve seen a lot of young men in my day, but Dr. Larson’s the only one who deserves all my respect!”

“Then, why is it always the good guys who have to suffer?” Crystal wept.

Joseph sighed. He looked up at the sky for a while before responding quietly, “I still believe there is justice in the world, but it doesn’t always come on time. There are times when it comes a little too late. However, even if it’s late, in the end, everyone will get what they deserve. So, don’t worry, Crystal. Dr. Larson is someone who’s very blessed. He won’t be in any danger...”

Crystal continued to weep silently. She knew that her grandfather was just trying to comfort her.

Alas, that was all she could cling to now to comfort herself. After all, she was just one woman.

What could she do?

Right at that moment, there was a commotion in the distance, and someone began to shout, "He's here! He's here! Matthew Larson has come to die! Hahaha!"

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Crystal quickly looked toward the commotion.

The crowd was rowdy as a car drove into the hotel's entrance. There were too many people gathered at the entrance, so they ended up blocking the car's path. Crystal recognized the car. it belonged to Matthew.

Everyone started making a ruckus again, and most of them were jeering.

Some of them immediately stood in the car's way and wagged their fingers at Matthew as they roared, "Get your butt out here, Larson! Who do you think you are that you have the right to drive into Times Hotel? Why don't you stop putting on your stinking airs at a time like this? Do you still think you're the Lord of Eastshire, huh?"

The crowd broke out into raucous laughter as they started mocking Matthew.

Crystal was fuming. "W-Why are they ganging up on him like that? Matthew has done nothing to them. Why are they trying to kick a man when he's down?"

Joseph sighed. "That is the nature of people. They fear the strong and bully the weak. The Damrons are upstairs watching right now. They're just trying to make a good impression so the Damrons would think favorably of them. What they don't know is that to the Damrons, they're nothing but a bunch of clowns. Why would the Damrons waste any time on them?"

Thanks to that young man's shouts, many people came over to crowd around the car and screamed for Matthew to get down.

They acted as if they owned the Times Hotel.

Although the rest of the crowd kept quiet, most of them were here to have a laugh. They wanted to see what Matthew could do in this situation.

Meanwhile, on the top floor of the Times Hotel, a few men gathered by the window to watch what was occurring outside.

These were members of the Damron Family, and they were all sneering at the sight.

One of them started gloating, "I told you so. As long as we appear in Eastcliff, we don't even need to get our hands dirty. Once all these f*ckers hear our name, they'll help us sort Larson out at once! Look. He can't even enter the Times Hotel right now. The Lord of Eastshire, huh? Hah! What a joke!"

The others began to laugh and jeer as well with smug looks on their faces.

Meanwhile, Matthew was sitting in the car with Tiger acting as his driver. He had intended to come over to the hotel by himself.

He wanted Tiger to leave Eastcliff first. However, Tiger refused to go. He insisted on staying with Matthew, and Matthew was touched.

Tiger seethed with rage at the sight of the jeering crowd outside the car.

“F*cking hell! These b*stards have gone too far! Do they think they can lord over us just because they’re doing it in the name of the Damron Family? Just wait, Matthew. I’ll call some guys over to get rid of them!”

Matthew was resting in the back seat with his eyes half-closed.

When he heard what Tiger said, he replied, “Why bother calling anyone? Just run them over.”

Tiger was startled, but his eyes brightened at once. “You’re right! Why didn’t I think of that? F*ck them! These b*stards asked for it!”

He smashed his foot against the accelerator right away. The car rumbled like a sleeping dragon that had been awakened as it charged into the crowd.

Over a dozen people had been standing in front of the car as they roared at the top of their lungs for Matthew to get out of the car.

When they saw the car was hurtling straight at them, they suddenly realized things weren’t turning out the way they had expected them to. They immediately tried to escape, but it was too late.

Tiger rammed the car straight into the first few people and knocked them to the ground. Even then, he didn’t slow down. He dragged those people, who had been mocking the loudest, under the wheels as he continued rushing forward.

The remaining men who were further behind saw what was happening and started screaming for their lives as they fled. However, Tiger didn’t care anymore. He drove at top speed and charged into the crowd again.

The ground was littered with people who had been knocked down, and they were all howling in agony.

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The spectating crowd was flabbergasted by what they just saw. Those who had hoped to see Matthew make a fool out of himself were completely dumbstruck.

They waited eagerly to see how Matthew was going to handle this, but who would’ve thought that his methods would be so primitive and violent?

The car rammed straight into the crowd as if it were a lawnmower mowing down the weeds.

Wasn’t it a bit harsh to just run down all those people who had been standing in the way?

The crowd looked at those who had been taunting Matthew just moments ago. They were all lying on the ground and moaning in pain.

Those who had been standing at the forefront were the ones who had hurled the most abuse. They had never crossed paths with Matthew before.

Just like what Joseph had said, these people were just doing it to make a good impression on the Damrons in the hopes that they could receive the family's support. Now, these people were lying in pools of blood.

Chances were, none of them were breathing anymore.

The others who had also stood in the car's path were injured as well. Those who were lucky had someone to take them away to the side, but those who didn't have such help remained on the ground wailing in agony.

Tiger didn't show any mercy. He continued to drive around and run over those who were still on the road. It seemed as if he were out for blood.

The men begged for mercy over and over again, but his pleas fell on deaf ears.

The crowd had gone completely silent. No one dared to utter a single mocking word anymore.

It was at this moment that they finally remembered something, Matthew was no saint.

How could a bunch of powerless guys like them bully a guy who could even wipe the floor with the Ten Greatest Families of both Eastshire and Stonedale?

Back on the top floor of the Times Hotel.

The Damrons had been waiting for the crowd to make a mockery out of Matthew, and thus, they were also stupefied by what they saw happening next.

After a brief moment of silence, one of them bellowed, "H-He's crazy! How can he just drive into a crowd of so many people? How is that something a sane person does?"

The other members of the Damron Family were also pale with fury. One of them snarled, "How dare he be so arrogant at a time like this! How can he show us so little respect!"

A few others began to fume as well, but suddenly, an icy voice rang out from behind them. "He's trying to put on a show of force in front of us. In that case, we should return the favor! Go down. Get him to stop the car and bow in front of Jasper's memorial plaque to pay his respects before coming upstairs!"

The Damrons immediately had looks of satisfaction when they heard this.

"That's a good idea, Master Damron!"

"Hahaha. Let's see if Matthew Larson can still be so arrogant once he has to bow in front of everyone!"

One of the men guffawed and came forward. "I'll handle it, Master Damron! If that Larson fellow doesn't bow, I'll break his legs and make him kneel as he bows!"

The other members of the Damron Family nodded in agreement as they started to gloat.

This time, they were going to humiliate Matthew right in front of everyone here in Eastcliff and ensure that everyone knew just how powerful the Damrons were!

Back downstairs, Matthew's car finally came to a stop, but none of the surrounding crowd dared to say anything.

He stepped out of the car and was just about to head upstairs when a few people came out to block him.

The man in the lead was the member of the Damron Family who had just come down.

He eyed Matthew and asked icily, "Are you Matthew Larson?"

"That's me," Matthew replied calmly.

The man scoffed. "Alright. I'm Harper Damron. Jasper was my brother. Master Damron, the head of the family, has said that in order to prove to us your sincerity, you'll have to complete the bow of respect to my brother's memorial plaque before you can go upstairs!"

Once Harper finished his sentence, he flicked his hand, and a few people came forward with Jasper's memorial plaque.

After hearing everything, the crowd broke out in chatter once again.

Those, who had been mocking Matthew earlier, immediately found their chance to howl in laughter.

"Hahaha! Master Damron is a wise man, indeed! This b*stard should bow right here to atone for his sins!"

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Matthew's expression turned icy.

He knew the Damrons wouldn't let him off easy this time, but he didn't expect them to try and bulldoze their way over him like that.

Tiger, who was standing beside Matthew, roared in fury, "Harper Damron, you people have gone too far! We're not the ones who killed Jasper Damron, so why are you asking Matthew to bow in front of his memorial plaque?"

Harper's eyes flickered over to Tiger. "Who do you think you are? What makes you think you have the right to speak? Someone, come and slap him!"

One of the men behind Harper immediately rushed forward with his hand raised to slap Tiger.

Tiger didn't budge. He immediately tried to stop the man, but unfortunately, Tiger was a pretty sloppy fighter.

The man shoved Tiger's arm away with his raised hand, then back with a backhand slap toward Tiger.

Just as his palm was about to make contact with Tiger's face, Matthew grabbed the man's wrist and shielded Tiger behind him.

"He's my friend. He speaks for me," Matthew declared coldly.

Harper chuckled. "Hahaha. Hey, Larson. Who do you think you are? Even a punk like you doesn't have the right to speak in front of me. What makes you think you can stand up for him? Since he speaks on your behalf, then fine. You can get slapped right along with him!"

A few more Damrons started heading toward Matthew with menacing glints in their eyes.

The crowd began jeering again, and one of the men roared, "Good call, Mr. Damron!"

"Hey, Larson. Do you think you're so amazing just because you call yourself the Lord of Eastshire?"

"Hah! You're not even fit to wipe the shoes of people like the Damrons! What makes you think you have the right to run your mouth here?"

Others began to taunt and jeer as well.

They had been scared witless earlier, but now that the Damrons were here, they seemed to have found their anchor and were no longer afraid of Matthew. Furthermore, these people wanted to make a show of themselves in front of the Damrons in the hopes that they could gain the family's favor, so they fought to hurl the most insults at Matthew and grovel at the Damrons' feet.

Tiger was trembling with rage, but they couldn't even deal with the Damrons right now, so they couldn't pay any attention to the others.

Matthew remained calm as he eyed the men beside him.

"Harper Damron, is this how the Damrons treat their guests?" he asked grimly.

"Matthew Larson, why don't you pee on the ground and take a look at your reflection? How are you a guest? Do you think you're worthy of being the Damron Family's guest?" Harper sneered.

The spectators roared tauntingly once more.

Matthew's eyes were as cold as ice. "You're the ones who invited me over..."

Harper cut him off immediately. "Get your facts straight. We didn't invite you over. We ordered you to come over! You're here to resolve the matter involving Jasper. We're not here to throw a party for you. Don't flatter yourself!"

"I'm not the one who killed Jasper Damron. Why am I the one who's supposed to resolve it?" Matthew retorted gravely.

Harper scoffed. "You don't get to decide if you're the one who killed him! Larson, it doesn't matter whether or not you're the one who sent people to kill Jasper. Regardless of everything else, he did die on Eastcliff territory! You're the so-called Lord of Eastshire, aren't you? So, you're going to take responsibility for his death!"

Tiger was infuriated as he bellowed, "Why, you... You people are being unreasonable!"

Harper smirked. "Reason? Hah! Who cares about reason? What I say goes! Larson, I'm giving you one last opportunity. Kneel here and slap yourself ten times before bowing in respect to Jasper's memorial plaque, and then you can head upstairs!"

“Otherwise, I’ll break your f*cking legs and press your head to the ground before dragging you upstairs. It’s your choice!”

By now, Matthew was furious as well. His voice was cold and harsh as he responded, “The Damrons sure know how to throw their weight around. Fine! Let me see how you intend to break my legs today!”