

Unspeakable 1881

The Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Chapter 1881

After watching Aurelius disappear, Matthew turned to the young woman standing nearby with a puzzled look.

It wasn't surprising that Salazar came to save him.

'But what's one of Master Levi's people doing here?'

Just then, Salazar spoke up. "She's the one who led me to your villa, and as soon as I went in, I saw the Damrons taking you away, so I went after you and she came along too."

Matthew was taken aback.

He stared at the young woman in surprise. "How did you know the Damrons were coming?"

The young woman eyed Matthew scornfully. "Master Levi said that his relationship with the Damrons hadn't gotten to the point where they would invite him to Bainbridge for an engagement ceremony. Therefore, it couldn't be as simple as that. They had to be up to something..."

"He instructed me to keep watch here at Lakeside Garden for the time being to prevent the Damrons from storming the gates. Hah! Count yourself lucky. The Damrons would've taken you away by now if I hadn't been keeping watch here!"

Matthew finally realized what had happened. Master Levi had sent someone to keep an eye on things nearby.

Salazar didn't notice that the Damrons had entered the place because the place he was staying at was a little further away from Matthew's villa. Meanwhile, the young woman had been keeping watch near the villa.

She would've noticed the Damrons the moment they came in, but she knew that she couldn't defeat the two of them just by herself, so she led Salazar over as well.

'That's how things ended up this way...'

In actuality, Matthew wasn't too surprised by that. He knew that Master Levi wouldn't allow the Damrons to take him away.

Previously, Master Levi had stayed out of the fight because the Damrons had a valid reason for attacking Matthew. He couldn't do anything if he wanted to avoid public outcry. However, he must've also been prepared back then.

He wouldn't have allowed the Damrons to take Matthew out of the South. Thus, it wasn't at all surprising that he did the same this time.

The Damrons had released an announcement admitting that Jasper's death had nothing to do with Matthew. Therefore, the Damrons no longer had a reason to capture Matthew.

It would be perfectly reasonable for Master Levi to send someone to stop this from happening. No one could say anything about it. Either way, Master Levi was not going to let Matthew leave the South.

Thanks to this whole affair, Matthew grew warier of Master Levi.

‘Well... Master Levi’s such a sly fox.’

A simple act from Mark Damron was enough for Master Levi to figure out the Damrons’ true intentions.

‘I have to keep my guard up against a man like him!’

Though Matthew had a heightened sense of vigilance now, he was still smiling as he acknowledged the young woman.

“I see. Please help me thank Master Levi!”

The young woman snorted and ignored Matthew. She stared at Salazar instead. Her eyes were sharp and piercing as she studied him for quite some time, but eventually, she turned around and left.

Matthew was confused. “What’s going on? Is there animosity between you two?”

Salazar’s expression remained the same. “I injured one of her subordinates.”

“Huh? Just now?” Matthew asked.

Salazar shook his head and filled Matthew in on everything that took place when Absalon went to look for him.

This was all new to Matthew. He frowned when he heard about the shadow assassin.

“So, what you’re saying is that she’s the one who trained all these shadow assassins?”

Salazar nodded. “I suspected as much before this. My

suspicions were confirmed once I saw the way she attacked just now.”

Matthew’s brows furrowed even more.

‘This means Master Levi sent someone to stop Absalon from getting to Salazar...’

In other words, Master Levi didn’t want Salazar to come and help Matthew.

Matthew could see why on his matter. Master Levi didn’t want Matthew to become more powerful, as that would make it harder for him to keep Matthew in check.

‘Master Levi, that sly fox. He did such a great job hiding his claws. His true intentions went undetected all this while...’

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The young woman must have been glaring at Salazar because he had injured her subordinate.

She probably thought about taking her revenge on him but had given up that notion when she saw how strong he was earlier. After all, there was a huge gap between their fighting prowess!

Matthew shook his head and warned quietly, "You need to be careful. That woman doesn't like you. She might sneak up on you someday."

Salazar was unperturbed. "She can't defeat me."

Matthew didn't know what to say to that.

It wasn't easy to hold a conversation with a guy like Salazar. Matthew's greatest surprise was when he witnessed just how formidable of a fighter Salazar was.

He had been worried that Salazar might not be powerful enough to go up against someone as strong as Aurelius. However, he now knew that Salazar was leagues above Aurelius.

With Salazar around, Matthew no longer needed to worry about the Damrons.

He called the Crown Prince and arranged for Sasha and the others to return.

Now that the Damrons were no longer a threat to Matthew, he was safe and wanted his family back by his side.

Meanwhile, about a quarter of a mile away, three men were hiding in the darkness and secretly observing the situation through night vision binoculars.

These three men were Macon Rathbone, Gregory Huntington, and Lord Voodoo. All three were shadows of their past, vigorous selves.

With their dirt-streaked faces and tattered clothes, they looked and smelled like beggars on the streets. This was because they had been on the run lately. They hid inside the forest and didn't have a chance to go anywhere else.

Both the Damrons and Matthew's people were looking for them, so they had to stay low and scurry around like rats.

Thankfully, the Damrons' main target was Matthew. Matthew was also busy dealing with the Damrons and didn't have the time to focus on looking for the three men, so they were still relatively safe for now. Otherwise, they would've been found by now.

All three men had been stupefied when the Damrons fell into Matthew's trap and were forced to release that announcement.

Still, they were shrewd, cunning foxes.

Macon was the one who deduced that the Damrons wouldn't let things slide just like that and were bound to try to sneak up on Matthew. Thus, for the past few days, the three of them hid in the forest near Lakeside Garden and kept an eye on the situation.

There had been the first to discover the Damrons sneaking into Lakeside Garden tonight.

At the time, they were ecstatic as they were certain that Matthew would meet his doom this time.

Once Matthew was dead, the three would immediately leave the South and find a place to stay in hiding for a while. Yet, none of them predicted that someone would come to Matthew's rescue and pursue the Damrons after they took him.

The three men refused to accept this. They followed closely behind to see what was going to happen.

They even decided to secretly help the Damrons if the fight swung in Matthew's way so that they could get rid of Matthew once and for all. However, the three of them weren't strong enough, so they didn't dare to stick too close.

They stopped at a safe distance away from the fight and used their night vision binoculars to keep an eye on things instead.

As the fight went on, they began thinking about whether they should join in to defeat Matthew, but before they could even make a move, the most unexpected thing happened.

Matthew woke up earlier than anticipated and attacked Falconn who had been caught unaware. The fight immediately came to a screeching halt, and Matthew's side emerged victorious.

Macon, Gregory, and Lord Voodoo nearly had a breakdown when they saw the outcome of the fight. They had thought that Matthew was doomed.

Who would've expected that the tables would turn so quickly?

More importantly, Aurelius had even given Matthew a written guarantee. This meant that they could no longer rely on the Damrons to get rid of Matthew!

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Macon, Gregory, and Lord Voodoo only regained their courage to move when Matthew and the others had left.

Gregory looked utterly despaired. "How could this be? Why did things turn out like that? Where did that man, who was with Matthew, come from?"

"How could he be so strong? Two of the Damrons' strongest fighters came, but they were defeated just like that. W-Who else can kill Matthew now? Aurelius even gave him a written guarantee! The Damrons won't be trying to take their revenge on him now. Does that mean the Damrons and Matthew will be turning their attention to us? Where can we go now?"

Macon was ashen-faced. He clenched his jaw and said nothing.

On the other hand, Lord Voodoo was crouching on the ground and sniffing all around him as if he was looking for something.

Gregory continued lamenting for a while, and after noticing Lord Voodoo's silence, he asked, "Hey, Lord Voodoo. What are you doing? Come on. Tell us what you think we should do now. Why don't we head to Orleans and hide inside Thousand Hills?"

Lord Voodoo glared at Gregory. "Are you crazy? The Charm Master has returned to Orleans. It's a lot more dangerous there than it is here."

Gregory pursed his lips. "The Charm Master is just a little girl. What can she do to us? We'll have to face off against the Damrons if we stay here. Can't you tell which one poses more danger to us?"

"What do you know, huh?" Lord Voodoo scoffed. "You can't compare the Damrons to the Charm Master. I'm telling you right now. I'd much rather face off against Master Levi than set foot in the Charm Master's territory!"

Gregory was startled. He never thought Lord Voodoo would be so terrified of the Charm Master.

Even Macon was taken aback as well. "Lord Voodoo, don't make mountains out of molehills. She's just a little girl who's still wet behind her ears. What can she even do to us?"

"I think the three of us can head over to Orleans, find a chance to ambush her, and take control of Orleans. That way, we'll still have a place to call our own, at least!"

Gregory nodded in agreement at once.

However, Lord Voodoo shook his head violently. "Don't go! Don't! We mustn't go! The two of you don't know anything about the Charm Master. What do you mean she's a little girl who's still wet behind her ears? Hah! Let me put it this way. You two know about what happened with Gilbert Nolan, right?"

Macon and Gregory nodded.

Gilbert Nolan was one of the more influential members of the Nolan Family and the one who represented the family in public.

Considering how high his status was within the family, it went without saying that he was an incredibly formidable fighter as well. It was rumored that Gilbert's strength was on par with the Six Kings!

"Do you know how Gilbert got injured?" Lord Voodoo asked.

Macon and Gregory exchanged glances. "Of course! Billy Newman hit him, right?"

Lord Voodoo snorted. "Billy Newman? Hah! He nearly died at Gilbert's hands!"

Both Macon and Gregory exclaimed in surprise.

"That can't be! Isn't Billy as powerful as the Six Kings? Even Master Levi was a match for him! How could Gilbert have the ability to kill Billy?"

"Yes, Gilbert is a little weaker than Billy," Lord Voodoo sneered. "But he's still a Nolan. A team of the Nolans' front-line fighters would follow him everywhere he went, and they were all strong fighters..."

"I was there during that fight. I managed to sneak up on Billy, and Gilbert attacked as well. Billy was gravely injured. We were on the verge of killing him! It's true! But, in the end, he still managed to escape."

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Macon and Gregory exchanged looks once more. They were both stunned and in disbelief.

"How did Gilbert end up heavily injured then?" Macon asked.

Lord Voodoo took a deep breath. "This is where the Charm Master comes into the picture. At the time, Gilbert wanted to go after Billy, so he chased Billy to Eastcliff to finish him off. However, he ended up running into the Charm Master. She made her move, and Gilbert nearly lost his life at Eastcliff."

"What? I-Is that true?" Macon and Gregory exclaimed in shock.

"Of course!" Lord Voodoo snapped. "I was the one who planted the Larva of the Immortal Charm onto Billy when I snuck up on him! I knew very well what happened that day!"

"The Charm Master's powers are far beyond either one of your imaginations! Let me put it this way, her Golden Cocoon Charm hasn't reached its final stage yet, but even so, she's on par with the Six Kings right now. Once her Golden Cocoon Bug manages to devour all other cursed bugs and becomes the strongest of them all..."

"Hah! I can't think of anyone in the world who would be able to defeat her then!"

Macon and Gregory's eyes bulged out of their sockets. "Lord Voodoo, d-don't be an alarmist! There are scores of powerful people in the world! Also, the Martial Emperor is in Bainbridge overseeing all of Cathay. I doubt that a little girl can compare to the Martial Emperor!"

Lord Voodoo shook his head. "Don't be so sure about that! No one knows just how powerful the Charm Master is! Either way, remember this. Don't go to Orleans! We can't hide in Orleans when the Charm Master's there. Once she reaches a certain stage, she can communicate with all the cursed bugs. Nothing can happen in Orleans without her knowing about it, so don't even think about challenging her!"

Yet again, Macon and Gregory exchanged looks of shock. Neither one of them dared to head over to Orleans now, not after hearing what Lord Voodoo had to say about the Charm Master.

Even if Lord Voodoo had exaggerated a little, it was still certain that they couldn't risk going up against the Charm Master.

After filling the two men in on everything, Lord Voodoo crouched back down. He seemed to be trying to listen to something.

"What are you doing, Lord Voodoo?" Gregory asked in puzzlement.

"I left a tracking worm just now. I'm keeping an eye on where the two Damrons are," Lord Voodoo explained grimly.

Macon's expression stiffened. "What are you trying to do? Are you planning on killing the two of them? The Damrons would be in an uproar if they died! They would stop at nothing to kill us!"

Lord Voodoo eyed Macon and Gregory. "Of course, I know that! But we can make it seem like Matthew's the one who did it!"

Macon frowned. "Are we pulling this trick again? They figured it out very quickly the last time. Are you sure it'll work again this time?"

Lord Voodoo snorted. "It won't be the same this time. We can disguise ourselves as Matthew before we go after them. The Damrons will surely think that Matthew went back on his word. When the time comes, we can just let one of them live to tell the tale, and Matthew would be doomed."

Gregory was still doubtful. "W-Will that work? Won't they see through our disguise?"

"It's pitch black right now," Lord Voodoo countered. "It won't be easy for them to notice anything. Plus, my plan isn't that simple either. I've also prepared a Mimicking Charm that can be used to mimic other people's voices. Later, we'll disguise ourselves as Matthew and use the charm to mimic his voice as well before covering our faces up!"

"That way, the Damrons will think that it's Matthew who's trying to sneak up on them, and everything will go according to plan!"

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Macon and Gregory gaped at Lord Voodoo.

"Those of you from Orleans are all incredible! You have all kinds of charms and curses!" Gregory remarked.

"Of course!" Lord Voodoo said smugly. "The Charms and Curses of Orleans are a marvel to all! We have a lot of charms and curses that are beyond your wildest dreams!"

Macon nodded. "With this Mimicking Charm, your plan seems pretty solid. Fine. Let's go over and kill Aurelius. We'll leave Falconn alive to report this back to the family. Hah! Let's see how Larson handles things this time!"

Gregory nodded excitedly.

However, Lord Voodoo waved that idea off at once. "We can't kill Aurelius!"

"Why not?" Macon didn't get it. "Falconn's a nobody in the Damron Family. Although he's powerful, his death won't be that big of a deal, but it's not the same with Aurelius. He's the head of the family. If we kill him, the Damrons will be outraged and won't stop at anything to get their revenge!"

Lord Voodoo shook his head. "Falconn's too strong. Furthermore, he has been part of the martial arts world for decades now and knows how to stay calm in dangerous situations. It'll be harder for us to fool him since we're just pretending to be Matthew..."

"Our fighting style won't be the same as his. Falconn has a lot of experience. We run the risk of getting exposed if he notices anything amiss. As for Aurelius, although he's the head of the family, he's also a proud and conceited man. People like him are the easiest to fool. Therefore, it's best if we kill Falconn instead of Aurelius!"

"Still, Falconn's death won't matter all that much to the Damrons," Macon said.

"Why wouldn't it when we consider how powerful he is?" Lord Voodoo refuted. "He's the Damrons' secret weapon and the one that Mark Damron values the most..."

“Mark might even consider him more important than Aurelius. After all, Mark has so many sons, but when it comes to fighters of the highest caliber, there are only himself and Falconn. So, what do you think?”

Macon and Gregory stared at each other. In the end, they both nodded slowly.

Thus, it was time to put Lord Voodoo’s plan into motion. Lord Voodoo helped Macon disguise himself as Matthew and taught him how to use the Mimicking Charm.

They could only have one person pretend to be Matthew and Macon was the best choice as he was the strongest out of the three of them.

Once everything was settled, Lord Voodoo used his tracking worm to find the Damrons’ location.

After leaving, Aurelius had brought Falconn back to the car and drove out of Eastcliff at once. However, their car was now parked beside a quiet patch of forest on the northern outskirts of Eastcliff.

That young woman from earlier had nearly punctured one of Aurelius’ organs. During his negotiation with Matthew, he forced himself to stay strong and bear with it, but he had been bleeding out the whole time.

Now that they were out of Eastcliff, he couldn’t hold on any longer. After pulling over, he bandaged himself up and called the Damrons to send someone to pick them up.

Aurelius and Falconn had come over alone as they didn’t want anyone to find out about them mounting a sneak attack.

They had thought it would be a piece of cake for them to take Matthew away with them, so they didn’t bring anyone else with them.

In the end, things turned out to be the opposite of what they thought, and Aurelius had no choice but to call up the nearby Damrons for help.

After tending to his wound, he sat in the car and rested for a bit before he carried on driving. Just then, amid the darkness, he heard the sound of something sharp whizzing through the air. It flew straight into one of the tires of his car.

The tire went flat, and the car jerked.

Aurelius’ face turned grim. He looked all around and spotted a person in black with their face hidden underneath a black mask sprinting toward the car.

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Aurelius immediately sensed the hostility that emanated from the attacker.

He swiftly woke Falconn up. Then, he took a deep breath and steadied himself before jumping out of the car.

“Who goes there? How dare you try to sneak up on me? I’ll have you know that I’m Aurelius Damron, the head of the Bainbridge Damrons!”

“Do you know what’ll happen to you if you stand against me?!” Aurelius roared as he glared at the person in the hopes of scaring him away by intimidation.

However, the person ignored him and continued charging over

Aurelius began to panic. He was heavily injured and merely putting up a strong front right now.

Falconn’s situation was even worse. He was in no state to fight now. Under the circumstances, even with the two of them combined, they still couldn’t put up much of a fight. They had no way of opposing anyone who wanted to ambush them now.

One of the car tires had burst, and Falconn had no strength to even run.

Aurelius was too injured to consider running away with Falconn on his back. He had no other choice but to pretend to be calm as he roared once more, “Since you have a death wish, I shall fulfill it for you! Hah! I’ll make sure you won’t live past tonight!”

The man in black continued to storm toward the car without saying anything.

Aurelius’ hands had started trembling.

Just then, Falconn gasped behind him, “R-Run, quickly... You won’t scare him off. He knows we’re injured...”

Aurelius was startled. “Huh? H-How does he know that?”

Falconn took a deep breath and mustered all his strength to explain, “Look at his speed. He’s not very strong. If we were fine, a guy like him wouldn’t have the guts to come near us, yet he punctured our tires before charging toward us. It’s clear that he’s coming after us now because he knows we’re injured.”

Aurelius finally realized what was going on, and his expression hardened as well.

“Who on earth is he? How does he know we’re injured? Matthew and the other two are the only ones who know we’re injured right? Are they coming after us now?” Aurelius fumed.

Falconn waved his hand feebly.

Aurelius didn’t dare to waste any more time. He immediately helped Falconn up as he decided to try and escape with him. However, before he could even get several feet away, the man in black caught up to them.

The man in black launched an attack directed straight at Aurelius’ back.

Upon sensing the strength of his opponent’s attack, Aurelius realized that the person was only an average fighter who was a lot weaker than him. He could’ve easily killed the guy off if he hadn’t been injured earlier.

That being said, he was still bleeding profusely and didn't have enough strength to even defeat the attacker now.

He rolled on the ground to avoid the attack before roaring, "You coward! Why don't you rip off the mask and let me see your face, huh? Since you have the guts to attack me, why don't you have the guts to show me who you are, huh? You useless piece of trash!"

The man in black kept quiet and continued attacking.

Aurelius managed to defend against a couple of blows before getting kicked in the leg and stumbling backward. He knew that he couldn't hold out anymore.

He took out the hand flare he had on him and shot it into the sky. It was the Damrons' signal for help that was used by the most important members of the Damron Family. He didn't know if there were any other Damrons nearby, but he had to give it a shot. They might be saved if the Damrons could get here in time.

Thanks to the light of the hand flare, Aurelius managed to take a good look at the man in black.

Although the man had covered the lower half of his face, his forehead and eyes were still visible.

Aurelius took one look at the man and his expression darkened as he roared, "Matthew Larson?!"

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Although the black cloth hid most of the man's features, the curves and angles of his face were still detectable. Aurelius already had his suspicions earlier.

Matthew, Salazar, and that young woman were the only ones who knew that he and Falconn were injured. Therefore, the attacker had to be either one of them or someone sent by them.

From the silhouette, Aurelius could tell that it wasn't the young woman. Thus, he suspected that it had to be either Matthew or Salazar.

After seeing the attacker's fighting prowess, he was certain that it wasn't Salazar.

As it was, Aurelius already suspected the man in black to be Matthew, and when the light of the flare lit up the man's face, his suspicions were confirmed. Even though the man's face was covered, Aurelius could tell from his forehead and eyes that it was Matthew!

'Isn't that Matthew Larson?!'

Aurelius was beside himself with rage as he hollered, "Matthew Larson, you shameless, despicable b*stard! You agreed to let us go if I gave you a written guarantee, yet you secretly chased after us to attack us! You're going back on your word, you *sshole!"

The man's eyes gleamed as he refuted lowly, "You're wrong!"

When Aurelius heard his reply, he became even more incensed. "Who the f*ck are you trying to trick, huh? Do you think I'm a fool? Do you think I won't recognize your voice just because you're speaking in a lower register? You sc*mbag! How dare you humiliate me like that? O-Our family won't stop until we destroy you!"

The man's eyes flashed coldly as he retorted grimly, "Won't stop until you destroy me? Hah! Let's see if you'll live long enough for that!"

Once again, he charged forward to strike Aurelius.

Aurelius' expression hardened. He stumbled around avoiding the attacks as he screamed, "I've already contacted my people, Larson! If you kill me now, the Damrons will immediately find out about it. A-Are you sure you want to fight us to the bitter end?!"

"I'm warning you. I'm the head of the Damron Family. Even the heavens won't be able to protect you if anything happens to me!"

He kept screaming as he tried to scare off the man in black with the strength of his family. However, the man in black wasn't affected at all.

He kept charging toward Aurelius and soon managed to land a blow on Aurelius' shoulder.

Aurelius groaned in pain as his body trembled. He realized that his threats didn't work on the attacker.

The man had come intending to kill him. He was dead meat if things carried on like this!

He glanced at Falconn, who was lying on the ground nearby.

Falconn couldn't even stand up. He was nothing more than a burden to Aurelius.

'I might have a chance of escaping if I run off alone, but I definitely can't escape if I bring Falconn with me.'

Aurelius' eyes flickered darkly. He was beginning to consider leaving Falconn behind and escaping alone.

After defending himself from a few more blows, Aurelius finally had to start retreating from the man in black's relentless attacks.

The wound he had bandaged just a while ago was starting to bleed out once more.

Aurelius knew that if things carried on this way, he would no longer have any hope of escaping. He was going to die here.

He glanced at Falconn and the man in black before gritting his teeth and shouting, "Find a chance to escape, Uncle Falconn!"

Aurelius turned around and sprinted straight for the forest. It looked as if he was trying to lead the man in black away so that Falconn could seize the chance to escape.

In reality, the man in black didn't go after Aurelius. Instead, he ran over to Falconn and held a blade to Falconn's neck.

This seemed to have escaped Aurelius' attention as he didn't turn back. He kept running deeper into the forest.

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Falconn's expression darkened when he saw what Aurelius was doing.

He was no fool. He could tell that Aurelius wasn't trying to lure the man in black away. Aurelius wanted to use him to delay the attacker and escape himself!

Falconn looked straight at the man in black and muttered, "Larson, there's no use trying to use me to threaten him! Aurelius is a shameless, dishonorable man. He won't care about me dying. If you want to go against him, let me live..."

"I will tell everyone what he has done. The Damrons will cast him aside like the gutter rat that he is, and he will most certainly die! I can promise you that the Damrons will never oppose you again. How's that?"

A scornful look flashed in the man's eyes.

All of a sudden, the blade shifted down and he stabbed Falconn in the heart.

Falconn's expression stiffened. He grabbed the man tightly and used the last ounce of strength he could muster to cry out, "Y-You're not Matthew Larson!"

"You're a sly one, alright," the man in black sneered. "Still, even though you found out now, it's still too late!"

The man pressed the blade even deeper into Falconn's chest.

Falconn spat out a mouthful of blood and his hands fell limp. After killing Falconn, the man in black stood up and glanced behind him. Aurelius was nowhere to be seen.

He snorted and called out, "It's done. You guys can come out now!"

Two men emerged from the trees, Lord Voodoo and Gregory. Thus, the man in black was Macon in disguise.

Gregory was thrilled when he saw Falconn's body. "The plan worked! That fool Aurelius definitely thinks that it was Matthew who killed Falconn. Once he gets back to the Damrons, they will start hunting Matthew down and won't stop until they get their revenge. We'll be in for a great show!"

Macon nodded slowly. "That's right! Hahaha! Your plan is excellent, Lord Voodoo. What should we do now?"

Gregory and Macon both turned to look at Lord Voodoo, and they saw him crouching beside Falconn's body, seemingly searching for something.

"What are you looking for, Lord Voodoo?" Gregory quizzed.

Lord Voodoo pretended to brush his hand carelessly against Falconn's neck as he griped, "Is that all? He's supposed to be one of the core members of the Damron Family, and yet, he doesn't have anything of value on his body! Is that all the Damrons amount to?"

Both the other men nodded in understanding.

'I see... Lord Voodoo's trying to see if Falconn has anything valuable with him.'

“Why would there be anything valuable on a guy like him?” Gregory muttered. “That’s enough. Let’s hurry up and leave. Falconn died here, which means a storm is about to break out across the Six Southern States. We need to find a place to hide at once so that no one finds us.”

Macon nodded in agreement. He didn’t want to stick around any longer.

Meanwhile, Lord Voodoo’s hand was still pressed against Falconn’s neck. There were a few bugs in the palm of his hand. They crawled along his hand and gnawed on Falconn’s neck before entering his body.

However, Lord Voodoo didn’t give anything away as he nodded along. “Yeah. We need to hurry up and leave first!”

Macon and Gregory didn’t suspect him.

The two of them cleared the place and destroyed all traces that might lead back to them.

Lord Voodoo pretended to do the same before trailing off behind them.

The three men kept moving until they reached a small town nearby. Lord Voodoo suggested that they rested in this town for a while so that they could keep an eye on things.

Macon and Gregory didn’t want to linger in the area, but Lord Voodoo kept insisting, so in the end, they agreed to it.

The three men found a place to rest. At a little past 4.00AM, a dark silhouette slipped out of the house. It was Lord Voodoo.

Under the cover of darkness, Lord Voodoo sprinted out of the small town.

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Lord Voodoo kept running until he was back at the spot where Falconn had been killed.

Everything was still the same. Falconn’s body was strewn across the ground, and even the car was still in the same place.

This was a secluded area. No one would be passing through at night.

Lord Voodoo’s eyes gleamed sharply when he saw Falconn’s body. He rushed over and picked the body up. Falconn’s body was noticeably different now. It looked as if it had dried out.

Lord Voodoo lifted the body onto his back and started rushing down a mountain path. He kept running for several dozen miles before he finally stopped at an extremely secluded part of the mountain.

After setting Falconn’s body down, Lord Voodoo sat down and took a few deep breaths. He was exhausted.

Once he caught his breath, he undid Falconn’s top to reveal his skin. The skin along Falconn’s stomach kept moving as if something was wriggling about inside his stomach. Every other inch of Falconn’s body had started shriveling up, but his stomach was slowly getting bigger.

It was as if all of his body’s nutrients had been sucked into his abdomen.

Lord Voodoo was brimming with excitement. He took out a blade and cut his finger before dripping his blood on Falconn's stomach.

The moment the blood dripped onto Falconn's skin, the movements intensified. It seemed as if his stomach was about to explode.

At the same time, Falconn's body started shriveling up even faster. His limbs were all shrinking down rapidly. However, his stomach kept growing bigger and bigger.

Soon, it looked as if he was pregnant with a full-term baby.

Lord Voodoo had a look of pure glee as he stroked Falconn's stomach. The adoring look in his eyes made it seem as if he was staring at something he treasured.

"Eat up. Eat up. The more you eat, the stronger I'll become. Hahaha..."

Even his voice started trembling with delight. He seemed to grow dissatisfied with the speed as he decided to slice his wrist open and let the blood gush out onto Falconn's stomach.

As soon as his blood rained down, Falconn's stomach began expanding even faster. The rest of Falconn was drying out even more quickly too.

Eventually, Falconn's body looked like a pile of skin and bones. However, his stomach was so large that it seemed like there was a huge balloon inside of it.

It looked as if all of the flesh and blood inside Falconn had been drawn to his stomach. Even his head seemed to have shrunk and dried out.

It was a ghastly image.

Meanwhile, Lord Voodoo was so ecstatic that he nearly started dancing in joy. He kept staring at Falconn's stomach as if it was the most valuable thing on earth.

When Falconn's stomach finally stopped moving, Lord Voodoo took a deep breath. Then, he took out an array of tiny bottles and started pouring everything out. They had been filled with a variety of colored powders.

Lord Voodoo poured all the powder onto Falconn's stomach and carefully mixed them evenly.

Once that was done, he opened his mouth and his throat gurgled for a moment before he spat out a round ball the size of an egg.

Lord Voodoo clutched the ball in his hands as he cried out emotionally, "It's been over two decades! I can finally use you! It was worth risking my life to get my hands on you! Hahaha! From now on, let's see who dares to look down on me!"

He opened up the round ball. It was a ball of wax that broke apart to reveal an object securely wrapped up in parchment paper.

Lord Voodoo carefully unwrapped the paper and nestled inside it was a green-colored plant that looked rather peculiar.

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The plant had three leaves and a tiny yellow flower at the top with three petals. At the very center of the flower petals was a red fruit the size of a pearl.

Lord Voodoo couldn't keep the grin off his face as he stared at the red fruit. He gingerly took the plant out of the parchment paper and stuck the stem and roots on Falconn's stomach.

Earlier on, he poured out a variety of colorful powders on Falconn's stomach and piled them together like a mound of dirt.

When the roots settled in the pile of colorful powder, they seemed to come alive as they slowly branched out all over Falconn's stomach.

Everything was ready. Lord Voodoo breathed in slowly before taking his blade and slowly slicing Falconn's stomach apart. All at once, a swarm of black bugs flooded out of Falconn's stomach like a nest of angry hornets.

The bugs looked like caterpillars but were black instead. Every single one of them was so plump that it seemed as if they would burst.

Lord Voodoo had been waiting for this to happen. The moment the bugs started coming out, he popped open one of his bottles and poured out the liquid inside.

A sizzling sound rang out the moment the liquid touched the bugs. It was the shrieking sound of steam escaping a boiling kettle.

All the bugs that came into contact with the liquid immediately began to rot. They turned into pools of blood that seeped into the colorful powders piled up on Falconn's stomach.

The powder was dry just moments ago, but soon, it started looking like an actual mound of dirt once the blood from the bugs soaked through. The roots of the plant began to suck up all the blood. They grew thicker and thicker, and the leaves, petals, and fruit all began to enlarge as well.

Lord Voodoo's eyes were gleaming as he took it all in.

Bugs kept climbing out of Falconn's stomach.

Every so often, Lord Voodoo would pour out some of the liquid to dissolve the bugs. Thus, the cycle continued, as the bugs turned into piles of blood that seeped into the colorful powder, and the plant would suck everything up right after.

The plant kept getting bigger until it was nearly three feet tall. Even the red fruit had grown to the size of a pigeon's egg.

In the beginning, the red fruit had been only the size of a grain of rice. It was nearly unnoticeable. Yet, it was now so much bigger than before, which was understandably shocking.

Most importantly, as the fruit grew bigger, it began to give off a dim, reddish glow that made it seem even more mysterious.

Lord Voodoo kept gulping as he stared at the red fruit. It was as if he couldn't wait to eat it.

Still, he remained patient and kept allowing it to grow bigger. After nearly two hours, bugs stopped climbing out of Falconn's stomach, which had deflated so much that it looked like a hole. However, the plant was much bigger than before.

It was nearly six feet tall and swayed gently in the wind.

The red fruit had grown to the size of a chicken's egg. From the way it glowed so strikingly in the darkness, it was clear that it was no ordinary fruit.

Lord Voodoo's voice trembled as he exclaimed, "It's done! It's done! It's finally done! Hahaha! I won't let your death go to waste, Falconn. I will inherit your power and avenge you by killing Matthew myself. How's that? Your death was meaningful after all, right? Hahaha..."

He jumped up in glee and started reaching out to pluck the fruit.

Just then, someone sprang out from the side and snatched the fruit!