

## Unspeakable 1921

### Chapter 1921

Matthew and Salazar perked up.

‘So, that’s really Voodoo? They weren’t lying?’

The warrior leaped out into the darkness and pounced at Lord Voodoo like a panther. He tried to land a hit on the escapee, but Lord Voodoo wouldn’t let that happen. He rolled away from the attack and bounced back up, tossing a handful of powder at the warrior.

The warrior had good reflexes, naturally. He took a few steps back and leaped onto the wall. He had sensed the danger posed by the powder, and he quickly whipped out a piece of black cloth to block the powder out.

Macon went with a more direct approach to defense. He simply backed into the house and slammed the door shut.

The powder rained down on the flowerbeds. The very moment it touched the flowers, they wilted and shriveled like they had gone for weeks without any water or sunlight.

Salazar’s eyes went wide. “What kind of bug is that?”

“Not a bug...” Matthew explained, “Poison. Eats through your skin like it’s nothing. Lethal, but the powder affects everyone and everything it touches, including the user. There’s no antidote, so it’s usually used as a last resort. Emphasis on last.”

Salazar was sure Matthew wasn’t lying. Some of the powder had touched Lord Voodoo’s skin, and Salazar saw the powder eating through his skin rapidly. But Lord Voodoo wouldn’t sit by idly as his poison ate away at him. He whipped out a dagger and cut off the rotten part of his skin, halting the poison’s process of killing him, and then he turned to jump out of the courtyard.

However, the warrior was faster. He blocked Lord Voodoo’s escape route and swung his unsheathed katana down.

Lord Voodoo couldn’t escape, not when he was faced with a mighty warrior like this one. All he could do was hold his arm up and defend himself. He paid a heavy price for that-the warrior cut his arm off. He flinched and gave up on his escape attempt. Instead, he returned to the house.

The warrior quickly followed. Macon was waiting for Lord Voodoo inside, and thus a battle went underway.

Matthew and Salazar could hear the bangs and clangs of the fight even from where they stood.

Salazar looked at Matthew. “Should we go?” he whispered.

“Not at the moment.” Matthew shook his head. “Everyone in the voodoo clan has a trick or two up their sleeves, especially when it comes to life-or-death situations. Lord Voodoo even more so.”

Salazar nodded and resumed his observation of the situation.

The battle came to a close not too long later as all noise ceased. Lord Voodoo was defeated obviously. Macon alone was enough to take him down, but with the warrior assisting him?

Lord Voodoo did not stand a chance.

Matthew and Salazar approached the battlefield. Through the window, they saw that warrior taking out a little bottle from Lord Voodoo's pocket.

He opened it and popped a few pieces of fruit onto his hand.

'Crimson fruit!'

An excited Macon gushed, "That's the stuff! All nine pieces of Stargulf's fruit! We got the b\*stard before he could even eat any of them!"

The warrior's eyes glinted. Happily, he nodded and tucked the bottle into his pocket.

Just then, Lord Voodoo, who was lying on the floor, roared, "Nobody steals from Lord Voodoo! Now, die!"

A loud bang then shook the house. White smoke billowed into the air and enveloped the premise.

Matthew and Salazar thought some sort of bomb was set off. Their eyes went wide.

Just when they were about to swoop in and steal the fruit, Lord Voodoo threw another wrench in their plans.

'Drats! He was prepared to drag his assailants down with him!'

## Chapter 1922

White smoke fluttered into the air, engulfing those still trapped in the house.

A scream tore through the air, sending shudders down Matthew and Salazar's spines. If they had entered before Lord Voodoo set off his trap, they would have been caught in it as well, and without any defenses against the poison, death would be all but certain.

The scream didn't last for long. Someone leaped out the window and ran off into the distance.

He was none other than the warrior. In his hand, Lord Voodoo's bottle sat. The skin on his forehead and arms was swiftly rotting. His eyes would have been destroyed as well, had he not covered them with his arm. The warrior cut off his rotting skin as soon as he got out of the house. Then, he made his escape as he refused to stay around for even a moment longer

"I'm going to go after him." Salazar went after the warrior at once.

Matthew stayed behind. He approached the infested courtyard, thinking, Lord Voodoo died in there.

'I don't know how many bugs he has, but they are probably going to run amok. That's bad news for everyone. I have to put this place under lockdown and deal with his bugs immediately. '

Matthew called Edmund right away and requested assistance with this matter.

The locals emerged from their abodes, attracted by the ruckus of the battle and the aftermath. Everyone wondered what was going on.

“Stay away, people. This is poisonous. Deadly poisonous!” shouted Matthew.

But his warning fell on deaf ears. These locals had never seen any poison in the form of smoke.

“Yeah, right. You call this poison, you hack?! Well, I think you’re lying. Bet you pulled this prank, didn’t you? Trying to steal, ain’t cha?!” one of the locals shouted.

Everyone thought Matthew was a thief. Some were even approaching him, trying to arrest him.

Matthew was a little miffed. He tried to dissuade them from coming any closer, but alas, none took his heed.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, a dog came over and sniffed the courtyard. The next second, it howled in agony and swiped away at its snout in desperation.

The locals found this scene surprising, and the man who accused Matthew of being a thief gasped. “What’s up with the dog? Has it gone mad?”

Matthew took a closer look. The dog’s snout was rotting away, presumably from coming into contact with the powder.

He quickly rushed over and stopped the crowd from getting any closer. “Look. The dog’s snout is starting to rot all because of that poison inside. You come any closer and you’ll end up like this poor animal here as well!”

The sight of a dog’s rotting nose scared everyone. Those who tried to get closer turned tail and ran back instead. Everyone was giving the courtyard a wide berth.

“I... I can’t believe it. That smoke is poison? But how? Who did this?!” The man who shouted at Matthew earlier was shivering in fear.

However, he received no answer from Matthew. Matthew cut the dog’s rotten snout off and put some salve on it. Then, he tossed the dog aside.

Grimly, he said, “Stay away from the courtyard. If the poison latches onto you, you’ll have to cut your skin off. Trust me when I say that it will be ugly and very, very painful!”

The warning scared everyone off, and all of them retreated further back.

Matthew entered the courtyard, fully enclosing himself in clothing. The powder would remain inert as long as it didn’t come in contact with organic beings.

Smoke was still billowing in the house, so Matthew stayed far, far away from it. He strolled around the courtyard before finally coming to the corner. There, a dismembered arm sat, Lord Voodoo’s arm.

Chapter 1923

The dismembered arm was nearly unrecognizable as it was rotten and bloodied.

Matthew stared at it for a while, but then he frowned. Then, another loud bang echoed through the air. He darted to the house for a closer look. Someone had broken the back window, and Macon was hobbling into the distance.

The bloodied corpse of Lord Voodoo lay on the ground. Every inch of his skin was infected with the rat, and a knife was buried in his chest.

‘He Seems dead...’

Matthew looked at the dead body, then he turned his attention to the escaping Macon, but he didn’t give chase. Instead, he stood within the courtyard. After some time, Edmund came, and along with him was a big group of henchmen.

“Keep this area under lockdown, especially this courtyard. Don’t let anyone come near. And get someone to go after Macon. He’s heavily injured and can’t fight back,” Matthew said.

Edmund nodded. “Right away!”

He waved his hand, and his men went to cordon off the area.

Edmund stared at the corpse on the ground, whispering, “That Lord Voodoo there, Matt? Awfully rotten, though. Can’t see his face...”

The question was not answered. Matthew stooped before the corpse for a closer look. Half its face was rotten, exposing the skull underneath. Matthew pried his teeth open with a stick. There, in his mouth, was a piece of flesh that was unusual. It didn’t even rot despite being exposed to all the poison.

“What is that?” Edmund asked, curious.

Matthew took the piece of flesh and had a closer look. “Flesh of an Immortal Charm.”

“An Immortal Charm? That’s Lord Voodoo’s soulbound curse.” Edmund’s eyes widened.

“So, this guy really is Lord Voodoo. Nice! The b\*stard’s been a thorn in your side for a while now, Matt. Serves him right!” Edmund gushed.

Back when he and Matthew’s team were searching for the Nine-Leafed Lotus, they encountered the very same bug. Its power had left a deep impression on him. Of course, he also knew that this bug was Lord Voodoo’s signature bug.

Matthew, however, didn’t share his enthusiasm. Once everyone had left them, he huddled closer to Edmund and muttered, “You should get more people here and cordon off the entire area. Everyone can come and go as they please, but make a record of everyone who comes and leaves.”

Edmund stared at the corpse, wondering what Matthew was going to do. “But Matt, Voodoo has died while Macon’s on the run. What’s the point of cordoning the whole place off?”

Matthew waved him down, refusing to answer the question.

Edmund and his men left right away and carried out Matthew’s second order. He could see that Matthew was trying to do something here, or he wouldn’t have given that second order.

Edmund then summoned his most trusted lieutenants over and guarded the exit of this area, making a record of everyone who entered or left.

Matthew didn't leave right away. He returned to the hotel and took out all the files Edmund had procured for him. Once again, he went through every single detail. The files recorded all the details of the locals who lived in this area, down to the number of residents in each house and their current condition.

Edmund had done a thorough job, especially because Matthew requested it. They also listed out all the residents' assets, jobs, and family members, of which they also listed their condition.

#### Chapter 1924

Most of the houses were owned by locals and only three were sold to outsiders. Matthew already gleaned that information earlier.

At first, he skipped two of the three houses, as his sources told him the owners spent more time working in another city anyway. His attention was all given to the last house, where that battle took place.

Macon and a warrior ambushed Lord Voodoo, but they failed. Lord Voodoo almost dragged Macon down to hell with him. But this time, Matthew went through all the residents' details once more.

Eventually, his attention fell on the three houses that were sold to outsiders. Everyone else was a local and there was nothing suspicious about their background.

'But these three... They're outsiders. I need to look into these...'

There were only two houses left to check. The one where the battle took place was not on the list. The resident was dead, after all. So, Matthew perused the details of the remaining houses, but he found nothing. After some thought, he called Edmund, telling him to get the details of the residents of the remaining two houses.

That confused Edmund. 'Isn't Lord Voodoo dead? Why is Matt still obsessing over this?'

He didn't question Matthew, however. His job was to carry out Matthew's orders, and that was what he did. Barely an hour had gone by when Edmund's men returned with news, and Matthew got his hands on the file he wanted.

There was everything on it, from their jobs to their latest whereabouts. Edmund stood beside Matthew as he went through the new files.

Curious, he asked, "Is anything wrong, Matt?"

Matthew stayed silent for a moment before pointing at one of the files. "So, the owner came back two months ago?"

Edmund nodded. "Yes. We asked their neighbors too. The owner's a woman. Her father's a cripple so she took him in, but she's a busy lady. She doesn't have time for her father, so he was sent to a nursing home. They never did come back after their only return two months ago."

Matthew nodded slowly, and he mused. "Take me to the nursing home."

Edmund nodded.

They got in a car and Edmund drove them all the way to that nursing home.

"So, Matt, you suspect there's something wrong with the nursing home? Want me to cordon the place off too?" asked Edmund as he drove.

Matthew shook his head, "No. I just have some questions that I need answered. It's a recon mission, so to speak, so no cordoning off anything."

"Questions?" Curious, Edmund asked, "What kind of questions?"

Matthew leaned against his seat. "Questions like... Lord Voodoo wasn't the one who died back there," he whispered.

Startled, Edmund's hands shook, and his car almost derailed from the path.

He quickly held down the steering wheel and steered the car back onto the path, yet his shock hadn't diminished as he gawked at Matthew. "Is that a joke, Matt? If that wasn't Lord Voodoo, then who was he? I thought the Immortal Charm was Lord Voodoo's signature skill, and that battle was too big to not be Lord Voodoo's work..."

Matthew shook his head. "I kept it a secret in case we had a spy among us, but I'm certain that was not Lord Voodoo."

Edmund's question was still not answered.

"What makes you so sure about that, Matt?" he asked.

But Matthew did not answer.

By now, they had arrived at the nursing home.

## Chapter 1925

Edmund's men had sent Edmund and Matthew the nursing home's details while they were on their way there, and Matthew had gone through it.

The nursing home wasn't exactly big as only a few dozen elderly stayed there. It was situated in a remote place where barely anyone came, so it was a good spot to live out the golden years.

Matthew told Edmund to stop about five hundred yards away from the nursing home.

"That's far enough. If they see your headlamps, it's going to alarm someone. I'll be scouting the place out. If I don't text you in ten minutes, call Tyson and the gang for assistance," whispered Matthew.

Edmund stared at the nursing home and whispered back, "You think Lord Voodoo's in there, Matt? I can call Tyson and the gang right now if you'd like. That sly old fox is one tough opponent. If you run into him alone, that might be trouble."

Matthew waved him down. "That sly old fox is more paranoid and cautious than you think. If this was his hiding spot, he'd have rigged the whole place with contingencies. I bet my last dollar his wretches are keeping an eye out on the Ten Greatest Families of Stonedale. If they make any move, they're going to tell him, and he's going to escape once again."

Edmund scratched his head. "But we did make a move. My men are still back in that neighborhood. If his men are keeping an eye on us, he should've known about our operation. He has probably escaped by now."

Matthew shook his head. "That's different. He had a bait there, and almost everyone fell for it. Yeah, you and your man came to help, but he has no reason to suspect us being here. He thinks our attention is still on that fake Lord Voodoo, so it doesn't matter even if you and your men showed up..."

"However, if the other families were to make another move right now, he'll know we saw through the fake Voodoo. It'll alert him and he'll try to escape again."

Matthew's words sank in, and Edmund nodded. "Good point, Matt. Really good point."

Matthew whispered, "I need to confirm that the real Lord Voodoo is here before I can call in reinforcements. Or rather, you will call in reinforcements. Even if my guess is wrong, there's no harm done."

Edmund nodded. "Be careful out there, Matt."

Matthew nodded and got out of the car. Like a black panther, he prowled closer to the nursing home. A few moments later, he was already a few yards away from the premise.

He didn't go inside right away. Instead, he whipped out his drug to see if there were any cursed bugs nearby.

'Nothing? Huh, that's odd,' Matthew thought.

'Maybe I got it wrong. Lord Voodoo's probably elsewhere...' Despite his suspicion, Matthew still infiltrated the nursing home anyway.

It was the dead of the night, so everyone in the nursing home was fast asleep.

Matthew snuck into the nursing home without any resistance, there was no security for a premise erected in a remote place like this. Moments later, he came face to face with the room Edmund told him about.

That woman's father is inside this room. Edmund's sources say he was taken to the nursing home because he's a cripple.

Matthew listened closely. There was nothing but the sound of someone's snores. The old guy is sleeping.

'Seems like he's a regular old man...' Matthew wondered if he should go in.

In the end, he went through with his plan and sneaked into the room.

It was a dark room, the air of which was filled with the stench of something rotten.

The room was almost claustrophobic, and random items and trash were strewn across the floor. A single bed stood in the center, and an old man lay on top, fast asleep.

Matthew made his way to the bed and stared at the old man.

‘Well... He seems to be in his seventies...’

Wrinkles littered all over his face, and he looked unkempt thanks to the lack of good care. His beard and hair were tangled, not unlike what a tramp looked like.

Matthew stared at the man for a while, then he left the room quietly. Once he closed the door, Matthew whipped his phone out to text Edmund.

“I need the families here ASAP.”

But alas, no reply came from Edmund, not even after quite a while.

Matthew’s heart sank. He tried to escape the corridor, but before he could do anything, someone jumped at him. The attack was easily evaded, but then a few more silhouettes joined the fray, surrounding Matthew. He leaped into the air and got out of that predicament.

Now he found himself back where he started. Slowly, the door behind him creaked open. The old man Matthew saw earlier stood behind the door, staring at him darkly.

“Damn the gods, Larson. You still found me! I thought this was the perfect hiding spot,” the man said.

That voice belonged to none other than Lord Voodoo.

At the same time, a few dozen men appeared and filled the corridor.

Matthew stared at his enemies, frowning. Then, he turned his sights to Lord Voodoo. “I assume these are your henchmen, Lord Voodoo?”

Lord Voodoo cackled into the skies. “Perceptive, Larson. Perceptive enough to locate me, and that’s why you shall die. You’ve been a thorn in my side long enough. Today will be your end!”

“You think these fools can kill me?” asked Matthew coldly.

Lord Voodoo sneered. “You underestimate them, Larson. Did you really think I had no friends back in Orleans? Yes, Supreme Charm Master was too strong for me to take on, but there was no need to fight her. Once she established herself as the leader, I told my friends to take off and come with me. So, here they are!”

“All my friends in Orleans. I trained them myself. Not too powerful, but not too shabby either. Should be enough to take you down, and I’m joining the fray as well!”

Matthew’s face fell. He could see these were fearsome enemies. It would be hard to take just ten of them by himself, let alone dozens.



Smugly, Lord Voodoo approached Matthew. "What? You think the families are going to rescue you?" He sneered. "They won't! We got rid of your little henchman. Nobody knows you're here. Nobody's going to come for your rescue!"

The look on Matthew's face changed. He knew things were getting out of hand the moment Edmund didn't text back, but this was worse than he imagined.

'They got rid of Edmund? Sh\*t!'

Lord Voodoo loved the expression on Matthew's face, and he bellowed in laughter. "I love the look of despair on your face, Larson! That's what you get for getting in my way! Men, kill him!"

Lord Voodoo's men unsheathed their weapons immediately and approached Matthew menacingly.

## Chapter 1927

Before the fighters could land any attacks, Matthew bellowed, "Lord Voodoo, do you want to know how I saw through your plan?"

Curiosity gnawed at Lord Voodoo's heart. He gazed at Matthew before waving his men down.

"Trying to buy some time? Sure, I have a few minutes to spare."

He gloated, "So, tell me, how did you see through my plan? It's been more than a decade in the making. I have a lot of similar hideouts all over the nation just in case I needed to lay low. I knew something like this would happen, so I exposed that hideout to Gregory and Macon!"

"I knew they'd lead my enemies to that hideout. Then, fake Lord Voodoo would step in and get himself killed. Everyone would be fooled and I would get away soot-free. Or at least, that was the plan. It was supposed to be infallible, so how did you see through it?"

"Your fake Lord Voodoo gave me all the clues I needed." Matthew replied.

A frown creased Lord Voodoo's forehead. "Impossible. I hand-picked that man myself. He looked just like me. I've trained him for many years so he could play the perfect stand-in. He was my get-out of jail-free card. I even gave him half my soulbound, so everyone would think he was me!"

"What's more, I made sure the poison destroyed his face. You couldn't have known he wasn't me. You didn't even see his face! You couldn't have!"

Matthew looked around him, and he sneered. "Did you really think your plan was perfect? You missed something important, Lord Voodoo. Think long and hard about what it was that you missed."

Another frown furrowed Lord Voodoo's forehead.

After some thought, he said, "What did I miss? I've trained my double for nearly twenty years. His only job was to get himself killed when the time was right. I've practiced that plenty of times since I knew this day would come!"

"If everyone thought I was killed, nobody would come after me, and I could have lived on! Sure, another identity and all, but that was a perfect plan. infallible, and yet you claim that I missed something?"

Matthew sneered. "You said it yourself. Spent many years training the bait, didn't you?"

Lord Voodoo nodded. "Yeah. What's with that? I've set the plan in motion seventeen long years ago. Enough time to perfect my great escape. That should've been the infallible trick."

Once more, Matthew sneered. "Not if time is involved."

"What do you mean?" Lord Voodoo froze for a moment.

"You looked a lot younger than you are now back when you left Orleans, you stupid!"

Lord Voodoo mused over that statement, and his face fell. He got what Mthe other party meant.

Matthew sneered. "I see you've gotten it as well. Immortal Charm is your soulbound, and everyone knows that. You were in your prime during your departure from Orleans, so you've been making sure the fake Voodoo would look and act like you in your prime..."

"However, you missed one thing. You've grown old and wrinkly, and yet the fake Voodoo looked like a man who was in his prime. That disparity between you two told me everything I needed to know."

Matthew noticed that the moment he saw the fake Voodoo's dismembered hand. It was at that moment when he knew they had gotten the wrong Voodoo.

One thing led to another, and now he was here, trapped.

Hatred and fury crept onto Lord Voodoo's face, and he glared at Matthew.

"Smart, Larson. Too smart." He gnashed his teeth. "I can't believe you saw through my infallible plan. Seems like I've underestimated you!"

## Chapter 1928

Matthew snorted. "An infallible plan? Hah! Lord Voodoo, you're not someone who'd be willing to go down with others! It's illogical to think you would've done such a thing!"

Lord Voodoo gritted his teeth and fumed, "How did you know I was hiding in this nursing home?"

"As they say, a sly rabbit has three burrows," Matthew remarked.

"The place your double stayed in was too prominent. It doesn't fit the bill of someone as cunning as you. Although you'd have multiple hideouts, they wouldn't be too far apart as there is still a lot that's out of your control. Thus, I suspected that you must have another hiding place nearby."

"When I looked into the information, I noticed that one of the families came back two months ago, which was exactly when you started fleeing. Therefore, I deduced that you must have started planning the whole scheme with your double then, and that family was part of your plan!"

"I decided to visit this nursing home to try my luck, and I only brought Edmund with me because I wasn't sure you'd be here, so I didn't want to give anything away!"

Lord Voodoo's expression became even nastier. He never thought that Matthew would be this thorough and meticulous.

“How did you know I’m Lord Voodoo? I didn’t expose myself in any way even though you stood beside me for so long! Plus, for the sake of staying hidden, I even threw away all the cursed bugs I usually have with me.”

“I even got rid of the cursed bugs on the others. There’s no trace of any cursed bugs here. How did you confirm my identity?” Lord Voodoo asked.

Matthew smirked. “Lord Voodoo, you’ve forgotten that my strong suit is the art of medicine. According to the information I found, this old man is paralyzed due to his cerebral hemorrhage. Although you slept very naturally, someone with cerebral hemorrhage wouldn’t breathe the way you did!”

Lord Voodoo was on the verge of getting an aneurysm. He assumed that he had a foolproof plan and had done everything right.

He made sure nothing would seem suspicious, and he was even determined enough to get rid of all the cursed bugs in the inhabitants at this nursing home to ensure there was no trace of cursed bugs at the location.

Furthermore, he had housed a paralyzed old man in this nursing home two months in advance. He had started preparing his crafty getaway a long time ago.

According to his plan, that double of his should have tricked everyone.

Even if anyone detected something fishy, they wouldn’t necessarily be able to track him to this nursing home. And, even if they did come to the nursing home, no one would be able to figure out that it was him since he was disguised as a paralyzed old man.

However, never in his wildest dreams would he have thought that his flawless plan was full of holes in Matthew’s eyes!

He thought he managed to trick Matthew when he pretended to be sound asleep just now.

Who knew that Matthew didn’t even leave after exiting the room?

As it was, Lord Voodoo had been alert enough to sense that something was amiss. He immediately gave out the secret signal to get his people to surround Matthew.

He would’ve been in a lot of danger if he hadn’t been decisive enough and had allowed Matthew to get the word out!

Lord Voodoo began to feel smug about it.

“You’re a quick-witted man, Larson, but the smart ones die quicker than the others! No one else tracked me down to this place except for you. Tell me! Do you think it’s a case of you being too smart for your own good? Hahaha...” Lord Voodoo guffawed in delight as if he had everything under control.

Matthew was perfectly calm as he looked at Lord Voodoo and commented softly, “Lord Voodoo, do you think I said all this just to drag things out in the hopes that someone would come and save me? Hah. How can you still be so naive at your age?”

Lord Voodoo froze as he stared at Matthew with widened eyes. "What do you mean?"

It soon dawned on him that something wasn't quite right with the situation and he quickly yelled, "Why are you guys just standing there? Hurry up and take him down!"

The men on both sides immediately started coming forward, but to their surprise, the ones in front crumpled to the ground with all their strength drained out of them. They struggled a few times but couldn't get back on their feet.

Those behind them didn't fall, but their bodies also went limp. They had to clutch the wall to keep themselves upright.

Lord Voodoo's expression changed as he exclaimed, "What did you do, Larson?"

Matthew smirked and held up the bottle in his hand. "I poisoned them, of course! Aren't you supposed to be the expert in curses and poison? Can't you tell what I did?"

Lord Voodoo's expression contorted as he stared at the bottle in Matthew's hand. "W-What poison did you use? Why didn't I notice anything?"

"Strictly speaking, it's not poison," Matthew drawled. "It's a type of medicine in gaseous form. It has no taste or smell, so an ordinary person wouldn't be able to detect it. It's also not poisonous, so even though those from the voodoo clan can detect all forms of poison, they won't be able to detect this poisonless substance."

"That's bullsh\*t!" Lord Voodoo growled. "Why would they end up like this if it wasn't poisonous? Why did they fall down?"

Matthew chuckled. "This medicine isn't poisonous to other people, but that doesn't apply to all of you. This is a medicine that's used to expel cursed bugs. I prepared this specifically to use against those from the voodoo clan!"

Lord Voodoo frowned. "Something that expels cursed bugs? We've already dealt with the cursed bugs on us so there isn't any left. What's there for you to expel?"

"Although none of you have cursed bugs on you right now, you've been raising and training cursed bugs for so many years now, so naturally, cursed bugs have become part of your bodies too," Matthew remarked.

"That's why this medicine is poisonous to you! However, since you don't have any cursed bugs on you, you'd need to inhale quite a bit of the medicine for it to take effect."

"Did you really think I spent all that time talking to you because I was waiting for backup? Hah! I released the gas right from the start and proceeded to drag things out so that all of you would inhale as much of it as possible!"

At last, Lord Voodoo realized what happened. He had a nasty expression as he glanced at his men who were all slumped on the ground.

Just moments ago, he thought that he had victory in the bag, and thus, he didn't think Matthew would pose a threat to him. He even carried on the conversation with Matthew on purpose.

He assumed that it didn't matter how long Matthew delayed the inevitable as no one would be able to find them here. However, he never thought that his carelessness would lead to this sticky situation.

He clenched his jaw and snarled, "What a treacherous fellow you are, Larson! But do you think that little bit of trickery is enough to defeat me?!"

"Do you think these are all the men I have? Hah! This is my hideout! What makes you think I wouldn't ensure that it was thoroughly guarded?"

Then, he whipped his walkie-talkie out and roared, "Come in, every one of you! Kill him!"

Matthew's expression hardened. He turned and saw over a dozen men running in from the corridor on both sides. These men were about as strong as the ones earlier.

From what he could tell, these men were probably the ones that Lord Voodoo had arranged to stand guard outside.

One of them had caught Edmund, and as the others came storming in, he tossed Edmund aside and charged menacingly toward Matthew.

#### Chapter 1930

As the men came rushing in, Lord Voodoo threw his head back and howled in laughter. "You're doomed now, Larson!"

"Listen up! Larson has poisoned the air. Open the windows to air the place out. Make sure you don't get poisoned!"

The men quickly streamed in and opened all the windows. As the night breeze came in, fresh air filled the place.

Matthew's expression changed.

Although the effects of the medicine he made were pretty good, it was only useful in high concentrations. Now that the windows were opened, the breeze would disperse the gas and it would no longer be effective.

Lord Voodoo was looking smug again as he charged toward Matthew and sneered, "Your medicine isn't working on me, Larson! I still have my strength! Do you think you still have any hope of survival?!"

Matthew quickly fended off Lord Voodoo's attacks and retreated.

His brows were tightly furrowed.

The medicine was effective against the ordinary members of the voodoo clan, but it couldn't expel the potent cursed bugs.

There were over a dozen extremely potent cursed bugs in Orleans, and this medicine wasn't effective against those. Lord Voodoo's Immortal Bugs were one of those. Therefore, even though the gas worked on everyone else, it didn't affect him.

The situation had become a lot more dangerous for Matthew since Lord Voodoo had both his strength and the support of over a dozen of his men.

The men had charged in from both sides and were closing in on Matthew.

Lord Voodoo led the charge and attacked with full force. He wanted nothing more than to slaughter Matthew at once!

Matthew was attacked on all fronts. The situation was perilous. All of a sudden, he seized the chance to run into one of the rooms.

Lord Voodoo immediately followed after him. "Trying to escape, huh? In your dreams!"

He quickly caught up to Matthew, and a few of the men stood guard at the door to prevent Matthew from escaping.

Matthew tried several times to break through his attackers, but the men stopped him.

"Still trying to put up a useless fight, Larson?" Lord Voodoo taunted. "You might as well just stand still and accept your fate. You have no chance of escape!"

Matthew snorted. He suddenly flipped around and threw a dagger out.

The man behind him couldn't react in time. The dagger pierced through his neck, and the man died on the spot.

Upon noticing this, the others jumped in fright and became even warier.

"Watch out!" Lord Voodoo roared. "Don't get hit by his hidden weapons!"

"Go on! Try and put up a fight, Larson! Once I catch you, I'll make sure to use the most excruciating method there is to make life a living hell for you!"

Matthew didn't respond. He was fully focused on dealing with the men. Now and then, he would fling one of his weapons, and he ended up getting two more people.

However, the men were a lot more vigilant now. Whenever Matthew flicked his hand, they would quickly step aside to avoid what he tossed.

All of a sudden, Matthew flicked his hand again, and a black object was sent flying at the man behind him.

The man had kept an eye on Matthew's hands the whole time, and when he noticed that sudden movement, he immediately dropped down and tumbled aside to avoid the object.

Yet, Lord Voodoo's expression hardened. He realized that something was amiss.

Matthew hadn't been aiming for the man behind him. He was trying to throw the object out the window.

'His intention was to throw it out the window! What's he trying to do now?'

"Stop that!" Lord Voodoo yelled at once.

Alas, it was too late. The object landed on the ground outside and let out a loud bang. A flare of light shot into the sky before exploding into fireworks that lit up the sky.