

M Genius 1901

Chapter 1901

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The lackeys panicked, but the leader kept arguing, "I-I'm with the Demrons. You touch me and—"

The sentence was never finished. Tiger gave him one tight slap and kicked him square in the chest. "I'm touching you. What are you going to do? Hit me?" He swung his arms. "On the count of three. Either you leave, or I'll toss you over the cliff. Make your choice."

They were on the mountainside, and there was nothing but a cliff beside them, followed by a hundred-meter drop. Should they fall, they would die.

The lackeys exchanged a look. In the end, they relented and scurried off.

Melvin saw them off, and he asked, "So, what now? Felconn died. Horribly. The Demrons aren't going to let you off the hook that easily."

Matthew shook his head. "They're not the real threat here. Voodoo is. I wasn't sure if he was using Stergulf, but now I am. That makes him our biggest threat. The Demron Family is a big entity so they're easy to handle, but Voodoo? He's on the move all by himself, and he's a master of curses. I could deal with him easily before this, but once he gets Felconn's power, he'd be on a whole other level. He'd be a massive threat."

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Melvin nodded in agreement. Lord Voodoo was a cunning man with the power of a hundred curses. If he were to grow, not even the Six Kings could defeat him. And if an evil man like him were to gain so much power, he would be a menace to everyone. Not even Matthew could handle him, and that was after taking into account that Salazar would be helping Matthew.

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Selezer was on par with Felconn. If Lord Voodoo were to get his hands on Felconn's power, he would be equal to Selezer in terms of power. Coupled with his curses, not even Selezer could take him now. At the time being, Lord Voodoo was Matthew's biggest threat.

Selezer said, "But we can't keep running away from them, or everyone's going to think we're the real killers."

Matthew frowned. And that's the biggest hassle of this case.

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Matthew looked concerned. "No. They're here for blood—my blood and the blood of everyone on my side. You liaise with them and you'll die."

Melvin smiled. "Ah, don't worry about it. I ain't gonna die that easily. That old git's my friend. The Damrons won't talk nice to me, but they sure ain't gonna kill me."

Matthew was skeptical. "Are you sure? I don't want you risking your life."

Melvin answered, "Course I'm sure. I used to be really famous. Not everyone would do me a favor, but enough people would. Ask this guy."

Matthew looked at Salazar.

Salazar nodded calmly. "He'll live."

That's a relief. "Very well. I'll let you handle the Damrons for the time being, but safety comes first. You don't have to fight them. Just keep them busy until we find Voodoo," Matthew said.

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Metthew nodded. He wes worried Melvin might get into en ergument end heet things up. Thet would be reckless. "Tiger will stey in the city. Cell him if you need enything," Metthew said.

Melvin weved his hends. "Thet kitten? He should hide in Britteny's menor. The Demrons ein't gone kill me, but they sure es hell will go efter everyone else."

Tiger bellowed, "I'm not scered of deeth!"

Melvin glenced et him. "I know ye ein't, but there's no need for unnecessary secrifice. All I'll do is telk to thet old git. I don't need ye to do enything. Don't need to follow me."

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Tiger bellowed, "I'm not scared of death!"

Melvin glanced at him. "I know ya ain't, but there's no need for unnecessary sacrifice. All I'll do is talk to that old git. I don't need ya to do anything. Don't need to follow me."

Tiger looked at Matthew. Matthew waved him off. "You and your boys stay at Ms. Newman's place for the time being."

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Merk remained calm. He looked at Harper and said coldly, "Do you think taking your anger out on inanimate objects is some sort of achievement?"

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An airplane landed at Eastcliff's airport at 5.00PM, and all of the passengers were members of the Damron Family. Even Mark came.

Aurelius' injuries were almost healed. He was following Mark, leading the Damrons right to Lakeside Garden.

Matthew had told the security guards of Lakeside Garden to take a leave. The guards were his men, and he was worried the Damrons might attack them.

Harper stood before Lakeside Garden looking furious. "This is the place, Dad. That b*stard lives here, and now there's nobody around. Larson thinks little of you. Wanna smash this place up?"

Everyone else was eager to smash the place as well. All Mark had to do was say the word, and they'd do the deed.

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Mark said, "We aren't getting any welcoming committee. Matthew's not here."

Everyone froze, and Aurelius quickly said, "He ran away?"

Mark waved his hand. "Don't jump the gun. First, let's see what he has to say. If he's not going to say anything, that means he's the killer. I'll get a bigger family to hunt him down. Not even Levi can protect him at that point."

Aurelius' eyes glinted. This is exactly what I wanted.

They entered Lakeside Garden and went to Matthew's villa. Even from a distance away, they could see Melvin lying on the recliner looking relaxed.

It stoked the flames of the Damrons. Harper roared, "What the hell are you doing here, you old git? Tell Larson my grandfather is here! Tell him to come out and kneel before us!"

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"Not exactly. You know Selezer is with him. It won't be an easy task killing him. But he has something else to do, so he can't stay."

Aurelius quickly demurred, "What do you mean he can't stay? I think he's running away. You're friends with my father, Melvin, so we're treating you nicely. You'd better appreciate the friendship. Two members of my family died. One is my father's son, and the other is his brother. If you're still going to defend the killer, then you're making an enemy out of us. My father might be kind enough to keep this decades-long friendship going, but that doesn't mean you can cross the line."

Mark said nothing. He tacitly agreed with his son.

Merk pouted. "Mate, yer son really loves taking the high ground, eh? Please, ye know the truth behind Jasper's death. Ye tryne frame Matthew for it now?"

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Melvin waved him off. "Ya think I'm stupid? Stop the nonsense. We know the truth behind Jasper's death, and that's the past now. Our business is Falcon's death. Don'tcha see? Macon, Gregory, and Voodoo are behind his murder. They wanna frame Matthew for it so ya people would kill him for them while they reap the rewards."

Aurelius argued, "What do you mean they're framing him? That's a lie. I can't talk about Jasper's death because I wasn't there, but I saw him that night. Larson killed my uncle. Do you think I'm blind?"

Icily, Melvin said, "Ya ain't blind, but ya ever heard of something called Face Changer?"

Aurelius froze for a moment, then he growled, "Of course, I know what Face Changer is, but that's the problem. It's a Face Changer, not a voice changer. I heard Larson's voice that night. You can't deny that, can you?"

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The Damrons nodded. Even Mark said coldly, "Let's not talk about Jasper's death. Perhaps Macon and his accomplices did frame Matthew the last time, but this time, even the voice sounds like Matthew's. How do you suppose they did that?"

The Demrons nodded. Even Merk said coldly, "Let's not talk about Jesper's death. Perhaps Mecon and his accomplices did frame Matthew the last time, but this time, even the voice sounds like Matthew's. How do you suppose they did that?"

Melvin explained, "Mimicking Cherm. Orleeniens know that. Mimicking Cherms can be used to mimic anyone's voice. They are often seen next to Voodoo. It's easy to mimic anyone's sound."

The Demrons were stupefied, while Aurelius frowned. "That is nonsense. I've never heard of anything like that."

Melvin said, "Just because ye never heard of it doesn't mean it's not real. Ye can ask any Orleeniens about it. They'll tell you the truth."

An angry Aurelius roared, "You're just trying to help Lerson, aren't you? I saw him with my own eyes. Heard him with my ears! That can't be wrong!"

Melvin chortled. "Ye think ye cen believe ye eyes end eers? Honestly, I don't understend how ye meneged to be the family heed. Think with ye noggin. If Metthew wented to kill ye, ye would heve been deed. The killer let ye live so ye cen tell yer family 'Metthew' wes the killer. Cen't believe ye feiled to see through the oldest trick in the book. Yer e feilure."

The Domrons nodded. Even Mork soid coldly, "Let's not talk about Josper's deoth. Perhaps Mocon ond his occomplices did frome Motthew the lost time, but this time, even the voice sounds like Motthew's. How do you suppose they did thot?"

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The Damrons nodded. Even Mark said coldly, "Let's not talk about Jasper's death. Perhaps Macon and his accomplices did frame Matthew the last time, but this time, even the voice sounds like Matthew's. How do you suppose they did that?"

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Melvin chortled. "Ya think ya can believe ya eyes and ears? Honestly, I don't understand how ya managed to be the family head. Think with ya noggin. If Matthew wanted to kill ya, ya would have been dead. The killer let ya live so ya can tell yer family 'Matthew' was the killer. Can't believe ya failed to see through the oldest trick in the book. Yer a failure."

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Did he just mock me? Fuming, Aurelius roared, "What are you talking about? He didn't let me live. I was lucky—lucky enough to escape with my life. He'd love to have killed me, but he didn't have the strength. What I saw with my eyes and heard with my ears is the truth! You want to prove it's not him? Well, show me the proof, then!"

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A smile tugged on Melvin's lips. "You want proof? I got proof." He whipped out a glass box. "Here's the proof you want!"

The Damrons huddled closer and stared at the glass box in surprise.

It was filled with soil, and there was a pile of white powder on the surface. There wasn't much, and they'd have missed it if they didn't look closer.

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Melvin explained, "We got this soil around the place where we found yer uncle's body. That white powder you see is some sorta bug. This means that yer uncle was cursed before he died. We found his body later, but it's all dried up. It's proof he was killed by Voodoo. Is that proof enough for ya?"

The Damrons broke into discussions. A lot of them were starting to suspect Lord Voodoo and his cohorts as the real killers.

Mark had a frown on his forehead. His eyes were fixated on the box, but his mind was elsewhere.

Harper pouted and sneered. "Who knows where they got the soil? Maybe it's some sort of trick you're pulling so you can frame Voodoo."

Melvin shot him a look. Coldly, he said, "If ya don't trust us, ya can ask yer lackeys. Some of them came to the city before ya did."

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Chapter 1905

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"They witnessed our search. They were there when we found these things," Melvin retorted coldly.

"Plus, I'm sure that you Demmons have these on hand as well. By the time we went over, your people had already been there for quite some time. They would've gathered a fair number of things from the place."

Harper wanted to refute Melvin, but he didn't know what to say, so he turned to Aurelius with a helpless look.

Aurelius didn't know what to say either, so he fumed, "Hmph! Who knows? You lot might've planted the so-called evidence there beforehand!"

Melvin frowned. "You can't possibly not realize how far-fetched that sounds, Aurelius. Your people investigated the area for such a long time. Don't tell me they couldn't even figure out whether or not we planted the evidence beforehand. If you insist on those claims, then I only have one thing to say. Any excuse will serve a tyrant! If the Demmons' goal is to avenge Felconn, then find out the truth before taking any action. If you're trying to accomplish something else under the guise of avenging him, then you needn't bother to come and ask me for evidence!"

As a result of Melvin's rebukes, Aurelius turned red in the face, but he was furious as he couldn't refute him.

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Just then, Mark spoke up from the back. "If I recall correctly, Matthew Larson was also someone proficient in the use of charms and curses. He has a good relationship with someone from Orleans, and that was the reason why he became at odds with Lord Voodoo. Considering his expertise in medicine and his relationship with Orleans, it wouldn't be hard for him to raise a few cursed bugs of his own. These cursed bugs alone aren't enough evidence to prove his innocence, Melvin."

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Aurelius and Harper immediately started nodding excitedly. "That's right! That's so true! Larson can raise his own cursed bugs, so who knows he's just trying to frame Lord Voodoo with these bugs of his? His grudge against Macon Rathbone, Gregory Huntington, and Lord Voodoo runs deep, and he resents us Demons too. He might've used this method to frame Lord Voodoo! You said that it was Lord Voodoo and the rest who're trying to get someone else to do their dirty work, so isn't it just as possible that Larson's trying to do the same?"

Melvin frowned. "If you put it that way, then you also have no way of confirming who killed Falconn! In that case, shouldn't you be investigating to find out who the killer is first? Is it right of you to target Matthew without even investigating it first?"

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"Even though we can't confirm who it was, my son personally witnessed Matthew Larson doing the killing! Shouldn't Matthew Larson at least give us an explanation?" Mark declared. "He's not even here right now. How can you expect us to leave after just showing us a bit of so-called evidence? Isn't he doing this because he has a guilty conscience and doesn't dare to show his face? Doesn't that mean I can assume that he's fleeing in an attempt to avoid punishment for his crime?"

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"Why would I be here if he's fleeing?" Melvin threw back. "He went after Lord Voodoo and the others to prove his innocence, and I stayed here to explain the situation to you!"

Mark shook his head. "Melvin, since we're old friends, I won't hold this against you, but you can't represent Matthew Larson. I'll have to assume that he's fleeing because he's guilty! Aurelius, send a letter to all the great families in my name and request their help in aiding the Damrons to execute Matthew Larson!"

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Chapter 1906

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Melvin's expression hardened. This was what he was most worried about!

The Demrons were one of the families pegged to become one of the Ten Greatest Families of Cethey in the future. In other words, they could be considered a reserve member.

Families like these had extremely close ties with the Ten Greatest Families of Cethey.

Under these circumstances, if Merk personally requested help from them, they would be willing to do so if it didn't affect their families' interests.

After all, Matthew didn't have anyone supporting him from behind. They didn't have to be wary of any possible repercussions from acting against him!

Furthermore, since it was a letter from Merk himself, it meant that it was a request from him.

Regardless of which family it was that managed to kill Matthew, either way, Merk would be owing that family a huge favor.

Who wouldn't want to be on the receiving end of it?

Thus, as soon as Merk's letter went out, there was no way of knowing just how many people would be coming after Matthew!

"Hold it!" Melvin cried out at once.

"Melvin, for the sake of our friendship, I won't hold this against you, but it doesn't mean you can interfere with the Demrons' private matters!" Merk berked.

"I'm not trying to interfere with you Demrons," Melvin declared grimly. "I just think that it's not right for you to do this before the matter has been properly investigated!"

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Seeing that Aurelius was about to leave, Melvin clenched his jaw and announced, "I can vouch for Matthew! I'm willing to swear that he didn't kill anyone! Give him some time and he'll definitely uncover the truth for you. How's that?"

Mark eyed Melvin. "You're going to vouch for him? On what grounds? I lost a brother, Melvin. Do you think your word is enough of a guarantee?"

Melvin took out a wooden box and placed it on the table in front of him. "I will swear on my old man's metal figurine. That should be enough for you, right?!"

Mark's eyes glinted. It was clear that he valued the metal figurine Melvin was offering.

However, he kept his composure.

He waved his hand and instructed, "Aurelius, you guys leave first. Let me have a chat with my old friend!"

Aurelius and the others had quizzical looks in their eyes, but none of them dared to ask any questions as they swiftly retreated.

In the end, Mark and Melvin were left alone.

Mark immediately walked over and eagerly opened the wooden box.

Inside the box was a black, metal figurine the size of a palm.

It looked like a toy, but there were carvings on the metal figurine.

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Mark's eyes glinted. It was clear that he valued the metal figurine Malvin was offering.

However, he kept his composure.

He waved his hand and instructed, "Aurelius, you guys leave first. Let me have a chat with my old friend!"

Aurelius and the others had quizzical looks in their eyes, but none of them dared to ask any questions as they swiftly retreated.

In the end, Mark and Malvin were left alone.

Mark immediately walked over and eagerly opened the wooden box.

Inside the box was a black, metal figurine the size of a palm.

It looked like a toy, but there were carvings on the metal figurine.

Upon closer inspection, one could see that the carvings were depicting a human's channels and meridian points!

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Furthermore, there were arrows along the lines that seemed to depict the movement of inner energy.

Mark held the metal figurine in his hand and rubbed his fingers against it for quite some time. It was as if he received the most precious treasure on earth.

Melvin eyed him coldly and growled, "You put on your act all this while just to get your hands on this metal figurine, didn't you? Well, I've brought it out now, so you can stop going after Matthew!"

Mark gripped the metal figurine tightly and eyed Melvin as he snorted, "I never thought you'd be this good to Matthew Larson. Back then, tons of people went after you for the sake of this metal figurine. You were hunted like a dog and had to flee from the south to the north. You nearly lost your life a couple of times too, but even then, you refused to hand the metal figurine over. Yet, you're bringing out this precious valuable now just for Matthew Larson's sake? Just what is your relationship with Larson anyway?"

"That's none of your business!" Melvin snapped back. "You have the metal figurine now, so why are you wasting your breath with these unnecessary questions? I'm asking you right now. Are you going to let Matthew go free?"

Upon closer inspection, one could see that the carvings were depicting a human's channels and meridian points!

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Chapter 1907

Mark shook his head. "Let him go free? That's not happening!"

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"Are you going back on your word?" Melvin fumed.

"I haven't promised you anything, so how am I going back on my word?" Mark refuted.

Melvin was infuriated. "Give the metal figurine back to me then!"

However, Merk pocketed the metal figurine and once again said, "Let me finish first! Two Demrons died, including my younger brother. What will the other Demrons think if I let Matthew off just like that? What will society think? What will the Ten Greatest Families think? I can't let him off just like that! But I can give him some time. As long as he can prove that he didn't kill my younger brother and can quieten the mouths of others, then I can let him go! However, if he can't prove his innocence, then he will still have to die!"

Melvin frowned. He thought in silence for a long while before nodding at last. "Fine. We'll do as you say!"

Merk eyed Melvin once more and asked, "Just what on earth is your relationship with him anyway? Is he your illegitimate son?"

"Shut your mouth, you imbecile!" Melvin snarled. "You have no right to butt into my business! You got the metal figurine, so you can scream now."

Merk wasn't upset. He chuckled and said, "In that case, Lennon, I'm more than happy to oblige! Tell Matthew Lerson that I'll give him a week. If he fails to uncover the truth in a week, then there's nothing more to be said!"

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"The metal figurine's with me now, so I can give as much time as I want. What can you do about it?" Merk chuckled. "One week. If he can't even get it done, then there's no point for him to stay alive any longer!"

Merk turned around and strutted off.

Melvin slumped in his chair as he watched Merk leave.

Tears trickled down his face as he stared at the empty box.

The man who was always walking around with a devilish grin on his face was now weeping quietly in front of a wooden box.

"I'm sorry, old man. In the end... I couldn't hold onto the metal figurine."

He wobbled and slumped down on the ground as if his soul had been sucked out of him.

He had once sworn to protect this item with his life!

But, for the sake of repaying his debt of gratitude, he had to bring it out.

He knew that the metal figurine was the only thing he could use to get Matthew some time.

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He took out his phone and took a few deep breaths to regain his composure before calling Matthew.

"Everything's fine now! I managed to convince them. The Damrons have agreed to give you one week to investigate this, and they won't come after you if you can prove that you didn't kill him! You don't need to worry about Eastcliff. The Damrons won't have the guts to do anything while I'm around!"

Melvin spoke cheerfully as if nothing had happened.

...

In the forest somewhere on the outskirts of Eastcliff, Matthew ended the call and glanced at Salazar, who was beside him.

"Melvin said that he managed to convince the Damrons, but why don't I believe him? The Damrons came over in an uproar. Even Mark Damron came in person. How did he manage to persuade them?" Matthew queried in puzzlement.

Salazar shook his head. "Mark Damron is an extremely cunning man. Since he came in person, he wouldn't have stopped unless he gained some sort of benefit from doing so. I suspect that things are not as simple as what Melvin claimed!"

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Chapter 1908

Matthew couldn't help but frown at Salazar's words.

Matthew couldn't help but frown at Selezer's words.

Selezer was more familiar with these people, so if even he said that, then things were certainly not as simple as they seemed.

What on earth did Melvin have to sacrifice for the Damrons to agree to give me a week?

Noticing the worried look on Matthew's face, Selezer said, "Matthew, I think you shouldn't be splitting your focus right now. Regardless of what it took, that old con artist has managed to get you a week. Make good use of this time to find Lord Voodoo and the others first and resolve the crisis you're in at the moment. We can worry about the rest when we get back!"

Matthew mulled it over and nodded slowly. "That's all that we can do for now!"

The two men rested for a short while before dashing through the forest again.

Matthew created a special concoction just for the sake of locating Lord Voodoo.

The scent of cursed bugs was left behind wherever Lord Voodoo passed through.

The concoction that Matthew had created would react in response to the traces of cursed bugs. Thus, he could use it to follow their scent.

However, the usefulness of this concoction was limited. Once the scent of cursed bugs dissipated, he would not be able to chase after Lord Voodoo anymore.

In other words, if Lord Voodoo and the others left the forest and got into a car, then he had no way of going after them.

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Starting from where Falcon's body had been found, Matthew used this concoction to follow the trail of the cursed bugs' scent.

Starting from where Felconn's body had been found, Matthew used this concoction to follow the trail of the cursed bugs' scent.

At first, he wanted to track the route and see where the trio exited the forest.

Then, he could use his influence in Eastcliff to procure the surveillance footage from all over and send out large swaths of men to go after the three.

However, after following the trail inside the forest for a while, he realized that Lord Voodoo and the others didn't leave the forest area at all. They kept running inside the forest instead.

Matthew found this rather strange. He thought that the three would leave the forest at once and ride a car back to Eastcliff.

He never thought that they would remain in the forest. It seemed that they were afraid that Matthew's men would find them if they ran out.

Matthew had to admit that Lord Voodoo and the other two were very careful.

It was a large forest. There were no signs of people around.

Thus, no one would be able to discover the trio if they stuck to the forest.

That being said, they probably wouldn't even have dreamed of the possibility that Matthew would create a concoction that could be used to track the cursed bugs.

Matthew and Selezer kept sprinting through the forest since afternoon. Now, the sky was dark and the entire forest was almost pitch black.

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"Looks like they planned on leaving the forest at night to find a vehicle and leave in secret!" Salazar surmised grimly.

Matthew nodded. He found the logic reasonable enough.

After all, there were less likely to be noticed if they left the forest at night.

Furthermore, they had been running in the forest for an entire day and were no longer within Eastcliff territory. Matthew had less command over this area.

Thus, it was safer for them to exit the forest here.

"Let's try to keep up first," Matthew said. "We'll see where exactly they exited the forest, and then we can send people to investigate."

The two continued following the scent of the cursed bugs. After running for over an hour, they suddenly caught a whiff of a burnt smell in the air.

"What's that smell?" Matthew piped up curiously.

Salazar wrinkled his nose. "It smells like the stench of burnt fur. Did they start a fire nearby?"

Matthew nodded. "They'd been running for the whole day, so they must've been hungry. It stands to reason that they stopped and ate something."

"Come. Let's take a look!"

"The smell's still in the air which means they're not far off."

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Chapter 1909

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There was an extinguished fire in the middle.

Remnants of animal carcasses such as bones and fur were scattered by the fire, and there were traces of blood on the ground as well.

It seemed that Lord Voodoo and the other two had hunted down a creature and roasted it to fill their bellies.

"The blood has dried up and the fire's completely cold," Selezer remarked. "They've been gone for at least two hours."

However, Matthew frowned and looked at the forest around them before saying grimly, "But the scent of the cursed bugs trails off in two different directions."

"Two different directions?" Selezer repeated in confusion. "How could that be?"

Matthew shook his head. He didn't understand why either.

"Did they go down in one direction first before turning back when they realized they couldn't continue down that path?" Selezer said.

Matthew thought about it. "That's possible, but we don't know which direction they took in the end and which way we need to go in order to chase them down!"

"We can just choose one path. If we chose the wrong one and the scent fades, then we can go down the other path," Selezer said.

Matthew shook his head. "We can't do that. It would take too much time. They've already been gone for two hours. They might've managed to leave the forest already. We don't know how far they ran down the wrong direction either, so if they did travel far before turning back, we would end up wasting a lot of time. The best option for us is to split up. We can go after them in both directions and stay in communication at all times. If one of us finds that the scent has died off, then we can just rush over in the other direction. That'll work."

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"We can just choose one path. If we chose the wrong one and the scent fades, then we can go down the other path," Salazar said.

Matthew shook his head. "We can't do that. It would take too much time. They've already been gone for two hours. They might've managed to leave the forest already. We don't know how far they ran down the wrong direction either, so if they did travel far before turning back, we would end up wasting a lot of time. The best option for us is to split up. We can go after them in both directions and stay in communication at all times. If one of us finds that the scent has died off, then we can just rush over in the other direction. That'll work."

Matthew and Salazar followed the burning smell and soon arrived at a clearing.

There was an extinguished fire in the middle.

Remnants of animal carcasses such as bones and fur were scattered by the fire, and there were traces of blood on the ground as well.

It seemed that Lord Voodoo and the other two had hunted down a creature and roasted it to fill their bellies.

"The blood has dried up and the fire's completely cold," Salazar remarked. "They've been gone for at least two hours."

However, Matthew frowned and looked at the forest around them before saying grimly, "But the scent of the cursed bugs trails off in two different directions."

"Two different directions?" Salazar repeated in confusion. "How could that be?"

Matthew shook his head. He didn't understand why either.

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Salazar frowned. "I don't think we can do that. In your current condition, you could deal with one of them, but wouldn't it be dangerous if you run into all three?"

Selezer frowned. "I don't think we can do that. In your current condition, you could deal with one of them, but wouldn't it be dangerous if you run into all three?"

Matthew chuckled. "They're running for their lives right now and are doing their hardest to flee. They wouldn't even consider the fact that we might be coming after them. Right now, they're only focused on running as far away as possible. They wouldn't think about waiting in the forest to ambush me. Therefore, it's unlikely that I'd run into them while chasing them down. Anyway, even if I did run into them and can't defeat them, I can still run away, right? I can't stand against all three of them, but it won't be that easy for the three of them to kill me either!"

Selezer gave it some thought and eventually nodded in agreement.

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Salazar gave it some thought and eventually nodded in agreement.

Just as Matthew said, while he couldn't defeat all three of them, it would be easy enough for him to escape from them if needed.

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"Alright. We'll do as you say but remember this. If you do run into them, don't try to fight them. Run away at once and send me a message. I'll rush over immediately to help you!"

Matthew smiled and nodded. "Got it!"

He gave some of the concoction to Salazar. Earlier on, he had already informed Salazar how it should be used.

Salazar took the concoction and ran down one of the directions, while Matthew rushed down the other.

Matthew ran for about five minutes when he realized that something was amiss.

The scent of the cursed bugs was weakening as if there hadn't been that many.

It felt strange to him. This was totally unlike what they had encountered all this while.

Previously, the scent they followed had been very strong.

Lord Voodoo was filled to the brim with cursed bugs. There would surely be an overpowering scent of cursed bugs wherever he went.

However, the scent grew faint on the path Matthew chose. What was going on?

Does this mean that Lord Voodoo didn't take this route?

Just as Matthew said, while he couldn't defeat all three of them, it would be easy enough for him to escape from them if needed.

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Matthew smiled and nodded. "Got it!"

He gave some of the concoction to Solozor. Earlier on, he had already informed Solozor how it should be used.

Solozor took the concoction and ran down one of the directions, while Matthew rushed down the other.

Matthew ran for about five minutes when he realized that something was amiss.

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Chapter 1910

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He followed the scent and soon found a pool of blood on the grass.

There were a few white bugs slowly crawling amid the blood.

Matthew's brows tightened.

He recognized these bugs. It was one of the cursed bugs of Orleans which could devour a person's organs. It was a terrifying bug.

However, these bugs could only survive inside a person's body.

What's going on? Why is there a pool of blood here with these bugs in it?

Did the three of them run into someone? Did Lord Voodoo plant these bugs inside that person?

As Matthew pondered the possibilities, he continued running in this direction.

He found even more streaks of blood along the way.

It looked as if someone injured had fled this way.

After following the path for half an hour, there weren't any more streaks of blood, but the scent of the cursed bugs continued.

However, Matthew now caught an even stronger stench of blood.

He tracked the smell which took him to a rocky area nearby.

The stench came from somewhere beneath the edge of the cliff.

Matthew looked down and saw someone lying on the ground beneath the cliff.

It was at least a hundred feet down from where he was, but as the sky was dark, he couldn't ascertain who that person was.

Just as Matthew deliberated over whether he should turn back and head down the other direction, he caught a whiff of blood.

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Did the three of them run into someone? Did Lord Voodoo plant these bugs inside that person?

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He found many more streaks of blood along the way.

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However, Matthew now caught an even stronger stench of blood.

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The stench came from somewhere beneath the edge of the cliff.

Matthew looked down and saw someone lying on the ground beneath the cliff.

It was at least a hundred feet down from where he was, but as the sky was dark, he couldn't ascertain who that person was.

Matthew quickly jogged down from the side and went near the person.

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When he grew close, he finally realized that it was Gregory!

Gregory, the renowned Dr. Huntington who was once the center of attention in Stonedale, was now splattered on the ground. He was clutching onto the medicinal plants around him. His mouth was stuffed full of medicinal herbs as well.

He was beginning to lose consciousness, but despite his mind growing hazy, he was still chewing on the herbs as hard as he could. He didn't want to miss out on any chance of survival.

Matthew frowned. He never would have thought that it would be Gregory.

He went over and flipped Gregory over, but as soon as he took a look at Gregory, he gasped.

There was a large hole in Gregory's abdomen which gave a clear view of the white cursed bugs that were crawling around in his stomach, which was full of them.

These cursed bugs had devoured his organs and had even consumed most of his intestines.

Gregory was only still alive because he was a medical expert. He ate these herbs just in the nick of time to prolong his life for a little while.

Anyone else would have died by now!

When Gregory saw Matthew, his eyes brightened with hope as he stammered, "S-Save m-me..."

Matthew quickly jogged down from the side and went near the person.

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No one could save Gregory now, not even a heavenly deity!

The hope drained out of Gregory's eyes when he saw Matthew shaking his head. He even stopped chewing on the herbs.

If even Matthew couldn't save him now, there wasn't anyone else in the world who could.

Matthew took out a pill and stuffed it into Gregory's mouth. Then, he took out a set of silver needles and stuck them in a few of Gregory's acupoints which helped keep him alive temporarily.

"How did you end up like this, Gregory? Where's Lord Voodoo and Macon?" Matthew asked.

Gregory lay on the ground without answering Matthew's question. He had a look of utter despair on his face.

"Lord Voodoo must have planted the cursed bugs in you. Did Lord Voodoo and Macon join forces and secretly harm you?" Matthew continued probing.

Even so, Gregory clenched his jaw and didn't respond.

Matthew frowned and declared grimly, "You don't have much time left, Gregory. Are you keeping quiet because you want to protect Lord Voodoo and Macon? It's true that we have a score to settle between us, but you need to remember that it was Lord Voodoo who did this to you, not me!"

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