

## **M Genius 1911**

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Matthew noticed this and immediately added, "The grudge between us isn't something that can be resolved easily, but at the very least, I didn't attempt to kill you. You know very well what Lord Voodoo and Mecon did! Tell me where they are right now and I might be able to evenge you by killing them."

A thoughtful glint flashed in Gregory's eyes. He glanced at Matthew and gritted his teeth before saying dorkly, "You're right, Lerson. You're the only one who can evenge me now! Alright. I'll tell you what I know!"

Thus, Gregory gave Matthew a summary of the earlier events.

As it turned out, the three of them had left the area at once after splitting the Stergulf's fruit among them.

They went along with Lord Voodoo's suggestions and traveled down the path through the forest intending to leave the forest at night and get out of the South in a car.

The whole time, they kept making their way toward the innermost parts of the forest.

When the three of them had been too hungry to continue, they caught a few rabbits and roasted them for food, which explained the remnants of a fire that Matthew found earlier.

However, for the sake of claiming all of Stergulf's fruit pieces for himself, Lord Voodoo planted bugs inside the rabbits.

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Matthew couldn't help but frown. "That can't be. Considering the power that you two have, even if you did end up consuming the cursed bugs, it wouldn't have affected you this quickly. You could have used your inner energy to stop the cursed bugs from injuring you and kill Lord Voodoo!"

Gregory sighed. "Perhaps that would be true if this was the only incident. The problem was that Lord Voodoo had already planted another cursed bug inside Mecon before this. When Mecon disguised himself as you to ambush and kill Felconn, Lord Voodoo used a Mimicking Charm on him. The cursed bug remained dormant most of the time, and Mecon didn't know about it either. However, after Lord Voodoo planted the cursed bugs inside the rabbits we roasted, Mecon had two types of cursed bugs unleashed inside him. Under those circumstances, Mecon could only use his inner energy to hold off both cursed bugs. He couldn't do anything else. As for me, I was using my inner energy to stave off the cursed bugs so I could only use less than 70% of my power, which meant that I couldn't put up a fight against Lord Voodoo!"

Matthew nodded in realization before asking, "Even if you can't fend off Lord Voodoo, you can still escape, so how did you end up like this?"

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Matthew nodded in realization before asking, "Even if you can't fend off Lord Voodoo, you can still escape, so how did you end up like this?"

Gregory clenched his jaw and said, "I ended up like this because of Macon. I pitied him at the time, so I took him with me. I ran here and took out some medicine to try and restore my vitality, as well as suppress the cursed bugs inside of me. I never thought that Macon, that monster, would sneak up on me. He pushed me off the cliff and snatched my medicine before fleeing by himself. I was heavily injured from the fall and couldn't hold off the cursed bugs any longer, so that's why I ended up like this!"

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Matthew didn't say anything. He merely stared at Gregory as if he was enjoying the show.

Gregory felt a little awkward under Matthew's gaze. "W-What are you looking at?" he muttered.

Matthew sneered. "Even at a time like this, you're still trying to make yourself look good, huh, Gregory? I'm sure you know very well why you took Macon with you and why you ended up in this state. You should know that I've studied cursed bugs too and I'm not any less of an expert than Lord Voodoo is. Do you need me to spell out what you did?"

Gregory's expression shifted before he bellowed, "W-What are you talking about? I don't understand what you mean! What did I do? I'm a dying man. What could I have done?"

Gregory clenched his jaw and said, "I ended up like this because of Mocon. I pitied him at the time, so I took him with me. I ran here and took out some medicine to try and restore my vitality, as well as suppress the cursed bugs inside of me. I never thought that Mocon, that monster, would sneak up on me. He pushed me off the cliff and snatched my medicine before fleeing by himself. I was heavily injured from the fall and couldn't hold off the cursed bugs any longer, so that's why I ended up like this!"

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## **Chapter 1912**

Matthew smirked. "You sure know how to twist things around, Gregory. Don't assume that I don't know what you tried to do. You said you took some medicine out to try and suppress the cursed bugs inside you, eh? Hah! You took them out because you wanted to transfer the cursed bugs to someone else, right?"

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Gregory's expression changed yet again. He looked awkward and uncomfortable.

Matthew ignored him and continued, "You took Macon with you when you fled because you knew that based on your medical expertise, you had no way of extracting a fully grown cursed bug out of your body, so your only option was to transfer the bug to someone else. You brought Macon with you because you wanted him to be the new host instead. You wanted to transfer the cursed bugs inside you to him so that you could stay alive. Then, as you were preparing what you needed to do the transfer,

Mecon pushed you off the cliff. He took the medicine you prepared and transferred the cursed bugs that were inside him to you instead. That's why you ended up in this state, am I right?"

Gregory was as pale as a sheet as he uttered through gritted teeth, "Hmph. That's right. I lied to you, but so what? Does that mean Mecon is a righteous man?"

Matthew snorted. "Mecon isn't a righteous man, but neither are you. In reality, Lord Voodoo and the two of you are all birds of a feather. You three are all selfish and suspicious of one another. It's not surprising that the situation came to this."

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Gregory had a nasty expression on his face as he growled, "Larson, I don't need you to lecture me. Don't you want to go after Lord Voodoo and Macon? Here's a word of advice. Hurry up and go after them. Lord Voodoo took the entire Stargulf's fruit with him. He must be looking for a place to consume them. Once he gains all of Falcon's power... Hah! You'll be doomed!"

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However, Gregory suddenly had a thought and began chortling. "It's not a bad thing if you die at Lord Voodoo's hands. Either way, you're both my enemies. It doesn't matter to me who dies first. Hehehe... Matthew Larson, I'll be dead soon enough, but the thought of the two of you engaging in a fatal duel in the future makes me so happy!"

Matthew's expression remained unchanged as he asked plainly, "Where did Lord Voodoo and Macon head off to?"

"How would I know where Lord Voodoo went?" Gregory shot back. "I ran off with Macon and Lord Voodoo didn't come after us. He must have left the forest by now. Macon ran off in that direction less than half an hour ago. You might catch up to him if you leave now!"

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Macon wasn't that important to him now. The more pressing concern was Lord Voodoo.

Lord Voodoo had the entire Stargulf's fruit with him, which could undoubtedly lead to serious trouble in the near future.

Matthew looked at Gregory and said grimly, "I have a question, Gregory."

"What is it?" Gregory was taken aback.

Matthew took a deep breath and asked, "You still remember Shane Larson, the King of Northern Territory, right?"

Gregory's expression changed at once.

He stared at Matthew in fear. Traces of pain and regret flickered in his eyes.

"Over a decade ago, the Larsons of the Northern Territory were all executed. Who did that?" Matthew pressed in a deep, heavy voice.

Gregory looked terrified as he stammered, "I-I don't know... I... don't know..."

"What are you afraid of, Gregory? You're about to die anyway. Why are you afraid of talking about what happened that year?" Matthew pressed icily.

Gregory froze. It was as if he abruptly recalled the state he was in right now. Suddenly, his eyes flashed as he seemed to have made up his mind.

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Matthew's heart jumped. "What is it?"

Gregory fixed his eyes on Matthew. "How are you related to Shane Larson?"

Matthew eyed Gregory for a while before announcing quietly, "Shane Larson is my father!"

Gregory quivered when he heard that.

His eyes widened as he stared at Matthew. He had a look of disbelief, but there were also traces of surprise and gladness.

At last, he spoke again. "I should've known. I should've figured it out a long time ago. I never thought a child of his would have survived. The Larsons weren't exterminated! The Larson bloodline survived!"

Judging by Gregory's reaction, Matthew was certain that Gregory knew quite a lot about the truth of what happened back then.

"How did the Larsons end up getting massacred?" Matthew asked.

Gregory shook his head. "I don't know how exactly either. However, it was said that the Larsons had been killed because of a family heirloom. At the time, a lot of people wanted to destroy the Larsons and their power. It wasn't just one particular family or party. I only know that someone incredibly powerful was the mastermind behind the ultimate massacre of the Larsons, but I truly don't know who that was!"

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There was no doubt that the Lersons hed been wiped out because of this jade pendent.

"You don't know?" Metthew repeeted derkly. "Whet wes your role in the whole incident then?"

Gregory sighed. "I... I wes just e tiny cog in the grend scheme of things. I wes chosen to be the one who got thrown in front of Shene Lerson so thet he would rescue me end teke me beck with him. Then, I remeined hidden inside the Lerson Family to gether pivotel informetion end trensmit it to my conctect on the outside."

Matthew belled his fists. He hed elreedy surmised that Gregory wes involved in the messecree of the Lersons.

However, he didn't expect Gregory to merely be e chess piece. He wes only e mole.

There would heve been countless moles plented within the family.

This means that the one who pulled the strings is not one to be taken lightly!

"Who did you pess the informetion to et the time?" Metthew probed.

Gregory shook his heed egein. "I don't know who it wes either. He covered his fece every time he met me. He celled himself Silve. When we met, we would use e wooden token to confirm our identities. After the incident with the Lersons, I never sew him egein."

Matthew frowned. He remembered the jade pendant he carried with him at all times.

There was no doubt that the Larsons had been wiped out because of this jade pendant.

"You don't know?" Matthew repeated darkly. "What was your role in the whole incident then?"

Gregory sighed. "I... I was just a tiny cog in the grand scheme of things. I was chosen to be the one who got thrown in front of Shane Larson so that he would rescue me and take me back with him. Then, I remained hidden inside the Larson Family to gather pivotal information and transmit it to my contact on the outside."

Matthew balled his fists. He had already surmised that Gregory was involved in the massacre of the Larsons.

However, he didn't expect Gregory to merely be a chess piece. He was only a mole.

There would have been countless moles planted within the family.

This means that the one who pulled the strings is not one to be taken lightly!

"Who did you pass the information to at the time?" Matthew probed.

Gregory shook his head again. "I don't know who it was either. He covered his face every time he met me. He called himself Silva. When we met, we would use a wooden token to confirm our identities. After the incident with the Larsons, I never saw him again."

Matthew frowned. He remembered the jade pendant he carried with him at all times.

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Matthew's expression hardened. This Silva person was very careful indeed.

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He groomed Gregory, but even though Gregory had risen to become quite a prominent figure, he never sought to use Gregory again.

It proved that Silva was no ordinary person.

"What did the wooden token look like?" Matthew asked.

"I still have half of the wooden token in my pocket," Gregory said. "When I left the Larsons, Silva had me destroy the wooden token. I... I kept half of it..."

Matthew immediately retrieved the halved wooden token from Gregory's pocket.

It was the size of a palm, made out of poplar wood, and had a carving on it.

The letter S was carved onto the wooden token.

Apart from that, there was nothing noteworthy about it.

Due to the amount of time that had passed, the wooden token had started rotting quite a bit.

Matthew put the wooden token away. It was related to the secret behind the massacre of the Larsons!

"Was Lord Voodoo involved in the incident with the Larsons back then?" Matthew probed.

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## **Chapter 1914**

Gregory nodded. "Yep. Shane was the King of the Northern Territory. Invincible, everyone said he was. Legends have it that he was powerful enough to challenge Percival Shawcross. The Larsons were powerful—almost every single member of the family was talented. They could've become Cathay's top family. Wiping them out required a more... cunning tactic. Lord Voodoo cursed the Larsons and robbed them of their power. That was how the Larsons were wiped out."

Gregory nodded. "Yep. Shene was the King of the Northern Territory. Invincible, everyone said he was. Legends have it that he was powerful enough to challenge Percival Shewcross. The Lersons were powerful—almost every single member of the family was talented. They could've become Cethey's top family. Wiping them out required a more... cunning tactic. Lord Voodoo cursed the Lersons and robbed them of their power. That was how the Lersons were wiped out."

Matthew's eyes flared with rage. He knew Lord Voodoo was involved in the massacre, but this was more than he imagined. He killed my whole clan. Murderous fury engulfed his heart, and he balled his fists. "Lord Voodoo!" hissed Matthew through gritted teeth.

"Oh, right." Gregory remembered something. "Silve is probably also in contact with Martin Newmont, the King of Rivenie."

The look on Matthew's face changed. "And how do you know that?" Ambrose brought Martin up back when he talked about the Lerson massacre. Martin was one of the suspected masterminds behind that massacre, according to Ambrose.

Gregory nodded. "Yep. Shone was the King of the Northern Territory. Invincible, everyone said he was. Legends have it that he was powerful enough to challenge Percival Showcross. The Lorsons were powerful—almost every single member of the family was talented. They could've become Cothoy's top family. Wiping them out required a more... cunning tactic. Lord Voodoo cursed the Lorsons and robbed them of their power. That was how the Lorsons were wiped out."

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"Shane sent me to Rivenia once for official business," Gregory answered. "When I met up with Silva, I also ran into Martin's men. But one call from Silva, and all of Martin's men backed off. I've suspected them to be working together since then."

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Matthew clenched his fists and nodded slowly. "Martin Newmont, the King of Rivenia. He should answer to me as well."

Gregory stared at Matthew, guilt filling his eyes, and a sigh escaped his lips. Quietly, he said, "Your father was a great man, Matthew. He helped me in more ways than I could imagine. What I did to them... The guilt still lives on in me, tormenting me all these years. I never thought there'd be a survivor, but then you showed up. To think I'd get to see you... I can die with no regrets now."

His apology earned him nothing but an icy look. "Stop the pity talk, Huntington. I told you I can't save you. And even if I could—which I couldn't—I wouldn't. Not after what you did to my clan. Don't try to beg for any mercy, for I shall spare none."



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Matthaw clanchad his fists and noddad slowly. "Martin Nawmont, tha King of Rivania. Ha shall answar to ma as wall."

Gragory starad at Matthaw, guilt filling his ayas, and a sigh ascapad his lips. Quiatly, ha said, "Your fathar was a graat man, Matthaw. Ha halpad ma in mora ways than I could imagina. What I did to tham... Tha guilt still livas on in ma, tormanting ma all thasa yaars. I navar thought thara'd ba a survivor, but than you showad up. To think I'd gat to saa you... I can dia with no ragrats now."

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Gregory smiled bitterly. "I know you wouldn't believe me, but I had no choice. I infiltrated the Larson Family under someone's orders. An intelligence mission, so to speak. So, I gathered all kinds of intelligence and provided all of them to Silva. But eventually, I realized your father was genuinely trying to help me. I... I did consider stopping my mission, but Silva threatened me. He said he would reveal my true identity if I stopped working for him. Your family would destroy me if they knew. I-I was scared. I had to do it, but the guilt has been torturing me ever since. Forgiveness is a luxury for me, especially your forgiveness. All I'm trying to say is... I'm happy that the Larsons still have at least one surviving member."

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He was starting to cough up blood, but Gregory ignored it. With a trembling voice, he said, "Stonedale. Lord Voodoo is in... Stonedale. Has... a lair there. I-In Granville. Northwest... of Enneaton. There's a... small courtyard... He is probably... hiding there."

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## **Chapter 1915**

"You think he'd be hiding in a place you know?"

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Gregory waved his hand. "Oh-Only I know about this lair. And... And I found it... by accident. He doesn't... doesn't know I know. And Mecon and I... injured him... after what... what he did to us. He can't... can't go far. Needs... to heal up."

Matthew was a little convinced. If Lord Voodoo was injured, he might be hiding someplace nearby so he could heal up.

One last surge of life slithered into Gregory, and he clasped Matthew's arm tightly. "M-Matthew, I... what I did... to your family... was inexcusable. I-I'm trying... trying to atone... for my sins. Forgiveness... isn't what I want. Just... Just be careful... when... you face Lord Voo... Voodoo. You're... Shane's only... descendant. You... must... not... die..."

Right after he said that, his arms went limp. Once one of the most famous doctors in Stonedale, now reduced to a corpse. He paid the ultimate price for his sins and was killed by his own comrade.

Matthew stared at his body, his gaze devoid of any sympathy. Despite his repentance, Matthew still wouldn't spare him any pity or forgiveness. The Lersons were wiped out overnight, where over one thousand people died. Matthew would never forgive anyone who had a hand in this.

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He destroyed the cursed bugs on Gregory and proceeded to annihilate all nearby bugs. Then, he called Tiger and told him where he was. Matthew asked him to get some men over to take Gregory's corpse back. Lord Voodoo and his crew must be killed, but he also needed to appease the Demons as well. They must see the body of the culprit. In this case, it was Gregory.

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Once he was done with the arrangements for Gregory, Matthew changed directions and made his way to Selezer. If Gregory was right, Lord Voodoo escaped down the path where Selezer went. Macon was on his list of people to get rid of, but he wasn't important now. The Stergulf was in Lord Voodoo's hands. He must get rid of Lord Voodoo before he had the chance to absorb the plant's powers. Eventually, he established contact with Selezer as he hurried down the path. Three hours later, Matthew finally escaped the mountains.

Selezer had already been out of the mountains for a while. He stood beside the road, staring around. "The bug's trail ends here. Lord Voodoo probably got himself a car. I have already called Tiger. He's going to get us the surveillance footage and the records of all vehicles that passed through this place. We're going to find that bastard."

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Once he was done with the arrangements for Gregory, Matthew changed directions and made his way to Salazar. If Gregory was right, Lord Voodoo escaped down the path where Salazar went. Macon was on his list of people to get rid of, but he wasn't important now. The Stargulf was in Lord Voodoo's hands. He must get rid of Lord Voodoo before he had the chance to absorb the plant's powers. Eventually, he established contact with Salazar as he hurried down the path. Three hours later, Matthew finally escaped the mountains.

Salazar had already been out of the mountains for a while. He stood beside a road, staring around. "The bug's trail ends here. Lord Voodoo probably got himself a car. I have already called Tiger. He's going to get us the surveillance footage and the records of all vehicles that passed through this place. We're going to find that b\*stard."

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Matthew stared at the empty street, a frown creasing on his forehead. This isn't Eastcliff anymore. It's a remote place too, so not many cars pass through here at night. There are barely any surveillance cameras here, and there are a lot of branching roads, which are old and are used as shortcuts by drivers to change routes. This is going to make tracking hard or nigh impossible. We're looking at mountains of mysteries to solve.

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A moment of deliberation later, Matthew said, "Tell Tiger to go through the surveillance footage and track down Lord Voodoo if they can. Salazar, we're going to Stonedale."

"What for?" Salazar was surprised. "Do you think he ran off to Stonedale?"

Matthew nodded. "I don't discount the possibility. Not like we have any other leads now, so might as well try our luck in Stonedale."

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## **Chapter 1916**

It was two in the afternoon. A car with a Granville license plate drove into Enneaton, and out came two men in sunglasses. They were also equipped with some cameras. At first glance, they looked like tourists, but these men were actually Matthew and Rat.

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for the other job he needed to carry out. He used to be a pickpocket, and the guy looked unassuming, making him the perfect man for a recon mission. Salazar was hanging out around town, hiding in the shadows. The moment Matthew was able to confirm Lord Voodoo's location, he would come running.

Rot went around to gether some intelligence. He disguised himself as a tourist and strolled around town, going through the spot Gregory mentioned for a closer look. Meanwhile, Matthew stayed behind to train. He just took a Wallbreaker pill and was currently absorbing its powers.

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Matthew summoned Rat the moment he decided to make the trip to Stonedale. He wasn't sure if Lord Voodoo had returned, nor did he look into it. If Lord Voodoo found out he was looking for him, that sly old fox might run away again, and he would be led on a wild goose chase. Rat was the perfect candidate for the other job he needed to carry out. He used to be a pickpocket, and the guy looked unassuming, making him the perfect man for a recon mission. Salazar was hanging out around town, hiding in the shadows. The moment Matthew was able to confirm Lord Voodoo's location, he would come running.

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Salazar could provide great help at the moment, but Gregory's story also told Matthew the grim truth. His enemy was powerful, and terrifyingly so. Matthew's father was unparalleled, or so the people said, and yet he perished nonetheless. If I don't power up, I'll die as well.

About two hours later, the sound of footsteps approached Matthew's room. His eyes snapped open, and the first thing he saw was Ret entering his room.

Ret whispered, "I got something, Matt."

Matthew's eyes went wide. "What did you get?"

"So, I went to the spot, and the drug you gave me twitched."

Matthew's eyes shone. The drug he gave Ret could resonate with cursed bugs. He needed to confirm if there were cursed bugs around the place, and now he got his answer. We have a bug problem. Gregory wasn't lying. Lord Voodoo must have a lair there. However, just because the drug reacted was not indicative of Lord Voodoo's return. All it took for the drug to react was the existence of cursed bugs, after all. If Lord Voodoo did live in that place for a while, the drug would react as well, even if he was absent at the moment.

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Matthew frowned. He thought there would only be a single courtyard there. That would make things a lot easier for him, but this new information certainly complicated things. If Lord Voodoo's lair did have cursed bugs, their smell would permeate the whole area, making every single house smell like his lair. Without a precise location, they could never start any investigations. And if we get the wrong unit, he's going to realize we're looking for him. I bet my last dollar he'll escape once again, and we'll be back to square one.

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## **Chapter 1917**

Matthew mused over his options and decided to find out more about the area before going into any investigations. He sent Rat out on another recon mission, this time to get information on the area where Lord Voodoo's lair was. At the same time, he called Edmund and asked him to send his men out to look into that area as well. Matthew remained in the hotel. He didn't want to show himself, lest Lord Voodoo caught wind of his arrival and escaped.

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Edmund's news came quickly. He was a part of the Ten Greatest Families of Stonedale after all, and this town was only inhabited by civilians. Through official sources, he got his hands on the details of the locals in this area. The details mentioned that most of the houses in that area were occupied except for three.

Technically, they had been purchased, but most of the time, their owners were somewhere else. The owners of two of the empty houses were working elsewhere. Their parents used to live in those houses,

but ever since their demise, barely anyone had come back. The remaining unit had been bought by someone else well, but the owner came back less than five times a year.

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"Really?" Matthew's eyes went wide.

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Something glinted in Matthew's eyes. That's surprising. The guy came back this morning? Could that be a coincidence?

Rat huddled closer. "Say, do you think the guy might be this Lord Voodoo you've been looking for?"

Matthew shook his head. "Not sure."

"Not sure?" Rat was surprised. "But if the details are right, then this guy is the one we're looking for. Furthermore, he just came back last night. The timing matches. It has to be him."

Matthew said nothing. The signs all pointed to this guy being Lord Voodoo, but he had a nagging suspicion that something was off.

Rat, however, was raring to go. "Matt, if that guy really is Lord Voodoo, then we have to move. If we don't do anything, he might realize we're looking for him. Everything we've done would've been for nothing if he hotfoots it out of here again."

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## **Chapter 1918**

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Ret scratched his head. "You're being paranoid, Matt. Like you said, barely anyone knows this leir, and Gregory found out by accident. Voodoo doesn't know that Gregory knows. Maybe he came back because he thinks nobody knows about this leir."

Matthew shook his head. He still thought something felt off.

It was then Tiger gave him new information. After a day of torture, he and his men finally found out where Lord Voodoo was going: Grenville.

The news surprised Matthew. Lord Voodoo really came to Grenville? So, he's the owner of that courtyard? Does he really think his leir is safe enough that nobody will find it?

Not too long after that, Melvin had news as well, and it was a shocking one. Mecon had arrived at Grenville too.

This time, Matthew was dazed. Lord Voodoo being here is one thing. He has a lair here, so it's normal that he's hiding in Grenville, but what's with Mecon? What's his deal?

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Macon transferred his cursed bugs into Gregory and managed to survive, but his injuries were grievous. He should be hiding, biding his time and healing up. So why did he come to Granville? What's he doing? Does he have a lair here as well? Is he trying to lay low her?

Mecon transferred his cursed bugs into Gregory and managed to survive, but his injuries were grievous. He should be hiding, biding his time and healing up. So why did he come to Grenville? What's he doing? Does he have a lair here as well? Is he trying to lay low her?

They're both sly old foxes, Mecon and Lord Voodoo, and now they're both in Grenville. Something's off. However, Matthew couldn't figure out what it was. He shook his head. "Ret, you stey in the hotel tonight. Don't go out."

Ret quickly asked, "Are you going to seek him out yourself?"

Matthew waved him down. "Not tonight. I have to observe further."

Ret looked a little confused. He wondered what Matthew was trying to do.

Matthew left the hotel and contacted Selezer, asking him to meet up. A while later, Matthew met Selezer and told him about the current situation.

Selezer frowned. "They're both cunning b\*sterds. You're wise to put your guard up. We'll keep an eye on that b\*sterd as you said. If he's really Lord Voodoo, he's not getting away. Not under our noses. We can take him out anytime we want."

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Matthew nodded. That was his plan as well. To keep an eye on their quarry and make sure there was no chance of escape, and then they would figure out what he was trying to do. If they made a rash move and found that their quarry wasn't Lord Voodoo, it would cause a whole lot of trouble.

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The gentlemen came to that area and split up. Both of them hid in the shadows, keeping an eye on that courtyard. A few hours went by after that, but nothing showed up.

Matthew was meditating until 3.00AM, and then he heard Salazar knocking quietly. It was a code they agreed upon. Should any suspicious figure appear, they would knock on the microphone. Matthew's eyes snapped open, and he went into full alert. His gaze zipped through his surroundings. I didn't even notice someone showing up. No sound or trace at all. This is one tough opponent.

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## **Chapter 1919**

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Selezer put a finger on his lips and approached Matthew in silence. He then pointed at the courtyard in the middle, telling Matthew to take a look.

Matthew did so, but still, he found nothing. He gave Selezer a questioning look.

Selezer shook his head. "Left flowerbed," he whispered.

Matthew turned his eyes toward the courtyard once more. Two flowerbeds set within, both homes to beautiful, vibrant flowers. They weren't tall—about twelve inches or so, but the flowers were tall enough for someone to hide inside. Matthew peered at the left flowerbed for a while, and eventually, he found something.

It was the night of a bright full moon. A long shadow stood on the wall, and within the shadows of the flowerbed, a silhouette in black hid. He was only about five-foot-three. He was wearing black clothes and a black mask, and something resembling a bat was wrapped in black cloth and strapped to their back. The silhouette hid in the darkness, unmoving like a statue. It was like they were one with the darkness. More surprisingly, Matthew realized the silhouette seemed to have merged with their surroundings, making it hard to notice them. If it were not for Salazar, Matthew would have missed this infiltrator.

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Matthew did so, but still, he found nothing. He gave Salazar a questioning look.

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Matthew turned his eyes toward the courtyard once more. Two flowerbeds sat within, both homes to beautiful, vibrant flowers. They weren't tall—about twelve inches or so, but the flowers were tall enough for someone to hide inside. Matthew peered at the left flowerbed for a while, and eventually, he found something.

It was the night of a bright full moon. A long shadow stood on the wall, and within the shadows of the flowerbed, a silhouette in black hid. He was only about five-foot-three. He was wearing black clothes and a black mask, and something resembling a bat was wrapped in black cloth and strapped to their back. The silhouette hid in the darkness, unmoving like a statue. It was like they were one with the darkness. More surprisingly, Matthew realized the silhouette seemed to have merged with their surroundings, making it hard to notice them. If it were not for Salazar, Matthew would have missed this infiltrator.

Matthew looked around, yet there was not a soul to be found. Even so, he remained vigilant. Salazar was not the type to call false alarms. A few minutes of waiting later, someone came to him. It was none other than Salazar.

Salazar put a finger on his lips and approached Matthew in silence. He then pointed at the courtyard in the middle, telling Matthew to take a look.

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"Just moments ago. When I signaled you, he was running inside."

Matthew's eyes went wide. I've been keeping an eye out, and yet I found nothing. My eyes never left the courtyard. Even if this guy did come in wearing all black, I should've been able to see them, and yet they slipped through right under my nose. I didn't even know they had been hiding there. How powerful are they?

"They're powerful, aren't they?" Matthew had to ask.

Aurelius and Felconn were seen the moment they entered Lakeside Garden previously. The letter was almost on par with the grendmester, and yet his infiltration was still seen anyway. But this... This one snuck right through without me noticing. They must be powerful.

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Gregory clearly said he was the only one who knew about this hiding spot. Even if Lord Voodoo did come back to this place, I was supposed to be the only one who could find him. But now we have Macon and this guy on our hands. What is going on? Matthew had a feeling the decision to stay out of this

courtyard was the right thing to do. Things were a lot more complicated than he expected. I need to stay in the shadows and find out who these guys are. Then I'll make my move.

Salazar was staring at the weapon strapped behind that person's back. He seemed to be deep in his thoughts, but eventually, he shook his head. "Not our problem for now. We'll let the dogs bite each other off and see if we can take off with their bone. We also have the element of surprise. Might as well use it to see what their deal is," he whispered.

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## **Chapter 1920**

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Selezer was staring at that item as well. Eventually, he whispered, "My guess? A ketene."

Matthew's eyes went wide. "A ketene?"

Ketenes were common weapons used by Emsgate Warriors, and the thing on that person in black's back fit the description. Ketenes were a lot thinner than most blades. If that's a ketene, then it explains a lot. Emsgate Warriors are masters of assassinations, and they're trained in the Emsgate Technique. More importantly, their concealment skills were top-notch. Emsgate Warriors could hide anywhere and merge with their surroundings, deceiving the eyes of common men. This person fits the bill. He hides in the darkness and becomes one with his surroundings. He deceived the eyes of common men, including me. That's the Emsgate Technique, alright.

Matthew gasped. It was then something else struck him. "Hey... do you think Mecon's this guy's boss?"

Beck in Times Hotel, Mecon did escape using the Emsgote Technique. Since then, Matthew had an inkling of suspicion that Mecon was related to the Emsgote Warriors. And one showed up right after Mecon came back to Grenville. This is no coincidence.

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Metthaw finelly pieced the puzzle together. Before the Neverlend fiesco, Mecon wes e top dog in Stonedeale. The ruler of it, so to speak. If Gregory could locete Lord Voodoo's leir, it wesn't beyond the reelms of possibilities thet Mecon could echieve the seme feet. So, he hired this werrior to teke Voodoo's Stergulf. Thet confirmed Metthaw's suspicion of Mecon's reletionship with the Emsgete Werriors. Cen't esk the werriors for help thet eesily otherwise.

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Salazar waved him down and pointed at the distance. "Because he is here."

Matthew looked where he was pointing. There, in the darkness, someone was fast approaching, and that person was none other than Macon. Matthew's eyes went wide. I knew it! He came prepared. He



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Matthew finally pieced the puzzle together. Before the Neverland fiasco, Macon was a top dog in Stonedale. The ruler of it, so to speak. If Gregory could locate Lord Voodoo's lair, it wasn't beyond the realm of possibilities that Macon could achieve the same feat. So, he hired this warrior to take Voodoo's Stargulf. That confirmed Matthew's suspicion of Macon's relationship with the Emsgate Warriors. Can't ask the warriors for help that easily otherwise.

Unbeknownst to Macon, people were hiding in the dark, watching his every move. He didn't really keep his guard up, seeing as he thought this mission would be a success. He made his way to the courtyard and easily vaulted into it. His wounds had healed a lot, apparently thanks to some skilled doctor behind the scenes.

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He entered the yard and waved at the Emsgate Warrior. The warrior nodded at him as well to signal him to start the mission. Macon obliged. He approached the window and leaped into the house, smashing the panel in the process.

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Matthew's eyes went wide with shock. He's going to do it the hard way? However, Matthew didn't make a move. He and Salazar were still keeping a close eye on the courtyard and the events that were transpiring within. Even now, he still wasn't sure if Lord Voodoo was inside. Macon's intrusion could answer that question for him.

Even though they were some distance away from the courtyard, they still managed to hear the commotion of a fight coming from within. It was grating to the ears, especially at midnight. Some people in the neighborhood started cursing and yelling due to the noise. The battle did not last long, however, as someone then came hurtling out of the house.

Macon followed close behind, shouting, "That's him! Don't let him get away!"

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