

Chapter 2365 The Humiliation

James maintained a pleasant smile as he responded, "Mr. Cunningham, we will make the necessary preparations right away. Since you have come all this way, please allow my wife to prepare some tea for you."

Just as Helen was about to turn around, Miller interjected and halted her in her tracks. "I find it distasteful for an old lady like her to serve tea. Your daughter will do just fine."

Upon hearing Miller's words, both Helen and James couldn't help but tremble inwardly.

After taking a deep breath, James forced a smile and replied, "My daughter is a bit clumsy. I'm afraid she won't be able to serve you properly. Allow me to handle it. I'll take care of the tea."

With a smile, Miller leisurely took his seat.

However, just as James was about to bring the tea, Miller intentionally waved his hand dismissively and caught James off guard.

The teacup slipped from James' grasp and spilled its scalding hot tea onto him.

Witnessing this, Sasha hurriedly rushed forward and anxiously asked, "Dad, are you okay?"

After James reassured his daughter that he was unharmed, Sasha's face flushed with anger. "You've gone too far."

As she stepped closer to Miller, he swiftly positioned himself to her side. "My dear beauty, don't be upset. I can apologize if it makes you feel better."

Wearing a wicked smile, Miller reached out and intended to touch Sasha's delicate cheek.

However, in the next instant, a chill ran through his body.

It was as though he had been targeted by a ferocious beast, prompting him to instinctively retract his arm.

Standing before him was Matthew, whose hand was tightly clenched into a fist.

A resounding clang reverberated through the air, accompanied by a gust of wind.

Observing this scene, Miller broke out in cold sweat on his forehead.

The gripping strength he had narrowly avoided could have crushed his arm if his wrist had been caught.

"You have impressive reflexes," Matthew calmly remarked as he observed Miller's evasive maneuver.

In the next moment, Matthew's figure flickered.

By the time Miller comprehended the imminent danger, it was already too late.

A glint of coldness flashed as the Bloodreaper sword was unsheathed. The blade sliced through the air with lethal precision.

James hastily intervened, "Stop!"

At that moment, the tip of the sword was positioned against Miller's throat.

With a slight push forward, it would have spelled instant demise for him.

Witnessing this harrowing scene, Helen was instantly taken aback. "Matthew, what are you doing? Put down the sword quickly. Don't harm Mr. Cunningham."

They had come so far, just one step away from securing their position to be a part of the main family.

Any misstep involving Miller could shatter their hopes and expose them to the wrath of the Cunninghams.

However, at that moment, Miller's expression underwent a sudden change.

With a twisted grin, he bared his teeth. "Go on, kill me. When the time comes, not only will they accompany me to the grave, but you'll also suffer a fate worse than death. Hahaha! Come on, do it!"

As he spoke, Miller extended his neck nonchalantly.

It was clear that he was prepared to meet his demise at any moment.

James' face reflected a mix of emotions.

He glanced at Matthew and then at his daughter before finally sighing helplessly. "Matthew, put down the sword."

After waiting for what seemed like an eternity and seeing Matthew remain motionless, Miller arrogantly remarked, "Since you don't dare to do it, what's the use of carrying a sword? Tsk. The real show has only just begun. The Cunningham Family still has many surprises in store for you."

His excitement grew palpable as he relished in the anticipation of what lay ahead.

With an unscrupulous gaze, Miller greedily glanced at Sasha before bursting into hearty laughter and making his exit.

As Helen watched his departing figure, she anxiously placed the blame on Matthew and Sasha. "You two have brought this upon us. If they become infuriated and sever our chance of returning to the main family, I—"

Before Helen could finish her sentence, an unexpected invitation arrived. The Cunningham Family extended an invitation to James and his family to the Cunningham Residence in Bainbridge.

This invitation signified that the long-awaited day, the one Helen yearned for day and night to reclaim their position in the main family lineage, was drawing near.

However, the irksome manner in which the invitation was extended cast a shadow over her excitement.