

## Chapter 2366 Arriving at the Cunningham Residence in Bainbridge

Under the oppressive atmosphere, the initial joy within the family quickly dissipated.

After a prolonged silence, Helen looked at her husband's gloomy expression and tentatively asked, "James, should we leave now?"

At that moment, all eyes in the family turned toward James, awaiting his decision.

Matthew silently hoped that he would give up.

Miller's attitude made it clear that they would suffer humiliation at the Cunningham Residence.

The thought of going there only meant subjecting themselves to further embarrassment.

However, things didn't unfold as Matthew had hoped.

A heavy sigh reverberated through the air as James nodded and resolutely made up his mind. Gritting his teeth, he said, "Yes, of course we'll go. Why not? Mr. Cunningham is merely upset about the villa incident. He's young and arrogant. There's no need for us to engage in arguments with him. What truly matters is our return to the main family. Let me change my clothes, and we'll depart shortly."

Having spoken, James turned and walked towards his room to change out of his tea-soaked attire.

Looking at James' figure, Matthew could only shake his head helplessly.

This was the deep-seated obsession of the older generation with the main family.

Despite Matthew's awareness of the underlying conspiracy, there was nothing he could say.

He could only silently accompany and protect them during critical moments.

The Cunningham Residence was situated in the East Suburb area, deliberately chosen by the family's elders for its tranquility, away from the bustling city.

However, on this day, the residence bustled with an unusual liveliness.

As the servants hurriedly attended to their tasks, the head butler, Hobson Gardner, sternly commanded, "Ensure everything is meticulously prepared. Tomorrow is the annual grand family gathering, and any mishaps will not go unpunished."

Amidst the bustling activities, Hobson couldn't help but regard them as somewhat clumsy as he patrolled the premises.

Just as he was about to inspect and reprimand them, a young man responsible for reception rushed over in a hurry. "Mr. Gardner, Mr. Gardner! James Cunningham from the South has arrived with his family. He claims to have been invited by Mr. Cunningham."

Upon hearing this, Hobson on the other side impatiently waved his hand. "Who is James Cunningham? I've never heard of him. How dare a mere country bumpkin from the barren South have the audacity to use Mr. Cunningham's name! Just drive them away."

However, just as the receptionist was about to turn around to carry out the order, Hobson's memory seemed to flicker to life. "Wait a minute! I remember now. This person is a distinguished guest personally instructed by Mr. Cunningham. Take them to the VIP lounge later."

After a brief pause, he added again, "Oh, and inform them that Mr. Cunningham is preoccupied with the family gathering and cannot spare time to receive them. Be sure to convey the message politely."

The sudden change in attitude left the receptionist puzzled. Nevertheless, as it was the head butler's command, he obediently carried it out.

After a long wait outside the residence, Matthew and the others finally caught sight of the young messenger hurrying back toward them.

"Apologies, esteemed guests," the receptionist began. "Mr. Cunningham is currently occupied with the preparations for the family gathering and cannot spare the time to receive you at the moment. However, may I suggest that I take you to the VIP lounge first? Once Mr. Cunningham is available, he will be delighted to entertain all of you. Does that sound agreeable?"

James eagerly nodded repeatedly in agreement. "No problem at all. Thank you, young man. I hope you won't mind a small token of appreciation."

Saying that, he leaned close to the receptionist and discreetly slipped a solid gold bar into his pocket. "Young man, here's something for you. There's something I'd like to ask you about."

The receptionist subtly felt the weight of the gold bar and was unable to hide a flicker of joy on his face. "Mr. Cunningham, how may I assist you? As a servant, I'm at your disposal to provide any information you inquire."

At the mention of "Mr. Cunningham," James felt a slight weakness in his knees. "Young man, please tell me, what should we be mindful of during the ancestral ceremony?"

"Ancestral ceremony? What do you mean?" As the receptionist countered, James stood frozen in surprise, and the smile gradually faded from his face.