

Chapter 2368 Disappeared In-Laws

As dark clouds loomed overhead, the night was enveloped in a hazy mist.

The once luminous moonlight abruptly dimmed.

It was a tranquil winter night, seemingly calm and undisturbed.

Amid this stillness, a figure dressed in stealthy black garments quietly crossed over the wall and made his way to James' chamber.

As the mysterious figure held the slumbering couple, a faint smile flickered across his face.

After that, he retrieved a thin notebook from his pocket and silently slipped it beneath James' pillow.

In the blink of an eye, the shadowy presence vanished from the room, leaving no trace behind.

It didn't take long before an uproar erupted in the Cunningham Residence's courtyard. "Thief! Thief! We have a thief!"

Amidst the ensuing chaos, Matthew gradually opened his eyes. Even the mighty Cunningham Family has fallen victim to thieves. What a shocking turn of events!

With this thought in mind, Matthew tenderly covered his wife with a blanket and returned to his slumber.

The next morning, Matthew and Sasha arrived at James and Helen's room, only to find the place in disarray and empty.

A slight frown etched across Matthew's face as he approached the bed.

His hand cautiously brushed against the cold sheets.

A sense of unease surged within Matthew.

Perhaps the earlier night's commotion was somehow connected to the sudden absence of James and Helen.

Driven by his troubled thoughts, Matthew urgently grasped his worried wife's hand and swiftly departed the room. "Let's make our way to the Cunningham Residence hall first," he suggested.

Upon their arrival, the hall was filled with almost every member of the Cunningham Family.

A heavy silence blanketed the atmosphere, devoid of any conversation or exchange of words.

Terrence, seated among the assembly, shattered the stillness with a commanding shout, "Bring them here."

Without delay, James and the family guards were ushered forward, accompanied by the disheveled figure of Helen standing by their side.

Both of them were still dressed in their pajamas.

Witnessing her parents' fatigued and worn-out state, Sasha couldn't help but burst into tears.

Several Cunningham Family's guards on the opposing side attempted to block Sasha from rushing over.

However, before they could intervene, an unseen force instantly pushed them aside.

Witnessing this extraordinary display, Terrence swiftly rose from his seat. "How dare you cause trouble in the Cunningham Residence!"

As his words reverberated through the hall, an overwhelming aura surged toward the entrance.

In an instant, Matthew's clothes rustled in the wind.

However, the imposing pressure failed to faze him in the slightest.

While maintaining his composure, Matthew approached his in-laws and calmly took off his coat before placing it on Helen.

With a cold gaze sweeping across the assembly of Cunninghams, he voiced his discontent. "Is this truly how the esteemed Cunningham Family treats its guests?"

His calm voice carried a subtle undercurrent of danger.

Amidst the crowd, Yann slowly stepped forward. "Is this how you repay your hosts, James? We extended our familial bonds to invite you into the main family line, and yet you have brought treachery into our midst. Not only have you forgotten the bonds of gratitude, but you also pilfered our Cunningham Family's secret porridge recipe. James, where is your conscience?"

At this point, James seemed devoid of life, his spirit crushed within.

As the accusations rang in his ears, his face contorted with agitation. "I never stole any secret porridge recipe. I distinctly remember giving it to you."

"James, you betrayed our brotherhood. I never imagined you could stoop so low and betray me like this. I must have been truly blind," Yann lamented, his words laced with a sense of betrayal.

Initially, James clung to a glimmer of hope, unwilling to give up as long as the truth remained concealed.

However, little did he expect that the esteemed head of the Cunningham Family, one of the Ten Greatest Families of Cathay, would stoop to such malicious depths.

In the early hours of the morning, he and his wife were swiftly ushered into the interrogation room, where they were coerced into admitting to the theft of a secret recipe.

Throughout the ordeal, their accusers hypocritically maintained a facade of self-righteousness.

However, James refused to confess to a crime he had not committed.

Much to his disbelief, they callously left him and his wife to endure the frigid cold of the night.

The more James dwelled on the events, the more his heart grew cold.

The noble family he had always aspired to be a part of had unveiled its true and despicable nature.