

Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Chapter 248

Matthew's words received the approval from everyone present as they nodded their heads. Frowning, Old Master Jackson shot Harvey a displeased look. When it came to verbal argument, Harvey was a far cry from Matthew.

"Anyone who arrives is a guest. Harvey, invite Mr. Larson in!" he ordered softly.

Harvey's face flushed with embarrassment. Since Old Master Jackson had spoken personally, it meant that he was unhappy with him. Hence, he threw a fierce glare at Matthew, as his hatred for him grew greater.

The Jackson's men retreated to allow Matthew into the hall and he went next to Sasha. With tears in her eyes, she grabbed his arm tightly and refused to let go. Matthew grinned at her and assured, "Don't worry, silly. Everything will be alright. Trust me!"

Sasha nodded her head earnestly while her family's faces were drained of blood. At this moment, Demi peeled Sasha away from Matthew as she shouted in anger, "Didn't you run away to escape punishment, Matthew? What happened? Did you realize that you can't make a run for it so you came back to take a chance? I'm telling you, be responsible for your own actions. This has nothing to do with us! It's your business if you live or die. Remember, don't implicate us!"

"Demi, how could you say that?" Sasha cried anxiously.

"Did I say anything wrong?" Demi snapped.

Harvey strode over and said in a gruff, "Larson, since you're already here, then let's begin!"

Composedly, Matthew gave a nod and walked to the middle of the hall with his head held high. Seated all over the room were the heads of the Ten Greatest Families.

With half-closed eyes and Mala beads in his hands, Old Master Jackson appeared as if everything going on was none of his business. In fact, the person holding the highest authority in the Jacksons was not the head of the family, but this old master who had lived for more than eighty years. Seated at the side was Samuel who sniggered and threw a look at Matthew, and he had an inexplicably smug and gleeful look on his face.

At this time, Harvey's voice boomed throughout the hall, "Everyone, I'll present the evidence first! These are the several surveillance footages we obtained from the places where it happened. It clearly recorded Matthew kidnapping my nephew, brought him to the crime scene and then left by himself. Also, we found the car that Matthew was driving at that time. These are all solid evidence!" As he spoke, he played the surveillance videos onto a projected screen, as well as pictures showing the car which Matthew drove.

Everyone across the room nodded when they finished viewing the display on the screen, agreeing that these were indeed the most straightforward evidence.

With a smug face, Harvey continued, "In addition to that, we also have a witness. She's the woman who was in my nephew's car that night. Bring her here!"

A couple of minutes later, a woman in thick makeup was brought over and he asked her loudly, "Let me ask you, what exactly happened that night?"

She quickly replied, "Young Master Jackson was sending me home that night. On the way back, Matthew crashed into us on the road. He even beat him up and muttered something about killing Young Master Jackson, and then he took him away. I was so terrified I didn't dare to leave the car at all."

Still with a conceited look on his face, Harvey said, "Everyone heard that. Now, with the evidence and witness here, what else do you have to say, Matthew?"

Everyone turned their gazes on Matthew. The way they looked at it, these evidence were enough to give Matthew the death sentence.

Demi scowled, “What do you think now? I’ve told you so— he’s a murderer! Sasha, is this the husband whom you place your trust with? Do you know that this blind faith of yours will ruin our whole family? Why don’t we look for Mr. Hughes and speak with him properly? We still have a chance if we join the Union now!”

Gritting her teeth and holding her palms into tight fists, Sasha declared, “I don’t believe it! Matthew must be innocent!”

Demi responded with a snort. “Sasha, you won’t give up until all hope is lost, will you? Fine, I’ll see if you can still trust him like this when he dies later!”

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Matthew laughed it off lightly. “Mr. Jackson, isn’t it too arbitrary to nail me as the murderer with just these evidence?”

In a fit of rage, Harvey shouted, “Larson, are you still trying to deny even when we’re presented with these solid evidence? Let me tell you, it’s useless even if you refuse to admit! With the members of the Ten Greatest Families here tonight, they’ll make a judgment about this incident!”

The members of the Ten Greatest Families began voicing out their opinions, “I think these evidence are enough.”

“That’s right. Everything was caught clearly on tape. It’s definitely enough to sentence him!”

“I agree. These evidence are sufficient. What else is left to say?”

Delighted, Harvey felt at ease with the support from the Ten Greatest Families.

Subsequently, James stood up and asked loudly, “Matthew, are you still unrepentant at this time? All the evidence has been laid out, so what else do you have to say?”

Helen nodded. “That’s right. It’s useless even if you try to deny it!”

“Mom, Dad, what are you talking about?” Sasha asked, distressed. “How are these considered as evidence? These do not prove anything!”

Demi scoffed, “Why aren’t these considered as proof? So many people agree that they are, yet you’re the only one who says otherwise. Do you think that you’re smarter than everyone else?”

Before the incident even concluded, the Cunninghams had already started a brawl. Old Master Jackson knitted his brows lightly and cast a look at them. Harvey roared, “Shut up, all of you! Matthew, even your own family wants you to admit your crimes. What else do you have to say now? I’ll give you a chance to confess honestly. Then, you can go to the mourning hall and pay your respects to my nephew by bowing three times and kowtowing nine times. With that, I can give you an easy death, or else, I’ll make sure you suffer before you die!”

Grinning, Matthew said, “Mr. Jackson, do you still remember what I said? If it’s proven that you have wronged me tonight, then you’ll have to compensate my family and I for the damages you caused us mentally as well as to our reputation. That amount is 300 million!”

Immediately, Helen chirped in, “Matthew, don’t drag us in! Old Master Jackson, Matthew did all of this and we have nothing to do with it. And we don’t want any

compensation, either. You're still thinking about money at a time like this? Matthew, I was right about you being a money-grubber!"

"Mom, could you please not say anything?" Sasha pleaded in frustration. "Matthew already said that he was wronged and is merely asking for the rights he deserved. What's wrong with that? Furthermore, this compensation includes us. The Jacksons blew up this incident and Cunningham Pharmaceuticals is slandered like this. Shouldn't they compensate for this?"

Hopping mad in anger, James cursed, "Darn it, would we be in such a state if he didn't kill anyone? Sasha, tell him that he doesn't have to look out for us. Even if he could get the compensation, I don't want that money at all! My family has nothing to do with him!"

"Dad, how could you do this?" Sasha exclaimed and the Cunninghams started another round of dispute.

Finally, Old Master Jackson couldn't stand it anymore and chided coldly, "You are making too much noise!"

Harvey sprang into action and ordered, "The Jackson's Estate is not a place for your petty squabbling! Men, bring them to the backyard and await further instructions!"

A group of men came over and brought James and the rest to the backyard. On the way, he was still clamoring together with Helen, "Old Master Jackson, we're not connected with Matthew! We've cut our ties with him!"

But everyone ignored them. In a cold voice, Harvey said, "With this solid evidence, it's proven that Mr. Larson killed my nephew! It's only natural that he pays with his life for the murder. Men, take him down and bring him to my nephew's mourning hall. We'll deal with him later!"

As a group of men got near, a clear, cold voice echoed through the hall. “Mr. Jackson, we’re now only hearing your side of the story. Shouldn’t we also listen to what Mr. Larson has to say?”

Spinning their heads around, everyone saw the beautiful Leanna striding over in a mighty aura!

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The appearance of Leanna amazed many at the scene. Once the most beautiful woman in Eastcliff, she had an extra charm of a matured woman which made her seem a little more captivating than Sasha.

Narrowing his eyes, Samuel felt his heart beat with desire. He had seen quite a few beauties on this trip to Eastcliff! However, why are all these beauties speaking up for Matthew?

The head of the Sandel Family frowned and said solemnly, “Leanna, don’t act presumptuously! The evidence that Mr. Jackson presented is sufficient. There’s no need for Mr. Larson to say anything else! You shouldn’t be here. Go home!”

Completely unaffected, she chuckled in indifference. “Uncle, you’re just here as a witness. Is there a need for you to speak up for the Jacksons like this?”

“What do you mean by that?” he shouted angrily,

“I mean, you need to have your own judgment in everything you do. Even if you don’t, you shouldn’t simply jump to conclusions. It’s nothing if you embarrass yourself, but you’ll be condemned if you embarrass the entire family!”

Hopping mad with anger, he berated, "Are you lecturing me, Leanna? Don't forget that I'm your father's elder brother and you're my junior. How dare you disrespect me like this?"

Giving him another chuckle of indifference, she snapped, "Don't you forget this as well, Uncle. Back then, who was the one who drove me out of the Sandel Family and was completely ruthless toward me?"

"Y-You!" he stuttered.

Everyone present watched in amusement as there was nothing they loved more than a family conflict. Leanna's return had caused a huge increase in the Sandel's strength and it steadily suppressed the other nine families. If she had an argument with the Sandels, their power would definitely decrease greatly and the other nine families would be happy to see such a situation happening.

So, even though the head of the Sandel Family was hopping mad with anger, he knew about this fact very well. Having a fallout with her would only embarrass themselves and cost a huge loss to their family. In the end, he could only glare at her fiercely and swallowed his pride in silence.

Knitting his brows, Old Master Jackson gave Harvey a look and immediately said, "What do you mean by that, Leanna? Do you want to interfere in this incident between the Jacksons and Mr. Larson?"

"No, I'm not," she replied with a chuckle. "I'm merely here as a witness in case somebody tries to convict others with some weak evidence!"

Enraged, he barked, "Leanna, look carefully. These are all conclusive evidence!"

Another deep voice came from outside the door at this moment, saying, "Conclusive? How so? Did your surveillance tapes capture Mr. Larson commit the murder? You're randomly convicting others based on some assumptions! Do you even know what conclusive evidence is? It seems to me that the Jacksons can do nothing more than making irresponsible remarks and foolish talks!" As he

spoke, Timothy marched into the room and made a grand entrance with his group of men.

Old Master Jackson's face instantly switched when he saw one of the big shots of Eastcliff; none of them from the Ten Greatest Families could match up to him. It was said that Timothy was in pretty good terms with Matthew, so was he here to help him out?

Losing his composure, Harvey stuttered a little as he spoke, "M-Mr. Wayne, someone from my family was murdered. Shouldn't we ask for justice?"

Timothy gave an indifferent laugh. "I didn't say that you shouldn't. I'm only here tonight as a witness. Everyone, continue!"

The scene became a little unsettled with the appearance of Timothy and Leanna, which went to show that the event tonight wouldn't be that simple anymore.

Harvey gritted his teeth and shot Matthew an infuriated look. "Since Miss Sandel thought that that is just my one-sided opinion, then I'll give you a chance. Mr. Larson, you claim that we've wronged you, but do you have evidence?"

"Of course," he replied with a smirk. "Not only do I have the evidence, I can even prove that Zachary's murderer is in our midst tonight!"

His words immediately sparked an uproar among everyone present.

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A displeased look flashed across the faces of the heads of the Ten Greatest Families because everyone here tonight was from their family. By saying that the murderer was among them, wasn't that as good as saying that a person from the Ten Greatest Families had killed Zachary?

In the meantime, everyone was silently judging others around them, watching their expressions and trying to look for a trace of a tell-tale sign.

Mad with fury, Harvey burst out, "Mr. Larson, you're still trying to sow discord among us when you're at the brink of death? Everyone present is a friend of the Jacksons, so how could they have killed my nephew? Don't try to frame others, I tell you!"

Matthew retorted with a small laugh and said, "There's no need for me to frame another. I am telling you that I have the evidence! Weren't you speaking about conclusive evidence earlier? Fine, I'll show you what a real conclusive evidence looks like!" Pointing a finger at Harvey, he questioned him, "Let me ask you, did you check Zachary's cellphone and his call records?"

Startled, Harvey stammered, "O-Of course I did!"

"Really?" Matthew sneered. "Since you've checked it, then you should know that Zachary made a call after I've left. May I ask, how could he have made the call if I've already killed him?"

Again, his words created a commotion in the room. Everyone from the Ten Greatest Families were stunned. Was there going to be a turn in the chain of events now?

Harvey flinched and rebutted in a cold tone, “What call? I’ve checked Zachary’s cellphone and there were no calls made after that at all! Mr. Larson, don’t try to confuse the people here!”

“Mr. Jackson, I’ve always thought that you’re just harboring malicious intent and picking on me, but now I realized that that’s not the case. The truth of the fact is, you’re just really dumb!” Matthew ridiculed.

“What did you say?!” Harvey exploded.

“I’m praising you!” he exclaimed. “What a dumb piece of trash you are! If you were the killer, wouldn’t you clear the scene? If there was unfavorable information to you in the cell phone, wouldn’t you delete it? So what’s the point of checking his cell phone then? Don’t you know how to check his call records from the service provider? That can show where the real problem is, and it’s also something which can’t be deleted!”

Samuel who was seated nearby suddenly froze when he saw how the situation had spun out of his control.

Timothy clapped and agreed, “Well said! The Jacksons must have been blind to put you in charge of the investigations, Harvey! You actually have the nerve to investigate with just that little intelligence you have?”

Unable to rebut, Harvey’s face flushed bright red. “I-I...”

Old Master Jackson let out a deep sigh seeing that this son of his was actually not that capable after all. “Mr. Larson, you said that Zachary made a call, but it was merely a call. That only proved that you didn’t kill him, but what happened afterward? After you left, couldn’t you have turned back?” he pointed out calmly.

Matthew glanced at him; it was true that the older was wiser— Old Master Jackson was much sharper than Harvey.

Delighted, Harvey nodded earnestly. “That’s right, that call can’t prove anything!”

Meanwhile, Samuel breathed a sigh of relief. It seemed like the Jacksons would speak up for him and he didn't have to find a way out himself.

Snorting, Matthew agreed, "It's true that the call can't prove anything. I raised this point only to demonstrate Harvey Jackson's stupidity, and it was a success!"

The whole room roared with laughter and Harvey's face was scarlet from anger, yelling, "Enough with your nonsense, Mr. Larson! If you don't have other evidence proving your innocence, I'll kill you with my own hands!"

Matthew snickered. "Don't rush, I'll show you the evidence now! May I borrow your computer for a second, Mr. Jackson? I happen to have a piece of footage to show everyone."

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However, Harvey waved him off immediately. "Cut your crap, Matthew! We don't want to see any footage. Just show us your evidence."

Matthew laughed. "Idiot, the footage which I want to show is the real evidence!"

Another round of laughter broke out which turned Harvey's face as bright as a tomato in embarrassment, completely basked in shame at the event tonight.

"T-This is the Jackson's Residence, and I can't let you play some footage just because you want to!" he hollered in his feeble attempt to salvage some dignity.

When he finished, Old Master Jackson shut his eyes straight away and sighed again while the room continued to clamor.

On the other hand, Timothy slammed the glass heavily on the table and scorned, "How great the Jacksons are! If you want Mr. Larson dead, you could have just sent someone to kill him. Why do you have to go through the trouble of a public trial? Even now that the Ten Greatest Families are here, you're the only ones who are allowed to speak without giving a chance to Mr. Larson to present his case as a rebuttal. Is this the way the Jacksons handle matters or is it the same for the Ten Greatest Families as well?"

Unhappy faces from the heads of the Ten Greatest Families flashed across the room and one of them said, "Harvey, even if Mr. Larson was the real killer, he has the right to speak up for himself. But, you're forbidding him from playing the footage and displaying the evidence. What's the meaning of this?"

Another nodded in agreement. "That's right. Even if this is your turf, you can't just act like a tyrant!"

The other heads of the families spoke up one after another, turning Harvey into the subject of public criticism. Utterly taken aback, he finally realized the outcome of shooting his mouth off in a rush of the moment. Looking at his father, he saw his closed eyes and a shiver went down his spine, for he knew that his father was about to give up on him.

Taking a deep breath, he hurriedly explained, "Everyone, you've misunderstood me! It's not like I'm not allowing him to display his evidence, but I was just refuting his attitude. After all, the Ten Greatest Families are all here and we can't just let him do as he wishes. That's a show of disrespect to us!"

Nobody cared for his wimpy excuse and one of them said, "Enough with all these nonsense! Mr. Larson, you can play your footage, but I hope that it will really turn out to be evidence!"

With a faint smile, Matthew nodded and strode over to the computer. After connecting his cellphone to it, he played the recording. It showed the dark forest in the mountains and although the lighting was dim, one could still make out what was happening in the surroundings.

Samuel's face fell. Wasn't this the spot where Zachary died?

In a clear, loud voice, Matthew began, "Everyone, it's true that I kidnapped Zachary, but I merely wanted to figure out who instructed him to go against us. As a precaution, I set up a camera at the scene and recorded all of this as evidence. Furthermore, it was also this same camera through which I recorded a heinous murder!"

As everyone watched the footage, some could tell that that was indeed the crime scene and soon, Matthew appeared with Zachary on the scene. They continued to watch as Matthew forced a confession out of Zachary and then left before Zachary made a call. It was then that they came to the realization that Matthew was really wronged.

Blood rushed to the face of the head of the Sandels in shame when he recalled the words from Leanna earlier; it was true that he was too arbitrary at that time. Now that Matthew had proven his innocence, it was like a slap to his face, and it even brought shame to the Sandels. The other heads of the families also carried the same look of embarrassment and frustration.

One of them suddenly asked, "So if you're not the one who killed Zachary, then who's the real murderer?"

Chuckling softly, Matthew turned to look at Samuel who had silently walked to the door and cried out, "Mr. Hughes, where are you rushing off to when this is not over yet? Aren't you curious to find out who the real killer is?"

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Having sensed that something was not right, Samuel intended to take to his heels right away.

However, he had no chance to do so because Matthew had been fixing his gaze on him.

All eyes were on Samuel at the moment.

Some of them who were sharper than the rest could see that Samuel must have had something to do with the murder.

Old Master Jackson's face turned ominous all at once.

In the beginning, he thought the murderer was Matthew, who was a man without a powerful background.

Even though he was backed by both Timothy Wayne and Billy Newman, he still didn't have a strong foundation in the city.

Killing him would not result in too big a fuss.

However, things would be different now that the murder had something to do with the Hughes.

Samuel Hughes was quite well respected in his family. If they killed him, they would have to face the revenge from the Hughes Family.

That was one of the Ten Greatest Families of Eastcliff who was way more powerful and influential than the Jackson Family. Therefore, they could not afford to let that happen.

At the moment, the Jacksons were left in a very awkward position in the current stage of events.

Should they avenge the death of Zachary Jackson?

Zachary was just a member of their family who had lost the right to inherit the family wealth. It was not worthwhile to offend the entire Hughes Family for his sake.

However, people from the Ten Greatest Families were here observing their actions.

If they decided to give up avenging Zachary's death, the reputation and status of the Jackson Family in the Ten Greatest Families would suffer a tremendous blow.

On top of that, their family would be deemed as a bunch of cowards who feared the strong and only had the guts to bully the weaks.

The prestigious reputation which had taken them a great effort to build would dissipate all at once!

Suddenly, Old Master Jackson realized the gravest mistake he had made was his refusal to let Matthew go and his mistake had put his family in a very difficult situation.

He opened his eyes and cast a secret look at someone standing next to him.

Understanding what he meant, the man then walked over to the table and pretended to spill a glass of water on the computer accidentally.

The computer was switched off directly, the screen darkened at once and the video came to an abrupt halt.

The people at the scene went uproarious at once.

Old Master Jackson seized the chance to rise to his feet and criticized, "Scott, how could you be so careless? How could you make such a blunder at such a crucial moment? Alas, it seems like we won't be able to continue watching the video tonight! Ladies and gentlemen, should we carry on tomorrow?"

Some of them sniggered contemptuously when they heard his statement.

None of them at the scene was dumb. It was very obvious to them that the Jacksons had deliberately damaged the computer so that the matter could be postponed for the time being.

Otherwise, what should they do if Samuel Hughes was proven to be the murderer?

At that juncture, Timothy rose to his feet and said, "Old Master Jackson, a faulty computer is not a big problem because we can solve it by just getting another computer here, isn't it? In such a huge mansion, I don't think this is the only computer you have?"

Scott, who had damaged the computer just now, spoke immediately, "Our family has never followed the trend of technology and our mansion is renovated in a traditional and simple way. Therefore, that's the only computer we have. I'm afraid it will be a waste of time to get another computer here from somewhere else because this area is quite far away from town. Guys, it won't make any difference to continue the investigation tomorrow!"

Leanna sneered, "Mr. Jackson, you guys were so anxious to bring Matthew here tonight. Not only do you guys want to confront him in public for Zachary's death, you guys want to get him killed too. Why do you guys become suddenly so patient when it's Matthew's time to prove his innocence? If we postpone this to

tomorrow, all of us will have to make the trip over here again. Isn't that a waste of our time too?"

Looking embarrassed, Scott said solemnly, "Guys, anyone who's busy tomorrow is allowed to be absent tomorrow. My family will get to the bottom of this ourselves and by the time we have the result, we'll give everyone a satisfactory answer!"

Everyone burst out laughing after listening to his statement because what he said did not even sound believable to a kid.

At the moment, a powerful voice suddenly came from the entrance, "Conner Jackson, I have just one question for you—do you still think Mr. Larson is the murderer?"

That voice caused a commotion at the scene right away.

Connor Jackson was Old Master Jackson's name.

Who had the guts to address him directly by his name in Eastcliff?

Even the old masters of the rest of the nine families would not be so rude to him.

However, no one had the guts to rebuke the owner of the voice.

It was because there really existed a man who was audacious enough to do that in Eastcliff—he was none other than the most powerful man in the city, Billy Newman!

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After the voice came Billy Newman, whose tall and muscular figure exuded a domineering aura when he stepped into the mansion.

Everyone felt as though the steps Billy took were hitting right at their hearts.

The nearer he got to them, the more stressful they felt.

When Billy reached the living room, even the masters of the Ten Greatest Families had to keep their heads held low submissively in his intimidating presence.

That was the aura belonging to the First King of Eastcliff!

The Ten Greatest Families were nothing in his presence!

Billy Newman was someone who could easily wipe off any of the ten families just by giving out an instruction to his men; he was a big shot in the city who had unparalleled power and influence.

Old Master Jackson widened his eyes as he slowly rose to his feet and held his head up to look at Billy.

“I’m surprised that a trifling matter of my family is important enough to catch Master Newman’s attention! Master Newman, did you make this trip over to defend Matthew Larson?” Old Master Jackson asked in an icy voice.

Billy sneered, “Old fox, it’s no good trying to trick me into saying anything. Mr. Larson doesn’t need to be defended at all! Everyone here can see what’s right and wrong according to their own judgment! I’m here to defend Mr. Larson if he’s really the murderer. But if he isn’t the murderer, I’m just here to witness how justice is done!”

Looking distressed, Old Master Jackson said through gritted teeth, “If that’s the case, my family will show you the justice you would like to see. But, it’s getting late now and there’s no point continuing the investigation. Why don’t we carry on tomorrow...”

Billy cut him off directly by saying, “Connor Jackson, just cut the crap, will you? I just have one question for you—do you think Mr. Larson is the murderer? If you think he is, we should continue watching the footage but if you don’t, just point it out directly what you’re going to do next. You’ve been so wishy-washy all your life. No wonder the Jackson Family is going downhill at your helm.”

Old Master Jackson went so livid with rage by his comment that he nearly puked blood. No one else had the guts to say something like that to him over the decades.

However, he dared not refute Billy considering that he was the First King of Eastcliff.

After taking a deep breath, Old Master Jackson confessed through gritted teeth, “In fact, the outcome has already become very clear. From what we saw from the video shown by Mr. Larson just now, we can see that Mr. Larson wasn’t the murderer. It’s someone else who did that!”

Leanna broke into a grin immediately before she stood up to congratulate Matthew, “Mr. Larson, congratulations for having your innocence proved!”

Matthew flashed her a faint smile with a nod.

In an airy tone, Timothy said, “Since Mr. Larson isn’t the murderer, don’t you think your family owes him an apology?”

Looking affronted, Old Master Jackson countered, “Mr. Wayne, I don’t quite understand what you meant. Someone from my family died and all the available evidence implied that Matthew was the murderer. Therefore, it’s totally reasonable for us to carry out an investigation on him. I don’t quite get it—have we done something wrong by investigating a murder suspect?”

“Of course you may do that but didn’t you have any idea how the people from your family carried out the investigation? Didn’t you know how they made a fuss outside Cunningham Pharmaceuticals and how they threw mud on Mr. Larson’s name? On top of that, Mr. Larson was just a suspect. Was it right to humiliate him and his family before you could even be sure he was the culprit?”

Old Master Jackson was left stumped by Timothy’s confrontation. After a moment of silence, he waved his hands innocently and said, “Harvey was the one who brought our men to do all those things and I had no idea what they did. Harvey, you carried out the investigation too aggressively! Now, you should apologize to Mr. Larson for the things you did!”

Harvey Jackson looked at a loss in response to Old Master Jackson’s critique. Weren’t you the one who told me to do those things? Why am I the one who needs to apologize to Matthew Larson?

At last, he had no choice but to keep his head low and apologize to Matthew, “Mr. Larson, I’m sorry.”

Matthew waved his hands dismissively and said, “Harvey Jackson, I don’t need your apology. Let’s just cut to the chase and talk about the compensation. I said before that you guys had to compensate for whatever loss suffered by my family. Do you remember it was 300 million? Since my innocence has been proven, don’t you think it’s time you fork out the money?”

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Harvey went stupefied at once.

He had not taken Matthew's words seriously before this thinking that he was just spouting nonsense.

It was only after the shocking plot twist unfolded did he realize that Matthew really meant what he said because he had had everything premeditated!

"Are you crazy? I can't believe you have the face to ask for 300 million from us. We merely interrogated you as a murder suspect and the most we can do is to prove that you aren't the culprit. What makes you think you have the right to ask us to pay you 300 million?" Harvey confronted him anxiously.

Matthew shook his head and clarified, "Nothing is wrong with interrogating me but you have to offer something to compensate for defaming Cunningham Pharmaceuticals and myself."

Harvey snapped through gritted teeth, "I-I don't suppose they are worth a compensation of 300 million? How much is Cunningham Pharmaceuticals worth? Even as compensation, tens of thousand will be more than enough. Why do we need to pay you a sum of 300 million?"

Matthew scoffed, "Harvey Jackson, let me ask you—are the evidence in your hands enough to prove that I'm the murderer?"

Harvey opened his mouth but he could not come up with anything to say.

Before this, they had been very adamant that Matthew was the culprit but they only realized all the evidence they found was in fact useless.

Matthew then added, “Although the evidence you have can’t prove that I’m the culprit, you guys still dragged me here to carry out the investigation and even threatened to kill me! That’s a person’s life we’re talking about! I have to risk my life here to undergo the investigation. Now, do you still think 300 million is too much as my compensation?”

Exasperated, Harvey argued, “Y-You’re just trying to spin the story to make it sound logical... As long as your innocence can be proved, we’ll let you go. Who told you that we’re going to kill you?”

Timothy offered his opinion by saying, “It was Mr. Larson who proved his innocence with his own effort. If he was not capable of doing that, he might have had to die an unjust death.”

Harvey, who was left speechless, made an excuse, “But we didn’t kill him in the end, did we?”

Snickering, Timothy challenged, “So, you will only pay the 300 million after killing him, is that what you mean? Harvey Jackson, why don’t I kill you first and pay you 300 million after that?”

With a frown, Old Master Jackson interrupted by saying, “Mr. Wayne, what you said is too far-fetched! After all, this is our family affair. Don’t you think it’s inappropriate of you to meddle with it?”

“I won’t intercept the affair of your family but Mr. Larson is my friend. Since Mr. Larson is involved, I just can’t stand doing nothing to help him. We just want an answer—are you guys going to pay him the 300 million or not?!” Timothy insisted.

Looking ominous, Old Master Jackson confronted him, “Mr. Wayne, are you going to snatch the money from us by force?”

Billy spoke at that juncture, “You’ve described it with too much exaggeration. All we want is justice! Mr. Larson is my friend. He was blamed for something he

didn't do, he was humiliated and he was nearly killed by you guys. Now, he is merely asking for a sum of 300 million as compensation for his loss. I don't think his request is outrageous."

Harvey went livid with rage while he refuted, "What he suffered isn't worth that kind of money. Is his life even worth 300 million?"

Billy jeered, "It seems like you don't think anyone's life is worth 300 million, do you? In that case, I'll offer 300 million to buy your life as well as Connor Jackson's! How about that?!"

After saying that, Billy suddenly let out a roar which resounded the entire mansion as though an explosion had just occurred somewhere.

Shortly after that, a group of men stormed in from outside carrying one huge box after another into the living room.

They placed all the boxes on the floor close to each other, forming a small heap.

After putting them down, they then opened all the boxes at the same time.

The sight sent the living room uproarious at once while everyone widened their eyes in astonishment.

All the boxes were filled up to the brim by hundred-dollar notes.

How much money was actually contained in all those boxes?

Billy pointed at the boxes and roared, "Here's 3 billion and I'm buying the lives of the ten members of your family! Are you going to sell them to me?!"

He let out a growl which sent everyone petrified.

Everyone was flabbergasted by the scene which was taking place in front of them.

It was only then did they finally realize how powerful and domineering the First King of Eastcliff was!