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Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage

Chapter 721

Sasha was the only person to whom Mrs. White showed the video, and since the rest of the crowd was blissfully unaware of its gruesome content, they had no idea what was going on.

Presently, President White sauntered up to James and Helen, chuckling as he said jovially, "Mr. Cunningham, shall we adjourn to the house? We should let the young people have some privacy during such a proposal."

James and Helen nodded in agreement. "Alright, then." With that, both of them followed President White into the villa.

At the sight of this, Mrs. White was practically buzzing with glee as she mused with dark amusement, "Don't keep my son on his knee for far too long, President Cunningham. Otherwise, we'd have to cut your sister up and move on to your parents. You wouldn't want to see them become minced meat in front of your very eyes, would you?"

Sasha felt all her strength drain from her, and she staggered as her legs caved in to her weight. However, the older woman grabbed onto her, holding her up as she let out a small, menacing laugh. "Pull yourself together, President Cunningham. If you so much as let others see you getting worked up over this, then there will be a couple of deaths to make up for your lack of discretion."

Sasha glared at her and hissed through gritted teeth, "Are you responsible for what happened to Matthew?"

Mrs. White's lips curled into a sickening smile. "I'll tell you who's behind the incident after you say yes to my son, but for now, I'm just going to clarify that we're not the ones who caused his death. On the contrary, the person who orchestrated this is someone right under

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your nose! Do you still want to know who it might be? All you have to do is say yes to Sam. Matthew's dead, after all, and I'm sure you don't want the rest of your family to end up like him." A thought crossed her mind, and after a pause, she added thoughtfully, "By the way, I seem to recall Matthew having a sister; should I perhaps get someone to look into her whereabouts?"

Sasha's expression grew grim at this, and her voice trembled as she demanded, "Leave her alone!" If Matthew was truly dead, then his sister would be his only legacy. She had to protect Natalie at all costs.

Mrs. White cackled. "Well, naturally, we'll leave her alone if you do as you're told, but if you don't, then I'm afraid we won't be so civil." She had a smile on her face the entire time as she said this, but her voice only sent a chill down Sasha's spine.

Sasha couldn't imagine how twisted the woman had to be in order for her to carry out such cruel acts with a bright smile on her face.

Having laid out her threats, Mrs. White stepped away from Sasha, beaming as she prompted cheerily, "Say yes, President Cunningham. Can't you tell that my son is deeply in love with you? You shouldn't let him stay on his knee for too long!"

As if on cue, Sam declared stubbornly, "Sasha, if you won't marry me, then I'm going to stay like this forever!"

The women surrounding them watched this scene with a pained look on their faces, and they cried out accusingly, "How could she let him kneel for this long?"

"Quick! Say yes to him!"

"Sasha, how could you be so heartless?"

"Where is your conscience? How could you let him go on kneeling after all that he's done for you?"

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Meanwhile, Sasha felt her heart twisting in anguish, and the tears began to spill quietly down her face. It was only then that she realized how everything had spiraled out of control since she stepped foot into Lakeside Garden.

Matthew's death devastated her, and she no longer had the will to live. However, there was one thing she knew for sure—if she did not agree to marry Sam tonight, she would lose her entire family, and Natalie would perish alongside them.

At the thought of this, she drew in a deep breath and clenched her jaw. A steely look came into her eyes as she vowed to avenge Matthew with all that she had. With that in mind, she stepped backward, putting on a baffled front as she stammered, "B-But I'm not prepared for this..."

Sam was elated when he heard this, thinking that she was going to say yes. "You don't have to prepare anything. I've planned out everything for the both of us! All you have to do is marry me, and I promise to do anything you ask of me!" His loud and bold declaration moved the women who were watching this with anticipation.

Nevertheless, Sasha was not moved by this at all, and instead shook her head slowly, looking conflicted. She slowly backed away from him, and when she felt her hips colliding with the edge of the table behind her, she suddenly grabbed the carving knife from the table, then lunged at Sam.

A shrill cry escaped her. "I'm taking you down with me!" At that moment, she did not care that she would die at the end of this. She was going to avenge Matthew, even if it meant giving up her own life, and that was her final resolve.

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Chapter 722

No one could have predicted that Sasha would fly into such a murderous rage.

Upon seeing her barreling forward with the knife pointed at him, Sam froze in panic.

Just then, a man emerged from among the onlookers and lunged at Sasha, knocking her down swiftly. A few other men rushed in after this and wasted no time in apprehending her, pinning her firmly against the ground.

Mrs. White was thunderous as she strolled up to the fallen girl and snapped through gritted teeth, "You can't blame us for helping you fulfill your death wish, you stupid wench! Did you really think you could put up a fight and say no to my son? As of now, you will be nothing more than a plaything for him, and once he's done with you, I'm going to sell you off to some foreign land so you can spend the rest of your life wishing you were dead!"

Hot tears streamed down Sasha's face as she cried out, "Just kill me! Just kill me and let this be over with! I'd sooner die than marry him!"

Mrs. White chuckled coldly at this. Straightening, she turned to address the guests. "Ladies and gentleman, I'm terribly sorry for this confounding turn of events. It looks like President Cunningham is a little overwhelmed by everything, but she'll be fine. We'll just bring her into the house and let her calm down for a bit. Please, go on with the party and don't let this dampen your cheer."

With that, Mrs. White quietly directed the men to haul Sasha unceremoniously into the house.

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Their plan had been to use the girl's family as leverage to force her into saying yes to Sam's proposal. That way, she would become his legal wife once they were officially married, and the Whites could take everything that belonged to the Cunningham Family. They could finally lay their hands on the villa project in the suburbs, Cunningham Pharmaceuticals, the Wellness Herbary, and the other enterprises under Sasha's family.

These were what the Whites—or more specifically, what the head of the White Family, Declan—had been after all along.

Declan had been planning this for quite some time now. Once he had taken all that belonged to the Cunningham Family, he knew that the Whites could finally surpass the Sandel Family and make their way to the top of the Ten Greatest Families of Eastcliff.

Upon attaining such glorious victory, he would be ready to challenge Billy and topple the latter off his pedestal!

Meanwhile, the guests watched impassively as Sasha was dragged into the house, and seeing as the event had nothing to do with them, they made no comment about it.

Sasha, on the other hand, was rendered entirely hopeless. She knew that there was nothing she could do this time; not only had she failed to turn things around, she was also completely humiliated.

As of now, the blissful prospect of death was anchored in her mind. She no longer wanted to live if it meant having to spend the rest of her days in agony.

However, just as she was about to be hauled into the house, a voice barked coldly from the terrace overhead, "Let go of her this instant!"

The crowd was stunned; no one had noticed that a figure had made his way up onto the terrace.

The mysterious figure stood in the shadows, and no one could catch a glimpse of his features. Sasha, on the other hand, was the only one who appeared overwhelmed as she exclaimed, "Matthew? Matthew, it's you, isn't it? It has to be you! You're not dead, are you?"

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At that moment, the man stepped out of the shadows, and his presence confirmed Sasha's desperate cries, for he was, indeed, Matthew.

He was covered in bloodstains here and there, but he seemed rather spirited in spite of this.

Conversely, the White Family was grim when they saw him.

Isn't Matthew supposed to be dead? How is it possible for him to show up here right now?

Sasha began to break down into heaving sobs. She couldn't believe the renewed hope that seized her. It was as if she saw the light at the end of the tunnel.

Presently, Matthew was looking down upon them imperiously as he declared pointedly, "This evening's events are between the Whites and me. For those who have nothing to do with all this, please leave at once!"

The guests exchanged amused looks when they heard this, and one of them jested, "What are you going on about, you ignorant fool? Who do you think you are? How dare you ask us to leave when you're nothing but a piece of trash who mooches off his in-laws? Do you take us for dogs you could just order around? Don't you know who I am—"

He was cut off by the sudden staccato of heavy footsteps that rose from beyond the doors, and before long, a troop of men stormed in.

The man who led this roguish troop was none other than Tiger himself, and he pointed angrily at the pompous man who had spoken out against Matthew earlier as he thundered, "You're so goddamn noisy! Go and cut out his tongue now!"

As soon as he said that, a bunch of men lurched forward to grab onto the man in question. And without another word, they cut out his tongue.

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