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"Dad!" Sasha interrupted anxiously. "Matthew helped us a ton. How could you do this to him?"

Helen rebutted furiously, "He helped us? Who does he think he is? Is he even able to help us?"

"Those are our company's medicines, and all of it belongs to us. He's just a clown, who assumes over unwarranted authority on the basis of some pretext. Why should we thank him when he pockets all the benefits?"

Demi nodded repeatedly. "Sasha, don't be deceived by this kind of person. He's treacherous and cunning, mean and shameless. He even used that set of clothes to extort money from my husband earlier today. Would an empathetic person do that? Don't forget that we're a family!"

The three of them raced to grumble, causing Sasha to shiver in exasperation. She didn't even have the chance to reason with them.

"Matthew, don't think that everything's fine as long as you keep quiet. If you don't speak, we'll look for Mr. Newman tomorrow. By that time, how would you settle that?" After spitting the sentences in an icy tone, James stormed into the room.

Matthew returned to his own bedroom and finally got a moment of peace. Sasha walked beside him while asking in a soft voice, "Matthew, are you mad?"

"Mad?" Matthew laughed. "Of course, I am. But as long as you're here, nothing else matters."

Sasha blushed. "You're just too accommodating. Actually, y-you can try to resist..."

"What for?" Matthew shook his head. "If I quarrel with them, in the end, you'll just be the one struggling between us. Sasha, I promised not to let a single harm get to you. So if I ever put you in that situation, I will be breaking my promise."

At once, tears welled up in Sasha's eyes while she thought, This is true affection! "Matthew, thank you!" Suddenly, Sasha leaned nearer to Matthew and left a light kiss on his cheek before she hid in the bathroom, blushing shyly.

Matthew was stunned on the spot and he couldn't help but giggle. It has been three years and she finally kissed me! Judging from their progress, consummation might be near.

The next morning, James and Helen woke up early. Noticing that both of them were all dressed up, Sasha couldn't help but feel astonished. "Dad, Mom, where are you going?"

James replied, "We're going to seek Mr. Newman for an explanation!"

Sasha was speechless, though she tried to reason with James. "Dad, stop messing around. That's Mr. Newman you're talking about."

James glared at her. "So what if he's Mr. Newman? His daughter is cured by our medicine. Why shouldn't he offer us some benefits? Hmph! They are all swallowed by Matthew, this cunning person,

as the middleman. What did we get?"

Helen waved her hand. "Enough, Sasha. Stop nattering. You just focus on your work. Your uncle will be visiting a few days later. I reckon that they are looking for a job in the company. Put some thoughts into it and arrange some suitable positions for them."

Sasha was even more dumbfounded. Her uncle and his family would be visiting right after her first day of work? "Mom..." She had more to say but James and Helen had left hurriedly.

"Matthew, should I go with you to meet Mr. Newman?" Sasha dropped her voice and explained, "I'm not sure what they will say in front of him. If they slander you..."

"Don't worry." Matthew shook his head in a faint smile. "Mr. Newman won't acknowledge them."

Since Matthew looked confident, Sasha stopped asking. After the meal, Matthew sent Sasha to the company. Obviously, he was still using that electric scooter because James took his BMW.

Standing at the lobby, an excitement pulsed through Sasha's heart. In the past, although she was a high-level executive in the company, anyone in the Cunningham Family still pointed their fingers at her and gave her commands. But now, she had finally become the owner of this place!

"Matthew..." Sasha suddenly suggested, "Why don't you work here too? Shall I appoint you as the Chairman's secretary?" Right after she finished her sentence, she was amused by herself. After all, she was the Chairman, which meant Matthew would be her assistant.

Matthew chuckled as well. "Sure. However, I'll be your secretary who cares for your wellbeing, not your work."

Sasha's face was flushed red while she teased, "You mischievous little sh\*t."

"Hahaha..." Matthew burst out laughing. "I'm just joking with you. I think I should stay at the hospital for now. When everything's steady here, I'll come and help you."

"That'll work too." Sasha nodded. Indeed, she hadn't gotten hold of the situation here. If she had suddenly transferred Matthew over, people might start to complain about it.

After that, Matthew returned to the hospital. He didn't stay with Sasha for long because he still wanted to master his medical skills in the hospital. Even though the skills handed down from his ancestors in the jade pendant were brilliant, he still had to practice them in reality, and only then could his expertise be enhanced. Matthew's return at the hospital stirred up quite a commotion.

"Why is he here again?"

"Hasn't his sister died from jumping off the building?"

"Definitely, she died. After all, she suffers from leukemia. Even if she's not dead, she'll be crippled now after that incident!"

"Sigh. What a pity."

"Pity? To be honest, this kind of person is better off being dead. Otherwise, they'll just be a burden to others."

With the discussion going on, Jeffrey walked over. Once he saw Matthew, he instantly strode toward him. "Matthew, you got quite a nerve to come to work again. However, you've been absent without a valid reason for three days, so the hospital has decided to fire you!" After that, Jeffrey chuckled. "But, since you were introduced here by Sasha, I'll definitely do her a favor. How about this? If you call Sasha over, I'll plead on your behalf so that the hospital will not dismiss you."

Matthew glanced at him. This guy is really itching to die! "Jeffrey, please don't make things difficult for Sasha." Matthew tucked his lips. "She told me that she wants to throw up when she sees you."

"What?!" Jeffrey's anger flared. "What did you say? Why would Sasha say that? Wait, I'll call Sasha now. How dare you sow discord between us? Let's see how she punishes you!"

"Pfft..." Matthew sneered. "Director Zimmerman, I advise you not to call Sasha because she isn't willing to answer your call."

"She won't answer my call?" Jeffrey laughed hysterically. "Is it my call or your call that she wouldn't answer? Come. I'll call her and show you now!" Jeffrey immediately dialed Sasha's number. However, with only two beeps, the call was rejected. "What's going on?" He couldn't help feeling stunned. Did Sasha just reject my call? This has never happened before!

Sasha was doing medical business and she had business dealings with Jeffrey's hospital. Therefore, she had to answer Jeffrey's call prior to this. However, she was now the company's Chairman. On the first day of her post, she had to attend a board of directors' meeting, obviously. So why did she have to respond to Jeffrey now?

Jeffrey refused to give up, so he called again. However, it was rejected immediately. After several attempts, Jeffrey was dumbfounded. It does seem like she's declining my calls.

"Director Zimmerman, stop wasting your energy." Matthew smiled. "With such a horrendous look of yours, Sasha will puke by just hearing your voice. Why do you have to make things awkward for her?"

Some people nearby started to roar with laughter.

Jeffrey was about to explode from exasperation. "How dare you belittle me?!" Then, he raised his palm and wanted to slap Matthew.

However, Matthew took a step back, causing Jeffrey to miss and stagger forward. Pretending to be inadvertent, Matthew hooked Jeffrey's calf, tripped him over and caused him to land on the floor. Blood started to flow from his face.

"H-How dare you hit me?!" Jeffrey screamed with a hoarse voice, "Matthew, you're doomed! I'll not let this go. Quick, call someone from the Department of Safety and Security!"

Soon, a group of security guards rushed over. "Who hit my cousin?" A plump-looking man took the lead by shouting arrogantly, "Are you seeking your own death?! How dare you hit someone under my

territory? Most importantly, you hit my cousin. I'll definitely have you killed today!"

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This stout man was none other than Jeffrey's cousin, Damian Zetts. He was in charge of the Department of Safety and Security. In the usual days, he was domineering and rude.

He often flirted and took liberties with young nurses. In the years of his working here, he claimed to have often spent the nights with them, besides also being known as the scoundrel around this area.

"Damian is here. I bet Matthew is going down!"

"Serves him right! Who does he think he is, trying to oppose Director Zimmerman?"

"Exactly! Everyone knows that Director Zimmerman's father is the Vice President of the hospital. Can he afford to offend him?"

"Some people will never learn humility before being taught a lesson."

The surrounding crowd continued to whisper while looking at Matthew in a bantering manner. This time, Matthew would definitely be doomed!

Jeffrey had his backup now, so he instantly stood straight and pointed at Matthew while cursing, "That's him! This b\*stard has the nerve to hit me. Beat him to pulp now!"

Damian roared angrily, "F\*ck you, loser! How dare you hit my cousin?!"

Matthew refuted, "I didn't hit him. He was the one who tried to hit me but accidentally tripped himself. How is that my fault?"

"Bullsh\*t!" Jeffrey rebutted furiously. "If you hadn't stepped back, would I have fallen?"

Matthew knitted his eyebrows. "According to your logic, I shouldn't step back when you wanted to hit me, should I?"

"F\*ck you! Who do you think you are? You should be honored that I hit you. How could you be unhappy with that?" Jeffrey was boiling with anger. "Damian, stop wasting time with him. Beat him up now!"

Damian squinted at Matthew. "Did you hear that? My cousin is asking me to beat you up. However, if you're willing to kneel and bow down to apologize to my cousin, I'll only break one of your legs."

Matthew answered, "Never!"

"Then you shall die!" Damian bellowed and raised his feet to kick Matthew.

Matthew stepped aside to dodge the attack. At the same time, he landed a kick on the back of Damian's

waist. After Matthew practiced the Divine Skill, his strength increased significantly. With just a strike, Damian was directly sent flying and crashed onto the wall. Immediately, his face was covered in blood.

"F\*ck! How dare you resist?!" Damian roared, "Beat him to a pulp!"

A group of people charged from behind and fiercely besieged Matthew. In the past, when Matthew was working as a cleaner in the hospital, he was often bullied by them. Naturally in the current situation, he wouldn't have mercy on them in his attacks. In just a blink of an eye, this group of people were lying on the floor, crying in pain.

The crowd around them were all stunned. They thought that Matthew would be beaten up, so this outcome was completely out of their expectations. In fact, many of them were secretly cheering for him. After all, quite a number of them in this hospital were bullied by Damian.

However, some busybodies hurriedly went upstairs to seek the leader. Within minutes, Jeffrey's father, Ivan Zimmerman, rushed over. He was the Vice President of the hospital.

"How dare you take up a fight at the hospital?!" Ivan bellowed in fury, "What sort of a place do you think the hospital is? Somebody, call the police and arrest him!"

A few ingratiating underlings immediately took their phones out. Right at this moment, a Rolls-Royce drove up the entrance of the hospital. With just a glance at the car plate, excitement instantly overtook Ivan's face while he trotted there.

"Mr. Harrison, what makes you honor us with your presence?" Ivan asked in a flattering manner.

The person who had just arrived was none other than Joseph. At once, everyone on the scene was struck with emotions. After all, Joseph was highly reputable in the medical industry in Eastcliff. Even the presidents of other big hospitals had to be reverent to Joseph when they met him, not to mention those working in only such a small hospital.

Joseph didn't even glance at Ivan and just walked into the lobby with his arms crossed behind his back. Under everyone's gaze, he trotted toward Matthew and bowed with cupped hands. "Greetings, Mr. Larson!"

This time, everyone on the scene was stupefied. Why did such a big shot like Joseph act so reverently in front of Matthew? What was going on?

"Mr. Harrison, did you mistake him for someone else?" Ivan quickly ran over. "He's just a cleaner at our hospital..."

Joseph chided in displeasure, "Do you think that I'm dim-sighted from old age?"

"O-Of course not..." Ivan trembled in fear while hastily replying, "Mr. Harrison, I-I..."

"Get lost!" Joseph angrily denounced.

Pale in fright, Ivan immediately retreated to a side. Joseph cupped his hands. "Mr. Larson, I've discussed this with the President. From now on, you're the Director of the Emergency Department."

Everyone was dumbfounded. The Director of the Emergency Department? Are you serious? But Matthew is just a cleaner!

In fact, Matthew requested it himself. In order to practice his medical skills, he had to work in places like the Emergency Department, where he could get into contact with all kinds of patients. "Mr. Harrison, I'm afraid that I can't work in the Emergency Department anymore." Matthew sighed. "I've been fired."

"What?!"

Matthew added, "Not only that, but they've even tried to hit me just now, so I dodged a few times. They are mildly injured because of that. I guess I'll be jailed too as they even wanted to call the police and arrest me."

"Outrageous!" Joseph bellowed. "Who has the audacity to hit Mr. Larson and even put him to jail?"

Everyone looked at Ivan and Jeffrey at the same time. In a ghastly pale face, Ivan stammered, "Mr. Harrison, you've misunderstood. H-He's causing trouble in the hospital. Look at my son and the injuries of these people…"

Jeffrey chimed in too, "Exactly. Mr. Harrison, everyone here can be a witness. We didn't attack him. It was him who attacked us!"

After that, Jeffrey gave the people beside him a meaningful glance. A few of them understood his intention, so they instantly came forward. "That's right, Mr. Harrison. We can testify that it was Matthew who attacked them!"

"Bullsh\*t!" Joseph cursed in anger. "Do you think that I've become a fool due to old age? How is he able to fight you all alone and injure more than ten of you? Are all of you retards? Besides, so what if Mr. Larson hits you? You're just some nonentity anyway. Yet, you're still thinking of imprisoning Mr. Larson? Fine. Go on and call the police, then. I can't wait to find out who will go to jail in the end!"

Ivan and the others paled in despair. They didn't expect that Joseph would fully support Matthew.

"What's the matter? Isn't anyone calling the police?" Joseph glared angrily. "Fine. I'll call instead since no one is doing so. Louise, call the lawyer, Mr. Cage as well as the police to arrest them!"

Ivan almost peed himself while he fearfully persuaded, "Mr. Harrison, please calm down. I-It's just a small matter. There's no need to get angry..."

"Shut up! Who do you think you are to talk to me?" Joseph chided in rage.

Soon, a troop of police came over and arrested Damian and the others. Mr. Cage went with them in person and Matthew didn't even have to make a written record. Everything was shown on the surveillance footage of the hospital that was taken away by Mr. Cage.

Matthew was just rightfully defending himself when the group of people attacked him. Therefore, he would certainly be spared, whereas Damian and the others were in big trouble.

After everything was done, Matthew settled in the Emergency Department. Jeffrey wasn't brought away by the police, and he was lucky enough to be let off the hook. However, he wasn't satisfied with how things ended, so he hid in Ivan's office and grumbled, "Matthew is just a cleaner. How can he be the Director of the Emergency Department? Does he have any clue in diagnosing and treating patients?"

Ivan replied, "Enough. Stop making a fuss. It's actually a great thing that he's transferred to the Emergency Department!"

"What do you mean?" Jeffrey was perplexed.

Ivan sneered. "The Emergency Department is most prone to accidents. If several cases of medical malpractice happen, can he afford to bear the responsibility? He's just digging his own grave by working there when he isn't equipped with medical skills."

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Matthew was sitting in the emergency room while many people were whispering.

"That's so strange. Why would a significant figure like Mr. Harrison speak up for Matthew?"

"Hmph! That brat is nothing. I bet it's the effort of his wife behind this. Don't forget that she is the most beautiful woman in Eastcliff!"

"I'm impressed by his ability in living off a woman."

"However, one doesn't work in the Emergency Department by having close connections with an influential person. Only urgent cases are admitted here. If he's unskilled, he might be in great trouble!"

"Who cares. He's the Director anyway. He can take all the blame!"

"Haha. I can't wait to see how he is going to settle it when medical malpractices happen."

Matthew turned a deaf ear to the discussion that was going on outside. Instead, he leisurely sat and enjoyed his cup of tea. There were a few emergency patients this morning but all of them were only having common ailments.

At half past ten in the morning, an accident happened, where a blood-covered young man was rushed to the hospital. He was no common patient, for he was Young Master Wayne, son of Timothy Wayne, who was a famous entrepreneur of the city. Most importantly, he was severely injured and was at the verge of dying.

This incident was immediately reported to the Vice President, Ivan. The doctors evaluated the patient's condition and concluded that it was peril, so they suggested transferring him to the municipal hospital. However, Ivan immediately stopped them and directly commanded his subordinates to send the patient to the emergency room instead, which was where Matthew was at the moment. If anything untoward

happened to Young Master Wayne, Matthew would definitely be doomed. Although Joseph had a strong reputation, he was still inferior to Timothy.

"Trying to challenge me?" Ivan sneered. "Matthew, you're not in the place for that!"

When Young Master Wayne was admitted to the emergency room, his situation had worsened. He was spurting mouthfuls of blood when the equipment that was connected to his body beeped. Everyone in the emergency room was shocked while a doctor asked in panic, "With such a critical condition, why is the patient sent to the emergency room instead of resuscitating him?"

Accompanying Young Master Wayne were a few young men, and one of them answered hastily, "Stop wasting time. I don't care which department this is but you must rescue Young Master Wayne right now! If any mishap happens to him, I'll kill all of you!"

The few doctors pale in fear but none of them dared to step forward.

"What are you waiting for? Rescue him now!" A young man rushed over and grabbed one of the nurses' hair while shouting angrily, "Rescue him now. Otherwise, I'll kill her!"

The nurse shivered in fear while looking at the doctors for help. The few doctors shivered even more vigorously while terror gnawed their throat. That dragged the nurse to a deeper despair.

Right at that moment, an icy voice rang, "Let her go!" Everyone turned, only to see Matthew standing by the door in a cold face.

The young man shouted angrily, "Why should I let her go? Let me tell you—"

Suddenly, Matthew took a few steps forward and dashed toward the young man. Then, he violently grabbed the young man's wrist and flung it, which directly slammed him toward the floor. Finally saved, the nurse frantically hid behind Matthew in fear.

"How dare you hit me?" The young man flew into rage, but before he could continue erupting in anger, the few people at the side stopped him because Matthew had stood beside the hospital bed.

Matthew pressed on Young Master Wayne's chest, seemingly examining him. A doctor mocked, "A layman is indeed a layman. How can he recklessly press on the patient under such a dire situation?"

"Who cares? He's the one to blame if anything happens. We have nothing to do with that!"

"Totally. Don't meddle in this incident. He's Mr. Wayne's son. If anything happens to him, our hospital can't afford to bear the responsibility!"

The nurse that was saved just now looked worried while discreetly reminding Matthew, "Mr. Larson, his condition is critical. I-I'm afraid that it's too dangerous. Why don't we ask them to transfer him to the other hospital?"

"It's just a small matter. There's no need for transferring him." Matthew smiled and suddenly patted Young Master Wayne's chest.

Pfft! Young Master Wayne spurted a mouthful of blood.

"What are you doing?!" the few young men yelled.

Matthew ignored them and casually took out five silver needles. Then, he poked all of them into the chest area. At once, the equipment stopped beeping and Young Master Wayne was no longer vomiting blood. Even his breathing became smooth and steady.

"W-What happened?"

A doctor mustered his courage and walked over. Then, he exclaimed in astonishment, "Young Master Wayne has passed the critical period?!"

"What?" Everyone gasped in shock. Just a moment ago, he was desperately fighting for his life but at the next second, he has passed the critical period?

The young man asked anxiously, "So is Young Master Wayne fine now?"

"His broken ribs pierced his lung lobe, so he needs surgery." Matthew continued, "Send him to the operation room and get a skilled surgeon to conduct the surgery."

"T-That's all?" The young man was stupefied. But earlier, they said that Young Master Wayne was dying!

Right before Matthew was able to reply, a group of people ran in hurriedly. Among them were Ivan and Jeffrey. The one running in the lead was a middle-aged noble woman. As soon as she reached there, she shouted, "How is my son?"

"Matthew, answer her!" Ivan yelled. "For the sake of your achievement, you forced us to send the patient to your department. Don't tell me that you didn't do anything!"

"What do you mean?" Rage boiled in the noble woman's heart. Was he still competing for achievement in such a situation?

The doctors on the scene knew what had happened but none of them dared to speak. Obviously, Ivan was trying to get Matthew into trouble.

"The patient has passed the critical period," Matthew said.

"Huh?" Ivan was stunned. According to the evaluation he obtained, Young Master Wayne was basically dead. Even if a highly skilled doctor like Joseph was here, there would be only less than 10% of a success rate to rescue Young Master Wayne. So how could he suddenly pass the critical period?

"Matthew, don't speak recklessly!" Jeffrey shouted. "You're just a cleaner that is transferred to the Emergency Department and you're not professionally trained. This is the matter of the patient's safety, so you mustn't take it lightly!"

"What do you mean?" The noble woman's face turned grave. "You allowed a cleaner to treat my son?"

Ivan quickly replied, "Mrs. Wayne, I'm truly sorry but there's competition between each department of the hospital..."

"I don't care about that. Let me tell you. If anything happens to my son, I won't let all of you off the hook!" The noble woman shouted angrily. Then, she pointed at Matthew. "Especially you. If my boy is in danger, you'll have to pay with your life!"

Matthew furrowed his eyebrows. "Your son is fine now—"

"Shut up. You know nothing as a petty cleaner!" The noble women continued to shout, "President Zimmerman, get him out of my sight. I don't want to see him!"

Ivan was drowning in happiness because this was exactly what he was hoping for.

"But he's Mr. Harrison's..."

The noble woman said, "I don't care who he is. If Mr. Harrison is unhappy with that, ask him to see me!"

Ivan could barely conceal his laughter when he glanced at Matthew. "Did you hear that, Matthew? You're fired!"

At that moment, Jeffrey ran into the emergency room as well, who was shocked to see Young Master Wayne's condition. He had indeed passed the critical period. If surgery was done now, the success rate would be extremely high. He immediately decided to conduct this surgery himself. In that case, the credit would all belong to him!