

Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Chapter 171

When Matthew caught up with Sasha, she was weeping silently in a corner. "Don't be sad, Sasha. Honestly, it's not that big of a deal," Matthew comforted her tenderly.

"But Matthew, they forced you to bear the cost. W-Why didn't you say anything? Why didn't you object?" Sasha asked him tearfully. "Do you know that I can't stand to see you mistreated this way?"

"Sasha, can't you see it? As long as you treat me well, no matter what they say, I won't feel mistreated," said Matthew with a smile on his face.

"Fool!" Tears falling down her face, Sasha embraced him hard. "You really are a fool! Why do you treat me so well?"

"You are my wife. Who else would I be good to?" Matthew replied as he gently patted her on the back.

Moved by his words, Sasha continued weeping as she held on to him. It was some time before she finally let go. "There, there, don't cry. It's alright." Matthew gently wiped away her tears. Smiling, he asked, "Are you hungry? Shall I buy you dinner?"

She held onto his arms tightly, cheeks flushed red. "Alright, let's have a romantic candlelight dinner then, shall we?"

"No problem. Your wish is my command!"

Matthew and Sasha browsed the restaurants until they finally found a rather upscale one to dine at. The waiter led them to a quiet booth, where the two of them ordered their meals and a bottle of red wine.

As they walked into the restaurant, a man over at the bar caught a glimpse of them; his expression changing. This man was one of the thugs-for-hire who followed Young Master Jackson at the Shanghai Nights restaurant. He recognized Matthew immediately, and ran to the back to call Young Master Jackson. It wasn't long before Young Master Jackson stormed in and bellowed, "Damn it, where is he?"

"Over there!" The man pointed in Matthew's direction.

Young Master Jackson scanned the area carefully, thereupon his eyes lit up as he laid eyes on Matthew and Sasha. "That b*tch refused to show me even an ounce of respect during our last encounter. Tonight, imma settle that score!" Young Master Jackson cursed as he waved his hands. "Quick! Round up the boys!"

"Young Master Jackson, this is your shop," the man whispered hesitantly. "If a brawl were to break out here, it wouldn't look good for business. Furthermore, that b*stard is holding the Shanghai Nights restaurant's Supreme Card; he may have a certain connection to Timothy Wayne. If we were to make a scene and Timothy Wayne hears word of it, I'm afraid he'll come here looking for trouble!"

"Hell, do you think I'm afraid of him?" uttered Young Master Jackson irritably.

“I’m positive that you are not afraid of that old wanker Wayne,” the man sneered in response. “But sometimes, it is better to take a step back. For us to march over to set the record straight without any solid reasoning will not work. If Old Master Jackson came to know, I’m afraid he will not help you. However, if we have a reason to back this all up, then Old Master Jackson will surely not be able to say anything!”

“What do you mean?” Young Master Jackson asked curiously. The man smiled, then leaned over to whisper his plan.

After Matthew and Sasha sat down, it was not long before their food was served. The waiter popped open the bottle of red wine, then poured two glasses, saying, “Please enjoy!”

“Matthew, is this what you ordered?” After having taken a look at the dishes served, Sasha was surprised.

Matthew shook his head as he responded, “No, I didn’t order these.”

“What is going on?” Sasha asked, perplexed. “Excuse me, did you get our order wrong?”

The waiter looked at the list and shook his head, saying, “No, these are correct. They are what you have ordered. Italian white truffle, Caspian pearl sturgeon caviar, French foie gras, kobe beef, and Australian abalone. Oh, and this bottle of Romani Conti.”

Sasha was floored when she heard the list. Although she had never eaten any of these dishes herself, she knew that they were extremely expensive and considered as high-end delicacies. And the wine he had mentioned—Romani Conti—was the cream of the crop. A bottle of that could easily cost between tens to hundreds of thousands.