

Chapter 2809

Noah froze. He couldn't get himself to bring the cup over.

Narrowing his eyes briefly at Marcel, Noel then let out a bitter laugh.

“Looks like my Fourth Brother no longer has any emotions after being the lord for so long...”

“I never understood how aloof wealthy families can get, but now I do.”

“Speak. Don't waste my time,” Marcel said, his voice ice.

Noah hesitated for a moment when seeing Marcel's apathetic, emotionless demeanor.

“Second Brother should've called you by now,” Noah said quietly.

“Let my son go.”

“Why?” Marcel demanded coldly.

“He’s my son. He made mistakes, but he doesn’t deserve death.”

“The Yorks’ Law Enforcement are in charge of his case, but I’m sure they’ll respect your decision as well.”

“We don’t have a lot of male heirs in the family this generation. Julian’s considered to be quite the great talent, too.”

“I don’t want my son to have his future ruined just because of something like this.”

“If you want, I’ll even make him your son.”

“No matter what, he’s still your nephew. We’re all family here. Why fight each other?”

“Their safety can ensure our family’s stability. That’s the most important thing.”

“Out of the younger generation, Julian’s the only one who can come close to Vince.”

“Without Julian, Grandma York will put all her hopes on Vince and Vince alone!”

“If that’s the case, it won’t be long before you fall from power.”

Noah put on a sincere expression as he spoke, thinking that he could convince Marcel.

“Stop talking to me about nonsense.”

However, Marcel remained aloof. In fact, he didn’t bother beating around the bush with his words.

“I can let Julian go. If I do this, I’ll earn Second Brother a favor too.”

“But let me ask you this: what are you preparing to sacrifice?”

Noah froze. He didn’t think Marcel would say

such a thing.

This wasn't like Marcel.

That said, Noah knew that this was a rare opportunity. He raised his head to look straight at Marcel and said quietly, "If you let my son go, I'm willing to give you anything."

"Well then, give me all the evidence you have right now—the ones you're planning to give Sir York."

"I want everything."

While Marcel was still his apathetic self when he said this, Noah's face had changed into a look of frantic shock.

"Give them to me and I'll let Julian go."

"Not just that, I'll even give him his position back."

"What I want right now is the truth."

Noah went silent for a while. Afterwards, he made a call. Soon, someone sent a cardboard box to them.

The box was filled with various files and video tapes. As everything inside was so old, they emitted a rotten stench that could be smelled from the box.

Harvey narrowed his eyes as he looked at the box. From the way things were going, his deal with Noah could no longer be fulfilled.

At the same time, Harvey was impressed by Marcel. Clearly, someone had already leaked his and Noah's entire conversation to the latter.

Safe to say, Noah was quite oblivious. At this point, there must have been many spies posing as his trusted subordinates.

Under these circumstances, he wouldn't have any chance to gain the upper hand no matter

how sly he was.

<https://t.me/HarveyYorkEnglish>

Chapter 2810

After Noah left, Harvey stood up and picked up a file. He flipped through the pages before asking quietly, “What show are you putting on now, Lord York?”

“Since you knew all these were with Noah, why not just take it from him and give your son justice?”

“Why go through all this trouble?”

“You’re letting Julian out and giving him his position back just for these?”

“That seems like a waste.”

“I got it myself. It’s different if someone else gave it to me.”

“At least in front of Grandma York, anyway.”

“Besides, it’s necessary for me to free Julian.”

“If I don’t, I won’t have an excuse to free my own daughter.”

Harvey’s pupils shrunk. Marcel seemed to have started his plans.

The day of Grandma York’s birthday would prove to be an exciting one.

Harvey chuckled, amused.

“If that’s the case, then I’d like an invitation to Grandma York’s birthday as well, Lord York.”

“I’d feel bad for myself if I’m not there to see the show with my own eyes!”

Marcel looked at Harvey with a profound gaze before smiling faintly.

“Don’t you worry. Even if you don’t want to come, I’ll make sure that I drag you there myself.”

“On the day of Grandma York’s birthday...”

“The next lord of the family will be chosen.”

“It’s a huge event!”

“It’ll be a crying shame if you didn’t take part.”

“That’s settled! I’ll make sure to join when the time comes,” Harvey replied, no longer putting on a courteous act.

Since Marcel decided to free Queenie, he must have considered Harvey’s suggestion.

Harvey was feeling quite ecstatic. If Queenie was chosen as the new master of the family, the look on Vince and the others’ faces would be a sight for sore eyes!

“Right. I’ve contacted Dragon Cell before, and they’ll let Queenie out soon enough.”

“Logically speaking, I should be the one fetching

her since I'm her father.”

“That said, it's a little too cumbersome for me to do that, especially with my status. Do you mind doing the honors for me instead?”

‘He wants me to get Queenie?’

Harvey frowned, but he nodded anyway.

“Sure thing.”

“Alright, I've said everything I wanted to. I should head back and start on my work.”

“Also, what's with this cruise?”

“You should just stay in the garden villa instead.”

“You're our guest. We'll make sure to treat you nicely.”

“After all, Selena and I already treat you as one of our own.”

Marcel acted as if he was looking at his next son-in-law. He soon left, a satisfied look on his face as he walked away.

Harvey's eyes twitched slightly; he wasn't stupid. He knew full well why Marcel requested him to fetch Queenie and stay in the garden villa.

The man was trying to pair him and Queenie together!

A shame both Harvey and Queenie bore no affection for one another.

Marcel's well-laid plans had already fallen apart since the very beginning.

Harvey took out his phone and sent Yoana a text.

“Try to let Vince know that both Julian and Queenie are let out without making it too obvious.”

“We're about to watch a big show going on in

Hong Kong and Las Vegas!”

<https://t.me/HarveyYorkEnglish>

Chapter 2811

At the cruise terminal of the Victoria Harbor, a pitch-black cruise slowly stopped ashore.

A few G-Wagons could be seen parked in a straight line. Soon after, several people clad in traditional clothing stepped out of the cars.

All of them wore warm smiles.

Vince was there among them. There was a faint smile on his lips as he squinted at the person coming out of the Dragon Cell's untraceable prison.

The man in question had simple clothing, but his hands were still covered in bandages and casts. He was none other than Julian.

No matter how much Vince wanted Julian dead, he still showed a warm smile as he greeted the latter along with Quinton, Matthew, and the

rest. When they saw Julian, they put on looks of enthusiasm and sympathy.

“Oh, Julian! Our brothers and sisters pleaded guilty so you can be released!”

“Remember to treat everyone for a meal as thanks!”

“Young Lord York.”

Julian quickly approached Vince before dropping into a respectful bowing.

He didn't know what exactly happened outside the prison, but he knew that he was fortunate enough to be released.

On top of that, he regained his position as the leader of the Sentries of York. This meant that he was still working as a core member of the family.

After greeting Vince, Julian turned to nod curtly

at Mathew, Quinton, and everyone present.

Julian was a direct descendant of the Yorks.

While he had to show a certain degree of respect to Vince, there was no need for him to treat outsiders kindly.

“It’s good that you’re back. You had to spend a few days in jail because of me.”

Vince patted Julian firmly on the shoulder.

“Don’t you worry, Julian. I’ll get them back for what they’ve done to you.”

“I’ll reclaim the dignity you lost as well.”

“All we need to do is to deal with that damn outsider from Country H. When I’m done with my duties, I’ll squash him with my own hands!”

Julian’s eyes went cold. He didn’t hate Marcel—he didn’t hate Selena—he didn’t hate Abel, either.

Harvey was his only target.

While Julian was recovering for the past few days, he realized that if it weren't for Harvey causing him trouble all of a sudden...

Everything would've been smooth sailing for him. He wouldn't be thrown into prison and forced to rot there for a good few days, either.

He took a deep breath, and then replied calmly, "Thank you, Young Lord York."

"However, I have to reclaim my dignity on my own."

"Of course, of course."

Vince momentarily froze before bursting out laughing.

"Let's put it this way. Tell me when you want to take action. You'll have all the money and manpower you want!"

Julian nodded without giving a reply. He didn't know what happened outside prison, but he felt that Vince was being a little too hospitable.

Later, Julian got inside the car.

The others left with him at the same time.

Only Vince stayed. He crossed his arms, quietly waiting for someone.

Soon, another person walked out of the black cruise ship.

She was wearing no makeup and she seemed a little skinny, but for some reason, these amplified her attractiveness.

She was Queenie York.

Chapter 2812

Vince seemed a little confused when he looked at the woman.

Queenie had no intention to join the others. Instead, she waited for the crowd to disperse before coming down from the ship.

Vince narrowed his eyes at Queenie for a short while before taking a step forward. He flashed her a warm smile.

“Welcome back, Queenie.”

“We’ll be treating Julian to dinner. You coming?”

Queenie glanced at Vince, curiosity evident in her eyes. She was different compared to Julian. Before she left prison, she already knew the reason she was let out.

She was here to fight Vince.

Vince must've gotten word as well.

Despite these circumstances, Vince was still so polite toward her. She was puzzled, to say the least.

“Vince, you should know why I'm back at such a crucial time.”

“Are you sure you want to invite me to a meal?”

Queenie smiled at him.

Vince's smile froze. Naturally, he knew why she was released at such an important moment.

Even if he didn't get the news, he would've guessed it anyway.

After all, Marcel had no children. Queenie was the only person who could be used to fight Vince.

However, an adoptive daughter had no right to compete with a direct descendant in the first

place!

This would just be embarrassing at most!

With this in mind, Vince's smile became more confident. "You know why you're here, but you should also know you'll never achieve that goal."

"If that's the case, why not join forces with me? The Yorks of Hong Kong will end up in our hands sooner or later."

"If you want, I can even make you the lady of the Yorks."

"The lady of the Yorks?"

Queenie waved her hand and flung a few newspapers in the air. One of them landed right in front of Vince, as if it was a ghost from the past haunting him.

"You must've said the same thing to Scarlett."

"I'm not that smart, but I won't let myself die

without knowing the truth.”

Queenie turned around before getting into a Toyota Prado parked at the side of the road.

Soon after, the car drove away steadily . When Vince’s gaze fell on the back of the car, he could see Harvey’s face clearly.

...

Inside the Toyota Prado, Harvey told Edwin to speed up in case Queenie’s emotions got stirred up.

At the same time, he glanced curiously at Queenie.

“Lord York wanted you out of the untraceable prison, but it’s mostly because of the situation we’re in.”

“If Lord York doesn’t want the Yorks of Hong Kong to be taken over by Vince, the only way to

do that is to bring up someone of the younger generation to go against Vince.”

“You’re his only trump card.”

“But you were very close to Vince in the past. Do you have the heart to go against him now?”

“I’m a pretty vicious woman. You said that yourself.”

Queenie looked outside the window, calm.

Harvey shrugged.

“Words alone are pretty useless.”

“If I told you that the one thing I regret most is to be born a girl, would you believe me?”

Queenie asked, still as composed as ever.

“It doesn’t matter if I do or not,” Harvey replied.

“But if you were born a boy, Quinton wouldn’t have done so much damage to the Yorks of South

Light.”

<https://t.me/HarveyYorkEnglish>