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As the two were talking, they saw someone walking over on the road not far away from them.

"Huh, isn't that Matthew? Why is he here?" Lily was surprised.

Glancing toward the direction, Charlie laughed, "I guess this dumbass walked here. The Thousand Lakes Manor doesn't allow taxis to enter. He must have come by taxi and was blocked outside, so he had to walk in by himself."

Lily burst into laughter. "Hahaha, that was interesting! The main gate was about six to seven miles away from here, did he really walk all the way here? How embarrassing!"

In the meantime, Matthew had already reached the entrance of the hall.

The security guards by the door were all looking at him cautiously.

Obviously, they had never seen anyone walking here.

The Thousand Lakes Manor was the most prestigious estate in the Eastcliff.

The residents here were extremely rich and the parking lots were always parked with luxury cars. They had never seen anyone coming over on foot.

Furthermore, Matthew's outfit looked like they were from the stalls, looking way shabbier than the security guards here.

Stopping Matthew, one of the security guards yelled, "Hey you! Stop there! What are you doing here?"

Matthew responded, "I'm here for the conference!"

Exchanging glances with the others, the security guard in front frowned. "The conference? Supposedly, you should have the invitation letter. Do you have it?"

Matthew was puzzled. He did not have one of those invitation letters because the participants didn't need them.

However, none of the participants had come over just as Matthew did.

The other participants had arrived in Eastcliff a few days in advance and were all staying in a five-star hotel.

The authority would send someone to pick them up when the conference is about to start. There was no reason why they would need an invitation letter.

It was the first time they had ever seen someone walking here like Matthew.

"I'm sorry, I don't have the invitation letter, but I am here to participate in the conference," Matthew answered.

Instantly, the security guards mocked, "Without the invitation letter, how are you going to attend the conference? Did you think that this is a market where you can come and go as you wish? Do you know how famous this conference is? Even the big entrepreneurs in Eastcliff couldn't get their hands on the ticket. Who do you think you are? Walking here in empty hands, expecting us to let you in with your words?"

Frowning, Matthew thought, Why is he so rude?

At that moment, an insulting voice came from behind suddenly. "Oh, isn't this Matthew? What happened? Didn't the Cunninghams lend you one of their cars? You should've told us you are coming too.

We drove here by ourselves. If you told us earlier, we would've let you drive and you will be able to come in, isn't it? Why did you come here by yourself? Look at you, sweating so much! Even your clothes are fading! Tsk, tsk! How pitiful!"

Turning his head, Matthew saw Charlie and Lily standing right behind him arrogantly.

The security guards were shocked. "Do you both know him? Is he here for the conference? He doesn't have the invitation letter..."

"We do know him, but we are not together. Here, this is our invitation letter. Please have a look," Charlie answered and handed the letters to the guards at once.

Skimming through the letters, they nodded. "There's no problem with your invitation letters, so both of you may enter now."

With their nose in the air, Charlie and Lily entered the hall. They laughed and teased, "Matthew, we will get going then. If you really couldn't make it, please wait for us out here. When the conference is over, we might need you to drive us back and we could drop you off along the way. After all, it's not easy to get a taxi around here!"

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The siblings left happily, leaving the security guards looking at Matthew with cautious eyes.

From Lily's tone, they sensed mockery and were even more determined that Matthew was trying to sneak into the hall.

"Hey, if you don't have the invitation letter, we will need to ask you to leave! Today's conference is very important. Not everyone is allowed to come in!" The security guard in front shouted.

Knitting his brows, Matthew said, "I'm here for the conference, but I haven't heard of the invitation letter. How about I make a call and ask?"

The head security guards cracked up, "Are you serious? Do you really think this is a market and anyone with legs can simply walk in? Enough of this nonsense! If you don't have the invitation letter, you will have to leave now! Don't interfere with our work here!"

A little annoyed, Matthew cautioned in a deep voice, "Watch how you talk! Didn't you see that I'm trying to call?"

The head security guard was infuriated. "Who do you think you are! Look at you! You don't even have an invitation letter, yet you are asking me to treat you with manners?

I have been good when I let you stay and talk, or else I would have thrown you out earlier. F*ck! Trying to call? How can it help? If you want to call, do it when you're out of here! Stop bothering us!"

While he was yelling, the rest of the guards were about to lay their hands on him.

At that moment, the call went through, so Matthew immediately told Mr. Harrison his situation.

After hearing it, Mr. Harrison was startled. "Mr. Larson, I'm really sorry. This is my fault, and I'll send someone to fetch you right now. Please wait for a moment!"

Ending the call, Matthew told the guards, "I'm sorry but someone will be here in a moment."

The security guards exchanged a look and the head hissed, "Fine, let's give him another 5 minutes! If no one is here, I'm going to drag him to the backyard and beat him up so good! Son of a b*tch, if you dare to lie to me, I'm gonna kill you!"

At the same time, in one of the rooms upstairs, Crystal and her friends were all there.

Lucas had just arrived and was recounting Matthew's situation. "Guess what! When I saw that dude just now, I thought my housekeeper's son was in town! He was wearing off-the-rack clothing which was urgh!

I don't even know how many times he has washed his clothes; they were all fading white. His eyes were soulless, just like that retard from our class back then.

At first glance, I knew he was definitely some garbage from the bottom of society. Seriously, when Crystal wanted me to give him a lift, I thought he does not match my Panamera at all when he gets close to it! It cost me almost two million! So, I tossed him a hundred dollars and told him to get himself a taxi.

But that dude has some useless ego, for he refused to take my money and insisted on using his own money. Huh, I guess he's probably still on his way. It takes about six to seven miles from the main gate to the hall, and he would probably be worn out when he arrives!"

The rich kids then burst into laughter.

Nodding her head in agreement, Annie praised, "Well done, Lucas! See! I told you there's nothing to worry about. Lucas had never failed us. If that guy is handsome, Lucas would have brought him over. But like you have just heard, he was ugly and gross.

Why does he even care about his self-esteem when he's already broke? How can this type of person be successful in society? He is meant to be at the bottom of society for the rest of his life! Crystal, don't you ever get close to him. You'll never know what trouble you'll be getting yourself into!"

Crystal was also sighing in relief. She didn't expect that Grandpa would arrange someone like this for her.

Abruptly, Crystal's phone rang. It was grandpa!