

“Boycott Soir Coffee! Boycott Nightshire Group's products!”

“Guys, let's protect them once they step out of the conference room. Let's see how Nightshire Group will go up against them.”

“We need justice. My fellow police officers, are you watching? Vinson is threatening us!”

The police officers were stumped as they tried to maintain order.

Meanwhile, inside the conference room.

Vinson waited patiently for the media personnel to vent out their rage. “Since you guys insist on your own views and want to continue spreading rumors, there's no point in discussing this anymore. Bring him up!”

Carter made an 'OK' gesture, turned around and left.

Murmurs erupted from the crowd.

“Who is Mr. Nightshire bringing?”

“Could it be that Nightshire Group has gotten their hands on some proof? Is this all just a set-up?”

Jack scoffed. “Oh please, this whole thing is a set-up? Why don't you tell me this entire world is a set-up? I bet you he must have found someone to take the blame.”

Just then, two bodyguards opened the side door, and a man was wheeled into the room, followed by a medical personnel and a few bodyguards.

Even though the person seated in the wheelchair had tubes all over his body, he looked to be in excellent condition aside from being a little nervous.

The media could tell who the person sitting in the wheelchair was the moment they laid eyes on him. After all, they had been following this incident very closely.

“I-Isn't this Caleb, the man who was admitted?”

“I thought he's dead. How is he here? Gosh, so this is Mr. Nightshire's trump card. No wonder he accused those media personnel of spreading rumors. Good thing I held back and didn't say a thing just now.”

Jack's face turned grim upon hearing that.

He could tell that the patient sitting in the wheelchair was the person whom he said was already dead.

But how is this possible?

His frail state was captured on video by the media when he was first admitted to the hospital. He looked like he wouldn't be able to last long, so what happened?

How did he even muster up the energy to attend this press conference?

Why is he not dead yet?

However, Jack quickly regained his composure.

After all, he simply made his deduction according to media news. The patient is alive, thanks to the doctors. This is totally out of my control, so Vinson couldn't possibly sue me because of this, right?

Moreover, it should be up to Caleb to sue him, not Vinson.

Besides, I'm just trying to help. He wouldn't sue me.

Jack calmed down upon that thought.

After a while, Caleb was pushed onto the stage with the help of the medical personnel and the bodyguards.

Vinson picked up the microphone and stood up. "I assume everyone here already knows who he is, right? He is the customer you all thought were dead."

Caleb looked a little riled up upon those words.

I already went through so much. Do these reporters want me dead for real?

After a short pause, Vinson spoke up, "Excuse me, sir, the stage is yours."

Caleb took the microphone from Vinson and snarled. "As you can see, I'm not dead. I am still alive and well!"

Jack replied awkwardly, “I’m so sorry, sir. I’m very happy to see you alive and well. I thought you were dead because of how the media news portrayed your condition, but trust me, I only have good intentions. In fact, we are protesting against Soir Coffee because of you. Can you tell us more about your condition? Did you become critically ill after consuming coffee from Soir Coffee?”



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Worried that the man wouldn't dare to speak the truth because of Vinson, Jack added, "Don't be scared. We are going live right now. Tell us everything. Everyone here, including the viewers, will protect you, so just tell us the truth."

On the other hand, the reporters who were not on Jack's side shook their heads in dismay.

It wasn't us!

Caleb gave Jack a look and asked, confused. "Why should I be scared?"

He felt a little nervous as he stood before the media, but he wasn't scared at all.

Not knowing what was going through Caleb's mind, Jack explained, "I mean everyone here will protect you. Nightshire Group can't hurt you as long as you tell us the truth. Moreover, we will do everything in our power to help you recover your rights and your compensation package."

"You're overthinking things." Caleb was rendered speechless. "Nightshire Group didn't threaten me nor try to intimidate me. In fact, they found the best doctor for me, provided me with the latest pacemaker, and took very good care of me. I, on the other hand, did them wrong."

Hearing that, Jack and his fellow supporters were utterly confused.

Therefore, Jack spoke up. “My dear child, are you sure you're not being threatened to say all these?”

Caleb didn't like being called a child, so he frowned. “Even though I might be young, I'm still a college student. I am willing to take full legal responsibility for everything I have said here.”

Jack clenched his teeth. He must be unaware of the situation if he's not being threatened.

He corrected Caleb. “They found you the best doctor and provided you with the best pacemaker simply because they didn't want you to die. Soir Coffee will have blood on their hands if anything were to happen to you.”

Caleb, who was originally against revealing the truth, flew into a rage upon Jack's words.

Nightshire Group brought him back from the brink of death. Hence, of course, he couldn't stand seeing Jack defame Nightshire Group after all they had done for him.

He didn't even need the microphone as he bellowed, “Nonsense! Soir Coffee did no wrong. It was me who almost ended Soir Coffee and almost took Nightshire Group down.”

Jack was stunned. What is he talking about?

Has he lost his mind?

Just as Jack was about to clear things up with Caleb, he spoke up once again. “The food poisoning incident was a fake. It was my brother who injected snake venom into my body, and the poison will only be activated after I consume coffee. I headed straight to Soir Coffee for coffee right after the injection and blacked out afterwards. I was already in the emergency room when I opened my eyes again. It was Mr. Nightshire who called Dr. Moore for help and brought me back from the brink of death.”

As soon as he finished talking, dead silence ensued.

Jack was completely taken by surprise. He felt as if someone had just slapped him awake from his dreamland.

At the same time, his comrades felt just as terrible as him.

If what Caleb said was true, they would become a laughing stock.

The viewers who were watching the press conference online, as well as the people standing outside the hotel, were also completely caught off guard by the truth.

So... Everything was set up by Caleb himself?

Just then, Vinson's gaze landed on Jack and said flatly, “Did you hear what he just said?”



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Of course Jack did.

Not only him, but everyone at the scene and all the viewers heard it loud and clear even though Caleb didn't use the microphone.

Silence followed right after.

All those who were on Jack's side lowered their heads in shame. They badly wanted to dig a hole and hide in it.

Who would have thought that this was the truth? They thought that they were being righteous and doing him a favor, but who would have thought that they were actually slandering Soir Coffee.

It wasn't the first time the media got it wrong. However, they were going against Soir Coffee - a subsidiary company of Nightshire Group, this time around.

They were doomed for slandering Nightshire Group.

Jack's face ashen, and he started to tremble.

He didn't even dare check his phone now that the truth had been exposed.

He was well aware that all of his doubts and everything he said beforehand was like a hard slap to his face.

Fellow netizens were most probably cursing at him and laughing at him.

It was just as he expected it to be.

All hell broke loose on the livestream platform after a few seconds of silence.

What the f*ck? Plot twist. I sincerely apologize to Soir Coffee. The coffee from Soir Coffee is absolutely delicious. It really stands out and is one of my favorites.

Oh my gosh, I'm willing to present my skull to show how sorry I am to Soir Coffee. I've deleted all of my comments prior to this and have bought ten cups of coffee to express my apology.

No one noticed the influencer called Jack's Quest for Truth right? He revealed his ID before speaking up. He's just trying to promote his account under the pretext of justice.

Damn it! I just recalled. Unfollow him now. He's not doing it for us, he's only in it for himself. Trash. Get out of the internet!

Boycott Jack's Quest for Truth. Report him! Let's all report him till he gets banned.

Very soon, Jack's Quest for Truth's account was officially banned. Just like that, he disappeared from the internet.

Moreover, it wasn't only his account that was banned, but also the ID card he had used to verify his account.

It was obvious that Jack's Quest for Truth's account

owner could no longer make a living through his popularity.

Meanwhile, back on-site...

Jack was still unaware that his account had been banned. At the moment, he only felt insurmountable pressure mounting on him.

He instinctively looked up and saw Vinson sweeping his gaze over the conference room.

The temperature dropped wherever his gaze landed.

Vinson spoke in a cold tone. "Do you still remember my question just now?"

Jack was stunned as he struggled to register the situation.

"I asked everyone here if anyone knows how many years one will have to serve in jail for slander." Vinson kindly reminded as if he knew what was going through Jack's mind.

Right away, Jack's face darkened, and his heart sank.

He had treated the word "slander" as a joke prior to this. However, he felt as if the joke was on him now.

Not only did he spread rumors of people's death and accuse a coffee franchise of serving poison in their food, but he also did it in public whereby people would be easily misled by what he said. His offense was worse

than what he would get for the usual slander.

The worst part of it was that Nightshire Group had one of the best legal teams in Chanaea.



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Jack instantly started swaying. If he hadn't been sitting the entire time, his legs would've given way, and he would have fallen to the ground.

He had never experienced regret like that before.

He regretted making that stupid promise. Why the hell did I agree to make a public stance against Vinson?

If Jack had actually been righteous, many would've helped and shielded him. The situation at the time, however, made it so that he was the one being targeted.

I am so dead!

One of the reporters was not as gutsy. He said, "Mr. Nightshire, please note that I am not on his side and am only here because you invited everyone to the event."

"Me too! I never said anything earlier. You shouldn't put the blame on us because we are the innocent and righteous reporters."

Vinson replied calmly, "Don't worry, everyone. Rayson had already made a video recording of everything. We know who voiced up and claimed that they are in league with the guy, so I won't accidentally blame the innocent."

The innocent reporters instantly calmed down.

The troublemakers who had stood by Jack earlier had turned pale instead.

Jack was going to apologize to salvage the situation and save himself, but a reporter suddenly sprung up.

Everyone else was seated, so the crowd instinctively turned their attention to him when he stood up like that.

The guy pushed his glasses up before calmly pointing out, "Mr. Nightshire, I'm sure you know how some despicable individuals would spread fake news. The victim is too young, so it's difficult to take his word at face value. There is no saying if someone got him to lie."

Hearing those words made colors return to Jack's pale face.

That's right! There is no solid evidence, so there's no saying if the guy was telling the truth. He could've been bribed!

Jack was quick to chime in, "He's right! The guy's statement is not enough. We want solid evidence because he might be lying."

"You..."

It infuriated the guy in the wheelchair.

"I am simply stating what I did and taking responsibility. How could that have been a lie?"

Vinson turned to the guy and mouthed, "Calm down." After that, he put a poker face on while shifting his gaze to the guy with the glasses.

If I remember correctly, the guy with the glasses didn't speak when the troublemakers accused Soir Coffee. Yet, he demanded an explanation just as we were about to crush the troublemakers...

I guess that means that the loudmouth isn't the leader. He is.

Good, now I have identified all the culprits.

A ridiculously small and virtually undetectable grin crawled onto Vinson's lips. He replied, "I thought that I should only show the evidence to the police, but since you insisted, I will reveal it to everyone."

Vinson snapped his fingers and instructed, "Come on up."

He had just finished speaking when the closed side door opened once more.

The guy who showed up wasn't one of Soir Coffee's customers. Instead, he was a guy in a tuxedo with way too much gel in his hair.

He was bound and fear donned every inch of his face.

An undeniable hint of panic showed up on the face of the guy with the glasses when he saw the guy in the tuxedo.

How can this be?

Carter stood close to the guy who was bound. The

former put his hand on the latter's collar and dragged him onto the stage.

After that, Carter kicked the back of the guy's knee. That kick was harsh, so the guy in the tuxedo fell down with a loud thump!



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Everyone was shaken to the core upon seeing that.

Jack was slightly taken aback, but he was quick to reprimand, “How can you guys be so cruel? You're just going to make him kneel without investigating first?”

After saying his piece, Jack turned to the guy with the glasses on. The former hoped that the latter would help by speaking up.

Having a few more people speak out will make this easier.

However, when he turned over, he saw that the guy with the glasses on had lost his cool. The latter was trembling as sweat dripped down from his forehead. It looked as if he was frightened by the violence he had just witnessed.

Jack couldn't help reminding, “Don't worry. Everything is live now. Nightshire Group will be even more trouble if anyone does anything vile to threaten you.”

The man with the glasses acted like he couldn't hear what Jack was saying. The former's eyes stared numbly at the guy who was kneeling on stage. It was as if he had seen a ghost.

Just then, Vinson clarified, “I think a few reporters on-site recognize this guy here. His name is Howard Morgan, and he is one of the top executive members of Morgan Enterprise. He is also a member of the Morgan family and is the mastermind behind this entire ordeal.”

In a timely manner, Carter added, "Hello everyone, I am Carter Morgan. I am sorry and embarrassed about what a member of my family did, so I brought him over to get him to kneel and apologize to the victims."

Jack was instantly stunned.

What the hell is going on?

Every other reporter started whispering and murmuring.

"What's going on? Aren't Nightshire Group and Morgan Enterprise on good terms? Why is a member of the Morgan family trying to hurt Nightshire Group?"

"Who knows? Maybe they got him over as a scapegoat?"

"Shh, keep your voices down. You'll be sued for defamation if they hear you."

Jack happened to hear that conversation, so he raised his voice and pointed out, "Everyone knows that Morgan Enterprise and Nightshire Group are on good terms. You and Mr. Morgan have also been close friends all these years, Mr. Nightshire. How do we know that you didn't just grab a random guy over to be the scapegoat?"

Vinson sneered and challenged, "Do you really think I'd be that stupid?"

In other words, Vinson was saying that he was smarter than that and would hire a better scapegoat if that was

what he wanted to do.

Jack stiffened.

The LED screen in the hall lit up at that moment.

Cough! Carter cleared his throat and took the remote control from the worker. He clicked on a button and requested, "Please take a look at this."

Everyone turned to the screen.

All they saw was a banking record that highlighted a list of transactions with the recipients' names and ages written on the side. Different addresses could also be seen on said record.

Carter noted that most had already finished reading the content, so he slowly announced, "As you see, the names on the list belonged to the victim who claimed to have fallen ill after they frequented Soir Coffee. Every single one on the list had met up with Howard or one of his men in different locations. The record shows that a sizeable sum had recently been deposited in each of their bank accounts. Those funds came from the same bank account, namely the one held by Howard's company."

Everyone turned their attention to the list again. As promised, a closer look revealed that the same account made the transfer. The account holder was, indeed, Howard's company.

Carter didn't need to further explain the situation. By

then, even people with half a brain could tell that it was Howard's doing.

He is the mastermind behind it all.

“No...” blurted Jack in disbelief as his eyes bulged.

He finally understood why the guy with the glasses had become that lost, even though the latter was calm just seconds ago. He knows that Howard is the mastermind behind it. That is why he instantly lost his footing when he saw how Howard had been apprehended.

Shit, I am so, so dead!



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In his panic, Jack turned his attention to his smartphone and was surprised to see that his account, Jack's Quest for Truth, had been suspended. What was worse was that his account wasn't the only thing being boycotted. The public was reprimanding him as well.

Hateful comments filled the home page.

An influencer's only source of income would be cut off if he lost his fans, accounts, and viewership.

Nightshire Group operated in almost every major industry. Hence, Jack had lost his credibility in all of those industries.

He couldn't hold himself together anymore, and things got so bad that he couldn't even sit right. The guy fell right onto the floor.

Fortunately, he was still mentally strong enough to pull himself together. He recalled how the guy who recruited him had transferred the money over.

That money should be enough for me to retire to the village. Thank the heavens for it!

Jack's eyes glowed. He turned on the e-wallet app and quickly tapped on the "accept" button to get the money.

It was transferred instantly.

That finally calmed Jack down a little.

That was when Carter clicked on the remote control

once more to show everyone another list.

The only difference between the first and the second list he showed was that the names of the recipients had changed. The list didn't show the so-called victim's name. Instead, it revealed the names and online account of various influencers.

Those very people were the same influencers who came uninvited.

Like the previous list, the second list also showed that Howard had transferred money to all of those accounts.

Jack instantly paled over.

N-no!

Carter announced, "As you can see, some of the reporters have also accepted bribes. Vin and I will sue every one of them for defamation, and they will suffer the same consequences as those fake victims."

Jack completely and utterly broke apart.

If he never accepted the money, he would have one less criminal charge on his record, but he tapped on that button just seconds ago.

Why? I came here in the name of justice, so how did things turn out this way?

Jack couldn't catch his breath. His blood pressure got ahold of him, and he could taste something metallic in

his throat. Urk! He suddenly vomited, and blood spurted out of his lips.

Unfortunately, no one pitied him. No one went to help him out, either.

Jack's comrades were in a bad situation as well.

Some even tried to flee, but a hidden bodyguard would show up and keep them grounded before they even stood up.

The other reporters stared in disgust.

They deserve it. F*cking assh*les!

Vinson scanned the crowd once more before he spoke in a relaxed tone. "Oh, you guys demanded concrete evidence, right? We have another one. Let us show you," suggested Vinson.

Carter nodded and got a syringe out of his pocket.

A green liquid was resting inside the syringe.

The innocent reporters had no idea what that was, so curiosity and confusion filled their faces.

Howard, who had been kneeling and struggling, gave up on all hope upon seeing that. He closed his eyes right away and looked like he was waiting for his sentence to be delivered.

"I'm guessing no one knows what this is, so please

allow me to explain,” said Carter, “This chemical has a very ancient name and is called Furious Devil. A manufacturer in Manchernius created this by mixing venoms from the most poisonous snakes. Those snakes are biologically altered, so even the smallest dosage of this poison is fatal.”

“Manchernius...”

The mere mention of the country's name got the reporters' eyes to bulge.

Chanaea had banned the import of all products manufactured in Manchernius, and the former was especially strict about poison. Hence, the punishment for breaking that law would be extremely severe.

Importing poison from Manchernius? Holy, this is a whole other level of crime! This is so much worse than destructing others' properties or spreading fake news. This will bring about the death penalty.

The guy in the wheelchair blurted, “That is what my brother injected me with!”



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