

## Chapter 2371 The Limits of the Mighty

After returning to the villa, Sasha changed her parents' clothes with a heavy heart.

As she walked out of the room, Matthew approached her and inquired, "How are your parents?"

With tears welling in her eyes, Sasha shook her head sorrowfully. "Mom is alright, but she's feeling down and shocked. Dad is in a deep state of despondency. No matter how hard I try to console him, he remains unresponsive."

Hearing this, Matthew could only let out a helpless sigh. "Give your dad a moment to calm down. Don't worry. Once they come to terms with everything and recover, things will be alright."

Saying that, he tenderly held his wife in his arms and gently stroked her hair. Despite his exceptional medical skills, he could only address physical ailments.

He understood that matters of the heart were beyond his realm of expertise and control.

However, their moment of respite was abruptly interrupted by the arrival of the Cunninghams. "James Cunningham, get the hell out of here! How dare you have the nerve to continue staying in this house after deceiving my father!"

Upon hearing the familiar voice, Matthew felt a surge of disgust welling up inside him. He couldn't believe that Miller would persist in causing trouble. "I didn't come looking for trouble with you, but it seems you've brought it upon yourselves."

Inside the courtyard, Miller's face contorted into a deranged smile as his gaze fell upon Matthew. "Your father-in-law, the thief, not only deceived my father with the villa but also stole our family's secret recipe. Like father, like son—the offspring of a swindler remains true to their roots. As the son-in-law of a deceitful scammer, how dare you boast in front of me!"

Matthew met his gaze with a cold smile. "Who is the real swindler? Who is the true thief? We both know the answer deep within our hearts. I believe you should be clear about whom these humiliating words truly belong to."

Upon hearing Matthew's words, Miller turned pale.

As an active participant in the event, he understood the intricate details of the situation, while the onlookers remained oblivious.

Overwhelmed by a mix of shame and anger, Miller became even more unhinged. "I will make you witness the gruesome demise of your parents-in-law. As for your wife, I will show her what real manhood is all about. Hahaha!"

With a depraved laugh, Miller waved his hand, signaling dozens of Cunningham henchmen behind him to charge forward.

Simultaneously, he stepped back and strategically retreated.

This time, his father had given him the green light.

As long as Matthew was not killed, Miller had free rein to do as he pleased.

After all, they could never be friends again.

They were destined to become enemies.

Despite the numeral advantage, they were nothing more than a bunch of weaklings.

Matthew's gaze remained fixed on Miller, his fingers tense and cracking with anticipation.

With an icy stare that treated Miller as if he were already a lifeless shell, Matthew uttered his damning words, "You deserve to die!"

At that moment, it became evident that even the most formidable entities had their limits of resistance.

With those words hanging in the air, Matthew swiftly vanished from sight, leaving behind nothing but a fleeting gust of wind.

In the blink of an eye, he reappeared right before Miller, catching him completely off guard.

Before Miller could even muster a reaction, Matthew's iron fist delivered a devastating blow to his nose.

Matthew's assault didn't end here. Without granting Miller an opportunity to register the blow, he swiftly leaped into the air with remarkable agility.

With unwavering precision, his leg struck Miller's chest like a merciless axe.

The sickening sound of shattered sternum echoed through the air as Miller crashed heavily onto the ground.

Although this series of actions appeared intricate, it all transpired in the span of a breath.

By the time the Cunningham henchmen regained their bearings, Miller was already lying in a pit on the muddy ground.

Matthew advanced slowly toward Miller, taking in the lifeless emptiness reflected in the latter's eyes. Miller's breath grew feeble, and blood gushed from his mouth like a fountain.

"In your next life, make sure to be a decent human being. And also, watch your mouth and actions while you're at it!" Matthew's words carried a weight of finality and wisdom.

However, lying on the ground, Miller remained oblivious to his words.

Within his blurred consciousness, Miller felt the encroaching threat closing in with every passing moment. Is this the end? How dare he try to kill me? I am the legitimate heir of the Cunninghams. How dare he defy me!