

Chapter 2393 Josiah's Death

While Josiah was completely hot-headed on his revenge plan, he failed to notice that Aurelius had secretly dismissed Baxter.

"Josiah, there's no need to be angry. I have a plan," Aurelius blurted. "I can guarantee that Matthew will be left with nowhere to escape to. But I need your help with this." His face gradually turned sinister.

At this moment, Josiah finally sensed that something was wrong. "Master Damron, what do you mean?"

Before he could finish, Aurelius had already arrived at his bedside. "Josiah, first, Matthew killed the Golden Swordsman of your sect. Then, he destroyed your treasured sword and left you severely injured. You must hate him to the core," Aurelius recounted with a crazy smile.

A surging spiritual power rushed into Josiah's body like a bursting dam. Under the vehement impact, he could clearly feel his meridians breaking apart and his heart palpitated.

Josiah suddenly realized something. Why is Aurelius keeping me away from others? He actually wants to kill me!

His eyes widened in horror. He tried to reach for the dagger beside him, but his wrist was tightly grabbed by Aurelius.

He tried to threaten Aurelius, "Aurelius Damron, you have a lot of guts. I am the designated successor of the Golden Sword Sect. If you dare to kill me, my sect will surely slaughter the entire Watkins Family."

However, this threat meant nothing to Aurelius. "Josiah, don't you hate Matthew? Don't you resent him to the core? Now is your chance. As long as you die, Matthew will soon come to keep you company." Aurelius' eyes turned red and his smile widened ominously.

Blood began to flow from Josiah's seven orifices, and he couldn't say a word.

Taking a deep breath, Aurelius said, "Take a deep breath, Josiah. It will be over soon. Then, I will pray for peace for you to make sure that you have a comfortable afterlife."

The room became quieter and quieter. Outside the room, Baxter naturally heard the commotion inside. However, he pretended not to know anything and took several steps forward. It was only after the door opened that he hurriedly approached Aurelius.

The murderous aura emanating from Aurelius made him involuntarily shiver.

"Matthew is insane. He used deadly force in the duel, causing my dear nephew Josiah to die from fatal injuries," Aurelius accused and faked tears. Unfortunately, not a drip of teardrop trickled.

"I don't need to teach you what to do next, do I?" A cold voice, as sharp as a blade, pierced into Baxter's marrow.

Baxter respectfully replied, "Uncle, I understand. Now that my good friend Josiah has been killed by Matthew, this enmity is irreconcilable."

Tears flowed continuously from his reddened eyes. It was clear that his acting skills were far superior to his uncle's.

Aurelius nodded in satisfaction. "Very good, I leave it to you. I hope you won't let me down."

With that, he left the room in a few leaps.

When Baxter Damron entered the room to check on the situation, he saw Josiah McCrae lying on the bed. His seven orifices were bleeding, and his eyes wide open in defiance, but devoid of any signs of life.

"Farewell, Josiah. May you rest in peace." he closed Josiah's eyelids.