

Chapter 2443 The Larson Family Massacre

Matthew drove home alone after bidding Charley farewell.

However, what was originally only a half-hour drive had oddly taken him nearly an hour.

To make matters worse, he was certain he had already seen the construction signs for the road ahead at least ten times.

"What the hell?"

So, he eventually became fed up as he stopped the car, got out, and decided to check the surroundings.

Alas, a bright light suddenly blinded him just as he took his first step forward.

When his vision recovered, he was shocked by what he saw.

Bodies were strewn all over the ground, covering the entire estate.

On the main hall, the 'Larson Family' plaque that used to hang high was now stained with blood.

It definitely didn't help that he could hear cries of pain and people clashing in an attempt to survive.

"Matthew, run!" someone screamed.

He robotically turned his head toward the shout and was greeted with the sight of a middle-aged man. The man was covered in wounds and blood as he ran toward Matthew in unsteady steps.

Thus, Matthew instinctively reached out and supported the man with both hands.

"Uncle, what happened? Where is my father?"

His uncle's face was full of anxiety as he babbled, "Your father is still in the ancestral hall. I escaped specifically to protect you."

Just as he was about to lead Matthew away, two bloody swords suddenly made an entirely unwelcome appearance.

His uncle's pupils dilated instantly as he was stabbed through by those cursed weapons.

Still, he kept repeating the same words over and over again as blood dribbled down his chin, gasping, "Matthew, run! Run!"

Then, he let go of Matthew's sleeve, his face filled with unwillingness and worry before he eventually collapsed to the ground.

Matthew blinked and shook with emotion as he stared at his uncle's corpse. Then, he snapped his head to stare at the two strangers who had removed their swords from his uncle's body with a wet squelch.

"Oh, there's another survivor from the Larson Family here."

"Let's kill him. We can claim credit for it later."

"Yes, judging from his attire, it seems he is of high status..." Just as the two of them were discussing what to do to him without the least bit of restraint, they suddenly felt a cool kiss on their throats. When they hurriedly raised their hands to cover the wound, it was already far too late for them. Their bodies went limp the next second and they collapsed to the ground right next to his dead uncle.

Matthew didn't even have time to bury his uncle after mercilessly beheading the two. Instead, he could only reach out to close his uncle's eyes before hastily shrugging off his coat and covering his uncle's body. Once he was done, he wiped away the tears that had stubbornly clung to the corner of his eyes.

Then, he inhaled deeply as he carried Bloodreaper and rushed out of the courtyard. He felt his heart thundering against his chest as he saw the bodies of the guards and maids of the Larson Family carelessly strewn across the premises.

He could only watch on helplessly as brothers and sisters, as well as elders of the clan, breathed their last before his very eyes. After a while, he came to a realization that he didn't see any other living members of the Larson Family besides his uncle.

Matthew suppressed the rage and the sadness that threatened to overwhelm his sanity along with the tremors affecting his limbs. Regardless, that didn't stop the tears from rolling down his cheeks as he made a desperate dash to the ancestral hall.

Anyone who tried to stop him on the way promptly had their heads removed from their bodies by him. Soon, the cries of battle only grew louder as he got closer and closer to his destination. By the time he leaped onto the wall, he saw his father, covered in blood, holding his dying wife in his arms.

The steps leading to the altar were already covered with the bodies of their attackers. Yet, their attacks didn't cease as his parents were surrounded by even more enemies under the altar.

It was then that Matthew noticed that Shane's long black dragon spear had already been broken into two pieces. He suddenly raised his head. It seemed that he had somehow sensed Matthew's desperate gaze. The gazes of father and son finally met even though they were hundreds of meters apart. Then, Shane smiled as exhaustion lined every fiber of his being.

"Son, live well. Restore the glory of the Larson Family."

In the next second, a rain of arrows descended like an unforgiving downpour.

"No!"

Alas, Matthew's anguished roar couldn't stop any of this from happening. Instead, he was forced to bear witness to the end of his parents' life.

Matthew's eyes stung, and blood-red tears flowed down his cheeks like a broken dam.

"You... All of you deserve death!" He leaped off the wall as bloody tears rolled down his face. He didn't care that he was giving himself away. He was going to avenge his family right there and then.

So, he unsheathed Bloodreaper before charging into the endless crowd with wild abandon.