

Chapter 2503 A Dire Situation

Facing the siege of dozens of people, Matthew remained fearless.

On the opposite side, the leading Shadow Guard from the Damron Family raised his long Assassin's Blade before the two sides clashed.

Although aware of Matthew's identity as the Summit Warden, the Shadow Guards of the Damron Family acted upon the summons order without hesitation. With a command from anyone bearing the Damron Family emblem, they would wield their blades even against the Martial League's Great Elder.

At this moment, as the Shadow Guard prepared to sever the young man's head before him, the figure before him suddenly blurred. By the time the former could see the young man clearly again, the latter was already by his side.

Although they had overestimated Matthew's strength, the Shadow Guard could never have imagined that this youth would be so powerful.

Taken aback, he quickly raised his blade to defend himself.

As their weapons clashed, accompanied by a crisp sound, the Assassin's Blade in the Shadow Guard's hand snapped into two.

How is this possible?! The Assassin's Blade was forged from the finest iron, which made it incredibly tough. How could Matthew's longsword be sharp enough to achieve this?!

However, these questions would remain forever unanswered for the Shadow Guard, for alongside the falling blade, his head, filled with disbelief, also met the ground.

Although the description might seem lengthy, it all transpired in the blink of an eye.

Following the fallen people, the next in line approached. Yet, the fate of the second was no better.

In the blink of an eye, before he could even react, he felt a cold sensation on his neck. With an expression of unwillingness, he joined his companion in the realm beyond, their meeting one of the shadows.

After eliminating two opponents, Matthew continued his charge against the enemy. He was like a wolf among sheep. The more than forty people surrounding him were completely powerless.

On the hilltop, Baxter watched as fallen Shadow Guards multiplied. He gnashed his teeth in frustration. "How did Matthew become stronger again? D*mn it."

He had initially believed that mobilizing these four hundred-plus Shadow Guards would effortlessly subdue Matthew. Yet, in the span of a short time, Matthew had grown even stronger.

Frustrated, Baxter shouted loudly, "Form a battle formation! Don't give Matthew a chance to pick off isolated targets!"

As his words fell, dozens more joined the siege against Matthew.

Compared to the previous one-on-one combat, the group of Shadow Guards slowed down their attacks and began coordinating with each other.

Whenever Matthew engaged one of them, his companions would attack from various angles simultaneously. This tactic of trading injuries for damage did give Matthew a headache.

These Shadow Guards were not weak in terms of strength. However, Matthew had the advantage of weapons, and his agility exceeded theirs significantly. Thus, in close combat, he swiftly eliminated many enemies.

Under Baxter's command, the formation they assumed began to limit Matthew's agility. Their cooperation and coordination caused their strength to increase significantly.

After dispatching another four or five Shadow Guards, Matthew also started showing signs of injury. Although the wounds were superficial, like thin strands of blood, the enemy's overwhelming numbers meant that the damage would worsen over time.

In the heat of battle, Matthew cast a sidelong glance at the Martial League guards. They were also struggling to fend off the enemy's attacks, their protective circle shrinking.

As he saw the enemies drawing near the off-road vehicle where Sasha was, a sense of urgency overwhelmed Matthew. However, this momentary lapse gave the adversaries an opportunity.

Cold gleams intermingled and flashed. Matthew barely evaded, but his shoulder was still grazed, causing blood to spurt forth. In an instant, his left side was soaked in crimson, and his clothing became drenched with blood.