

Chapter 2507 The Demise of Baxter Damron

Matthew scoffed upon Theron's half-hearted threat, "Captain Wagler, it seems you're still not aware that the Damrons and I have long been in an endless feud.

"You people, on the other hand, don't know where to draw the line. Despite the Highsea Deathmatch agreement, you still ambushed me. You truly have no shame!"

After a round of sarcasm, Matthew delayed no further, and Sasha had already moved a safe distance away at this point.

"Perfect time for me to start reclaiming some of the interest that's been overdue for years from you."

Baxter hadn't even quite grasped Matthew's intention when he felt a sharp pain in his chest. He looked down and saw the longsword piercing through his left chest, his life force and consciousness rapidly draining.

"The Damron Family won't let you off. I'll wait for you down below, Matthew Larson. Your death will be..." Before he could utter "miserable," a grimacing Baxter collapsed onto the ground.

Since the moment he insulted Sasha, his fate was sealed.

Theron stared at the bloodied Baxter lying on the ground, momentarily flustered.

After a brief moment of confusion, with bloodshot eyes, he stared fixedly at Matthew and growled through gnashed teeth, "Matthew Larson, you b*stard! How dare you kill a member of the Damron cadet branch?! Brothers, kill him!"

The next second, hundreds of Shadow Guards behind him raised their sharp Assassin's Blades and charged forward, though their formation was chaotic.

Matthew furrowed his brows in response. The opposing side was well aware that he possessed hidden weapons and techniques with broad area-of-effect lethality. Yet, they still recklessly charged forward for imminent death.

Can there be some conspiracy at play? Matthew wondered and directly deployed the Solitary Nine Needles technique.

Amid a flash of cold light, over a dozen people at the frontline of the formation instantly fell to the ground, lifeless.

And following behind them, the other Shadow Guards didn't halt their steps. They advanced one after another, charging towards him.

Meanwhile, Matthew controlled the metal needles and took lives with three consecutive rounds, killing dozens of opponents. Yet, he hadn't detected anything abnormal; instead, a significant portion of his mental strength had been consumed.

Could they be trying to overwhelm me with their sheer number?

Thinking this, Matthew retracted the metal needles and switched to close combat.

In the clash of close combat, both sides once again engaged in fierce combat.

And to send so many subordinates to their deaths, Theron naturally had his plan.

On the one hand, he wanted to test whether Matthew's peculiar hidden weapons had a limit—he had clearly obtained his desired result—and on the other, these dozens of sacrificial lives were also bait.

Amidst the sounds of battle, Theron suddenly shouted. "All personnel, Wolf Formation."

As his words fell, more than three hundred people immediately dispersed and surrounded Matthew in the blink of an eye.

Although the chaotic formation didn't reveal any apparent pattern, these three hundred-plus individuals formed a terrifying grandeur when connected two by two.

Sh*t, it's a trap! Even if Matthew was foolish, he realized he had fallen into the enemy's trap.

"You've got quite the courage, using your subordinates' lives as bait," Matthew remarked, looking at Theron standing outside the circle.

Instantly, Theron burst into laughter. "Hahaha, give up your childish discord-sowing trick, Larson. We are prepared to die at any moment to eliminate the enemy. Isn't that right, Shadow Guards?!"

"Fight to the death!"

"Fight to the death!"

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As Theron's words echoed, the surrounding Shadow Guards responded in unison, enhancing their own morale.

And beneath the resounding battle cries, all Shadow Guards began slowly shifting their positions.