

Chapter 2531 The Thieves on Warly Hill

In reality, Warly Hill consisted of three high peaks that were connected together. One of them served as the resting place for the Slob Family's ancestors, while the other two were abandoned and would've been completely overlooked without the discovery of the mineral vein.

Matthew and Evander arrived near Warly Hill together. Before they even got close to the hill, they heard a clamor of voices.

"Hurry up! Are you guys in the prospecting team here just to idle around? Stop dilly-dallying! At this rate, when are you guys going to finish your job? And where is the mining equipment that you guys from the equipment department are supposed to get? I told you guys a week ago to get the equipment ready. Why hasn't there been any news about it?"

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Upon entering the area, Matthew spotted a leader wearing a red safety helmet standing on a large rock. The leader was holding a megaphone and urging the workers with a fierce expression. Below him were the workers, who were busy with their respective tasks of cleaning up and prospecting, resulting in a scene of bustling activity.

As Matthew approached, the leader on the large rock noticed his presence. "Who the hell are you guys? The Yarwoods are in charge here, and outsiders are not allowed to come closer. Get lost!"

His loud scolding drew the attention of all the workers toward Matthew. In an instant, silence descended upon the scene. In no time, a dozen or so burly thugs dressed in black uniforms closed in on Matthew in a menacing manner. "Sir, this is the Yarwoods' territory. Please get out of here at once."

Matthew raised an eyebrow as he looked at them. "Oh? The Yarwoods' territory? If my memory serves me right, this is the ancestral mountain of the Slobs, right? Since when did it become the Yarwoods' territory?"

The faces of the burly men instantly turned gloomy at his words. "Are you f*cking here to cause trouble?"

Matthew shrugged. "I know nothing about causing trouble and all that. I'm just stating the fact, that's all."

Hearing these words, the dozen or so burly men had no intention of wasting any more time arguing with him. "Brat, you're asking for trouble!" As soon as these words were spoken, the man heading them raised his large fist and swung it at Matthew's face, creating a gust of wind with fierce momentum. If an ordinary person were to be hit by this punch, their skull would certainly shatter to pieces.

However, Matthew was no ordinary person. Now that the opponent had struck, he naturally wouldn't go easy on them either. He turned sideways, swiftly dodging the punch while simultaneously striking his opponent in the chest with his elbow.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

In an instant, the sound of the sternum breaking to pieces was clearly audible. The burly man was sent flying backward and ended up falling to the ground with a loud thump.

"D*mn it! How dare you brat touch someone from the Yarwood Family! Guys, get him!" shouted one of the thugs.

The rest of them immediately joined in, and over a dozen fists came raining down on Matthew.

And yet, under the watchful eyes of the crowd, Matthew suddenly moved in a flash. The next moment, a series of loud screams filled the air. When the crowd looked closer, they saw the thugs clutching their arms with pained expressions. In each of their forearms, there was a tiny bloody hole that was continuously oozing blood!

The fight didn't stop there. As these dozens or so men lost their ability to fight, dozens more of their companions rushed up behind them. But despite their numbers, they seemed powerless in the face of absolute strength.

"Captain Calloway, shall we show them what we've got?"

At Matthew's sudden suggestion, Evander also nodded with an interested expression.

The next moment, the two figures took off.

About five minutes later, Matthew and Evander stopped at the same time and nonchalantly dusted off their hands. Around them were dozens of burly thugs lying on the ground while groaning in pain.

All the workers were stunned by the scene. How could such a petite figure unleash such formidable strength?