

Chapter 2535 Another Encounter With the Yarwoods

Amid the terrified onlookers, one of the thugs promptly drew a glistening machete.

"Mr. Zahn, it seems like you're not taking this seriously. In that case, we'll chop off one of your hands today. And we'll be back tomorrow. If you still can't settle your debt, we'll take your clinic as payment."

As Scuttle spoke, his underlings didn't hesitate and raised their weapons high.

In the background, Mr. Zahn wailed loudly. However, just as the blade was about to descend, a commanding voice shouted, "Hold it!"

In an instant, Matthew pushed his way through the crowd and entered the clinic. "You guys are way out of line in broad daylight. Aren't you afraid of facing consequences from the Martial League?"

Scuttle and his henchmen found themselves momentarily stunned, perhaps taken aback by this unexpected interference. As one of the Yarwoods' four main thug groups, Scuttle had never encountered such a hothead during his years in Hulwin.

However, once he regained his composure, he burst into laughter instead of getting angry. "Where did this hotshot come from? You dare to act tough in front of me! Do you have a hero complex? Well, you can stand in for Mr. Zahn!"

Scuttle's underling, wielding the machete, advanced aggressively toward Matthew after Scuttle raised his eyebrow.

"Keep your eyes wide open from now on. Don't be such a busybody."

After the underling finished speaking, he raised the machete again and swung it forcefully toward Matthew's shoulder.

As the bloodshed was impending, those among the onlookers, particularly the more timid individuals, instinctively covered their eyes.

Meanwhile, Matthew's face was a portrait of anger. "You brought this upon yourselves."

He then swiftly advanced, closing the gap between himself and the underling. Since the underling sought his life, he had no intention of showing mercy. He unleashed the formidable Bane Family mixed martial arts technique.

The underling hadn't even regained his composure when it felt as though a speeding truck had crashed into his chest, causing him immense pain. His entire body was sent hurtling through the air and crashed heavily into the wall, shaking the entire clinic.

The other underlings first glanced at their fallen comrade on the ground before one of them said, "How dare you touch one of the Yarwoods!"

Then, they swiftly picked up their machetes and charged forward without waiting for Scuttle's order. However, in the face of overwhelming power, their numbers were merely a statistic. Under the siege, not a single one of those underlings could get close to Matthew.

Meanwhile, amidst the ongoing battle, an unnoticed slender girl stood by the window on top of a nearby building. She observed the fight with evident curiosity.

"This young man is quite skilled, isn't he? So, if you were to engage in a fight with him, who do you think would win?"

The man beside her, who was holding a purple clay teapot, stood up upon hearing her question. He walked over to the girl's side and observed the situation at the clinic for a while as he sipped his tea.

However, he soon found it uninteresting. "Well, this young man has only exerted about ten percent of his power. His sword energy is concealed, not revealed. The longsword in his hand is extraordinary. I can't gauge his full abilities, so I won't speculate recklessly."

If Matthew were to hear these words, he would undoubtedly be astonished. After all, the man had discerned his capabilities with just a brief observation, suggesting that he was a hidden master in his own right.

The girl's curiosity grew upon hearing the man's words. "How about I go and test his abilities later?"

At this point, the man had already resumed his seat, displaying a bored expression. He promptly shook his head upon hearing her proposal.

"No, we came out for Old Mr. Graham's condition this time. We shouldn't stir up trouble."