

Chapter 2569 The Yarwoods Again

In the depths of the jungle, the secret guard stepped aside after a brief report. "Sir, these individuals have been following and monitoring ma'am since this morning."

In front of him, more than a dozen small-time thugs, tightly bound, were kneeling on the ground, pleading for mercy.

"Mister, please spare us."

"Mister, we've learned our lesson."

As Matthew observed their pitiful state, his brows furrowed deeper. His previously joyful mood was instantly overshadowed by a cloud of frustration.

"Tell me, who sent you?"

With a stern tone, waves of killing intent locked onto the group of people in front of him.

But they were just small-time thugs, after all. Surrounded tightly by ten armed secret guards, they had never encountered such a situation before. Under Matthew's sharp questioning, they quickly spilled the beans.

"Yes, it was that b*stard Malachi Yarwood who instructed us."

"It was Grimsby from the Yarwood Family who gave us a hundred thousand to monitor Matthew's people."

"Bro, we were just doing it for the money, and it was just surveillance. Please spare us."

The Yarwoods again!

Matthew had originally planned to deal with them once all his current affairs were settled. Little did he know they would strike first. Given the circumstances, Matthew's murderous intent surged, and he had no intention of waiting any longer.

Since you dare to harm my family, get ready for my wrath!

Thinking of this, he instinctively clenched the Bloodreaper in his hand.

Clang!

As the longsword was unsheathed, the ropes binding the dozen or so thugs were instantly cut, and, unfortunately for them, so were their fingers.

"This is the first and the last time. If we meet again, your heads will be rolling on the ground. Now, scram!"

As he uttered the final word, the thugs felt their hearts skip a beat. Disregarding the excruciating pain in their hands, they quickly picked up their severed fingers and fled from the scene, rolling and crawling away.

With that, Matthew left the jungle and returned to the villa.

He first composed himself before pushing open the door.

After greeting his wife and the Slobs, he immediately contacted Stellan.

"Mr. Warrington, how is the information on the Yarwoods that I asked you to gather?"

Stellan couldn't help feeling puzzled by Matthew's displeased tone on the phone.

The Yarwoods must've caused serious trouble again.

"It's ready. I'll have Arian deliver it to you right away."

"By the way, I just received a message. Valentin mentioned that the Yarwoods will be hosting a family banquet in a few days and asked me to deliver the invitation to you. Should I just reject you?"

Stellan, being a smart man, deduced from Matthew's words and his discontented tone that Matthew intended to deal with the Yarwood Family. That was why he brought the event up.

Instead of refusing, Matthew accepted the invitation, surprisingly.

"No need. Tell Valentin that I'll attend punctually."

With that, he hung up the phone.

If Valentin knew Matthew's current thoughts, he would surely cry foul. After all, this whole thing was orchestrated by Malachi behind the scenes. Even Valentin himself was kept in the dark.

At this moment, Valentin was impatiently tapping the table.

"What's the situation with Randolph? Any news from him?"

Grimsby, who stood before him, replied respectfully, "Boss, based on what bystanders have said, Mr. Murray seemed to have died after jumping from the building but was miraculously revived by Matthew."

"I also sent someone to pretend to seek medical treatment and investigate Emden Hall. However, we haven't found any trace of Mr. Murray."

Hearing that, Valentin abruptly stood up, and his teacup shattered as it hit the ground.

"Nonsense! Do you believe in such absurdity?! Do you think Matthew is some kind of deity? Investigate immediately and find out Randolph's current situation. Whether he's alive or dead, I want to see for myself."