

Chapter 2579 Matthew Is Dead

Under the setting sun, the already rugged road was now further tainted with fresh red blood. Dozens of bodies lay scattered in all directions.

"Which faction do you belong to?" he asked, his face filled with murderous intent, holding the Bloodreaper in his hand.

Before him, three heavily wounded enemies knelt.

Upon hearing his question, the man in the middle merely spat out a mouthful of blood and swore, "I won't say a single word even if you kill me!"

"You've got balls."

With those words, Matthew swung the Bloodreaper in his hand. In a flash of light, the head rolled to the ground.

After dealing with the first person, he turned his gaze to the man on the left. "Your turn."

"I..."

"Sorry, you're too slow with your answer." With a swift motion, Matthew raised his right hand and dispatched another one.

The last remaining person was now terrified, his pants soaked with fear, as he stared at the blood-drenched visage before him as if facing a demon from hell.

When Matthew turned his attention toward him, the henchman didn't even wait for him to speak before spilling everything. "I'll talk, I'll talk. It's the Keller Family. They claimed you injured Mr. Leander Keller, so they planted a bomb on the road you were taking to the valley."

Satisfied with this information, Matthew nodded and asked once more, "How did you know about my travel plans?"

"I'm not entirely sure about the details, but it seems someone informed the Keller Family about your movements. In Hulwin, we have many eyes on the ground. As soon as you left, we received the message."

"Good, you've been cooperative. I'll make it quick."

With those words, Matthew sheathed his longsword, and the enemies before him, with looks of confusion and resentment, slowly fell to the ground.

"The Keller Family of Skargness. I'll remember that," Matthew muttered to himself.

It was meant to be a rather grandiose statement, but before he could finish his sentence, he involuntarily took in a sharp breath. Despite narrowly avoiding the explosion, he had still been burned on the back by the intense heat.

With the battle now over, he could feel a constant burning sensation on his back. He examined his tattered clothes and glanced at the wrecked SUV not far away.

Sighing, he shook his head and went to the river to clean the bloodstains from his body.

After tending to his wounds, the sun had already set completely, and distant wolf howls could be heard.

Surrounded by the wilderness and with no signs of human presence, he sighed once more and mused, "Looks like I'll have to rely on the elements tonight."

After a sigh, he found a large tree with branches high enough to be out of reach. He climbed up, settled into the tree's embrace, and began to rest.

The night passed without incident.

The next day, at dawn, Matthew woke up feeling sore and aching in his waist and back. It was the first time in his life that he had fallen into such a dire situation.

Fortunately, he wasn't too far from Raischester, the city in the valley. If he walked, it would take him approximately two to three days to reach it. However, if he decided to go back, it would take at least a week.

He glanced at the rising sun and let out a deep sigh. Then, he started walking in the direction of Raischester.

As he continued his journey, various factions were indeed thrown into chaos.

"Uncle Miles, didn't you say that Matthew would come? It's been days, and we haven't heard any news!" Ophelia was growing increasingly anxious, her composure crumbling. On the other side of the room, Miles also wore a furrowed brow.

It didn't make sense; he considered himself good at reading people. Given the limited information, it was clear that this person, Matthew, had significant ambitions since he had come to Seraphis. With the Zedler Family extending an olive branch, Matthew would surely accept.

Just as Miles was lost in thought, urgent footsteps suddenly approached from outside the door.

"Miss Ophelia, Miss Ophelia, we have news!"