

## Chapter 2585 Erwin and Bennett Zedler

Erwin furrowed his brow as he surveyed the blood-stained chessboard.

"Bennett, you're being unfair. I was about to win," he remarked, paying no attention to the dead butler strewn across the backyard.

Bennett simply wiped his bloodied knife and chuckled. "It's just a little blood! It's not a big deal. Let's continue," he said.

"You cheat! You're a despicable chess player! An absolute brute!" Erwin cursed angrily as he flicked his folding fan open and stormed off.

Meanwhile, Bennett happily arranged the pieces on his side of the board.

Once he had removed the white queen off the board, he clapped his blood-red hands in satisfaction.

"Clean this up!" he called out.

A figure swiftly passed by, restoring the scene to its original state within seconds.

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Ophelia personally prepared a family banquet to welcome Matthew in accordance with Old Mr. Zedler's instructions.

Unfortunately, Old Mr. Zedler himself wouldn't be able to attend due to his poor health.

Still, once Mortimer was alone in his bedroom, he made a phone call to Flynn.

"Flynn, your disciple has arrived at my territory. I have to say, you're really generous. I see that you've given away an ancient divine weapon to your disciple," he said cheekily.

However, as soon as he finished speaking, he heard a disdainful voice on the other end of the line. "That's quite enough, Mortimer. There's no need for your probing questions. The Bloodreaper can only be wielded by those who uphold justice and possess great ambitions. Matthew is definitely its wielder."

Then, Flynn continued, "Since my disciple is there, I'm sure you'll be fine. Once you're feeling better, remember to come to Bainbridge. I'll definitely give you a good beating again."

Mortimer couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief upon hearing Flynn's answer.

Alas, the moment he heard Flynn's last sentence, he couldn't help but defend himself.

Unfortunately, Flynn had already hung up on him before he could say anything in return.

Therefore, Mortimer could only mutter under his breath in frustration, "That annoying little... Once I'm better, I'll definitely avenge myself! Hmph!"

On the other hand, Matthew had just entered the banquet hall when he noticed two middle-aged men waiting there.

Ophelia wasted no time introducing them to him, saying, "Mr. Larson, this is my second uncle, Erwin Zedler, and this is my third uncle, Bennett Zedler."

"This one greets Mr. Erwin and Mr. Bennett."

Just as Matthew bowed and greeted them, he couldn't help but frown. That was because a strong metallic tang was wafting from Bennett.

Before he could think too deeply about it, Bennett scoffed in disdain, saying snidely, "Ophelia, didn't you say that you had to go through a great deal of trouble just to request some divine doctor's presence? All I can see right now is a brat. Are you sure you haven't been deceived?"

Then, he continued, "Shouldn't you be well aware of our father's condition? Plus, external forces are eyeing us at this crucial moment. You should really cease causing us more trouble."

Ophelia's face instantly turned sour upon hearing his scathing remarks.

"Uncle Bennett, Matthew Larson is..."

Just as she was about to disclose Matthew's identity, Miles suddenly grabbed her sleeve and discreetly shook his head.

Instead, he took the reins from her and stated, "Mr. Bennett, although Matthew may look young, he has quite a reputation in the medical field."

The disdainful expression on Bennett's face remained unchanged despite hearing Miles' introduction.

On the contrary, he seemed slightly angered now.

"Hmph, a reputation? I've certainly never heard of him," he huffed. "Also, you should know your place, Miles. You're merely an adopted son responsible for protecting our interests. So, you have no right to interfere when your betters are speaking."

Matthew, who was quietly observing their interaction, quickly concluded that Mr. Bennett and Ophelia did not have a harmonious familial relationship.

As for Erwin, judging from the aloof and distant gaze when he regarded Matthew, he had no idea who Matthew was either. Although he hadn't spoken even once, his gaze held a faint trace of hostility toward Matthew.

Even though the man did a good job masking his emotions, Matthew still caught onto it.