

## Chapter 2600 Matthew Returns and Slays Hundreds With His Sword

The chaotic battle raged on, resembling a meat grinder devouring lives simultaneously. People fell constantly, yet others continued to charge forward with bloodshot eyes.

"Captain Calloway, let these kids fall back. We are already getting old, but they are still young and carry a heavier mission on their shoulders," Stellan said with reluctance, watching the group of youngsters with youthful faces but determined eyes.

Beside him, Evander, covered in wounds, gave a hearty smile. "Stellan, your perspective is too limited. They can only grow quickly through experiences of blood and tears. We've all been through that, and they are no exception."

Seeing the backs of those children, Evander couldn't help but feel sorry for them, but he knew that at this moment, he couldn't afford to be soft-hearted.

Evander gritted his teeth and shouted, "Children, Mr. Warrington wants you to retreat to the safety line. What do you think?"

Over eight hundred children responded in unison, refusing to retreat, "We fight to the death in gratitude! We fight to the death in gratitude!"

Turning around, Evander saw their pure smiles and determined expressions. Their clear voices echoed throughout the Martial League.

With such determination at such a young age, what fear did they, as adults, have to hold back?

Under the emotional influence of this group of children, whose average age was no more than sixteen or seventeen, the morale of the entire defensive line suddenly soared several levels.

After smashing the chest of one of the assailants, a Martial League guard reached out again, seizing the necks of two more enemies.

"D\*mn it, die!" With a roar, his veins bulging on his forehead, he exerted a powerful grip with his fingers, causing the two opponents to lose all signs of life as their necks twisted to the side. However, before he could release them, two steel blades suddenly fell from the side.

Amidst splattering blood, there was nothing left beneath his shoulders.

When he saw his hands being cut off, his eyes turned crimson. Without hesitation, he charged toward the enemies once more.

Squelch!

As the steel blade pierced through his chest, he bit into the opponent's throat. Using his last ounce of strength, he clenched his teeth, and both he and the enemy fell to the ground together.

Such scenes were visible all over the battlefield, where Martial League guards, exhausted or severely wounded, resorted to a mutually destructive approach, meeting their end amidst the sea of enemies.

As for Danny, he was drenched in sweat by now, and his limbs began to feel numb.

"Watch out!"

When he saw his companion being ambushed, he pushed the attacker away.

As the blade fell, it left a deep wound on his chest, visible down to the bone.

"Feeling brave, eh, kid?" With Danny down on the ground, a Yarwood Family thug stepped on his shoulder. He held his steel blade aloft, its sharp edge aimed directly at Danny's heart.

Is this it? Am I going to die? I haven't had the chance to repay Mr. Larson's kindness yet. What a shame. Danny, on the verge of despair, mused and closed his eyes as he had no strength left to resist. However, when he waited for what seemed like an eternity, the anticipated pain didn't come.

"Giving up already, kiddo? My guys aren't so fragile," a familiar voice spoke.

Danny's eyes snapped open, and he saw the faint smile before him. Overwhelmed with emotion, he couldn't hold back his tears. "Master, you've finally come back!"

"I'm back, and you've all done well. Leave the rest to me," Matthew replied tenderly and pulled a healing pill from his pocket, feeding it to him before turning around.

"Those who attack the Martial League shall be sentenced to death!" With these cold and solemn words, the previously chaotic battlefield suddenly came to a halt.

Matthew then gave a casual command to the others to attend to the wounded. He drew his sword and moved forward.