

Chapter 2601 The Arrival of the Zedler Tiger Guards

As Matthew slowly approached the Yarwood Family members, the frontmost thugs instinctively backed away.

"What are you people so f*cking scared about?! He's just one guy! Kill him! Whoever beheads Matthew Larson gets a million-dollar reward!"

Driven by the lure of money, the hesitant thugs suddenly found their courage.

"Attack!"

The battle cries thundered through the sky, and countless blades came at him.

Faced with this situation, Matthew opened his eyes wide, and his Bloodreaper blade swiftly left its sheath.

Secret technique—Sword Break!

With a flash of cold light, a chilling sword energy shot out.

When the thugs charging toward Matthew were just a yard away from him, they suddenly froze in their tracks. Their eyes were filled with confusion and disbelief as hundreds of them collapsed.

"Blergh!"

The gruesome scene caused many onlookers to vomit uncontrollably and also left the Yarwood Family thugs in shock.

This guy is absolutely f*cking strong!

He was so powerful that it left no room for resistance in anyone's mind. They certainly never encountered such a skilled warrior, having lived most of their lives in a small place like Hulwin.

After slaughtering swathes of thugs, Matthew hoisted Bloodreaper and walked expressionlessly toward the Yarwood Family members. However, with each step he took, the Yarwood Family thugs kept retreating several steps despite Grimsby's insults and shouting. Their deep-seated fear remained unchanged. Such a formidable master would only lead them to certain death if they charged forward.

He could kill hundreds with one raise of his hand. How could they possibly fight back?!

As Matthew walked into the crowd, they parted to make way for him.

"Damn it! Attack him! I'll give you five million for killing him! What are you all doing? Attack him!"

Despite Grimsby's continued shouting and cursing, the thugs remained cowed and afraid to advance.

By now, Matthew had reached his side.

"Uh, hehe, hey, Mr. Larson. I... I... I'm innocent, Mr. Larson! I was just following orders from Valentin and Malachi Yarwood. I was just doing what they told me!" he begged on his knees, wearing a pleading expression.

However, Matthew didn't pay his plea any attention. "Where is Valentin Yarwood?"

"He... He... went home!"

With that response, Matthew turned away without another word.

Just as Grimsby was about to sigh relief, he suddenly felt a chill on his neck. He watched helplessly as Matthew's figure grew blurrier, and then he fell to the ground, unwilling and resentful.

The death of their leader left the thugs infuriated, but none dared to step forward. Matthew continued to leave slowly, moving through the deserted area.

Just then, the sound of orderly footsteps began to approach. Looking back, they saw an army of armed, uniformed individuals approaching them in an organized formation.

"It's the Zedler Tiger Guards!"

"What did the Yarwood Family do to attract the Zedler Family's siege?"

"We're done for!"

As the Zedler Tiger Guards surrounded them in a semi-circular formation, the once-intimidated thugs started to panic after being intimidated by Matthew.

The reputation of the Zedler Tiger Guards was known far and wide throughout Seraphis. These were the personal guards of Mortimer, the man who had established a vast empire, and they were renowned for their unmatched combat prowess.

Once the imposing Tiger Guards had taken their positions in a disciplined formation, they looked at their opponents with cold and indifferent gazes, their steel spears held firmly in hand.

Members of the Yarwood Family's faction were left trembling with fear. One by one, they dropped their weapons.

"I quit!"

"I don't want to die; I want to go home!"

More and more voices of retreat filled the air as the Yarwood Family's thugs began to scatter.

This was the power of the Zedler Tiger Guards. They didn't need to lift a finger; their mere presence was enough to strike fear into the hearts of their enemies.