

Chapter 2621 Hiring Matthew as a Bodyguard

As the dust settled, the entire gym regained clarity. Beckett, facing the young man who had suddenly appeared, asked with a frightened tone, "Who are you?"

In response to his question, Matthew spoke with a menacing tone, "A dying man needs no answer." With that, his hand dropped to the hilt of his sword.

Beckett's heart skipped a beat upon picking up the stranger's hostility. "I am Beckett, a member of the Perryvall senior branch. If you dare lay a finger on me today, Concordia will be your burial ground."

Assuming the stranger, who suddenly stopped, was intimidated by the Perryvall Family, Beckett slyly reached for his handgun, attempting to stall for time.

"Let's part ways," he continued. "I can tell you're not from Subterra Arena. It's better to resolve conflicts than to start new ones. Today, if you just release—"

He didn't finish his sentence. Beckett had already reached for the gun grip.

"Bloody hell, I'll kill you!"

Bang!

A gunshot rang out, and a bullet flew out. Beckett, with a smug expression, believed in his own cleverness. However, before he could ponder further, the expression on his face froze.

At his neck, a long, slender wound gushed with fresh blood.

F*ck, his blade is as fast as bullets! That was the last thing Beckett thought before his death.

On the other side, Matthew had already sheathed Bloodreaper.

"Mr. Warrick's reinforcements have arrived."

The brief pause he had just made wasn't due to Beckett's words; he had purely sensed that someone was approaching from outside the gym.

After muttering, Matthew turned and returned to Elara and Ivy's side.

Because the hand grenade had exploded right in the midst of the enemy group, Beckett's team had almost been entirely wiped out. On Warrick's side, without the numerical disadvantage, he effortlessly dealt with the remaining enemies.

When Matthew returned to Elara, dozens of armored vehicles outside the gym swiftly surrounded the entire place. After a quick check of the surroundings for safety, a leader approached the head vehicle.

"Old Mr. Stubber, all the intruders from the Perryvall Family who attacked the gym have been killed. Mr. Warrick was not injured."

"Good lad, quite lucky!"

Although there was no concern in his words, the sudden relaxation of his furrowed brow betrayed his emotions.

When Isambard Stubber, the patriarch of the Stubber Family, led a group of the family troops into the gym, the place was already filled with corpses. His son, Warrick, was energetically tending to the injured.

"Beckett Perryvall? Those stubborn old folks from the Perryvall Family will certainly be heartbroken this time, hahaha. That's what you get for messing with the Stubber Family!"

Beckett was the patriarch of the Perryvall Family, Tavish Perryvall's most beloved grandson.

Filled with this sentiment, Isambard called for his son.

"Dad, why did you come in person?" Warrick didn't expect his old man to lead the charge himself.

"If I didn't come, who would bury you? So, is everyone all right?"

Warrick knew that his father could be stern but had a soft heart.

"Dad, everyone is fine! It's just that some of the guys have been slaughtered by those d*mned Perryvalls."

A somber expression appeared on Warrick's face as he looked at his fallen comrades. This was also one of the aspects that Isambard was most dissatisfied with in his son: his soft heart and deep emotions. He believed it would ultimately prevent Warrick from achieving greatness.

"We'll definitely avenge your fallen brothers. You did well this time. You really struck a blow to the Perryvall Family's arrogance."

Warrick shook his head at once, not accepting the credit.

"It's because I had some help."

After recounting the events involving Matthew, Isambard showed genuine interest.

"Oh, a young talent, I'd like to meet him!"

When they met, Isambard found Matthew to be composed, and, considering Warrick's introduction about his exceptional medical skills, Isambard's thoughts started to stir.

"Matthew, thank you for saving my son's life."