

Chapter 2627 Tense Situation, on the Brink of War

After hanging up the phone, Matthew supported Elara with one hand and held Ivy's hand with the other, intending to leave the area and wait for Shawn to pick them up.

However, just as the three of them were about to get up, the main entrance on the first floor was suddenly kicked open, and a group of fierce-looking thugs burst in. Leading them was a young man with his hair dyed white.

Upon seeing so many people gathered, he became intrigued. Chewing gum, he approached the crowd. When he encountered someone blocking his way, he grabbed the person's collar, yanking it with force and tossing it to the ground.

"Get lost, you d*mn piece of crap, blocking my way!"

Hearing the commotion behind them, the attention of the onlookers was immediately drawn to the scene. However, upon seeing the newcomer, everyone was instantly shocked.

"Shoot, it's Blanco!"

In no time, everyone at the scene retreated to the side.

This man was a lunatic, and those who had displeased him often ended up with severed limbs or were fed to the fishes in the sea. Not long ago, Blanco broke someone's leg only for not parking their car properly.

The person who had been tossed aside by Blanco wasn't angry at all but rather relieved, and they scurried away immediately.

The crowd dispersed, and Blanco and his gang confronted Matthew's group head-on.

"Well, well, what a big jackpot! Today's my lucky day," Blanco remarked as he looked at Elara's curvaceous body, marred by disheveled makeup. He licked his lips with a perverse grin.

Despite Elara's swollen face and disheveled appearance, Blanco, who had seen countless women, knew that she had great potential. All she needed was a makeover, and she'd be a fine prize. However, as his gaze roved over the birthmark on Elara's chest, his expression suddenly froze. That birthmark looked somewhat similar to their boss' daughter's!

"Boys, I suspect this girl might be our boss' lost daughter. Let's take her back for verification."

With those words, the henchmen behind Blanco leered with depravity and cunning smiles. This was a well-practiced routine!

Whenever a good-looking woman caught Blanco's eye, they would take her away under such pretext. Blanco, naturally, would have the first go, and they'd feast on the leftovers. As for the women taken back by Blanco, not a single one had ever emerged alive.

The people present were well aware of Blanco's methods. The fate of a woman taken back by him was a foregone conclusion.

Thinking about this, the onlookers gazed at Matthew and Elara with sympathetic eyes. While escaping from the Stubbers might be possible with a stroke of luck, being targeted by Blanco meant certain death.

Blanco's henchmen had already advanced and were reaching for Elara when Matthew acted. Without even looking at Matthew, they extended their hands toward Elara.

But before they could touch her, Matthew raised his foot and kicked one of them away. It was like a nuclear bomb had gone off simultaneously. Everyone present was left wide-eyed in astonishment. This guy must be insane!

On the second floor of the massive ship, the entire corridor was filled with menacing and aggressive thugs.

Inside the conference room, Isambard tapped lightly on the coffee table, and behind him stood hundreds of tough-looking thugs, each armed with machetes at the ready. Several of them held loaded handguns, locked onto the opposing force, ready to send them to the heavens if there was any sign of provocation.

On the other side of the meeting room were the Perryvall Family's forces. Though Tavish Perryvall sat on the sofa with his eyes closed, the heavy cloud of displeasure between his brows revealed his deep dissatisfaction.

With both sides evenly matched, the tense standoff continued as both sides patiently awaited the orders of their respective family heads.

After a considerable amount of time had passed, Isambard spoke with indifference, "Haven't they arrived yet?"

"We've received word from their side that Mr. Gavell's ship is nearing and will be here shortly, sir."

"Very well, then let the Perryvalls enjoy a little more life," Isambard concluded, his gaze drifting indifferently toward the opposing faction.

Tavish, on the other hand, showed his disdain for such arrogant words with a cold snort and remained silent.