

## Chapter 2628 Blanco Disabled, Isambard's Discontent

The situation here had become extremely tense. One party had lost a grandson, and the other party's arena had been blown up. Their relationship had escalated to the point of imminent conflict. They would have already clashed if it weren't for the intimidation of influential figures.

Amid this tense standoff, a sudden commotion erupted on the first floor.

"What's happening outside? Why is it so noisy?"

Before anyone could investigate, a gunshot rang out, echoing throughout the entire ship.

"Outrageous! How dare someone use firearms in such a situation?!" Tavish was already furious, and hearing the gunshot only fueled his anger. He immediately stood up and went outside.

Isambard also followed suit. After all, the Stubber Family was one of the organizers of this gathering. If any mishaps occurred with the guests present, the Stubber Family would be held responsible. Moreover, this event was meant to welcome a very important dignitary. If anything went wrong, the consequences would be significant.

In the grand hall at this moment, Matthew had already dealt with Blanco's dozen or so subordinates.

Blanco was still holding a smoking handgun, indicating he had just fired. However, what astounded him was that his shot, which was typically precise and accurate, had been effortlessly evaded by Matthew, who had simply tilted his head.

"You motherf\*cker!"

As the elderly pair, Isambard and Tavish, arrived at the railing, they witnessed over a dozen henchmen lying motionless on the ground, lifeless. The guests around them had scattered and taken cover to avoid any stray bullets.

Just as Blanco intended to fire again, Matthew's figure suddenly blurred, and he disappeared from his original spot.

Isambard seemed to realize Matthew's intentions and urgently shouted, "No!"

But it was already too late.

No one could see how Matthew had moved, but in the blink of an eye, Blanco let out a wretched scream as he fell to his knees. His arm, the one holding the handgun, had twisted in an irregular, painful manner.

Witnessing this, Tavish, who had been furious earlier, was now delighted. "Isambard, if I remember correctly, this man is your precious granddaughter's bodyguard, right?"

Isambard, looking at Matthew, couldn't help but furrow his brows. This young man had gotten himself into serious trouble.

Seeing Isambard's gloomy expression, Tavish couldn't help but mock him. "How bold of your bodyguard to attack Mr. Gavell's people. You Stubber Family have no fear, and it seems you don't even respect Mr. Gavell." Tavish intentionally raised his voice, ensuring that everyone in the room heard his words.

Downstairs, Avril had initially been furious after Matthew slapped her. However, seeing Matthew's incredible prowess, not only single-handedly defeating over a dozen opponents but also subduing Blanco, her anger turned to shock.

As she stood there bewildered, the commotion on the second floor, where Tavish was, caught her attention.

Seeing her grandfather, Avril instantly found her pillar of support, and a sense of grievance welled up within her. She wiped away her tears and hurried over to her grandfather's side.

Witnessing his beloved granddaughter in this state, Isambard furrowed his brow, and when he noticed the distinct five-finger mark on Avril's face, a faint sense of rage washed over him. "Who dared to lay a hand on you?"

At the sound of his stern inquiry, Avril cried even more forlornly. "It was that cursed bodyguard you assigned to me. Not only did he help outsiders bully me, but he also hit me! Just look at what he did to my face, Grandpa. If it's disfigured, I'd rather be dead."

Of course, she left what she did to Elara out completely, never uttering a word about it.

Initially, Isambard had a favorable impression of Matthew. However, aboard the cruise ship, to openly slap his granddaughter in front of so many people was a severe offense. What was even more intolerable was that Matthew had gotten into a conflict with Enzo's subordinate, Blanco, a figure even his family would not dare to cross.

What is this kid thinking, offending Mr. Gavell, dragging me into deep trouble? What a disaster!