

Chapter 2658 The Keller Family's Fury

When Matthew took Ivy out into the streets, the whole of Concordia was abuzz with two topics.

Firstly, many fishing boats returning in the middle of the night claimed to have seen a dark figure near the Maire Strait. Due to the dark moonlight and fear, no one dared to approach it for a closer look.

Matthew chuckled when he overheard people discussing this. To conceal the transport ship's tracks, Shawn had turned off all the lights on the vessel. Little did they know that this action had led to the creation of a sea monster legend in Hulwin.

The other piece of news was just as Matthew had expected—the blame for Osiris' death was pinned on him.

"Do you guys know the eldest son of the Keller Family is dead?"

Hearing such explosive news, diners in a restaurant immediately paused using their cutlery. "What? Dead? How did he die?"

"I heard from someone that a young man named Matthew Larson did it!"

"Perfect, this kid's toast. I bet you that he won't live past tomorrow."

One person, overcome with excitement, stood up, brandishing his cutlery, oblivious to the young man with a little girl sitting not far behind them.

"Is the person they're talking about you, Mr. Matthew?" Ivy blinked her long eyelashes, her face filled with curiosity.

Matthew's expression turned awkward. He could handle the mockery of rough men in the restaurant, but now even young Ivy was starting to tease him.

"It's not me! I didn't do it! Don't believe them!" After rejecting the accusations, Matthew handed a steaming bowl of beef stew over to Ivy as if trying to silence her with food.

Meanwhile, Matthew began to contemplate internally. With this news, he had made a powerful enemy out of the Keller Family. Instead of waiting for them to seek revenge, it might be wiser to take the initiative and start with the Keller Family as part of his plan to reorganize the two provinces.

Meanwhile, thousands of miles away at the Keller Manor, the entire place was shrouded in solemnity, with an oppressive atmosphere where not even the sound of fallen leaves was heard. Every movement was exceedingly subdued.

The servants all served the dignitaries inside the Keller Family ancestral hall with utmost caution.

At a time like this, any slight mistake could result in accompanying Osiris to the afterlife.

Inside the ancestral hall, an air of grief hung heavy. The main hall held the body of Osiris. For a large family, as long as the eldest son wasn't entirely incompetent, he was the heir to the patriarchy of the family. Now, the next heir to lead the Keller Family was gone.

"Old Mr. Zedler, I know it's hard for you, but your health is important!" The butler tried to console Atlas.

"How do you expect me to bother with my health when my son is dead!" With anger on his face, Atlas kicked the butler away and then came to his eldest grandson, Leander, patting the grieving young man on the back.

"Grandpa, my dad is gone," Leander said, his eyes bloodshot and his body trembling with sorrow.

Seeing his grandson's condition, Atlas' emotions crumbled, and he choked with emotion as he reassured him. "Don't worry, Leander, I won't let your father's death go unavenged."

With resolve in his eyes, he turned and shouted, "All members of the Keller Family, at any cost, bring me Matthew's head as a sacrifice for my son!"

"Yes, sir!"

With that command, the entire Keller Family sprang to life like a newly awakened lion, with sharp fangs and claws ready to seek vengeance against their enemies.

This significant event drew the attention of all forces in Seraphis, as well as neighboring Montiria and Druira. They all watched closely, hoping to gain some advantage from this turmoil.