

## Chapter 2696 Fitz Came For A Rescue

Backed against a rock wall, perched high above, and shielded by the bulletproof SUV in front of them for cover, Matthew and the crown prince, one armed with a gun and the other with a syringe, managed to fend off hundreds of enemies.

However, the enemy's numbers seemed endless, as if they could never be completely eliminated.

Concerned that the SUV might be destroyed, Matthew even moved Ivy behind them. His concerns were not unfounded, as even the bulletproof vehicle was now swaying under the barrage of gunfire.

As the enemy closed in with overwhelming firepower, the crown prince's anxiety grew.

He vented, "Damn it! If I ever run into Fitz alive, I'll definitely twist his head off."

What started as a mere complaint took an unexpected turn when a voice responded, "Prince, here I am. Isn't twisting my head a bit too much?"

Accompanied by a few gunshots, Fitz walked into the firefight with a cigar in his mouth, and Fabian, who had a swollen face, was held hostage. Fitz's audacious appearance truly lived up to the crown prince's expectations.

After some interrogation, Fitz gained a general understanding of the Keller Family's plan to assassinate them. Upon hearing the gunshots, he swiftly arrived to provide support for Matthew and the crown prince.

"Stop right there, or I'll cripple your leader!"

Before the sentence could even be completed, the Keller Family assassins ceased fire upon witnessing their young master being used as a hostage.

Fitz sported a smug grin as he arched an eyebrow at Matthew and the crown prince.

"Prince, how's that for a slick move?"

The crown prince had originally called for reinforcements, but Fitz's takedown of the enemy's leader took him by surprise.

Although he didn't want to admit it, Fitz's action was undeniably impressive.

Fitz also understood that the situation was too critical for showing off. A glint of ruthlessness flashed in his eyes as he pulled the trigger.

Bang!

With a gunshot, Fabian screamed in pain as he clutched his wounded hand. His anguished expression contorted with pain.

"Mr. Keller, instruct your people to drop their weapons!"

After saying that, Fitz pressed the gun barrel against Fabian's temple.

At this moment, Fabian's mind was filled with curses. This brat was utterly inhumane. He had endured brutal beatings before during interrogations, but this time, the brutality reached new heights as his hand was pierced by a gunshot without any demands or questions.

Of course, Fabian didn't dare utter a word at this point. Feeling the icy chill of the gun against his temple, he could feel his legs trembling with fear.

"Everyone...everyone, put down your guns!"

However, the members of the assassination team hesitated. They understood that their weapons were their only bargaining chips. If they were all disarmed, not only would Fabian be at the mercy of others, but they would be too.

The reality of their situation was apparent to everyone in the room, including Fitz.

"Mr. Keller, not even your dogs are obeying you. How pathetic," Fitz remarked.

Then, another gunshot shattered the tension.

This time, Fabian's right ear was blown to pieces.

"Ah—"

He screamed in agony while clutching his blood-soaked cheek.

"This is your final warning. Drop your weapons, or he will die!"

At this moment, Fitz put away his playful demeanor, and his words were now filled with icy killing intent.

In unbearable pain and writhing on the ground, Fabian, frustrated by the assassination team's reluctance to cooperate, seethed, "Damn it, all of you, put down your guns! If I die here today, you'll all be buried with me."

His words carried a potent threat, one that would spell deep trouble if Hugo Keller found out, even if they didn't meet their end.

Facing each other, the assassination team sighed in resignation.

They had come so close to victory, and if it hadn't been for Fabian's intervention, Matthew and the crown prince would have fallen under their guns.