

Chapter 2697 The Annihilation Of The Keller Family's Assassination Team

As the first assassin fired their weapon, the others quickly followed suit.

Matthew and the crown prince let out a sigh of relief, realizing the dangerous situation they had just escaped.

With Fitz guarding their rear, the three of them, along with Ivy, finally managed to break free from the encircling enemy.

Meanwhile, the members of the assassination team tried to retrieve their dropped weapons upon seeing Matthew's group retreating. However, before they could bend down to do so, Fitz, who was not far away, raised his hand and let out a loud whistle.

In an instant, the crown prince's men, who had been hiding in the woods, emerged. They didn't need any orders, swiftly unleashing a devastating hail of gunfire from their automatic rifles. They mercilessly swept through the enemy ranks like a reaper harvesting souls.

Outside the woods, Fabian could hear the sounds of gunshots mixed with anguished cries. It was clear what was happening, and he could only close his eyes in despair, desperately clinging to the hope of survival.

After nearly ten minutes, the gunshots finally ceased. The crown prince's men emerged from the woods, each holding four or five firearms in their hands. Their expressions were filled with triumph.

"Boss Matthew, Prince, all the Keller Family assassins have been dealt with. What should we do with this guy?"

After saying this, Fitz threw Fabian to the ground.

Given the crown prince's nature, a quick bullet to the head seemed like the logical solution—out of sight, out of mind. However, with Matthew present, he deferred to his judgment.

After ensuring Ivy's safety, Matthew walked over to Fabian and slowly crouched down.

"Mr. Keller, you didn't expect to end up in my hands today, did you?"

During their time with the Zedler Family, Matthew had wanted to kill Fabian outright, but he refrained due to the Zedler Family's territory. It was only Hulwin's timely intervention that allowed Fabian to escape unharmed.

Fabian looked at Matthew's familiar yet unfamiliar face and was at a loss for words.

The person he had once considered insignificant, someone he thought he could easily overpower, had completely turned the tables.

All of this stemmed from what appeared to be a completely ordinary trip to Hulwin.

Perhaps deep down, Fabian recognized that escaping death was unlikely today, so he let go of the fear that had gripped his heart. In their world, debts were destined to be settled sooner or later.

With a weak voice, he struggled to respond, "Victory or defeat, I have nothing to say! Matthew Larson, just finish me off!"

Despair and unwillingness were evident on Fabian's pale face.

To his surprise, Matthew's decision took an unexpected turn.

"Let him go. First, stop the bleeding for him. We can extort a hefty sum from the Keller Family. It's a golden opportunity to replenish our armory."

Matthew's choice wasn't driven by excessive compassion. Given Fabian's current condition, whether he lived or died held little significance. It was simply pragmatic to extort the Keller Family and make them taste their own medicine.

Two assassination attempts had resulted in the complete annihilation of the Keller Family's hit squads. Matthew couldn't help but wonder how Hugo would react when he discovered this—it might just cause him to keel over from anger.

"Alright! Everyone, head up and put out the fire on the mountain. It's our responsibility to protect the environment! Also, find that damn sniper's body for me. I want to see who they really are."

Little did the crown prince know that Brett Ravel, the sniper in question, had miraculously survived the explosion. At this moment, he was covered in wounds, and his face lacked any color.

He had narrowly escaped the deadliest blast zone during the explosion, but he had lost his left arm. Blood gushed from the wound.

To stop the bleeding, Brett had no choice but to remove his jacket and tightly bind the wound of his severed arm.

"Hiss!"

The intense pain caused him to involuntarily gasp. With his wound temporarily under control, his eyes burned with vengeance as he looked back in Matthew's direction. In his weakened state, he staggered away from the mountaintop.

By the time the crown prince's men arrived at the scene, there was nothing left except for a severed arm.