

Chapter 2722 The Desmares Ghost Mask

At that moment, everyone strained their necks, eager to catch a glimpse of the priceless treasure. However, the black box held no surprises. It contained only some fragmented ancient jewels and a mask crafted from an unknown material.

Intrigued, Matthew picked it up. The mask, forged from an unfamiliar black metal, bore a fierce and grimacing ghost face on its front.

Upon closer examination, Matthew was pleasantly surprised to discover that the ghost's face bore a striking resemblance to one of the Ten Netheron Darkbane, the King of Lecarres.

Wasn't Matthew also the Lecarres Summit Warden, one of the Martial League Summit Wardens? It seemed as though the mask and he were bound by destiny.

Under Matthew's gaze, golden threads silently materialized within the mask, gradually forming the inscription "Desmares." Instinctively, he drew the mask closer to his face.

"Matty!"

The crown prince had intended to warn Matthew about the potential danger of this enigmatic, ghostly artifact. However, before he could utter his warning, the Desmares' mask had already adhered itself seamlessly to Matthew's face.

Instantaneously, a surge of otherworldly energy swept through the surroundings. With Matthew at the epicenter, all the objects in the room were sent flying, colliding with the walls before finally coming to a halt.

When everyone turned their gaze back to Matthew, they were instantly struck with astonishment. The figure before them seemed to have transformed into an unparalleled king. A single glance caused their breath to hitch and their hearts to flutter.

Matthew, inherently handsome with a tall and upright stature, exuded the aura of a true king with the addition of the mask. This prompted everyone to feel an irresistible urge to bow down in reverence.

After donning the mask, he was pleasantly surprised to feel his spiritual power surge. With a mere thought, the nine metal needles in his possession darted out. As he lifted his hand, the metal needles hovered around his fingers.

These nine metal needles seemed like a natural extension of his body, effortlessly obeying his commands. He couldn't help but exclaim, "How astonishing!"

The manipulation of spiritual power demanded a high level of control. Previously, he could only manipulate a maximum of four metal needles.

As he observed the crown prince and the others, Matthew was astonished to see their hearts directly through their bodies. However, their heartbeats were remarkably slow. Before he could react, a sudden loud shout echoed in his ears.

"Kill!"

The impact of the voice triggered a surge of murderous intent in Matthew's heart. Sensing the abrupt change, he promptly removed his mask.

Before him, the pale-faced crown prince and his entourage looked as if they had just escaped from hell. They were panting heavily on the ground and drenched in cold sweat.

Observing the crown prince's near-death appearance, Matthew inquired, "What's going on with you guys?"

The crown prince stared blankly at Matthew and said, "Matty, you're looking good... how about a smile?"

Matthew furrowed his brows after seeing the crown prince's foolish expression. He kicked the crown prince into the air and shouted, "Get lost, you fool!" Having experienced it firsthand, he now had a clear understanding of the mask's function.

When he was about to don the mask again, the crown prince promptly intervened, remembering the terrifying ordeal they had faced earlier.

"Matty, don't mess around. The few of us can't handle you fooling with that."

"Don't worry. This time, there won't be any surprises."

Immediately after uttering these words, Matthew donned the mask again.

"Oh no, run!"

The crown prince's expression turned grave as he attempted to flee the house.

Unfortunately, Solon was severely injured and immobile. His eyes widened with terror as he awaited impending doom.

However, when Matthew wore the Desmares mask again, nothing occurred. There was no eerie aura, no oppressive feeling—nothing had changed.

The others pondered, What's happening? Was it all just an illusion?