

Chapter 2990 The Wrath of Matthew

As Shawn sat in despair and resigned to his fate, his vision suddenly blurred, and a familiar figure appeared.

Amidst the clang of cold steel and the echoes of metal clashing, the two mercenaries died. Their bodies were lay lifeless, and their entrails scattered across the ground.

"Matthew, you finally came! If you had come any later, I might not have been here to greet you," Shawn exclaimed with relief. Reflecting on the dangerous ordeal, he couldn't help but sigh.

Then his expression shifted as he remembered something. He continued urgently, "Matthew, Leanna is in critical condition!"

Upon hearing this, Matthew's calm demeanor turned grave. Anger flared in his eyes as he beheld Leanna's injuries.

Matthew tightened his grip on Bloodreaper, his knuckles whitening with tension. Fortunately, its incredible resilience prevented his grip from faltering.

Despite his anger, Matthew knew now was not the time for it. He stepped forward briskly to check Leanna's pulse. It was extremely weak, her life force rapidly diminishing due to the massive loss of blood.

Matthew's frown deepened with a fierce determination as he focused on stabilizing Leanna's condition. With a surge of mental energy, the Solitary Nine Needles shot out and precisely pierced Leanna's acupoints under his control.

Without hesitation, Matthew retrieved two different pills and swiftly administered them into Leanna's mouth after channeling his spiritual power into her body. In mere moments, Leanna's faint breathing began to regulate. Her chest rose and fell in a steady rhythm.

With the tension easing, Matthew finally felt a sense of relief. He knew any delay in his arrival would have spelled Leanna's doom.

Seizing the moment, Matthew turned his attention to Shawn. He extracted the bullets from Shawn's arm and applied a layer of Auric balm to treat the wounds.

"Stay here and take care of her. I'll handle the rest," Matthew instructed, his voice commanding and tinged with anger. Even Shawn couldn't help but shiver at the intensity of his intent.

Matthew's presence seemed to emanate from hell, his fury thickening the air around him. With burning rage, he strode toward the direction of the mercenaries and vowed inwardly, How dare you touch my men! I ensure all of you pay for it!

Meanwhile, Bells kept a vigilant watch on the distant sniper. He commanded, "Keep a close eye. I want them all under surveillance."

"What's taking those four so long? Why haven't they finished?" A chill ran down his spine as he spoke. He instinctively turned his head to look behind and saw a figure slowly approaching from a distance.

"Who's there?" Bells shouted angrily, aiming his gun at the figure. An inexplicable wave of fear surged through him, causing his hands to tremble.

It was the first time Bells, a seasoned mercenary, had encountered such a sensation. It felt as though he were facing a demon from hell.

As terror gripped him, Bells suppressed his fear and steadied his trembling hands. To his astonishment, he only witnessed a spark flash before his eyes when he pulled the trigger.

The figure that had been a few meters away suddenly appeared right before him, filling him with an overwhelming sense of dread.

"You..." Bells stuttered, his expression frozen in terror as his pupils dilated countless times. In the next moment, his face remained locked in an expression of extreme fear.

At the sound of the commotion, other mercenaries turned their guns in response. All they found was a figure quietly standing where Bells had been.

With a pale face, one grabbed the walkie-talkie and stuttered, "Boss has been attacked." As he spoke, a barrage of bullets rained down relentlessly.