

Chapter 3005 Despair

The once lively banquet had now fallen into a cold and eerie silence as they stared at the cooling corpse by Matthew's feet.

A massive head was displayed right at the center of the hall. Its eyes were still wide and defiant even in death.

"That's Matthew. He's Matthew!"

The guests felt a chill run down their spine as they sobered up. Sure enough, they finally recognized the sword-wielding man standing before them.

Instantly, all the mercenaries and assassins instinctively reached for their weapons. One had to admit that these men truly didn't let the weight of inebriation slow them down at all.

That's the target!

Although there weren't any official bounties posted for this man through their channels, it was an open secret that several wealthy elites wouldn't mind having Matthew's head!

Alas, they couldn't even take a shot at him when his figure blurred before them. Coupled with their compromised vision, they couldn't shoot him without firing on one of their allies.

That shadowy figure flitted across the hall, effortlessly navigating through the frozen crowd.

His lightning-fast movements left everyone in shock as they tried in vain to follow his next step.

In the end, they could only see him clearly by the time he made it on the stage while 30 or more Blue Whale Mercenary Corps members sprawled on the ground.

What just happened?

The onlookers were left utterly dumbstruck as they tried to make sense of the situation. Unfortunately, nothing but pure, unadulterated fear was waiting for them once they did. Their fingers hovered over the triggers as they stared at him with faces slack with fright.

His incredible skill and speed had completely surpassed their comprehension.

Is this guy even human?

At that moment, Matthew seemed to be a wolf on the prowl whereas they were fat, juicy lambs ripe for the taking.

The assassins who had been eyeing him hungrily couldn't do anything but regard him with terroring awe as they realized the true extent of his power.

All of them couldn't be more aware of the fact that they weren't a match for him.

Just as the tense atmosphere was about to suffocate them all, a brave soul decided to take a stand as he said, "Hello, Mr. Larson. I'm Black Rose's Deimos. To what do we owe the pleasure of your visit, Mr. Larson?"

Matthew arched a brow as a cold smirk appeared on his lips. "I've been bothered by people eyeing me like a slab of meat. Why don't you tell me why I'm here, hm?"

Deimos' smile faltered as he quickly understood the gravity of the situation.

"W-We didn't go after you!"

Deimos could only try to minimize the casualties in the face of such a monstrous opponent.

Alas, his efforts were all for naught as Matthew retorted, "Shouldn't you lie better considering your line of work? That's such a flimsy excuse even I'm embarrassed for you. I'm well aware all of you here accepted the bounty. Yet, not a single one of you registered yourselves. Don't you see you're just making things very troublesome for me?"

Matthew's lackadaisical demeanor vanished as a hint of menace glinted in the depths of his eyes.

Deimos naturally picked up on the threat as he hastily blurted, "Wait, Mr. Larson! The Black Rose gives up on the bounty! We'll retreat and never step foot into Cathay's territories. Can't you let us leave?"

Deimos had abandoned any thoughts or schemes of resistance after witnessing Matthew's one-sided massacre of the Blue Whale Mercenary Corps.

Several eyes sharpened as they turned to Matthew, awaiting his response. It was obvious that Deimos had voiced their unspoken sentiments.

Those who had boasted online about how they would bring glory and riches to their factions were now meek and submissive.

Matthew swept his gaze across the hall and slowly shook his head.

"I'm afraid leaving is not an option. Not anymore. I gave you a chance, didn't I? Is it my fault that you failed to seize your one last chance?"

His words settled like the bitterest of winters, chilling them to the bone.

Just as they were about to be swallowed by despair, a brawny man hoisted an AK and yelled ferociously, "Guys, we'll fight him to the death! We outnumber him! We'll just kill him with our numbers!"

The crowd started coming to life as some of them intended to do the same.

Alas, the burly man's eyes glazed over just as he was preparing to attack. His feral desperation froze on his face!

His resistance was swift but short-lived like the lifespan of a cherry blossom. The people near him soon caught sight of a tiny hole in his forehead.

What weapon did Matthew use? We couldn't even see it!

In the end, Matthew's mysterious yet lethal method shattered the last remnants of these criminals' resolve.