

Chapter 2369 Revealing Identity

Under the watchful gaze of the Cunningham Family members, Yann approached Matthew and the others with a resentful expression. "How dare you to even bring up this matter! I extended a special invitation for you to join our main family out of respect for our ancestors. And yet, who would have thought that you had come seeking the secret recipe of our family? Guards, seize these thieves and lock them away! We must address this matter with the utmost seriousness."

As a contingent of family guards advanced, Matthew brandished his Bloodreaper and positioned himself protectively. "I dare any of you to lay a finger on my family," he declared with unwavering resolve.

With Matthew's decisive action, the tension in the air instantly escalated.

The members of the Cunningham Family rose from their seats one after another.

Jules Cunningham, the eldest son, waved his hand dismissively. "Young man, you have quite the nerve. You're the first to bring weapons into our Cunningham Residence. Guards, heed my command! None of them shall escape today. If met with resistance, show no mercy!"

In an instant, the surrounding guards swiftly drew their waist knives.

Seeing this menacing stance, Helen, who was already frightened, grew pale. "Matthew, let's forget about it," she pleaded.

Turning to face her, Matthew reassured her with a gentle smile. "Mom, it's alright. You all have nothing to fear. As long as I am here today, no one can harm any of you."

Although his physique was not imposing, Matthew's presence exuded an aura of security that enveloped those around him.

However, Jules sneered at his words. "Matthew, spirited as you may be, it is more important to know your place."

Echoing Jules' sentiments, other members of the Cunningham Family joined in the mockery. "Are young people nowadays so arrogant?"

"It appears our family has remained dormant for too long. Even these youngsters dare to be insolent within our Cunningham Residence."

"Dad, it is clear that we must assert our dominance and show them who truly holds power. Otherwise, people will perceive us as weak."

For a while, sarcastic remarks filled the air.

Disgusted by their true colors, Matthew shook his head disdainfully.

He had overestimated the Cunningham Family, one of the prestigious top ten families.

They had not only crossed the line of basic decency by cheating for their secret recipe but also harbored intentions of extermination.

Meanwhile, Miller reveled in the unfolding drama, twisting his creaking neck with a sense of satisfaction. "Matthew Larson, I told you. The real show has only just begun. So, how about it? Are you enjoying this surprise?"

Since Matthew had twice attempted to kill Miller, who then revealed the incidents to his father, Yann held no intentions of showing leniency toward Matthew's family.

After all, despite Miller's mischievous behavior, he was still Yann's son.

When would it be someone else's turn to teach Miller a lesson?

This was the reasoning behind the current scene of extermination.

Yann not only wanted to obtain the secret recipe but also wished for the complete annihilation of Matthew's family.

Observing Miller's triumphant expression, Matthew maintained his calm demeanor and reiterated his earlier words. "I said, as long as I am here today, no one can harm my family."

Miller sneered mockingly and posed a challenging question. "And what if I do?"

At that moment, Matthew's hand instinctively grasped the hilt of his sword. "Well, you are welcome to try. Let's see if your arm is stronger or if my sword is sharper."

In an instant, a faint but palpable aura of killing intent honed in on Miller.

Unfazed, Miller burst into laughter and adjusted his sleeves with an air of nonchalance. He posed a curious question to Matthew. "Matthew, I'm really curious. Among those we have sought to keep within the confines of the Cunningham Residence, none have managed to escape. Who do you think you are to challenge the might of our Cunningham Family? Just you? Come on!"

"Who am I, you ask?" With those words, Matthew took off the mask he had been wearing all along. "I am Matthew Larson, the branch leader of the Martial League in Eastshire, the next-generation Holy Doctor, and the disciple of Old Master Bane!"

As his words reverberated, the once noisy surroundings instantly fell into an eerie silence.