

Chapter 2294 The Clash Between Fists

Matthew did not expect this person to make a sudden move while standing in the middle of the hall.

Naturally, he wouldn't back down as he faced the impending mighty iron fist.

He began to swing his right arm, and then the wind began to rush around his fist.

The fists clashed in the next second, accompanied by a muffled sound, but neither side gained the upper hand.

The overflowing spiritual power lifted the corner of Matthew's clothes, making a swooshing sound.

The tall man, Gigantor, who stood in front of him, wore a disdainful look on his face.

"If this is all you've got, I might just beat you up."

The strong man's right arm, which had been at a standstill, began to exert force once more as he finished speaking.

Matthew was pushed back a few meters by the sudden surge of power.

Seeing this scene, the old man in a black robe smiled triumphantly.

"As I warned you, Old Master Bane, your disciple is not up to par. Gigantor, my disciple, didn't even exert half his power. Your disciple would be in serious trouble if he used all of his strength."

He cocked himself up in haughty pride as he spoke.

With no reaction to his mocking remarks, Old Mr. Bane simply nodded slightly. Did you think that your disciple was the only one hiding his true power?

Matthew stood motionless, excitedly shaking his slightly numb arm.

The opponent was clearly a powerhouse.

If Matthew's strength hadn't been steadily improving recently, he might not have been able to withstand the collision right now.

Additionally, he was thrilled because he was unaware of his own strength.

This man in front of him was the ideal test subject, wasn't he?

Then he turned his gaze to Master Heath, seeking his approval.

Seeing the latter nod secretly, Matthew became serious.

"Then let me give it a try!"

The aura emanating from Matthew was showing ferociously after he responded to the strong man's words.

His size didn't change, but the muscles all over his body started to tremble a little.

This was what happened when his strength reached its peak.

Old Mr. Bane, who was seated at this time, noticed Matthew's change right away.

"Not bad, kid. You actually applied the essence of the Bane Family's mixed martial arts to every inch of your muscles. You truly are a martial arts genius."

Old Mr. Bane couldn't help but be eager as he entertained this thought in his mind.

He was now interested in how strong his disciple in the shadows had developed.

Gigantor noticed Matthew's transformation, but he maintained his dismissive expression.

"The aura is not bad. I just don't know if it's all talk and no action."

He took one look at Matthew's frail arms and legs and believed that one punch would be sufficient to bring him to the ground.

At this time, Matthew didn't reply.

He simply relaxedly raised his arms, locking fists together in a coordinated attack and defense.

Their gazes locked without prompting, and they moved in unison.

With his aggressive demeanor, Gigantor charged at Matthew like a powerful bull.

"Roar! Tiger Cannon Fist!" With a loud shout, he raised his fists like heavy hammers and struck heavily.

And this time, Matthew chose to face it head-on.

However, when the two collided again, Matthew's arm, which swung the fist, was pushed back half an inch by the opponent.

Gigantor's strength was undeniably terrifying.

Seeing this, the old man in black clothes also had a smug expression on his face.

Hmph! You're comparing your strength to that of my best disciple? You have no idea what death is.

Gigantor, who had believed he had the victory in his grasp, suddenly changed his expression dramatically.

He saw Matthew, who had been losing all along, suddenly smirked and nonchalantly said, "It seems that you're not strong either. You're just a tad stronger in terms of physical strength."

As his words fell, Matthew's right arm suddenly trembled.

Then a terrifying force surged out.