

Chapter 2295 The Debut

In the midst of his joy, the old man in the black robe never anticipated how quickly the tide would change.

His tower-like disciple soared into the air before he could even calm his inner joy.

Naturally, he would not stand by and allow his disciple to suffer harm.

His shadow flashed as he moved forward quickly.

And while supporting his disciple's back with one hand, the black-robed old man was also pushed several steps back before finally stabilizing his disciple's body.

He did this purely to relieve Gigantor's burden; otherwise, he would definitely be seriously injured.

Seeing that Matthew had won, Old Mr. Bane first stroked his beard with delight before mocking.

"Xanthos, your disciple isn't all that great. He's a big guy, but he's useless. And Matthew, you were ruthless for not letting your senior win. Don't do that again."

Matthew knew what was meant when he saw the happiness on his master's face.

He drew back his aura and saluted with his hands clasped together, saying, "Yes, Master. I improved so quickly that I couldn't adapt in time. I'll definitely pay closer attention in the future."

The black-robed Xanthos was fuming with rage as Matthew and his master engaged in boastful conversation.

And when Gigantor noticed his master's gloomy expression, along with his embarrassment turning to anger, he took a step toward Matthew.

Xanthos swiftly reached out with one hand and grabbed Gigantor's wrist.

Despite being thin, his fingers were like iron clamps.

Even Gigantor, who had innate divine power, was unable to move past his impediment.

Seeing that his disciple wanted to break free, Xanthos softly questioned, "What are you trying to do? Are you not embarrassed enough?"

Gigantor, his face showing reluctance, replied, "Master, I was just careless. Give me another chance. I'll definitely beat this kid who can't even take care of himself."

While Gigantor was expressing his annoyance, Xanthos used his right hand to pull Gigantor back.

"Why are you playing your trump card now? Our goal is the re-election of the Martial League."

Although he felt displeased in front of his archenemy, Old Mr. Bane, he understood the gravity of the situation.

"Everything can wait until the re-election of the Martial League."

With his master's gentle reprimand, Gigantor also calmed down.

"Yes, I acknowledge that I was wrong."

Some of the onlookers were understandably disappointed by this outcome.

They had originally come to watch Old Mr. Bane become a laughing stock; however, they were not prepared for Matthew to not only have exceptional medical skills but also extraordinary martial arts accomplishments.

It was only natural that the current situation was not what they had anticipated given that Gigantor was a seeded player of the Southern Tribe Sect.

Old Mr. Bane, on the other hand, didn't care what people thought.

His initial intention was to disprove those who were speaking behind his back, but when he observed their disapproving faces, he thought it had been a success.

Having a genius disciple from the Southern Tribe Sect as a stepping stone was just the first step in Matthew's debut.

"Why is everyone still standing? The banquet is already set up over there. Please follow me to the reception hall."

With that, the staff of the Banes led all the guests to the reception hall.

Both the disciple and the master remained there so Matthew curiously asked, "Master, what's the situation with those two?"

"It all happened when I was young. That old man has a grudge against me ever since I defeated him in the Martial League election during those years."

After hearing his explanation and observing his happy demeanor, Matthew cautiously questioned, "Did you go a bit too far back then, Master?"

Old Mr. Bane smiled proudly and said, "If you're talking about going too far, it wasn't that bad!"

After pondering for a while, he added, "I just made him bedridden for half a month. It seems that it delayed the subsequent re-election of the Martial League."

Hearing this, Matthew couldn't help but feel embarrassed.

No wonder! This had a major impact on the old man's future.

Of course, it wasn't entirely Old Mr. Bane's fault. In martial arts, injuries were common.