

Chapter 2317 Turmoil in the Taekwondo Center

After two weeks of separation, Matthew became a delivery driver. Carrying two large bags of rice porridge, he arrived at his destination—Golden Taekwondo Center.

He could feel the intensity before even stepping into the door. He shouted, "Hello, I'm delivering from S&L's Breakfast. Is anyone here?"

To his dismay, the sound of smacking and whacking completely drowned out his voice.

Receiving no response, Matthew decided to enter the place and headed to the hall. A middle-aged man with a black belt around his waist was sternly supervising the students. "Exert more power in your punches. What's that soft punch for? And you, your kicks are too low. Are you practicing self-defense against wolves? Why are you laughing? Each of you will have to do a hundred high kicks later."

The students plunged into an agonizing cry, and the instructor's face darkened. "How will you make achievements with that kind of attitude? Is it that difficult to do a few sidekicks?"

The instructor adjusted his belt and turned to the side. In just a fleeting second, he kicked six times in a row with his right foot. The sound of his kicks was loud and clear.

He was nimble and powerful.

At this moment, Matthew stopped in his tracks because he rarely had the chance to witness foreign martial arts. Out of curiosity, he quietly watched the scene for a while.

Taekwondo techniques were simple as they mainly relied on footwork; kicks were the core of it. Taekwondo artists could perform various kinds of kicks.

After the instructor finished demonstrating, the students cheered in admiration. Their eager expressions had Matthew smiling.

Back then, he also had a strong yearning for martial arts.

At the same time, his smile attracted the attention of a few students.

"Who are you?" One of the students questioned, and all attention shifted to Matthew.

"Oh, I'm Matthew Larson. Here's your porridge delivery." He raised the paper bags.

Some of the students showed ill intentions upon learning his identity. "A deliveryman? Who are you to mock us?"

Matthew was at a loss for words. Since when did I mock you?

The longer he stayed silent, the more assumptions the students made; they took the silence as a sign of guilt.

Right then, the instructor smiled and beckoned at a student. "Hey man, come here and show them some kicks. Prove it to them that there are talented people among the common folks."

The instructor had the student put on a punch pad, after which he approached and whispered to Matthew. "Don't take it to heart. These brats are just venting their frustrations on you. You don't have to take it seriously. Just a light kick will do the trick, and I'll make a joke to gloss it over. I apologize for the inconvenience. I promise to give good feedback about your delivery later."

Compared to the hot-tempered students, the instructor was clearly more reasonable. Needless to say, it was undeniable that he needed to get a punching bag for his students.

Matthew understood the instructor's intentions, so he nodded. He approached the student and patted the latter's shoulder.

After gauging the student's capability, he carefully adjusted the student's posture. "Bend your arm more to prevent fractures. Protect your joints with your left hand unless you're expecting a dislocation."