

Chapter 2330 The Sudden Appearance of Drake Harrington

"How dare you disregard my presence? Do you truly believe you can torment my student without bearing the consequences?"

Matthew's words sent a shiver down everyone's spine.

An abrupt gust of wind arose, causing Douglas's robe to billow and rustle.

Witnessing the display of power, Douglas recognized the masked man with half his face concealed as a formidable opponent.

Seeking to intimidate his opponent by invoking his family's influence, Douglas proclaimed, "How dare you meddle in the affairs of the Albertssons?"

Douglas's ears, hardened by countless similar confrontations, absorbed the weight of those threats.

"My students are resilient against your torment. Since you seem fond of causing harm to others, I'll grant you the chance to experience it."

With his statement concluded Matthew lifted his palm.

A resounding smack echoed through the air. The next second, Douglas was seen soaring through the sky, tossed about like a stray leaf.

Turning toward Emma and Rylan, Matthew voiced his intent, "Enough. Let's go back."

However, right at that moment, a jolt of terror ran through Matthew's body, causing every hair to stand on end.

He instinctively crossed his arms in front of his chest for protection.

Shortly after, a terrifying force surged through Matthew's arms, spreading throughout his entire body. The impact forced him to stagger back a few steps before he could regain his balance.

Matthew looked up and saw an elderly man standing with a stooped posture.

At that moment, all the students from Class 3, curious about the absence of Rylan and Emma, came running out.

Leading the group was Tristin Mercado, Rylan's loyal follower.

When he caught sight of the elderly man, he was startled.

"Mr... Mr. Harrington!"

Sensing the commotion caused by Tristin, the elderly man turned his attention to the group of students who had hurried out.

With a deep and cold tone, he spoke.

"Engaging in physical brawls is strictly prohibited within the academy. Consider this your first and final warning." His words resonated with a weighty admonition.

"I'll keep that in mind, Mr. Harrington," Matthew retorted.

Drake Harrington, the Vice Dean of the Ground Force, narrowed his eyes, studying the features of both Matthew and Douglas as if etching them into his memory.

Letting out a contemptuous snort, he vanished from the sight of the onlookers. Only a swirling cloud of dust remained in his wake.

Douglas, in comparison to Matthew, found himself lacking in strength. Covering his swollen face, he stormed off with a resentful glare.

Only after the formidable Drake had departed did the students muster the courage to approach Rylan and the rest.

"Rylan, are you alright?" Tristin extended his hand, but Rylan waved it away, exuding a sense of melancholy.

"I'm fine!"

"Emma, thanks for your help this time."

Emma couldn't help but break into a smile upon hearing this, her face brightening with delight.

"No need to thank me..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Rylan had already departed, leaving behind a desolate silhouette amidst the group of students.

"Let him be. The rest of you, please head back now."

As soon as Matthew's words trailed off, everyone scattered, each going their separate ways.

Within the confines of the classroom in the Ground Force, once all the students had departed, Matthew shed all disguises and settled into a seated position, silently dedicating himself to training.

At that very moment, his ears perked up, as the urgent sound of approaching footsteps echoed from a distance.

The classroom door swung open, and Rylan burst in, his face smudged with dirt.

"Instructor Matthew, should I take your words from earlier today seriously?"

Matthew opened his eyes.

Once a brash and arrogant figure during the day, Rylan now bore multiple bruises across his body.

His left eye socket was particularly swollen and discolored, a deep shade of black and blue.

"What do you mean?"

"It looks like you got beaten up quite badly. Look at your swollen face, they really went all out."

With tears staining his face, Rylan brushed off Matthew's playful remark and posed the question once more.

"Instructor Matthew, are you serious about what you said before?"

He was well aware that within the Ground Force, none of the instructors considered them deserving.

This was partially due to their connections and, to some extent, their inherent lack of talent.

If one possessed extraordinary talent in martial arts, there would be no need for a vast amount of money to break open this futile path.