

Chapter 2401 The Re-Election of the Martial League Begins

One week later.

A silver light streaked across the clear sky of Bainbridge, leaving a long tail behind.

Matthew, who was immersed in his meditation, suddenly opened his eyes, anticipation shining in his gaze.

"Has the re-election of the Martial League finally begun?"

The next day, early in the morning.

The whole of Bainbridge erupted with excitement.

Countless spectators flocked to the Martial League's martial arts arena.

As they made their way, they engaged in animated discussions fueled by anticipation.

Because of the re-election of the Martial League.

The entire Bainbridge city even had a three-day holiday.

Since the people were free during this time, they came to watch the event.

Tens of thousands of spectators had already gathered outside the martial arts arena.

There were a sea of people, their discussions and clamor filling the air.

As time passed, many contestants started arriving one after another.

The martial arts area had been prepared well in advance, with tiers of stands constructed for optimal viewing.

From low to high, the stands connected seamlessly, ensuring that all spectators could witness the grand show.

Because of this, many people arrived early to secure a good spot.

In the middle of the martial arts arena, a wide and long platform, hundreds of meters in size, was placed.

During the preparation stage, the Martial League reinforced the platform with one-meter-thick Diamond Rock as a battling ground for the contestants.

Around the platform, there were rows of seats with names on them, spaced one meter apart.

Next to the seats, there were various fruits and snacks prepared.

Around noon.

The spectators were mostly settled in their places.

"I heard that this time's Martial League re-election will be dominated by the younger generation"

"Indeed. The older generation should have gracefully retired. There's no need for them to compete anymore."

"Hey, hey, have you placed your bets?"

"Get out of here! Don't you know that the Martial League is cracking down on private betting?"

"Do you want to get me into trouble?"

Amidst the discussions, a clamorous noise suddenly erupted.

"Look, the contestants are here."

The entire crowd fell silent, their gazes fixed in the distance.

Silhouettes emerged, gracefully traversing the ground as they swiftly approached, leaping over towering buildings.

Soon, the contestants gathered around the platform.

There were thousands of contestants, representing families, regions, the Martial League, the Armored Corps, and the Ground Force, among others.

In short, they were all the top young experts in their respective forces.

The north wind blew, rustling the branches.

It also whispered through the garments of these awe-inspiring youngsters.

Louie Bane. He was a young man who had once been regarded as the best in the world.

Many people of the same age in the audience looked at him with envy.

Setting aside everything else, just being under the spotlight of tens of thousands of people was their lifelong dream.

"When I was young, I also dreamed of participating in the Martial League re-election at the age of twenty-two. Now, I have finally accomplished half of it."

"What do you mean by half? Are you going to participate in the next Martial League re-election?"

"No, I'm already twenty-three years old."

"Hmph, stop showing off. Look at those truly extraordinary individuals, the epitome of youth and talent."

"If I could achieve such success, I would be willing to stay single for the rest of my life."

There's no such thing as the best writer, and there's no such thing as the second-best fighter.

The contest was filled with youthful passion.

The contest had not even started, but the contestants were already eyeing each other with a sense of rivalry.

Just at that moment.

Representatives from various forces in Emgate also arrived, exuding an air of authority.

Of course, there were also envoys from countries like Eshesh, Dshen, and Oflon, who came to witness the event.

Under the gaze of hundreds of thousands of spectators, they took their places one by one.

And finally, Blake led a group of Martial League elders onto the stage.

In an instant, tens of thousands of Martial League members turned around and saluted in the same direction, shouting in unison.

"Martial League members, we welcome the elders, we welcome the Great Elder."