

### Chapter 2408 Horatio Pascal's Turn for Battle

Horatio's strength was not only unfathomable, but he was also a complete lunatic. He was extremely ruthless, acting solely out of personal preference, and he treated human lives with insignificance.

"You look like you're afraid of me," Horatio suddenly said to his team member as he walked toward the crowd.

The member quickly went pale with fear and he retorted, "N-no, I'm not."

Horatio kicked him far away after he had finished his stuttering response, causing him to crash into the wall. He was severely bleeding, and his internal organs were gushing out.

"Hmph. You're such a coward, yet you dare to fight for our Land of Divinity."

When the Great Octavian saw that, his face turned grim.

They hadn't even begun the battle yet, and Horatio had already disabled one of their own.

"You..."

For a while, the Great Octavian raised his arm and pointed at Horatio, but he eventually said nothing.

"The opponent is strong, so don't underestimate her."

Horatio simply waved his hand dismissively, and responded, "Tsk tsk. The older people get, the more cowardly they become."

He then moved toward the martial arts stage after finishing his sentence.

"It's been a long time since I've tasted the sweet blood of a young girl," he said before slowly ascending the stage.

When he got close to Freya, he took a deep breath and muttered, "Sure enough, the scent of a girl can give the sense of smell the greatest satisfaction."

He looked at Freya and grinned widely as he spoke.

The moment Master Kurt and the older spectators in the Martial League saw Horatio for the first time, Master Kurt suddenly tightened his hold on his amulet necklace.

"This young man exudes a fearsome aura! He must have stained his hands with the blood of countless living beings."

Upon hearing this, Blake Carr instantly understood. He secretly signaled the referee on behalf of the Martial League to protect the disciple of The Unrivaled Swordsman.

At this point, Freya frowned in disgust as she observed his opponent's perverted behavior.

"How disgusting!"

Horatio, who was initially smitten, immediately lost his smile as soon as these words were spoken.

He smirked with bloodshot red eyes.

Then, he drew nearer to Freya and said lowly, "Many beautiful girls have said the same thing to me before. Guess what happened to them?"

Horatio paused, and then he made a face that was insanely creepy.

"They were all locked in iron cages. The sound of their begging was simply delightful. Hahaha! You're going to be the next."

After saying that, he stared at Freya with anticipation, as if he wanted to see fear in her eyes. However, to his disappointment, her expression remained unchanged except for disgust.

"How boring!" he exclaimed, licking his lips greedily before taking a step back.

At this point, the referee entered the stage, and Freya received the signal that the match was about to begin.

When she shrugged her right shoulder, the wooden box behind her fell to the floor with a loud crash, creating a cloud of dust.

She straightened her posture, and a sword the size of a person was in her grip.

"The match starts now!" the referee declared.

Following the referee's command, Freya kicked forward, and the Arctic Saw swung into action instantly.

She didn't waste any time and swung her sword with a stern face. Instantly, a powerful aura spread through the room, as though she wanted to sever the disgusting man in front of her in half.

Horatio shook his head scornfully as he watched the sword draw near.

This move was definitely not weak in terms of strength. Unfortunately for her, she had met him, a man whose strength far outweighed his agility.

He was therefore certain to prevail in this match.