

Chapter 2415 The Silver Dragon's Phantom

Albus bowed and retreated a dozen steps before turning his spear and slamming the tip of it into the ground, at which point he managed to regain his balance.

He then shook his numb arm and immediately showed excitement.

"Hahaha! That's more like it! If not, I'd have serious regrets about squandering my first opportunity to make a move on defeating a jerk."

After saying that, he didn't wait for the opponent's response.

He raised his steel spear and charged forward again.

Due to the fact that both were top-tier young experts in body techniques, when they clashed once more, the glint from the spear and fist shadows disappeared right in front of the audience.

The only thing visible were two residual images colliding and bursting into bursts of fireworks.

"Wow, that was lightning fast!"

Matthew sighed as he observed the two fighting.

Although he felt that he could also attack with such speed, he felt that continuing to do so would be too much for him.

He didn't seem to be let down by the Martial League's re-election, and at this thought, his eyes began to sparkle with anticipation.

The constant attacks and defenses of this intensity also caused Rhett Wyatt to sigh a lot.

"The new overthrows the old, indeed. When I was their age, I used to lie around all day thinking about the future."

Upon hearing this, Blake also smiled faintly.

"Indeed, it seems that our persistence over the past twenty years has not been in vain. These young people will undoubtedly be able to represent our martial arts in Cathay during holidays."

"Although I had high expectations for the Nolan kid, I ended up underestimating him."

Rhett added, "I didn't expect these old men to keep their genius elites so well hidden. If it weren't for this re-election of the Martial League, we wouldn't have known that this generation of young people has grown to such a level."

After saying that, he laughed heartily.

The audience had no idea what they were talking about, so they were perplexed when the two Great Elders who were watching burst out laughing.

On the battlefield, the two sides dispersed as well.

Albus was once again pushed back by the opposing force but he was noticeably excited.

"Hahaha! It's been a long time since I had such a good time. Come again!"

He rushed towards the opponent again after laughing.

There seemed to be a sense that the more you fought, the more brave you were.

Horatio, on the other hand, raised his shoulder and smiled cruelly.

"Enjoying yourself? I'll make sure you have even more fun later."

He curled his five fingers, causing black patterns to emanate from his body as he finished speaking.

Then, at the tips of his ten fingers, pointed objects resembling knives appeared.

After countless fights, Horatio also came to the conclusion that his speed alone was powerless against the opponent.

And as time went on, although his physical strength remained at its peak, the dark energy in his body had already been depleted quite a bit.

And replenishing it would be a difficult task.

Horatio had no intention of dragging it out any longer.

At this moment, Albus instantly felt the ominous energy emanating from the other side.

"Oh, it seems like I can't play around anymore. Someone is ready to kill now."

"I still haven't had enough fun, you know."

"Absolute power, huh? I wonder if you can handle this move."

His initial playful smile then vanished in an instant, and a strong sense of ominous energy quickly followed.

"Go, Silver Dragon!"

A powerful wind suddenly surged around Albus with his low shout as spiritual power filled the martial arts arena.

Even Matthew and the other spectators' long robes were rustling in the wind outside the arena.

A cry was heard in the following instant. "D*mn, it's a white dragon!"