

Chapter 2455 The Confidence of Both Sides in the Duel

After Mylo entered the room, the lively scene suddenly became quiet.

Although everyone regarded him with condescension, they still showed him a certain level of respect as the operation's leader.

"Everyone seems to be in high spirits today. As this duel's final day dawns, I've had a discussion with the Great Elder of the Martial League regarding the bet's terms," Mylo said.

"For each match, both sides shall field three participants, with ten islands at stake. Now is the time to unveil your skills," he added.

Mylo didn't waste any more words and refrained from further unnecessary talk.

He was well aware that the disciples representing powerful factions held themselves in high esteem and regarded him with condescension.

He had no intention of tolerating their disdain any longer.

The message had been conveyed sufficiently.

The particulars of the arrangements rested in their hands.

After all, the young talents from Cathay had already made their impressive entrance.

The next three matches were essentially assured victories.

Mylo couldn't help but wonder what was going through Blake's mind.

He had provoked Blake with a few words, and despite the certainty of defeat, Blake had accepted the challenge.

It seems to be a matter of personal pride.

With these thoughts, he exited the room with a pleased smile.

At this moment, Blake, the subject of Mylo's mention, was comfortably seated in the Great Elder's chair with a smiling face.

Observing his radiant demeanor, Rhett teasingly asked, "What's gotten into you? Planning to take a second spouse? Your grin's practically touching your ears."

"Oh, come on, you're the one about to marry a second wife," Blake retorted.

After retrieving a fresh contract from his pocket, he continued, "You won't believe what happened. The Great Octavian is acting irrationally. Just before the match, he approached me to tweak the wager. Take a look, this is the newest agreement we've signed."

As Rhett scrutinized the document, his interest was piqued.

"A wager of ten islands per match? Doesn't that carry significant risk? Furthermore, it appears that we're short on impressive experts on our side," Rhett remarked.

However, Blake waved his hand dismissively. "One bout for Charley, another for Matthew. As for the last, we'll entrust it to Master Doe."

At first glance, the arrangement seemed flawless.

However, the instant he finished speaking, several pairs of eyes instantly locked onto him.

"What? Charley is back?"

From Rhett's perspective, a young man who ventured alone to the Far North before reaching adulthood, and had been missing for so many years, was practically half-dead.

He never expected Charley to return.

Furthermore, enduring the harshness of the Far North's solitude for more than five years demanded an awe-inspiring level of strength.

Contemplating this, Rhett couldn't help but curiously ask, "So, how strong is Charley now?"

Confronted with such a question, Blake went all mysterious and playfully stroked his beard. "Well, among the younger generation in Cathay, he can be considered the cream of the crop."

This statement was a conservative estimate on his part.

After all, numerous disciples of the hidden sects rarely appeared in public.

As the Martial Alliance posed a threat of potentially snatching a few promising talents, everyone remained hidden and guarded.

However, in comparison to the renowned young geniuses who had already made a name for themselves, Charley could certainly be classified as top-tier.

With an excited expression, Rhett anxiously asked, "What about Emsgate? Have they caught wind of this news?"

He had put a lot of effort into the alliance between the Medical and Martial Leagues.

Now that a youth with extraordinary talent had emerged, he was particularly thrilled.

On the contrary, Blake couldn't help but roll his eyes. "Seriously? If they were aware, would they dare to ink an agreement with the Martial League? Just wait and watch. Let's hope they savor this kind of surprise when the time arrives."

At this juncture, Doe, the junior disciple, was also elated.

While Master Wyatt isn't keen on allowing my participation in this competition, Elder Carr's authority in the Martial League leaves him no room for objection. This presents a chance for me to take action.

As they chatted away, the third day of the duel unfurled.

As for who the hunter was, and who the prey would be, it all depended on how the competition unfolded.

The outcome of the competition was anticipated with fervor.