

Chapter 2463 Matthew vs Chad

One should focus on the situation in the Martial League competition instead of the one involving Paintaker.

Following the defeat in the first round, the morale on the Emsgate side was clearly at an all-time low.

The only one with high spirits at the scene was Chad.

The reason was simple. In the next round, he would step onto the arena to defeat Matthew and eliminate any doubts in the minds of his fellow Emsgate peers.

"It looks like it's up to us from the Talone Sect to step in."

"What bad luck, losing in the first round. If we had known it would be this disgraceful, we should have let someone from our Talone Sect participate instead."

As for Matthew's side, Charley looked at him, his face pale, appearing frail.

He couldn't help but ask with concern, "Matthew, can you still handle this? If you can't, let's just admit defeat in this round."

"Just leave the last round to me. I promise I can handle the competition. You should prioritize your health instead."

In response to Charley's concern, Matthew smiled, raising the Bloodreaper in his hand and waving it before him.

"You did say my weapon was good, right? It would be a shame not to use such a divine weapon to shed the blood of the Emsgate people."

After saying that, Matthew slowly walked up to the arena.

All he left for Charley was just a carefree silhouette.

Although Matthew didn't give a direct answer, it was clear from his words that he had absolute confidence in this battle.

Coincidentally, Chad also had the same confidence at this moment.

Although Matthew's sword strike from last night's ambush left a deep impression on him, his side also inflicted heavy damage on Matthew.

He would have died on the spot if it weren't for someone's rescue.

While it was regrettable, it wasn't a bad outcome either.

Chad could seize this opportunity to disable Matthew in front of everyone completely.

"It seems that Cathay has run out of options. They actually resorted to having a half-dead person participate in the competition."

Once Chad spoke these words, the audience became furious.

However, how could one describe it?

Matthew's current appearance did indeed seem relatively weak.

His complexion was pale, and his body was hunched.

He looked like he was on the verge of death.

The only exception might be Ella.

Although she felt somewhat distressed seeing Matthew in such a state, it didn't stop her inexplicable admiration and reliance on him.

She leaned on the railing of the elder's seat, happily waving her little fists.

"Matthew, go for it!"

"Matthew, you're the best!"

"Matthew, go beat up his foul mouth!"

Perhaps she was too excited. Her little cheeks were already flushed red.

As for the strange gazes from others, Ella completely ignored them.

In her eyes, there was only Matthew.

Upon seeing that Matthew was not reacting in the arena, Chad's arrogance became even more rampant.

"Today, let's see if you still have such good luck. If I don't disable you in this round, I'm not part of the Talone Sect anymore!"

In his opinion, defeating someone so severely injured in a battle was just a matter of seconds.

On the other side, Matthew originally just wanted to finish the match quickly and go back to recover.

It's just that Chad was a bit too talkative and annoying.

"Just get on with it already. If you keep blabbering like this, the competition would have ended ages ago."

After hearing Matthew's impatient voice, Chad smirked.

"Then, it shall be as you wish."

Before the words even settled, Matthew felt a surge of nimbus beneath his feet.

Without hesitation, he immediately somersaulted backward several times and, with one hand on the ground, moved far away from his previous position.

As for the spot where he was just standing, clumps of triangular spikes appeared.

"You're not very polite, are you? You actually tried to sneakily attack me."

As Matthew looked at those suddenly emerging earth spikes, he sneered disdainfully.

However, Chad, on the opposite side, didn't respond.

He swiftly ran around the entire arena with a gust of wind under his feet.