

Chapter 2465 The Victory Lost through Pretense

Underneath the arena, Charley couldn't help but frown as he watched the battle unfold before him.

As he raised his gaze, he noticed that Matthew's complexion became even paler after using his sword skill.

As a fellow swordsman, Charley could immediately see the problem.

Even though this sword strike was powerful, it only exerted about forty to fifty percent of its total strength due to Matthew's depleted energy.

It was far from enough to break through the opponent's defense.

This strike had also become the final straw that broke Matthew's back.

At this point, he was already running on fumes, and if he didn't have any other cards up his sleeve, it seemed like he would lose this battle.

Indeed, Matthew's current state was just as Charley had thought.

Although Sword Break had tremendous destructive power, its toll on his mental and physical energy was equally immense.

Matthew, who was still in the recovery period, now struggled even to lift his sword.

His legs gave way, and he ended up supporting himself on the floor with just one hand, half-kneeling.

After shaking his head subtly, Matthew let out a faint sigh.

Initially, he thought one strike would be enough to defeat his opponent, but, in the end, he overestimated his physical condition and underestimated his opponent's abilities.

On the other side, after withdrawing the defensive earth wall, Chad gazed at Matthew's helpless, pitiable appearance. With a wicked smile, he felt even more triumphant.

"Weren't you quite arrogant just now? How come you're begging on your knees for mercy now?" he taunted. "But it's useless to beg for mercy now. I will pierce these earth spikes into your limbs one by one. And finally, I'll destroy your hara. Hahaha!"

Is there something seriously wrong with this guy? Matthew thought silently.

Since it was just a duel, couldn't he admit defeat if he couldn't handle it?

Even the judge would think about whether the contestant ignored his presence.

Of course, Chad was indeed a man of his word.

He slowly walked up to Matthew.

With a wave of his hand, an earth spike as thick as a chopstick rapidly shot out.

As Matthew furrowed his brows, the spike jabbed straight into his thigh.

A burst of hot, crimson blood gushed out immediately.

"Wow! You've got quite a strong willpower, huh? You're not even screaming in pain! How about this?"

After saying that, another spike pierced into Matthew's arm.

At this point, the distance between them was just over twenty feet.

As Matthew watched his opponent taking step after step towards him, he suddenly cracked a grin. "Mr. Chad, you seem to be getting too close to me."

Before the words had even entirely left his mouth, Matthew opened his eyes wide.

As Chad sensed something unusual, he felt a surge of unease.

However, just as he was about to react and evade, his vision suddenly blurred, and in the blink of an eye, he felt a sharp pain in his lower abdomen.

Then he felt his nimbus rapidly draining from his body.

"What did you do to me?" With bloodshot eyes, Chad demanded angrily.

"Hehe, haven't you already figured it out? Why bother asking me? I just made a tiny hole in your hara. Is there a need to make such a fuss about it?" Matthew replied, and a small iron needle floated silently in his palm.

"You..."

Although Chad had already guessed it, hearing that his hara was breached directly from Matthew's mouth filled him with despair.

How could this be possible?

Matthew was clearly in a state where he could be easily defeated.

Yet, he had such a powerful trump card. Why didn't he use it last night?

On this matter, Chad was indeed unlucky.

The Solitary Nine Needles were something that only Matthew had only recently acquired, and he had just started learning to wield them.

If Chad hadn't gotten too close, it would have been hard to say what the outcome of this duel would be.

However, despite his hara being breached, he still had some strength.

As Chad was fueled by rage and resentment, he gritted his teeth, balled his fist, and with a murderous aura, he started walking towards Matthew.

With his hara breached and in utter despair, Chad embraced the idea of dying with Matthew as his eyes reflected madness.

Yet, before he could take more than a few steps, Matthew forcefully endured the excruciating pain in his mind and once again used the Solitary Nine Needles.

With pronounced veins bulging on his temples, the iron needle in his hand rose steadily.

Then, the sharp tip of the needle, gleaming with a cold light, aimed directly at Chad's forehead.