

Chapter 2472 The End of the Final Battle

No one in the crowd knew what had happened in the dust-filled air.

The only thing they saw was the sudden scream from the Emsgate participant, followed by her hastily running out from within with Charley's windbreaker wrapped around her.

This scene left everyone utterly bewildered.

"Um... What just happened?"

"How would I know? Does it look like I have X-ray vision?"

"Do you think they—you know what I mean—in there..."

"All I know is that you're talking nonsense. I bet you wouldn't dare touch that Emsgate girl even if she's right in front of you when she looks like that."

As he pointed toward the black-robed servant, his companion followed his line of sight and saw the Emsgate girl covered in blood, dirt, and disheveled hair. A shiver ran down his spine, and he abandoned any other thoughts.

"Forget about it. We won. That's all that matters."

Before Blake, the temporary referee, could announce the match result, a massive cheer suddenly erupted from the audience.

"We won! A complete victory against Emsgate!"

"Well done, Martial League!"

Amidst the deafening cheers, the dust on the arena gradually settled.

Compared to the opponent's miserable appearance, Charley remained as composed as ever. The blazing sword in his hand had already been sheathed.

"The winner, Charley Henderson!"

After announcing the match result, Blake went straight to Charley and reprimanded him, "You brat, don't you know how to control your strength?! We went through so much trouble to set up this martial stage, and you destroyed it like this."

Blake pointed behind him as he spoke.

The once intact diamond rock martial stage had collapsed by more than half. On the other side, numerous cracks and fissures had appeared due to the tremendous impact.

Charley grinned sheepishly as he scratched his head. "Elder Carr, you know full well the kind of enemies I faced during my training in the Far North for the past five years. I've already gotten used to these grand and powerful moves. It's hard to change all of a sudden."

Of course, this was just his excuse. Deep down, he had other motives, but it wasn't convenient to share them.

"Be more careful next time. If it weren't for our timely response, your match could have caused significant casualties."

Facing Blake's admonition, Charley responded solemnly, "Thank you, Elder Carr. Rest assured, I'll be more careful next time."

Of course, that wasn't what he really thought.

He wouldn't dare go all out like this at all if these prominent figures weren't supervising.

Afterward, Blake suppressed his amusement and gave him a few more words of advice. In essence, it was a reminder not to become overly proud, to remain open to learning, and that there's always someone better out there. After delivering his words, Blake left happily.

As for the group of elders led by Rhett, they also approached Charley Henderson with content smiles.

"Well done, young man. You have extraordinary talent. The future of Cathay is in the hands of you youngsters!"

After speaking, he patted Charley's shoulder with force, causing Charley to grimace in pain.

Alas, Rhett's commendation was just the beginning. One after another, the core elders who had supervised the match stepped forward. Each of them took their turn to offer Charley their praise and finally patted his shoulder with satisfaction.

Perhaps the elders are a little too excited, so they end up being a bit heavy-handed. Yes, that's how it was.

With that in mind, Charley rubbed his sore shoulder and stepped down from the stage.

Among the departing core elders, whispers began to rise.

"You guys are too gentle, you know!?"

"Gentle? Are you kidding me? I used hidden energy. I guarantee his shoulder will be swollen for a week!"

"This is a good trick. Let him return the humiliation we suffered."

Amidst the laughter and chatter, everyone slowly made their way back to the elder's seats. Naturally, the post-match affairs were left to Rhett to handle.