

Chapter 2671 New Skills

After dozens of rounds, Shawn was panting heavily while Rocco remained relaxed. "To think I thought you were some formidable opponent, who'd have thought you're only good with words?! Ha! Trash!"

Shawn, feeling the contempt, flushed. "D*mn it. Again!"

Charging forward once more, he leaped into the air and attempted a swift roundhouse kick toward Rocco's head. Rocco smiled with disdain, easily side-stepping the attack as he shifted his body.

Watching the match, Matthew shook his head in resignation. Shawn had too little real combat experience. Taunted by his opponent's words, Shawn lost his composure and, already at a disadvantage, had even slimmer hopes of winning.

In stark contrast, Rocco possessed superior strength and a sharp intellect. He evaded Shawn's attacks with ease, playing with his opponent as if it were a game. Shawn became increasingly frantic, and his attacks lost focus.

Rocco said, "Heh, fancy footwork, lacking in power, and slow speed. Where did you even learn this technique? You're utterly confused." As Rocco once again dodged Shawn's roundhouse kick, he quickly slid forward, crashing into Shawn with his full body weight.

Eight Fists, Mountain Strike!

Realizing the danger, Shawn hurriedly retracted his attack, but he was a step too slow.

In Rocco's eyes, there was a sudden surge of hostility, and the next moment, his body trembled as a tremendous and terrifying burst of power erupted. It was as if a speeding truck had collided head-on with Shawn, sending him flying backward.

Matthew stepped in to catch Shawn as he crashed to the ground, blood spurting from his mouth.

"What did I say? I offered to step in to save your dignity, but you just won't listen." With these words, Matthew took out a pill for internal injuries and fed it to Shawn. Thanks to his protective armor, Shawn's injuries weren't too severe; the shockwave from Rocco's attack merely shocked his internal organs, and a few days of rest would suffice to make a full recovery.

"I was just a bit careless..." Shawn began to speak, wanting to offer an explanation, but found himself at a loss for words.

"Sure, some people have rotted to their core, but their mouths are still running. Just sit and rest for a while. Watch as I regain your honor," Matthew taunted playfully, helping Shawn to his seat before standing up again.

"Hey, big guy, don't think you can just take your seat after injuring my buddy!"

Rocco's expression froze when he heard Matthew's words. By the feel of his aura, Matthew wasn't even one-tenth as powerful as Shawn, so Rocco was rather surprised someone like him would dare clamor. At that, Rocco mocked with a sneer, "Acting tough, eh? I can kill you with just one punch, and when that happens, do you expect this trash to bury you?"

If he wasn't concerned about affecting Solon's plan, he would have long since attacked and crippled Matthew.

As his words came out, Solon and his followers behind him burst into laughter. "If you didn't have the Zedlers backing you up, you'd have died a million times by now!"

"Look at you, all scrawny looking! Rocco will turn you into meatloaf with just a punch! Birds of a feather sure flock together! You two are nothing but a couple of trash!"

Shawn, originally sullen from Rocco's derogatory comments, now found himself happy to hear the mockery directed at Matthew. "What did I tell you, boss? Never be too low-key in life. Look at how they're making fun of you!"

"Pfft, why should I get upset over those making fun of me when I can just shut them up with brute force? Matthew shrugged, then mimicked Shawn's trash-talking. "Come at me, you piece of trash! I'll give you a handicap and use only one hand."

Immediately, Rocco turned around.

Matthew, seeing Rocco's bloodshot eyes from anger, couldn't help lamenting. Indeed, there's always someone to learn from, and he had now learned the art of drawing hatred from Shawn.