

Chapter 2672 Overwhelming Rocco

"Give me a handicap?" Rocco, a prominent figure, couldn't help feeling offended by the mockery of his cherished martial skills from this piece of trash before him.

Solon knew Rocco's temper and his strength. After exchanging glances with Rocco, he smiled confidently. "Since he wants to make a fool of himself, Rocco, I would appreciate your assistance. But, Rocco, please go easy on him. If you kill him, the Zedler Family will say we're unruly when they come to collect the body."

His tone wasn't commanding; it was more of a request.

"Understood! I'll finish the fight in five seconds." Rocco had just finished sparring with Shawn and was now eager to end the fight with Matthew as quickly as possible.

"Make sure your men have an ambulance ready. Otherwise, there won't be a chance for resuscitation," he said with a hint of mockery in his grin.

With a clap of his hands, the air around him trembled, and a shockwave sent dust flying.

Eight Fists, Opening Hand!

On the other side, Matthew couldn't help but show a touch of sentiment. He had also practiced Eight Fists and Joint Technique, but as his opponents grew stronger, he had set these martial arts aside for a long time.

"I wonder if I still have it in me," he mumbled under his breath and stood with his hands behind his back. He beckoned to his opponent with an outstretched palm as if to say, "Come at me!"

Meanwhile, Enzo, who organized the gathering, just wanted to be a quiet spectator. This was about the Durham Family, and his involvement didn't benefit him in any way.

So, he simply took on the role of an audience member with a keen interest in watching the unfolding conflict. Although the intelligence reports stated that Matthew was unparalleled in both medical skills and martial arts, Enzo had never seen him in action. This was a great opportunity to do so.

"Do you think Mr. Rocco will turn Larson into a meatloaf?"

"It's hard to say. Look at how frail that dude looks. How could he possibly withstand Rocco's iron fist? He'll go down in one move."

"Yeah, you think Rocco's Eight Fists is just for show? It's a deadly skill."

Amidst the hushed discussions among the subordinates, Rocco made his move. He suddenly surged with power, creating a breeze in the grand hall. His immense presence swept the surroundings.

"Ha!"

As he raised his hand, he aimed a palm strike directly at Matthew's chest.

"As expected of Rocco! He really knows how to intimidate his opponent!"

Amazed by the display, the onlookers turned their gaze to Matthew, who stood motionless as if he had been startled, neither attacking nor evading. He looked like a sitting duck.

Enzo's lips twitched involuntarily in response. Can it be that this kid is just a paper tiger, all show and no substance?

As Matthew was about to be struck and sent flying, Rocco suddenly halted his action. Not out of any mercy but because Matthew had firmly seized his wrist, rendering him totally immobile.

"How is this possible?" Rocco widened his eyes. According to his expectations, Matthew should be on the ground, incapacitated. This sudden turn of events left him in utter disbelief.

Matthew's expression remained calm, and he looked down at his opponent, his words sharp but casual. "Are you a weakling? Your attack is so feeble."

Rocco was about to react to this taunt, but in the next moment, Matthew's whip kick came from the side, and the speed was so quick that Rocco could only hastily raise his arm to block.

With a muffled sound, a powerful gust of wind hit him in the face, and his dark hair wildly swayed as he fell backward. As for his arm, it had gone numb.

"Not bad. Your reflexes are pretty quick!" Matthew said, twisting his waist and taking Rocco's wrist. He then flung Rocco away like the latter was a boule, sending him flying a considerable distance.

Under the immense force, Rocco crashed through a dozen chairs before coming to a stop. However, to his shock, Matthew had appeared before him just as he had stood up.