

### Chapter 2673 Suspecting Matthew's Identity

"Your Eight Fists still need more practice, and your talent is lacking," Matthew taunted with a hint of mockery on his face. Of course, this wasn't because he was talkative; he was just fighting fire with fire. When Rocco sparred with Shawn, the former was quite talkative.

Of course, Rocco did have extraordinary skills overall, but in the context of Eight Fists, Matthew had pushed his abilities to the extreme. However, Rocco was too complacent to begin with, and combined with Matthew's taunting, the whole battle left Rocco in complete disarray, significantly weakening him by the end.

Rocco's face flushed crimson with anger at this point. Within his martial sect, his Eight Fists were far superior to his fellow disciples. Now, being mocked by Matthew was infuriating.

Burning with rage, he pushed his body to its limits, his Eight Fists erupting with ferocity, almost as if he didn't care about his own well-being. Meanwhile, Matthew continued to stand casually with one hand, effortlessly parrying the relentless onslaught.

In this world, what went around came around. Rocco had previously dominated Shawn, but now he was being dominated by Matthew. After hundreds of rounds, Rocco was drenched in sweat. Still, he couldn't lay a finger on Matthew.

"This is not how you throw a punch!" Matthew mocked, taking advantage of an opening in his opponent's attack to move in. Rocco's wavering focus allowed Matthew to execute a precise Eight Fists, Shoulder Strike.

Rocco's expression changed, and he quickly pulled his arms up to protect his chest. A distinct cracking sound echoed as his arms were overwhelmed. Rocco was sent flying once more, and this time, it was much more intense. After creating a concave dent in the meeting room's wall, he finally came to a halt in his flight.

"You're too weak!" Matthew clapped his hands and sneered before returning to his seat. "Come on, Shawn, you're seriously lacking, getting beaten up by someone like him. You've really embarrassed me."

Shawn rolled his eyes and muttered under his breath, "Are you hearing yourself? It's because you're formidable, alright? Seriously, though, how do you even train? How can you improve your strength with breakneck speed?!"

After regaining his composure, Rocco was both shocked and furious. He realized he had fallen into Matthew's trap. If it weren't for his anger clouding his judgment, he wouldn't have ended up in such a wretched state.

"What are you standing there for? Go check if Mr. Rocco is okay," Enzo scolded sternly.

He had brought his friend here with the intention of teaching Matthew a lesson, lowering the latter's arrogance, and then using the Durham Family's influence to make him apologize and hand over the culprit, Shawn. However, things didn't go as planned. Not only had they failed to teach Matthew a lesson, but Rocco was even defeated!

Supported by his men, the injured Rocco glanced at Matthew indignantly before leaving to receive medical treatment.

On the other side, although Enzo maintained a calm expression throughout the event while sipping his tea and watching, Matthew's strength genuinely astonished him. It was almost unbelievable, and even if he had stepped into the fray himself, the outcome against Matthew would likely still be a toss-up.

Could Matthew be the long-lost grandson of Old Mr. Zedler? With this thought, Enzo couldn't help but glance at his daughter and sighed. Well, sometimes you just can't compare!

Elara also appeared baffled. She couldn't figure out the meaning behind the disappointed look that flickered in her father's eyes a moment ago.

As various thoughts circulated among the crowd, Solon glared fiercely at Matthew. If glares could kill, Matthew would probably have been struck down by now.

"Matthew Larson, you've got some nerve! First, you let your subordinates destroy the Durham Family's dock, and now you've injured my good friend. Do you think I'm some pushover?!" Solon's voice rang out, and his henchmen behind him stood up in an instant.

Shawn, who had experienced many grand occasions, retorted immediately. "It was your dock that harbored the Keller Family's assassins. They even pointed a gun at me. People reap what they sow. The Kellers brought this upon themselves, so don't blame others. As for your friend, since he's not as skilled, he should stay humble. When you're outmatched, you should accept it. Look at me; I got injured. Did you see me running my mouth?"

Shawn's implication was clear: if Rocco wasn't up to par, Solon should stop talking and making noise on his behalf.

At that, Shawn casually dug his nose and cast a disdainful glance at the opponent's henchmen. "What? Are you planning to gang up on us after losing one-on-one? Let me guess, you'll call your daddy for help if you also lose in a group fight!"

When it came to verbal sparring, Shawn had never backed down from anyone!