

Chapter 2839 A Terrifying Showdown Of Power

As Matthew's momentum steadily increased, the man in the black robe crouched down, sensing the growing intensity of the battle.

"Now, things are getting interesting. Give it your all, or you won't stand a chance later."

Although he had promised Toby not to kill, accidents happen in fights. Besides, he didn't care about the consequences. He wouldn't stay at the foot of the mountain for long anyway. He had already indulged himself enough, so let Toby take the blame.

A dark nimbus swirled around the man in the black robe, taking the faint shape of a fierce tiger. The emanating killing intent made the spectators gasp for breath as their hair stood on end as if they were being stared at by a beast.

"This black-robed man is too terrifying. Is he even human?"

"I only caught a glimpse of him, but it already felt like my soul was being sucked out."

"He's so powerful. Mr. Larson might not be able to defeat him."

Many of the onlookers were witnessing such a high-level fight for the first time, and they couldn't help but worry. If Matthew were to lose, he would not be spared by Prince Toby. Not only would the Martial League be affected, but the Commercial Union would also collapse.

As the crown prince listened to their discussions, his face darkened. "What nonsense are you talking about? How could Matthew possibly lose?"

"Those who know better should step back. You cowards only know how to doubt Matthew. If you get hurt later, I won't be responsible for your lives."

Reprimanded by the crown prince, everyone realized they had spoken out of turn. The fight hadn't even started, and they were already cursing their own people. Was this something a decent human being should say?

Matthew and the man in the black robe moved simultaneously. Their moves were too fast for the spectators to follow, and they only caught glimpses of afterimages.

After Matthew dodged the black-robed man's claw, the solid dining table seemed as soft as tofu. A shadow flashed, leaving a neat claw mark on the table. A faint black aura near the claw mark continuously corroded the table.

After dozens of rounds, the man in the black robe looked sullen. His usually invincible Black Death Tiger Technique couldn't harm Matthew at all.

Moreover, every time they clashed, the man in the black robe could feel a fierce hidden energy from Matthew. If he didn't possess such strong power, his arms would have been useless after these dozens of rounds.

Matthew, using the Bane Family's mixed martial arts, was secretly surprised. It wasn't the opponent's strength that surprised him, but his technique.

Although there were millions of martial arts techniques in the world, they all had similarities. However, the technique of the black-robed man in front of him was unlike anything Matthew had ever seen. It felt like it had surpassed the boundaries of conventional martial arts knowledge and was extremely powerful.

After a hundred moves, the two were still evenly matched.

During their continuous clashes, the spectators were so scared that they retreated to the corner. Were these people even human?

Matthew bent a solid steel column as thick as an adult's waist. The black-robed man also grabbed it, and the steel column was scratched as if it were made of tofu, leaving a row of holes. If someone were to be hit like that, there would be no need for rescue—they would have died on the spot.

Fortunately, there were hundreds of heavy steel columns in the banquet hall; otherwise, they wouldn't dare to stay there.

Enzo, who was on the side, was both shocked and delighted. He was shocked by Matthew's strength, which had reached such a level. If Enzo could last a round on this battlefield, it would have already been a blessing.

What delighted him was that he had the foresight to ally with Matthew in advance. Otherwise, he would have been finished. Enzo would rather commit suicide with a dagger than fight the man in the black robe—it would be quicker and painless.

After more than a hundred rounds, the two combatants were still evenly matched, and neither could gain the upper hand in a short time.