

## Chapter 2843 Grandmaster Mortimer

Amidst the watchful gazes of the crowd, a man in a black robe stepped forward, throwing a heavy punch to block the path of another man. It appeared that this reckless stranger was about to meet his demise.

However, just as he was about to strike, a voice suddenly echoed in his ear.

"Who is this fool?"

As soon as the words were spoken, the man casually waved his hand.

Before the man in the black robe could react, he felt a destructive force surging through his arm, heading straight for his internal organs.

Reacting swiftly, the man in the black robe activated his Black Death Tiger Technique in an attempt to deflect the devastating blow. However, the fierce tiger shadow formed by his nimbus was instantly shattered upon its appearance.

Crack! Accompanied by the sound of bones breaking, the man in the black robe was sent flying like a cannonball. When he landed, the concrete steps below him crumbled, and he spat out a mouthful of blood. His face was filled with disbelief.

Who could have imagined that the seemingly ordinary man possessed such immense power that it was despair-inducing? A simple wave of his hand nearly crippled him.

At that moment, he realized that he was facing an advanced grandmaster, a master who had returned to his original state. If he wasn't mistaken, the man before him was a grandmaster.

With this thought, the man in the black robe turned pale. He was incredibly unlucky. Not only did he encounter a killer on the sacred mountain, but now he was also confronted by a grandmaster. After spitting out a mouthful of bloody sputum, he didn't have time to think further and fled with his broken right arm.

The man observed the fleeing figure without pursuing him. Instead, he turned to the curious guests and inquired, "Who is this guy? Has he always been this audacious?"

"Doesn't he know that I'm an advanced grandmaster? With just a flick of my finger, I could incapacitate a dozen people."

The man who had just arrived was Mortimer Zedler. He didn't expect that as soon as he came, there would be someone ignorant enough to dare to attack him.

The guests looked at Mortimer's arrogant demeanor without feeling any unease. On the contrary, this was the demeanor befitting a grandmaster.

"Mortimer, you're here!"

"Mortimer, impressive skills. With a single move, the weaker ones are trembling in fear."

"Greetings, Mr. Zedler."

Although Mortimer appeared young, like he was only in his forties or fifties, that was due to his grandmaster status. From his appearance, one couldn't tell that he was already over seventy.

Mortimer politely nodded in response to the greetings and approached Matthew.

"Matthew, it's been a while. I've been hearing about your remarkable achievements lately. Well done. You're young and promising!"

He slapped Matthew on the shoulder, displaying a friendly demeanor as if they were long-time friends. They didn't act like there was a difference in their status or age.

Matthew grinned. "Old Mr. Zedler, are you trying to break me with that slap? My arms and legs are skinny."

Indeed, the slap was forceful. If it were someone else, they might have been broken. Of course, he knew that Mortimer was testing his strength.

"Very good. You've made significant progress since we last met."

"All thanks to you. How's your health?"

"I've recovered. I still need to thank you, Matthew."

Mortimer was the pillar of the Zedler Family. If he were to fall, the entire Zedler Family would crumble. It would be more accurate to say that Matthew saved the Zedler Family rather than Mortimer.

Witnessing their intimate interaction, others couldn't help but feel envious. This was a grandmaster, one of the strongest in Seraphis, and he was leading the mighty Zedler Family.

"I heard that Old Mr. Zedler has been in poor health these past few years?"

"It seems so. There were rumors before that he didn't have many years left to live."