

### Chapter 2845 Mortimer's Proposal For A Sparring Match

A grandmaster, much like a one-man army, was an existence that could withstand artillery fire without a scratch, and yet they went unrecognized.

Even in Montiria, such experts were as rare as phoenix feathers and unicorn horns. Ordinary weapons were useless against them; only nuclear-level forbidden weapons could eliminate them.

Such a figure would be a pillar of the nation, a prominent figure wherever he went.

With Prince Toby's departure, the scene was immediately filled with laughter.

The guests in the banquet hall were the most excited. Now, not only were the Martial League and the Commercial Union safe from harm, but Mortimer had also joined them. If their children successfully entered the Martial League, they could boast about their children working with Mortimer, which was exhilarating to think about.

Of course, if they were lucky, they might even get to work for Mortimer, which promised a bright future!

The most important thing was that Mortimer was an advanced grandmaster. With him in charge, no one would dare to cause trouble, ensuring stability.

After Matthew and the crown prince each took a Restorative Pill, Matthew picked up the sleepy Ivy.

"Were you woken up?"

Matthew stared at her for a long time. There was no nimbus fluctuation on Ivy; she was just an ordinary little girl. However, the man in the black robe was indeed terrified after Ivy appeared.

Could it be that this little lady was a child of a superpower? Matthew immediately dismissed this guess. If that were the case, there would have been worldwide announcements to look for her, yet everything was calm now.

"Hmm!"

After a faint response, Ivy hugged Matthew's neck, rested her head on his shoulder, and fell asleep again.

Seeing no abnormalities, Matthew stopped worrying. After Ivy fell asleep, the servants took her to rest in her room, and Matthew went to find Mortimer.

"Old Mr. Zedler, thank you!"

Mortimer had come all the way here, obviously not just for the position of vice president of the Martial League. He was here to support Matthew, and if it weren't for his arrival, who knew what other tricks Prince Toby would have pulled?

"Matthew, why are you being polite with me? If it weren't for you, I would have been dead long ago."

After saying that, he grabbed Matthew and headed for the door.

"Stop talking nonsense. Come on, spar with me. After recovering, I haven't had a chance to exercise my neck."

"Let me see if Old Mr. Bane's last disciple has inherited his mantle."

Matthew had no choice but to follow Mortimer to the square.

At this moment, the guests were in an uproar.

"Old Mr. Zedler actually proposed to spar with Matthew!"

"What are you waiting for? Let's go and watch them now!"

It was rare to see Mortimer, let alone see him in action.

In an instant, everyone gathered around the square, but after the recent lesson, everyone kept their distance.

"Old Mr. Zedler, be gentle later. I can't take a beating."

Mortimer laughed and scolded, "With your medical skills, if you get hurt, you can heal yourself. Stop talking nonsense."

"If your skills are not up to par, I'm going to call and mock Old Mr. Bane. Let's see if he will beat you up then."

Although it was just a sparring match, Matthew naturally didn't want to embarrass Old Mr. Bane and cause him to regret teaching him the Bane Family's mixed martial arts.

"Old Mr. Zedler, be careful."

After Matthew gave a warning, he took a step forward. The onlooking guests didn't even see his figure, and Matthew was already next to Mortimer.