

Chapter 2846 Put Some Effort Into It

"Is it really necessary for Old Mr. Zedler to spar with Matthew?" someone asked.

"Didn't Matthew just get defeated by the man in the black robe? Old Mr. Zedler took down the black-robed man with just one punch. They're not even on the same level," another person replied.

"Exactly, even if they spar, Old Mr. Zedler will definitely hold back," someone added.

Most of the spectators were not experts, so their reasoning was simple. Matthew couldn't defeat the man in the black robe, and the black-robed man couldn't defeat Mortimer, who took him down with one move. Therefore, Matthew wouldn't stand a chance against Mortimer.

In the crowd, the crown prince overheard the discussions and felt his temper rise.

"Shut up! If it weren't for the fear of hurting all of you at the banquet, Matthew would have defeated that black-robed man long ago," the crown prince exclaimed.

"You're all ungrateful and even gossiping," he added.

Seeing the crown prince angry, everyone naturally didn't dare to say much, but they secretly criticized him for boasting.

On the battlefield, both sides were prepared.

Matthew knew that there was a significant gap between him and Mortimer, who was at the advanced grandmaster level. Therefore, he didn't hold back and used all his strength to display the Bane Family mixed martial arts.

With a powerful push of his feet, Matthew's figure swiftly moved, leaving a deep depression about a foot deep and 3 feet in diameter in his original position, surrounded by dense cracks.

The spectators could only see a black shadow rushing toward Mortimer.

Mortimer, facing this powerful punch, simply smiled and leisurely extended his hand from behind his back, effortlessly blocking Matthew's punch.

"Young man, put some effort into it. I can handle it, don't worry about me."

D*mn! Matthew cursed silently, withdrew his right fist, and adjusted his stance. This time, he directly utilized the hidden energy of mixed martial arts.

The momentum from the punch immediately created a howling sound.

With a loud bang and a sudden gust of wind, a small sandstorm rose behind Mortimer, causing dust to fill the air.

Even the guests 160 feet away couldn't open their eyes due to the wind and sand billowing in the air.

Some of the weaker ones couldn't even maintain their balance and had to rely on their companions to stay upright.

Faced with such a fierce aftermath of the battle, those who had previously underestimated Matthew fell silent.

It turned out that what the crown prince had said was true. The impact of this strike caused even the guests who were far away to sway. What if they had been standing behind Mortimer? They would have been severely injured or even killed.

However, the punch that shocked everyone else meant nothing to Mortimer.

Mortimer still used the same move, and he had the same expression on his face.

"Not bad. Your strength has increased a little, but it's still not enough!"

After two rounds, Mortimer remained firmly in place, unmoving.

At this point, Matthew had no intention of arguing. He knew he was far from being Mortimer's equal, but if he couldn't even make the other party take a step back, he wouldn't be able to face his master.

With this thought, Matthew withdrew his palm and took a deep breath.

"Old Mr. Zedler, you'd better be careful with my next move."

"Bring it on. Don't worry, even though I'm old, my body is still very strong."

Clearly, Mortimer didn't take Matthew's words seriously, even provocatively patting his own sleeve.

Matthew pursed his lips, gathering all the nimbus around his body into his right hand. Old man, you're playing with fire!

With a single thought, his originally slender arm instantly swelled up, and the dust under his feet spread out like ripples.