

Chapter 2847 Lapping Waves Punch

After reaching the peak of his momentum, Matthew let out a roar and launched another attack.

During their next exchange, Mortimer frowned, contemplating the power and level of this punch.

However, it now appeared to be nothing more than a superficial punch, pleasing to the eye but ineffective. It was not even half as strong as the previous strike.

"Young man, you have greatly disappointed me," he said.

"Is that so?"

Matthew smirked and shook his arm, causing Mortimer, who stood on the other side, to suddenly feel a surge in the hidden energy he had been resisting.

Without waiting for Mortimer's reaction, Matthew exerted his strength once again.

Mortimer's face changed. He had let his guard down earlier, and now he was suddenly facing Matthew's wave-like, escalating hidden energy attacks. Numbness began to spread through his arm.

Seeing the opportunity, Matthew released all the hidden energy he had been accumulating.

"Back off!"

As his words fell, Mortimer finally realized Matthew's intention, but it was already too late.

Crack, crack, crack!

The sound of shattering filled the air as the black granite floor beneath Mortimer's feet began to crack. He didn't dare to release this fierce hidden energy from his body, as it would affect the nearby audience.

What a cunning brat! Where did he learn such a sneaky move?

For a moment, his robe shook violently, and his previously relaxed face turned serious.

Subconsciously, he took a half step back with his right foot, and the black granite behind him was crushed into powder.

Seeing that his goal was achieved, Matthew didn't exert any more force, as he might accidentally hurt the innocent.

When Matthew withdrew his hand, his entire right arm was as red as if it had been boiled, and due to burst blood vessels, fresh blood had seeped out. Clearly, this move had put a great strain on him.

Mortimer, who realized what had happened later, also noticed his retreating steps. Looking back, he felt awkward. "I was careless!" However, this expression was quickly replaced by a smile.

"Not bad. The power of this move has far exceeded what others can do in your current realm."

"But if I remember correctly, this move doesn't seem to be in the Bane Family mixed martial arts. Could it be that Old Mr. Bane is experiencing a resurgence and creating new moves?"

Matthew had a feeling that Mortimer was hinting at something, but he had no evidence.

"Old Mr. Zedler, this move is indeed not in the Bane Family mixed martial arts. It's a move I created myself after learning the Lapping Waves Sword Technique, combined with my own mixed martial arts secrets. Let's call it the Lapping Waves Punch for now."

Upon hearing this, Mortimer was taken aback. There were not many people who could create their own moves, and most of them were extremely weak or useless.

Like Matthew, although he borrowed from other compendiums, he was able to achieve a result where one plus one was far greater than two, which was rare even among advanced grandmaster level fighters.

"Not bad. Your comprehension is indeed extraordinary. If you use this move on me after breaking through to the advanced grandmaster level, I might not be able to withstand it."

"But, due to the limitations of my current realm, this move has reached its peak, hasn't it?"

Faced with such praise, Matthew could only respond with a bitter smile. It wasn't easy to break through to the advanced grandmaster level.

"You're right. Although the hidden energy can be strengthened, my arm can't withstand it."

The power he had displayed was already at its limit. Unless he was willing to sacrifice his arm with a do-or-die attitude, there would be no breakthrough.

"You've done very well. As far as I know, among your peers, only a handful can reach your level."

Upon hearing Mortimer's praise, the surrounding audience gasped in surprise.