

Chapter 2848 Getting Beaten Up

Upon hearing Mortimer's words, the crowd erupted into discussion.

"That's a bit exaggerated, isn't it? He said only a handful of people? Are we running out of people in Seraphis?"

What this person failed to realize was that Mortimer was referring to not just Seraphis but the entire Crale region.

"I also think it's a bit of an overstatement."

"You outsiders, what do you know? What status and identity does Old Mr. Zedler have? He doesn't need to deceive us. And look at those black granite floors. Not even a cannonball would have this effect."

With these words, the others also came to their senses, gaining a new understanding of Matthew's expertise.

On the battlefield, the sparring between the old and the young did not end there.

After testing Matthew's strength, Mortimer looked worriedly at the latter's blood-covered arm.

"How are you holding up? Can you still fight? I haven't seen your Thirty-Six Styles mixed martial arts yet."

Matthew casually shook his arm. "It's nothing serious. It won't affect me."

After saying this, he took out the Auric balm and applied it to his entire arm.

"Alright, Old Mr. Zedler, let's continue."

Ever since leaving Bainbridge, he hadn't sparred with a grandmaster for a long time. Now that he had the opportunity, he could see how much farther he had to go to become a grandmaster.

He moved his arm around, and although it was still red, it didn't affect his fighting at all.

"Old Mr. Zedler, let's go again."

After shouting, Matthew once again took the initiative to attack. This time, he didn't use hidden energy; he simply used hand-to-hand combat techniques to fight with Mortimer.

As soon as he made his move, his speed was already beyond what the audience could keep up with. All they could see were afterimages of the two.

However, what was even more terrifying was Mortimer. Everyone could only see him standing calmly in place, not making any moves, but Matthew's lightning-fast moves were all blocked.

"It's too fast. We can't see clearly."

"Is this the strength of an advanced grandmaster? If I were to go up, I wouldn't last a single round."

"What the hell are you talking about? If Old Mr. Zedler wanted to, he could kill you with one poke. You aren't even qualified to fight him."

However, the stronger Mortimer was, the more it showcased Matthew's extraordinary abilities. Although Mortimer was holding back, Matthew's terrifying punches and lightning-fast moves had far surpassed everyone's understanding.

Meanwhile, Matthew was indeed having a hard time. Mortimer, the old man, was truly formidable.

Mortimer said he was holding back, but that wasn't the case at all. Matthew could barely see Mortimer's moves and block a few, but he couldn't withstand the latter's terrifying strength.

Every time their fists collided, Matthew felt a numbness in his arm, and no matter how much he retreated, Mortimer stuck to him, not giving him any chance to breathe.

Even though he had used all the joints that could be used as weapons, such as hands, feet, elbows, and knees, he still couldn't withstand Mortimer's rapid attacks.

So, from the outside, it looked like Matthew was attacking wildly, and Mortimer was defending methodically. In reality, it was Mortimer beating up Matthew.

The old man is really formidable! He must be getting back at me for making him take a step back earlier. How petty!

Just as Matthew was distracted, he suddenly felt a huge force in his chest, almost making him spit out a mouthful of blood.

Even so, the burning pain in his chest made Matthew's face turn a little pale. Mortimer really hit him hard.