

## Chapter 2849 Mortimer's Intention

As the sparring continued, Matthew felt increasingly pressured. He was being struck more frequently, and Mortimer's attacks were incredibly precise, causing him to grimace in pain without sustaining internal injuries.

What bothered Matthew the most was that, for some unknown reason, the onlookers began to applaud and cheer. This was utterly repulsive.

"Mr. Larson, well done!"

"You're impressive. It seems we misunderstood you earlier. If you had exerted your full strength, the man in the black robe wouldn't have stood a chance against you."

"Yes, indeed. Mr. Larson has already exchanged dozens of moves with Old Mr. Zedler."

"I think it's been hundreds of moves."

All of them spoke with seriousness, as if they were experienced commentators.

Matthew tried to block out their conversations and focus on the fight. Sweat was constantly dripping from his forehead. He was in pain and running out of energy.

After a few rounds, he felt a sharp pain in his wrist.

"Young man, you're too slow!"

Matthew remembered Old Mr. Bane's words and suddenly felt dizzy, losing control of his body.

Mortimer firmly grasped his wrist, swung him in the air like a hammer, and then forcefully threw him out.

Finally free, Matthew took a moment to catch his breath. As he was about to hit the ground, he twisted his body like a cat, adjusted his posture, and landed steadily on his feet.

However, the immense inertia pushed him back a dozen feet before it was completely counteracted. When he came to a stop, there were two scratches more than a foot long on the ground in front of him. The black granite floor had naturally shattered.

Matthew propped himself up on his knees, gasping for breath. Seeing Mortimer about to make another move, he quickly stood up straight, clasped his fists, and said earnestly, "Thank you, Old Mr. Zedler, for showing mercy. I wholeheartedly admit defeat."

The old geezer still wants to fight me. I give up!

Mortimer was stunned. He didn't expect this turn of events.

"I was just warming up, and you're giving up already. Young man, you lack endurance!"

Matthew's face turned red. It was just a friendly match. Why did Mortimer have to be insulting?

"I am indeed far less skilled than you, Old Mr. Zedler. I will practice diligently in the future and spar with you again sometime."

With that said, Mortimer didn't insist any further. His face then became serious.

"Indeed, you have mastered the Thirty-Six Styles mixed martial arts. With your talent and understanding, it won't be long before you break through the threshold of a grandmaster. However, in the path of martial arts, don't aim too high or become complacent. You need to practice harder in the future!"

As his words fell, Matthew also became serious.

"Yes. I will remember your words and never forget my original intention!"

Although Matthew still felt sore all over, he understood the intention behind Mortimer's last words.

Firstly, the spar showcased Matthew's strength to everyone, revealing his true power. The latter words of caution were also an affirmation of Matthew and a testament to him.

With Mortimer's reputation and strength, initiating a spar would not end well for him, regardless of the outcome.

However, he still did it simply because he wanted Matthew to stand on his shoulders and reach higher.

When Matthew realized this, his body didn't feel as sore anymore.