

Chapter 176

As he observed Rosalie's changing expressions, Liam Stone sniggered inwardly. He wasn't dense enough to ignore the implication that Rosalie Naiswell may have a special relationship with the man who had just climbed into the ring. Thinking this, he saw hope in having her all to himself.

Without anyone noticing, Liam Stone quickly texted something on his phone. Once finished, he glanced over at Rosalie Naiswell. If everything went according to plan, this beautiful woman would be his tonight.

...

Outside the boxing ring.

Standing in the spectator wing, Tyson Woods was on pins and needles. Harvey York was simply out of his mind. Facing Liam Stone in person to make the deal was a far better option than whatever he was

attempting right now. Perhaps Harvey York couldn't understand the meaning of the word 'death.'

...

In the boxing ring.

Harvey York casually wrapped his fists with white bandages, his expression neutral and unperturbed.

His opponent, the boxer, studied him with an amused smile. "Bro, if I were you right now, I'd beg for mercy and leave. You really don't want to play around with my fists. I can't control how hard I punch. It'd be a real pity if you get beaten to death just because you wanted to look good in front of others."

Harvey smiled, but said nothing. He motioned for the boxer to come forward with his finger.

The boxer's grin died instantly, and he charged towards Harvey with all his might.

Harvey York sidestepped lightly, dodging with ease.

The boxer was unable to pull back in time, as his moves were far too heavy. His punch swished past without harming a single hair on Harvey.

An icy look on his face, Harvey York seized the opportunity to perform a right uppercut directly on his opponent's face.

The strength in Harvey's blow was such that the boxer felt some of his teeth had been forcefully yanked out of his mouth. In the next second he flew backwards, thrown straight out of the ring. The thick ropes around the ring couldn't restrain his body. He collapsed on the floor, twitching in pain, unable to rise.

K.O. with just a single punch!

Silence washed over the boxing gym.

Normally, audience members who wanted to challenge the boxers during this session entered the ring with a playful heart. They wouldn't even stick out their arms to fight, as they only wanted to experience the sensation of being inside the boxing

ring. Shortly after, they would leave. The aim of this segment was to cool everyone down after a series of nerve-wrecking battles. The fight that had transpired right before their eyes was simply jaw-dropping.

“What the hell! What was that about?!”

“Did I see that right? Wasn't that boxer supposed to be very powerful? Why was he so weak when he fought that dude?”

“This isn't a joke, right? Everything looked so real!”

Noisy exclamations exploded from the spectator wing. The audience held similar looks of shock and disbelief.

Even Tyson Woods was dumbfounded. Tyson had always known Harvey York was powerful, but did not anticipate Harvey to possess so much strength. Harvey was on a level unattainable by simply joining basic kickboxing classes or by a few years of working out. His incredible combat prowess was only something that could be achieved through

constant training from a tender age.

...

In the VIP room.

Rosalie Naiswell's worry morphed into shock and disbelief. Never had she imagined that Harvey York was this powerful. She wondered if there was something wrong with her eyes.

How could this man be so mysterious, yet so strong? Not only could he authenticate antiques and relics, but he also had excellent combat skills. No one would believe he's merely a live-in son-in-law!

"Is there something wrong with my eyes?" Shane Naiswell's jaw dropped in shock, utterly baffled. Shane saw how thin and slim the young man was, and expected him to be kicked out within half a minute. His agility was incredulous!

Perhaps he had been momentarily blind before? Could it be that the strength and capabilities of this

young man were beyond his expectations?

“That’s something else, huh...” Liam Stone said sourly, but he quickly fixed his expression.

He felt something was suspicious the moment Tyson Woods entered his gym. It was clear now that Tyson Woods had found a backup for himself, and this backup was definitely the crazy guy on stage.

Not only that, this man was stealing the heart of Liam Stone’s desire. Mentally, he stuck the label ‘death’ on the man’s forehead.

“Liam Stone, what are you going to do?” Shane Naiswell commented, now amused. “Will you proceed?”

“That’s for certain. We can’t have an outsider ruin our boxing gym’s reputation, can we? Should that happen, I’d lose people’s respect.” Liam Stone replied slowly, a warm smile creeping up to his face. “Rest assured. You’re definitely going to enjoy a good show today.”

Chapter 177

As he ended his sentence, Liam Stone was unable to hide his look of disgust. The boxer who had just got knocked out by Harvey York was in truth a reputable fighter in this gym, having once won ten consecutive matches. Though he may not be the strongest, his skills were definitely on the upper level.

To actually defeat him would pose quite the challenge.

“Miss Naiswell, the next one up is no normal boxer. Do you have any words for me?”

Liam Stone turned to watch Rosalie Naiswell attentively.

Rosalie’s face went as pale as a sheet. She clenched her teeth and replied, “Liam Stone, your subordinate has just lost a match...”

“That’s right, one of my men just lost. But since I

have to let you enjoy a good show, I can't let you down." Liam Stone grinned. "How about this? If you want to say stop, you should do it at the right time. Or else, I can't guarantee what will happen..."

He picked up his phone and made a call. "Find a better one. This man is someone our VIP friends here know, so be smart about it!"

As he said the last two words, he flashed Rosalie another wide grin.

She forced herself to smile, but the gaze she directed at the boxing ring was full of worry.

In the boxing ring.

The referee put down his phone and glanced at Harvey York. "My friend, the next guy is going to be a tough one. If you want to quit, you still have a chance now. We won't hold any responsibility for your injuries... or your death."

The workers had received Liam Stone's hint, but they were forced to pretend everything was fine

despite wanting nothing more than to crush Harvey York to death. If they didn't, then wouldn't it seem as if they were willing to murder a member of their audience unreasonably? The matter could be brought to court. Exercising caution was a must.

Harvey York was nonchalant. "Your big boss probably asked you to give it all you have, didn't he? What's with all this pointless talk? Do you honestly think you small fries can hold me back?"

Seeing how calm and composed Harvey York was, the referee's face went red with rage. No wonder the boss wanted them to crush this arrogant dude to dust! They would surely regret it if they didn't.

The second boxer was even more muscular than the previous one. He sized Harvey York up and said coldly, "Bro, if I were you..."

"Everyone from this gym is full of nonsense, aren't they?" Harvey York quickly cut him off. Without wasting a single second, he leapt off the ground with all his might. The impact pushed forth a

shockwave that shook the entire ring.

The boxer sensed the hard vibrations under his feet, and was struck with shock. How crazy was this dude? How was it possible for those lanky legs of his to have such incredible strength?

He had yet to get over his shock when Harvey charged at him with horrific speed. In a span of seconds, a punch came hurtling toward him.

The boxer's eyes twitched as he automatically shielded his face with both his arms.

However, that punch turned out to be a mere feint. The next thing he knew, intense pain assaulted him. Harvey York's knee twisted into his stomach, digging into his flesh and sending shocks of agony across his entire body.

Crash!

A loud crash resounded as the boxer collapsed. He yelled out a howl of pain as he staggered backwards to the edge of the ring, trying and failing to

maintain his balance.

Harvey did not wait for his opponent and instantly followed up with another attack. He raised his leg and spun into a violent kick aimed straight to the face.

Aching pain burned across the boxer's face as his vision went black. He crumpled to the ground and went limp, struggling to move even an inch.

Once again the watching crowd fell into a startled hush. Even then, they had yet to recover from the intensity of the previous match.

An instant K.O. with just two tricks!

“This guy's simply... incredible!”

“Winning once may be a stroke of luck, but twice? This must be his real strength, right? He's definitely a boxer! Maybe this was all arranged by the gym!”

“How could a normal guy from the audience be this

amazing?”

“Maybe he’s the new dark horse!”

Everyone was cheering and yelling in excitement. The only exception was Tyson Woods. He knew that Harvey York was only here to wreak havoc and plunge the gym into chaos, and nothing more.

In the VIP room.

Shane Naiswell had on an amused expression. “So, this is Wing Chun. Seems like those attacks were legitimate. The Wing Chun performed by this young man isn’t used to simply win in competitions or fancy performances, but was meant for real life or death situations. No matter how many bulky guys try to pin him down, it probably won’t work. Not even masters of kickboxing can do it. If these men are all you have, Mr. Stone, then I fear your gym’s reputation will probably go down the drain.”

Liam Stone finally lost his composure. A grim look settled on his face and he hissed, “So he plans to knock out all of my men one by one, all by himself?”

Chapter 178

“That’s entirely possible. Back when I was in the capital city, I’ve witnessed something like this. True masters of his kind have immersed themselves in the world of martial arts for a very long time.”

Shane Naiswell replied with a chuckle. “They might not be as good as what was often described in martial arts novels, but one person killing a hundred men isn’t simply a legend.”

Liam Stone’s face turned a shade darker. The more Shane Naiswell’s interest grew, the more embarrassed Liam Stone became.

Rosalie Naiswell couldn’t focus on anything the two were saying. Her mind was blown away.

This man was simply extraordinary! Even two terrifying boxers couldn’t defeat him. He was definitely not an incompetent deadbeat. Yet, he willingly became a live-in son-in-law and allowed himself to be taunted by everyone in the city. Why?

Was it truly because of a woman? But he hadn't even touched his wife's hand even after three years of marriage, had he?

Rosalie Naiswell's thoughts were a confused mess. She couldn't understand herself.

Noticing her increasing shyness and the blush on her face, Liam Stone simmered with rage. Initially he wanted to show off to her, to the point of threatening her with Harvey York's life at stake. Now, all he felt was shame.

If he failed to kick that man down tonight, his own reputation would go down in flames.

Thinking of this, he tapped a series of numbers on his phone and made another call. His tone was icy. "Bring him in now."

In the ring, the referee's face brightened when he received the instruction.

It seemed the boss had decided to give it all to

maintain the reputation of their underground boxing gym, even if it meant sending out their best fighter.

The call had left him shaking slightly from fear. Liam Stone's fury was palpable through the phone. If the next guy couldn't do anything to Harvey York, his life wouldn't be guaranteed.

Taking in a deep breath, he forced himself to smile. "Shall we proceed, sir?"

"Since all of your fighters are obviously trash, why don't you stop wasting time and just send Liam Stone to me straight away?" Harvey York replied coolly.

The referee instantly guessed Harvey York's intention. This man intended nothing more than to cause trouble for the gym.

He didn't dare relay this to Liam Stone. Instead he could only say, "No worries. If death is what you want, we won't disappoint you. We'll send our best fighter right this instant."

The referee turned his back on Harvey York and headed in the direction of the boxers' resting room. When they heard that another boxer was down, they couldn't hold back their bafflement. How could a mere member from the audience be that strong? This wasn't normal at all!

The referee approached a young man sporting a crew cut, with a face that showed he didn't have a care in the world.

“It's your turn now, Dario.”

Dario Moore lifted his head up with a smile. The light scars across his handsome face were visible under the light. “I don't have any matches for today, do I?”

His smile gave him the impression of a kind person, yet his background was nothing short of extraordinary. Rumours spoke of how he had been dubbed as the 'God of War' during his service in the army. He was the best among all of the soldiers, standing at the very top. After his retirement, he

came to work for Liam Stone's underground boxing gym. He had yet to lose a single match.

His prodigal skills made him expensive. As such, Liam Stone would only send him out for the most urgent of occasions.

Dario's reasoning for being in the gym was simple; he only desired money. If not for that, no one would be able to control this God of War.

The referee licked his lips, taking care to speak slowly. "Dario, brother. Right now our gym's facing a big problem. If our reputation gets ruined, won't it be the same for you?"

"What's that got to do with me? We made a deal. One thousand and five hundred dollars for me to appear on the ring."

The referee clenched his teeth. He knew very well the big boss was currently in a furious rage. Should he report something as trivial as this, he'd definitely be branded as trash and risk getting fired from his position.

It would be impossible for him to handle the repercussions if anything were to harm the gym's reputation. After a moment of silence, he told Dario, "We'll add in three thousand dollars."

Dario Moore stood up and patted the referee's shoulder. "My brother, why didn't you say so sooner? What's with all that unnecessary talk early on?"

He strode out of the room nonchalantly.

At his appearance, the crowd couldn't believe their eyes. The gym actually sent Dario Moore to the stage?!

Chapter 179

Under normal circumstances, Dario Moore would only make an appearance two or three times a week. It was considered a lucky opportunity for anyone to see him in action. Many came over every day just for a chance to see him fight.

The reason was simple. Dario's fights were exceedingly violent, and his opponents would often end up lying in a pool of their own blood. Despite that, his performances carried a flair of elegance. Often his fights would seem like a friendly exhibition match at first, only to progress into actual bloody combat. Every single one of his matches never failed to amaze.

“Dario's actually making an appearance?”

“Today's not a special occasion and there aren't many people. Why would the gym make such an arrangement?”

“Could it be that this wasn't planned? Maybe that

masked man was trying to make trouble?”

“If that guy’s not part of the gym, he’s going to be in deep trouble when Dario comes out to fight.

Rumor has it that Dario once crushed every one of his opponent’s fingers. That guy literally turned into a cripple!”

“I didn’t expect I’d get to watch such an entertaining show today. Coming here wasn’t in vain!”

The crowd rose into high spirits and grew enthusiastic. Every one of them looked forward to the next match, excited to see how things would progress.

Tyson Woods’ expression twisted into nervousness. He was familiar with Dario’s background, and that Dario was Liam Stone’s most fearsome boxer.

However, there was no way to stop the oncoming match. As Harvey had trampled on Liam’s reputation, Liam wouldn’t allow Harvey to leave even if Harvey asked for a surrender.

The audience became rowdier by the second, and began to cheer loudly. The increasing volume of their noise reached the VIP room.

Rosalie Naiswell asked instinctively, “Mr. Stone, is Dario very strong?”

Liam chuckled at her words. “He’s our most skilled boxer, there’s no one like him. He doesn’t really appear much. Normally, he’d only fight around once or twice a week. This time, however, I had to pay a few thousand for him to enter the ring. It’s no small sum of money, Miss Naiswell. That amount is more than enough to cover a few months of living expenses for working class people.”

“Dario lives up to his price. To date, he’s the only person who can stay victorious in every round. He’s merciless when he fights. His luckiest opponent ended up in the hospital for a week.”

“Is it possible to ask him to restrain himself?”

Rosalie blurted out subconsciously, afraid that Harvey would get hurt.

Liam smiled slightly. "Of course, there is a way. That is, if I personally go over to stop him. He won't take orders from anyone else. Even if the most influential person comes over, he won't betray me."

"There is another way, but that would require someone stronger than him. Though if you ask me, that kind of person probably isn't even born yet!"

Liam smiled triumphantly. With Dario, Liam was confident this masked man would either die, or be crippled for life.

If Rosalie wanted to step in, she would need to agree to all of his requests.

"Rosalie, dear, this is a boxing match. Life and death are in the hands of the creator." Shane Naiswell said quietly. "If we meddle now, we may cause Dario to be angrier. He might land heavier blows... More than that, I want to see what this bastard is really capable of!"

How could a shrewd person like Shane not notice

Rosalie's unusual concern for Harvey? However, he was the kind of man who preferred to hide his true emotions. In fact, he himself was rather pleased with Harvey's performance thus far. He looked forward to seeing more of Harvey's incredible feats.

At this, Liam grinned. "Indeed, Mr. Naiswell understands us well. How can we simply go and stop the match when someone like Dario comes out to fight? Let's just keep watching."

In the ring, Dario glanced casually at Harvey and smiled. "Bro, I see you have frail arms and thin legs. Why don't you kneel and I'll just hit you a few times on the head? I promise I won't kill you. How does that sound?"

Harvey's pupils dilated as he surveyed Dario. Dario may seem relaxed, but his bearing was completely different from the other boxers before him. Only those with unique backgrounds would be indifferent towards matters of life and death.

Although Harvey paid closer attention this time, he

was not afraid. He had immersed himself in the art of Wing Chun for many years and had walked the path of actual combat. Although he hadn't trained much for the past three years due to his body condition, his foundation was still intact. Were that not the case, he wouldn't have been able to wield such strength during his previous matches.

“I think you should kneel before me instead.”

Harvey replied quietly. “Looks like you have quite some experience.”

Dario's smug grin vanished. A layer of frost spread over his handsome face. He said, “At first, I thought I wouldn't hurt you that much. You brought this on yourself. Don't blame me for anything!”

Dario took out some bandages and wrapped them around his left hand. He cracked his knuckles, the sound similar to popping popcorn.

Harvey's left leg retreated half a step backward. He pushed down his body, and tightened his thigh muscles.

Chapter 180

Once he finished wrapping the bandages on his hand, Dario Moore made his move and lunged forward. He charged in with incredible speed, comparable to that of a skilled sprinter bursting through a hundred-meter dash.

Harvey pressed his left foot firmly on the ground, using the momentum to push his body as he too leapt towards Dario.

The audience watched the fight unfold with bated breath.

In the VIP room, Shane Naiswell smiled. Rosalie Naiswell was beside herself with nerves. Liam Stone's earlier grinning face was now replaced by a somber look.

The two fighters collided, both highly skilled in their own right. For Dario, this was his first time clashing against an evenly matched opponent since

he joined the gym.

Such a match was naturally exciting to watch.

Jab!

Two fists slammed against one another in the same heartbeat. A flurry of punches clashed in rapid succession. There were no fancy moves, only the furious exchange of raw blows.

A piercing pain struck Harvey as his right hand began to tremble. He had not trained for three years, and therefore was not at his best. If he was, Dario would not be able to hurt him.

Harvey remained unperturbed by the pain throbbing in his right hand. He wore his usual unchanging expression, and his eyes stayed focused.

Dario was baffled. This was his first time encountering an opponent who could go toe-to-toe against him. His flurry of attacks weren't a mere test of strength. One would require a body in sturdy condition to remain standing. In fact, his punches

could easily cripple someone's hands with just one strike.

As the two fought, the rest of the boxers came out to watch. They knew the tricks of their trade and were shocked at how the match was progressing.

“This b*stard dares to fight Dario head-on?!”

“How could this be? Dario's punches are as heavy as a thousand pounds! No one can fight him in a direct confrontation!”

“Still, that b*stard isn't injured at all!”

“So this is how skillful Young Master York is...”

Tyson Woods drew in a sharp breath, his eyes twitching relentlessly. Harvey used to accompany him on the streets and helped raise his status afterwards. It was inevitable for him to wonder how such a heroic person could be constantly subdued by others. Harvey's behavior today blew out the flicker of skepticism in his heart completely.

This must be a joke. Harvey was not an empty-

headed rich heir who only knew how to enjoy life's many pleasures. He was a true low-profile saint. More importantly, he wasn't lacking in his education either. He was excellent in both literary and combat skills. Tyson could not, dared not afford to offend such a person.

At the VIP room.

The corners of Liam's eyes twitched in disbelief as he continued to watch the fight. He had assumed Dario's punches would easily kill that man, or at least turn him into a cripple. It was what the bastard deserved for coming in to wreak havoc and snatching his woman.

How was he able to withstand Dario's attacks with so much ease? Could it be that Dario was holding back his true strength? Dario must be playing with him! That's right. Surely, that must be the case!

Rosalie heaved a sigh of relief. Delight painted her face. This man's strength was both shocking and terrifying. In her life she had gone through many

experiences and met numerous men, but she had never encountered anyone who could be compared to Harvey.

Shane seemed to share her thoughts. He smiled slightly. “This man isn’t bad at all. I’ll agree if you want him to be your husband...”

“Grandpa, what are you talking about?” Rosalie’s face flushed red. “He has a family!”

“What?” Shane grinned broadly. “For the Naiswell family, if you want someone to be single, then he will be single...”

Liam furrowed his brows as he listened to their conversation. He was quick to replace his frown with a smile and said, “It looks like this man is Miss Naiswell’s type. However, I don’t think you need to worry so much on whether he has a family or not. I think you should be more concerned if he’ll be able to survive.”

“He’s only full of vim and vigor because Dario’s still playing with him. When Dario has had enough, I

'm afraid...' Liam was certain of Dario's victory. No one could match his skills.

Rosalie's beautiful body shuddered at his words. She subconsciously looked at the ring, finding herself fretting over the possible consequences.

In the ring, both Dario and Harvey retreated half a step after exchanging furious blows. Dario was a touch faster and immediately charged forward, flinging a barrage of hard punches with both of his fists.

His skills were polished and refined through real combat as well as life and death crises. While his attacks may seem messy, each one and every one of them was carefully directed to cause as much pain as possible.

Harvey was stuck in a difficult position. He could only defend himself, unable to find a chance to retaliate and counter Dario's ceaseless strikes.

With a determined howl, Dario hurled his right

hand like a cannonball and threw a powerful punch towards Harvey's chest.

Harvey's face changed drastically. He hurriedly crossed his arms across his chest in defense. Dario's hard punch landed on him, pushing him away and sending him gliding across the ring.

In the VIP room, the glass of water in Rosalie's hand fell to the ground and shattered. The scene before her flowed as though it was a movie. Despite not being in the ring herself, she could feel Dario's incredible power residing in that one punch.