

## The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 690

Chapter 690: Underground Boxing Competition

Xie Jiuhan held the poster tightly and placed it behind him. It was simply wishful thinking to want to snatch Feng Qing's poster from him. So what if he didn't have money and wanted to snatch it?

The middle-aged man was angry. He walked out from behind the cashier and reached out to snatch the poster from behind Xie Jiuhan. Xie Jiuhan could have easily dodged it, but the poster was too big. He accidentally bumped into the shelf beside him and was blocked. Therefore, a corner of the poster was grabbed by the middle-aged man. Xie Jiuhan was angry and subconsciously shook the poster. Instantly, there was a tearing sound from the poster as it was split into two. The inertia made the middle-aged man take a step back, and he held a torn corner tightly in his hand.

The middle-aged man was stunned for a moment as he looked at the corner in his hand. Then, he roared at Xie Jiuhan, "You detestable fellow, you actually tore my poster. Compensate me with ten yuan. Otherwise, I'll get the police to arrest you!"

Xie Jiuhan was not angry because a poster had been torn apart. Instead, his eyes were fixed on the wall behind the middle-aged man. There was also a promotional poster hanging there, but it was not Feng Qing's poster. Instead, it was a poster promoting the underground boxing. On the poster were two fists that had collided with each other. The most eye-catching part was written with a few golden words that said that the reward was one million.

Xie Jiuhan walked over and tore off the poster. Then, he turned to look at the middle-aged man. "Give me the pen. I want to register for the competition."

The middle-aged man was stunned upon hearing this. Then, he sized up Xie Jiuhan in disdain and said, "You want to participate in the underground boxing competition with your little body? Hurry up and put the poster back. I can still pretend that nothing happened."

Xie Jiuhan pretended not to see the middle-aged man's disdainful gaze and continued, "Does your underground boxing competition really pay if you win?"

Xie Jiuhan was suspicious of this, and the middle-aged man said proudly, "Outsider, don't talk nonsense if you don't understand. Although it's called the underground boxing competition, the boxing competition is a big economic pillar here. It has been held for more than fifty years. I don't dare to say anything else, but ever since I remembered, I've never heard of the underground boxing competition not giving money. It's precisely because the underground boxing competition did give out money that fighters from all over the world will come to participate in the competition. Anyone who can win the championship in the end will receive the bonus promised by the underground boxing competition and will also be personally received by the mayor. After becoming the underground boxing champion, not only will they enjoy high honor here, but they will also enjoy free food and drinks in this city until the next underground boxing competition."

With that, the middle-aged man walked around Xie Jiuhan. His eyes were about to roll into the sky. "However, I advise you to cancel this idea as soon as possible. Although you're quite tall and have some muscles, your muscles are not enough to compare to those professional fighters. Have you seen fists the size of sandbags? Have you seen chest muscles that are as firm as millstones?"

Xie Jiuhan held a poster in one hand and watched quietly as the middle-aged man scolded him. Xie Jiuhan slapped the poster of the boxing match on the counter after the man finished speaking. Since there was money to be made, he had to change his strategy. How unrepresentable it is to rob openly. It would be satisfying to use money to knock someone out!

When Xie Jiuhan walked out of the shop without turning back, the middle-aged man couldn't help but ask, "Hey, what do you mean?"

Xie Jiuhan stopped in his tracks and looked at the torn Feng Qing poster. He placed the Feng Qing poster aside and turned his face to the side. "I'll leave the poster with you first. You must take good care of it. After the underground boxing competition ends, I'll naturally come back to take it. I won't miss a single cent of 300,000."

After saying this, Xie Jiuhan did not stay any longer and went straight to the registration point for the underground boxing competition, leaving the middle-aged man standing on the spot with a confused expression. When he remembered to let Xie Jiuhan compensate for the torn poster, Xie Jiuhan's figure had already disappeared into the crowd.

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The King of Fighters Bar.

Every time night fell, this was the most prosperous and hot-blooded place in the entire port. It was also the place where the commoners living here liked to come for leisure the most after a busy day. The King of Fighters Bar was a bar on the ground, but their underground area was a boxing arena. Every day, countless boxers would compete here. At the end of the year, this place would hold an annual underground boxing competition. As the name suggested, underground boxing was unscrupulous. There were no rules or restrictions on any combat skills. As long as one could defeat the other party, they would be the hero in everyone's hearts.