

Chapter 181

“Not bad. This Dario Moore’s punch has the quality of the boxing world champion.” Shane Naiswell rubbed his beard. “The power in that punch alone should weigh about a thousand pounds.”

“You have good eyes, Mr. Naiswell.” Liam Stone said fawningly. “His punch would’ve easily broken the bones of your average person. They’d be lying in hospital for half a month! This b*stard’s pretty gutsy, he actually went and used his arms to defend against Dario’s attack. If I’m right, both his arms should be broken by now!”

Liam was confident, but in the next second his expression changed. In the ring, Harvey York was gradually unfolding his arms. Although he was trembling, it was obvious that his arms were not broken.

Dismay coloured Liam’s face. His lips curved into an annoyed frown at Harvey’s unharmed state.

Shane said nonchalantly, “Mr. Stone, it looks like your judgment was wrong. This man has exceeded both of our expectations. In no way can his position counter the amount of power forced on him. It seems that he had stubbornly withstood all of Dario’s power in that punch. That’s quite the skill.”

Liam gritted his teeth. “Even if he was able to repel the attack, he would’ve definitely lost most of his strength by now...”

“Perhaps.” Shane was feeling quite playful. His interest in Harvey York intensified. “However, we need to continue watching to see what the outcome may be.”

Dario craned his neck, and the cracking sounds from his stretched joints resounded. He studied Harvey with a look of satisfaction. His cannonball punch would have knocked any other person unconscious. In Harvey’s case, it was different. Although both of Harvey’s hands were trembling non-stop, his body remained firm and stable.

“Not bad, you could take my punch. You didn’t end up on the ground. I’m enjoying this.”

Harvey shook both his hands lightly. He said quietly, “You’re quite skilled yourself, but you’ve undermined your talent by working in this gym. Why don’t you follow me instead? I promise you, your status will be no lower than Tyson Woods.”

Dario replied casually, “In the first place, I’m perfectly willing to roam the streets on my own. Tyson and Liam have no control over me in Niumhi. All I want is to earn money.”

“I’ve received the money from the boxing gym, so I need to fulfil my end of the agreement. Although I admire you, that doesn’t mean that I’ll let you go.”

When he finished speaking, Dario pressed his feet firmly on the ground, so hard that his footprints were imprinted on the ring mat. He shot forward like a sprinting cheetah, throwing his fist into a heavy punch that seemed to slice the air around them.

Harvey frowned and made a hasty retreat. In the same breath, he swung his right leg upward to parry Dario's attack.

Dario yelled coldly, "You brought this on yourself!"

Harvey remained unfazed. As his right leg rose in mid-air, he pushed his left leg up as well. His whole body catapulted, avoiding Dario's deadly blow. With lightning speed, Harvey shifted positions and aimed his legs on Dario's chest.

Dario knitted his brows. He quickly pulled his fist back and tightened his entire body to defend against Harvey's counter attack.

Dario initially assumed he would be able to withstand Harvey's attack if he relied on his sturdy body. Yet the very instant Harvey's legs crashed into him, his expression changed. His assumption was proven wrong. As difficult as it was to believe, Harvey's frail looking legs packed terrifying strength!

As Harvey's body neared Dario's, Harvey spun his

left leg into a mighty kick.

Dario instinctively crossed his arms across his face to defend against the kick. A powerful blow followed, striking him raw and forcing him to bounce three steps backwards.

Harvey's kick attack displayed what a human body could only ideally do with great effort. It was both a spectacular and unbelievable sight to the eyes.

Pin drop silence filled the entire match hall.

The remaining boxers sitting on the sidelines watched with their mouths hung open in sheer disbelief. They each looked as if they had a run in with a ghost.

Did that masked man manage to force Dario into retreat? No average person could possibly achieve this feat! This was too incredible!

Dario hadn't lost a single match since he came to the gym. In fact, no one was ever able to make him retreat even half a step. Now, he was forced to

retreat for three steps. The whole situation was beyond everyone's wildest imagination.

It was regretful that everything they had just seen was, indeed, reality.

Thud!

Dario collapsed to the ground, the impact of his fallen body causing the ring to shake.

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“You’ve lost,” Harvey York said casually. Although Dario Moore was not knocked out and was still conscious, it was clear that he was the loser in the fight.

Dario’s strongest move could not force Harvey into backing for even half a step, whereas Harvey’s attack had forced Dario to retreat for three whole steps. The difference in skills was as clear as day.

Dario fell into a slump. He immediately turned and said to the referee, “I’ve lost. I won’t take the money for this match.”

The referee went deathly pale. Did Dario just admit his loss? In the entire gym, who else can defend against that b*stard who had barged in to spread chaos?

Harvey’s face relaxed. Shaking his hands, he said, “Do you have any more people stronger than him? If

there's none, tell Liam Stone to come to me.”

“Why, you...!” The corner of the referee's eyes twitched. This b*stard was way too cocky. However, he had his ways of being arrogant too.

Crash!

In the VIP room, Liam rose abruptly. The crystal glass in his hand was smashed into pieces, and fresh blood trickled out from his palm. He took no notice of it, too preoccupied with glaring at Harvey with murderous intent.

This mysterious b*stard appeared out of nowhere and somehow managed to force Dario into retreat? There could be no such thing in this world!

Rather than the outcome of the match, Liam was more concerned over the fact that a random b*stard had come here for the sole purpose of plunging his gym into chaos. If there was no one who could subdue this man, what would happen?

“Make the necessary preparations and clear the

place.” Liam barked out orders on his phone. “If that guy still refuses to listen, kill him!”

Liam turned to both Shane and Rosalie Naiswell. “My dear guests, I’m afraid I’ll have to trouble you. Since this troublemaker seems to be acquainted with you two, I can’t allow any of you to leave.”

Rosalie raised an incredulous brow. She was worried about Harvey, but she pushed herself to speak. “Mr. Stone, we came here because of your uncle. Are you sure that you want to detain us here? Aren’t you afraid of the consequences?”

“Consequences? Of course I’m afraid.” Liam chuckled. “However, a threat within reach is much more concerning... Don’t you both know this b*stard? Miss Naiswell’s beauty is especially moving. Can I ask you for a favor?”

Rosalie furrowed her brows. “What favor?”

“It’s simple, really. I need you to be my hostage. Since he’s the man in your heart, I’d like to see if he’ll lower his defenses to save you!”

Smiling, Liam clapped his hands. Two of his subordinates entered with steel pipes, smirking dangerously at both Shane and Rosalie.

The guests had all left the gym. Aside from Liam's men, only Harvey and Tyson Woods remained.

Clang!

The door of the underground gym closed shut with a loud bang.

Shane and Rosalie were forcefully detained in the VIP room. At the same time, Liam Stone led a group of men down to the match hall.

However, he did not look at Harvey who was standing in the ring. Instead, his glare fell on Tyson Woods. He laughed darkly. "I was wondering which mindless fool would crash in my turf. If it isn't Brother Tyson who's come to pay us a visit! What an honor. What's your reason for coming to my little place? What wrong has this little brother of yours committed, so much that you needed to be

here?”

Liam stared at Tyson with a poker face.

Tyson didn't dare to say much, and took to standing behind Harvey with his hands clasped firmly together. Today, he was only a follower. Harvey was the main star, and Tyson was just a supporting role to help lead the path. He had no right to say anything else.

Harvey surveyed Tyson's obedient stance with the corner of his eyes. He thought that Tyson was being quite alert and understood his place.

“I thought you're just a fighter. To have Tyson of all people standing behind you like that, it turns out you're the big brother instead.” Liam looked at Harvey. “He doesn't even have the guts to fart in your presence. You must have quite the high status ...?”

“Harvey York.”

“Brother, you don't have a very nice name, do you?”

Why do you have the exact name as that infamous live-in son-in-law of Niumhi? I'm sure you've been mistaken for him countless times."

A mystified smile etched Liam's lips. How odd. Although he didn't know what Harvey York looked like, the live-in son-in-law's name was too jarring to ignore. Even if he wanted to, he couldn't ignore it.

Harvey took off his mask and replied quietly, "I'm the live-in son-in-law you just talked about."

"You... you're that infamous worthless piece of trash?" Liam looked wronged, and clicked his tongue. "Well, well. Who would've thought? You do have the face of someone who relies on women. Still, you have a pretty good body. Did you take any drugs? Why didn't you just stay as a kept man instead of wreaking havoc in my gym? Don't you know what I can do to you?"

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Liam Stone waved his hands. One of his men who was carrying a steel rod behind him spoke. “Boss, there was once someone who came to our boxing gym with a streak of ten consecutive wins. He thought he had earned a huge sum of money, but he didn’t understand one basic principle. That principle was, it’s difficult to use two hands to defeat four hands. That so-called victor could not handle all of us and got beaten to a pulp. He knew then how ‘awesome’ he really was!”

“You heard that? I admit, you’re pretty skilled to be able to force Dario Moore to retreat. You’re also pretty great since you could make Tyson Woods stand behind you.” Liam snickered coldly. “Problem is, you’re both on my turf now. Is this the time to act cocky?”

Harvey York couldn’t be bothered to beat around the bush and asked directly, “I heard that you’re backing the Brooke family and are making life

difficult for us?”

Liam furrowed his brows. He chuckled, “Brother, do you need to start a big war just for the sake of two crippled underlings? Quick, bring the money out. Let’s give them the payment for their medical fees.”

“Yes, Boss!” One of his underlings brought out two suitcases of money and opened them in front of Liam.

Liam casually fingered the stacks of cash inside. He grabbed a few stacks and tossed them out. The colorful bills floated momentarily in the air before landing on the ground.

“Here’s thirty thousand dollars. Consider it my compensation for your goons. Since Brother Tyson came all the way here, I’ll show you some respect.” Liam put on a gentle smile. “Still, respect needs to be mutual. Since I’ve compensated, you need to apologize. If you kneel and pick up the cash, you can take them and leave. Otherwise...”

Thud!

Liam kicked the chair beside him. It flung in the air and broke into pieces when it smashed to the ground.

His underlings moved aside to avoid the chair. Each and every one of them wielded a steel rod, their faces cold and menacing.

Harvey didn't spare even the slightest glance to the money on the ground. He continued coldly, "Liam Stone, don't blame me for not giving you any chances. Stop meddling in the Brooke family affairs, or suffer the consequences on your own."

"Hahaha! You want me to bear the consequences by myself?" Liam laughed out loud. "Haven't you woken up yet, Harvey? Did you really think that I'll let you walk out here with your limbs intact? Plus, don't you want to see your lover? I really admire you. You can still live an easy life even when you have both a wife and a lover at the same time!"

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Liam Stone clapped. The TV in the match hall switched on and displayed Shane and Rosalie Naiswell, both tied firmly to their chairs. Shane's voice was inaudible, and his head was bleeding profusely. It seemed he had been hit by the steel pipes Liam's underlings were carrying.

"Mr. Naiswell is the senior of the Naiswell family. You dare touch him?" Harvey looked at the TV in disbelief. Wasn't Liam acting too outrageously? Didn't he know what kind of man Shane was? If he offended Shane, the entire Naiswell family could swoop in and kill him with ease.

"Why wouldn't I? Not only am I going to kill him, I'm also going to take that woman to my bed. When I've had enough of her, I'll get my men to dump her in an alley somewhere. Who'd know that I'm the culprit?" Liam laughed coldly. "I'm giving you a choice. If you want them to stay alive, surrender. If you don't, I'll make you watch them die. That

woman is your lover, isn't she?"

Liam continued to laugh, feeling deeply confident.

Harvey drew in a deep breath and frowned. "Liam, this problem is between you and I. Why did you have to drag others in this mess? What are your conditions to free them? Senior Naiswell is especially old. If something happens to him, ten lives of yours won't be enough to compensate!"

"Hahaha...!" Liam held his head up, his laughter rising in intensity. "If I dared making them my hostages, then of course I'm not afraid of killing them!"

"Harvey, do you think I'm a coward? We're street thugs! We stopped giving a crap about the risks a long time ago." Liam said, amid cold laughter. "I don't care about your status. You either kneel, or you die. Those two will accompany you to death!"

He had no interest in Harvey's background. Right now, there were only the two of them. Liam, on the other hand, had at least a hundred men by his side.

No matter the circumstances, he had the upper hand. Harvey's life and death was in his hands.

While it was true Harvey had impeccable fighting prowess, he was a degraded live-in son-in-law. What other status could he possibly have?

As thugs, the thing they feared most was the law itself. Ultimately, good fighting skills and money meant nothing to them.

Harvey mulled over the situation and said with a serious tone, "Liam, why don't you kneel and beg for mercy? If you do, I'm sure Senior Naiswell will forgive you. I'll let you go as well."

"F*ck! Hahaha...!" Liam was lost in his laughter. "I'm sorry, I couldn't help myself. Have you been reading too many stories? Who do you think you are? You want me to kneel? Are you using your status as a live-in son-in-law to scare me? Oh my, I'm so scared!"

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“Sir, maybe he wants to make you a live-in son-in-law too. I heard his sister-in-law is stunningly beautiful.” One of Liam’s underlings remarked, laughing. “She’s still in middle school, too!”

Liam Stone’s face crumpled in mock fear. “That won’t do, will it? I’ve been a thug for so many years. If I follow this worthless piece of trash and be a live-in son-in-law like him, I’ll lose my reputation for sure!”

“Boss, I heard that he even helps to prepare water for his mother-in-law to wash her feet.” Another underling said. “He hasn’t even touched his wife’s hands in the three years of his marriage!”

“Tsk, tsk, tsk. How marvelous. I admit, I’m shaking in my boots!” Liam clicked his tongue in astonishment. “I want to ask you a serious question, Harvey York. Do you still call yourself a man? Why don’t you pull down your pants and

check if your junior is still there? You're trash! Is there still any meaning to your life?"

Harvey was too lazy to offer any rebuttal. He jumped down from the ring and approached Liam.

Liam's men quickly strode forward and formed a protective wall in front of him. These men were boxers before they were thugs. As such, they had sturdy bodies. They gripped their steel rods threateningly, each radiating a murderous aura.

"Are you still thinking of beating me up? You think you're Bruce Lee? You think you can single-handedly fight ten men at once?" Liam stared at Harvey as though Harvey was retarded. "Looks like you're not just a worthless piece of trash, you're also not right in the head! Do you think that you have the right to make demands just because you won in that ring? Are you stupid or insane?"

Tyson Woods stepped forward and stood next to Harvey, his expression icy. He was drenched in cold sweat, but he had to come forth.

“Young Master York, today’s battle is one we fight to the death. I will fight by your side.”

Liam was stunned when he heard the words ‘Young Master York’. He seemed to be able to guess Harvey’s real identity.

“Young Master York? Could you actually be from the Yorks of South Light? I’ve never heard of such a useless successor from that family.” Liam pondered for a while, but then turned away impatiently. “Forget it, I don’t care what tricks you have. Break their hands and legs, and then toss them out! I’m a busy man, I don’t have time for this.”

“Yes sir!”

At least ten underlings came forward, steel rods in their hands. Liam couldn’t be bothered to watch and turned to leave immediately. Although Harvey was skilled, Liam didn’t think Harvey would be able to beat his many underlings.

Soon, sounds of a vicious battle resounded. Liam

smiled coldly, convinced there was nothing for him to worry about. He had only taken three steps forward when suddenly, someone locked his neck from behind.

While Liam was clueless as to what had happened, Tyson saw everything clearly.

As Liam's underlings charged to attack, they were quickly beaten to a pulp. Harvey had hit them all into unconsciousness with inhuman agility.

This level of skill... Was he even a normal person? For a split second, Tyson wondered if Harvey was the God of War reincarnated.

"I've given you a chance." Harvey's quiet voice could be heard from behind.

Liam's whole body convulsed in fear and he tried to turn with great difficulty. From the corner of his eyes, he saw Harvey holding on to his neck. Disbelief painted his expression.

"F*ck you, Harvey! What do you think you're

doing?” Liam raged. “Don’t you know if you piss me off, the whole Zimmer family will be burned to ashes, let alone a mere live-in son-in-law like you?”

“Take me upstairs and release Shane and Rosalie Naiswell. If you don’t, I’ll kill you.” Harvey said in a matter-of-fact tone.

Liam thundered, “How dare you?!”

Suddenly, the grip around his neck gradually tightened. He could sense an increased difficulty in breathing, and his vision began to fade into black.

“I-I... Let them go... I’ll let them go...” Liam struggled to reply. “Let me go first.”

“Go!”

They left the gym and went backstage. This was when Liam’s men realized what was going on. Fifty to sixty men rushed in and quickly surrounded them.

“Harvey, you’re seeking death, aren’t you? I won’t

let you off. The Zimmer family will accompany you to your death too.” Liam threatened. “I’ll make sure to take good care of your wife.”

Slap!

Harvey sent a hard slap on Liam’s cheek, causing his face to swell like a pig’s.

“Your life is in my hands. I have a hundred ways to make you beg for death before your goons make their way here.” Harvey said quietly. “Keep talking nonsense, and I won’t let you see the light of day.”

“Brother, brother, you’re my beloved brother. I don’t dare! I really don’t...” Liam held his swollen face, no longer daring to talk back. “All of you, hurry up and scram! You’re only making things worse, you b*stards!”

The underlings exchanged dubious looks, not daring to take a step further.

Harvey threw a glance at Tyson, giving him a signal before dragging Liam to the VIP room.

Thud! Thud!

The men stationed to guard the VIP room were quickly sent crashing into the wall with Harvey's swift kicks. They fell in a crumpled heap, unable to rise again.

Thud!

Harvey trampled on Liam's stomach and kicked Liam into a corner. He then rushed to untangle the ropes around Rosalie. In a low husky voice, he said, "Everything's fine now."