

Chapter 3735

To Harvey, the rift between him and the Osborne family was completely irreparable.

Since Clyde still dared to go against him, he wouldn't mind letting Clyde embarrass himself.

Clyde froze when he saw Harvey's calm look. Then, he burst out in anger; after glaring vengefully at Harvey for a long time, he then turned around and left.

He wouldn't dare lay a single finger on Harvey in a place like this.

No matter how dominant he or his family was, he had no choice but to swallow his hatred!

Harvey's simple action plunged the entire crowd into dead silence.

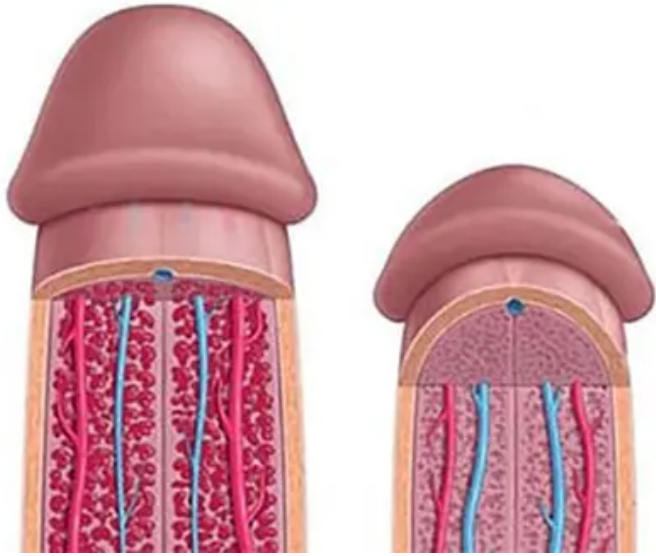
They were all completely shocked.

That said, at least nobody was going to cause Harvey any trouble for the time being.

Harold, Elliot, and the others were looking at Harvey with deep expressions.

Harvey casually sipped the tea Rachel had brought over, and glanced at the Indians as if nothing ever happened.

He saw Zoe looking back at him.



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The moment the two locked eyes, Zoe hung her head low with an oddly sluggish expression.

Axel, Danny, and Ryland were glaring at Harvey with wretched eyes.

“We’ll begin our first round now!”

The host knew everyone had been anticipating the fight, so he wasted no time.

“Longmen! Flutwell’s provincial champion-Harvey York!”

“India! One of the three top talents-Ryland Burlowe!”

The two slowly walked into the ring at the same time.

Harvey calmly went through the information he read about Ryland in his mind.

Ryland came from India’s Thousand Temple, and was an expert with hidden weapons.

Most Indians were completely outmatched by his strength and skill.

Amber could use the Dark Hall's tricks and her terrifying talent to achieve victory...

But only because she wasn't matched up against Ryland.

It would be hard to know who'd win if that was the case.

"The Indians sent a request before the fight started."

"They said that the top talents have been training in the art of killing since they were at a young age, and not performance arts."

"Simply put, there is only life and death in this fight. Nothing will be called until someone from one side dies."

"Do you have any objections to this?"

The host spoke calmly as if it was a fair statement, but he was actually helping the Indians.

Ryland let out a wretched chuckle.

"I've no objections."

Harvey shrugged.

"I'm fine with that."

The host frowned; he didn't expect Harvey to be so calm about the request.

"I'm warning you again, Harvey."

"Even if you admit defeat, they might not stop until you're dead."

“You can’t blame anyone if they beat you to death.”

“If you think you can’t beat them, you should admit defeat immediately.”

“Right. I’ll control myself,” Harvey calmly replied.

“I’ll make sure to give them a chance to beg.”

“I won’t be blamed if I accidentally kill them, right?”

The host was on the verge of coughing out blood.

Only people who were extremely confident would be able to say something this fearless.

Before the host could say anything more, Axel, who was sitting in the west resting area, spoke up loudly.

“Enough talk, Harvey! There’s only life and death in this battle!” 2

