

Chapter 590 Fight Fire With Fire

Trevor got even more furious when he saw this scene. He grabbed the rope at the edge of the battle ring and jumped up.

However, Marcel didn't really care about ethics. Before Trevor could even land in the ring, he rushed over.

He swung his leg horizontally and planned to hit Trevor's forehead.

"Trevor, watch out!" Darrion, who was standing below the ring, shouted nervously.

The people on Grady's side shouted excitedly, "Beat him up! Take that bastard down!"

Trevor's eyes became cold, and he bent down to avoid the attack.

Then, he took advantage of the opportunity when Marcel hadn't gained his balance. He grabbed Marcel's ankle.

"Let go of me!" Marcel shouted. He couldn't withdraw his foot, and he was in an awkward

position.

It was only then that he realized that he had underestimated Trevor's strength.

"You must have kicked Trey with this foot, right?"

Trevor glared at Marcel coldly, clenched his fist, and slammed into Marcel's knee joint.

"Ahhh!" Marcel screamed in pain. Trevor dislocated his knee joint.

But Marcel must be grateful that Trevor didn't have a weapon at this time. Because if he had, he wouldn't simply dislocate Marcel's knee joint. Marcel's leg would have been broken into pieces!

He pushed Marcel hard again.

Since Marcel could only stand on one foot, it was difficult for him to maintain his balance. He jumped backward twice and fell to the floor.

"Ouch!"

Marcel screamed, holding his leg.

However, Trevor just ignored Marcel's miserable situation. He turned to Trey and asked, "Which hand did he use to hit you?"

Trey took a few deep breaths. There were multiple bruises on his body, and the pain made him groan.

When he heard Trevor's question, he knew that Trevor would help him vent his anger. He felt a little bit of pleasure despite his painful situation.

Trey covered his head, pretending to be miserable. "I seem to have lost some memories because of the beating. That bastard must have used both hands."

"If he used both hands, then I have to break them both." Trevor snorted coldly and walked towards Marcel.

"You are lying! I didn't use my hands just now. Trevor, don't come near me!"

Marcel was angry and scared at the same time. He moved backward with his hands trembling.

He was angry because he knew Trey was taking revenge. Everyone knew that people who practiced Taekwondo used their legs mostly. He didn't punch Trey even once.

Trevor was much more ruthless than him. He

might really break his hands.

Trevor noticed that Marcel wanted to run away. He dragged Marcel back to the center of the battle ring.

"Who says you are allowed to leave? I haven't broken your hands yet." Trevor snorted and stepped on Marcel.

Annot could see that Marcel was no match for Trevor, so she shouted anxiously, "How dare you hit him so hard? After breaking his leg, you still want to break his hands now?"

Trevor looked at her condescendingly, frowned, and said, "You just said, in a fighting ring, the weakest has only himself to blame for the blows he receives. Now that he is weaker than me, he deserves to be beaten by me."

Annot was so pissed off by Trevor's words that her face turned livid. She said without remorse, "Then we admit defeat. You can't beat him anymore if he admits defeat."

"Yes, yes! I admit defeat," Marcel said hurriedly as if he had grabbed a life-saving straw. He never knew that admitting defeat

was such a happy thing.

Trevor turned to Trey and asked, "Trey, did you admit defeat just now?"

Trey immediately understood what Trevor meant. "They didn't allow me to admit defeat."

Trevor turned to Marcel again and smiled playfully. "Since you didn't allow my friend to admit defeat, how can I let you admit defeat now?"

"But he didn't say he would admit defeat just now," Marcel shouted in a trembling voice.

But Trevor didn't want to talk nonsense with Marcel anymore. He broke Marcel's hands in a snap.

Marcel let out a shrill howl and passed out.