

# The First Heir Chapter 1364

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"Everyone stop!"

Javi shouted solemnly with a cold intent in his eyes. He stared at the arrogant Josh on the stage and said to the man next to him, "Pedro Lopez, try him out!"

"Yes, Young Master!"

The disciple of the Lopez family stood up angrily and stepped onto the martial arts stage under the gazes of the audience

According to the rules of the match, the host must first ask Josh a question. "Do you need to substitute?"

Josh shook his head indifferently, his eyes sweeping upward before landing on Javi Lopez. He stretched out his arm, pointed at him, and said with a beckoning motion, "Javi Lopez, the person I want to challenge is you. Don't you have anyone else in Fusha?"

Arrogant!

The corners of Pedro's eyes froze as he directly lunged forward and threw a punch!

However, Josh impassively dodged sideways and followed with a knee strike!

Bam!

Pedro flew out several meters, staggered around for a few steps, and spat a mouthful of blood before crashing to the ground!

Another instant defeat!

This time, the entire audience went completely quiet.

Rafael could not sit still any longer. He got up angrily and shouted to Javi, "Javi, go! Show them the strength of our Lopez family!"

"Yes, Father!"

Javi received the order and stepped on the stage.

His appearance was greeted by the cheers of many Fusha spectators!

They shouted at the top of their lungs, "Go for it, Javi! Show them the fighting spirit of Fusha!"

"Javi, beat him! You must take him out!"

Amid the shouts from the crowd, Javi glared at Josh and said coldly, "Since you're determined to die, I'll fulfill your wish! I'll show you the gap between us!"

Suddenly, Javi radiated with an incomparably domineering and fierce aura!

That intensity quickly spread to the audience, making everyone feel that the next match would be a clash of the titans!

Javi Lopez was an undefeated boxing expert.

Moreover, he was the most qualified young talent to become the next Major in Fusha!

He had unlimited potential!

However, looking at Josh at this moment, he was still aloof. With a faint smile on the corners of his mouth, he looked at the other party and said, "I can say the same to you as well."

On the stand, Philip crossed his arms and shook his propped leg. He was not paying too much attention to the happenings on stage and was chatting with Wynn on his phone.

He had already predicted the outcome.

On the contrary, Crawford was very restless. He looked at Philip as the man played with his phone and his words were stuck uncomfortably in his throat.

"Young Master Clarke, can Mr. Clancy win this match?" Crawford could not help asking.

After all, this was a battle of honor for the national martial arts.

Philip raised his head, glanced at the stage, and took out a microphone from somewhere. At the same time, with a wave of his hand, the aerial camera hovering high in the sky focused its lens on Philip.

Swish!

An innocent and handsome smiling face appeared on the live feed of the venue as well as on the live broadcasts of various platforms around the world.