

Chapter 460 I'll Let You Attack First

There was a boxing club right next to the gym. A group of people walked into the boxing club with Trevor and Jesse, so they attracted more attention.

"Wow, isn't that Jesse? He hasn't been here for a few days. How did he suddenly have the time to come?"

"Well, I'm afraid no one dares to be his sparring partner. Who can withstand his heavy punches?"

"Here comes Jesse! Jesse is here!"

The whispers of admiration from the other boxing enthusiasts reached the ears of the crowd, giving Jesse a lot of hype.

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Trevor also noticed something else.

Many muscular men who were busy practicing boxing stopped their movements when they heard the commotion and saw Jesse arrive.

Some even hurriedly stepped out of the ring.

It seemed that Jesse was quite famous here.

Trevor raised his eyebrows, but he didn't worry too much. Instead, he felt his fighting spirit starting to burn up.

"Let me test my skills with you!"

"Huh? Who the hell do you think you are? How dare you say that?"

"I'll beat you to a pulp, and you'll be bound to a wheelchair for the rest of your life!"

Jesse had a ferocious look on his face, and his eyes were full of fury.

He wanted to vent all the grievances he'd had from Lois on Trevor.

"Alright, little brat. I'll grant you your death wish if that's what you want. Come up and fight me!"

Jesse jumped into the ring at once, with one hand hanging by the ropes. He used his index finger to provoke Trevor and to signal him to come up.

When the boxing enthusiasts saw that Jesse wasn't there to spar with them, they all breathed a sigh of relief.

However, they couldn't help shaking their heads and looking at Trevor with pity.

He was a handsome man and fairly muscular. But his physique was nothing compared to Jesse's. They wondered how many punches Trevor could even take.

"I'm afraid this guy will be in for a world of hurt."

"Yeah, it seems like he had some bad blood with Jesse. Oh boy, I wouldn't want to be him right now. He has no idea how miserable he'll be later!"

Surrounded by the crowd of nervous onlookers, Trevor stepped into the boxing ring.

They looked at each other from the opposite



ends of the ring without any protective gear. The crowd held their breath, and a tense atmosphere developed.

However, most hung around to watch the fun, and some even tried to tease the two.

Perhaps among all those present, Lois was the only one who was really concerned about Trevor.

After all, Trevor got into trouble in order because he helped her refuse Jesse.

Lois clasped her hands together and prayed. When she glanced to her side, she noticed that Bradley was quite calm, without a trace of worry on his face.

Surprised, she couldn't help asking, "You must be Trevor's companion. Well, you don't look worried at all. Why is that?"

Hearing this, Bradley smiled faintly. He respected Trevor's courage to face the challenge. He replied, "It doesn't matter. Trevor has at least a 50% chance of winning. That's an even chance, wouldn't you say?"

With a look of doubt on her face, Lois didn't

understand how Bradley had the confidence to say those words. She hesitated and asked, "You mean he has a 50% chance of getting seriously hurt?"

Without saying a word, Bradley shook his head and kept smiling.

The other 50% was the probability that he'd have to step in and get Trevor out of trouble. Otherwise, there would be no reason for Trevor's father to ask him to stay with his son.

Just as they were talking, the battle began.

The two of them had no protective equipment on, which made them even more nervous.

However, Jesse was brimming with confidence. ①

Raising both arms to expose his chest, Jesse teased, "You coward, I'll just stand here and take your punches. If you're not scared, come here and give it a try.

I want to know how it feels to fight a weakling!"

The audience burst into laughter when they heard those sarcastic words, but they didn't notice the sharp glimmer of light in Trevor's deep eyes.

Once Jesse's arrogance made him too complacent, Trevor would take his chance.

Trevor dashed forward, forcefully whipping his leg toward his opponent's waist.

Bang!

The crowd heard a muffled sound. Caught off guard, Jesse used his palm to block the fierce kick just in time.

But he staggered back and almost fell to the ground.

'Damn it! He doesn't follow martial ethics!'


Jesse shouted immediately, "You brat, I said you can punch me, but why did you kick me?"

Jesse looked furious. But deep inside, he was trying so hard to hide his fear.


He put his red, trembling hand behind his back and out of sight.

Beads of sweat formed on his forehead.

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 +90 Points at most

Somehow, he felt that he had made a grave mistake. It seemed that his opponent wasn't as clueless as he thought.

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