

Hitched 1711

Chapter 1711

Seeing this, everyone turned to look at her in unison.

The male bodyguard hurried to support her. "What's wrong?"

Mrs. Gable put on a convincing performance.

"The kidnappers sent a video! They're going to murder him!" she wailed.

The male bodyguard played along, his expression darkening as he quickly asked, "Where's the video?"

Mrs. Gable handed him her phone...

Soon, the large screen in the conference room displayed footage of a captive Evan.

A group of masked men in fatigues stood over Evan, their rifles spitting lead that

shredded the ground inches from his trembling body.

They didn't hit him; the bullets all landed around him.

Evan was trembling, a lump forming in his throat as he sobbed.

"Dad, Mommy, save me!" he sobbed.

Tarquin Bradford watched the screen. Even though he knew Evan was acting, his brows furrowed tightly.

In the video, a kidnapper spoke angrily.

"If we don't see the money within an hour, you'll never see your son again! We'll turn him into a bloody mess!"

"Don't think Thyania can help you. If we were afraid of them, we wouldn't have dared to snatch someone from their territory!"

"We have a partnership with them, you know!"

"And even if they're pressured into helping you, we're not scared. If they dare to turn on us, we'll take them down too!"

"Remember this: only money can save your son now! Don't count on anything else!"

"This could have been solved with a few million, but since you've made such a big deal out of it, we'll add a few more zeros!"

"Wire the money now! Not a single dollar less!"

The video ended, and everyone in the room looked grim.

Aside from Mrs. Gable, who was still crying, everyone else's expression was dark.

This was especially true for the Thyanian representatives.

The video, less than a minute long, left them feeling both guilty and furious.

Everyone knew that some Thyanian officials had close ties to Mariana Land, but having it stated so openly in this setting was a huge embarrassment for them.

And the kidnappers had brazenly claimed they could take them down too!

They clearly had no respect for Thyania!

Did they have no pride?

The male bodyguard spoke up, his brow furrowed.

"So, you Thyanian officials are in a partnership with them! Does that mean you were also involved in Evan's kidnapping?"

"Did you see how skilled our Evan is and get scared you couldn't beat him, so you decided to have him silenced?"

The question was so blunt that the representative from the Thyanian Martial Arts Federation looked away guiltily, not daring to respond.

The official Thyanian representative explained, "Don't listen to the kidnappers' nonsense. We have no connection with them whatsoever!"

The Zhinoran representative said, "We don't want to discuss that. We just want to rescue the child

If

weize

immediately anything happens to Evan, we will not let this go

A representative from the Zhinoran Martial Arts Federation said angrily, "It looks like they don't respect you Thyanan officials at all you should pay the ransom first to calm the kidnappers down."

The Thyanian representative said, "But what if we pay the ransom and they kill him anyway?"

The Zhinoran representative said, "Pay a portion first!"

The bodyguard couple spoke up.

"But... they're asking for too much money. We don't have it."

The Zhinorans all looked at the Thyanian representatives.

The Thyanian officials fell silent.

They knew exactly what the Zhinorans meant, but who would be willing to fork over such a large sum of money?

Tarquin stood up and said directly, "I can afford it. I'll pay, but I have a condition. This incident must be made public. It can't be swept under the rug."

The Thyanian officials heard this and immediately refused. "No!"

Their tourism industry was already suffering a major blow. They were racking their

brains trying to find ways to reassure people to visit Thyania.

They worried about Thyania's tourism industry day and night!

Chapter 1712

The Prime Minister was making media appearances every other day, trying to salvage the situation.

After all, tourism was the pillar of Thyania's economy.

If they lost their tourism revenue, Thyania's entire economy would suffer a devastating blow.

Once Evan's case was exposed, the impact would be unprecedented. If even a highly trained martial artist like him could run into trouble, what about ordinary people?

Who would dare to travel to Thyania then?

A high-ranking Thyanian official gritted his teeth and declared, "We will pay for it!"

He then immediately turned to Penn's father, his tone severe. "Your military bears the primary responsibility for this. It was your failure to provide adequate protection that allowed those criminals from Mariana Land to succeed. This money will come from your military budget first!"

Penn's father was furious but didn't dare to object. He could only nod. "I'll go prepare it now."

He knew this was a mess his son had caused. He shot Penn a harsh glare and turned to leave.

He found a private place and called the commander over there.

"Commander, something big has happened....."

He briefly explained the important points of the whole situation and the current predicament. The other person said, "I've heard about this. Several of our compounds are already fighting among themselves because of that kid! The main problem is, we still haven't found him!"

Penn's father frowned. "You haven't found him? We now have evidence that he's definitely on your territory."

The other man let out a heavy sigh. "I've already had my people out looking in all the major compounds. I'll let you know as soon as I have news."

Penn's father immediately said, "But they're demanding the ransom now! It's a huge amount, and it's all on me!"

The other party was silent for a moment. "... How about we split it fifty-fifty?"

Penn's father hesitated for a moment.

"Fine. It's just our bad luck. We'll consider it paying to make the problem go away! We'll cover it for now, and once we catch the kidnappers, we'll get it back!"

After they agreed, they pooled the ransom money and wired it to the designated account.

Soo watched as a staggering

sum

screen-a figure

many zeros looked more like

Elliot immediately got to work, transferring the money away in seconds!

After receiving the money, he had Elijah take over and make an anonymous call to Mrs. Gable.

"Why did you only transfer half? Do you want your son to suffer a fate worse than death?"

Mrs. Gable cried in front of everyone,

saying, "No, that's all the money

could gather right now. I really can't get any more. Please wait a little longer Please don't texture fum. We're still trying to raise the rest!

The Thyanian police signaled for Mrs. Gable to prolong the call so they could trace the location.

Mrs. Gable cooperated.

"Can I hear my son's voice? We need to confirm he's still alive."

Elliot knew exactly what they were up to. He had made this call precisely to reveal Evan's location.

According to the plan, Evan's location was supposed to be exposed at this moment. Soon, Mrs. Gable heard Evan's voice.

"Mommy, save me... Mommy..."

Mrs. Gable cried.

"Evan! Are you okay? Did they hurt you? Don't be afraid, we're raising the money. As soon as we have enough, you can come home..."

Mrs. Gable was crying on her end, and Evan was crying on his.

The technical staff on the Thyanian side worked frantically and soon pinpointed Evan's location!

As soon as the call ended, a technician announced, "He's here!"

Everyone quickly gathered around to look.

When the Thyanian officials saw the location, their eyes widened, and they all fell silent.

Penn's father was thunderstruck, his face draining of all color.

Chapter 1713

The location showed that Evan wasn't in one of the compounds, but in the military district!

It was the ruthless commander's territory!

If he were in a compound, the rescue would be easier. But in a military district, it would be extremely difficult.

Seeing them remain silent, Mrs. Gable continued her act, crying, "Whether it's a compound or a military district, we've finally found Evan's location. You have to go rescue him immediately!"

The representative from the Zhinoran Martial Arts Federation questioned them with a dark face, "Don't tell me you're actually afraid of them? If you really are, who would dare to travel to Thyania in the future? There's no security at all!"

The Thyanian officials' faces collectively darkened.

After a moment of silence in the conference room, a high-ranking Thyanian official said, "Please wait a moment. I need to report this up the chain of command."

Challenging the other side's military district was a major issue. No one present dared to make that decision; they had to get orders from above.

Not long after, the high-ranking Thyanian official hurried back.

"We are deploying police forces to rescue him now! Rest assured, we in Thyania will spare no effort to get him out!"

Upon hearing this, Penn's father quickly said, "I'll personally lead a team to negotiate with them!"

He and the ruthless commander had a shady deal, and he was afraid it would be discovered. It was safer if he went there himself.

The high-ranking Thyanian official nodded. "Go. Report back with any developments!"

Penn's father and another military officer led a team toward Mariana Land to negotiate with the local military district.

As soon as he was out of sight, Penn's father quickly contacted his counterpart.

"Commander, we just tracked the kid to your territory! Tell your men to stop searching the compounds and start looking on your own base!"

The ruthless commander was confused.

"On our territory? Impossible! Not even a fly can get in or out of here without permission, let alone a group of people with a child!"

Penn's father said, "Our Thyanian team tracked the location themselves. There's no mistake!"

"We're under pressure now and are leading troops your way. We've deployed elite forces. If a real fight breaks out, we'll both suffer heavy losses!"

"You need to find that kid now, and try to do it before we arrive. Otherwise, my hands will be tied, and we'll really have to fight!"

The other man let out a heavy sigh. "I understand!"

As soon as the call ended, the ruthless commander immediately summoned his subordinates.

"Wake everyone up! Full mobilization, find that person! Also, prepare for battle!"

In the middle of the night, the Mariana Land military district and the major compounds descended into chaos.

The military district was frantically searching for someone.

The major compounds were consumed by infighting, dredging up old grievances,

and erupting into open conflict.

Evan, hiding in the shadows, quietly contacted Elliot.

"Bro, I see the military district is in chaos now. What's my next move?"

Elliot stared at his computer screen for a moment.

"Start a video call with Mrs. Gable. Live stream it. Be prepared to get 'shot' and make it look real."

"Okay, got it."

bet

Soon, Mrs Gable's phone buzzed. She quickly said to everyone in the Conference room The kidnappers.

are video calling me!"

Everyone immediately said, "Answer it!"

The Thyanian officials quickly had the technical department project the feed onto the

screen.

After Mrs. Gable answered the video call, the other side's picture appeared on the large screen.

The kidnappers were livid.

"We warned you not to seek help, but you still dared to involve the Thyanian police! Are you looking to die?"

Everyone in the conference room frowned.

Mrs. Gable put on an act, crying, "We

didn't! The incident just got too much attention, we couldn't hide it from then please, don't kill my Evan, I'm begging you..."

The kidnapper said, "Our patience is running out. Wire the rest of the money now, or we'll kill him

immediately! Content bet is

Mrs. Gable sobbed, "We're still trying to gather it....."

BANG! A gunshot rang out, and a bullet hit Evan in the leg. Evan immediately screamed in pain. "Mommy! Mommy!" Mrs. Gable shrieked, her expression one of utter heartbreak. The kidnapper seemed to have lost his mind, roaring,

Chapter 1714

"Wire the money now! You have to! I'll count to ten, and if the money isn't here, I'll blow his head off! One, two, three..."

Watching the screen, everyone gasped.

As the countdown neared its end, a high-ranking Thyanian official quickly had another large sum of money transferred.

The kidnapper said, "It's not enough! Transfer another billion!"

One billion?

The Thyanian officials were stunned and shook their heads at Mrs. Gable.

Mrs. Gable tearfully said to the kidnapper, "We really don't have a billion dollars, we..."

The kidnapper cut her off.

"Didn't Thyania want to help you? If you don't have it, make them pay! We don't care who pays, we just want the money!"

Mrs. Gable, her eyes red, looked at the Thyanian officials again. This time, an official stepped forward to negotiate directly.

"We really can't come up with that much money on such short notice. We..." *BANG!*

Before he could finish, Evan was shot again.

Evan passed out from the pain. The kidnapper bellowed, "Wire the money! We're not listening to your excuses! I'm counting to ten again! One, two, three..."

The high-ranking Thyanian official gritted his teeth, gave a sharp look, and had another sum of money transferred.

The kidnapper looked at the amount. "Dammit! I said one billion!"

Another kidnapper said, "Boss, the Commander is already unhappy. We need to wrap this up quickly. This kid has to die tonight!"

The next second, *BANG! BANG! BANG!*

The kidnappers fired more than ten shots at Evan in quick succession. Evan collapsed in a pool of blood.

The video feed was cut.

The conference room was silent for a few seconds before Mrs. Gable let out a piercing shriek and collapsed, feigning a dead faint.

The Zhinorans were furious, but before they could erupt, the Thyanian officials spoke up.

"This is outrageous! Absolutely outrageous! We're going to flatten them tonight!" Not long after, Penn's father received a call. A high-ranking Thyanian official had given the order to go to war with that bastard commander.

Penn's father was thunderstruck, his face draining of all color. He quickly contacted the commander.

"Stop searching. The kid is already dead!"

"The situation is out of control.

Thyania is sending in more troops and wants to go to war with you. direct you can still escape, get out now! If it's too late, then prepare for battle!"

That bastard commander was shocked. The kid was dead?

He didn't have time to investigate. He immediately contacted the heads of the major compounds.

"Bring your men over. We've got a big fight on our hands tonight!"

Upon receiving the order, some of the compound heads fled on the spot, while

others rushed to the military district with their men.

After all, they were all in the same boat; they would rise and fall together.

At the same time, another group of Zhinoran teams took advantage of the chaos to

storm the various compounds, secretly rescuing people...

At that moment, throughout the country, the high-ranking Thyanian officials were extremely frustrated, but the people from the martial arts association were delighted.

Several old geezers gathered together, gossiping in a huddle.

"Although things are chaotic, it's actually a good thing for us. After all, that kid is dead!"

"Exactly. And he was killed by kidnappers. It has nothing to do with us. No matter how angry the Zhimaran martial artists get, they can't blame us!"

They knew perfectly well whether they were involved or not.

After a moment of silence in the room, someone said, "...I heard that after She Kao was defeated, the Zhimaran martial artists all mocked. us, calling us trash!"

"Hmph! Now that the kid is dead, let's see who they have to be smug about!"

"During the semifinals, we'll find a way to make them all lose, so none of them advance to the finals!"

"Let's give them a good dose of humiliation and see who the real trash is!"

Ever since the incident with Jake Warner, the martial artists from Zhinora and Thyania had not been on friendly terms.

They were always secretly competing.

But for years, the martial artists of the two countries had been evenly matched.

However, Evan's appearance seemed poised to shatter this balance.

That was why the Thyanian martial artists wanted Evan to disappear. With Evan dead, they were happy.

However, fate is unpredictable, and their happiness was premature. The next evening, their nightmare returned, alive and kicking.

Chapter 1715

Evan stealthily returned to his residence. As soon as he entered the room, he saw Tarquin.

Tarquin was sitting on the living room sofa, looking at his phone. Sensing

movement, he looked up toward the door...

A small, soot-stained figure shuffled into the room, looking more like a homeless urchin than a billionaire's son.

The little guy looked as if he had just wandered back from a slum, or like a kid who'd been playing in a mud puddle...

His face was dirty, his body was dirty, his hair was dirty, and his shoes were dirty.

His handsome little face was completely obscured by grime, showing no trace of its original appearance.

His clean and fluffy medium-length hair now looked no different from a bird's nest.

The white sneakers he wore when he left yesterday had turned a dirt-gray color, accented with splashes of red, yellow, blue, green, and black.

His designer tracksuit was a tattered mess, riddled with countless rips and tears. From head to toe, he looked nothing like the young master of a wealthy family.

He looked more like a little wanderer from a gang of street urchins.

Even if Elysia Thorne were here right now, she probably wouldn't recognize him as her son.

The difference was like night and day.

Tarquin studied his precious son, sighed softly to himself, and beckoned him over.

"Come here."

Evan scratched his head and shuffled over, greeting him in a small, sheepish voice. "Hey, Dad."

Tarquin first carefully checked his body to make sure he wasn't injured, then asked, "Are you hungry?"

Evan nodded quickly. "Hungry!"

Tarquin said, "There's food for you in the kitchen. Go take a shower and change into clean clothes first, then come down to eat."

Evan, with his big, bright eyes, looked at Tarquin suspiciously.

"Dad, are you... are you mad?" Evan asked, his voice barely a whisper.

Tarquin narrowed his eyes. "Why would I be mad at you?"

Evan stammered, "I... I went to Mariana Land without telling you beforehand, and it was a risky thing to do. I thought you'd be angry."

Tarquin's tone was neutral. "You knew I'd be angry, yet you still dared to act first and report later. You're not afraid I'll spank you at all?"

Evan replied very seriously, "Of course I'm scared. After all, if you me, I can't hit back. I just

have it

take the pain. Who isn't afraid of

pain?"

Tarquin narrowed his eyes. "...If I hit you, why can't you hit back?"

Evan looked up with his grimy little face and said, "Because you're my real dad! I make a mistake and you punish me, it's only right and propèr. If I dared to hit back, that would be disrespectful dont want to be. disrespectful son! I still have to be Mommy's pride and joy!"

Tarquin was speechless. The father's heart softened instantly.

When he first heard that his son had run off to Mariana Land alone, he had been truly terrified.

Even Axel had spent years preparing before he stormed in.

Although Evan was skilled and had only gone to the border region, the risk was still very high, given how chaotic the place was.

Even with Elliot's detailed plan, he was uneasy. He hadn't dared to sleep at all last night.

If anything had happened to Evan, what would he and Elysia do?

He had genuinely thought about giving the little rascal a good talking-to when he got back.

He would teach him a lesson he wouldn't forget, to make him remember that not all risks are worth taking.

But as soon as he saw him, he couldn't bring himself to do it.

After a moment of silence, Tarquin sighed inwardly again and ruffled Evan's hair.

"Wanting to punish bad people isn't wrong, but you shouldn't have acted

without telling me. You shou

have...

told me about something sodisky beforehand."

Evan thought to himself: *If I told you, there's no way you would've let me go.*

But he said aloud, "You're right, absolutely right! I'll be more careful next time!"

He was putting on a great show of admitting his mistake.

Before Tarquin could speak, he added, "So... Dad, are we still good buddies? No! Are we still on good terms as father and son?"

Tarquin was speechless.

Evan said sheepishly, "If we're still on good terms, then you'll keep this a secret for me, okay? Don't tell Mommy!"

Tarquin asked, "And what if I say we're not?"

Chapter 1716

"Then you're at a huge loss. You're losing out on a great son!"

Tarquin was speechless.

Evan tried to smooth things over.

"I know Dad loves me. He would never stay mad at me, and he definitely wouldn't tell Mom! I'm going upstairs to take a shower."

The little guy bolted as soon as he finished speaking. Tarquin watched him go, a helpless look on his face.

"I'm only letting you off the hook this once. Don't let it happen again!"

Evan flashed him a brilliant smile. "Okay!"

Tarquin's eyes filled with affection as he gave a resigned smile.

Upstairs, Elliot and Elijah rushed over to Evan as soon as they saw him.

"Are you okay?"

"You're not hurt, are you?"

Evan shook his head.

"No. I saw Dad as soon as I came in, and it scared me. I thought he was going to beat me up."

"We acted without telling him first, so Dad was definitely not happy," Elliot said. "He was mainly worried something would happen to you."

"I know. Dad loves me just as much as Mom does!" Evan said, then added excitedly, "Bro, your plan was amazing. That place is in total chaos now, they're at each other's throats! And I saw that we managed to rescue a lot of our countrymen!"

Evan's initial idea was to rush in, cause some destruction, and rescue some of their people himself.

But Elliot disagreed.

Elliot felt that a direct confrontation was too risky. It was better to let them fight amongst themselves.

That way, they could keep Evan safe while rescuing even more of their countrymen.

Besides, with them tearing each other apart, their entire operation would suffer a heavy blow.

Elijah added excitedly, "Not only did we rescue a lot of our people, but we also got a huge sum of money back! We really made them bleed!"

Elliot gave all the money to Zhinora's rescue team. Part of it was used to expand the team, and the other part was used to help poor families find their loved ones for free.

The situation in Mariana Land was complicated. Wiping them out in one go was impossible.

They could only offer what help they could.

Elliot let out a long breath. Seeing

that Evan was in a much better mood, he said softly, "The Mariana Land business is over for now. Go take a shower, then come downstairs for a bite to eat. Get a good night's sleep. You still have the semi-finals tomorrow."

"Okay!"

The next day, a little after ten in the morning.

When Evan woke up, Elliot and Elijah were gathered around a computer, watching

the live broadcast of the semi-finals.

The two brothers had their brows tightly furrowed, murmuring to each other.

"Athletes are extremely careful about their diet before a competition. How could they

all come down with food poisoning at the same time?"

"They were probably sabotaged by some scoundrels!"

Evan yawned and shuffled over. "What are you guys watching?"

"The semi-finals livestream," Elliot said.

Evan rubbed his eyes. "I thought there wasn't a live broadcast?"

"The preliminary round was a massive open selection with a lot of amateurs, and the scene was chaotic, so there was no broadcast," Elliot explained. "But from the

sentials onward, there met

is. Th

organizers set it up for a global broadcast."

Evan stared at the computer screen. "Is this number 81 one of ours?"

Elliot nodded.

"Yeah, a Zhinorian. Our country has a total of four fighters who made it to the semi- finals."

"You, number 52, number 81, and number 106. Number 52 has already lost. The one fighting right now is number 81."

Evan was surprised. "Only four advanced? Didn't a lot of people sign up?"

"A huge number of people were

eliminated in the preliminaries," Elliot said. "Everyone who made it to the semi finals is a master Some smaller countries don't even have a single person who qualified."

"How did number 52 lose? Who beat him?" Evan asked again.

Elliot frowned.

"Number 44, the one on the stage. I heard he's Seker's junior, but he qualified through the preliminaries. It seems he's not as skilled as Seker."

Just as Elliot finished speaking, fighter number 81, who was in the middle of his match, suddenly grimaced and doubled over in agony, clutching his gut, looking like he was in extreme pain.

Just as number 81 was about to raise his hand to signal a timeout to the referee, number 44's face hardened, and he kicked him directly!

He sent him flying off the stage!

Chapter 1717

The referee walked over and blew his whistle.

"Number 81 loses, number 44 wins!"

Number 81, now on the floor, frowned. Without bothering to explain, he scrambled to his feet and limped towards the backstage area.

Elijah was furious.

"See? It's the same situation as number 52. He started having stomach problems again! Number 44 didn't even give our fighter a chance to speak. It's obviously intentional!"

Evan frowned. "Stomach problems?"

Elijah said, "Before the competition even started, our qualified Zhinorian fighters all posted updates saying they had upset stomachs and were up all night."

"It was the same with number 52 just now. He couldn't take it anymore in the middle of the fight and clutched his stomach to call for a stop, but number 44 kicked him off the stage!"

The rule in martial arts competitions was simple: anyone who falls off the stage loses.

Evan's eyes widened in disbelief.

"How could they all go down at once? They know they have a competition today, so they must have been careful with what they ate!"

Elijah said indignantly, "Exactly! That's why we suspect someone tampered with their food."

"But the netizens don't believe it, especially the people from Nipponora, Koryon, and Thyania!"

"They're all scoffing, saying we're just making excuses because we're afraid of losing. Claiming to be sick beforehand makes losing less humiliating!"

Elijah showed Evan the top comments. They were all over the place. [Zhinorian fighters are such sore losers. They either withdraw or claim they're sick!] [And they call themselves a martial arts powerhouse. What a joke, it's a disgrace!] [Just watch, they won't even win a single medal, let alone make it to the finals!] Some of their Zhinorian compatriots couldn't stand it and came out to defend the fighters.

[Are you all blind? Can't you see that our fighters are genuinely sick? The competition isn't over yet, so how do you know none of us will make it to the finals?]

But they were immediately swarmed by a mob from Koryon, Nipponora, and Thyania.

[It's not that we're blind, it's that you're sore losers!]

[Why claim to be sick? Obviously, you already know you're going to lose and just want to save face!]

[Make it to the finals? You're so pathetic, I bet you cheated just to get into the semi- finals!]

One Nipponoran even posted a scathing comment.

[If any Zhinorian fighter makes it to the finals, I'll livestream myself eating dirt!]

Evan's short temper flared up instantly.

"Elijah, can you get this comment trending?"

Elijah nodded. "I can!"

"Then pin it to the top of the trending

list," Evan said, "Make sure it stays there all day so he can't go back on his word and back out later

"Done!"

Elijah's fingers flew across the keyboard, and soon, that comment shot to the number one spot on the trending list.

Evan personally replied to it.

[A Zhinorian fighter will definitely make it to the finals. Get ready for your livestream!] Immediately, other Nipponorans replied to him.

[If a Zhinorian fighter really makes it to the finals, I'll livestream myself eating shit too!]

[Yeah, yeah, let's all do it together!]

[Forget eating shit, if a Zhinorian fighter makes it to the finals, I'll

pie

lives even before him on my... livestream myself eating humb net

hands and knees!]

Evan wrote:

[Let's make a bet. If no Zhinorian fighter makes it to the finals, I'll

livestream an apology to all of

bowing down. ['I'll do whatever you want me to do as an apology.]

[But if one does, you will all livestream an apology to the Zhinorians, bowing down.

And as for how you apologize, we get to decide!]

Within minutes, hundreds of replies appeared under the comment, not just from Nipponorans, but also from Koryons and Thyanians.

Chapter 1718

[You're on!]

Only then was Evan satisfied. He asked Elijah, "What's this about withdrawing? I earned my spot in the semi-finals fair and square. Why would they make me withdraw?"

Elijah's face was dark. "The Thyanians thought you were dead, so they publicly announced your withdrawal. Now all those people from Nipponora, Koryon, and Thyania are saying you withdrew because you were scared!"

"They're saying you only beat Seker because you cheated! They claim you knew you wouldn't have a chance to cheat against the real masters, so you just withdrew!" "I'm changing my clothes," Evan fumed. "We're going to the arena!"

An hour later, they arrived at the semi-finals venue.

The couple acting as their bodyguards stayed close to them. Before leaving, Mrs. Gable had applied theatrical makeup to them again to conceal their identities.

The venue was already packed, so they could only find seats in a corner at the back to watch.

Coincidentally, on the stage, the last Zhinorian fighter, number 106, was currently in a match.

His opponent was also number 44!

The semi-finals were a bit different from the preliminaries. In the preliminaries, opponents were matched in order. In the semi-finals, you could choose your opponent.

A total of 36 people were participating in the semi-finals, and only three would advance to the finals!

Once in the finals, they would face off against the top-tier legends!

If they won, they would become famous and earn a respected position in the global martial arts world.

If they lost, it was no disgrace. After all, they were fighting against legends, so it was considered a learning experience.

Therefore, for the semi-finalists, just making it to the finals was a success.

Evan hadn't even settled in when a commotion erupted in the arena.

The Koryons, Nipponorans, and Thyanians all stood up and began to chant.

"Zhinora is trash! Zhinora is trash! Zhinora is trash!"

They shouted in broken Zhinorian, as if afraid the Zhinorians present wouldn't understand.

Whistles were mixed in with the chants, their mockery palpable.

The Zhinorian fighters also stood up, each one with a tight frown, clenched fists, and gritted teeth as they stared at the stage.

Seeing this, Elliot, Evan, and Elijah quickly looked towards the stage as well.

On the stage, number 106 had already been beaten to the ground.

He was covered in bruises and cuts.

His eyes were swollen shut, his

mouth and nose were bleeding and one of his arms had been broken Hẽ looked absolutely miserable.

Yet he was still trying his best to get back up.

However, every time he was about to succeed, number 44 would land another heavy blow, knocking him back down.

Number 44 wasn't knocking him out. He was torturing him.

Number 44 strutted around the stage, his face beaming with the joy of a victor.

He waved to the Koryons, Nipponorans, and Thyanians in the audience, joining them in their loud chant.

"Zhinora is trash! Zhinora is trash!"

In the VIP section, the elders of the Zhinorian martial arts community all frowned, their fists clenched tightly.

They were filled with rage, but they couldn't express it directly.

The elders from Koryon, Nipponora, and Thyania, however, were squinting their eyes, in high spirits.

Especially the old geezers from the Thyanian Martial Arts Association, who kept glancing over at the Zhinorian elders.

The mockery in their eyes was obvious, just short of being shouted out loud.

In their view, number 106 was Zhinora's last fighter.

Now that number 106 was defeated, Zhinora was out of the game. Not a single one of their fighters had made

it to the finals. It was a complete humiliation.

If the arena was lively, the internet was even more so.

The Koryons, Nipponorans, and Thyanians started tagging Evan and other Zhinorians.

[Hurry up and start your apology

livestream!

livestream! Don't bother waiting for s For

the finals

For you Zhinoran lasers,

the show's already over. Just post the apology and disappear

[This is hilarious. Not a single one of them made it to the finals. And they call themselves a martial arts powerhouse. What a disgrace, a total disgrace!]

Chapter 1719

Under the top trending topic, the Koryons, Nipponorans, and Thyanians who had joined the bet became even more arrogant.

[The great Koryon Empire demands that when the Zhinorians livestream their apology, they must admit to the whole world that they are culture thieves! That their traditional culture was plagiarized from us! Even their greatest historical poets belonged to our empire first!]

[The great Nipponoran Empire demands that when the Zhinorians livestream their apology, they must kneel and bow their heads in submission!]

[The great Thyanian Kingdom demands that when the Zhinorians livestream their apology, they must admit that the Zhinorian Martial King, Jake Warner, was trash! He didn't dare come to Thyania to issue a challenge back then because he was afraid of us!]

The Zhinorian netizens were about to explode with anger, but they didn't know how to refute them.

Any discerning person could see that the Zhinorian fighters had been victims of foul play. With their stomachs in such a bad state, there was no way they could compete properly.

But those people chose to turn a blind eye, insisting that they were just pretending.

If they didn't compete, they would be criticized even more harshly. They would be called cowards who didn't dare to fight.

Either way, they were the ones who got blamed.

Inside the arena.

Amidst the chorus of broken chants of 'Zhinora trash,' number 44 walked up to number 106 again.

He planted his foot on the struggling fighter and spoke to the camera.

"Zhinorian fighters have never been our match. Their Martial King, Jake Warner, didn't dare come to Thyania back then because he knew our strength. He was scared!"

"For all these years, Zhinorian fighters have been unwilling to accept this fact, secretly competing with us."

"Now the truth is right in front of you. Zhinorian fighters are nothing but trash in front of us Thyanian fighters!"

"Zhinora is trash! Jake Warner is trash!"

The arena erupted once more into frenzied chants. "Zhinora is trash! Jake Warner is trash!"

In the corner, Evan was seething.

He clenched his fists, his breathing grew rapid, and his vision swam with red, his chest heaving with a cold, simmering fury.

Even White, who had been sleeping, sensed his fury, opening his eyes to look at him cautiously.

Evan gritted his teeth and started to move forward, but Elliot grabbed his wrist and reminded him again, "Safety first! Follow the rules!"

Evan nodded, his eyes still red, and said in a hoarse voice, "I know!"

Only then did Elliot let go, and Evan strode forward.

On the stage, number 106 had already lost consciousness. The referee announced, "Number 106 is unconscious. Number 44 wins!"

The crowd cheered wildly. The old men from the Thyanian Martial Arts Association exchanged satisfied glances, smiling broadly.

Suddenly—

A small figure leaped onto the stage!

"I am the number 9 Zhinorian fighter who qualified directly for the semi-finals, and I challenge number 44!"

The Thyanian old-timers were stunned.

They quickly rubbed their eyes, and upon confirming that it was indeed the young

Mr. Gage they feared, they were dumbfounded.

"Didn't... didn't he die?"

The grieving Zhinorian elders' eyes lit up.

They also rubbed their eyes, confirmed it was the little guy, and slapped their thighs.

"Oh my god, isn't that our incredible prodigy? He's alive!"

The ordinary spectators and fighters in the audience were also bewildered.

"...Didn't number 9 withdraw from the competition? Why did he suddenly reappear?" Netizens were just as confused.

[The number 9 who qualified directly from the preliminaries is this young?]

[That's not right, didn't the Thyanian organizers say he had already withdrawn?]

It wasn't just them. At that moment, even the Thyanian government and military officials were baffled.

The little guy who was supposed to have died in Mariana Land two nights ago was suddenly alive and well on the stage. Who wouldn't be stunned?

Zhinorian netizens were crying all over their screens.

[We Zhinorians haven't lost yet! We still have a fighter! We still have hope!]

After snapping out of their shock, the Koryon, Nipponoran, and Thyanian netizens started mocking again.

[You call this hope? Zhinorians are really grasping at straws, pinning their hopes on a little kid!]

[A little thing like that couldn't even take one of my kicks! I could kill him with one kick!]

Inside the arena, some of the Zhinorian fighters who knew of Evan's skills went wild.

"Kid is back! It's the kid who took down Sekao!"

"Go, Kid, go! Avenge Zhinora's honor! Avenge the Zhinorian Martial King's honor!"

Evan gave them an "OK" sign, then

turned to face the old Thyanian men, You canceled my

asking coldly,

eligibility to compete without notifying me. On what grounds?"

The entire arena fell silent. The Thyanian representatives were left speechless by the question.

After all, they couldn't publicly admit that Evan had been kidnapped and taken to Mariana Land.

If they did, it would definitely affect their tourism industry.

Evan continued, "If it's because you're afraid of me, you could have just admitted defeat! To cancel my eligibility for no reason, do you think we Zhinorian fighters are easy to bully?"

The Thyanian representatives' faces darkened.

The fighter on stage, number 44, scowled. "Who's afraid of you? So you're the one

who beat Seker?"

Evan looked at him. "That's right, it was me! Do you dare to fight me?"

Number 44 snorted.

"I'd like to see just what tricks you used to defeat Seker!"

The two faced off. As the whistle blew, number 44 immediately threw a punch.

A cold, crystalline fury settled over Evan. He was done playing games; he wanted blood. He just wanted to beat him senseless.

With a dark expression, he darted forward, grabbed number 44's fist, twisted it hard, and slammed him onto the stage!

A series of cracks echoed-

Before number 44 could even scream, Evan kicked him into the Thyanian section of the audience.

The match was over in seconds.

The entire arena was silent.

After a moment, the Thyanian section of the audience erupted.

"Number 44... he... his arms and legs are all broken! He's crippled!"

The crowd gasped, all eyes turning to Evan.

Evan stood on the stage, clenching his small fists and glaring at them coldly.

They dared to call his people trash, and they dared to call the legendary Jake Warner trash. The little guy was truly enraged, seeing red.

"That's right, I crippled his hands and legs! I completely ended his martial arts career!"

"A scoundrel like him, who twists right and wrong and doesn't know his place, doesn't deserve to be in the martial arts world!"

"Anyone who humiliates our people, our country, and our Martial King deserves to

be crippled!"

"If anyone disagrees, come and fight me!"

Chapter 1720

The arena was exceptionally quiet.

A moment later, the Zhinorian fighters all rose to their feet, shouting at the top of

their lungs, "Zhinora rules! Thyania is trash!"

"Zhinora reigns supreme!"

The Thyanian fighters' faces collectively darkened.

A burly, muscular man suddenly stepped onto the stage to challenge Evan.

Evan didn't waste words and immediately accepted the fight.

Showing no mercy, just as he had with number 44, Evan shattered the man's limbs with surgical precision, leaving him a broken heap on the mat.

Next, Evan crippled four Thyanian semi-finalists in one go.

He didn't torture them or waste words. Each time, he went straight to the point, crippling them and kicking them out of the martial arts world for good.

The Zhinorian fighters erupted in celebration, the words 'Zhinora is Mighty' echoing throughout the arena.

The faces of the old Thyanian men grew uglier and uglier.

The fighters Evan had crippled were the new blood of Thyanian martial arts. Without them, what would happen to Thyania's future in the sport?

Who would carry on the legacy?

Fearing that Evan would annihilate their entire new generation, the old men sent a top master onto the stage.

Standing well over six-foot-three, the man was a colossal wall of scarred muscle who radiated a bone-chilling air of pure, unadulterated violence.

The moment he stepped onto the stage, it felt as if the entire platform was trembling. When the Zhinorian fighters saw him, they instantly fell silent.

The man standing before him was the undisputed king of the first qualifying bracket, the direct disciple of Thyania's most famous boxing champion.

He was also the designated successor to the Thyanian Martial Arts Association. Everyone in the Thyanian martial arts circle knew who he was.

He even had a certain degree of fame in the international martial arts community. His nickname was The Reaper.

He was most famous for a few things: his incredible skill, his ox-like strength, his ruthlessness, and his extreme cruelty.

No opponent who had ever faced him in the ring had met a good end.

Once, he had smashed an opponent's head with a single punch.

The Reaper looked at Evan with disdain.

"I am challenging you on behalf of the Thyanian side. Do you dare to accept?"

The Zhinorian fighters grew anxious. "Kiddo!"

The elders of the Zhinorian Martial Arts Association also spoke up in unison. "Don't be reckless!"

If Evan fought him and lost, it wouldn't just be a matter of losing face; it would be a matter of losing his life.

After all, Evan was just a child. There was no way he could withstand a punch from The Reaper.

Even the Gables, watching from the stands looked at Elliot and

softly Should we call they ke

master down? Safety first

Elliot glanced at the stage. "No need. He's no match for Evan."

Before they had even come to Thyania, they had thoroughly investigated all of these people.

The Reaper on the stage was no threat to Evan.

Elliot's attention wasn't on the stage at that moment. He was busy typing messages on his phone.

After a moment, a cold smile tugged at Elliot's lips. He leaned over to Mrs. Gable and whispered, "Mrs. Gable, we've found the person who gave our Zhimorian fighters the laxatives. I need you to go and supervise them as they administer the same to the Nipponoran and Koryon fighters."

Mrs. Gable was taken aback. "The Nipponorans and Koryons drugged us?"

Elliot shook his head.

"No, the Thyanians were the ones who did it, but Evan will deal with them personally. There's no need to drug them."

"The Nipponorans and Koryons have

been shouting the loudest, insisting

we were taking it so

we'll let them

experience this pain for themselves."

Mrs. Gable understood, nodded, and left the arena.

On the stage, Evan stared coldly at The Reaper. His small mouth moved, and he uttered a single word: "Fight!"

A wave of gasps went through the crowd.

The Zhinorian fighters fell silent. The Thyanian fighters, who had been holding back

their frustration, erupted in a bloodthirsty roar.

"Finish him! Break him in half!"