

Chapter 979 Who Else Dares To Fight Me

Hearing this, Liam's brow furrowed slightly in bewilderment as he echoed, "Gambling fight?"

He had never heard of this before.

Shayla smiled as she elaborated, "These so-called gambling fights are essentially a clash between two Primogem Warriors. The audience places bets on the outcome offstage. There are all sorts of gambling methods they can use. Naturally, the outcomes of these games hinge on the results in the battle ring."

She paused for a second before continuing, "The battles in the ring are brutal, as competitors must violently beat down their opponents until he or she can't resist anymore. That's why so many contestants end up disabled or even beaten to death."

Just as Shayla was explaining, her words were drowned by the sudden cheers erupting from the surrounding crowd, drawing Liam's attention to the unfolding spectacle before them.

Then, two Primogem Warriors strode into the battle ring one after another under the excitement of the crowd.

Liam's gaze zeroed in on one of the combatants. Because this person was none other than Devin, who had been taught

a painful lesson by him not long ago.

Despite being unable to withstand even a single blow from Liam, Devin still possessed the strength to be recognized as a star in the underground battle ring.

It turned out that after Liam had bested him in combat, Devin had come to the underground battle ring with resilience and tenacity and earned a place among the stars as he fought tirelessly to reclaim his lost dignity.

The moment Devin stepped into the battle ring, a wave of raucous cheers erupted from the crowd, echoing like thunder throughout the arena.

Liam's eyes narrowed as he observed Devin's opponent.

With just a quick glance, Liam's sharp insight allowed him to determine that Devin's competitor wasn't particularly strong at all. Therefore, the outcome of this battle left little for suspense. Devin would undoubtedly emerge to be victorious.

With the referee's command, the battle commenced, and Devin and his opponent began to fight.

A bloodthirsty and cruel sneer twisted Devin's features as he launched himself at his opponent with ferocious intent. Before his adversary could even react, Devin's fist collided with the man's abdomen, eliciting a gut-wrenching grunt of pain.

The force of the strike sent the man doubling over in agony, his defenses shattered in an instant. Devin seized the upper hand with just one blow and then relentlessly pressed his advantage, raining down a barrage of merciless strikes without pause.

His fist fell on his opponent's body like a violent storm.

Each blow landed with bone-crushing force, driving the man to his knees as he futilely pleaded for mercy, but Devin remained deaf to his cries and didn't even give him a chance to speak.

Devin's eyes were ablaze with a chilling ferocity that betrayed his intent. With a sudden surge of brutality, Devin darted behind his opponent, delivering a punishing blow to the man's back with a vicious elbow strike.

The sickening crunch of breaking bones reverberated through the arena, punctuated by the thud of the fallen combatant as he crumpled to the ground. Within moments, Devin's opponent lay motionless in a pool of his own blood and soon died.

After the grisly outcome, Devin didn't look as happy as he did in the heat of battle. Raising his bloodstained hands aloft, he basked in the roars of the cheering crowd. Devin's confidence soared to unprecedented heights, and he sneered and shouted, "This is so boring! Who else dares to fight me? I'm itching for a real challenge!"

The audience erupted into a frenzy of screams and cheers, fueled not only by Devin's formidable strength but also by the promise of lucrative winnings for backing him in the betting pools.

At the same time, behind the battle ring, the senior leaders conferred amongst themselves, their whispers filled with speculation and anticipation. Devin's impressive string of victories had not gone unnoticed. With nine consecutive victories under his belt, there was talk that a powerful

opponent could be arranged for the next battle!

Before long, Devin's next opponent stepped into the arena. There was a badge on his chest adorned with his name: "Rickets."

Rickets looked very thin and frail with the emaciated figure of someone who was woefully ill or suffering from malnutrition for a long time. No one believed that he would pose a threat to Devin.

Sure enough, the moment they laid eyes on Rickets, the crowd burst into laughter and jeers.

"Why is there a slim monkey in the ring? He must have a death wish!"

"Does he think he could defeat Devin? Devin has won nine matches on the bounce already. Can he even take a punch from Devin?"

"Bet! I'm betting on Devin! There's no way I'm losing this one!"

However, amidst the raucous laughter and confident boasts jabbing at Rickets, Shayla's expression grew grave.

Because she actually felt an invisible pressure since Rickets came onto the stage!

As for Liam, he shook his head, his voice barely above a murmur. "It looks like Devin's up for a crushing defeat this time!"