

## Chapter 3734

Four days had passed since the start of the tournament.

The stage hadn't changed, the rules hadn't changed, and the host was still the same person.

The only difference was the morale between both sides of the ring.

There were only a few people sitting in the west resting area before, but now, there were thousands.

Those people came all the way from India to cheer their top talents on.

After their winning streak, the Indians were extremely confident in crushing the people of Country H to the ground.

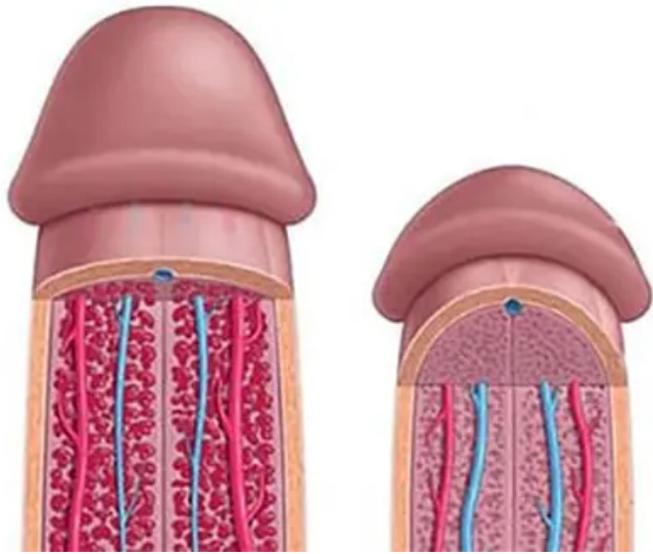
Other than the Longmen's higher-ups and Flutwell's prominent figures, there were a lot more journalists and angry mobs on Country H's side.

Bryce, Rhea, Fisher, Damian, Sienna, Colton, Nelson, Ansel, and the others were all here.

Harvey's eyes narrowed when he saw three particular young men.

The prince of the Osborne family, Clyde Osborne.

The seventh young master of the Bauer family, Harold Bauer.



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And the young master of the John family, Elliot John.

The three were considered the people with the highest statuses throughout Flutwell, perhaps even the entire northwest region.

The three would rarely show up together, so their appearance had attracted quite a lot of eyes.

Harold wore a warm smile and nodded at Harvey, while Elliot was glaring coldly.

Meanwhile, Clyde's expression was a lot more arrogant compared to the two.

Upon noticing Harvey at the resting area, Clyde strutted over and took Harvey's hand. There was an odd smile on his lips.

"Sir York! Now, the glory of Longmen and Country H depends on you!"

"I hope you'll be able to win that for us."

"I'm sure your name will be well-renowned after the fight!"

Clyde slowly leaned toward Harvey and whispered, "The Osborne family is angry right now. You'll pay for disrespecting Rhea like that."

"You better win your fight, or you won't get back to the Martial Hall with your limbs attached. Trust me on that."

Harvey smiled after hearing the threat.

"Prince Osborne, I know you want me dead. After all, we have a lot of grudges against each other."

"That said, you shouldn't be provoking me right at this very moment."

"My name is at its lowest right now. No matter what I say, everyone will only yell at me more."

"This means nothing to me."

"As long as I win my fight, everyone will choose to forget everything, no matter what I did before."

Clyde's expression changed. He took a step back.

"You're threatening me?!" he exclaimed furiously.

"This isn't a threat; I'm telling you the truth."

"My reputation is the same as a street rat at this point; everyone's already pointing fingers at me."

"So what if I'm a little cocky right now?"

"W-What are you going to do?"

Clyde's expression changed again; he started to think that it was the wrong choice to provoke Harvey.

"Nothing much."

Harvey smiled warmly at him.

“I just don’t like people acting all high and mighty in front of me.”

Harvey casually swung the back of his palm across Clyde’s face.

Slap!

Crisp!

Ear-piercing!

The people who were watching froze instantly.

They were all shocked; nobody expected something like that would happen.

Harvey then tapped Clyde’s face with a calm expression.

“Is your family getting angrier right? What’s going to happen to me now?” 2

