

Arabella 1639

Chapter 1639

As the child was hurled away, the fighter was ready to bask in the wild cheers from the crowd, but a hush fell over the audience instead.

A girl, who seemed to have slipped into the cage unnoticed, caught the child in a protective embrace.

Outside the cage, the mother, her face streaked with tears, clung to the bars, pleading desperately, "Are you from Solterra? Please, save my kid. His dad is drowning in debt; he didn't choose to be up there. I'm begging you, please."

"Shut up," her pleas were abruptly cut off as someone gagged her and pinned her arms behind her back.

The fighter didn't know who this girl was, and the host seemed just as clueless.

Arabella confronted the fighter, her tone dripping with contempt, "Picking on a kid? Aren't you ashamed?"

As Arabella started to leave with the child, the fighter punched the iron cage door, prompting the host to snap out of it and announce, "This is a special surprise we arranged for the show, folks. Feel free to place your bets."

A staff member quickly locked the cage door. The desperate mother outside struggled and wept as the teen girl, frail and slight, now faced the prospect of dying in the cage with her child.

locked in with the intent to save the child, he sprang into action, starting with

the girl's background, knew only that winning tonight's match would net him a cool hundred still holding a child. As the fighter lunged with a punch,

and skill from the girl. Realizing Arabella was no amateur, the fighter cracked a grin, relishing the thought

arms was terrified by the punch, but

Her foot connected with the fighter's head, and his midsection and waist didn't

roar of the

girl seemed to dominate the heavyweight fighter. The fact that she was managing this feat while holding a child, using almost exclusively her legs,

though hope had been restored, and she wept with

underlings and found the key to unlock the cage. Arabella tossed the child and backpack to him

"Go."

what about you?" Horace was clearly

"I'll handle this," with the child no longer in her arms, Arabella's fists flew into action, her movements even more agile than before as the fighter's fist plunged over.

"Boss, this joint is owned by Zebulon!" Horace's words were lost in the din.

Arabella didn't hear him and delivered a strong kick to the fighter.

"Boss! This place belongs to Zebulon! Zebulon! Let's get out of here!"

Horace pushed open the cage door, but the fighter, seeing him, punched the iron door again. There was no way he would let this girl escape; winning against her still meant a prize.

"Go!" Arabella commanded, glancing back.

Dozens of staff members, armed and determined, pushed through the crowd towards them, clearly not intending to let the disruptor along with the mother and child leave without a fight.

Horace had no choice but to sling the bag over his shoulder, carry the child, and take the mother's hand, leading them away first.